

GOOD KNIGHT ✦ BAD KNIGHT
and the
FLYING
MACHINE



A TEMPLAR BOOK

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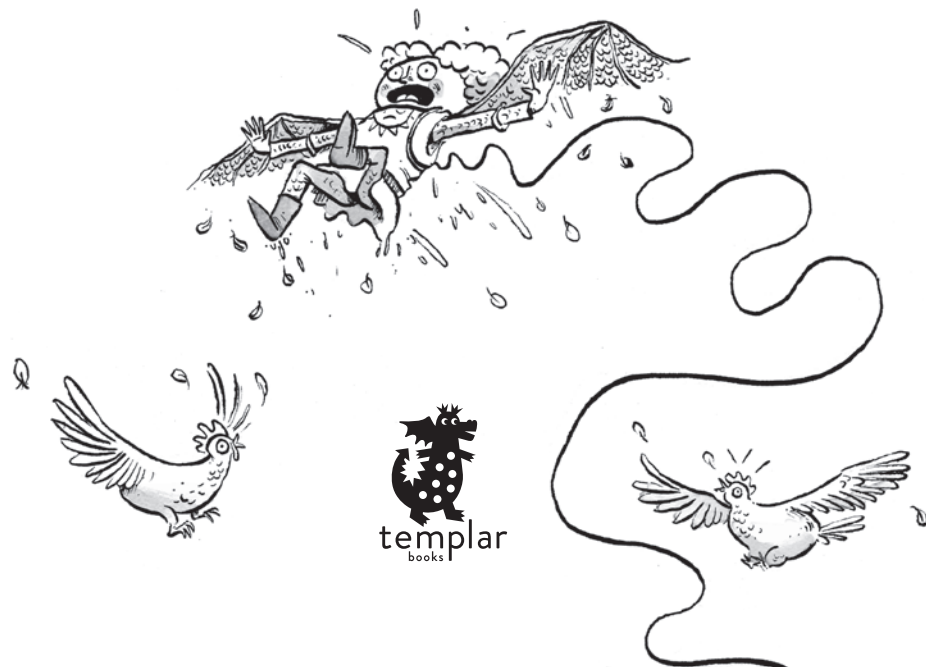
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PROLOGUE

Pass me that last bit of cheese would you?" said the big, hairy barbarian.

Boog was staring at the last morsels on the cheese board hungrily. His companion, Oog, stabbed a piece of cheddar with a rusty dagger and passed it over.

"You'll have nightmares, boss," he said.

