



At that very moment, the falcon dropped the rose-red slipper into his lap.

The slipper was so bright that Amasis thought it was a scrap of the sun. Then he saw the falcon wheeling overhead.

“The god Horus sends me a sign!” exclaimed the Pharaoh. He picked up the rose-red slipper. “Every maiden in Egypt must try this shoe! She whose foot it fits shall be my queen. That is the will of the gods.”

Amasis dismissed the court, called for his chariot, and began his search at once.





When the Egyptian servant girls arrived in Memphis, they found the throne empty and the streets deserted.

They were so angry on their return that even seeing Rhodopis without her rose-red slipper did not please them. "Slaves are better off barefoot," snapped Kipa.



The Pharaoh journeyed to distant cities. He tracked the desert where pyramids tower over the sand, and he climbed the steep cliffs where falcons nest. The rose-red slipper was always in his hand. Wherever he went, women and girls, rich or poor, flocked to try on the slipper. But none could fit into so small a shoe.

