

KING FLASHYPANTS

AND
THE EVIL EMPEROR

HODDER CHILDREN'S BOOKS

First published in Great Britain in 2016 by Hodder and Stoughton

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A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

ISBN 978 1 444 92959 1

Designed by Jennifer Stephenson

Edited by Emma Goldhawk

Printed and bound in Great Britain by CPI Group (UK) Ltd,
Croydon, CR0 4YY.

The paper and board used in this book are from well-managed forests and
other responsible sources.



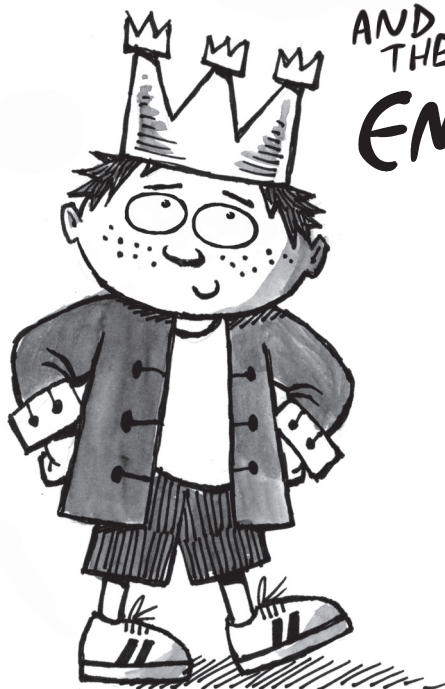
Hodder Children's Books
An imprint of Hachette Children's Group
Part of Hodder & Stoughton
Carmelite House, 50 Victoria Embankment
London EC4Y 0DZ

An Hachette UK Company
www.hachette.co.uk

www.hachettechildrens.co.uk

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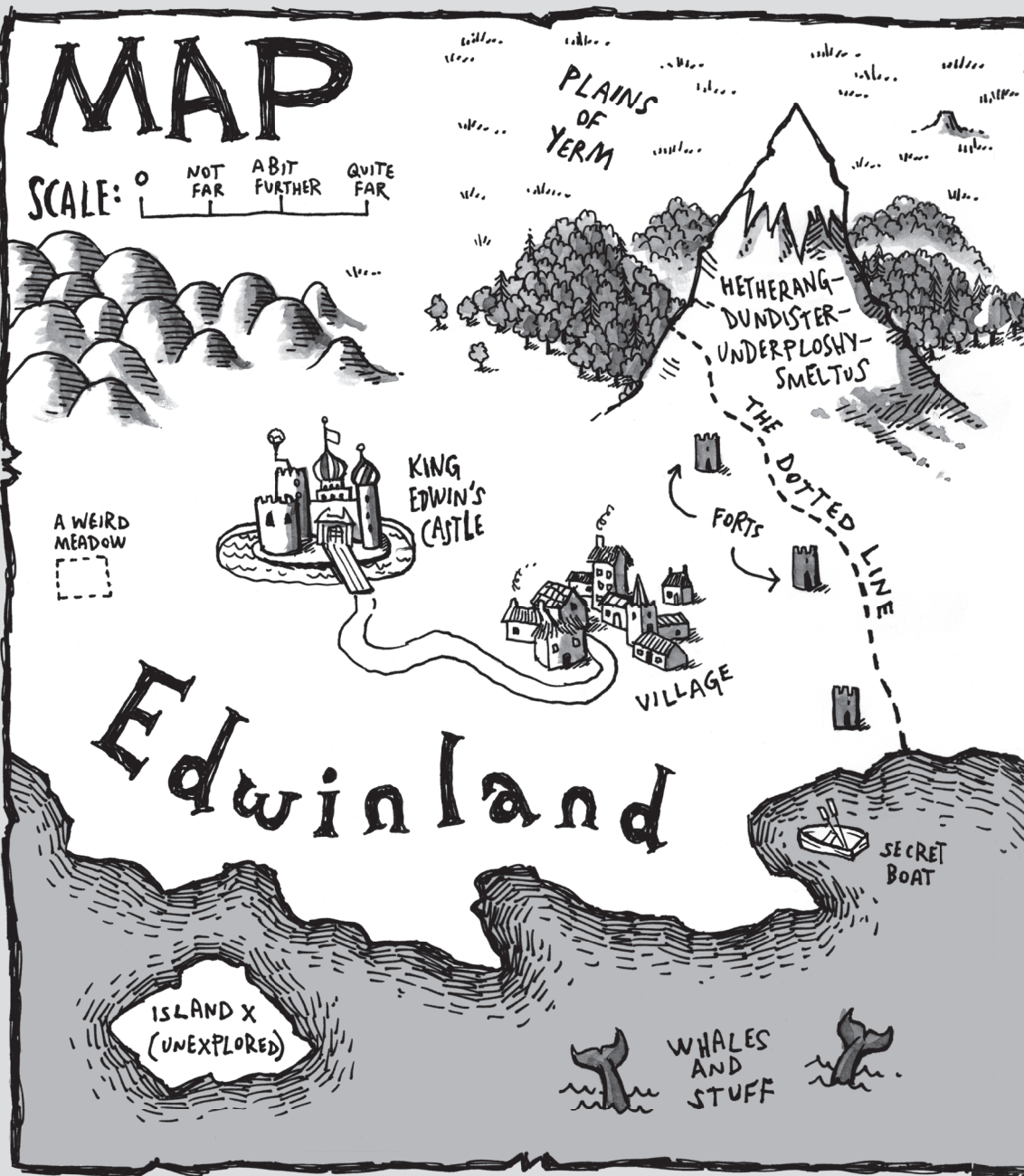
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY **ANDY RILEY**

