

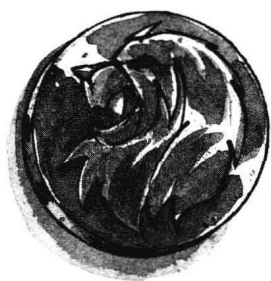
LOONEY BAY ALL STARS

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illustrated by Sampar



Attack by Knight

 SCHOLASTIC



Chapter 1

东工业学院图书馆
藏书章

And this is how people in medieval times darned socks...”

As the tour guide droned on, Reese McSkittles trailed behind the rest of his class. He usually thought field trips were fun, but that wasn’t the case today.

For one thing, he was in an awful mood. The day before, the All-Stars had been thoroughly crushed at lacrosse by



their arch-rivals, the Trinity Bay Marauders. Reese was still smarting from the loss — especially since the Marauders had cheated.

For another thing, the Museum of the Middle Ages was giving him the creeps. It was dark and gloomy and full of old things. It reminded him of the time he'd been locked up in the hold of a pirate ship.

All in all, he felt bored, miserable and trapped.

Reese rummaged around in his pocket for an old coin he'd found at the hockey rink. He had hoped that someone at the museum could tell him more about it. He'd tried to ask the guide, but she just yelled at him for interrupting her lecture on cheese-making.

Reese turned the coin between his fingers, feeling the bashed rim and the outline of the roaring lion on its face. Touching its smooth, cool surface somehow made him feel better. The whole



class sighed with misery as the guide launched into a lecture on medieval pig-keeping. *At this rate*, Reese thought, *I'll never get a chance to ask about my coin!*

That's when he noticed a door with a sign on it that said *Staff Only*.

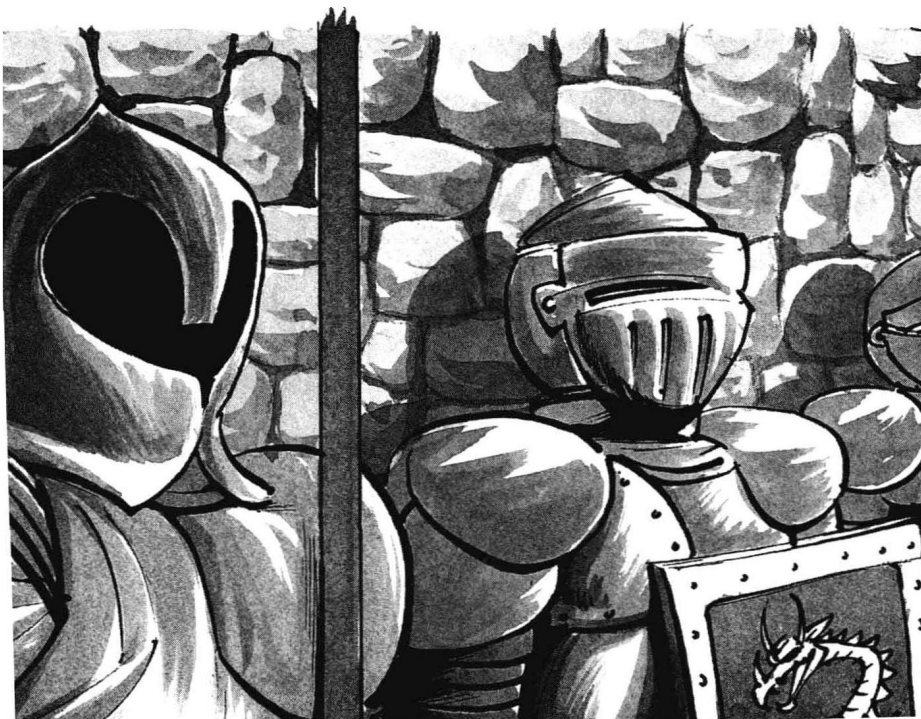
Reese cut a quick glance at his teacher, Mr. Norman.

He and the guide were discussing pig breeds of the Middle Ages. Their backs were to the group. This was his chance! Reese darted through the door. Maybe someone else on the museum's staff would know more about the coin.



