

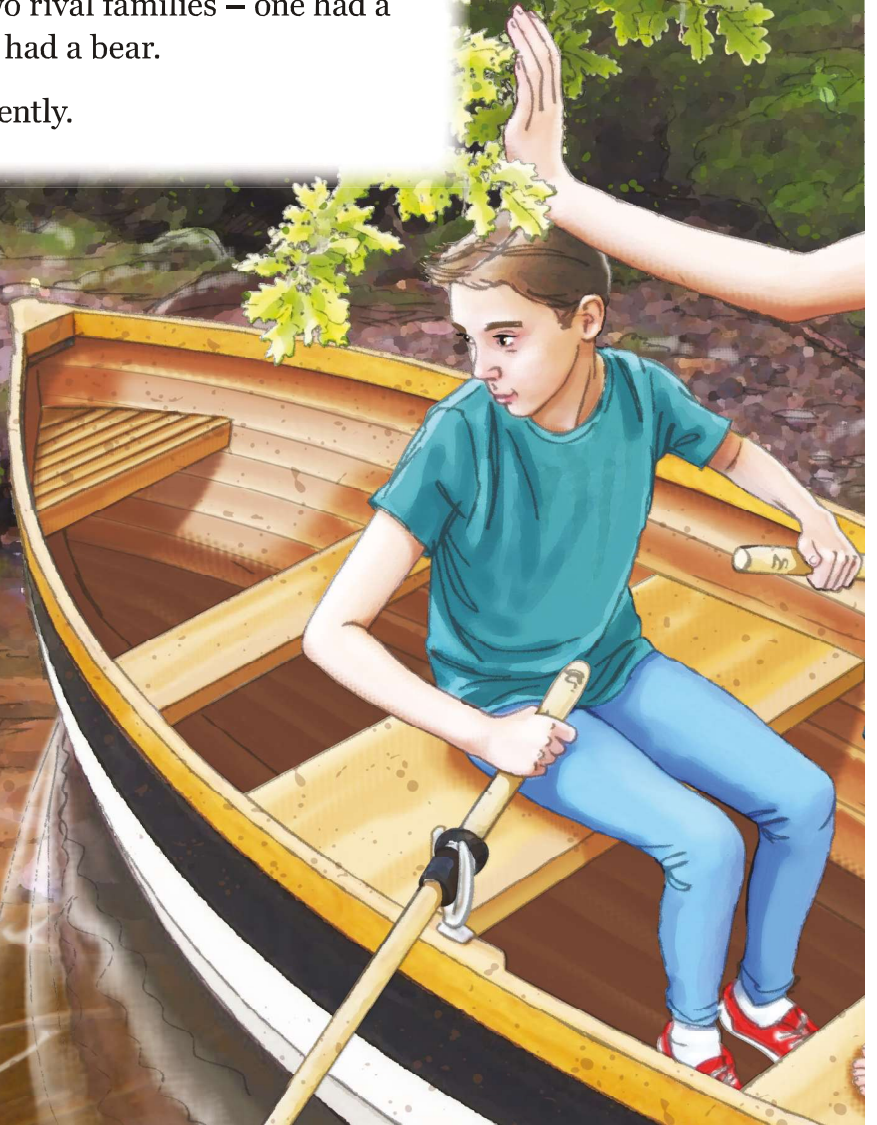
Maria and Oliver are attending a party in the garden of a house that used to belong to Maria's family. They sneak away to explore the grounds.

