

Princess Kalea
&
Dragon Lesedi

End Up In A Mess To Get It Right

Stelanie Marshall



In a beautiful kingdom populated by every sort of creature and being you could think of, there lived a royal family. For more years than there are ants on the forest floor, this family baked the most scrumptious treats imaginable. People from other kingdoms could not wait to visit this kingdom, because they knew they would leave with full and happy bellies. From their fluffy and sweet honey-like frosting to their golden-brown, flaky biscuits that any scoop of butter would enjoy to partner up with. It could take years to master this craft, but for some of the royal court it was anything but pleasant
...Or edible.



“These tastes awful, and they kind of resemble an ogre’s toenails,” Princess Kalea said, wiping the batter on her apron. “This is the eighth batch today and all of them taste really bad”.

“We just need to try another recipe, or maybe we can try this one again later,” said Fairy Godmother Starlett as she looked through her many recipe books.

“At least you are trying and you didn’t give up,” Fairy Godmother said as she cleaned up burnt crumbs and five broken eggs.

“Why do I have to learn how to bake?” Kalea said, while writing in her journal like a leaf in a race to meet the ground. “It’s not fair. It’s hard and I am getting nowhere.”

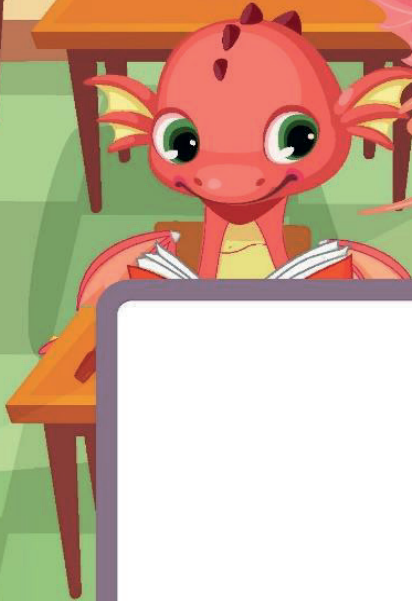
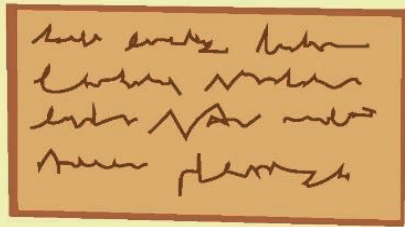
“All royalty must be able to bake—especially the Secret Fairy Godmother Cookies!”

“Why can’t I just ask Daddy to make them for me?” Kalea asked with a pleading gesture.

“We will practice until we get there.

We will practice until we get it right.

We will practice until we are great,” Starlett the fairy godmother said encouragingly.



In the Enchanted Forest where fairies, unicorns and all the other wonderful mystical creatures lived, there was a dragon like none other. To some, she was a mystery.

She hung out with the other dragons for lunch and fire practice, but always left at 6:00 sharp—as sharp as a knight's sword.

In school, while the other dragons were writing great works, she was reading odd things. When all of the creatures passed her home, they always got tickled by the warm sweet smells passing through her chimney.



Lesedi the dragon turned out to be an amazing baker! She made fairy-giggle muffins, leprechaun golden lemon specialities, Unicorn chip cupcakes, and secret fairy godmother cookies.

Lesedi's only wish was that she could write better works.

"I just can't do it. I never know what to write! Professor Bao, do I need a simile? I think, maybe, possibly, yes would be great. I don't know," Lesedi said in an irritated way.

Bao the unicorn was the best writer in all the land, and he helped Lesedi with her writing everyday at 6:30. It had definitely improved, but Lesedi still had a long way to go.



“Another one for the trash.
My Fingers write like they have a rash.
I wish I could bake all day,
Because I never can write what I want to say,” Lesedi said in a witty
manner.

“See! You are getting better,” Bao said with a grin.
“The words never want to come out right. All of my attempts just end
up in the trash,” Lesedi mumbled.

“We will practice until we get there.
We will practice until we get it right.
We will practice until we are the best,” Bao said in a comforting
manner.



A few days later, Princess Kalea was in the Enchanted Forest writing like a ferret falling down a huge steep hill in her journal. “What is that amazing smell? It is wonderful, and it is making my stomach beg for a taste.”

The princess ended up right in front of Lesedi’s house. “Who in this forest can create this great smell?”

Knock, knock.

