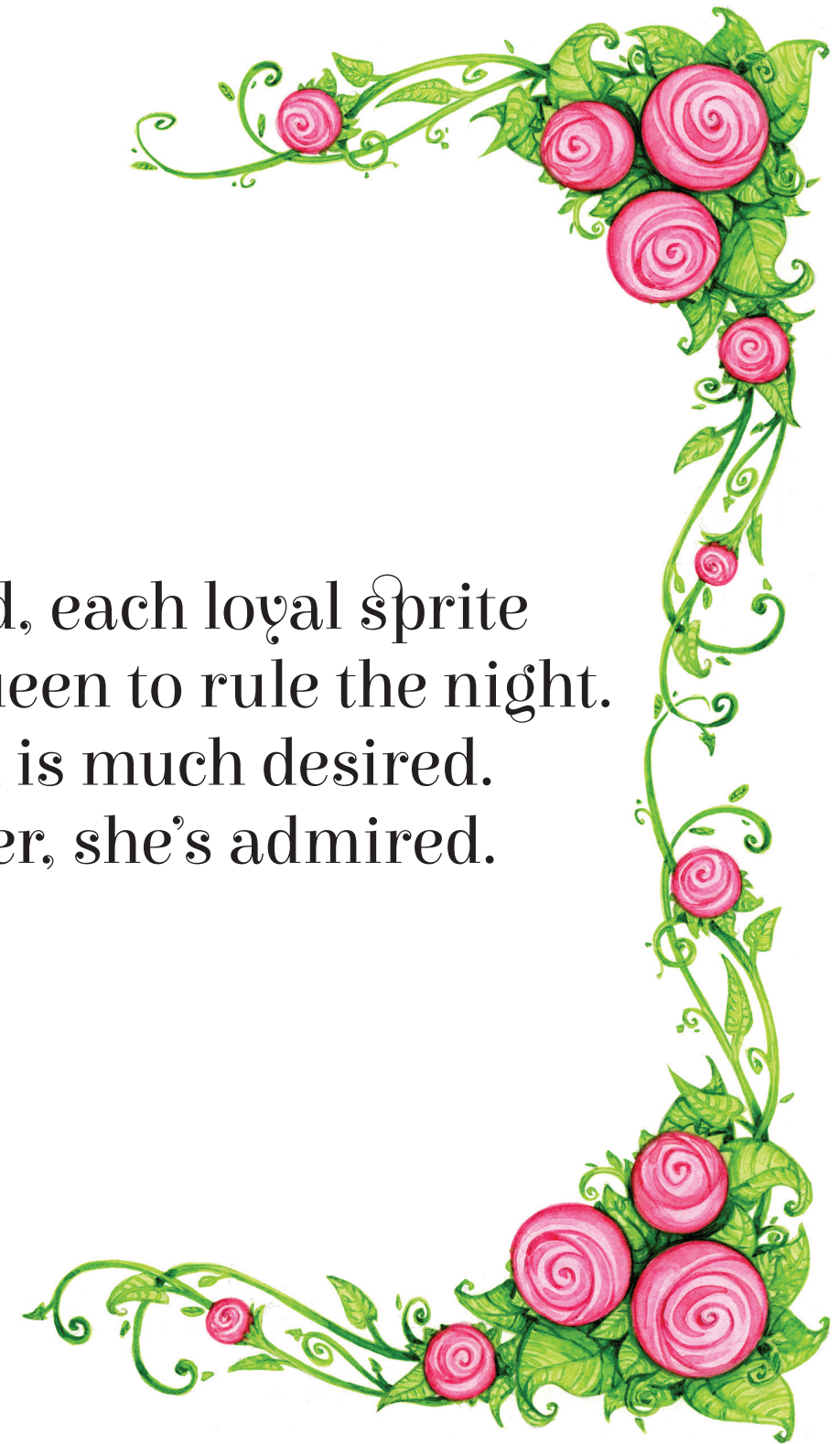




In Fairyland, each loyal sprite
Helps choose a queen to rule the night.
A regal queen is much desired.
As noble leader, she's admired.

