



*Books by Ross Welford*

THE DOG WHO SAVED THE WORLD

THE KID WHO CAME FROM SPACE

THE 1,000-YEAR-OLD BOY

TIME TRAVELLING WITH A HAMSTER

WHAT NOT TO DO IF YOU TURN INVISIBLE

WHEN WE GOT LOST IN DREAMLAND

INTO THE SIDEWAYS WORLD

THE MONKEY WHO FELL FROM THE FUTURE

TIME TRAVELLING WITH A TORTOISE

THE UNLIKELY DIARY OF PRINCE KAL THE ALIEN

PRINCE KAL VS THE SALIVATOR ALLIGATOR



ROSS WELFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BRIGGS



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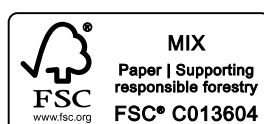
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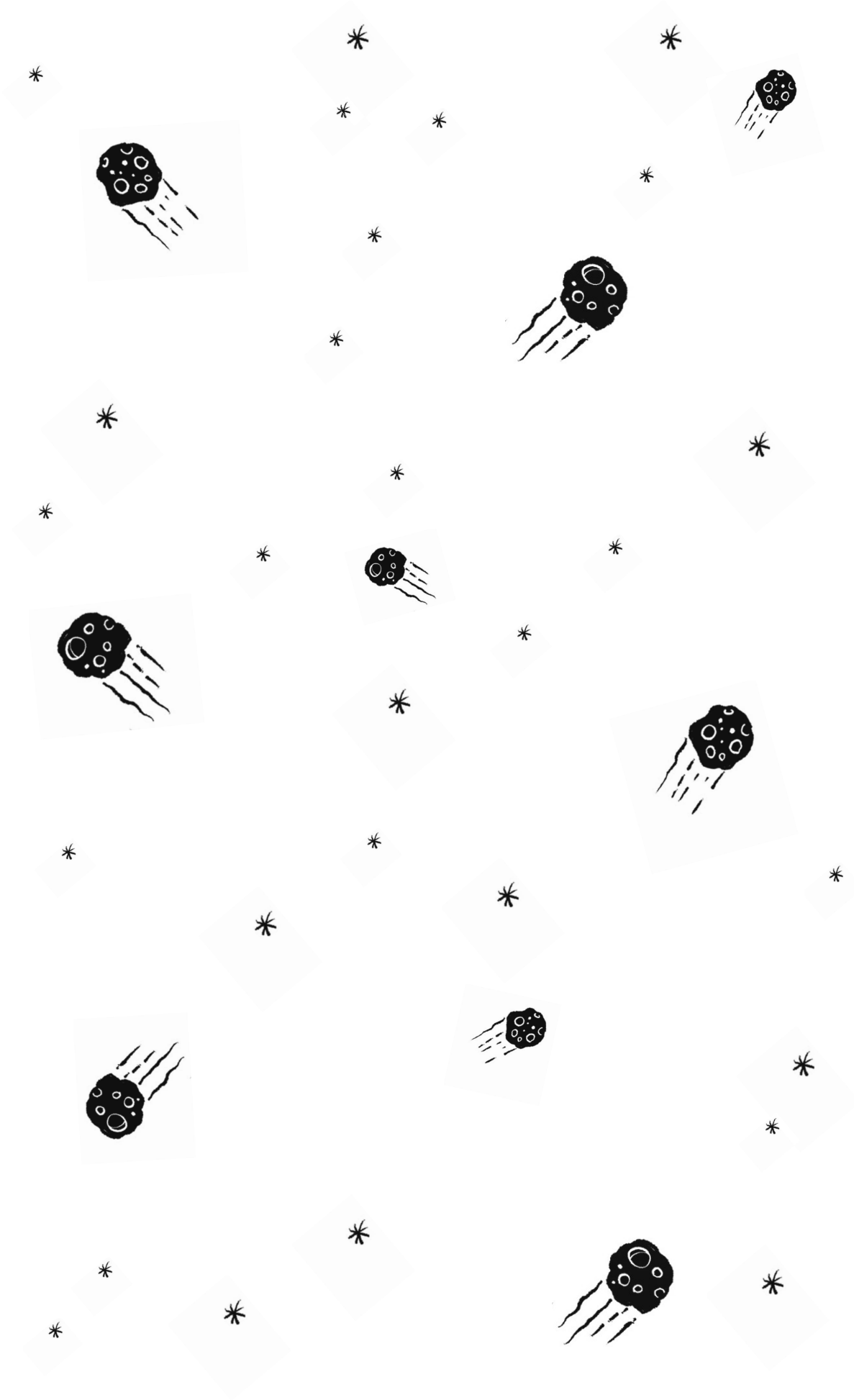
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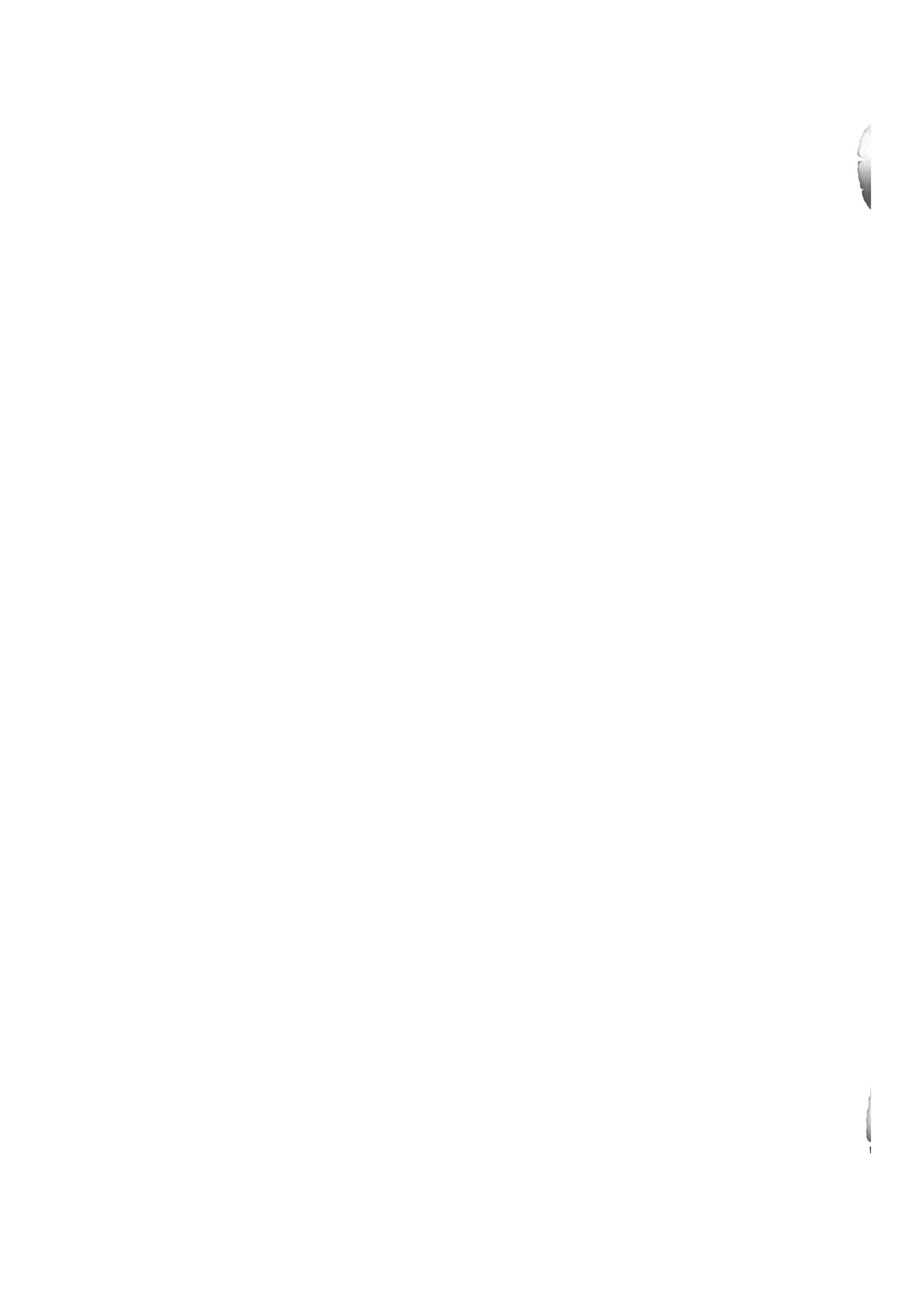
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# *MY VOYAGE TO INGLE-LAND*

