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opening extract from

Marvin Redpost: Class President

written by

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published by

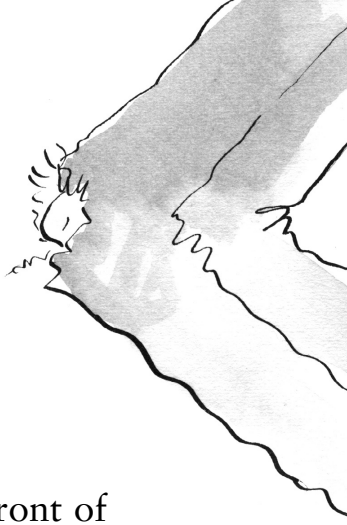
Bloomsbury Publishing

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There was a red post out in front of Marvin Redpost's house. The rest of the fence was white. Marvin tapped the post for luck as he walked through the gate on his way to school.

He wore a pair of blue jeans with a hole over each knee. It was "hole day" at school.

Every day had been special this week. Monday, he had to wear socks that didn't match. Tuesday, everyone wore T-shirts that came from a vacation. Wednesday, yesterday, had been hat day. And today,

everyone had to wear clothes with holes.

His two best friends, Nick and Stuart, were waiting for him at the corner.

"Do you think Mrs. North will wear clothes with holes?" asked Stuart.

"Sure, why not?" asked Marvin.

"No way!" said Nick. "I'll bet you a million dollars!"

Nick had also said there was "no way!" Mrs. North would wear mismatched socks.





He had also said there was “no way!” she would let the kids wear hats in class.

So far, he owed Marvin two million dollars.

Nick was wearing a T-shirt that had a large hole under his right armpit. It had been torn in a fight.



"She probably doesn't even own any clothes with holes," Nick said. "How could a teacher get holes in her clothes?"

"Moths," said Marvin. "She might have a wool sweater. Moths eat wool."

"Actually, moths don't really eat wool," Stuart pointed out. "Everybody thinks that, but really, it's the caterpillars that eat the wool."

Stuart was wearing a T-shirt that also had a large hole under the right armpit. It had also been torn in a fight.

It was the same fight.

Nick and Stuart had fought each other. But now they were friends.

"You want to come over after school today?" Nick asked.

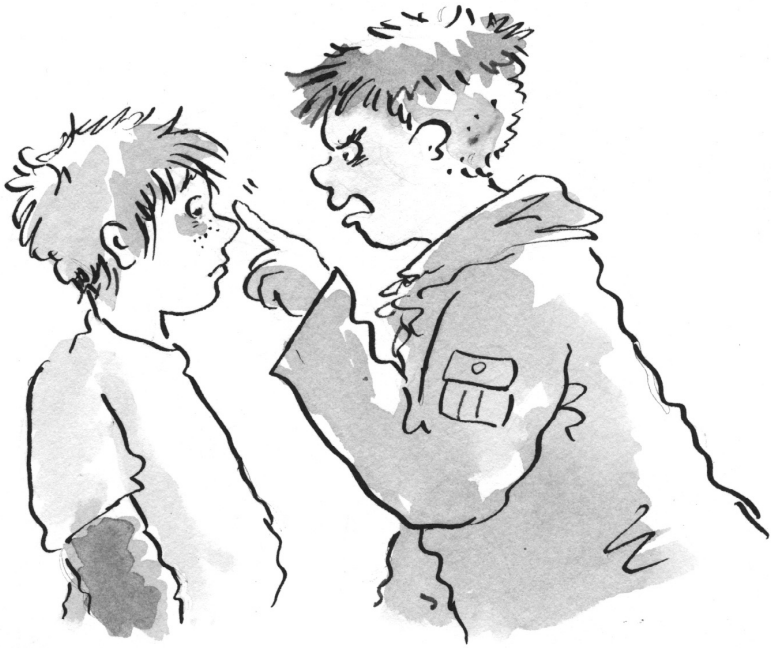
"Okay," said Stuart.

"I can't," said Marvin. "My mom is

taking me to the shoe store. I'm going to my cousin's bar mitzvah on Saturday."

When they got to school, everybody they saw had holes in their clothes. Travis wore a shirt that was more hole than it was shirt. Clarence had a hole in his sneaker and his sock, so his big toe stuck all the way through.





"You should clip your toenail," said Marvin.

"You should clip your mouth!" said Clarence.

That didn't really make sense, but Marvin got the point. Clarence was the toughest kid in his class.

The bell rang, and everybody lined up and went inside.

Mrs. North was waiting in the classroom. She had a large hole in her shirt, over her stomach.

Marvin stopped and stared. He could see Mrs. North's belly button.

Nick now owed him three million dollars.

