Helping your children choose books they will love

I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

All Sorts to Make a World

Written by

John Agard

Illustrated by

Michael Broad

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

For Marcus, Kalera, Lesley and Yansan –
grandson and daughters posse

First published in 2014 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2014 John Agard
Illustrations © 2014 Michael Broad

This story was first published in a different form in
Ip Dip Sky Blue (Collins, 1990)

The moral right of John Agard and Michael Broad to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the written permission of the publisher

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

ISBN: 978-1-78112-370-6

Printed in China by Leo

Contents

1 Inner City Stress 1

2 The Tube 10

3 Stuck 19

4 Say Something in Yellow 23

5 Bananas in Space 29

6 A Jumbie Story 35

7 Sharing Secrets 46



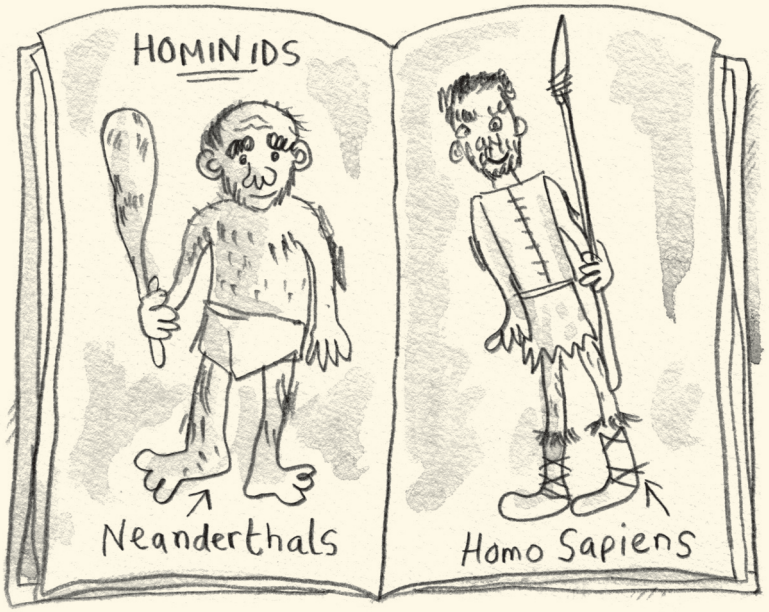
Chapter 1
Inner City Stress

It was one of those grey, wet London days, when you feel you could disappear into your coat or anorak, and a girl named Shona was travelling with her dad on the Underground.

Shona and her dad were on their way home from the Natural History Museum where they had been to see the displays on evolution.

It was Shona's half-term holiday, but her dad called their day out "an educational outing". It would help Shona with her school project on how the human race evolved.

Shona had had more fun with the flying dinosaurs than the ancestors of humankind, but she'd written down words like "Hominids" and "Neanderthals" and "Homo Sapiens" in her new little notebook.



Shona felt the Neanderthals looked too serious for her liking. But perhaps it was a serious business to be a hunter-gatherer. The face of one of the Neanderthals reminded Shona of her headmaster, but she wouldn't write that in her project.

Shona loved the 3D animated image of Lucy, a female fossil-skeleton who had been discovered in Ethiopia. As they stood before her, Shona's dad smiled. "Lucy is one of us," he said. "The human race is her extended family. Come to think of it, she reminds me of someone we both know. Your granny."

Shona wasn't sure how her granny would take that, but she loved Lucy's wise, dreamy face that seemed to contain all the human story. Shona felt as if Lucy's skeleton was peering into the heart of modern folks from across a distance of more than three million years.

"But," Shona asked her dad, "why was she called Lucy? Like my best friend at school," she added. "If Lucy was discovered in Africa, then how come she doesn't have an African name?"

Shona's dad said that the team who found Lucy were celebrating back in their camp, and it just so happened that the Beatles song "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" was playing on the radio at that very moment.

So, in her notebook, Shona wrote that Lucy in the earth was named after Lucy in the sky. And next to the word "Beatles", she wrote the word "bi-pedal" to remind her that Lucy walked on two legs.

Shona's dad was impressed and told her some more facts for her notebook. "The Beatles didn't have the last word when it came to Lucy's name," he said. "In her homeland of

Ethiopia, where her skeleton rests now, she is called Dinknesh."

"Dinknesh," said Shona. "That's beautiful."



"Yes," said her dad, "and its meaning is beautiful too – it means Amazing One."

Shona and her dad were so busy chatting that, when they reached the Underground station, they went to the wrong platform and found themselves on the Victoria line.

"Never mind, we can change at Green Park for the Piccadilly line," her dad said.

On the Underground, nobody else seemed to be in a talking or smiling mood, so Shona whispered to her dad, "Why is everybody so serious?"

Shona didn't know how to whisper easy. She whispered so loud that a man in a grey pinstripe suit and red braces looked up from his pink newspaper.

"Must be all the stress and the cold," her dad said.

"What stress?" Shona asked.



"Stress," her dad said. "Inner city stress."

Shona saw her dad smile as he said "inner city stress", and she could tell from the look behind the silver frames of his specs that he must be making up some story in his head.

Shona's dad was always telling her stories. Whenever Shona had trouble falling asleep, he'd get her to count the beads in her hair. Beads like smiling seeds all over her plaited hair. "Better than counting sheep," he told her.

Then he'd say, "Sleep tight, Shining Beads Girl."

Shona liked to think of Shining Beads Girl as her secret name. Wouldn't it be great if everybody in the world had a secret name?

Like a password nobody could guess.

'Even our ancestors,' Shona thought, 'have their secret names.' She thought of how her granny shared a wise, dreamy face with Dinknesh-Lucy. Perhaps her granny's secret name might be something like Dreamy Wise Eye.

But right now, Shining Beads Girl was counting how many more stops they had left to get to Wood Green, which was a long way along the Piccadilly line. They had just passed Green Park, so there were at least another nine stops to go, and Shona wished something interesting would happen to brighten up the journey.