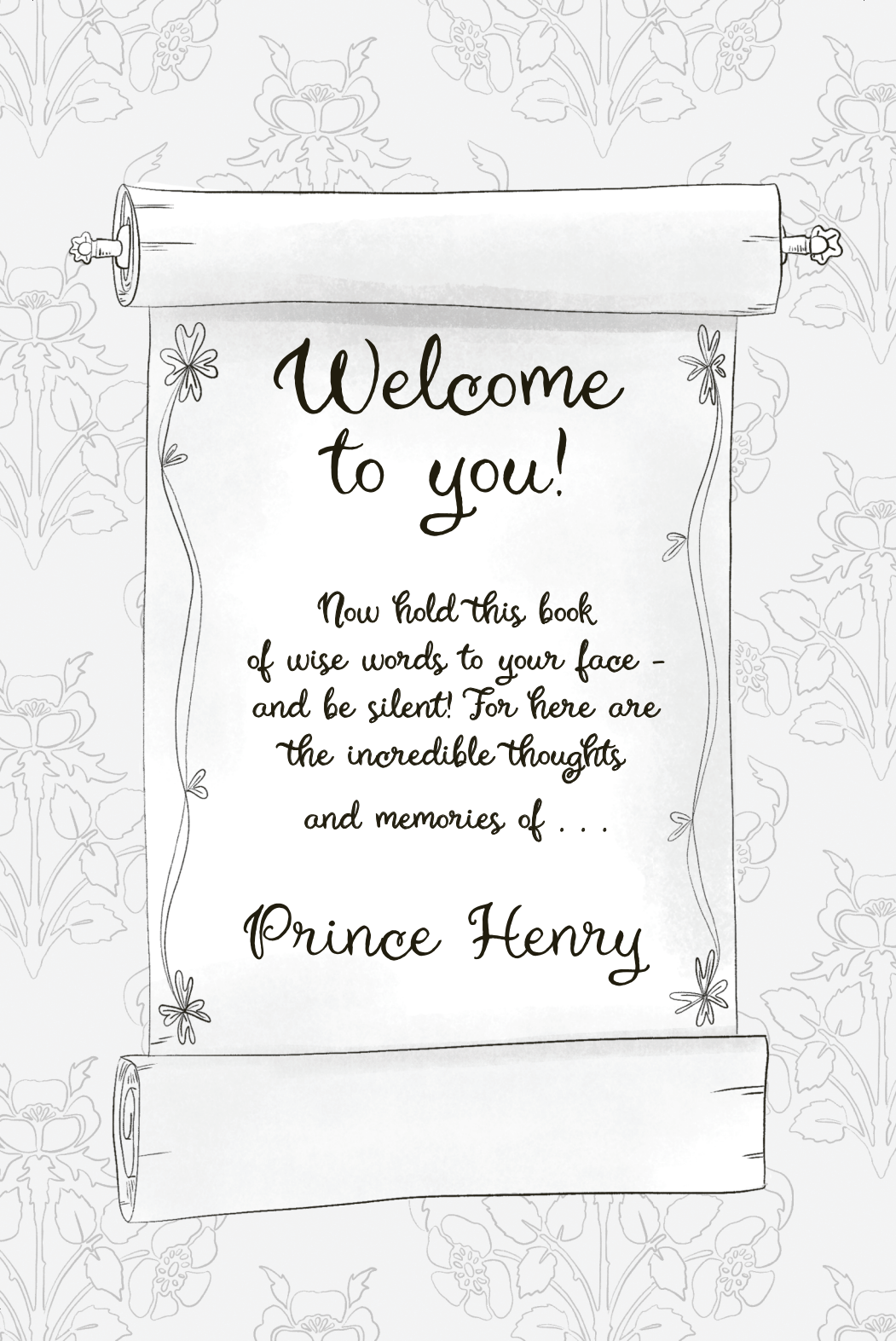
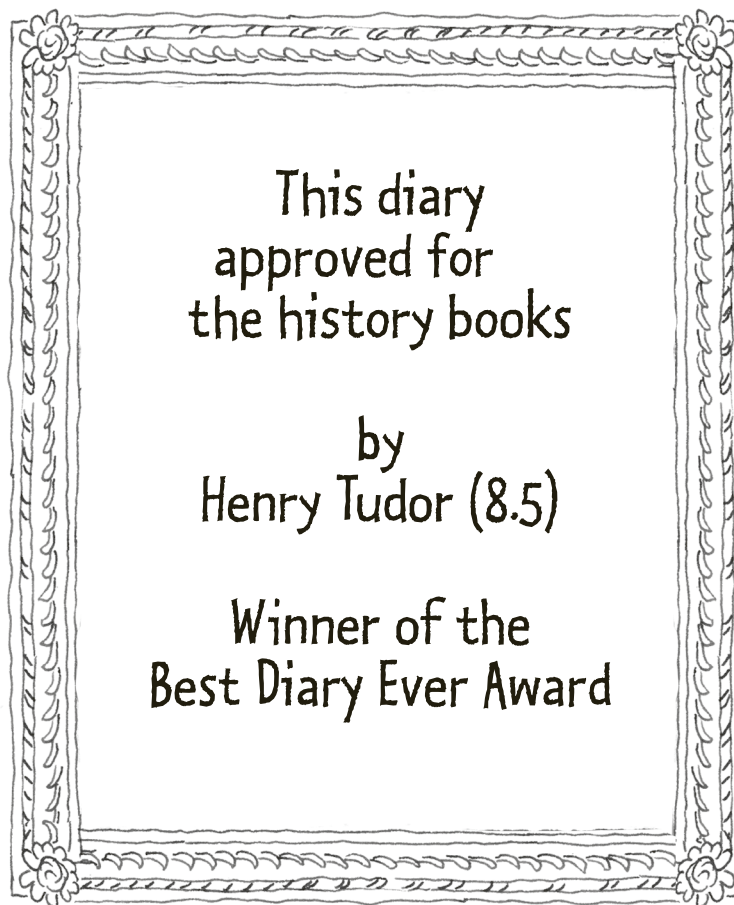