Boog stuffed the stinky square into his big,

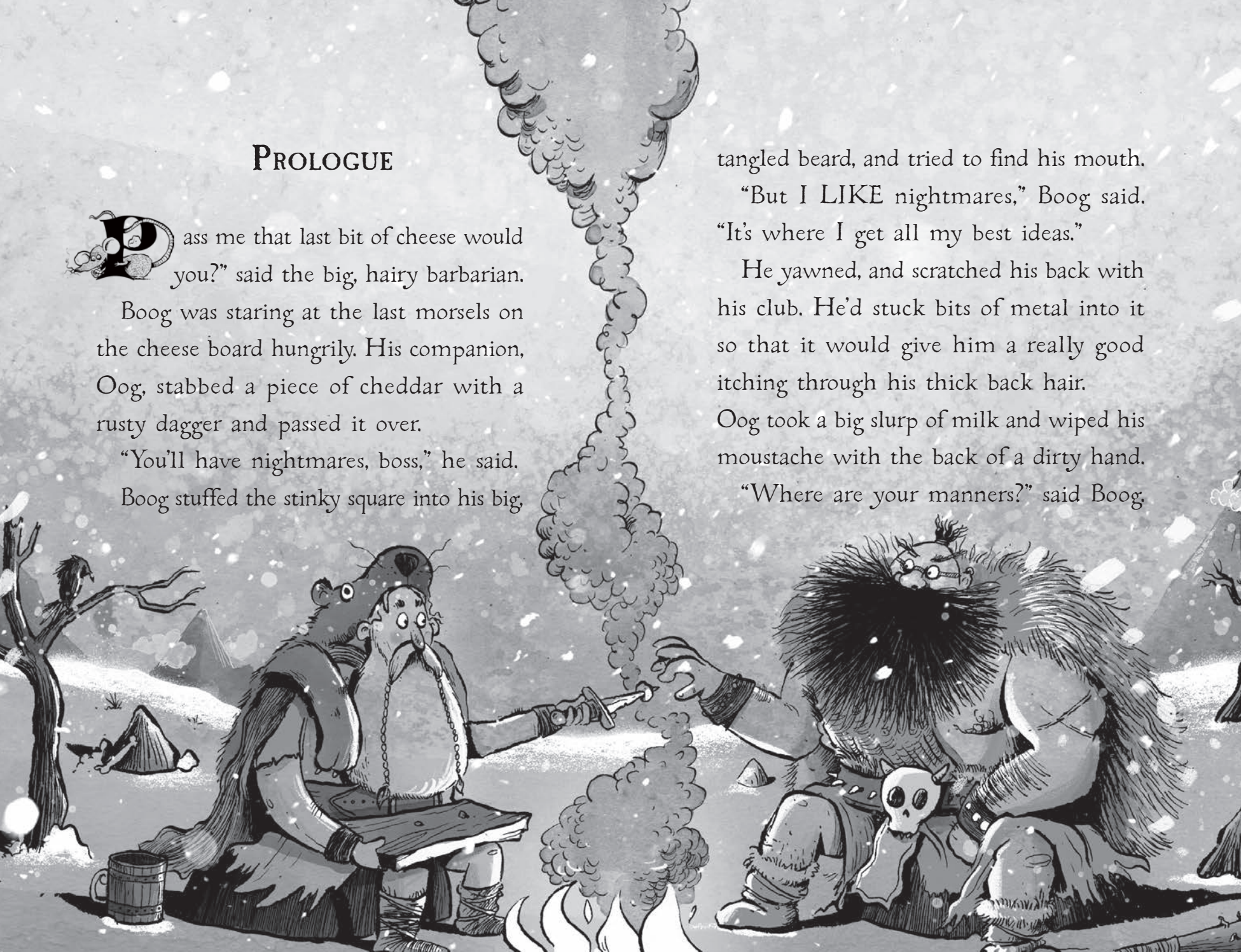
tangled beard, and tried to find his mouth.

"But I LIKE nightmares," Boog said. "It's where I get all my best ideas."

He yawned, and scratched his back with his club. He'd stuck bits of metal into it so that it would give him a really good itching through his thick back hair.

Oog took a big slurp of milk and wiped his moustache with the back of a dirty hand.

"Where are your manners?" said Boog.



“You should stick out your pinky when you drink milk, like this.”

Boog stuck out his little finger, and slurped the last of his milk from his wooden goblet.

“We gotta maintain standards Oog,” he said, milk dripping from his moustache. “I mean, look at this lot. They’re a shambles.”

