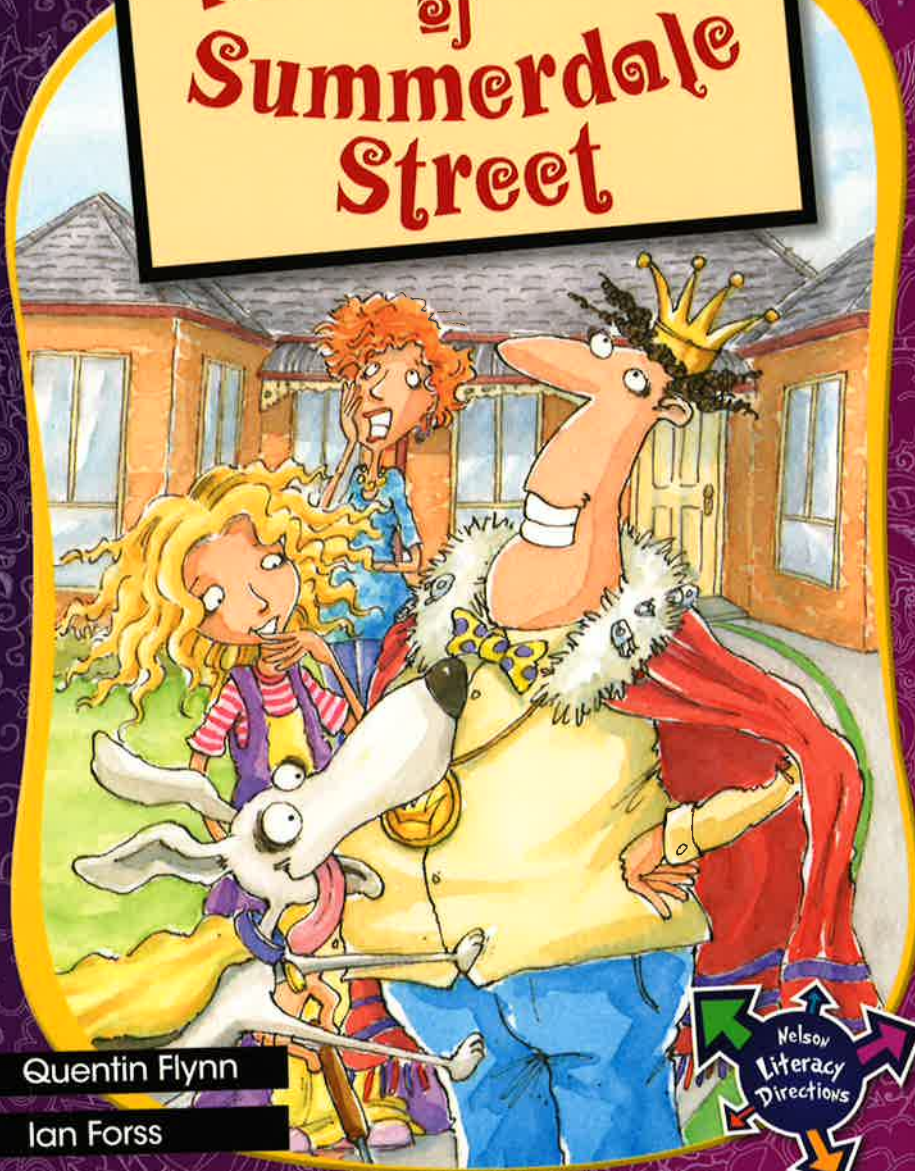
The Kingdom of Summerdale Street



Quentin Flynn

Ian Forss

Nelson Literacy Directions

For teachers' inspection ONLY

The Kingdom of Summerdale Street

Written by Quentin Flynn
Illustrated by Ian Forss

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Meet the Characters

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King Clive I

Otherwise known as Dad.



Queen Stephanie

Otherwise known as Mum.



Princess Melanie

Otherwise known as the narrator.



A Scoundrel

Otherwise known as a council watering inspector.



A Fine Legal Mind

Otherwise known as a lawyer at Loopholes-R-Us.



A Royal Hound

Otherwise known as Valiant.

