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Opening extract from

Sir Charlie Stinky Socks and the Really Dreadful Spell

Written by

Kristina Stephenson

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For the wonderful Wayne Winstone and his words of wisdom.

With love.

K.S.

Sir Charlie Stinky Socks would like to donate 10% of the royalties from the sale of this book to Naomi House Children's Hospice.

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Sir Charlie Stinky Socks and the Really DREADFUL Spell



Kristina Stephenson

EGMONT



Once upon a
misty morning,
from the top of a
twisty-wisty beanstalk,
Someone was looking down . . .

. . . on to a tall, tall
tower (with a pointy roof)
in the middle of . . .

... a Magical Forest.

It was the day after a little Princess's party and everyone was happy there, when, suddenly – without any warning – ***Someone ...***

... cast a ***spell!***

And over the Princess, her favourite monster, and a wily witch with a watch (oh and everyone else in this magical world), a **stony** silence fell!

Now...

... only a power mightier than magic could break this ***dreadful spell*** (*if* such a power could reach the tower before the sands of time r a n o u t!).

But the only power that was strong enough was twenty leagues from there – in the boots of a knight who'd been at the party and was making his way back home.

Oh no!

Further away from the tower went the power *until* ...



. . . Sir Charlie Stinky Socks stopped.

Phew!

The bold, brave knight, and his faithful
cat, Envelope, wanted a bite to eat.
So Sir Charlie took out a slice of cake
(a piece he had brought from the Princess's party)
and with one quick flick of his
trusty sword he –

Hang on a minute!
Hold this story!

Where *was* his
trusty sword?

It was back in the tower, at the bottom of the stairs –
where he'd left it after the party.

Gadzooks!

"Never mind," said Sir Charlie. "I suppose lunch will just have to wait."
And he rallied his faithful (famished) cat and
mounted his groaning grey mare.

Clip clop, clip clop,
clippety clippety clop!

Back to the forest and the
tall, tall tower rode
Sir Charlie and his cat.
Oh, and his mighty power
went with him
(along with some ~~wiggly~~ woos).
Good job too!

For in the tall, tall tower
(with the pointy roof) time was . . .

r u n n i n g o u t!