

GOOD KNIGHT + BAD KNIGHT
and the
**BIG
GAME**

For Ev and Katie, who kept the
bladderball in the air.



A TEMPLAR BOOK

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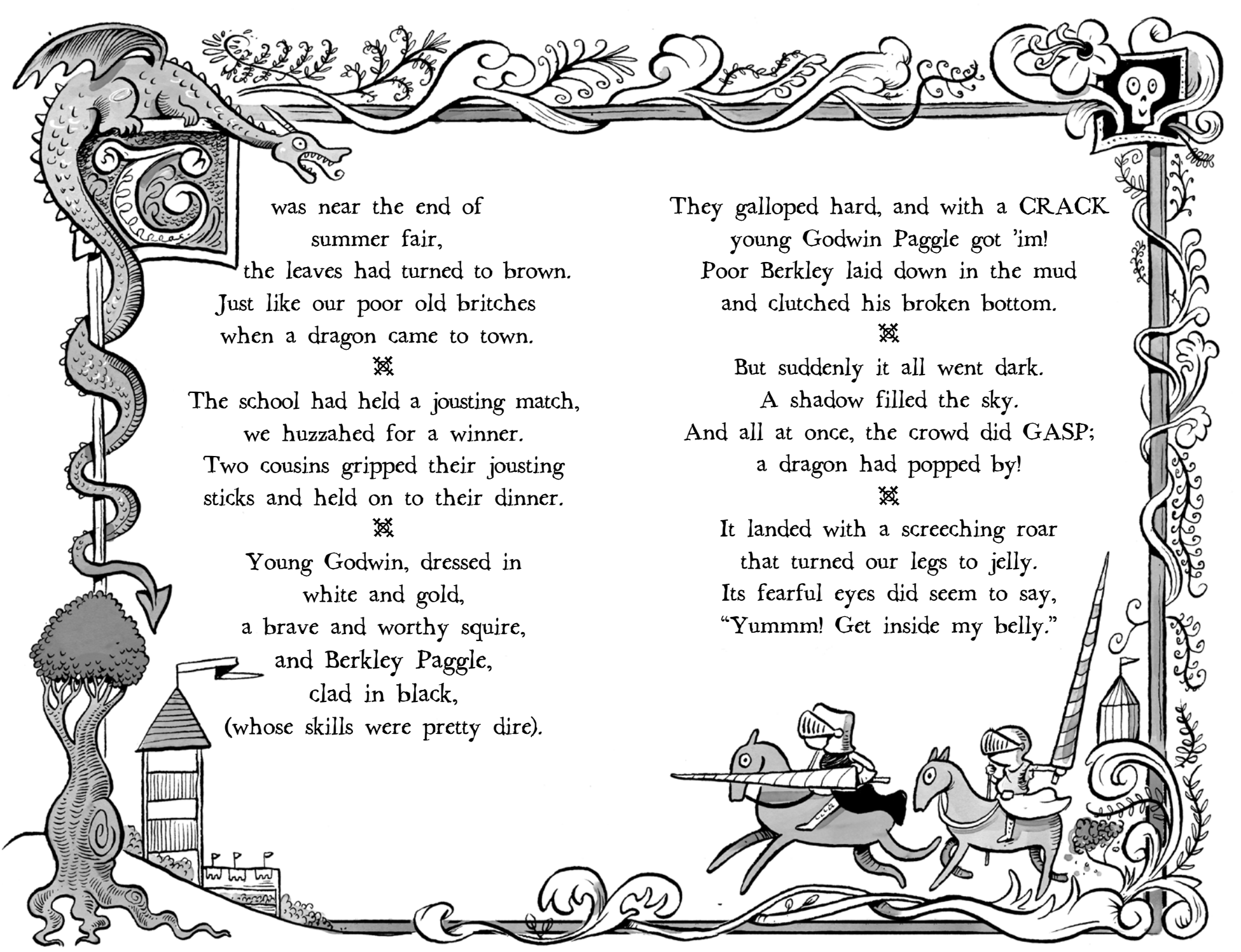
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Tom Knight




templar
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was near the end of
summer fair,
the leaves had turned to brown.
Just like our poor old britches
when a dragon came to town.



The school had held a jousting match,
we huzzahed for a winner.
Two cousins gripped their jousting
sticks and held on to their dinner.



Young Godwin, dressed in
white and gold,
a brave and worthy squire,
and Berkley Paggie,
clad in black,
(whose skills were pretty dire).