“Hello, is anyone home?” Kalea said in an awkwardly royal way.

“One moment!” Lesedi said loudly, competing with the noise and bustle coming from the kitchen.

Princess Kalea heard loud footsteps approaching the door. She held on to her journal so tightly, her finger prints engraved their way through the cover of her journal. It was so quiet you could hear the butterflies six trees down dancing in the chorus of the wind.



“Hello?” Lesedi said with frosting on her nose and sugar on her cheek.

“Can I help you?”

“Are you making that delicious smell?” Kalea’s mouth was as big as the moon when full.

“Would you like to come in and talk? Maybe taste a few things?” Lesedi asked Kalea, opening the door wider with a warm smile.

“Oh, of course. I would love that!”

Kalea and Lesedi chatted and laughed for hours. Kalea could not get up from the comfy chair because her belly was so full. Lesedi was in awe while Kalea told her stories and read poetry from her journal.



A boat has docked from the big grand sea.
While the treasure chest is opened with a big beautiful key.
Full of jewels and gold bars that are bigger than a cup of tea,
but that ocean is calling back to you and me.



“Wow, that was a splendid piece. I wish I could think of something like that, but all of my writings end up in there,” Lesedi said, pointing to the trash bin full of crumpled papers.

“I wish I could bake something even half as good as yours,” Kalea said defeatedly, imagining all of the cookies and sweets currently in the trash.

“I plan on serving these at the Fairy Charms and Delights dance,” Lesedi said, holding up a tray of Secret Fairy Godmother cookies.”

Her face was glowing.

“Oh no! When is that? I totally forgot,” Kalea shrieked, jumping out of her chair.

“I wish I had forgotten—it is all I can think about, and it only helps add to the collection I feed my garbage cans. Look, and you will see!”

Lesedi handed the princess a crumpled piece of paper with a disappointed face.

“This is certainly as dreadful as the cookies I made earlier today,”

Princess Kalea said.

“I have an idea that can’t be beat. I will bake my best desserts for you and you can write a couple of your pieces for me,” Lesedi said excitedly.

“That would be amazing. I have so many pieces and ideas I can work on for a theme if you want!” Kalea’s beaming smile hid all of the defeat from the disastrous morning.



A few busy weeks later.

“Do you want these boxed up too?” Princess Kalea asked, boxing up all of the pastries for the Fairy Charms and Delight Dance that day.

“Yes, everything I baked goes to the dance—I can always make more tomorrow. I even have gargoyle mango limeade and to-go bags,”

Lesedi said, while checking everything off the list.

“I hope my Fairy Godmother will believe I did all of this,” Kalea said in disbelief.

“I hope you practiced the pieces last night. You have to read them like they are your own.”

“I know, but now my scales are as prickly as a cactus and my mouth feels trapped,” Lesedi said nervously.

“Do not worry about anything, I will be there for you and you will be there for me—I promise,” Kalea said with a wide smile.



The dance was beautiful and majestic. The smell of superb food swirled through the hall, the music was lively and happy, and the outfits made even the beasts and ogres look divine.

“We will be starting the readings and the bake-off before dinner,” the King said with pride.

“The bake-off!” Princess Kalea yelled near the musicians, “Why why why why?” She said, running up to her parents to see if she could get out of this unknown event.

“We can't cancel now,” said the queen, “After your Fairy Godmother tasted some of the treats while setting up this event, she wanted you to make a batch in front of the entire council!”



“Lesedi! What are we going to do?” Princess Kalea said with quivering hands.

“We will be fine. Now that I’ve read your beautiful poems, we can focus on you,” Lesedi said proudly.

In the kitchen, everyone gathered around Princess Kalea. “I will now place the cookies in the oven,” Kalea said with shaking arms.

“You used more tigertail sugar and toadstool soda than I ever used. Interesting,” said someone from the council.

“They look so lovely, I can’t wait to try them,” said the Queen with beaming eyes.

“You will change your mind once you do try one,” said the princess under her breath.



I can't believe I can't help—they won't even let me in the kitchen. Kalea has only helped me bake when she worked on her pieces, she thought.

“Everyone enjoyed your writing so much they want an encore!”

“Okay, I will grab my journal and—”

“No. No, we will give you a subject on the spot and it will be a spoken word type.”

Spoken word Lesidi thought, I can't even write anything worth a half of a coin in a week's time, but now they want me to come up with something at that moment. Her hands started feeling prickly all over again, just like they had in the morning.