Reese found himself in a dank, musty hall. Dull suits of armour stood on guard along both sides. As he walked between the rows, the eyeholes in the helmets seemed to wink at him. He kept a tight grip on the coin for comfort.

Reese tried to imagine how it would feel to wear all that heavy armour. *I'll never complain about my lacrosse*

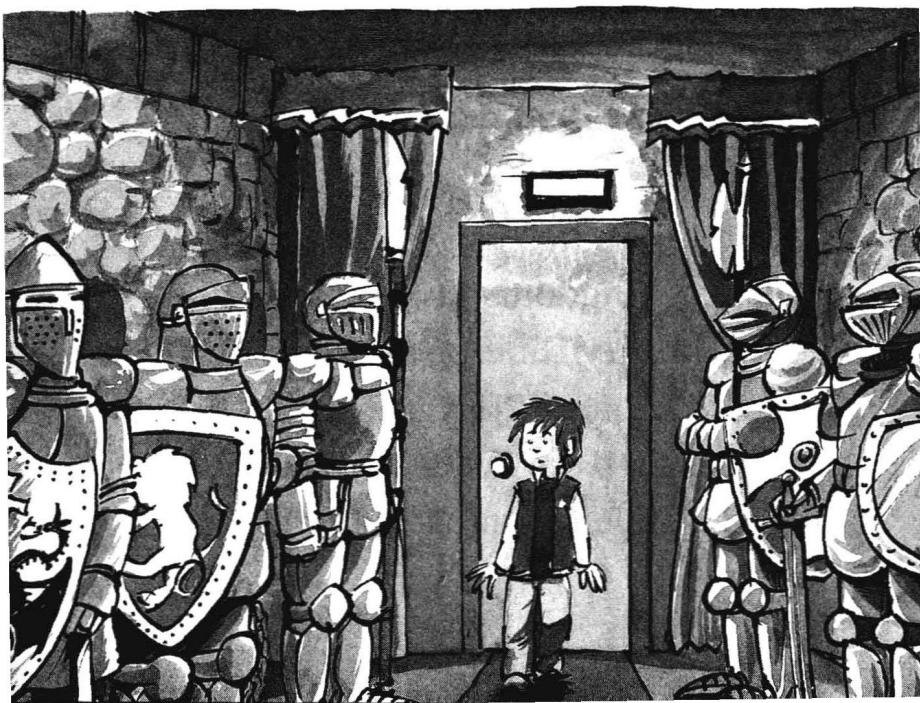


pads again, he thought.

He stood in front of a suit that had a battle-axe clasped in its glove. He could almost hear the clash of metal on metal.

Just for a goof, Reese pretended to swing a broadsword at the knight. "Take that, you can of tuna!"

Suddenly, a ringing voice said, "Pray, desist your foolery!"



The voice had come from the suit of armour!

“Oh, wow,” Reese squeaked. “You’re alive!”

“Of course I am alive,” the knight said. “Dost thou think a suit of armour can walk and talk of its own will?”

“N-n-no,” stammered Reese. “But there’s not supposed to be anyone inside the armour. It’s for display. I didn’t think we were allowed to play in it.”

“*Play?* I am Sir Waverly of Waverton, the Queen’s own knight. I have vanquished entire armies, laid siege to mighty kingdoms and claimed great lands in the name of my Lady. I do *not* play!” He lifted the visor on his helmet to reveal a stern set of eyes. “Why, I was just in the midst of a fierce duel to the

