



The  
Princess's Password



Clicky took out a book, for it was that time  
To entertain everyone with a tale in rhyme.



Router nudged Nettie to join in on the fun,  
But 'til her castle was finished, she would have none.

“Not now, buddy,” she shooed Router away.  
“I can’t wait to get in my virtual castle and play.”





Nettie entered her password to the game real quick.  
She was the princess of a kingdom with one little click!

USERNAME:

PASSWORD:

[LOG IN](#) 

Meanwhile, Clicky began and the gang was all ears.  
“This one’s about a princess who ended up in tears.

She learned the hard way that to protect all that’s hers,  
Her password had to be private and never transferred.



But let’s not get ahead of ourselves. After all,  
This castle was splendid and anything but small.



Five stone towers flew the princess's crest—  
A big, sugary cinnamon bun on a proud eagle's chest.

Far off in the distance, it was easy to see  
Knights battling dragons, villagers shouting with glee.



Inside the castle walls, it was equally grand.  
And the princess was busy making sweets by hand.  
Sticky cinnamon buns baked in ten new ovens.  
Only cost her a gold coin, of which she had dozens.



Then the princess got tired and laid on her bed.  
'So soft, like I'm lying on clouds,' she said.

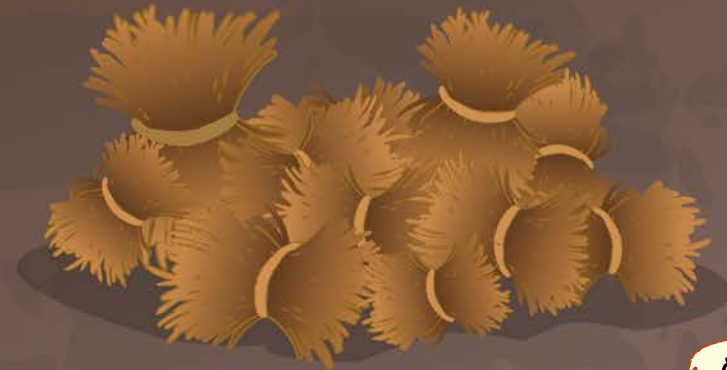
She blew a kiss to Prince Charming before dozing off,  
But was woken by a dust storm that made her cough.





The princess looked around her room in dismay.  
Her piles of gold coins had turned into hay!

From the fireplace she noticed a rotten smell  
Where a mean, old dragon did suddenly dwell.



