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Opening extract from
Wendy Quill is Full Up of Wrong

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Illustrated by
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Published by
Oxford University Press

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OXFORD

UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
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First published 2014

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British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN 978-0-19-279467-3

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin

DEDICATION



DISCLAIMER

This book is dedicated
to my four AMAZING children—
who make me feel all

FULL UP OF RIGHT.

Signed
(writer)

Wendy Meddour

I'd like to dedicate my drawings to the Beddoer
family because they are awesome.

Signed
(illustrator)

Mina May

ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

The above-signed would also like to say a HUGE thank
you to Jasmine Richards and Ciara Whitston (brilliant
editors), Karen Stewart (brilliant designer), and Penny
Hokoyde (brilliant agent)—who loved Wendy Gull as
much as they did and helped them bring her to life!



Most of us have probably slightly squashed someone. Even if we didn't know we did. Especially if we were out on our bikes and looking completely the wrong way (you know, sort of dreaming about sugar mice and things). But it doesn't always end in

A very dreamy sugar mouse





WENDY QUIL IS FULL UP OF WRING

DISASTER and the police don't actually always come. In fact, *sometimes*, slightly squashing someone by accident has a



Like the time I squashed a lady down the shops. I'd just been given a brand-new, second-hand red bike (to go with my not-quite-so-new red watch)—and was cycling to the shops for the FIRST TIME EVER, absolutely all on my own.

This is my favourite 'not-quite-so-new' red watch



Swooshing
professionally
to the left

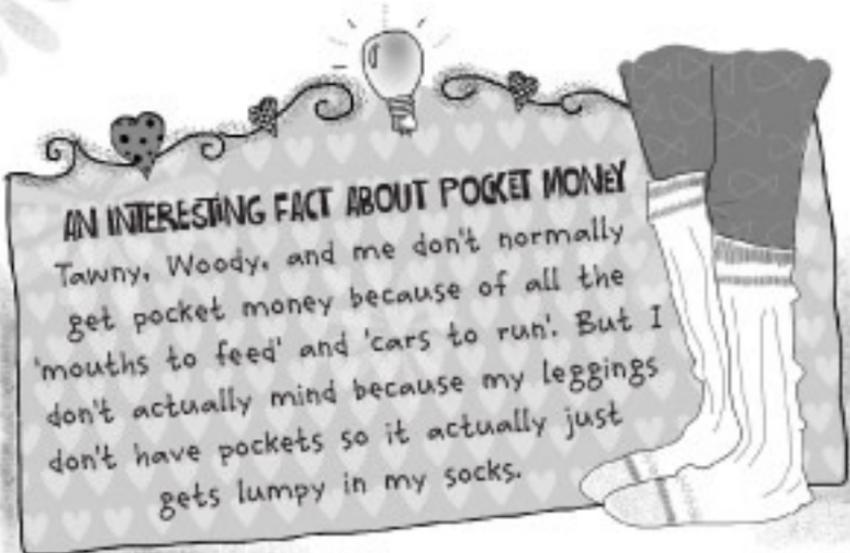


Swooshing
professionally
to the right



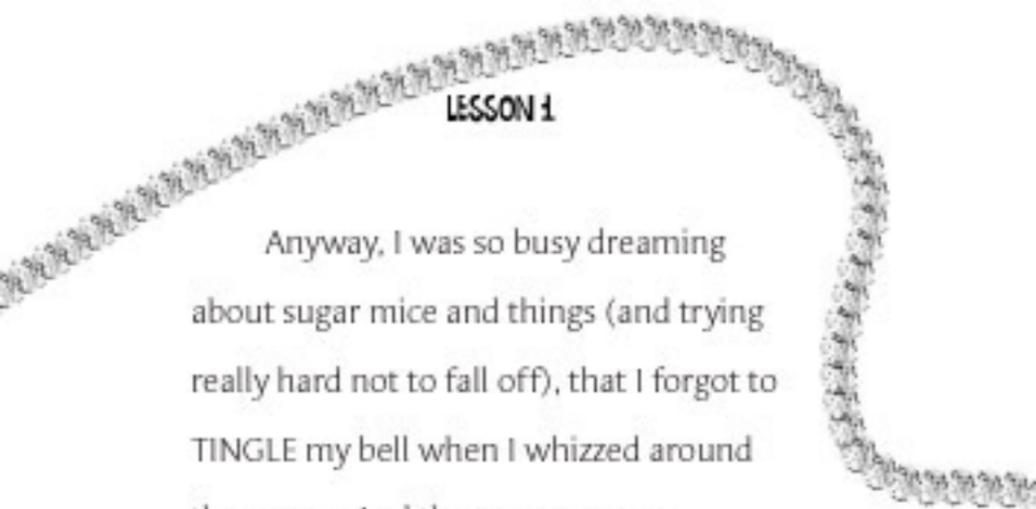
WENDY QUIL IS FULL UP OF WIRING

(The shops are much further than the brook and you have to go across two zooming roads.) That's why my tummy was all fluttery and I was feeling a little bit sick (but in a happy way). Dad had even given me some pocket money to buy some sweets because I'd spotted some rare birds.



AN INTERESTING FACT ABOUT POCKET MONEY

Tawny, Woody, and me don't normally get pocket money because of all the 'mouths to feed' and 'cars to run'. But I don't actually mind because my leggings don't have pockets so it actually just gets lumpy in my socks.



LESSON 1

Anyway, I was so busy dreaming about sugar mice and things (and trying really hard not to fall off), that I forgot to TINGLE my bell when I whizzed around the corner. And the corner was

actually very sharp:





CRASH!

KERPLUNK!

WHIRRRRR

'Ouch!'

I said, completely out loud (because that's what you say when corners hurt).



Look! My handle bars have even gone twisty!

LESSON 1

'Good heavens! What on earth . . . well, blow me down!' said a voice (because that's what you say when you get squashed). I looked up from my twisty handlebars. There was a walking-stick rolling on the pavement and someone else's legs all on the floor! I didn't know really who it was, though, because all I could see was a raincoat.

*A completely
mysterious
slightly-
squashed
person*

RR! CLUNK!





WENDY QUILL IS FULL UP OF WIPING

'I'm ever so sorry,' I said to the raincoat. 'I hope that your legs are not hurt?'

'You really should be more careful, my dear,' said the raincoat. 'In fact, I'm not sure someone your age should be allowed down the shops on your own.'

Something inside me gasped! Not allowed down the shops! On my own! But this was my very first time! Oh no! What if Mum and Dad found out? Or even Miss Pinch? Or maybe a policeman with a hat!!! They might stop me taking Bathilda Brown down the brook ALL BY MYSELF and that would be like a nightmare!!! Without actually thinking (or maybe because I was



**NOOOOO ...
you have to take
me for walks!**