“They are toasty and light golden on their sides. I am so excited to share these with all of you, I have been waiting for this day for a long time and it is finally here,” Kalea’s father the king said smiling.

You still need to wait, the princess thought in her head.

“In five minutes, they will cool and we can enjoy them,” said the king.

“I forgot my ruby sprinkles in my bag,” Kalea said, hunting for an excuse to leave .

“You have your other ones here!” said her Fairy Godmother.

“You know, those ones are my favorite, and it is in season,” Kalea said in a begging tone.

“We will wait,” the queen said, glowing.



Princess Kalea ran to find Lesedi and did not know where to find her until they collided in the dormitory.

“We are in trouble,” she said, “I may send all of the counsel to the doctor’s, and I don’t know what to do. We need to figure this out before everything crumbles because those bitesize morsels of yuck are about to enter everyone’s mouths.”

They decided after all of the turmoil to just Tell the truth. Princess Kalea and Lesedi walked into the kitchen. “Where are the ruby sprinkles? You said you were going to get them. Also, this tasting is for royalty and council only—why is there a dragon here?”

Asked her fairy godmother.

“We will show you,” the princess said. Lesedi got to work and everyone was shocked and hesitant about what they saw. She was mixing the ingredients just right and added a few rainbow unicorn tears and miner jewel sprinkles. When the wait was done, everyone just looked in amazement.



“Can we try one?” asked the Queen.

“Should we? They were made by a dragon. We don't even know if they are edible,” someone said.

“Well, I am!” said the princess.

Kalea grabbed one and enjoyed every bite. Everyone in the kitchen followed suit. “These are wonderful!” Said a council member.

“Oh, my shining stars,” another one of the council members said. “How did you learn how to bake so well?”

“I practiced day and night and would always let my neighbours taste my creations so they could tell me their honest opinions. I always wanted to know how I could make them better, and I read almost every cookbook at my school's library, I ...” She remembered what teacher Bao taught her.

I practiced until I got there.

I practiced until I got it right.

I practiced until my desserts were great.



“They are amazing! Princess, we must announce this to everyone. The kingdom will know they come from a dragon and that is perfectly fine. A dragon can work to be the best culinary artist of the land.”

“You bake these marvelous treats and have time to write these masterpieces?” one of the council ladies asked, puzzled.

“About that..... well... I had help... Tons of of..help. Well not exactly *help*,” said Lesedi, looking at Kalea. “You have a wonderful writer in your own kingdom. One that can write pieces sweeter than my golden rose cookies”.



“I wrote them. I tried to bake, but every last one was only worthy of the trash—if not a broken heart and hurting stomach. Words come out and like a recipe, I know how to put them together,” Kalea said with hesitation buried deep in her throat.

“Absurd!” said one of the councilmen. “You need to prove this”.

“How can I?” asked Kalea.

“We have not had the live entertainment before dinner yet,” said the Queen. “We will do it now then”.

About an hour and twenty minutes later, Kalea stood in front of everyone at the endless beautiful dinner table.

“Pick two words from the chalice,” said the King. She quickly grabbed two pieces.

“One, two,” Princess Kalea said. “Oh.. Okay.”



Like dancing cashews on my tray.
The baby unicorn goes astray.
To the field of cotton candy mountain sides
And star berry juice runs up the ocean tides.
Frosting nosed seagulls come ashore.
So the mermaid can fix his bowtie that tore.
Sliced cake moon smiling gracefully
While the turtles smile graciously.



After the princess was done with her piece, the room became curiously quiet—so quiet that the only sound anyone could hear was the growling stomach of the mouse who had just noticed the scrumptious smells wafting out from the room.

“You wrote that? You created such a beautiful piece and made me think of a wonderful scene. Thank you, Princess Kalea.” After the king finished, everyone in the room started to applaud.

“Encore, Encore!” People called out.



The rest of the Fairy Charms and Delights Dance went perfectly. All tummies were filled, and all ears were happy with glee because the written pieces and music made everyone's day quite a bit better.



Lesedi and Kalea became the best of friends and even gave each other lessons on baking delicious desserts and writing delightful pieces that would bring people great joy. They realized that although sometimes labels might be put upon them, overcoming them to work on what you love is one thing that makes life such an adventure.