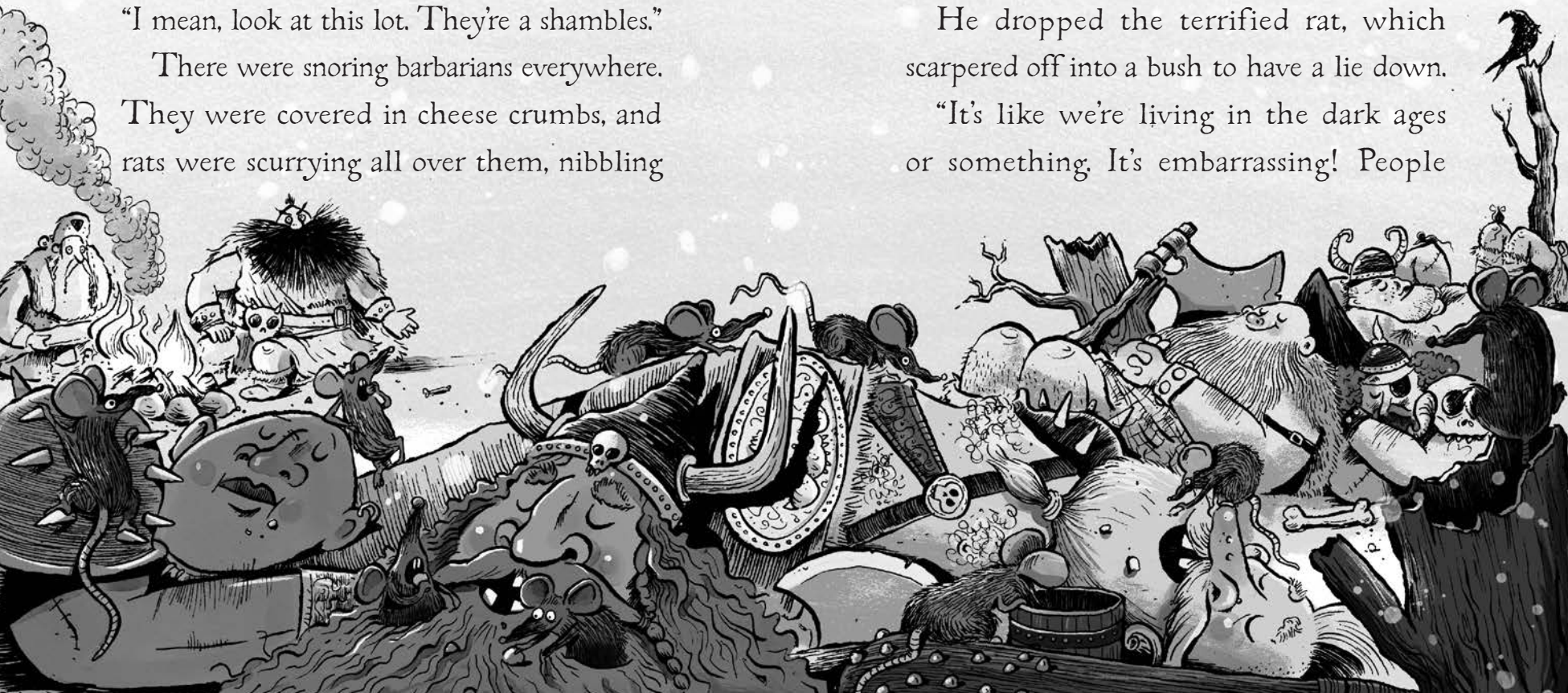
There were snoring barbarians everywhere. They were covered in cheese crumbs, and rats were scurrying all over them, nibbling

up the leftovers. Boog picked up the nearest rat by its tail and glared at it.

“No wonder we’ve got a plague problem. This place is filthy! There’s not even a proper place to have a wash. I had to scrub my armpits with a damp fish this morning.”

He dropped the terrified rat, which scarpered off into a bush to have a lie down.

“It’s like we’re living in the dark ages or something. It’s embarrassing! People



will look back on these times and think we're barbarians."

"But we ARE barbarians!" said Oog.

"Not for much longer," said Boog, grinning. "See, I've been doin' a spot of reading . . ."

Boog pulled out a tattered book. Oog was astonished. He'd had no idea that Boog could read.

"It's all about being classy and how to have a bit of decorum. Look . . ."



Boog held the book up. It was called *Civilisation for Peasants*.

"Erm, that's very nice, boss, but we've got bigger problems. That was the last of our cheese, and the milk barrels are all empty. We're going to have to do another raid on the village."

