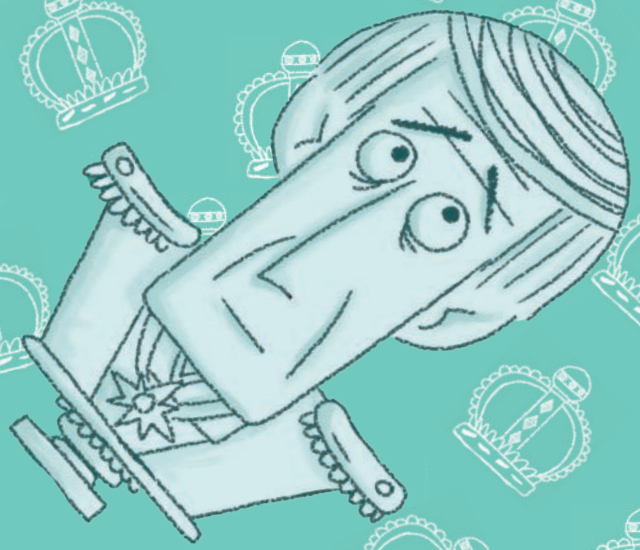


For Emma, a faithful, affectionate, and loyal four-legged friend—R.S.

For Fran, Finn, Joss and Nanny Apples—I.S.

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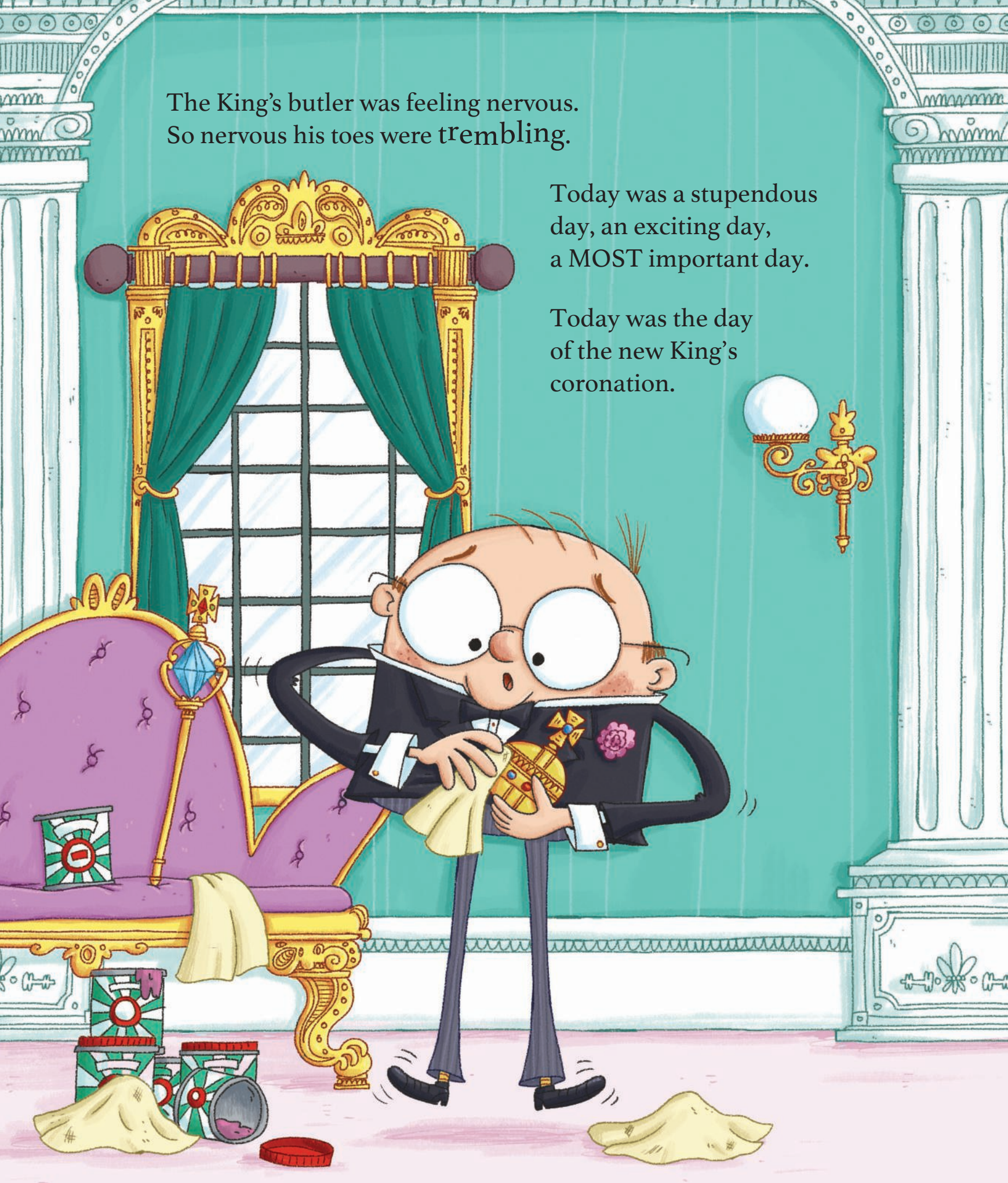
The KING'S Runaway CROWN

A coronation caper





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The King's butler was feeling nervous.
So nervous his toes were trembling.
Today was a stupendous day, an exciting day, a MOST important day.
Today was the day of the new King's coronation.

