



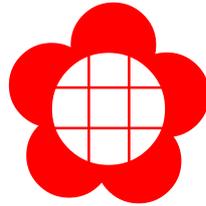
Twinklinka

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INNER COVER

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**This book is dedicated to
my beloved grand mother**

Printed by

Twinklinka

One day, not so long ago, a special new doll arrived at the toy shop. Fresh from the factory in her very own box, the doll's name was printed in colorful, sparkly letters across the lid, "Twinklinka."

"Oh, isn't she beautiful?"

The shopkeeper cried out, as he opened the box. The sales assistants all gathered around, excited at the arrival of the new doll.

"Yes, she's certainly gorgeous. Those jewels on her dress and hair twinkle like diamonds," said one sales assistant.

"Yes, that must be why she's named Twinklinka," said another.

"A pretty little princess would surely buy this beauty at any price."

"Yes, yes. I'm sure we can put a very high price on her and sell with no trouble," said the shopkeeper.





The sales assistant took Twinklinka out of the box and placed her carefully on the best rack of the shop. None of them knew that the toys from this factory were able to hear everything that went on around them and talk to each other.

So, they had no idea that Twinklinka was secretly listening to all they said.

“Oh, am I really so pretty?”

she wondered.

Glancing around quickly, to make sure no one was looking, she stretched up on her toes and peered into the large mirror on the wall.

She blinked in surprise at what she saw.

“Is that really me?”

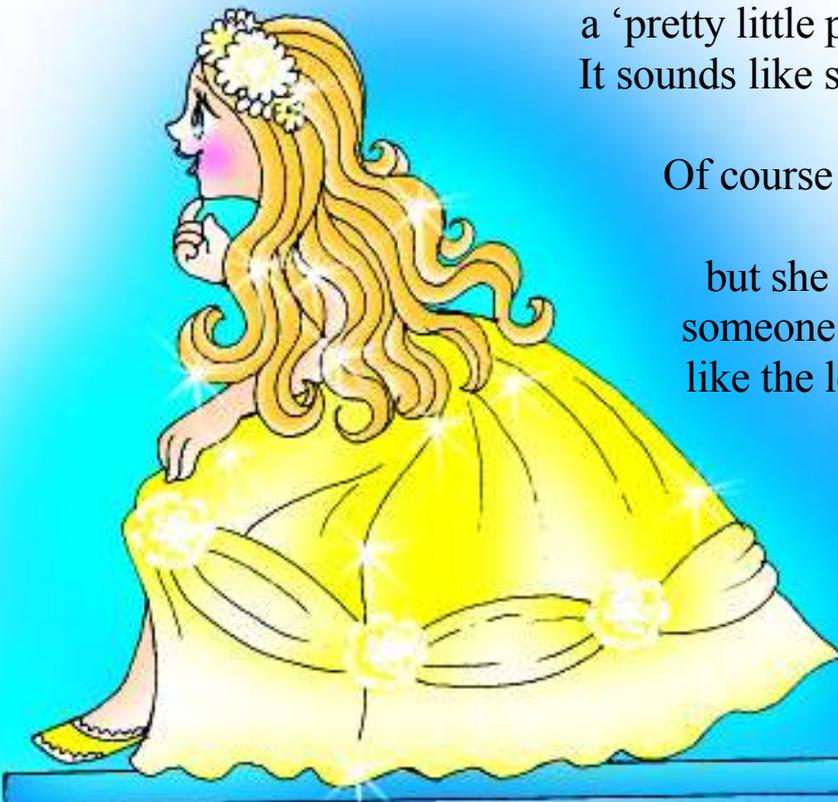
She could not believe her eyes.

“What lovely rosy pink cheeks I have! And such deep blue eyes... and all those golden curls! Just look at my silk stockings and all the lace, pearls and sparkles on my dress. Can those be diamonds in my hair, twinkling like stars?”



“And they said that a ‘pretty little princess’ would buy me. It sounds like someone really special.”

Of course Twinklinka had no idea what a “princess” was, but she thought that it would be someone very sweet and elegant, like the lovely girls she had seen in the picture books.





She closed her eyes and imagined.

“Some day, a ‘pretty little princess’ who has beautiful golden curls, rosy cheeks and blue eyes, will come into our shop with her mother. She will point at me right away, and say, ‘Mum, can I have this pretty doll, please?’ Then her mother will say, ‘Yes, of course, my darling.’ And the shopkeeper will take me down from the shelf and hand me to the little princess. And...”

“...she will take me home wrapped lovingly in her arms. And she will rock me and cuddle me like her mother does her. She will tell me wonderful stories and play with me the whole day long. All of her friends will say, ‘How lucky you are to have such a beautiful doll!’” Twinklinka was lost in her dream.





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