



**LoveReading4kids.co.uk**  
is a book website  
created for parents and  
children to make  
choosing books easy  
and fun

Opening extract from  
**Sir Dancealot**

Written by  
**Timothy Knapman**

Illustrated by  
**Keith Robinson**

Published by  
**Bloomsbury Publishing PLC**

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

To Mimi and Jonathan, with love - TK  
To bold Sir Alex and fair Lady May, with love - KR

Bloomsbury Publishing, London, Oxford, New York, New Delhi and Sydney

First published in Great Britain in 2016 by Bloomsbury Publishing Plc  
50 Bedford Square, London, WC1B 3DP

Text copyright © Timothy Knapman 2016  
Illustrations copyright © Keith Robinson 2016  
The moral rights of the author and illustrator have been asserted

All rights reserved  
No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted by any means,  
electronic, mechanical, photocopying or otherwise,  
without the prior permission of the publisher

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

ISBN 978 1 4088 4698 8 (HB)  
ISBN 978 1 4088 4699 5 (PB)  
ISBN 978 1 4088 4697 1 (eBook)

Printed in China by Leo Paper Products, Heshan, Guangdong

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

All papers used by Bloomsbury Publishing are natural, recyclable products  
made from wood grown in well-managed forests.  
The manufacturing processes conform to the environmental regulations of the country of origin

[www.bloomsbury.com](http://www.bloomsbury.com)

BLOOMSBURY is a registered trademark of Bloomsbury Publishing Plc

# SIR DANCEALOT

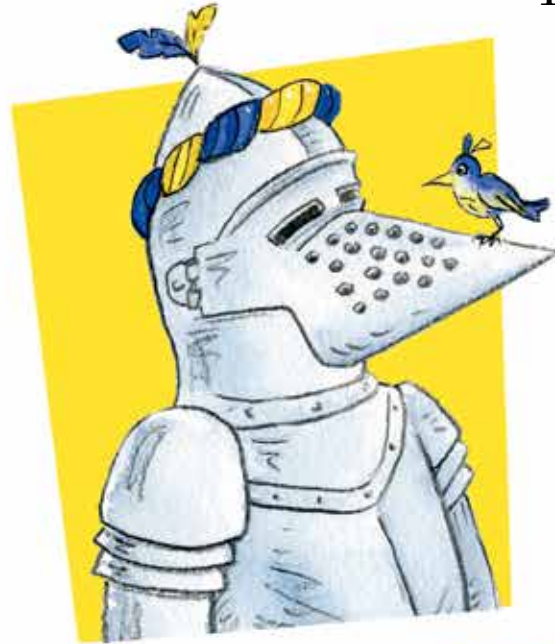
Timothy Knapman  
&  
Keith Robinson



BLOOMSBURY  
LONDON OXFORD NEW YORK NEW DELHI SYDNEY

In days of old, great tales were told  
of fabulous fearless knights.  
They fought all kinds of monsters  
in tense and thrilling fights.

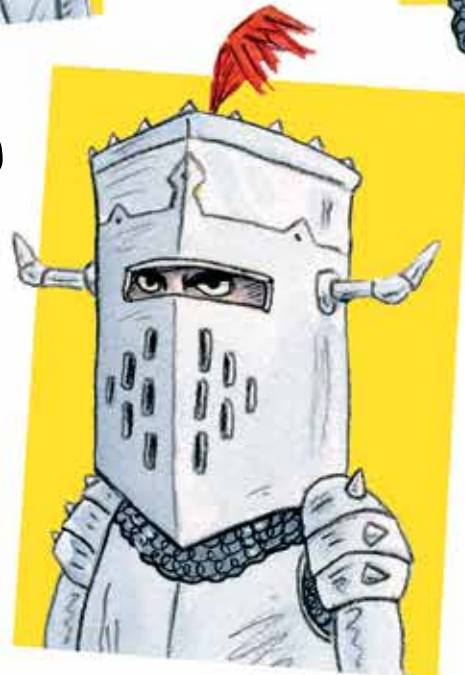
There was . . .



**GEORGE  
THE BOLD**



**KEN  
THE MAD**



and **GEOFF**  
(who had an itchy bot).

But the bravest of them all was nimble-toed . . .