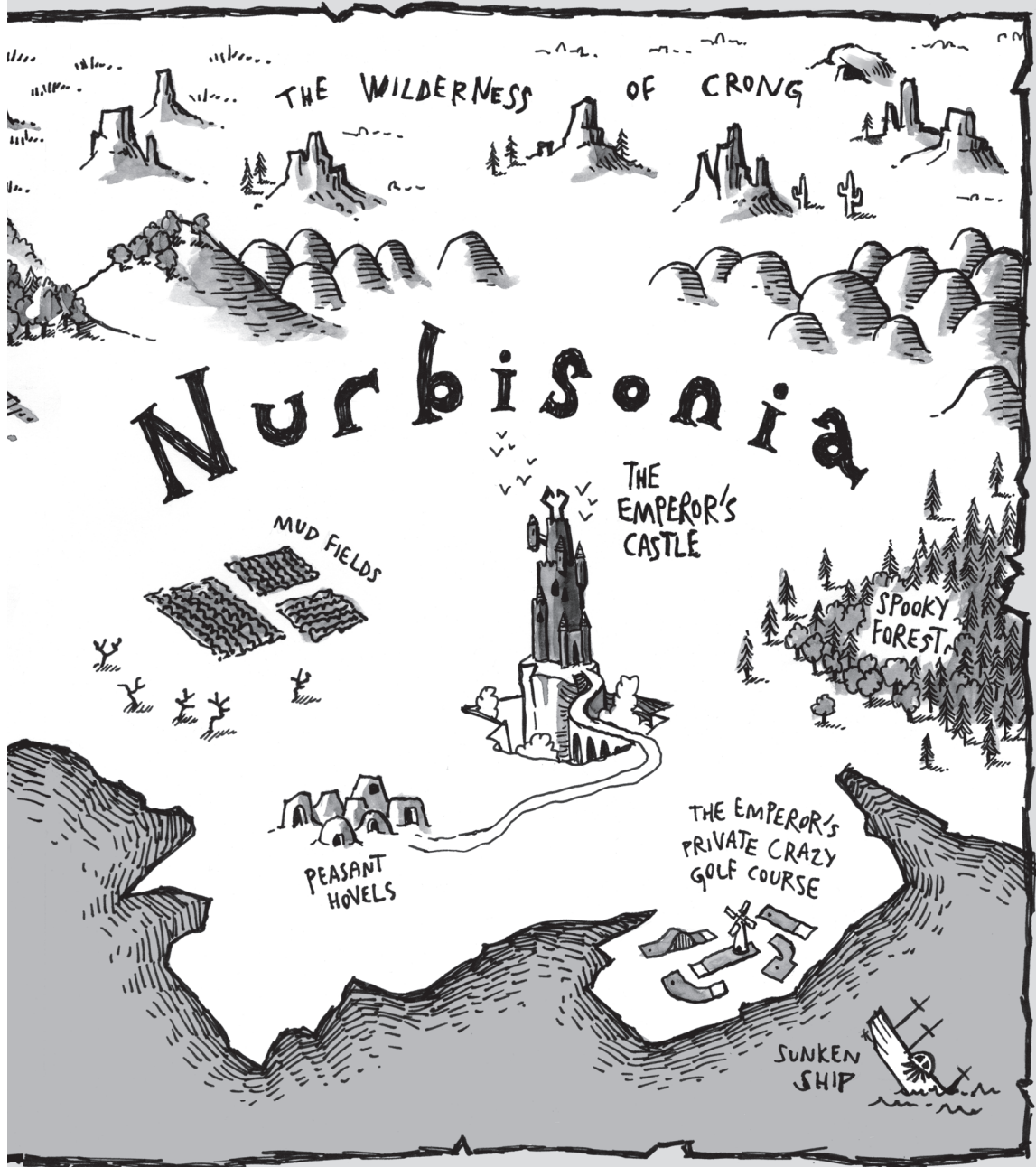
For Polly, Eddie and Bill

With thanks to
Emma Goldhawk, Jennifer Stephenson,
Anne McNeil, Gordon Wise,
Hilary Murray Hill and Kevin Cecil

