Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

# Knight Quest

Written by

**Chris Blake**

Published by

**HarperCollins Children's Books**

**All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator**

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

First published in Great Britain by HarperCollins *Children's Books* in 2013
HarperCollins *Children's Books* is a division of HarperCollins*Publishers* Ltd,
77-85 Fulham Palace Road, Hammersmith, London, W6 8JB.

The HarperCollins website address is: www.harpercollins.co.uk

1

Text © Hothouse Fiction Limited 2013
Illustrations © HarperCollins *Children's Books* 2013
Illustrations by Dynamo

ISBN 978-0-00-751400-7

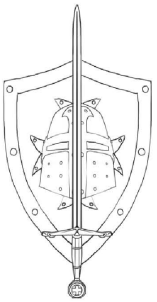
Printed and bound in England by Clays Ltd, St Ives plc

Conditions of Sale
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form, binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser. All rights reserved.

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C007454

FSC™ is a non-profit international organisation established to promote the responsible management of the world's forests. Products carrying the FSC label are independently certified to assure consumers that they come from forests that are managed to meet the social, economic and ecological needs of present and future generations, and other controlled sources.

Find out more about HarperCollins and the environment at
**www.harpercollins.co.uk/green**



# CHAPTER 1
## CLASS CLOWN

"I'm going to have *such* fun going through your things when you're at school," Isis said, rubbing her ragged hands together. "Your computer. Your football-sticker book. Your Star Wars figures."

Tom dropped his school bag on the floor. "NO WAY!"

Mum put her hand on his forehead. "Are you feeling all right, dear? I only asked you if

you had your lunch box. There's no need to have a fit."

Tom glanced over at the stairs, where the mummified figure of Princess Isis Amun-Ra was sitting. Her cat, Cleo, also wrapped in bandages, was curled up on her lap, invisible to everyone except Tom. Isis's crumbly old wrappings had left ancient white dust all over the carpet.



"Have fun at school!" she said. Waving stiffly, she picked up Cleo and started to shuffle off to *his* room.

It wasn't fair! No one else in Tom's class was beginning the new term knowing that the mummies of an Ancient Egyptian princess and her pet cat were at their home, snooping around and generally causing havoc. Mum and Dad couldn't see Isis and Cleo, so if the mummies made a mess, Tom knew he would get the blame.

"I'll just fetch your P.E. kit," Mum said, disappearing into the kitchen.

Tom rounded on Isis. "Listen! You mustn't touch anything while I'm out. We don't know when Anubis will send us on our next mission. So..." He scratched his shock of blond curls as he searched for the right words, "...just keep out of trouble."

Isis leaned over the banister. "Don't get all bossy with me. You're the whole reason I'm here. It was you who smashed my statue at your dad's museum. *You* set me free again. Remember?"

Tom threw his hands in the air. "Yes, but aren't you forgetting the bit where I risked my neck travelling back in time to help you find your first amulet? It was *you* who tried to trick Anubis by keeping one of the amulets for yourself, but now *I'm* the one who's been roped into babysitting a dead princess and her cat!"

Isis made a huffing noise and tossed her head back with a crack. "There are still five amulets left to find. And until Anubis sends us on our next challenge, I might as well enjoy myself. So if *you* won't entertain me, I'll make my own fun." She poked herself in

the chest and accidentally put her finger right through her crusty ribs.

Cleo mewed in agreement and pawed at the banister spindles.

There was no way Tom was going to let Isis rummage through his belongings. There was only one thing for it.

"Look, just get in the car, will you?" Tom groaned. "You'll have to come to school with me."

Tom sat at his desk and looked down at Cleo, who was curled up asleep underneath his chair.

"Fun holiday?" Tom's classmate Jodie asked him.

"Oh, it was out of this world," Tom said, smiling. "Literally."

But he stopped smiling pretty quickly

when he saw what Isis was doing. She was wandering round the room, fiddling with everything. She looked over at Tom.

"This is much more fun than being cooped up in your boring house," she shouted above the noise of the chattering children.

Tom looked around. Nobody seemed to have noticed the fact that the globe had started spinning on its own, or that the cold tap had just turned itself on and off. But how long would that last?

He got out of his seat and went to the front of the room, pretending that he needed to sharpen his pencil. "Can't you just sit quietly somewhere and stop messing with things?" he whispered to Isis over the noise of the pencil sharpener.

When Tom returned to his seat, Isis sat down on the windowsill, crossed her bony,

When he noticed Isis drawing a rude cartoon of Anubis on the whiteboard, he faked a coughing fit to distract her.




Isis shuffled over to him and thumped him on the back.

In between coughs, Tom hissed, "Look, Isis, if you don't stop messing around, I won't help you find the next amulet. And then you'll never get into the Afterlife."