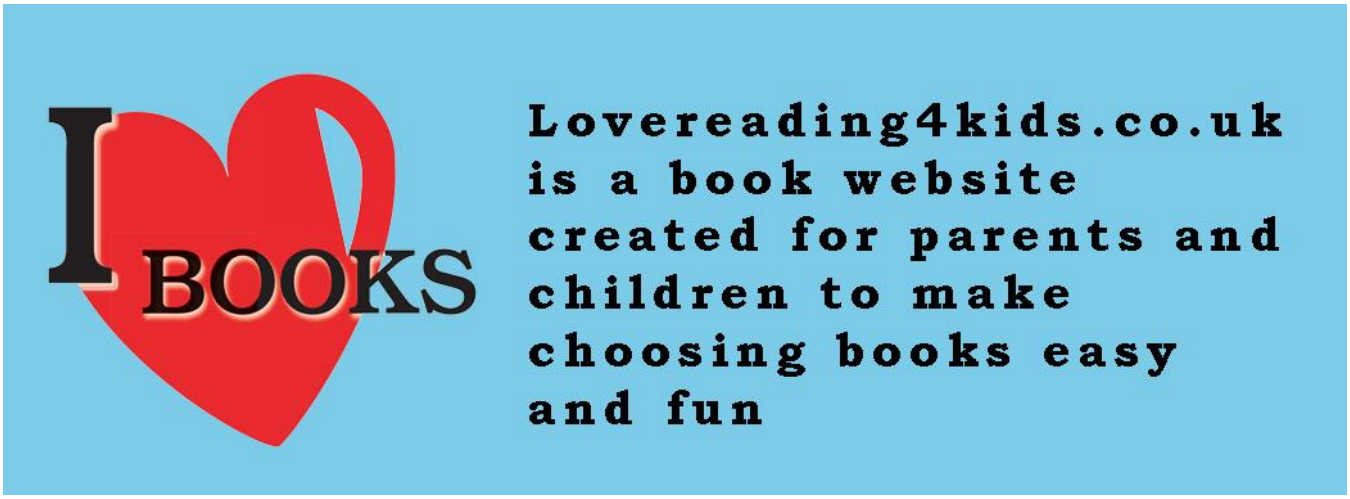


Opening extract from

King Flashypants and the Creature from Crong

Written & Illustrated by

Andy Riley

Published by

Hodder Children's Books an imprint of Hachette Children's Group

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HODDER CHILDREN'S BOOKS

First published in Great Britain in 2017 by Hodder and Stoughton

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

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

ISBN 978 1 444 92960 7

Designed by Jennifer Stephenson
Edited by Emma Goldhawk

Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd,
Croydon, CR0 4YY.

The paper and board used in this book are from well-managed forests and other responsible sources.



Hodder Children's Books
An imprint of Hachette Children's Group
Part of Hodder & Stoughton
Carmelite House, 50 Victoria Embankment
London EC4Y 0DZ

An Hachette UK Company
www.hachette.co.uk

www.hachettechildrens.co.uk

With thanks to
Polly Faber, Eddie Riley, Bill Riley,
Emma Goldhawk, Jennifer Stephenson,
Anne McNeil, Gordon Wise,
Hilary Murray Hill, Lucy Upton,
Fritha Lindqvist, Stephanie Allen,
Kevin Cecil and Tim Robinson

Dedicated to
Greta Riley and Robin Riley
and also to

ALL THE LIBRARIANS

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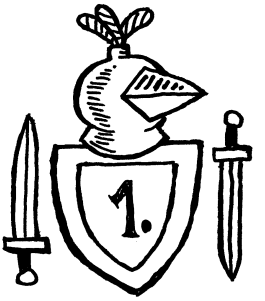
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They're Good For You

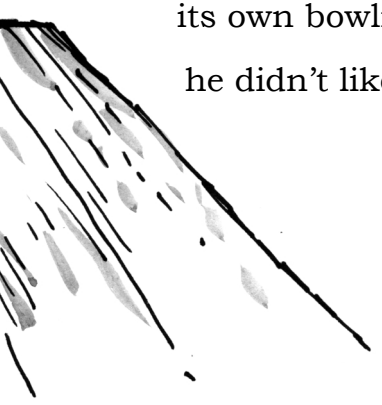
The boy pushed a pile of vegetables around on his plate. He wasn't an ordinary boy. He was a king. King Edwin Flashypants the First. There wasn't a King Edwin Flashypants the Second or Third yet, but everybody in Edwin's little kingdom thought it was such a great name that



there were bound to be loads more kings called Edwin Flashypants in the future.