MAP

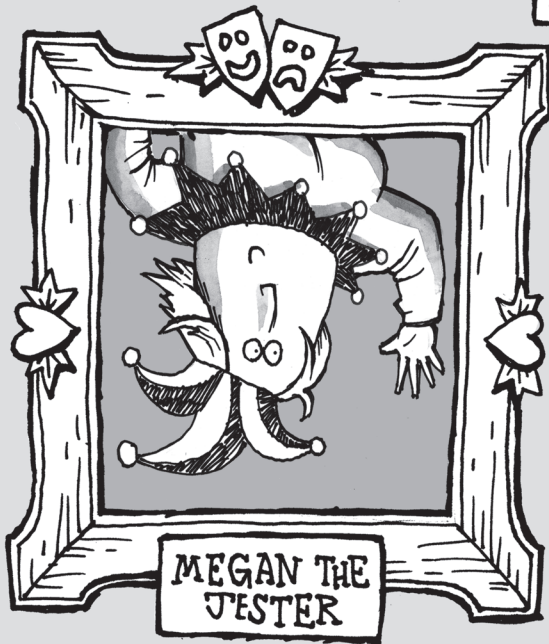
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KING EDWIN



MEGAN THE
JESTER



MINISTER JIL



The Names of ALL THE THRILLING CHAPTERS You're About To Read

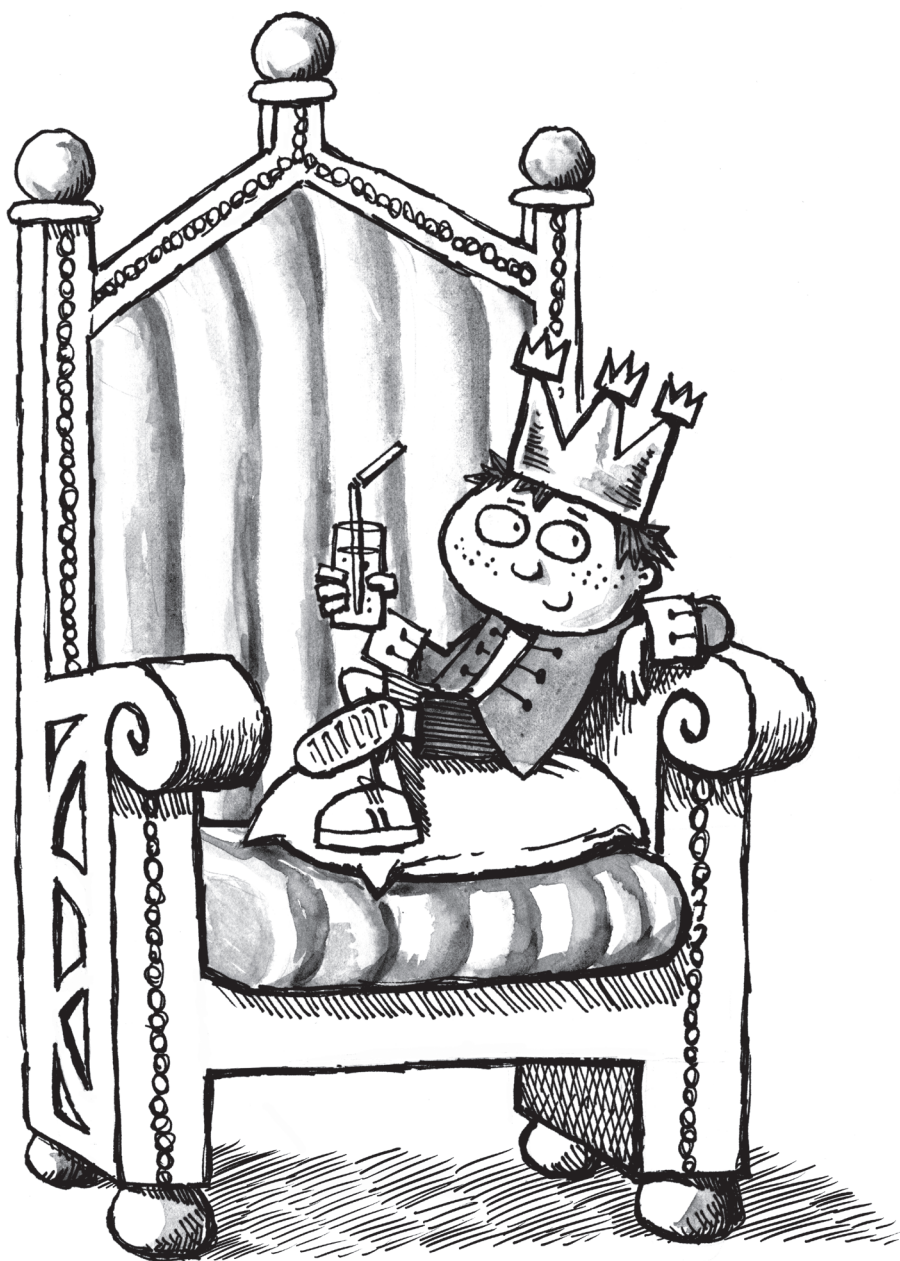
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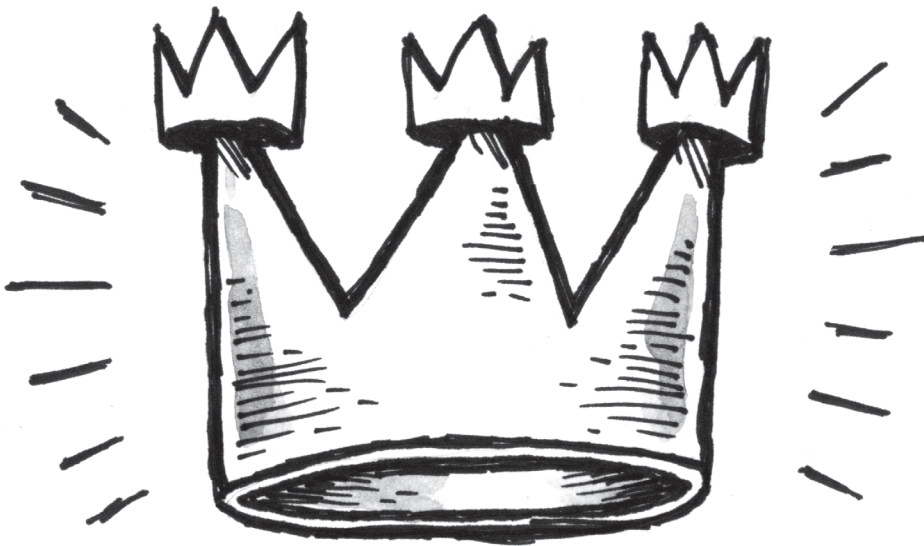
Pocket Money

