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

# Zombie

written by

## Tommy Donbavand

published by

**Barrington Stoke Ltd**

**All Text is Copyright © of the Author / Illustrator**

please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

## Chapter 1

## It Started With A Scream

My grandad died when I was nine.

He always picked me up from school on Fridays because that’s the day my mum works late. Every week we’d buy ice-creams and eat them on the way home. Then we'd rent a movie and watch it and eat popcorn until mum got home. Then one Friday, Mum met me at the school gates, not Grandad. She looked very sad, and she said that Grandad had died of a heart attack at lunch-time. His funeral was a week later. I miss him.

I've always visited his grave. I like doing that. Some of the kids at school say the grave-yard is spooky,

but to me it's just a nice place I can come to and visit my grandad. I talk to him in his grave. I know it's just a gravestone with his name on it, but I like telling him what I've been doing. At first I felt a bit silly when I talked to a lump of stone, but now it feels fine – almost like when he was here.

My name is Nathan. My sister’s Olivia. She was only a baby when Grandad died. She doesn't remember him at all. Sometimes I take her to the grave-yard with me. I try to make her say hello and talk, but she always skips off to look at the flowers people have put on the other graves. She can be really girly sometimes. I don’t mind. When she's gone, I can say things to Grandad that I don't want her to hear. Like what my best friend, Simon, gets up to.

"He nicked Emma Peel's bag at break time and wrote on her pencil case that she loves Chris Jones!" I said. "She went mad when she got her pencil case out in maths and everyone saw it."
I brushed a few dead leaves off the gravestone as I talked. It was the middle of October and it was starting to get dark early. I knew I'd have to get Olivia home soon or my mum would go on at me for keeping her out late.

"Emma started shouting at Simon right in the middle of class!" I said. Thinking about what happened made me grin. "Mr Parker made her tell why she was so upset. Then he sent Simon out of the class-room but he was smiling about it too. I think the only person who didn’t think it was funny was…"

SCREAM!

I jumped when I heard the noise. The scream had come from far away. Maybe it was kids playing on the estate. The scream gave me a fright but I was glad it stopped me talking. It was getting very dark. We needed to get home quickly.

"Olivia!" I shouted. “We have to get going!" Normally Olivia played at the top of the grave-yard where there were some big trees and a rose bed. I looked for there but I couldn’t see her.

I began to panic. Where was she? My little sister can be a pain when she comes into my room and touches my stuff, but I didn't want anything bad to

happen to her. And what’s more, mum would kill me if I lost her.

SCREAM!

That scream wasn't from the estate. It came from the old part of the grave-yard. I always told Olivia not to go over there because the ground was bumpy. She could fall and hurt herself. Is that what had happened? I asked myself.

I ran across the grave-yard, to and fro between the gravestones. What colour was Olivia’s dress? Everything looked grey as it got darker but I knew I’d see something that was pink or yellow. There was nothing.

I scrambled round the big oak tree and then I saw

her. She was standing near a huge grave in the shape of an angel and looking hard at the ground. I raced across to her.

"Where have you been?" I asked. "I've told you not to come to this bit of the grave-yard!"

My sister was shaking. Her eyes were big and wide and she pointed at something in the mud. "It's a leg!" she croaked.

I peered down at the ground. It was hard to see anything at all. "Don't be stupid!" I said. "That's just an old bit of wood. Now come on!"

As I dragged her away from the angel, a hand burst out of the ground and grabbed my ankle. This time

we both screamed!