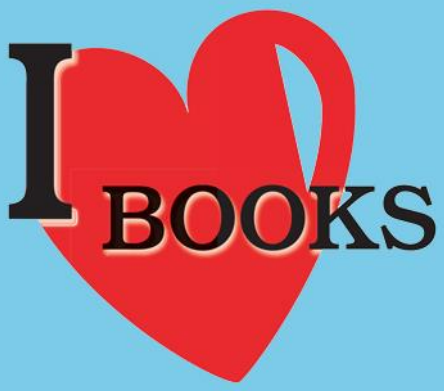


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Opening extract from

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Printed in China by Leo

This book is super readable for young readers beginning their independent reading journey.



Monday's child is fair of face,

Tuesday's child is full of grace,

Wednesday's child is full of woe,

Thursday's child has far to go,

Friday's child is loving and giving,

Saturday's child works hard for a living,

But the child who is born on the Sabbath Day

Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.



CHAPTER 1
Monday

Fair of Face

It's Monday morning and we're late for school. Mum is in a hurry. Her jumper is on inside out. She hasn't brushed her hair. My big brother is sick and Mum wants to get back home to him. She pulls me along by my hand.



"Ella, come on now," she says. "We haven't got all day."

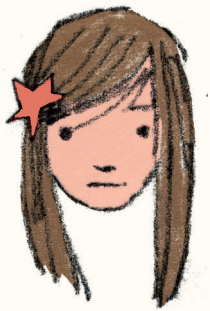
She isn't listening to me.

"Mum," I say. "Mum!" I say it again. "What day was I born on?"

We're at the school gate now. The playground is empty. Everyone else has already gone in. Mum stops and looks at me.

"Oh, Ella, I don't know," she says. "What sort of a silly question is that?"

"It's not a silly question," I tell her. "It's a poem. Mr Holly read it to us. Monday's child is fair of face. Tuesday's child is – is …"



I can't remember what comes next. But when you were born is important. If you know what day it was, then the poem tells you what kind of person you are.

I'm angry with Mum now.

"You don't even remember when I was born!" I say.

Mum sighs and crouches down beside me, so she can look me in the eye.

"Of course I remember when you were born," she says. "It was 3 o'clock in the morning. I was so tired. But I couldn't stop looking at you. You were the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen."

I'm not angry any more. I lean against her and put my arms round her neck. She hugs me.

"Your jumper's on inside out," I say, into her neck.

She pulls away and looks at me. Then she sighs again.

"So's yours," she says.