“I’d like my pocket money now please,” said the boy, and in came a man with a wheelbarrow brimming with gold coins.

Edwin wasn’t an ordinary nine-year-old boy. He was a king, with a throne and his own suit of armour and a castle with secret passages and everything. Best of all, he had a crown.



A crown is very important. If he didn't have one, you would just say, "Look at that boy over there. Doesn't he look amazingly normal, like any other kid?" But put a crown on his head and you say, "Wow! He's a boy, *and* he's a king! I bet he has fun and lots of adventures. What's a king without a crown?"



This crown was really special because each point had a little crown on the top. The crown had crowns. You can't get more crowny than that. No wonder King Edwin never took it off.

"Thank you very much," said Edwin to the palace guard with the wheelbarrow, because even though he was the ruler, he was a very polite boy.

King Edwin delved into the gold and pulled out a great gleaming handful. All the coins had his face on one side. He always got a buzz out of that.

Edwin turned to his special helper. "I'm leaving the castle for a bit, Jill!" he said.

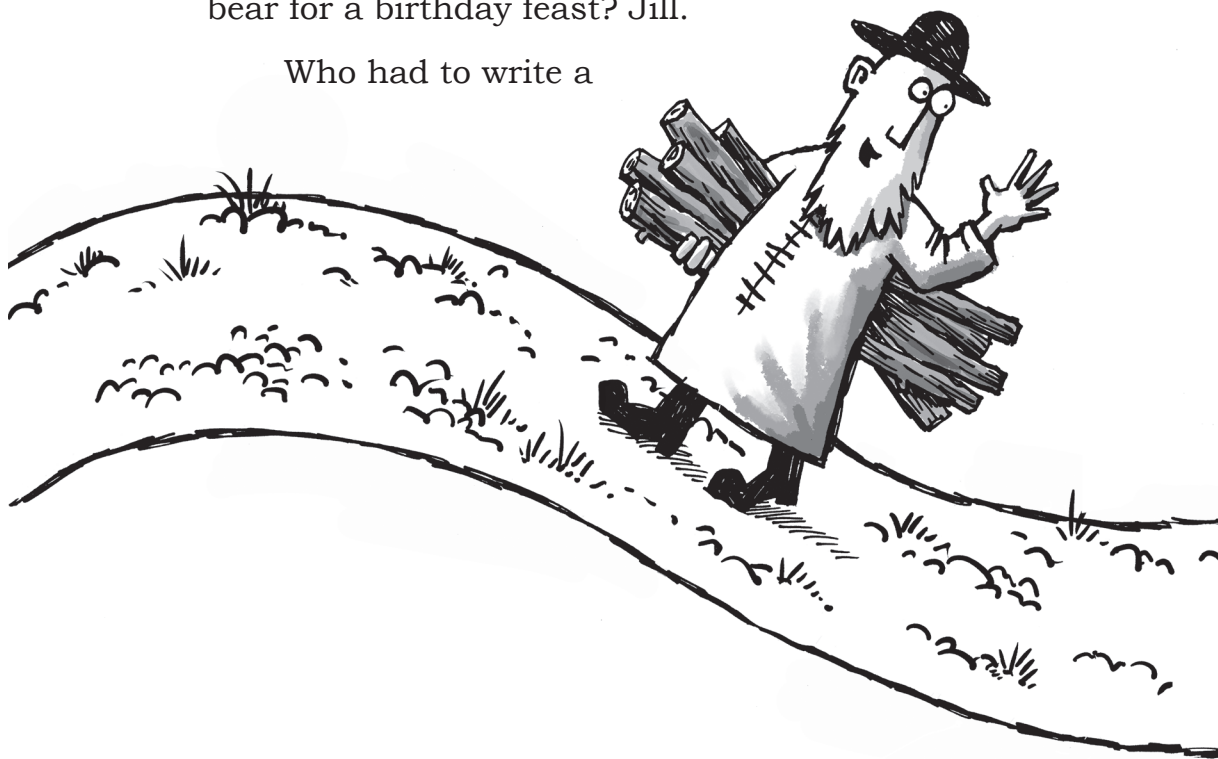


Minister Jill said, while writing two letters at once, one with each hand. Try it some time. It's not easy.

