

The Corgi and the Queen

Written by
Caroline L. Perry

Illustrated by
Lydia Corry


Andersen Press

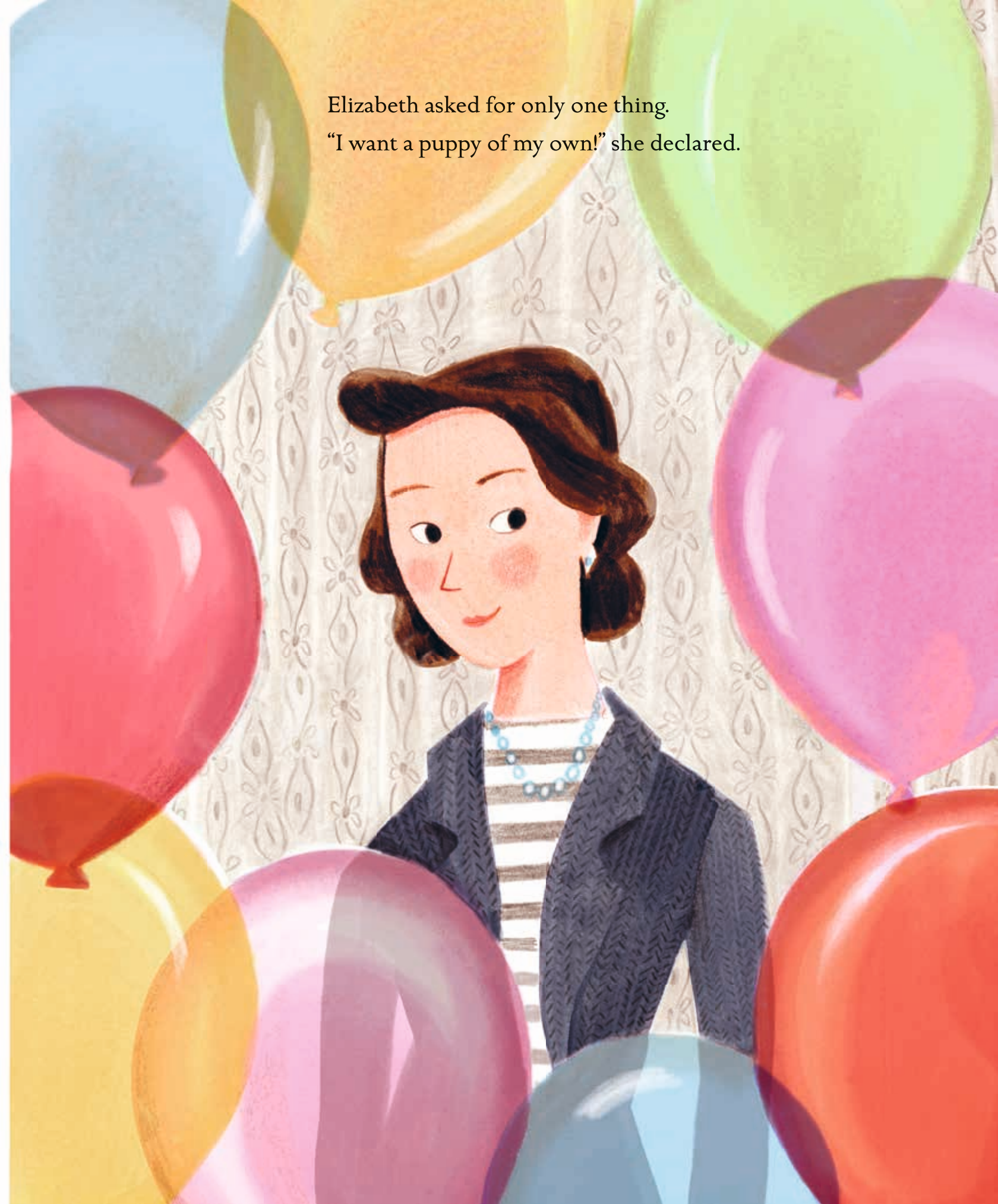




War was still raging when Elizabeth turned eighteen.
Papa told her she could choose any gift her heart desired.
“You must ask for a car!” Margaret urged.
“Fine jewellery, fit for a princess,” Mama suggested.
“A new royal title,” palace advisors proposed.



Elizabeth asked for only one thing.
“I want a puppy of my own!” she declared.



The princess got her wish: a corgi pup she called Susan.



Elizabeth's heart swelled when she cuddled the tiny dog.
It wasn't easy for a future queen to make friends.
At last, she had her very own constant companion.

Susan was small but rambunctious.
She loved to show off her herding skills.
There weren't any sheep at the castle, so she rounded up squirrels.
When enemy planes flew overhead she growled, and guarded the princess like a precious lamb.



Elizabeth was captivated by the little corgi. She hand-fed her from a silver platter and walked her twice a day.



The corgi nuzzled close when Elizabeth argued with her sister.



She told Susan stories and stroked the puppy's soft belly.

She dropped toys at the princess's feet to cheer her up during long, boring lessons on constitutional history.



The princess had learned to bury her emotions. But somehow, Susan knew exactly how she was feeling.



Susan comforted her companion when the sounds of war kept them awake at night.