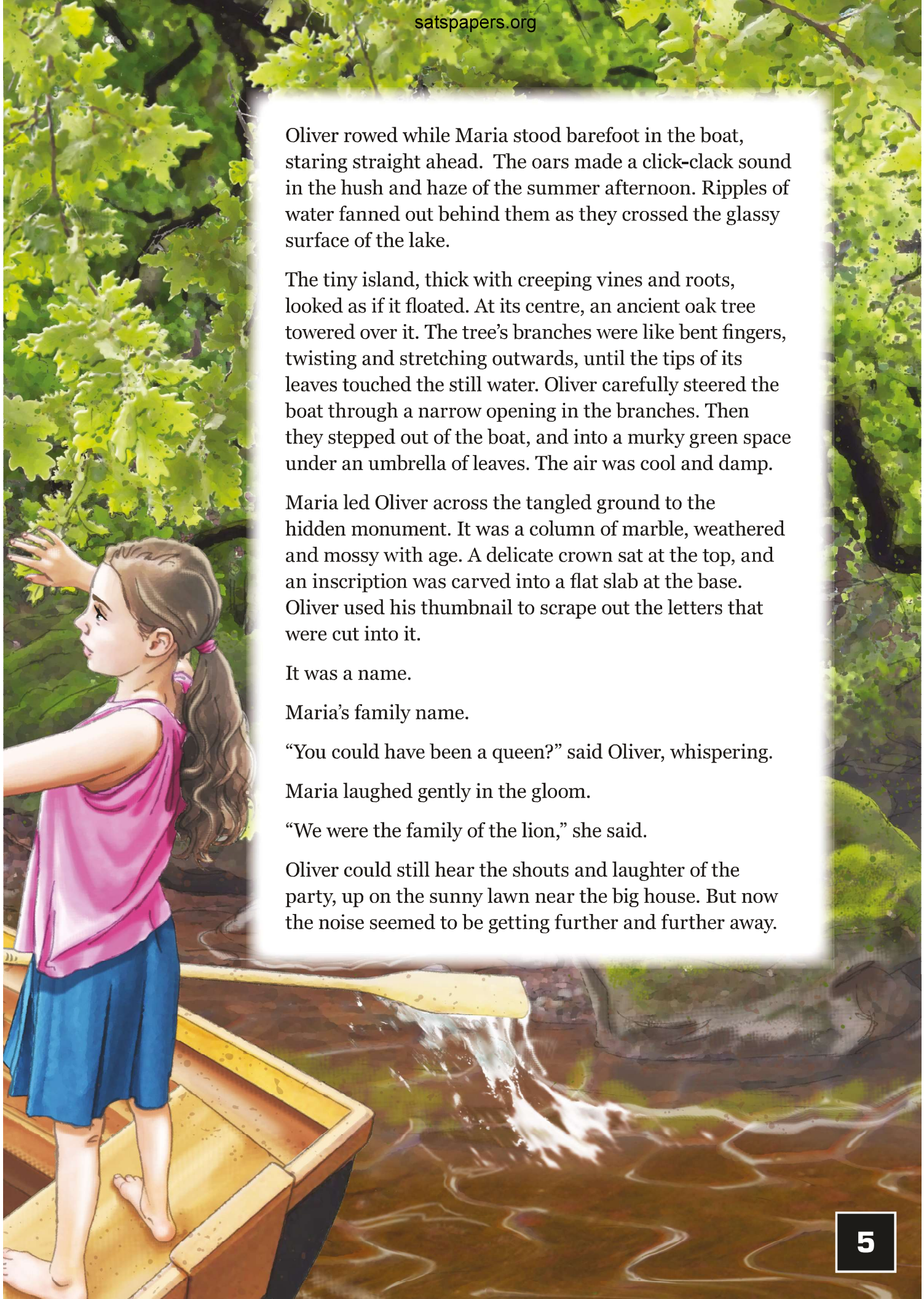
The Lost Queen

Maria and Oliver were quite a distance from the party when they found the little rowing boat in the grassy shallows of a small lake beyond the garden.

Glancing nervously behind her, Maria suggested that they row out to the island in the middle of the lake. Oliver looked at her questioningly. Maria explained that there was a secret monument on the island to one of her ancestors. This was a woman who had married a prince at the time when there was a struggle for the throne. The struggle had been between two rival families – one had a lion as its symbol, the winner had a bear.

“Come on,” Maria said impatiently.



A detailed illustration of a young girl with long brown hair in a ponytail, wearing a pink sleeveless top and a blue skirt, standing barefoot in a small wooden boat. She is looking towards the right, with her hand reaching out towards a dense wall of green leaves. The boat is on a body of water, and a wooden oar is visible. The background is filled with lush green foliage, creating a sense of being in a forest or a garden.

Oliver rowed while Maria stood barefoot in the boat, staring straight ahead. The oars made a click-clack sound in the hush and haze of the summer afternoon. Ripples of water fanned out behind them as they crossed the glassy surface of the lake.

The tiny island, thick with creeping vines and roots, looked as if it floated. At its centre, an ancient oak tree towered over it. The tree's branches were like bent fingers, twisting and stretching outwards, until the tips of its leaves touched the still water. Oliver carefully steered the boat through a narrow opening in the branches. Then they stepped out of the boat, and into a murky green space under an umbrella of leaves. The air was cool and damp.

Maria led Oliver across the tangled ground to the hidden monument. It was a column of marble, weathered and mossy with age. A delicate crown sat at the top, and an inscription was carved into a flat slab at the base. Oliver used his thumbnail to scrape out the letters that were cut into it.

It was a name.

Maria's family name.

"You could have been a queen?" said Oliver, whispering.

Maria laughed gently in the gloom.

"We were the family of the lion," she said.

Oliver could still hear the shouts and laughter of the party, up on the sunny lawn near the big house. But now the noise seemed to be getting further and further away.