

HAROLD THE HIGH KNIGHT
AND PRINCESS MEGAN

MICHEAL ANDRISANO

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Foreword

Harold and Megan sat outside of their new house watching the moving men bring in their furniture. Mom was inside directing them to where she wanted things put, as if she were a traffic cop on a busy corner. Both were smiling over hearing mom's third request for placing the couch in a different corner. They also knew that right now they both had a reprieve of sorts, a little time out. Knowing that soon she'll realize that they weren't busy. It had already been a long day for everyone and mom said she didn't want to make it longer than need be. So one of them will have to make the first move to get up and help put away all of the boxes. Right now Harold thought he could outlast his sister.

"Heh Meg," asked Harold, "do you find this house sort of spooky, maybe a little scary?" "No Harold I don't! Quit trying to scare me," Megan said with that look on her face that said keep it up and I will tell mom on you. Harold just smiled. To him everything looked kind of spooky at times. Harold loved watching scary movies and reading scary books so sometimes his imagination got carried away. Turning and looking at Megan he said, "Megan, not to worry. Even if the house is haunted by some old ghost, I'll protect you." A smile and some laughter followed his remark as he stood and stretched his back. Looking up at her brother Megan couldn't help but smile as she said, "Harold you are my High Knight, so I'm not scared. But I will tell mom if you keep trying to scare me." "Ok my princess," said Harold. "Let's go inside the garage and start looking for some of our stuff before mom has us doing something else."

With that both kids stood and walked into their new garage unaware that someone was watching them. Watching very closely as to exactly what they would find sifting through all the boxes that had been unloaded so far.

Chapter 1

A New House

Harold had been on this side of his town before with his dad. They had driven over to visit an old friend of his father's who had just moved into town. Anthony, or Mr. Moriarity had been sent here from Ireland to work for a local drug company. But before Harold could even get to know the family they had already moved to another state. Now as he found himself walking alone on this very street his mood changed as he now felt somewhat saddened. As it just brought back memories of a time he and his father had spent together. Fond memories as they were thought Harold had now become somewhat painful for him.

See Harold's father left him his sister Megan and their mother. No one had any idea as to where he had taken off to or for that matter why. Just then Harold kicked a large stone lying in his path unto the street. Maybe it did scuff up the front of his sneakers but so what. Right now he really didn't care much about that part. For some reason he was now beginning to feel a little blue. Winter was already starting and school was already giving him fits with homework and just too many things to keep up with. Harold knew that if dad were here he would help him find the answers to his many questions, if only he was here.

Just then Harold crossed the street. He wanted to make sure that he walked around Ms. Collins house even if she was his nice new neighbor. This summer when they moved into their new house she visited both mom and Megan often. She had become a constant chatterbox to his sister and mother. But for some reason Harold felt she really didn't like him. Maybe he thought it was because he knew the truth. That just maybe she was a cat lady witch? He read about those kinds of witches. He even had seen them in different scary movies especially those that

gave him his nightmares. Maybe that's why she wouldn't talk to him. Because she knew he was on to her. Or maybe it was just because he never talked to her. But for now he would rather be safe than sorry and safe was walking around her house on the other side of their street. Than crossing a little further down to get home.

Ms. Collins had heard about their dad going missing as did everyone in the town. But that was ok. After all he would always be his dad. Harold was also positive that someday he would come back to him and everything would be forgiven. He just knew it to be true. But Ms. Collins was insistent that she make breads and cookies for the family. While all the time she couldn't help but often remark on how cute Megan was. It was as if she had ideas to recruit Megan for the coven. Her secret coven of cat witches. Harold knew that they all lived quietly in town. All ready to pounce on the first unsuspecting little girl that came their way? Wow thought Harold to himself. He was now even scaring himself thinking like that. Geez all I want to do is get home and have some dinner he thought.

Megan was sitting in her favorite chair watching television and reading. At the same time as she was trying to have a conversation with her mom. But that's Megan her mom thought as she knew what she was doing. "Megan sweetheart, why not turn off the television, close your book and come into the kitchen so we can talk," said mom from the kitchen table. "Dinner will be ready in about ten minutes or so and you can help me set the table, ok" she asked. Sitting so comfortably in her chair on this first cold day she wasn't so sure that she really wanted to get up just then, but mom needed some help. Ever since dad had left mom thought that it hurt the kids more than her. But Megan was adjusting to it a whole lot better than mom it would seem. "Sure mom in a minute, just let me finish this one part of what I'm reading and as soon as the advertisements come on I'll be there ok?" she replied, as she was still curled up in the overstuffed chair with the missing buttons on the back. "Ok Meg I'll wait before I tell you a