*A report to the Grand Assembly of Imaginaria  
By Prince Kalimonka Evergreen Wildgore of the  
Imaginaria Forests*

*MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS to receive this  
report, gathered over three days, of the wonderful and  
magical place that is*

*INGLE-LAND*

*BE IT KNOWN that I, Prince Kalimonka, did travel  
to the distant realm known as Ingle-land in the most  
wondrous device called the Anywhere Cabinet. I  
arrived in a settlement called Bamburgh, in  
North-Bumberland.*

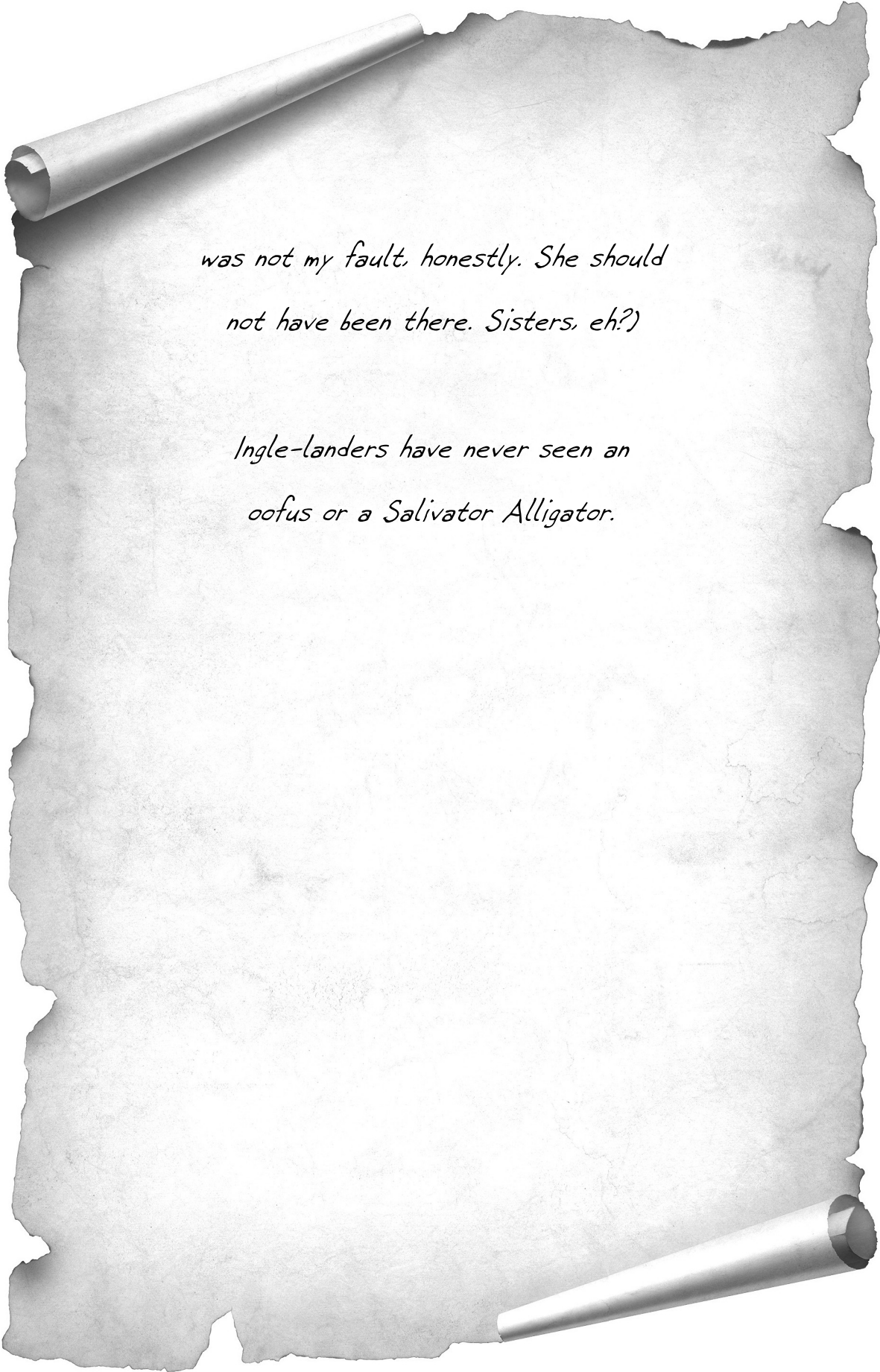
*THERE I did meet with an Ingle-land family,  
known to all as the MacDonalds, and I dwelt among  
them, eating their food (which was, in itself, an act  
of bravery. Unless you count muffins - they are  
fit for royalty. And I-scream.)*