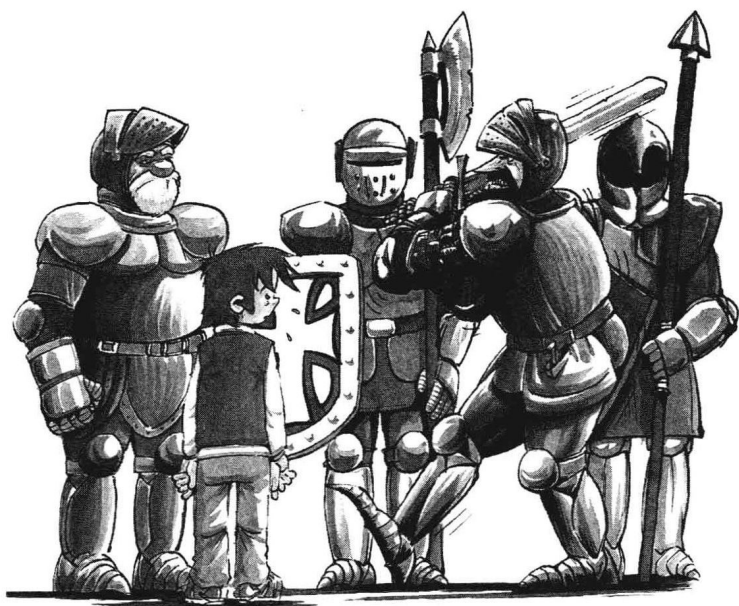


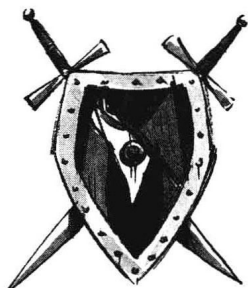
death, when..." Sir Waverly's voice dropped off. "How strange, I cannot recall what happened next. The last thing I remember is Sir Hugh roaring

toward me on his steed...”

“And I was about to give you what for, too! *Twit!*” a new voice boomed. Reese spun around and saw another knight striding toward him, his sword raised.

Reese moaned. It had happened again!





Chapter

2

The second knight stopped in front of Reese and lowered his sword. Reese couldn't believe his eyes. First pirates, now knights! Why couldn't history stay where it belonged? In the past. At least the knights hadn't threatened to kidnap him. Yet. And they certainly smelled better than the pirates.

"Hugh!" shouted Sir Waverly.

"Did you think you could escape me

by some foul magic? I had thee in my sights, and then you disappeared. Now I find myself here, in this strange place..." Sir Hugh glared at Reese and the other suits of armour. "'Tis no matter! I have you now!" Sir Hugh raised his blade again.

"Whoa!" said Reese. "Put that sword away. Someone could get hurt!"

"I think that's the idea, boy," hissed Sir Waverly.

Reese thought quickly. "The museum's rules of engagement state that weapons may not be drawn on museum property without written permission."

"Is that so?" Sir Hugh slid his sword into its scabbard. "Then where can I take this clobberhead to slay him?"

"You can't *slay* anybody. Things have



changed quite a bit since you've been...er... away."

Sir Hugh looked down at Reese. "Away? Do you know how we came to be here, stripling? If so, speak now."

Reese spoke quickly, "I don't know how. Weird things just happen to me. A minute ago I walked into this room, and



poof!” He snapped his fingers.

“Suits of armour that have been empty for hundreds of years weren’t empty anymore. You guys must be over 500 years old! I really don’t know how you got here. Honest.”

“Where exactly is *here?*” Sir Hugh demanded.

“In Newfoundland, at the Museum of the Middle Ages. It’s the twenty-first century,” Reese replied.

“I have never heard of this Newfoundland,” said Sir Waverly. “Are the winters nice? England can be so damp—”

“Enough!” Sir Hugh roared. “I do not care a jot about where or when we are. I just want to run you through. Now,

you, boy — what do they call you?” he asked.

“Reese McSkittles, sir.”

“Ah,” said Sir Waverly, “a member of the Skittles clan. Why, I know your countrymen: Crispin of Coffey, Dudley of Melk, Sir Kit of Kat...”

Sir Hugh ignored him. “McSkittles, I command you to take us to the battlefield at once!”

Just then Reese heard a door slam. “Oh, no! We can’t let anyone see you.” He pushed Sir Waverly back against the wall. “Stand still and don’t talk,” he told them both.

“I’ve never hidden from anyone in my life!” Sir Hugh began. “I will not start now!”

“*Shhh!*” hissed Reese. “You’d *better*

start now. If you tell people you're a knight from the Middle Ages, they'll lock you up! Now, just wait here until I come back. If you behave, I promise to take you some place nice to bash each other."

He heard another door slam and then voices. Reese glared at Sir Hugh until he move back against the wall. Then Reese slipped out to find his class.