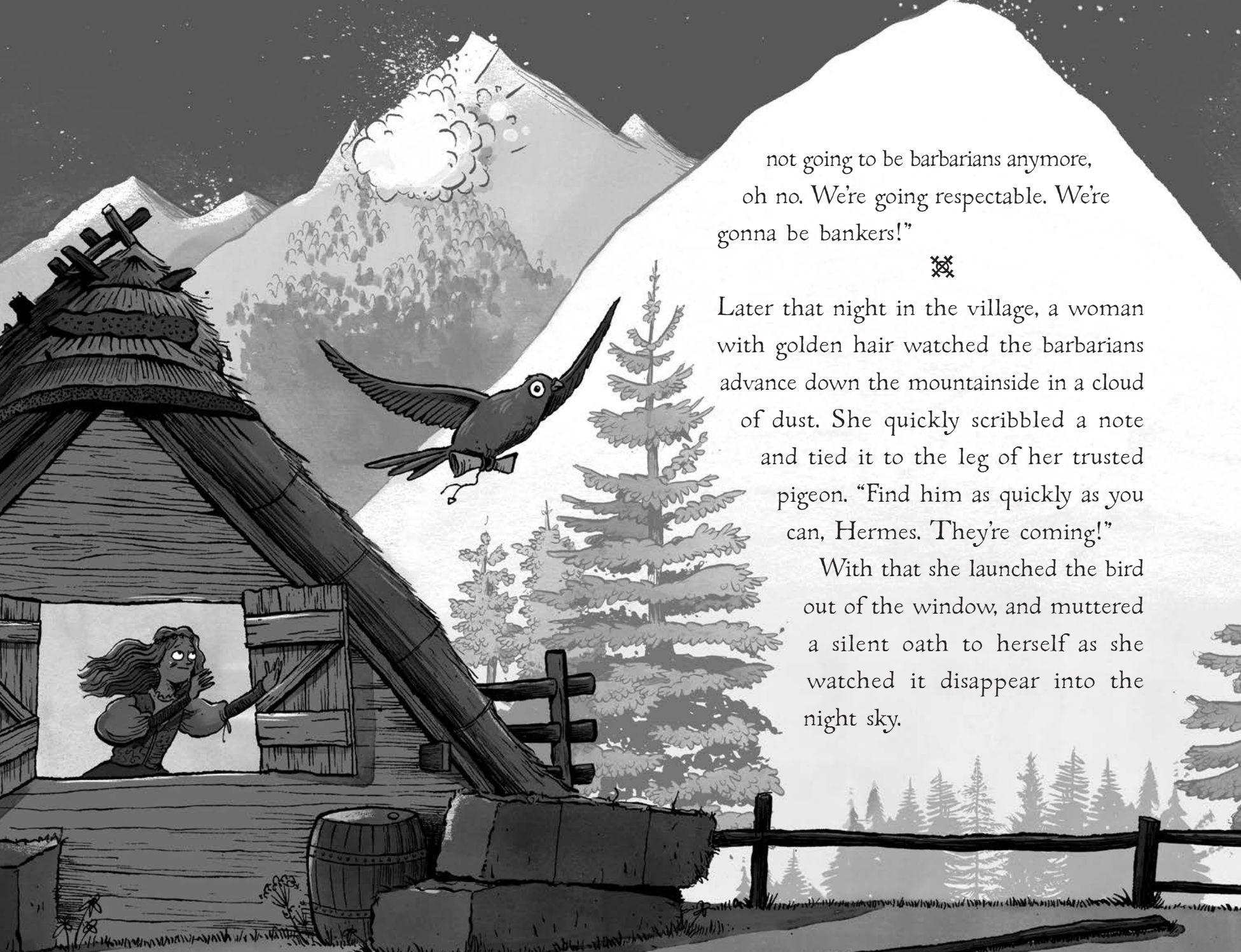
Boog twirled his moustache thoughtfully.

"All right, but we're not gonna do it the usual way, with all the shouting and screaming and pillaging and stuff. We're gonna be civilised from now on."

