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Opening extract from

Sixteen String Jack & the Garden of Adventure

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Published by

Birlinn Ltd

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SIXTEEN STRING JACK
and the
Garden of Adventure

Tom Pow

Illustrated by Ian Andrew

The stories Grandmother Maggie told concerned two brothers who lived in the house and a boy who arrived at their school one day. The brothers were Stewart and Hal, and the new boy was called Jamie. Almost immediately, the three of them became firm friends.

'My name is Dare Devil Dick,' announced Stewart to Jamie. 'And I'm going to call you Sixteen String Jack.'

'Sixteen String Jack, I like the sound of that,' said Jamie. 'It's a powerful name.'

'Yes it is, my *bucko*,' said Dare Devil Dick. 'It's the name of a fearless rascal.' Then, more quietly, he told Sixteen String Jack, 'By the way, my brother, Hal, knows everybody in this town with a peg-leg. Retired pirates, that's what they are.'

'The only retired pirates are *dead* pirates,' said Sixteen String Jack. 'They must be ghosts!'

Dare Devil Dick liked the sound of that.




COFFEE HO
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The greatest adventures the boys had took place in the garden of the Big House.

Honour was at stake when pirate took on pirate. *Pirate's honour*, of course. The enemy tried to drive the boys down towards the crocodile-infested river. They fought back fearlessly. But look! – Dare Devil Dick has tripped on a tree root, his sword has gone flying though the air. The black-hearted pirates and the Indians – where did that lot come from? – are rushing towards him. They are armed to the teeth! The game is surely up for Dare Devil Dick.







But, wait! Sixteen String Jack has seen the danger he is in and turned to face the enemy. He is *hopelessly* outnumbered, but still – can you believe it? – he is laughing.





After many years, Jamie returned to the town where he had gone to school. There is a photograph of him surrounded by pupils dressed as fairies. He never grew much taller, so the fairies are not much smaller than he is.

He gave a talk that day. He said being a boy in the town had been a very happy time for him. And he said that it was playing in the Gordons' garden that, in time, gave birth to Peter Pan.

'*Peter Pan*, Daisy,' says Grannie. 'Think of all the children who have heard of him and of the adventures he has had.'