Jill was always busy. Jill was a grown-up with a very grown-up job. Even though Edwin was the ruler of the kingdom of Edwinland, he needed an adult to help him with the complicated parts.

Who had to find a dancing bear for a birthday feast? Jill.

Who had to write a



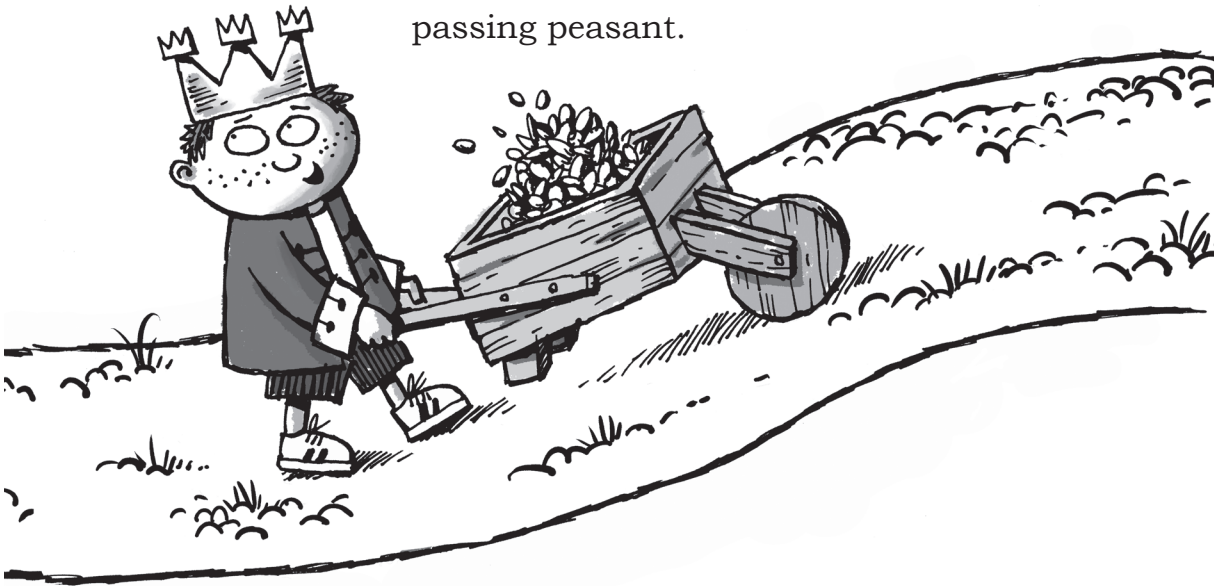
letter of apology when the dancing bear ate somebody's arm? Jill.

Jill worked as much as Edwin played, and Edwin played a lot.

Edwin trundled the coin-filled wheelbarrow down a lane.

"Afternoon!" said King Edwin.

"Afternoon, Your Majesty!" said a passing peasant.



Edwin's kingdom had peasants, but they weren't miserable hungry peasants dressed in sacks and boiling nettles for dinner. No, these were *merry* peasants, all plump and smiling. Whenever the day's work was done they danced in the town square for the sheer joy of being alive.

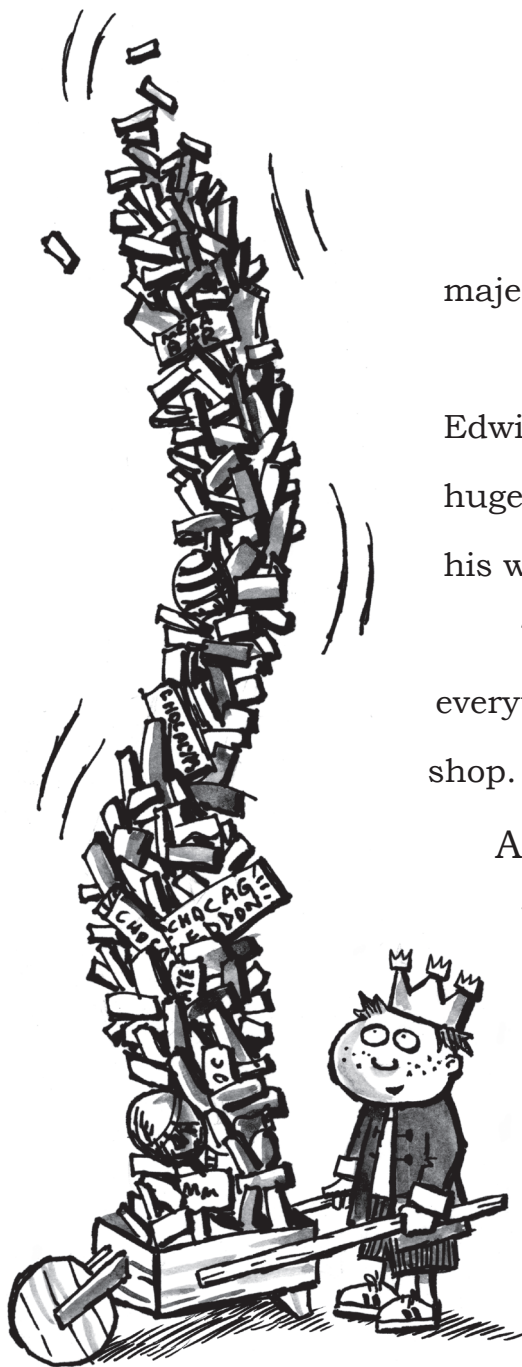
Edwin headed for the nearest village. Edwinland wasn't a big country, so there was only one. It was called 'Village'. If they ever built a second village, then Village would be in serious need of renaming.