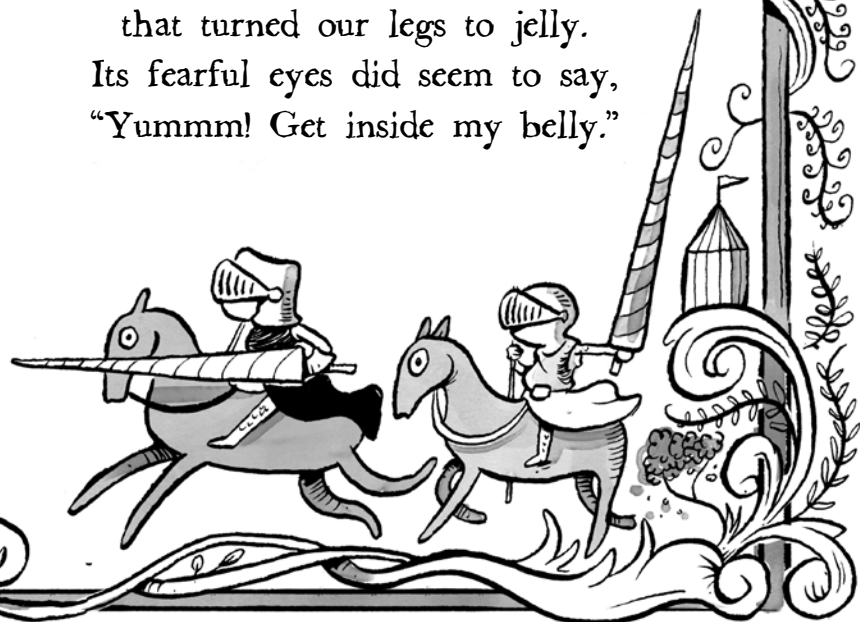
They galloped hard, and with a CRACK
young Godwin Paggie got 'im!
Poor Berkley laid down in the mud
and clutched his broken bottom.