*I DID MEET servants of their King, called  
Police Officers and Councillors.*

*ONE SUCH COUNCILLOR, Mister Stephen Hepworth,  
tried to capture me and take me to a home for  
displaced children. I outwitted him.*

*WITH THE HELP of the Imperial Wizard, Lord  
Feliqoz, I escaped (rather bravely, if I say so myself).*

*LEFT BEHIND in Ingle-land was ~~Minkle The Useless~~  
Her Imperial Highness Crown Princess Minkle. (That*



*was not my fault, honestly. She should  
not have been there. Sisters, eh?)*

*Ingle-landers have never seen an  
oofus or a Salivator Alligator.*

I read what I had written, and a smile grew slowly on my face. The Empress, my mother, would read it and be impressed at my deeds, surely?

I became aware that the old wizard, Lord Feliquoz, was peering over my shoulder.

When I turned, he quickly shifted his attention back to repairing the Anywhere Cabinet. I had just dipped the inktwig into the pot, ready to sign my document, when a loud bang made me spill the ink. I looked up to see a puff of smoke surrounding Feliquoz's shiny round head. When it cleared, his face was blackened with soot.

'That was meant to happen,' he said, blinking. I expected him to deliver his usual chuckle of '*Fnf fnf fnf*', but instead – to my complete astonishment – he swore under his breath.

Ignoring my shocked face, he returned, muttering, to his tinkering. I had never heard Feliquoz swear before. (Not even that time when a very spiteful tree-shark had sunk its teeth into his big toe and would not let go.)

But I knew something was wrong. Feliquoz seldom made jokes, but he had been short-tempered ever since we returned from Ingle-land. I turned my attention back to the report.

*Signed this, the fortieth day of Midwater, in the  
twentieth season of the reign of Her Imperial  
Highness, Mamajesty of the Damp Realms, Empress  
Hay-Lee Wildgore the Unusually Resplendent.*

*Prince Kalimonka*

I wrote my name at the bottom of the scroll with a rather princely flourish. It was all written, of course, in our language, but I am writing it here in Ingle-ish, which is what they speak. (It is a strange language, but I find the more I write it, the more my spelling improves.)

I decided it was rather good, despite the smudged title.

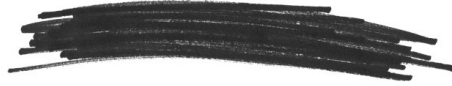
So why, when I stood up from my desk by the window, were my knees rattling like the shell of the large dakkawakka turtle that waited on my window ledge? I wanted Feliquoz to read it before I sent it to my mother, but he had stomped off down the stairs, slamming the door behind him.

I sat down and took up my inktwig again.

*Ingle-landers have never seen an  
oofus or a Salivator Alligator*

I looked at it carefully, then I dipped the inktwig again and made it look like this:

*They have never seen an oofus*



That should do it. No need to make anyone even *think* about Salivator Alligators when they do not need to! This, surely, is what Princely Principle Number 14 means?

**Princely Principle  
Number 14**

A prince must tell the truth, but he is not obliged to tell it all at once.



I blew on the ink to dry it, then rolled up the document tightly and slipped it into the dakkawakka's shell-hole.

'To Her Highness, my mother,' I instructed it. It hiccupped in reply and waddled away to my mother's chambers in the Wooden Palace.