Oog looked at his chief as if he'd gone mad.

"Um, what have you got in mind?" he asked nervously.

"We're gonna open a Bank of Milk," grinned Boog, showing broken teeth. "We're



not going to be barbarians anymore, oh no. We're going respectable. We're gonna be bankers!"



Later that night in the village, a woman with golden hair watched the barbarians advance down the mountainside in a cloud of dust. She quickly scribbled a note and tied it to the leg of her trusted pigeon. "Find him as quickly as you can, Hermes. They're coming!"

With that she launched the bird out of the window, and muttered a silent oath to herself as she watched it disappear into the night sky.



1.

DIY

Warrick and Berk stared into the huge barrel of poo.

“You know Warrick, this wasn’t the fun summer I had in mind,” sighed Berk.

“I know,” said Warrick. “I mean, it’s great that your family are helping us to fix up Pitchkettle Cottage, but this is a job for a hoddypeak .”

“How’s that daub coming

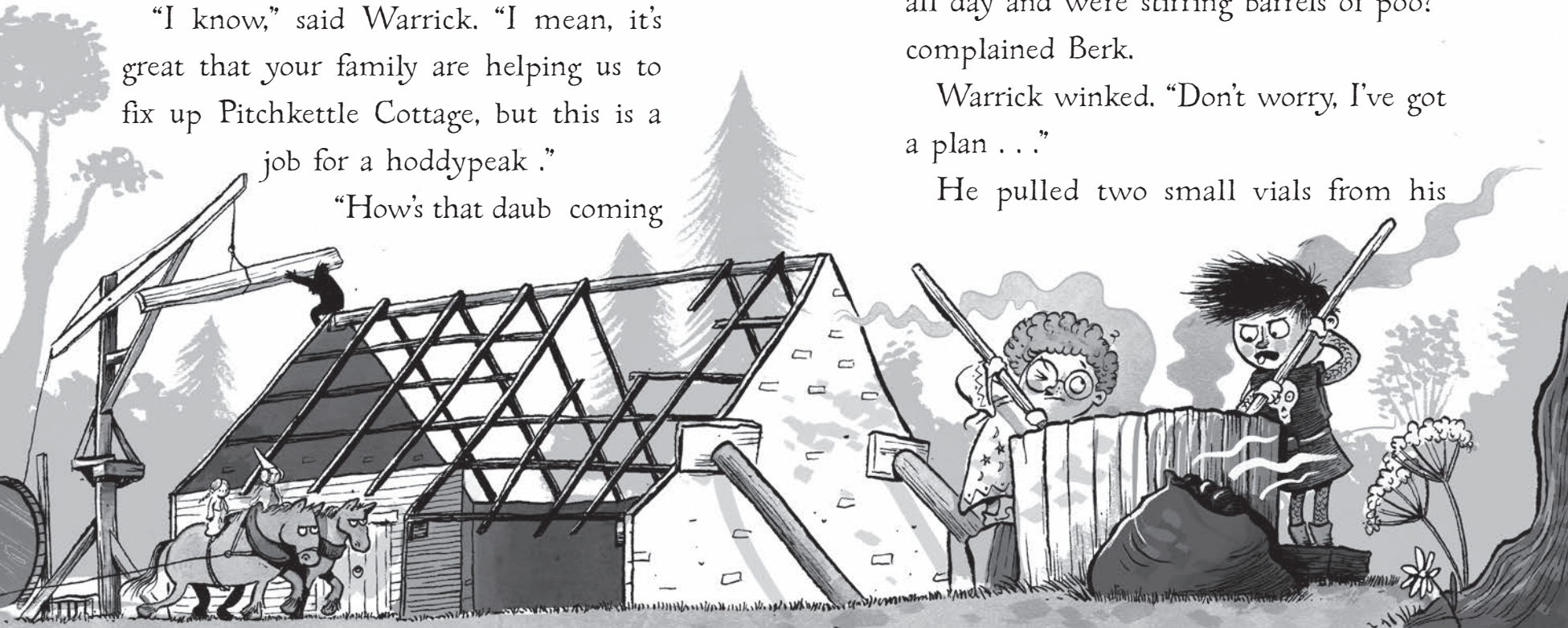
along?” shouted Isobel, Berk’s mum. She and Patience, Berk’s sister, were sitting on two huge horses that were pulling oak beams through a series of ropes and pulleys up to the roof.