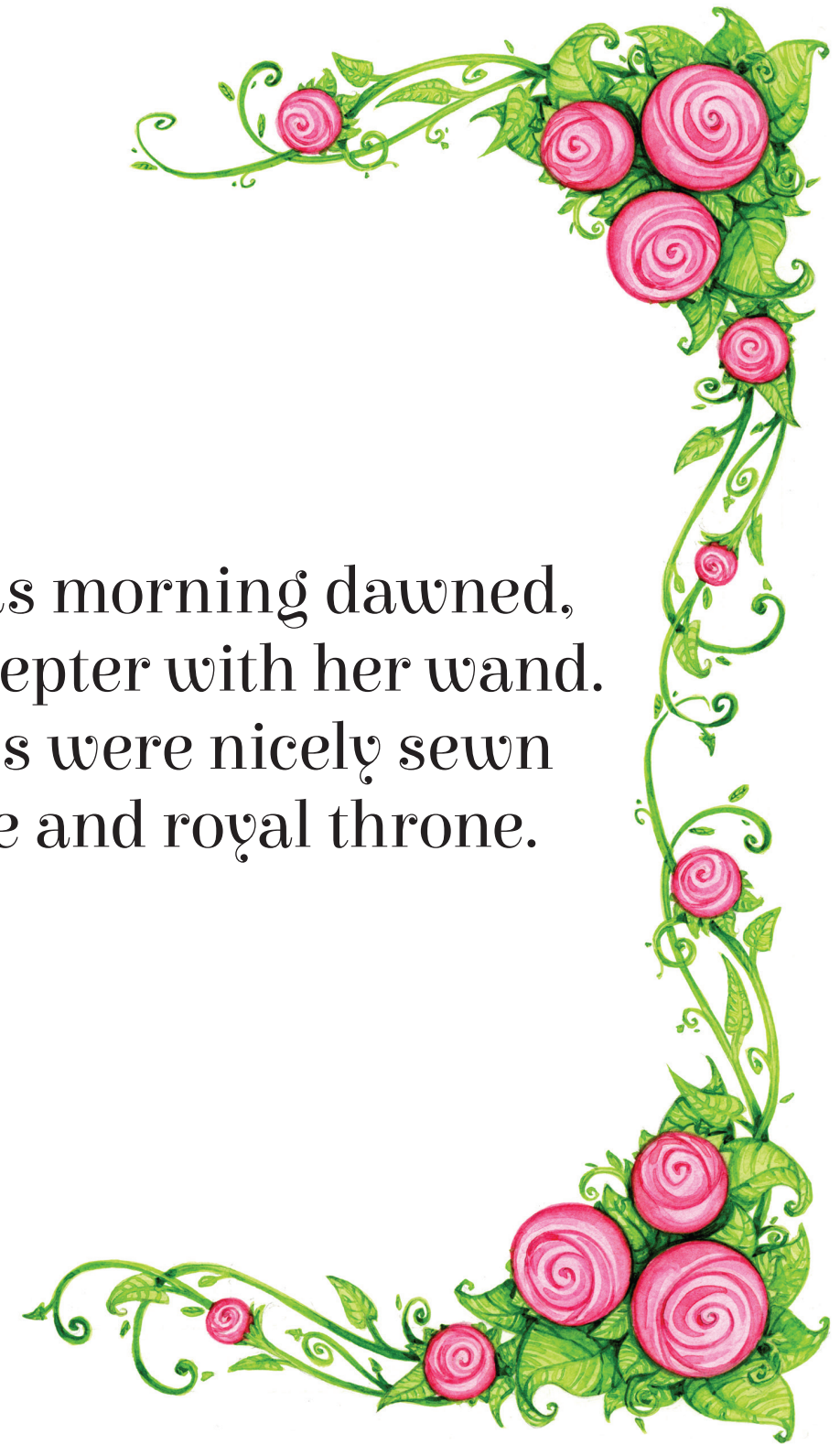


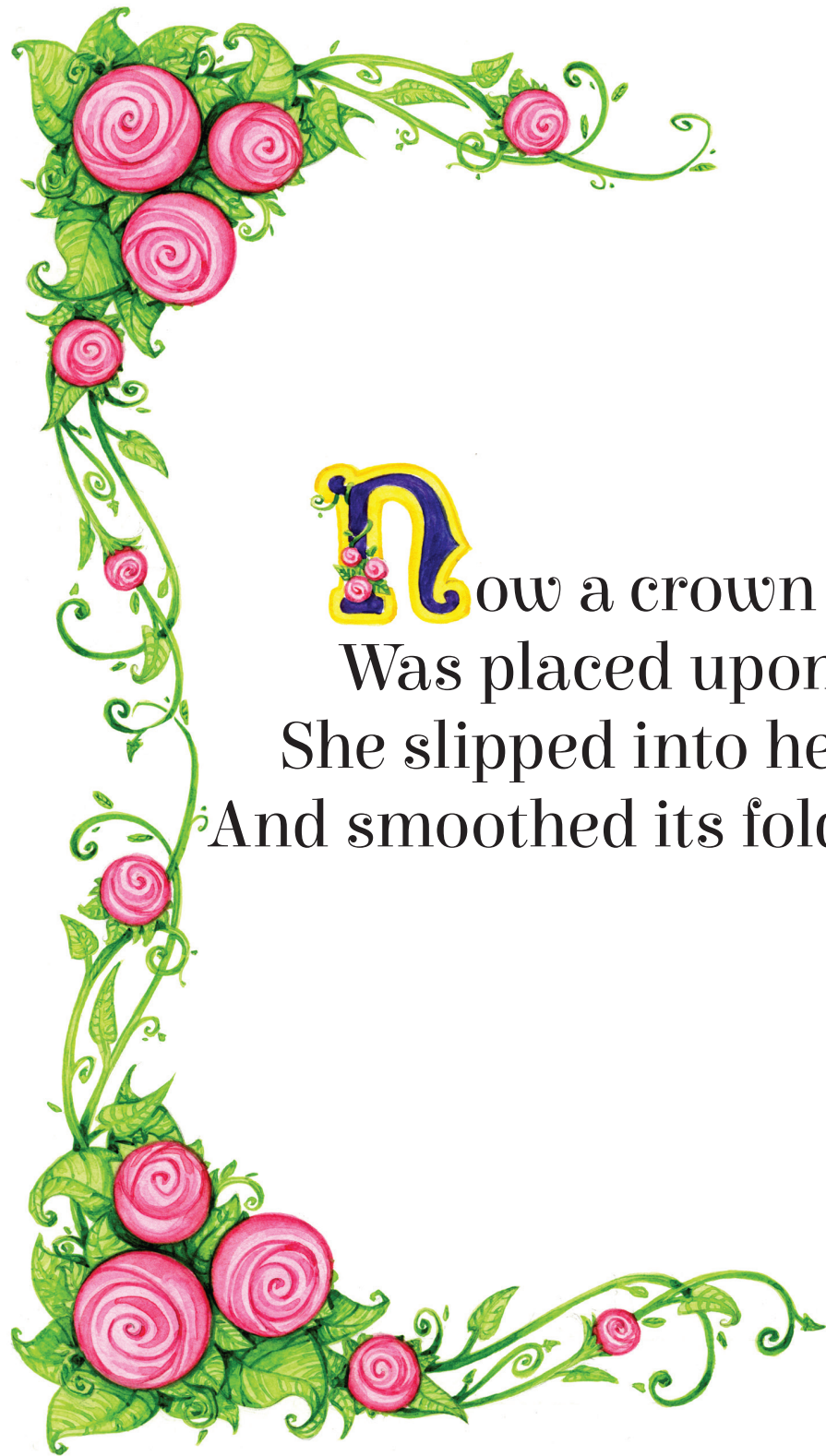
Deciding she'd be great as queen,
Quinn wished for velvet gowns of green
To dazzle in the morning light
With gems and sequins shining bright.





Awakening as morning dawned,
Quinn made a scepter with her wand.
Her satin sheets were nicely sewn
To make a cape and royal throne.





Now a crown with royal flair
Was placed upon her curly hair.
She slipped into her mother's gown,
And smoothed its folds upon the ground.