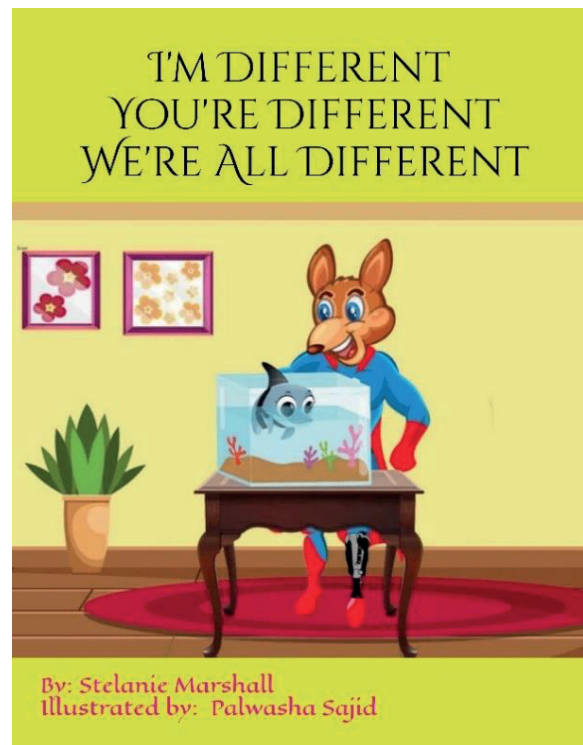
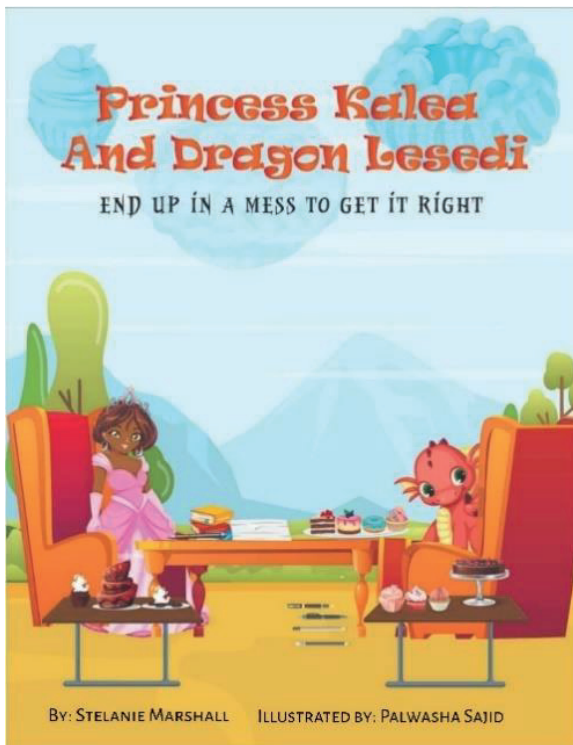
They will continue to practice until they are great... On to the next adventure!

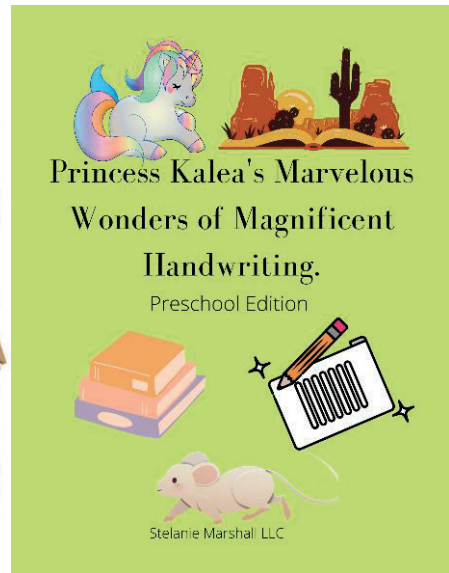
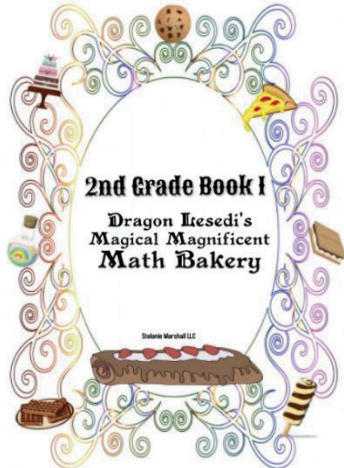