Patience looked at her brother, winking smugly. “Stirry stirry, Berky-Werky!”

“How come SHE gets to sit on a horse all day and we’re stirring barrels of poo?” complained Berk.

Warrick winked. “Don’t worry, I’ve got a plan . . .”

He pulled two small vials from his





robes, which he emptied into the barrel.

*Drool of centaur, hair of elf,
help this doo-doo stir itself.*

The mess inside began to bubble and swirl.

“It’s working!” hissed Warrick. “Start adding the straw and clay.”

They began shovelling the mixture into the barrel, and looked in wonder as the

daub began to form.

At the other end of the cottage Berk’s cousin, Godwin, had a feeling something funny was going on. He put down the axe that he had been using to make shingles for the roof, and beckoned to Willow, Warrick’s twin sister.

“What are those two up to?” he whispered.

They crept closer, and saw the self-stirring daub, and the delighted, goofy looks on Berk and Warrick’s faces.

“Oh no!” Willow said. “They’re using magic! Mum’ll kill them . . .”



Berk and Warrick stopped shovelling and grinning at each other. "This is so much easier than doing it by hand!" said Warrick. Berk began to look troubled. "Is it me, or is it stirring itself a bit too quickly?"

The gloop was bubbling, and some of it was splashing over the sides. Berk began to panic. "Warrick, slow it down!!"

"I don't think I can!"

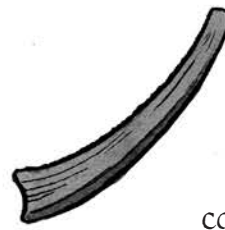
The barrel started to shake, and some of its

contents spilled over the brim. Soon, it was whirling so fast that the mixture rose out of the barrel like some sort of poo tornado.

"Warrick! Do something!" cried Berk.

Suddenly the barrel burst, flinging a mess of clay, straw and poo EVERYWHERE.

Berk and Warrick were thrown to the



ground. They got up slowly, blinking at the destruction around them. Everything was covered in poo.

“Warrick **PITCHKETTLE!**” came an angry voice. Hildred, Warrick’s mum, was striding across the lawn. Her husband Wenlock came running behind.

WHAT HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT USING MAGIC? THIS IS EXACTLY WHY! LOOK AT THE STATE OF THIS PLACE!

“You should know better too, Berkley Paggie,” said Isobel. “You’ll both need to spend the rest of the weekend clearing this place up.”

“**AND NO MAGIC!**” added Hildred. She turned to her husband. “Cast a hex spell, Wen. Warrick and Willow can do



their chores without magic for a while.”

Willow protested. “But Mum . . . !”

“That’s enough, Willow. I know you’ve been using spells to tame our chickens.”

Wenlock blinked at his wife. He had once been a great warlock and battled many powerful foes, but he knew better than to argue with Hildred. Raising his hands above his head, he began to chant.



Blue smoke seeped from his fingertips and formed two tangled crowns around Willow and Warrick’s heads. Then it disappeared into the air with a hiss.

Isobel thrust a mop into Berks hands. “Now get scrubbing – the sun will be down in a couple of hours.”

Godwin produced his lute. “Mayhaps we need a little song to hasten our labours!”

*Oooooohh Hubert
hauled a heavy hoe,
dum-dilly-dilly.*

SPLAT! A lump
of horse poo hit
Godwin square on
the forehead.

