

ROSE'S DRESS OF
DREAMS

KATHERINE WOODFINE



with illustrations by
kate Pankhurst

First published in 2018 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library upon request

ISBN: 978-1-78112-768-1

Printed in China by Leo

This book is in a super readable format for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



For Mama

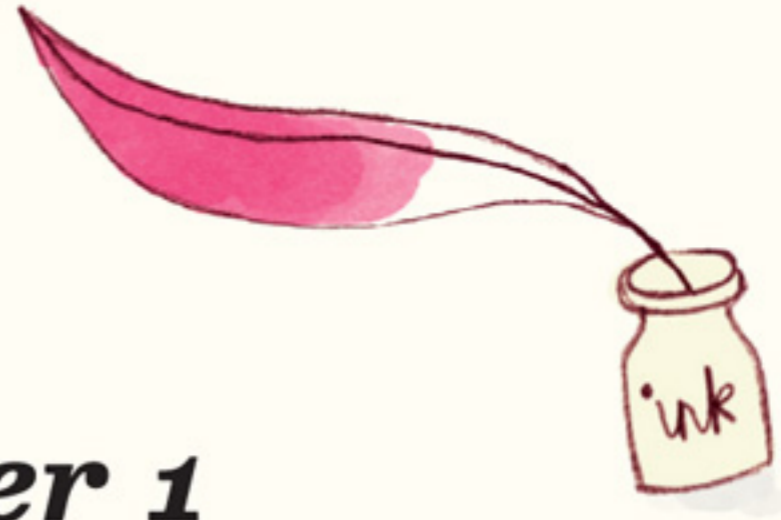




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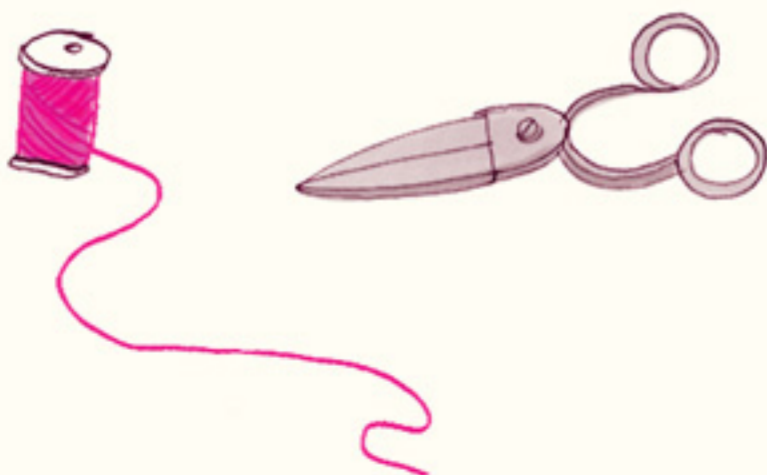
Chapter 1

Rose Dreams of Dresses

Many years ago, in the town of Abbeville in France, there lived a girl called Rose. More than anything else, Rose loved beautiful dresses. She thought about dresses when she was supposed to be learning her lessons. She imagined dresses when she was supposed to be helping in the house.

Rose dreamed of dresses when she was asleep at night. Silver dresses that sparkled like moonlight. Gold dresses that glittered like treasure. Lace dresses, as delicate as the pattern of frost on the window-pane. Billowing silk dresses that swirled like the sea.

Rose dreamed of satin and velvet and taffeta. She dreamed of feathers and beads, ribbons and pearls.



Rose dreamed of dresses in a rainbow of colours. Dresses with huge skirts with ruffles and frills all over them. Dresses so beautiful that they would make anyone who wore them feel like a queen.

Each day, as Rose walked along the street in Abbeville, she watched the people go by. And Rose dreamed of how she could transform them.

She saw Josephine from the bakery, and in her daydream Rose changed Josephine's plain dress for a gown as fluffy as whipped cream.

Rose saw Suzette from the grocer's shop and she swapped Suzette's shabby straw hat for a bonnet of juicy grapes and peaches with red cherries on top.



She saw Louise, who lived in a house with a beautiful garden, and Rose piled Louise's hair high on her head and decorated it with butterflies and roses.



She saw François, the fisherman, and she made him a glittering jacket of fish scales and a top hat crowned with a ship in full sail.



Rose drew pictures of her dreams and showed them to her family. But no one seemed to understand.

“Don’t be silly, Rose!” Mama said, with a frown. “Those aren’t real clothes!”

“No one could ever wear a hat like that!” Papa said, with a chuckle. “They’d look ridiculous!”

As for Rose's little brother, he just pointed at her drawings and laughed.



But Rose still dreamed of dresses.

Often at night, Rose dreamed of the most beautiful dress of all. It was a dress woven out of moonlight and starlight. A dress that rippled and swished like the wind across the sea. A dress with skirts that stretched as wide as the night sky and glittered all over with stars.