Welcome
to you!

Now hold this book
of wise words to your face -
and be silent! For here are
the incredible thoughts
and memories of . . .

Prince Henry



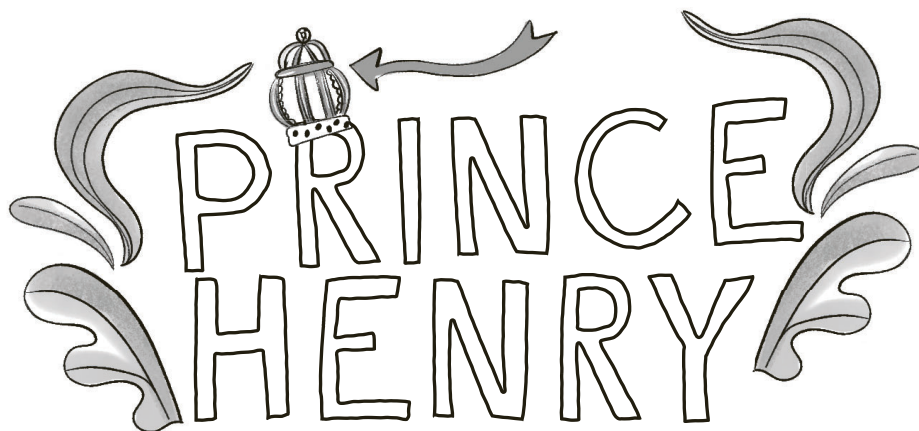


Well, first of all – CONGRATULATIONS to you.

I always knew a keen historian would one day find my secret diary – so reading these words must be quite the honour!

Unlike you, I really need no introduction.

But I would like one – so, I am





I am 8-and-a-half
years old. And that
is 8 and a half years
of pure

EXCELLENCE!

I am certain that in the future I will be
remembered for being an incredible, wonderful,
kind man who everyone loves for the rest of
history.

**I AM CERTAIN THAT I WAS
BORN FOR SPECIAL THINGS.**

They tell me that on the day I was born,
the wind stopped blowing and the sun doubled
in size.





One rainbow gave birth to another rainbow
in the sky.

The flowers in the fields all looked to the
Heavens as if to say **THANK YOU VERY
MUCH** for Our New Prince.

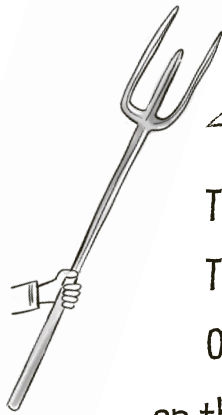
All the ducks fell silent. Not one quack could
be heard across the whole kingdom.

And throughout the land, people began to
cry for joy, for they had heard the ~~good~~ great

HENRY-RIFFIC
NEWS:

I HAD ARRIVED!





HUZZAH!

FORSOOTH



The farmers cried for joy in the fields.
The soldiers cried for joy in the turrets.
Only the ducks remained completely silent
on the matter, which I respect.

‘This child, your **SECOND** son,’ the Royal
doctors told my mum and dad the day I was
born, ‘will be a **GREAT MAN** one
day, even though you already have an heir so
he will never actually be King or anything cool
like that.’