But even though the boy was special, the vegetables were very very ordinary. There was cabbage, and spinach, and something that drooped like the nose of an old witch when Edwin picked it up with his fork. It had witchy pimples too, and it dripped green water that looked a bit like snot.

So why was this king, who had suits of armour and a big shiny crown, and a castle with its own bowling alley, eating a plate full of food he didn't like?





King Edwin couldn't do everything he wanted to. Being a king is hard – you've got to look after a whole kingdom-load of people. Imagine doing that when you're just nine years old. So Edwin needed a grown-up to help him rule Edwinland, and her name was Minister Jill.

A month or two before this very vegetable-ish lunch, Minister Jill decided people were eating too many treats in Edwinland.



That's what she said.

So she made the sweet shops open for just two hours a day instead of twenty-four. She had the peasants digging huge vegetable patches next to Village, which was the name of the only village in Edwinland. Then she put up posters saying:

YOUR BODY NEEDS

FIFTY

PORTIONS OF VEGETABLES A DAY



SEE MINISTER JILL TO FIND OUT MORE

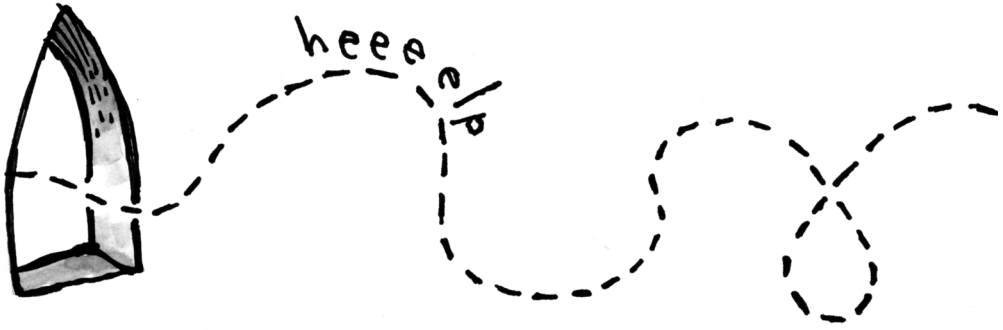
Minister Jill was just trying to keep everyone healthy, like a good minister should. But nobody seemed to be saying “Wow, thanks Jill!”

Today, just for once, Jill wasn’t standing behind Edwin as he chewed slimy vegetables in the castle’s banqueting hall. She had taken the afternoon off work to do that thing grown-ups do sometimes, when they ‘pamper’ themselves and have some ‘me time’. These were the days when Jill would listen to calming music and get her feet massaged, all the time worrying about what trouble Edwin might get into next.

Edwin wasn’t alone though. His best friend

Megan the Jester ate next to him. She liked piles of vegetables even less than he did, so she was finding ways to get them off her plate without actually eating them. Megan tucked courgettes into the pointy bits of her jester hat. Then she pushed broccoli through the strings of her lute. It didn't make much difference. There were still tons more to munch through.

"Help! Help!" A panicked voice floated through the banqueting hall's window, and right into King Edwin's ear.



Edwin pushed his plate away and stood up.

"Megan? Somebody needs our help, and I'm fairly sure about that because he said 'help' twice. Let's go!"

It was also a great excuse to stop eating the vegetables, but Edwin didn't say that out loud.

"Your Majesty!" said Megan. "Helping people in need is so splendidly kingly!"

After she had applauded the king for five whole minutes, they ran outside to see what all the fuss was about.