*Sir Dancealot.*





When he saw a fearsome fiend,  
he didn't shake or freeze.

NO!

He stood up straight,  
and called out clear . . .

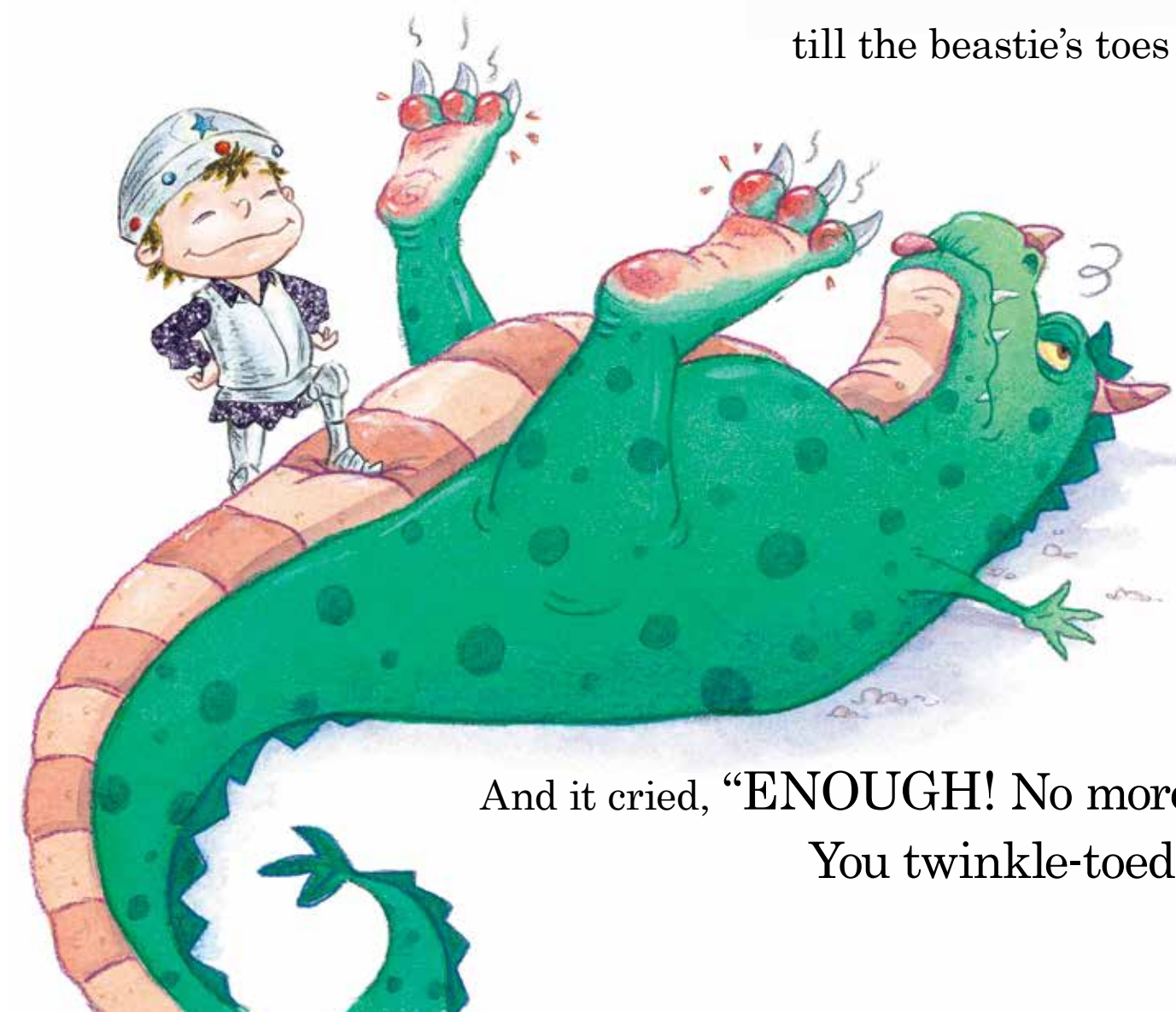
“Music, maestro, please!”

Then, before the beast attacked,  
he'd grab it by the claw  
and say, “Let's dance, my lovely!”  
as he spun it round the floor.

He'd conga,  
waltz  
and  
rumba



till the beastie's toes caught fire.