King Edwin went into a sweet shop. There were a lot of sweet shops in Village. He grabbed

two heavy fistfuls of gold coins and spilled them across the counter.

“Hello. I’d like every chocolate, every chocolate bar and every chocolate-based snack in this shop.”





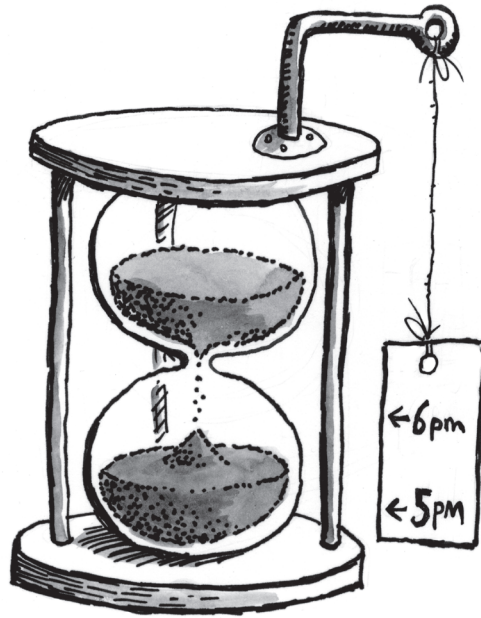
“The usual order, your majesty? Certainly.”

Minutes later King Edwin left the shop with a huge mound of goodies in his wheelbarrow.

Then he bought everything in the next sweet shop.

And
the next.

And
the next.