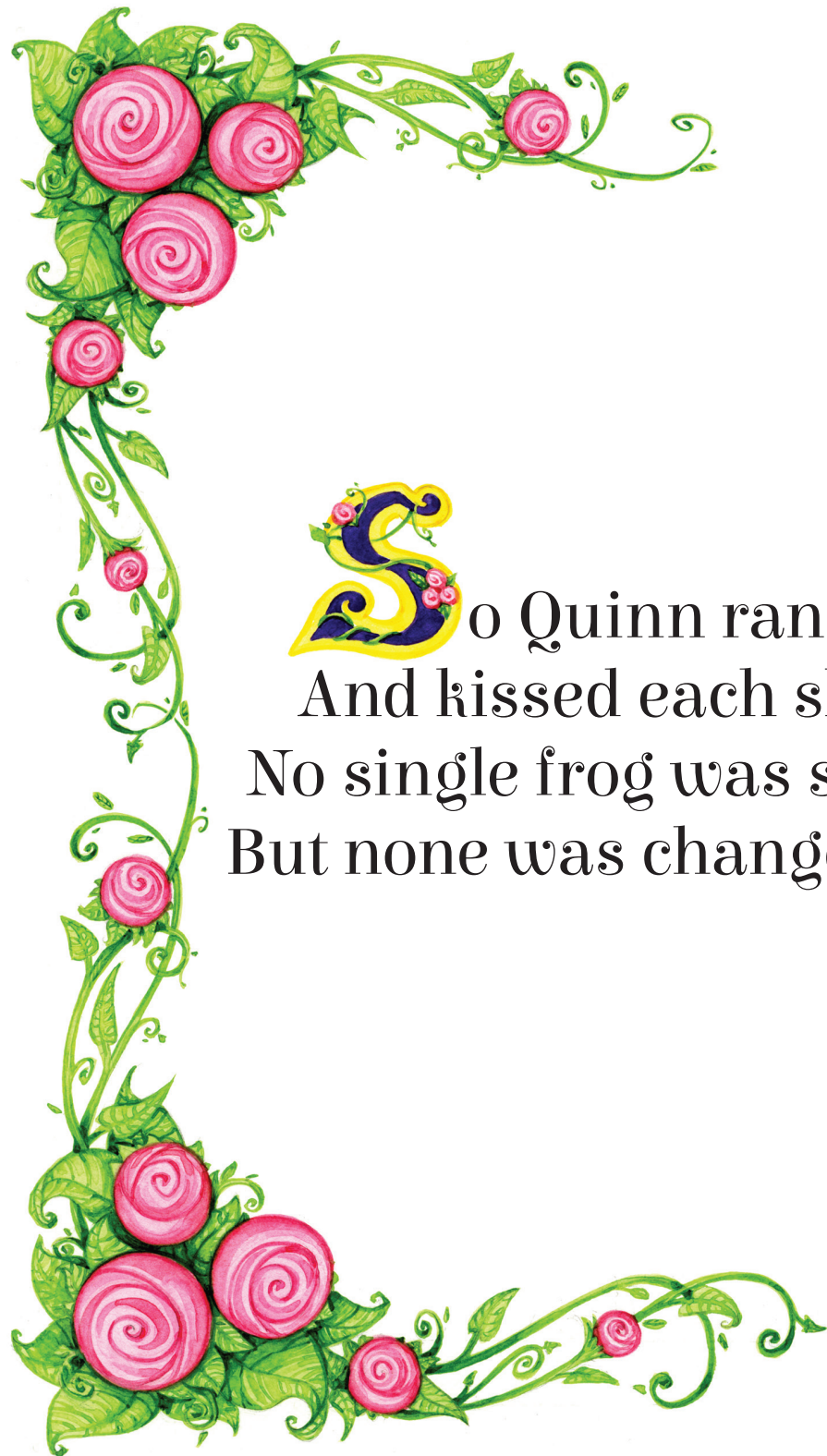
Quinn played her trumpet for a crowd.
Around a tree, she marched and bowed.
“A queen must learn to twirl and prance.”
She did a lovely ballroom dance.





Before she went to bed that night, Young Quinn read tales of royal might. “But what do all these stories mean? A king must rescue every queen?”





So Quinn ran off to find a bog,
And kissed each slimy, warty frog.
No single frog was skipped or missed,
But none was changed despite her kiss.