And it cried, “ENOUGH! No more!  
You twinkle-toed live wire!”

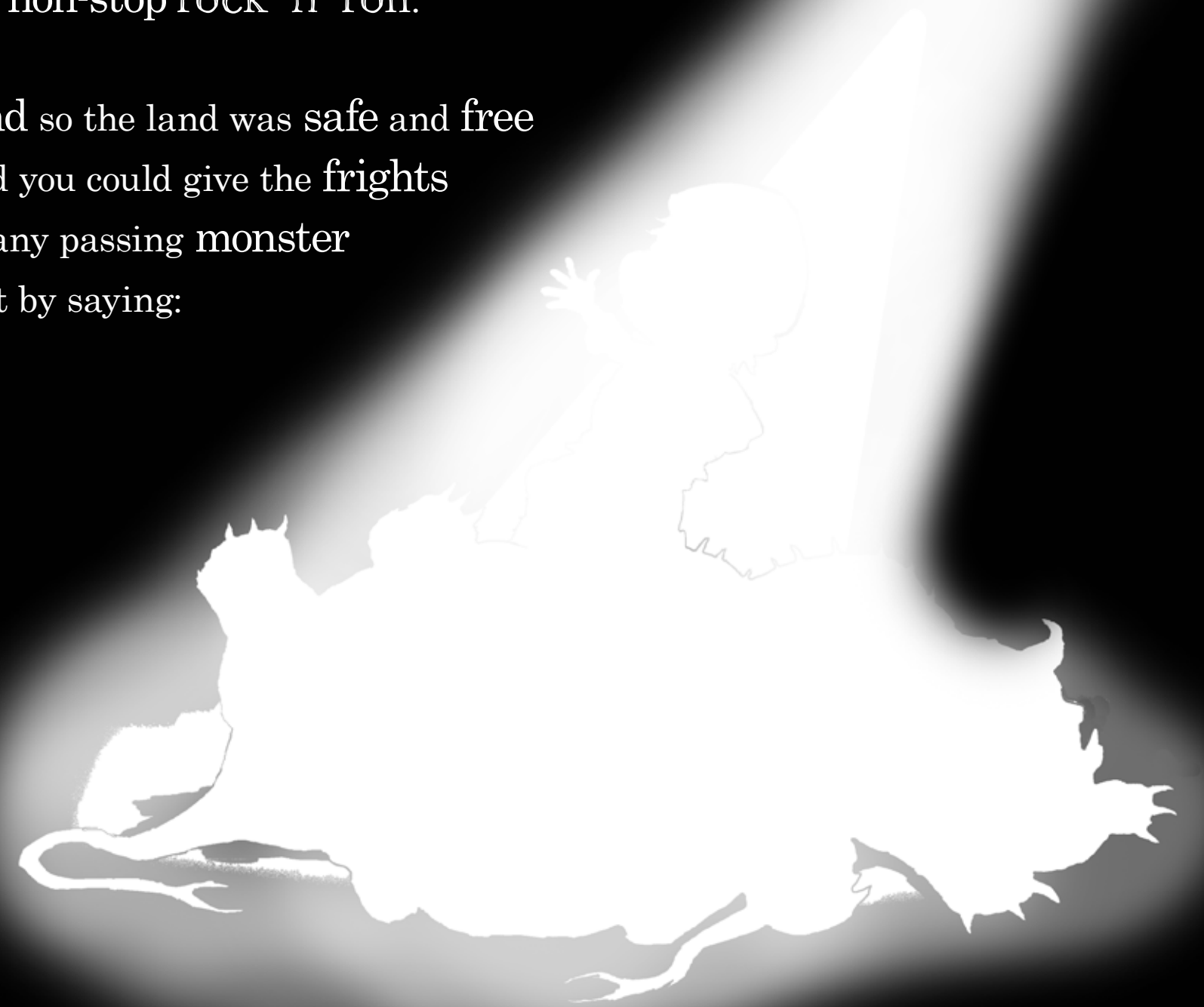


He boogied off the bogglesnot,

he jived away a troll.

He beat three spotty ogres with  
his non-stop rock 'n' roll.

And so the land was safe and free  
and you could give the frights  
to any passing monster  
just by saying:



“DISCO LIGHTS!”