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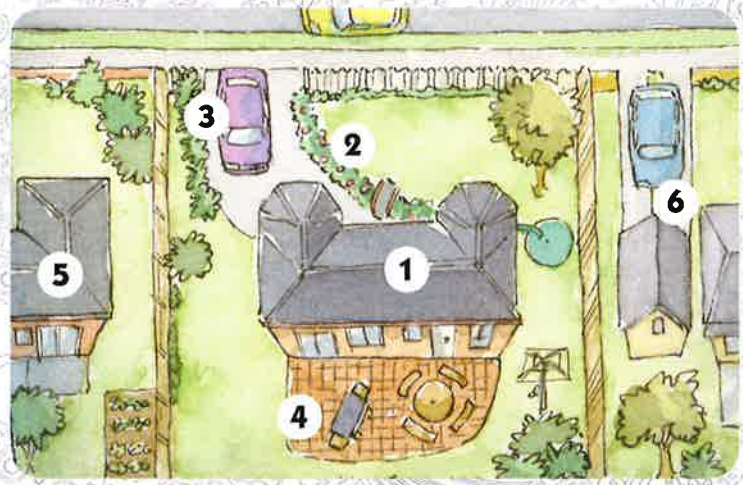
POSTCARD

Dear Reader

I've often thought it would be a good idea to be a king. I'm sure I'd be a very popular ruler, because there'd be lots of new laws outlawing broccoli and making jam doughnuts compulsory for breakfast. I hope you enjoy this story about someone else who decides to be a king – and maybe it'll give you some ideas for your own kingdom!

Quentin Flynn
Author

The Kingdom of Summerdale Street



1. The palace
2. The royal roses
3. The royal limousine
4. The site of the Battle of Bratwurst
5. The ambassador's residence
6. Foreign lands

1 The Opening Chapter

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In which the remarkable crowning of the most noble monarch of this excellent kingdom is well described with much accuracy and meticulous attention to detayle as witnessed by jubilant spectators gathered thereat for this illustrious moment.

"The much anticipated coronation of His Most Glorious Majesty, King Clive I, Defender of Liberty, Sovereign of Summerdale and Guardian of the Imperial Trident, was a thoroughly magnificent affair, where the supreme grandeur of His Majesty outshone even the glittering splendour of the priceless crown jewels.



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Following the triumphant ceremony, which was attended by privileged royalty, distinguished ambassadors, glamorous celebrities and representatives of the world's media, a sumptuous state banquet ensued, and rejoicing to mark this auspicious event continued long into the evening."

A Humble and Fully Verified Eyewitness Account of the Ushering In of the Clivarian Era of Prosperity and Graciousness (Vol. I)



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There are, of course, always two versions of history: the officially sanctioned version of events and the true story. King Clive I (or "Dad", as I call him) appointed Queen Stephanie (or "Mum", as she's known informally around here) to write *A Humble and Fully Verified Eyewitness Account of the Ushering in of the Clivarian Era of Prosperity and Graciousness*. After he had scoured the thesaurus for words like "glorious", "magnificent", "grandeur", 'distinguished" and "splendour", and made her add these to her first draft, this became the official version, part of which you've just read.

Here's what really happened. The unofficial, unauthorised version.

Dad went down to the local $2 shop and found a toy plastic crown that was missing its price tag (so it was, I admit, priceless). Mum was the "privileged royalty", our neighbour, Mrs Willis, was the "distinguished ambassador", Aunty Thea (who had once had her photo mistakenly broadcast on Crimewatch) was a "glamorous celebrity" and a bemused Korean tourist with a camera represented the world's media.

After the ceremony, which involved Mum flinging the crown up in the air and Dad catching it on his head like

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a dog catching a frisbee, Dad cooked us all a barbecue (using his imperial trident, or "barbecue fork" as we like to call it). Then we watched a wildlife program on TV about the secret life of snails until Aunty Thea's snoring got too loud, and we all decided to call it a night. The Korean tourist looked quite relieved.

Out of the two versions, I know which one will probably end up, stamped with gilded coats of arms and bound in the finest leather, in the repository of the Royal Clivarian Palace Library (otherwise known as the bookshelf).

I suppose I should really get into the spirit of things because I am, after all, apparently a princess now. Princess Melanie of Summerdale. And one day, when the burdens of being a majesty, a defender, a sovereign and a guardian get too much for Dad, he'll abdicate and make me Queen Mel. When that happens, I'll probably think that the official history of our kingdom isn't so bad after all. Kings and queens rarely seem to disagree with florid descriptions of their glorious magnificence, and I don't suppose I'll be any different.

But until then, here's my unofficial history of how it all really came about.