

Lily Jasper's Story

Here is my story. It's a story of discovery - that someone was my family or friend when the clock struck three AM.

It starts in a secret place. there is much I can't tell you yet - but some things I can. The candles, for example. When the candles went out, people thought it was just thanks to a gust of wind. But Eliza Rose Parker knew different.

Or should I call her by her real title - Elizabeth III, royal princess, daughter of England's king, King Harold. She knew that the king was as usual making a grand entrance, ordering his servants and knights to blow out the candles. Then the trumpets sounded and the servants started serving.

It was my time to curtsy.

For reasons I then didn't understand, my father held my hand as I curtsied. When I

stood up, I looked hard at the King. A lot of people said he had everything - everything, that is, except looks.

Before long I was back in the hard, unpleasant chair that my family has had for generations. It always made me wish I was lounging on a chaise-longue or living all by myself on an island.

Anyway-

Back to my father. Don't go thinking he was nice. He was not. After all, he had: killed my brother; not cared when my sister went missing; stolen from the poor, and often mistreated animals.

So far today has been splendid - for the Royals as we call them. Our day, though, was no different from every other day for me and all the other slaves. Except for one thing: we've just been told that we will be joining the Royals for reasons that we don't yet understand.