

The Jelly Castle



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In a sparkling kingdom, Princess Jelly lived in a castle made of jelly. The walls were wobbly, the towers were wiggly, and the stairs jiggled like a happy pudding. Princess Jelly had strawberry-pink pigtails and a tiny silver crown. She loved to bounce and giggle. But whenever she danced, the whole castle wobbled and shook.



One sunny morning, Princess Jelly had a wonderful idea. 'I will host a royal dance!' she announced. 'Everyone in the kingdom is invited!' She sent invitations with swirls of pink and gold. Sir Wobble, her royal guard, smiled and polished his drum. Berry the Bunny hopped with joy, his green bow tie bouncing. 'A dance! A dance!' they cheered.



Grandma Gooseberry, the royal cook, baked trays of shimmering jelly desserts. 'Mind the wobble, dear,' she said, adjusting her round glasses. Princess Jelly nodded, but she was too excited to worry. She practiced a twirl in her shiny red ballet shoes. The castle swayed gently. Berry wiggled his floppy ears and measured the floor with his tiny tape. Everyone was ready for fun.



The guests arrived in colorful clothes. Sir Wobble stood by the door in his blue uniform with gold buttons, his red cape flowing. Berry the Bunny hopped around, greeting everyone. Grandma Gooseberry set out her jelly treats on a long table. Princess Jelly clapped her hands. 'Let the dance begin!' she cried. Sir Wobble raised his wooden drum and started a happy beat.



Berry the Bunny was the first to dance. He wiggled and hopped, his fluffy tail bouncing. Then everyone joined in. The castle began to wobble. The walls swayed left and right. The floor jiggled under their feet. 'Wheee!' laughed the guests. But Sir Wobble frowned. He felt the castle shake more and more. 'Princess,' he said, 'the castle is wobbling too much!'



Princess Jelly looked around. The jelly walls were shaking. The towers were swaying. A little jelly drip fell from the ceiling. The guests stopped dancing and looked worried. 'Oh dear,' said Grandma Gooseberry, holding her tray tight. 'The castle might fall down!' Princess Jelly's sky-blue eyes grew wide. She did not want the castle to break. But she also did not want to stop the fun.



Sir Wobble stamped his tall black boots. 'We must stop the dance,' he said. 'It is not safe.' The guests sighed. Berry the Bunny's ears drooped. Princess Jelly thought hard. She loved to dance. Everyone loved to dance. There had to be a way to keep the castle safe and still have fun. She looked at the wobbly floor and tapped her chin.



Suddenly, Princess Jelly had an idea. 'What if we build a special dance floor?' she said. 'One that wobbles just a little, but keeps the castle still!' Sir Wobble scratched his moustache. 'That might work,' he said. Berry the Bunny hopped up and down. 'I have a hammer and measuring tape!' he squeaked. Grandma Gooseberry smiled. 'I will bring jelly snacks for energy,' she said.



Princess Jelly, Sir Wobble, and Berry the Bunny got to work. Berry measured the floor with his tiny tape. Sir Wobble carried soft, springy planks. Princess Jelly tied them together with ribbons. Grandma Gooseberry brought lemonade and jelly squares. They built a dance floor that floated on a soft, bouncy base. It would soak up the jumps and wiggles, keeping the castle safe.



At last, the special dance floor was ready. It looked like a big, colorful puzzle. Princess Jelly stepped on it and did a little hop. The floor bounced gently. The castle stayed still. 'It works!' she cheered. Sir Wobble tested it with a heavy stomp. The floor wobbled just a bit, but the castle did not shake. Berry did a happy spin. 'Perfect!' he said.



Princess Jelly called all the guests back. 'Come dance on our new floor!' she said. 'It is safe and fun!' The guests stepped onto the springy floor. Sir Wobble beat his drum. Boom-boom-ba-boom! Everyone began to wiggle and bounce. The floor moved with them, soft and safe. The castle stayed calm. Grandma Gooseberry danced with her tray, her glasses bouncing on her nose.



Berry the Bunny hopped high. Princess Jelly twirled in her raspberry-pink gown. Sir Wobble drummed and tapped his boots. The guests laughed and clapped. The jelly castle stood still, happy and safe. 'This is the best dance ever!' shouted Berry. Princess Jelly grinned. 'We can wiggle and bounce without any worry!' Everyone cheered and danced some more.



Grandma Gooseberry passed out jelly desserts. 'You are a clever princess,' she said. 'You found a way to keep us safe and happy.' Princess Jelly hugged her. 'We did it together,' she said. Sir Wobble nodded. 'Teamwork and a good idea,' he said. Berry high-fived with his paw. The music played on, and the castle stayed steady. Everyone felt warm and joyful.



As the sun set, the guests went home with happy hearts. Princess Jelly waved from the castle door. 'Thank you for coming!' she called. Sir Wobble stood beside her, his drum under his arm. Berry curled up on a soft jelly cushion, tired but smiling. Grandma Gooseberry cleaned up the last jelly crumbs. The castle gave a tiny, sleepy wobble. Princess Jelly giggled.



That night, Princess Jelly sat in her wobbly throne. She thought about the day. 'Play is more fun when we are safe,' she said softly. Sir Wobble nodded. 'And a good plan makes everyone happy.' Berry's ears twitched in his sleep. Grandma Gooseberry smiled from the kitchen. The jelly castle stood strong, ready for more dances and more fun.



And so, the jelly castle became famous for its wonderful dances. Princess Jelly always used her special dance floor. Everyone wiggled and bounced without a worry. They learned that safety and fun can go hand in hand. Princess Jelly, Sir Wobble, Berry, and Grandma Gooseberry danced together every week, and the castle wobbled just a little, happy and safe.