He was polishing the King's crown, sceptre, and orb.
They had to be extra shiny for the ceremony.
'I hope I do a good job,' he thought.



But he didn't see Colin, the King's dog, hiding under the table.

Before the Butler could say,
'Double-polish, double-shine,'





. . . and *raced* off
down the corridor.

‘NO!’ cried the butler.
‘Catch Colin, save the crown!’

The palace guards were feeling nervous.
So nervous they were jittering in their jerkins.



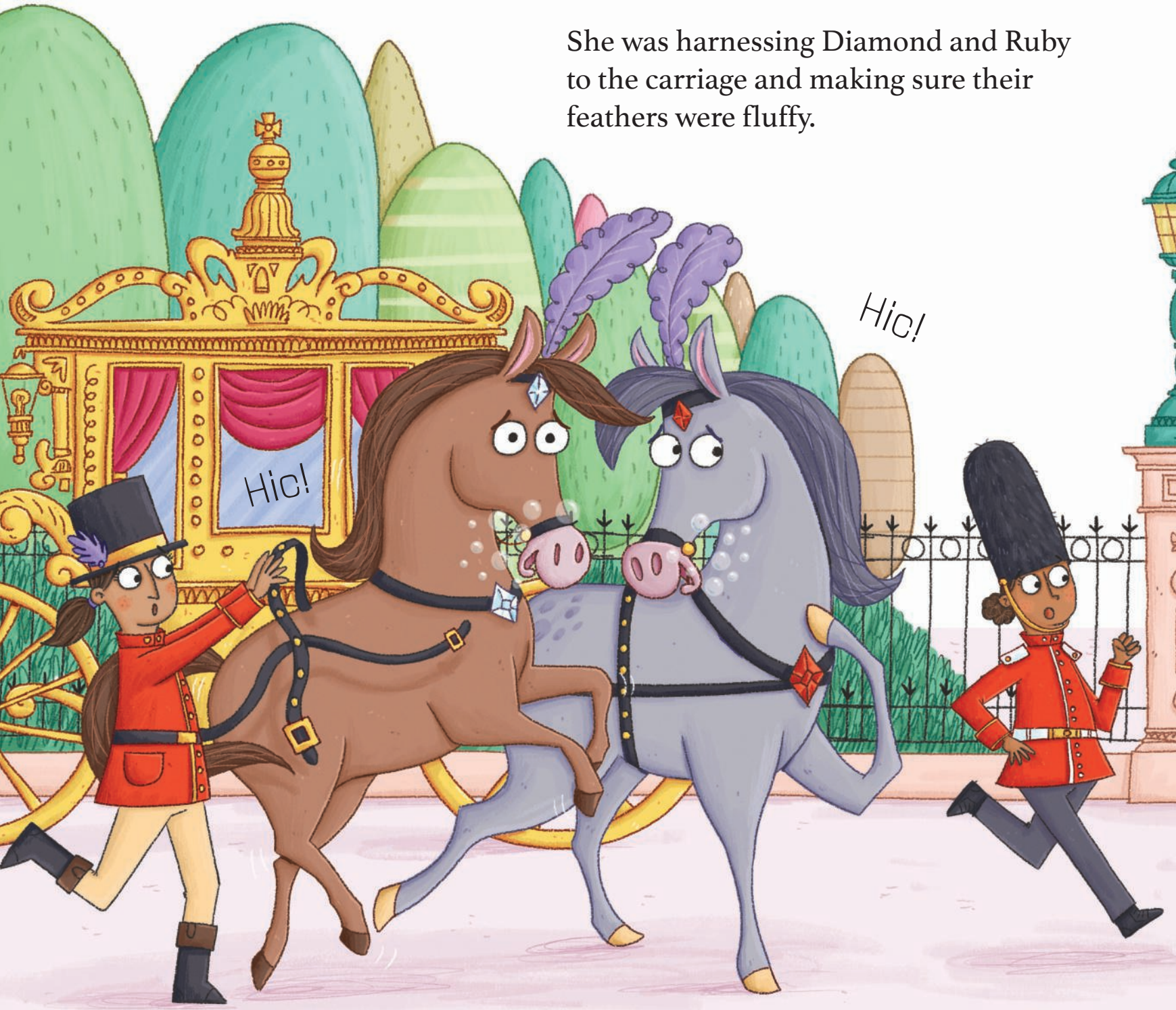
They were practising their parading for the coronation.
There was a lot to get right. 'I hope we do a good job,' they thought.

Just then, they saw a dog dash past carrying the crown.
Running behind was the butler.



‘Catch Colin!’ he cried. ‘Save the crown!’

The King's coach driver was feeling nervous.
So nervous her horses were hiccupping
(and she was too).



She was harnessing Diamond and Ruby to the carriage and making sure their feathers were fluffy.

'I hope I do a good job,' she thought.
Just then, she saw a dog dash past carrying the crown.



Running behind were the butler and the palace guards.

‘Catch Colin!’ they cried. ‘Save the crown!’