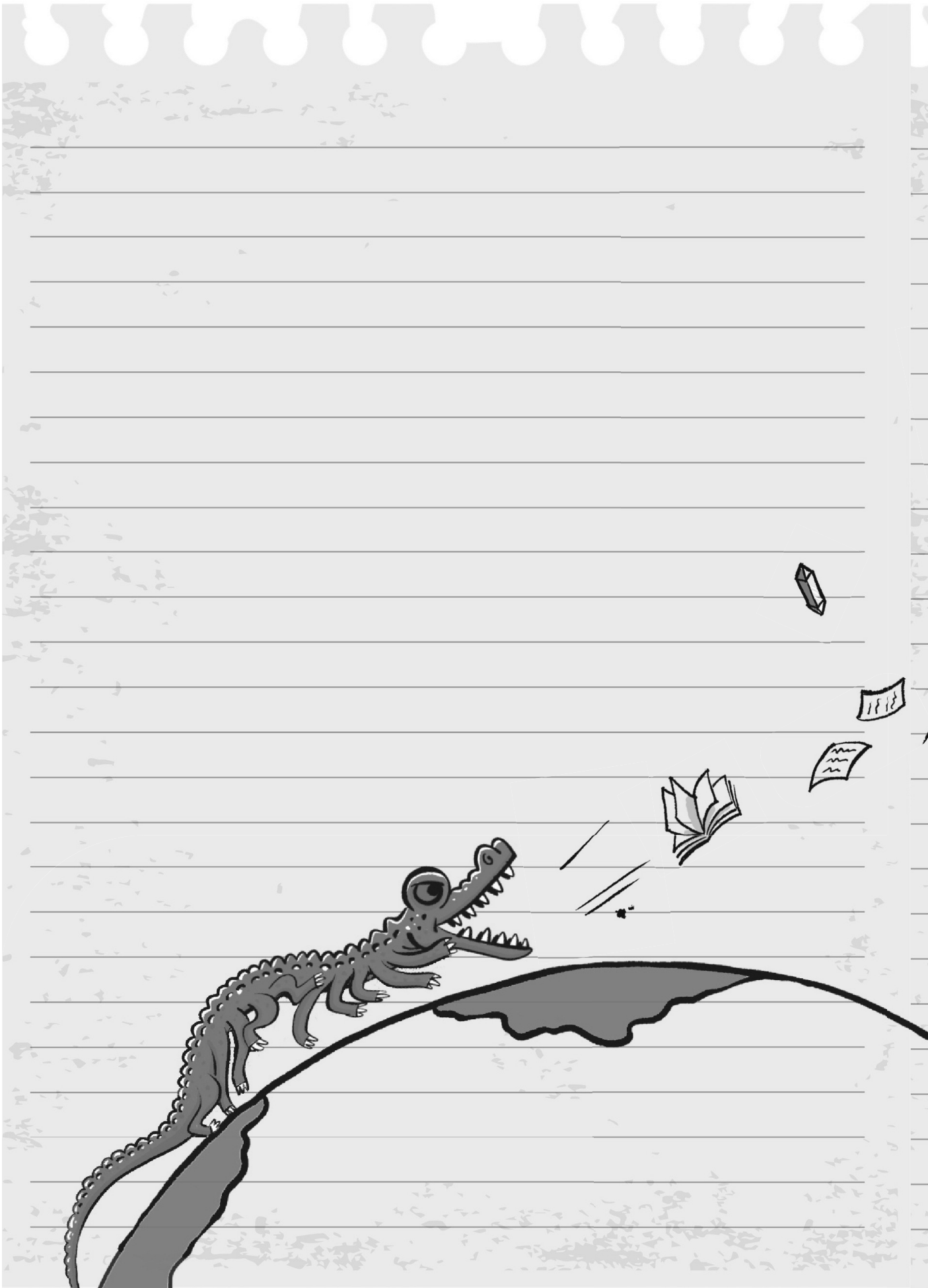
Now I had to wait. To pass the time, I did what any brave prince in my position would do: I stared out of the window and thought about the other thing - apart from my stupid sister - that had been left behind in Ingle-land:

A Salivator Alligator, possibly dead.

*But equally possibly - not dead at all.*

I just had to hope that my mother had not already heard about it.







**PRINCE KAL'S**

**DIARY**



**PART ONE**



A decorative graphic featuring the text 'CHAPTER ONE' in a bold, black, sans-serif font. The text is centered and underlined with two horizontal lines. Four stylized lightning bolts are arranged around the text: one in the top-left, one in the top-right, one in the bottom-left, and one in the bottom-right. The entire graphic is set against a light grey, circular background.

## CHAPTER ONE

# LATER THAT DAY

'A Salivator Alligator?' screeched my mother.

