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Opening extract from

Sir Dancealot

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To Mimi and Jonathan, with love - TK

To bold Sir Alex and fair Lady May, with love - KR

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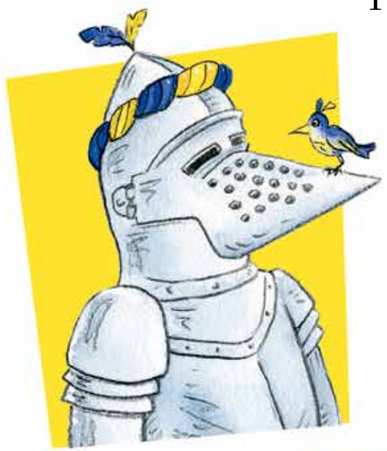
SIR DANCEALOT

Timothy Knapman
&
Keith Robinson

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In days of old, great tales were told
of fabulous fearless knights.
They fought all kinds of monsters
in tense and thrilling fights.

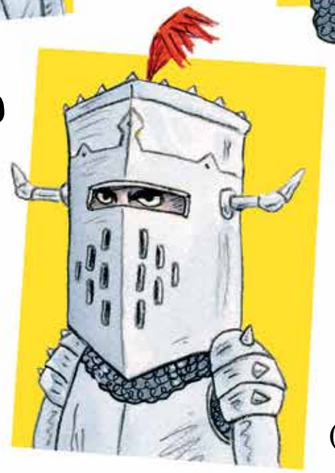
There was . . .



GEORGE
THE BOLD



KEN
THE MAD



and GEOFF
(who had an itchy bot).

But the bravest of them all was nimble-toed . . .



When he saw a fearsome fiend,
he didn't shake or freeze.
NO!
He stood up straight,
and called out clear . . .

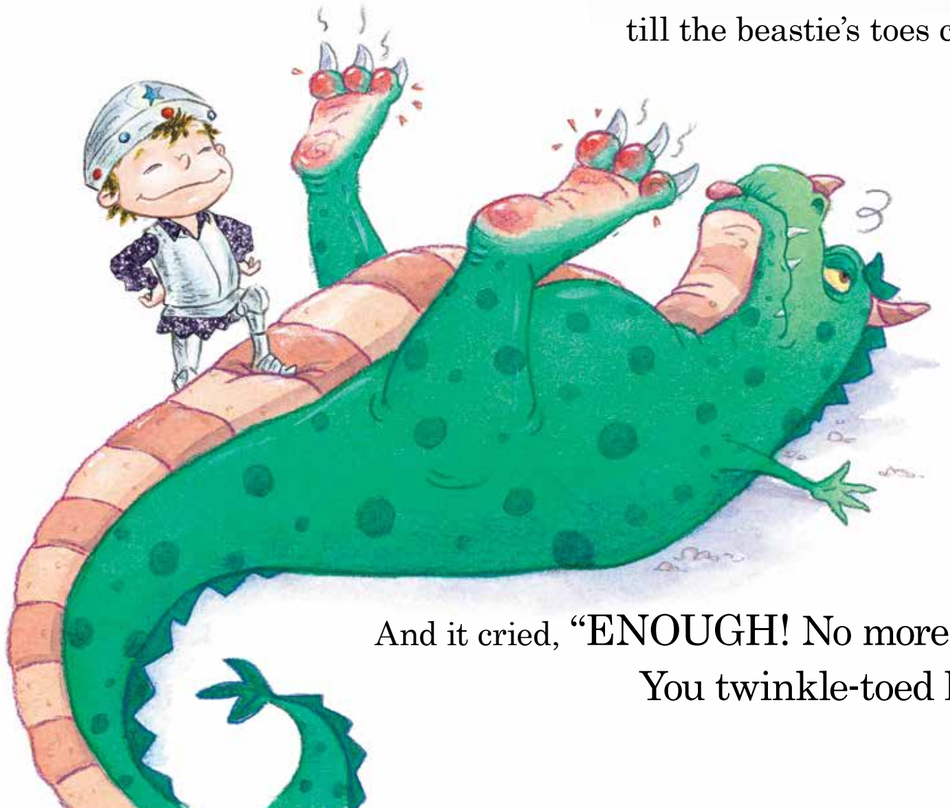
"Music, maestro, please!"



Then, before the beast attacked,
he'd grab it by the claw
and say, "Let's dance, my lovely!"
as he spun it round the floor.