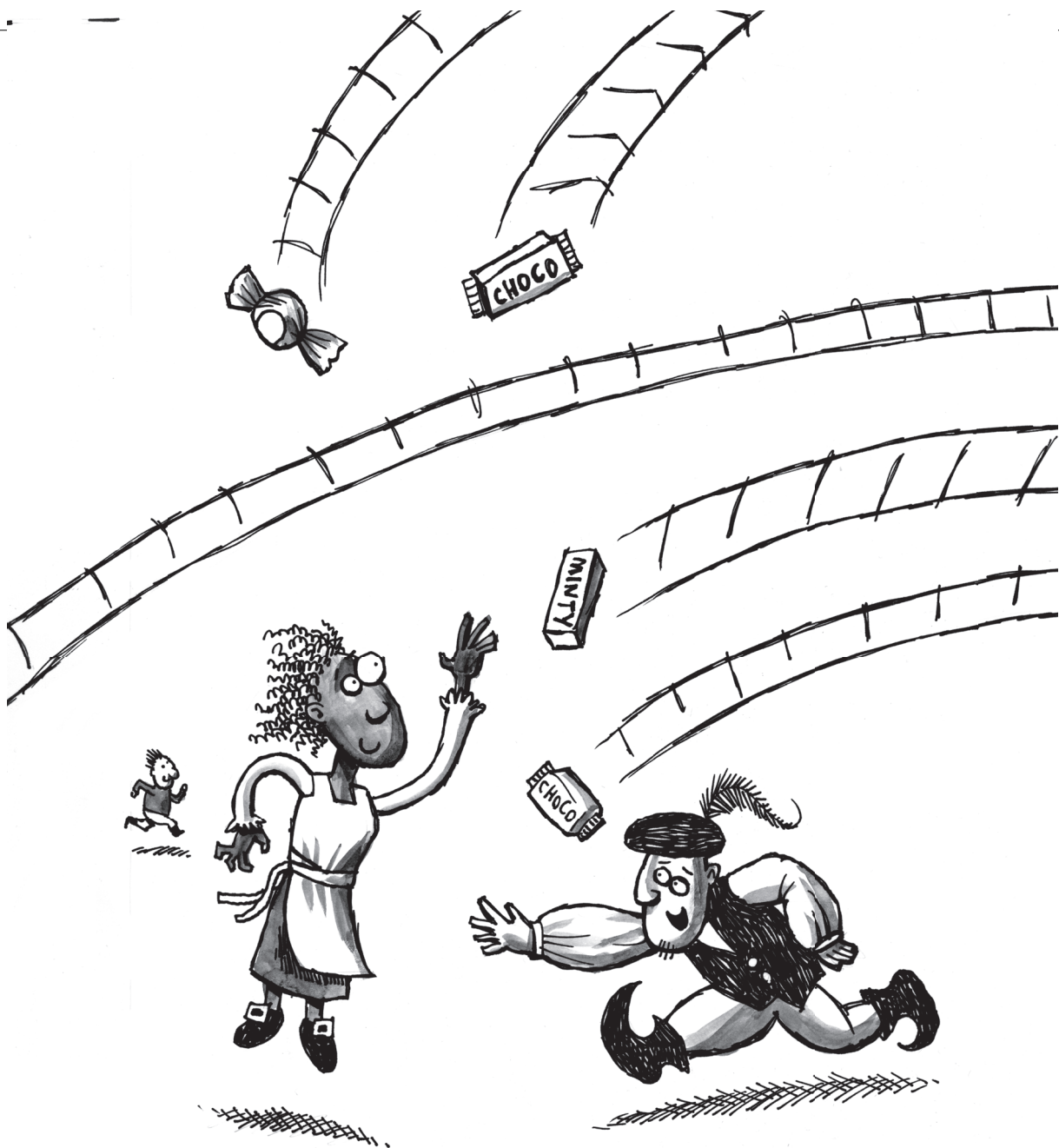


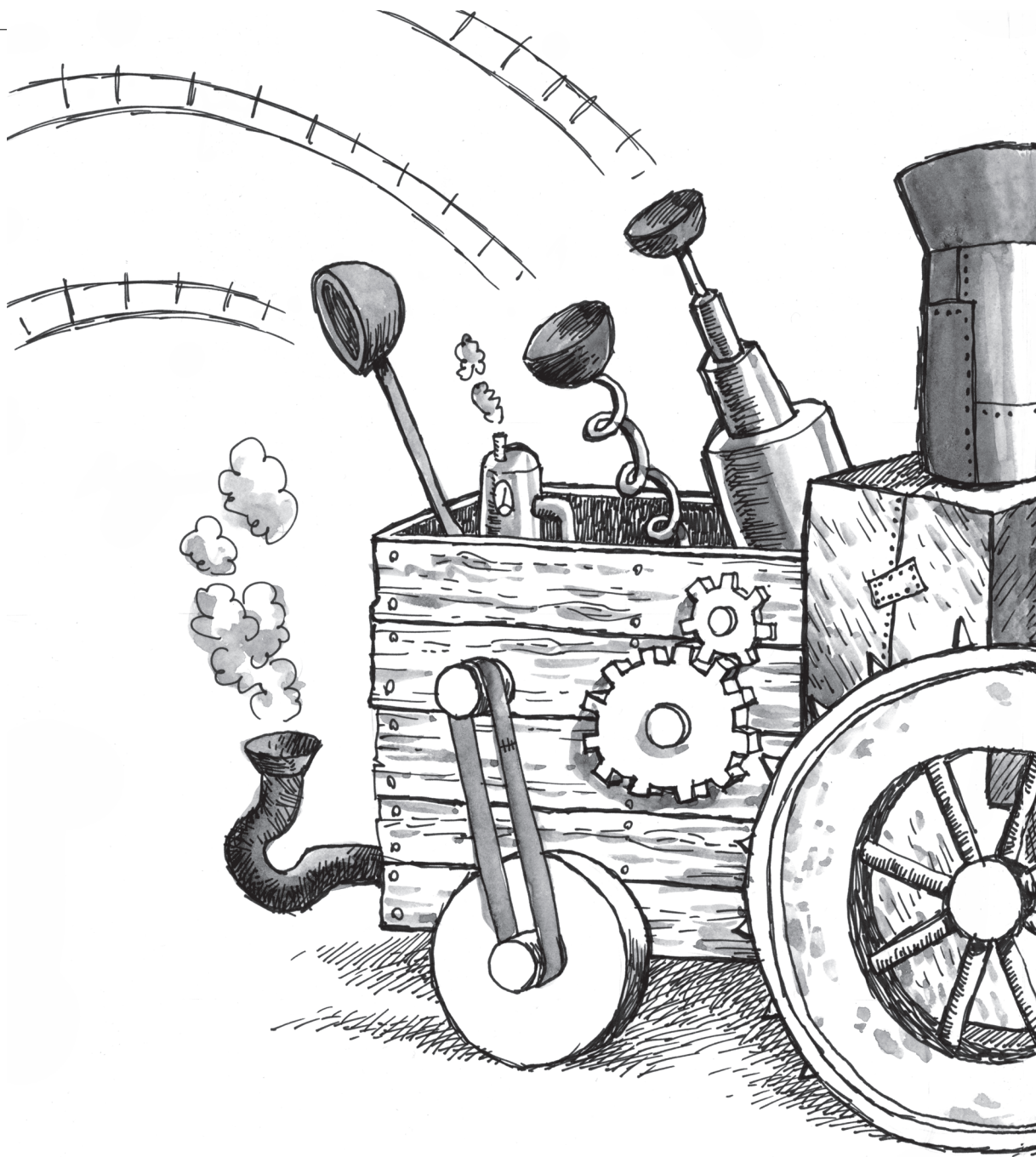
By half past five, Edwin was balancing an enormous wobbling tower of chocolate in his barrow. He tipped it into a giant funnel, attached to a pipe, attached to a wheel, attached to another pipe, attached to a piston,