With a long fingernail, she picked at the blob of ink that I had hoped would conceal what I had written. ('Fat chance', as my Ingle-land friend Noa would have said.) Mother's face had darkened to the colour of wet sand. 'So the court gossip is true? You actually hatched a Salivator Alligator egg in this strange foreign land and . . . and *left it there?*'

Lord Feliquoz and I stood, heads bowed, in the middle of the huge circular Throne Chamber in the Wooden Palace. Between us was my pet oofus, Gree, who now accompanies me everywhere. She trots beside me on her six legs, holding both of her

tails high, as though she is now somehow superior to the other creatures of Imaginaria. Right now, the front two of her six paws (more like hands, really) were occupied – one scratching her ears, the other picking her nose – while her distinctive aroma rose from her in invisible clouds. I tried to waft it away with the bottom of my gown, but it did not work.

Feliquoz's mood had not improved. As we walked through the Talking Forest, he said barely a word. Usually, he keeps up a rather serious commentary on the trees, points out strange creatures or stops to pick something up and lick it. Instead, he shuffled along, tutting to himself. Our journey up to the Throne Chamber in the treelevator had been long, silent and awkward.

As Mother approached us, a loud gulp echoed off the chamber's wooden walls. That was me, swallowing.

She tapped the rolled-up scroll against her palm. Her lip curled as she sniffed the rank, oofus-scented air, waiting for my answer to her question.

'Yes, Mother,' I said to the floor.

'Yes, Mother,' she repeated. 'You realise, do you not, that the presence of a Salivator Alligator in a land where it does not belong threatens both them and – much more importantly – us?'

'It does?'



Mother sighed and ran a hand over her shiny round head. 'Tell him, Lord Feliquoz.'

I strained my hardest to understand what Feliquoz said, but it sounded like this to me:

*'The Salivator Alligators were created with bad magic . . . blah blah blah . . . the Ember is a force that powers us all . . . blah blah blah . . . everything exists in balance . . . blah blah blah . . . this will create an imbalance that threatens not only our world but every world.'*

Mother looked at me icily. 'Is that clear, Kalimonka?'

I nodded, worried that if I spoke, my wobbling voice would betray me.

‘Repeat it back to me, then.’

I took a deep breath through my nose, which I instantly regretted as Gree had picked exactly that moment to expel an especially toxic cloud from her bottom. I coughed and then said, ‘The presence of a Salivator Alligator in a land where it does not belong, erm . . . will destroy the, erm . . . delicate balance of Ember, the magical force that exists throughout the entire universe?’

Mother grunted, apparently satisfied. But she was not finished.

‘And tell me: how did a Salivator Alligator egg come to be hatched in this . . . land of Ingles?’

Feliquoz answered for me. ‘Her Highness Minkle brought it, ma’am. As, erm . . . a gift, I think.’

I knew that that was untrue, and that Feliquoz was being kind. In fact, Minkle had taken the last existing Salivator Alligator egg by mistake, confusing it with a rare frost-draggyn’s egg that she had intended to sell. Like us, she had ended up in Ingle-land by accident. Still, Mother seemed to believe him.

She tutted. ‘That ridiculous girl! As Crown Princess she will soon be empress herself. As if I needed any further proof that she is totally unfit for the job! Where did she get the egg, anyhow?’

Feliquoz's face flushed a deeper brown. 'I . . . had four of them, Your Highness, in my studio. For research purposes. You see, I hoped that one day we might be able to recreate the Salvator Alligators as the gentle *glimmurgors* they had once been, before, well . . .' He tailed off, unwilling to complete his sentence. 'Three were destroyed in the unfortunate fire, ma'am.' He glanced at me. (The fire had been my fault. Let us not talk about that again.)

She swept the train of her toga aside and walked in a slow circle around us. 'Lord Feliquoz. This . . . "Any-where Cab-i-net"?' she said, as though the words smelled worse than the oofus at her feet. 'This is your invention, I believe?'

He nodded. 'Yes, ma'am. Actually, it is an improvement of an earlier invention by Martaxa the Changeable—' He stopped when the Empress raised her hand.

'Are you telling me that the man who created those deadly beasts also created the device that has caused all this trouble? We must be thankful he is no longer with us.'

Her orange eyes drifted to the grinning head of a Salvator Alligator mounted on a wooden shield above the throne. 'And does it still work, this . . . "Anywhere Cabinet"?'

The old man straightened his hunched back.

'Oh, yes, ma'am! In fact, just this morning I installed new Fortune Crystals. It can now travel to Ingle-land and back without needing to be re-energised. You see, the Ember in Ingle-land is—'

She cut him off again. 'Boring. You are dismissed. Kalimonka: stay.'

She stared at me as the old wizard left, and I got a prickling feeling that I was not going to like what came next.