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Opening extract from

The Royal Babysitters

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ALASPOORYORICK
LUVS
MUMMY
AMERIKA
EUROPA
ASIA
JANLAND
ANTARKTIK
I ♥ ME

Chapter One

One sunny summer morning, King Alaspooryorick of Daneland, after a breakfast of coffee, orange juice and roast kitten, picked up his phone and called the Queen and King of Britland.

'Hello, Sheila!' he chimed when the Queen picked up. 'It's Alaspooryorick! What's up? How's the hubby? And the kids?'



'We're not talking to you,' said the Queen of Britland pointedly.

'Oh, why not?' asked the King.

'Because you tried to invade our country on Christmas Day. And then again at Easter.'

'I get bored on bank holidays,' explained Alaspooryorick.

'It's no reason to ruin them for everyone else,' said the Queen. 'Anyway, I've got to go.'

'No, wait, listen to this: I've got great gossip about the Emir of Antarktik –'

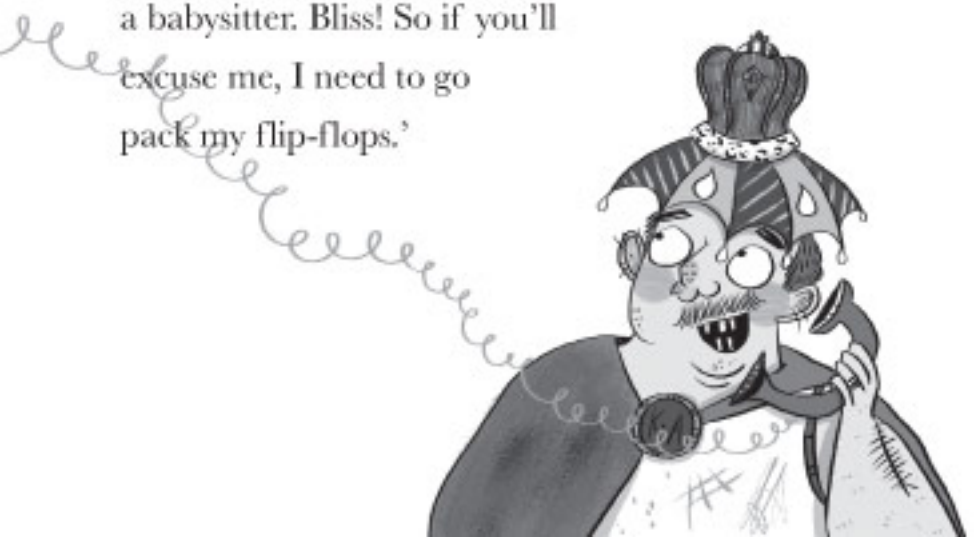
'I don't have time for gossip,' snapped the Queen. 'The King and I are busy packing. We're going on our annual day of holiday to the Independent Republic of Slough.'

'What? Today?'

'Yes, today. The whole castle's on leave.'

'The *whole* castle?' repeated Alaspooryorick. '*Everyone*'s away?'

'Yes. Well, not the children. They're getting a babysitter. Bliss! So if you'll excuse me, I need to go pack my flip-flops.'



She hung up on him.

King Alaspooryorick watched the silent holes of the phone as if mesmerised, following which he declared:

'Today is a very good day – in fact, the *perfect* day – to sail to the shores of Britland for an *invasion*!'

King Alaspooryorick loved invasions, and Britland had long been his dream target. He knew that the Queen and King of Britland had an indoor swimming pool with a brilliant red-and-blue waterslide, and a vast cellar

containing two hundred and seventeen different Francian cheeses. And he simply *had* to slide down that slide, and he simply *had* to taste every one of those cheeses.

'Get my invasion kit ready!' he ordered one of his minions. 'And my spare umbrella-hat! I'm just popping out to attack Britland.'

'Again?' asked the minion. 'It's the third time –'

'I know, I know, but this time's different,' snapped Alaspooryorick. 'Get my stuff!'

'OK, Your Majesty,' said the minion, 'but you haven't got any clean pants left, because you

locked the laundry man in the Royal Rabbit Hutch when he shrank your bunny costume.'

'Then I'll reuse the pants from last week,' roared the King. 'Don't tell Mother.'

Ten minutes later, he was ready to go.


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TO
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