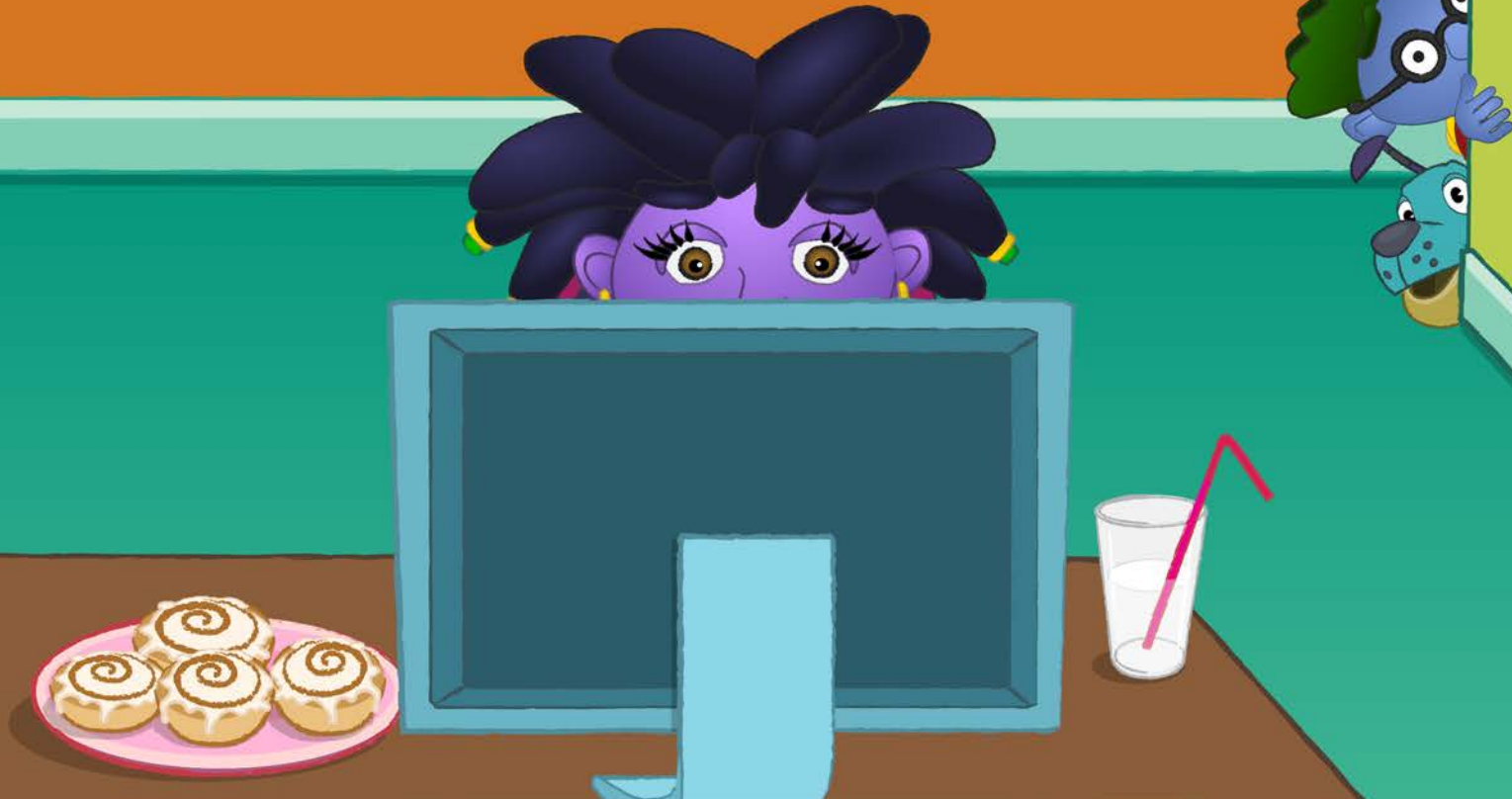


She found herself lying on a loaf of stale bread.  
Then Prince Charming grew a snout. Imagine the dread!  
But all these things were forgivable, all were fine.  
That is until somebody crossed the line...



And messed with the princess's dress and crown.  
They were covered in fleas, dirty, and brown!"

“Hey!” shouted Nettie from across the room.  
“Someone hacked my account. Look at this castle of doom!”  
Clicky looked on. Router and Webster, too.  
They all knew WHAT, but they didn’t know WHO.



Nettie said, "I'm always so careful with my password protection. I don't even give my friends that information."

"How did they get Nettie's password?" Webster asked.  
"And look how they changed everything so fast!"

Nettie cried, "Now my pretty castle is a dragon's nest. I can't believe this happened. Just look at my dress!"



Then Nettie revealed the root of these events so strange:  
“It’s been one year since my last password change!

I must make a new password. There’s no time to wait.  
My castle’s a mess. I need to set everything straight!”





The princess wiped her tears and stopped being blue.  
She dug out her cauldron to carefully brew

A mix of numbers, symbols, and letters, large and small.  
Then the mixture floated up and stuck onto the wall.

She chose eight from the brew and entered them in.  
This password would make her castle what it had been.





“Good job, Nettie,” Clicky proclaimed.  
“Looks like your castle’s been reclaimed.”



It's good to remember, whenever you're unsure,  
To change your password often and keep it secure."



Then Webster asked Clicky to get back to his tale.  
“What happened to the princess? Did she prevail?  
What about the dragon? And the Prince’s snout?”  
“Patience,” Clicky replied. “I’ll get there, no doubt.”



The End!



Something awful is happening to  
Nettie's virtual castle!  
Her gold coins have turned into hay,  
her beautiful dress is dirty, and  
is that a dragon in her fireplace?

Read about how Nettie reclaims her castle and  
how to create strong passwords in

## The Princess's Password.

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