‘Oh, who wants to be King?!’ said my dad,
the King. ‘Henry will have many other things he
can do and he will be the **BEST** at them!’

And, boy, was he right, if he actually said
that, which I bet he definitely did!

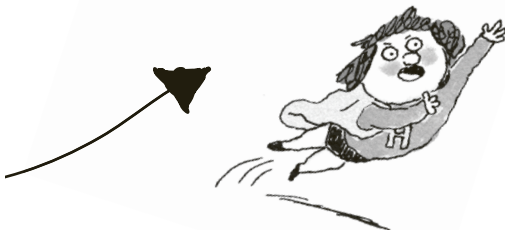


Here is a short list of things I am best at.

1. As well as being the handsomest and smartest, I am also the best **JOUSTER** in the kingdom!



2. And also the best **WRESTLER** in the kingdom!



3. And also I am the
best at **ACTING**
and **JOKES!**



My big sister says everyone lets me win and
only laughs at my jokes because I am Royalty,
but this is just because she is jealous.

The trick at being the best at things is





practice, I tell her – though I am what you would call **'a natural'**.



My first go at archery? They insisted I do it blindfolded and when I took it off I had got all bullseyes!

My first go at bowling? They insisted I do it blindfolded and when I took it off I'd knocked down every pin!

There might be a reason for that.



My days are empty and free, unlike my boring big brother Arthur who is in King School all day long training to be King (zzzz), so I have hours



and hours with almost nothing to do. That's a lot of 'me' time.

I wouldn't swap it for **ANYTHING**. And I tell Arty that a **LOT** when he's visiting from his fancy palace with all the people who tell him he's **GREAT ALL DAY**.



Thy wit is most
excellent



Thou art the
bee's knees

Anyway, the big sister I was on about, Maggie, is 11 and she thinks she's really clever.

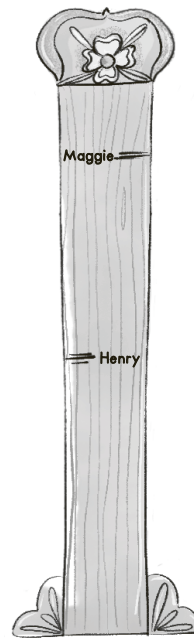
She only thinks that because at banquets and feasts and so on, she always sits next to military commanders and scientists and beats all their arguments.



Yet she **refuses** to admit I am the best at everything and is always comparing me to my older brother to annoy me.

She's rude enough to be twice my height, and says things like, 'Mum told me that when brother Arty was born, they paraded him through the streets with hundreds of trumpeters. He had two people whose only job was to rock him to sleep at night. Plus he got a whole room of nuns who just prayed for him all day.'

All of that is true. She always cheats at conversation by using logic and facts.

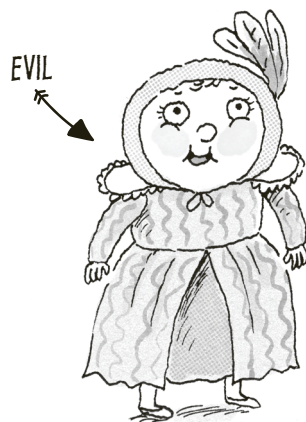


But then she leans really close to me and says something like, 'All that happened when YOU were born is someone turned up with a big ham.'



'Nonsense!' I reply, because I have heard this big ham thing before. 'The legends say that when I was born everybody cried!'

'Pah! I was there!' she'll say. 'When you were born, the only person who cried was ME. And NOT because I was happy!'



And then there's Mary. She's 4, and she's my tiny little sister.

She is pure evil. What is going on behind those eyes?



Everyone's always saying how sweet and pretty she is. But I know the **real truth**. She has plans – **BAD PLANS**. I can't prove it, but

THERE IS A PLOT
AGAINST ME!

Deep down I think she might be the real enemy of all humankind.

So I think I have proved my royal credentials to you by now – and therefore it will shock you to hear that something very bad has happened. So bad it's made me start my Royal Diaries so I can write down exactly what's going on.

If it's someone in my family I would not be surprised.

Is it Arty, who already acts like he's King and who gets all the attention? Who's always making speeches about how excellent he is? Who might see me as a threat because I'm a younger and cooler and better-looking version of him?

Is it smartypants Maggie, who thinks that **JUST BECAUSE** she's my big sister she can treat me like a little brother?



Is it Mary – the evil little cursed troll who has tricked everyone into thinking she is just a sweet 4-year-old?

Or is it someone else entirely?
It is vital I make a record of the events
that will follow, so that history always
remembers one thing:
That Henry Tudor, 8 and a half, is totally and
royally the best at everything!

Turn over the page to
experience the

INCREDIBLE DIARY OF ME!