

MEET THE



PRINCE ROBO

Age: 35

Family: an awesome older sister who rules a fierce castle

Secret Wish: to beat his brother and become king

Favorite Hobby: knitting

Best Quality: well-groomed

CHARACTERS



ERIK
EVANS
YKE

Age: 40

Favorite Food: ramen noodles

Biggest Secret: gets lost even with GPS

Pet Peeve: people who don't recycle

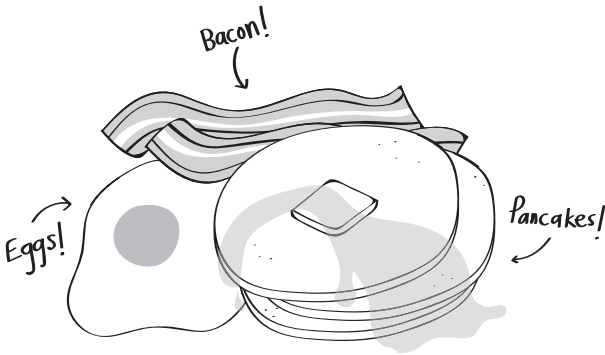
Best Quality: passionate about his work

1 A WIN?

Jake and Kyle were glad. They had won *Clan Castles*. Beaten Nojra. It felt good. Now it was time for breakfast. Their stomachs growled.

“What’s that smell?” Kyle asked.

Eggs! Bacon! Pancakes!



“My parents made breakfast!” Jake smiled.



“Great. I’m starving,” Kyle said.

“Winning *Clan Castles* will do that.”

They walked out of the living room. The boys got closer to the kitchen. The smell was even better.

Looking into the kitchen, the boys’ jaws dropped. Jake’s parents had made a feast. There were plates of eggs. More plates with bacon and sausage. There were banana pancakes. Golden waffles. Even big pitchers of orange juice. Freshly squeezed!

“This is epic,” Jake said.

“Your parents are the best.”

Kyle and Jake grabbed two empty plates. They filled them with food. The boys poured two huge glasses of orange juice. They sat down and ate.

“I can’t believe it. We didn’t hear them making this,” Kyle said. “It’s a feast.”

“Well,” Jake said. “We were busy.”

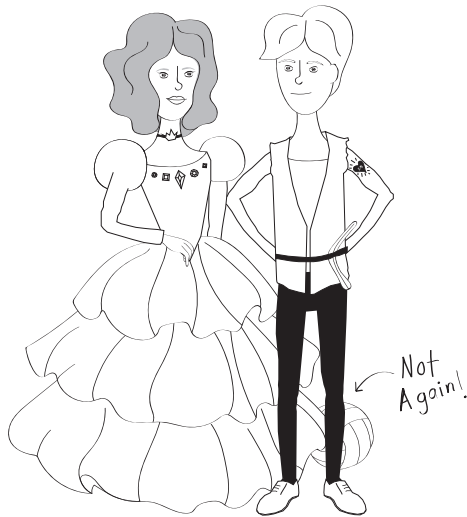


“I’ll say.”

The boys kept eating. Then Jake’s parents came into the kitchen.

They looked odd. Their clothes were strange.

Jake’s mom wore something frilly. Not like her at all. Her dress was big. Fluffy. His dad wore a brown shirt. But it wasn’t a shirt at all. The arms were cut off. He wore tights. Weird! His dad wore a belt too. There was a *swordrang* tucked into it. A combo sword and boomerang.



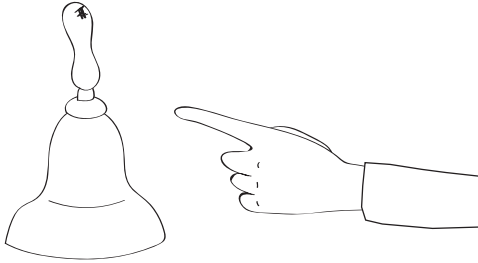
A sworderang? Wait. What?

“Enjoying your feast?” Jake’s mom asked.

“Yeah,” Jake said slowly. “It’s great.”

“It was the least we could do. After what you boys did for the kingdom.” His dad smiled.

“Ring the bell if you need anything,” his mom said. She pointed to a bell. Then they left.



“Jake ...” Kyle chewed a piece of bacon.
“What’s going on?”

“Well—” Jake began.

Boom! Boom!

Jake’s house shook hard. It swayed. Back and forth. Back and forth. The boys took cover. Got under the table. Their food fell to the floor.



“What was that?” Kyle yelled.

“I think it’s a quake,” Jake said. He looked out from underneath the table.

“Quakes don’t blow up! They shake,” Kyle said.

Jake quickly got up. He walked out of the kitchen.

“Where are you going?” Kyle asked. He grabbed more bacon. Then followed after his best friend.