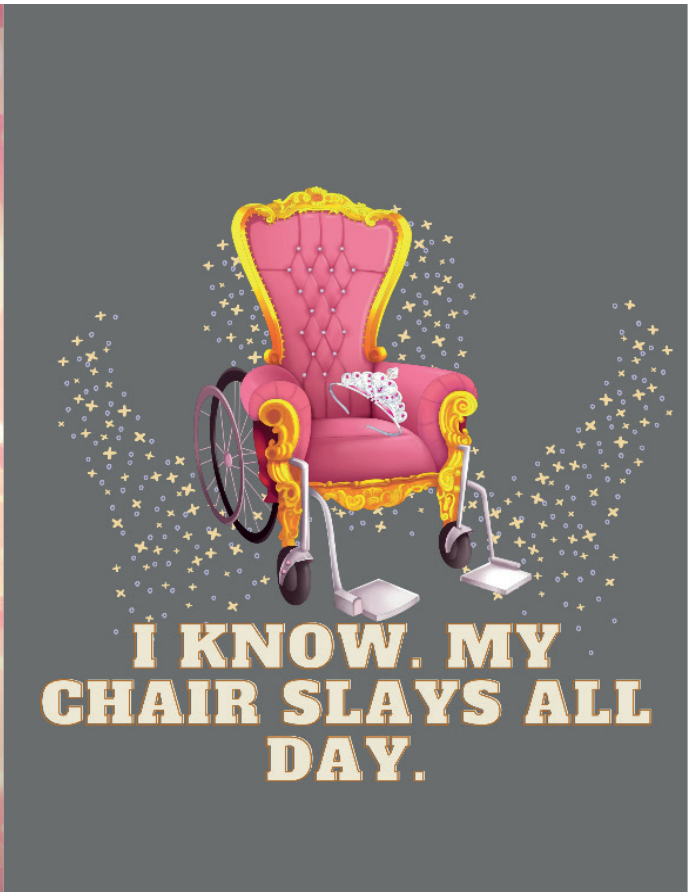
They will continue to practice until they are great... On to the next
adventure!

There is so much more to come from Stelanie Marshall LLC. Children's books, educational resources, novels (for adults), two podcasts, Patreon for VIP access, shirts, goodies and expanding.

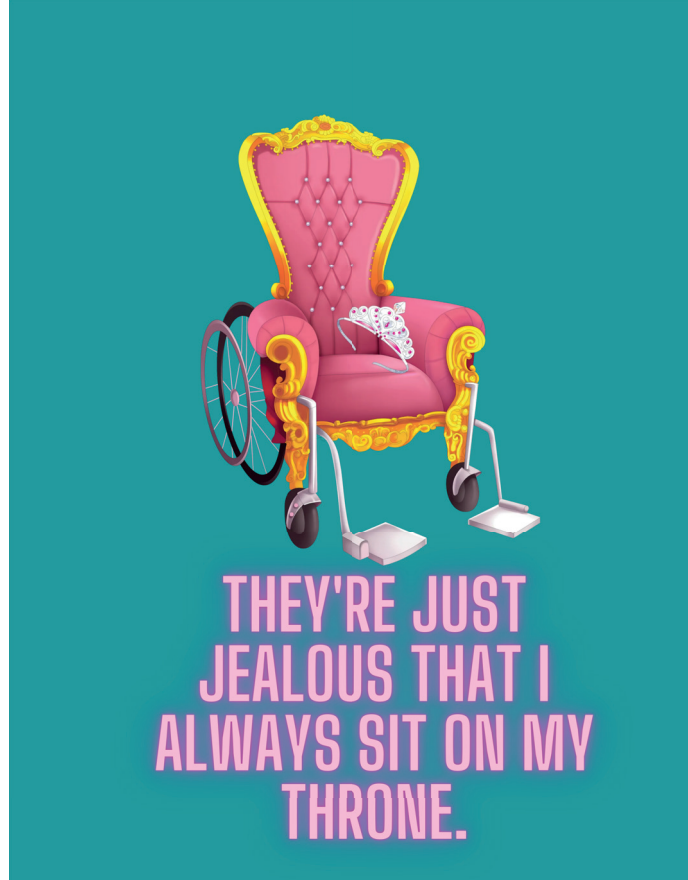
Check out Amazon, Etsy, teachers' pay teachers and more.
Look up Stelanie Marshall or handicappable







**I KNOW. MY
CHAIR SLAYS ALL
DAY.**



**THEY'RE JUST
JEALOUS THAT I
ALWAYS SIT ON MY
THRONE.**