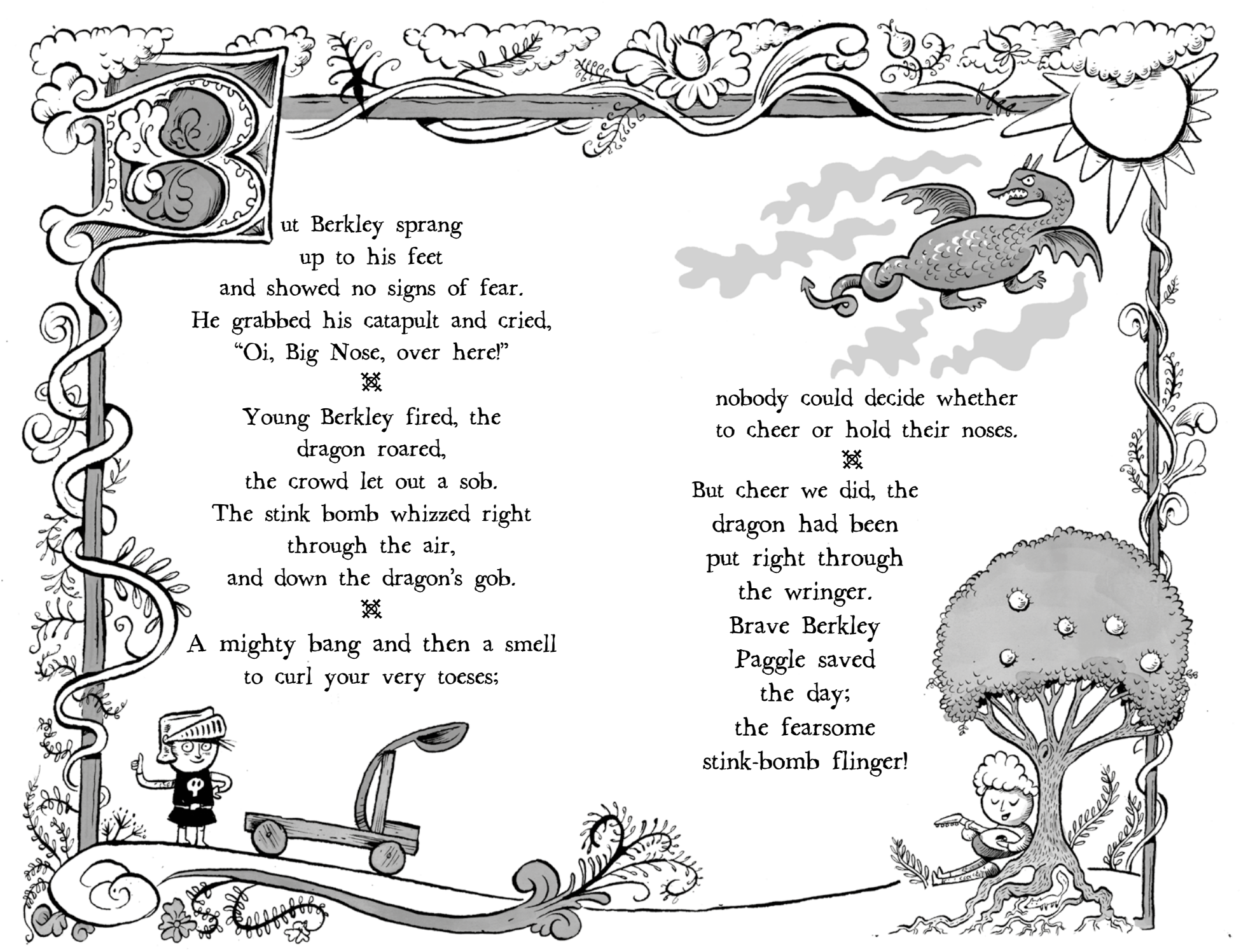


But suddenly it all went dark.
A shadow filled the sky.
And all at once, the crowd did GASP;
a dragon had popped by!



It landed with a screeching roar
that turned our legs to jelly.
Its fearful eyes did seem to say,
"Yummm! Get inside my belly."

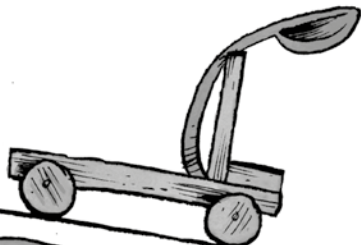




ut Berkley sprang
up to his feet
and showed no signs of fear.
He grabbed his catapult and cried,
“Oi, Big Nose, over here!”

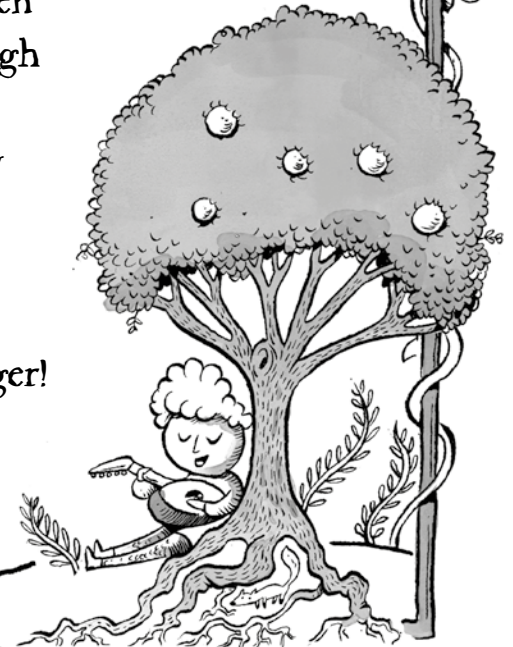
✘
Young Berkley fired, the
dragon roared,
the crowd let out a sob.
The stink bomb whizzed right
through the air,
and down the dragon’s gob.


✘
A mighty bang and then a smell
to curl your very toes;



nobody could decide whether
to cheer or hold their noses.

