

First published in 2019 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2019 Jonathan Meres
Illustrations © 2019 Hannah Coulson

The moral right of Jonathan Meres and Hannah Coulson 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: 978-1-78112-869-5

Printed in China by Leo

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

JONATHAN MERES

Special Delivery



With illustrations by
Hannah Coulson

Barrington Stoke

To Charlie, Cara and Lucy



CONTENTS

1	Toast	1
2	On Your Marks!	17
3	Beware of the Donkey	25
4	"Howdy, Pardners"	32
5	Circles	49
6	"Yee-haw!"	71
7	An Extra-Special Delivery	82



Chapter 1
Toast

It was breakfast time. Frank had just taken a bite of toast. But before he took another, there was something he needed to say.

"Mum?"

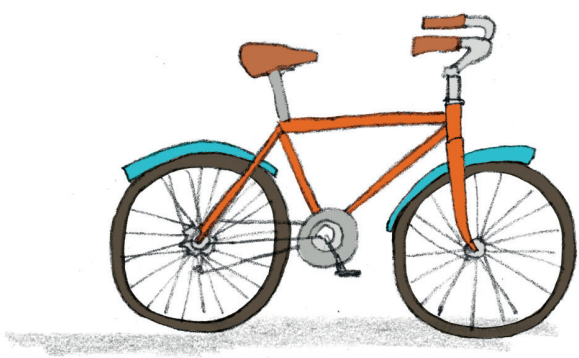
"Yes, love?" said Frank's mum.

"I want a new bike."

Frank's mum looked up from her iPad. "Really?" she said.

Frank nodded.

"What's wrong with the one you've got?" his mum asked.



"It's too small," said Frank.

Frank's mum frowned.

"Can't you just raise the seat up a bit?" she said.

Frank thought for a moment. His mum was right. He could just raise the seat up a bit. But he didn't want to. What he wanted was a new bike. Why did grown-ups always have to be so boring? It wasn't fair.

"Well?" said Frank's mum. "Can't you?"

"Yes, I can," Frank said. "But I've had my bike for about seventy-eight years!"

Someone laughed. Frank turned around. His sister, Lottie, was standing in the doorway. She was back from doing her paper round.

"What's so funny?" said Frank.

“You’re only nine,” replied Lottie.



"So?" said Frank.

"So, how can you have had your bike for seventy-eight years?" said Lottie.

Frank sighed. It wasn't only grown-ups who were boring. Big sisters could be boring, too.

"Your brother wants a new one," Frank's mum said.

Lottie sat down.

"You do know bikes cost a lot of money, don't you?" Frank's mum said.

"Course I do," Frank replied.

"And you know that money doesn't grow on trees?"



"Course I know that," Frank said. "That's just what people say."

"Is it your birthday soon?" said Frank's mum.

Frank shook his head. What a strange question. Had his mum forgotten when his birthday was?



"Is Christmas just around the corner?"

Frank shook his head again. Christmas wasn't just around the corner. Didn't his mum know anything?

"In that case," said Frank's mum, "we have a problem, don't we?"

"Unless ..." began Lottie.

"Unless what?" Frank said.

"Well, it's just an idea," Lottie said. "But you could help me do my paper round."

Frank didn't understand.

"Why would I do that?" he said.

"So that I could pay you, silly!" said Lottie.

"Pay me?" Frank said.

"It wouldn't be much," said Lottie. "But it would be a start."

"That's very kind of you, Lottie," said Frank's mum. "Isn't it, Frank?"

"Yes, but ..." Frank began.

"But what?" said his mum.

"It will take at least a thousand years to save up enough for a bike!"

Lottie laughed.

"Perhaps you wouldn't have to save up *all* the money," said Frank's mum.

Frank frowned.

"What do you mean, Mum?" he said.

"I mean, let's wait and see what happens," said Frank's mum.



"Well?" said Lottie.

"I'll do it," said Frank.

"Great," said Lottie. "I'll wake you at six."

"What?" Frank said. "Six o'clock? In the morning?"

"Of course!" Lottie laughed. "Do you want a new bike or not?"

Frank wanted a new bike more than he'd ever wanted anything before. And if that meant getting up at six o'clock the next morning, then that's what he'd have to do.

"Well?" said Lottie.

"See you at six," said Frank.

"Excellent!" said his mum. "Now eat that toast before it gets cold!"

