

By the blade of my sword

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp, she wouldn't have died by the blade of my sword. I kind of liked her, she was a good tutor, but she had to go, Father's orders. He said he can't waste his time worrying about dreary misfits that ignore him and his complexion. After all he has a kingdom to run, enemies to fight and a son to look after. That son is me.

I walked into my colossal bedroom and opened the velvet curtains, the sunlight spilled in like a waterfall of colour, the clouds had parted to the east and looked somewhat like scales. In the west, the rain clouds were saying farewell to each other and moving across the sea.

I flopped down on my monster bed and the mattress hissed in pain. I call to my servants to clean my sword of the slimy blood from Scruttlescromp and sharpen it ready for the beast.