nice secret,” mom said as she rose from the kitchen chair. Secret was the word of the day. As Megan quickly turned off the TV and upon closing her book she placed it on the table next to her chair and raced into the kitchen. “Mom—secret what secret, about who and what, when did you find out it was a secret, and is it about someone I know,” asked Meg. Always the one to get excited she just couldn’t help herself sometimes, and she knew it was a fault of hers but that meant nothing compared to finding out about a secret. “Well I was in the food store tonight and guess who I ran into?” she asked, “come on take a guess who,” she prodded her daughter. “Who mom—who, please tell me I can’t guess unless it was Jason Todd maybe and he said that he liked me was that it,” she asked with the biggest grin she could muster. “Who’s this Jason fellow,” mom asked her, “and how old is he and what does he have to do with you young lady?” Mom was now looking down at her daughter as she had moved really close to her so she could pretend that she was inquisitive and slightly annoyed at some young guy professing to like her young daughter. Smiling now mom said, “No it was Mary Lynn, she stopped me and asked if she could help me carry the groceries to the car or walk them to the house.” I started to smile and I asked her if she had a crush on a certain young man whose first name was Harold, and she smiled as wide as an opened watermelon and said yes. But then she said to please don’t say anything to him because she didn’t want him to ignore her at school. Isn’t that just so cute some little girl has a crush on your brother.” Mom finished with the biggest smile on her face. Still looking at Megan mom asked her, “Why aren’t you surprised?” “MOM” Megan said. “That is so old news. She has had a crush on him since they first met in preschool. Only he never openly admits to her or to anyone that he is even aware of it. She has done everything but bite him on his neck to make him hers for life. Uhgg, I can’t think about that. She is nice but my friend Susan has a crush on him as well. As a matter of fact a lot of girls in my class like Harold. But he is to lame to see it. So that’s the secret, yuk, that’s

a terrible secret mom.” Turning away from her mom and now with her smile now vanished Megan left the kitchen. Moving back into the living room and still disappointed in the so called secret Megan turned on the television. Only to now return to the kitchen to help her mom set the table. Just then the door opened up and Harold announces that he is home. Of course in the highest voice he could muster “hello mom”, then in his lowest voice he said, “hi Megan.” “Hi Harold,” was in an almost unison chorus. “Come and help me set the table Harold and I’ll tell you a secret mom just told me.” Megan said to him with a large grin on her face. “Megan stop don’t spread rumors it isn’t fair and it isn’t right,” mom said sternly. Both mom and Megan now turned and looked at Harold who stood there looking at the two of them. It was as if something strange had happened to them while he was at his friend’s house. “Ok so what is this big secret that you two have? I hope it isn’t about something silly. Or that you’re going to tell me that you found out that Ms. Collins is a cat lady witch. Now that would be a secret and it would be one that would make me plead with you mom for us to move.” Mom turned and looked sternly at Harold. “Harold, stop saying that about her. Ms. Collins is a nice thoughtful lady and she cares a lot about your sister and you, she is so sweet.” Now finished gently scolding Harold mom handed Megan the dinner plates to be put out on the table. Taking the plates from her and setting them down into their set place with mom now at the head of the table. With her and Harold now sitting opposite of each other. Megan began to talk once again to Harold, “no mom was telling me that she ran into Mary Lynn today at the food store, and she was asking about you,” said a smiling sister who just wanted to poke some fun at Harold. “I know,” said Harold, “she has been asking about me a lot lately, but I told her and everyone that I am not going to any of the schools dances this year. I can’t be bothered. I have so much homework anymore. With my luck by the years end I’ll still be in the same grade next year.” “Harold do you need help? I can get you a Tudor to help you,” mom said in a

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concerned voice. “No need mom I’m fine really. I just have to start to do some of it at school. But some of my sister’s friends bug me all day sometimes and I can’t find any peace and quiet.” Harold said looking at his sister as if she had a large wart on her nose. “Not true Harold they don’t bother you. Susan may stare at you and follow you but not the others they are just with Susan that’s all.” Then mom spoke up and said, “Ok kids enough before it gets out of hand. Let’s all sit down at the table and I’ll serve and we can say Grace and no more talk about who is bugging who, ok” In almost pure unison once again two voices spoke, “yes, mom.”

Turning now and sitting down at the table mom said, “By the way kids I have talked to Ms. Collins and she agreed that if I’m working late that you both can go over there until I get home. She would love that. “Yeah,” said Harold, “so she can boil me in a soup and make Megan a cat witch.” Shaking her head mom began to laugh and it seemed to become infectious as now both Megan and Harold began to laugh as well. They were laughing at knowing that Harold loved his scary movies and everyone seemed to fit into one of the plots.