

# THE GREAT NUN & CROWN CAP

*A Whisamical Adventure*



Madeline the Amazon

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In an old house in Paris that was covered with vines, lived twelve little girls in two straight lines. Among them was the smallest one, Madeline, wearing her familiar yellow hat and a brand-new golden tiara that shimmered with a magical light in the morning sun.



While the other girls walked through the rain in a neat row, Madeline practiced her heroic leaps over the puddles of the Tuileries Garden. She wore her blue cape with pride, feeling the legendary strength of an Amazon warrior coursing through her small and spirited frame.



One afternoon, a mischievous thief snatched a lady's handbag near the Eiffel Tower and raced away on a fast bicycle. Without a moment's hesitation, Madeline reached into her pocket and pulled out a glowing, golden lasso that hummed with ancient power.



She spun the Lasso of Truth above her head, its golden light outshining the streetlamps of the busy city. With a flick of her wrist, the magical rope flew through the air, snaring the bicycle's wheel and bringing the villain to a sudden, tangled halt.



Miss Clavel ran to the scene, her habit fluttering behind her like a startled bird in the Parisian breeze. She gasped to see Madeline standing tall and fearless, her silver bracelets deflecting a stray baguette thrown by the grumpy, defeated thief.



The Gendarmes arrived to take the thief away, tipping their hats to the smallest girl in the two straight lines for her incredible bravery. Madeline just smiled, her eyes sparkling with the wisdom of Themyscira and the timeless charm of her beloved Paris.



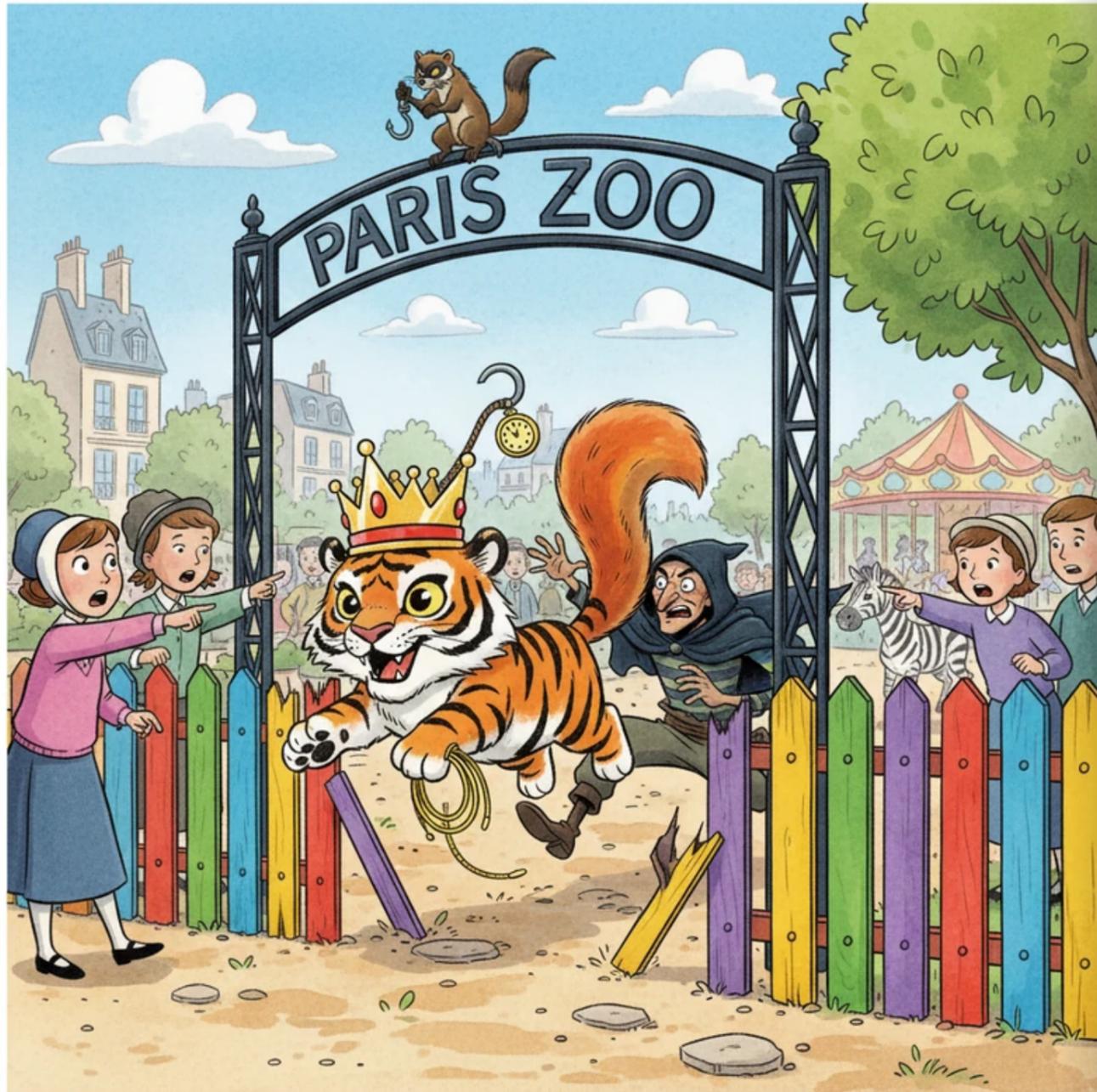
Back at the vine-covered house, the other eleven girls gathered around Madeline's bed in the soft glow of the moonlight. She told them tales of hidden islands and ancient gods, showing them how to be brave even when the world feels very big and they feel very small.



In the middle of the night, Miss Clavel turned on the light and sensed that something in the house had changed for the better. Instead of shadows, the room was filled with a sense of peace and the faint, protective glow of a magical shield leaning against the nursery wall.



The next morning, the twelve little girls marched in two straight lines, but each one held their head a little higher than the day before. Madeline led the way, her red ribbon tied neatly over her golden tiara, ready for any adventure the city might hold.



To the tiger in the zoo, Madeline just said "Pooh-pooh," but this time she said it with the voice of a goddess. In the old house in Paris, the smallest girl had become its greatest hero, watching over her friends with a heart of gold and a spirit of justice.