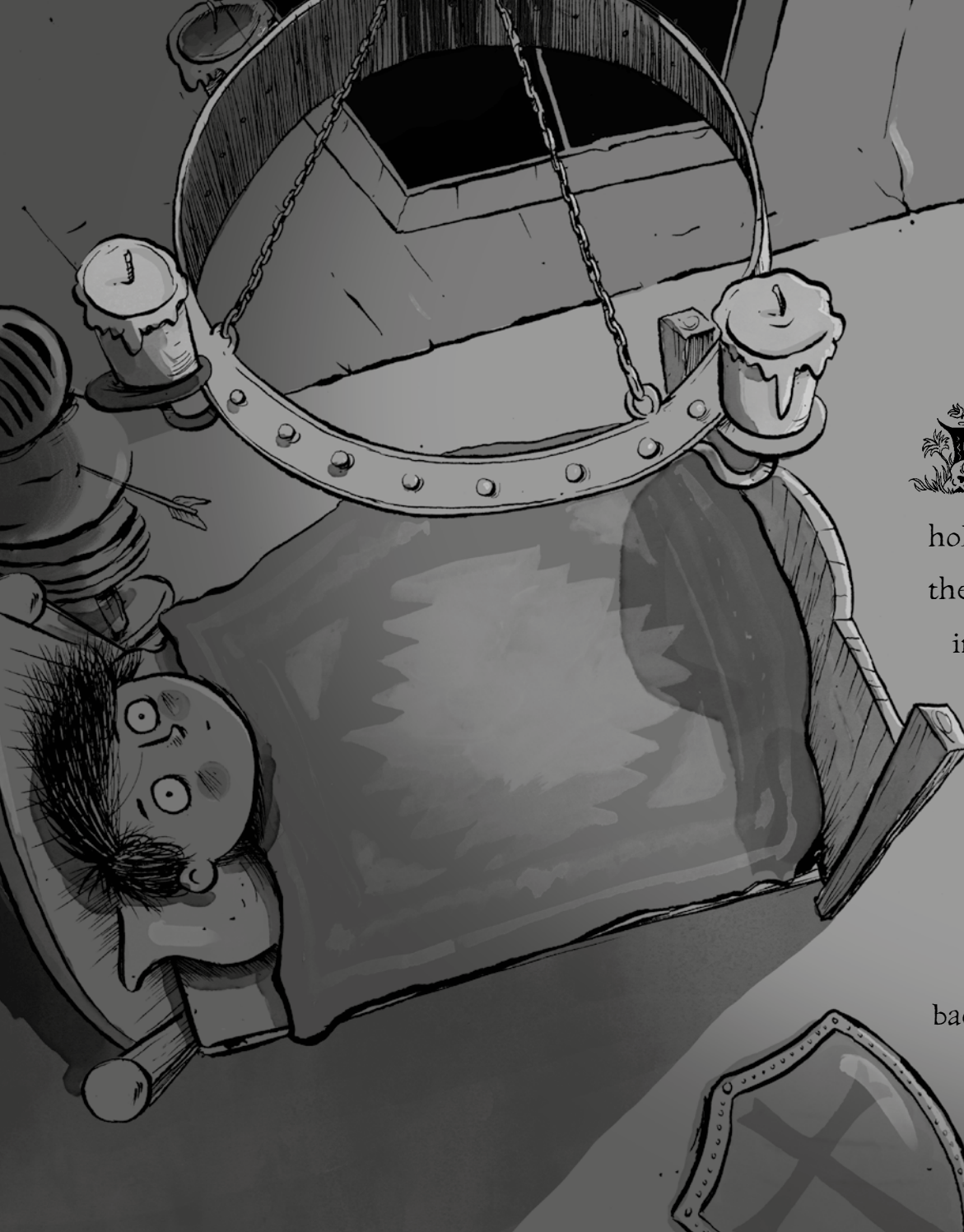
✘
But cheer we did, the
dragon had been
put right through
the wringer.
Brave Berkley
Paggles saved
the day;
the fearsome
stink-bomb flinger!





Dear Diary,
HUZZAH! School on the morrow!
I just can't WAIT to tell Berk what
I found! It's weird that I haven't
seen him much this summer though.
I reckon he's been keeping a low
profile after defeating that dragon.
Zooks, I wonder how he's feeling
after all that.

W/P



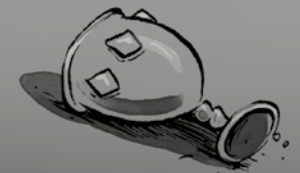
1.

THE NIGHT BEFORE SCHOOL

Berkley Paggle was feeling very odd. It was the last evening of the summer holidays, and he was lying in bed staring at the stone ceiling with a strange sensation in his tummy. It was like thousands of butterflies were tickling his insides. And then he realised what the weird feeling was.

It was happiness.

For the first time in his entire life, Berk was excited about going back to school.



Normally the night before the first day of term meant hose^{1*}-dampening fear. Berk would try anything to get out of going. This time last year, he had covered his face in slime from the moat and burst into the castle hall.

Clutching his tummy, Berk staggered into the middle of the room.

“I . . . feel . . . a . . . bit . . . bubonic² . . .!” Then he flopped about on the floor, and with a blood-curdling death rattle, lay still on the rug.

Berk’s mum had just smiled.

“Go and wash that slime off your face and get back into bed,” she said. “I’ll come and tuck you in.”

“Impressive spasming, son,” said his dad. But this term was going to be different.



*Medieval glossary
on page 158

Now he, Berkley Paggie, who everyone had called Bad Knight for as long as he could remember, was a HERO.

It had all started when Berk's cousin had come to stay. Godwin Paggie was good at EVERYTHING. Sword fighting, jousting – even tapestry making. He could play the lute and he was always helping around the house. Godwin was PERFECT,

which made Berk feel RUBBISH.

Berk had put all his energy that term into making a catapult. Maybe he could just ping Godwin all the way home.

But the catapult came in very handy when Godwin and

Berk had to face each other in the end-of-term jousting tournament.

Godwin had defeated Berk easily, but while Berk was lying on his bottom in the mud, a DRAGON flapped into the school grounds. Berk had grabbed his catapult and fired a troll-breath stink bomb right into the dragon's gob.

The whole school had seen him defeat the dragon, and Godwin had written a sappy ballad about it, which all the bards were singing.

Berkley was no longer a Bad Knight.

He was a LEGEND.