He'd conga,
waltz
and
rumba
till the beastie's toes caught fire.





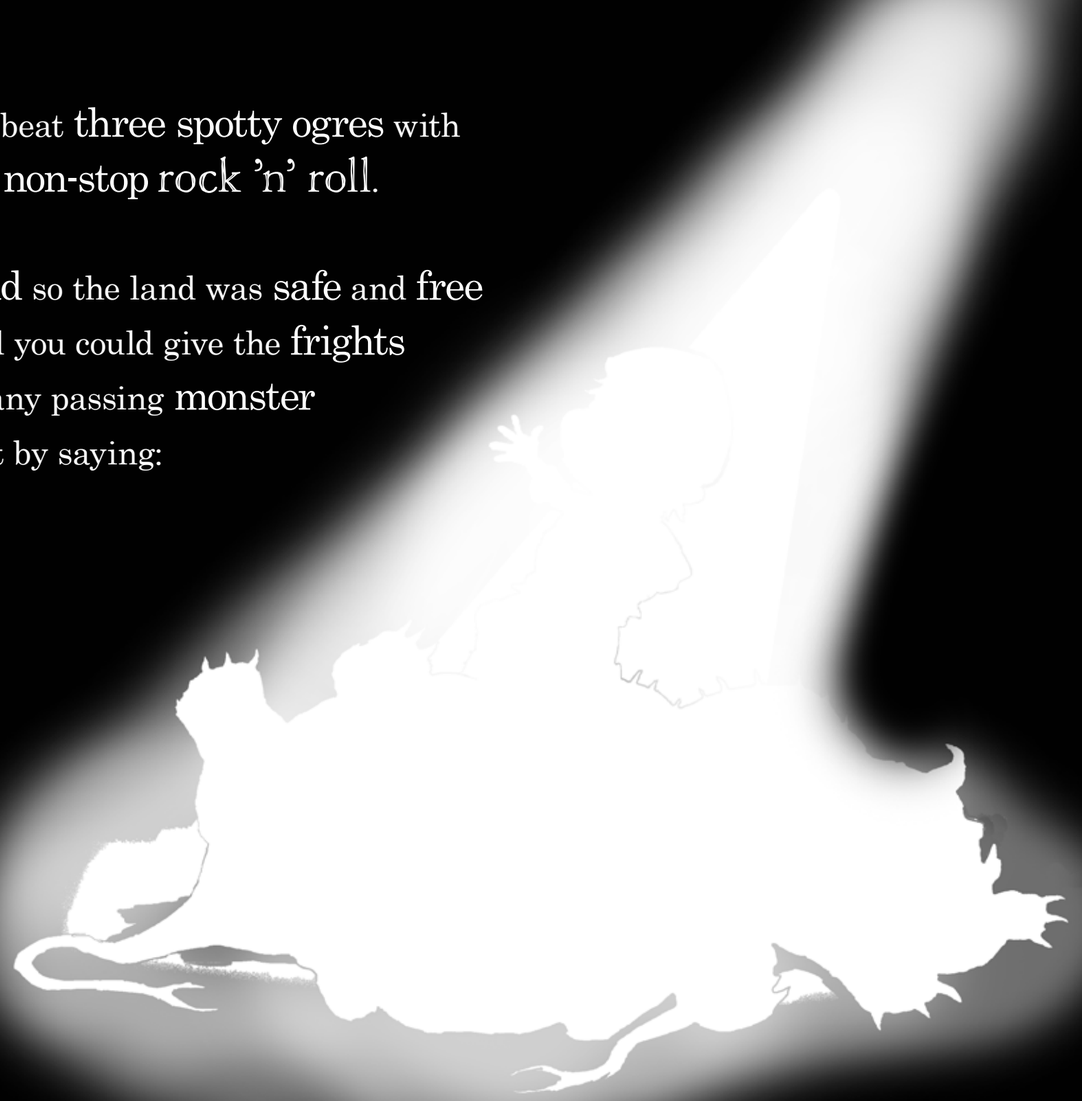
And it cried, "ENOUGH! No more!
You twinkle-toed live wire!"

He boogied off the bogglesnot,

he jived away a troll.

He beat three spotty ogres with
his non-stop rock 'n' roll.

And so the land was safe and free
and you could give the frights
to any passing monster
just by saying:



"DISCO LIGHTS!"