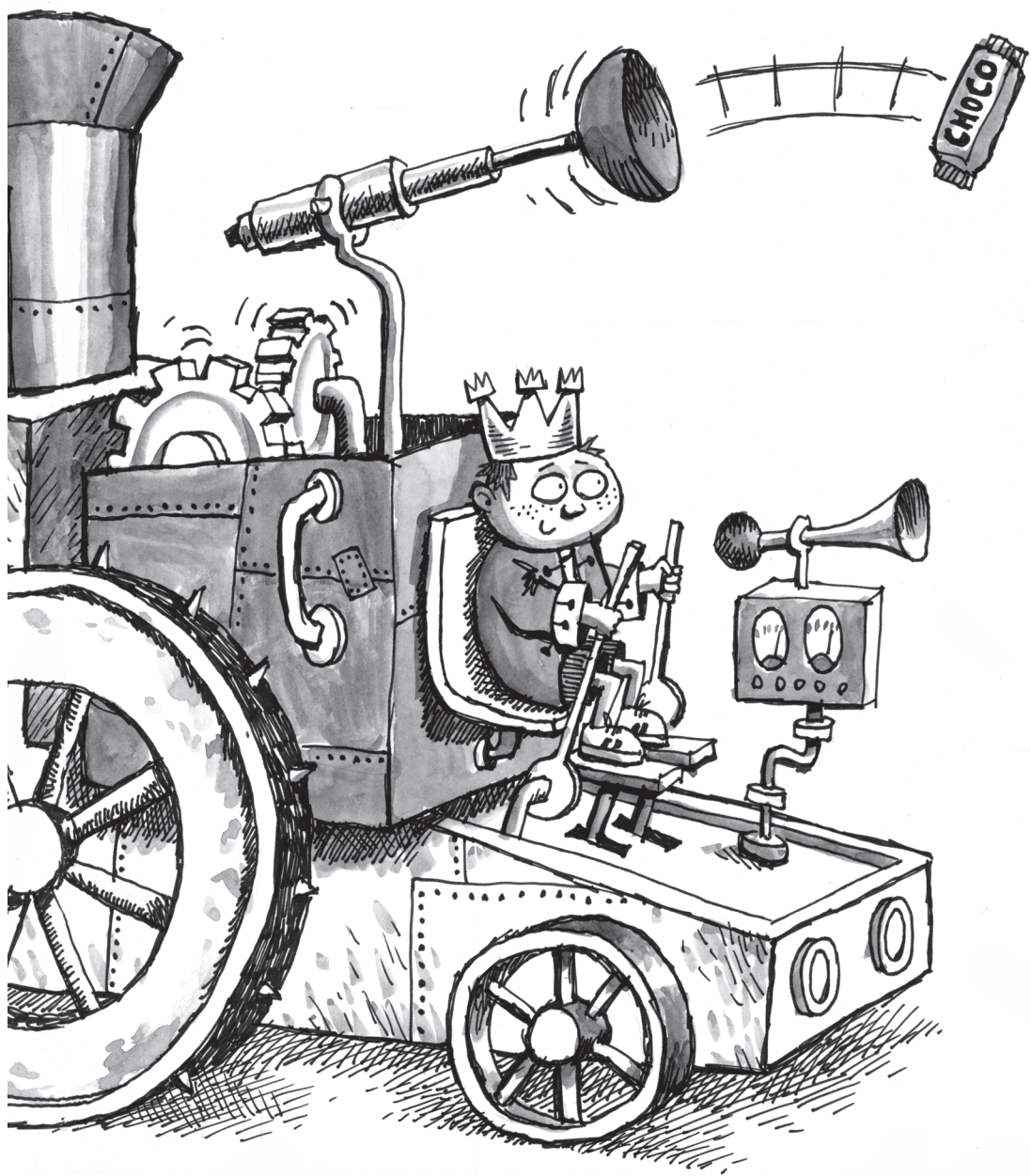
attached to . . . well, you get the idea. It was quite a complicated machine. King Edwin's Nutritious Nibbles Ejector, Thrower and Hurler. Or **K.E.N.N.E.T.H.** for short.

The king rode K.E.N.N.E.T.H. through the streets of Village, spraying chocolate in every direction. The peasants ran out of their houses, grabbing all they could. It was their favourite part of the week.









“It’s a powerful good king we have in this land,” the peasants would say.

“Spends all his pocket money on us, he does!”

“Yes. Because he loves us.”

And they loved him right back. Some weeks they loved him so much they would declare Friday to be We Love the King Day, and everybody would celebrate instead of going to work or school. If it went really well, Monday would be a We Love the King Day too.

On those days, Minister Jill would mumble things like ‘lazy peasants’ and ‘any excuse’ under her breath, but Edwin didn’t think she



was being fair. The people loved the king, the king loved the people, they *all* loved chocolate, and that was that.

The next Friday, as Edwin sat on his throne waiting for his pocket money to arrive, he thought to himself, *this isn't a bad life. I'm a lucky boy. In fact I'm so lucky, I bet nothing will go wrong for me ever again.*

The palace guard pushed the wheelbarrow into the throne room.

Edwin stared.

The barrow was empty.

“Your Majesty? The money’s all gone.”



