Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

opening extract from

Marvin Redpost: Super Fast, Out of Control !

written by

Louis Sachar

published by

Bloomsbury Publishing

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

please print off and read at your leisure.



1
Saturday



Marvin and his friends were hanging out in his backyard.

"What do you want to do?" asked Stuart.

"I dunno," said Marvin.

"It's not fair that your mom won't let us watch TV," griped Nick. "What's so special about fresh air?"

"Let's play unicorns," said Linzy. Linzy was Marvin's five-year-old sister.

"We're not playing unicorns," Marvin grumbled.

"So what do you want to do?" asked Stuart.

"I dunno," said Marvin.

"What about a video game?" asked Nick. "Does that count as TV?"

"I'm the gold unicorn," said Linzy. "Marvin's the rainbow unicorn. Nick, you can be the blue unicorn. Stuart will be the pink unicorn."



"I don't want to be pink," said Stuart. "Why can't I be the gold unicorn?"

"You can't start out being gold," Linzy explained. "First you have to do some good magic. Then the unicorn fairy will turn you into gold."

"We're not playing unicorns," said Marvin.





"How did *you* get to be gold?" asked Stuart.

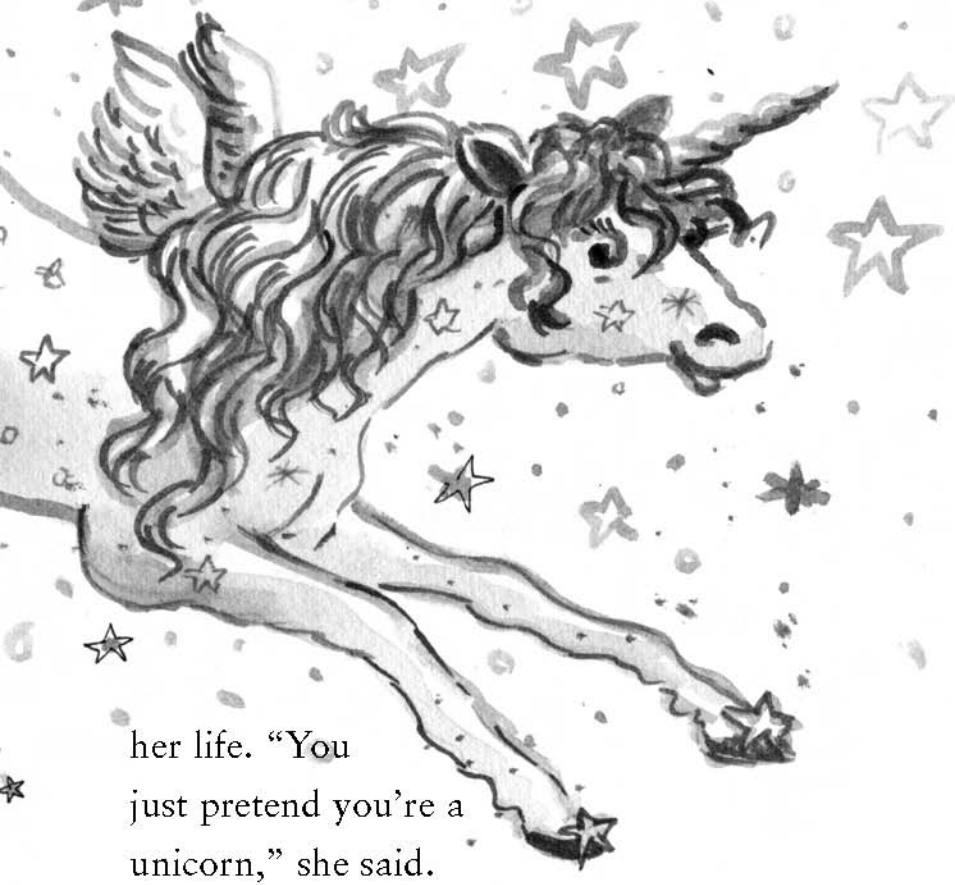
"The unicorn fairy made me gold," said Linzy, "because I used my magic to save the princess."

"We're not playing unicorns," said Marvin.

"How do you play?" asked Nick.

Linzy stared at Nick. She had never heard such a dumb question in all





her life. "You just pretend you're a unicorn," she said.

"How?" asked Stuart.

Linzy sighed. She couldn't believe Marvin had such stupid friends.

"Just pretend you're a magical horse with a horn in your head, like this."

She pranced around the yard, flapping

her arms, and sang, "*I'm a unicorn. Yes, I am. I'm a gold unicorn. Yes, I am. Oh, I'm a gold unicorn. Yes, I am.*"

Linzy stopped prancing and flapping. "Your turn, Marvin," she said.

"I don't want to," said Marvin.



"You have to. It's the rules," said Linzy. "Except when I did it, I was gold. You have to be rainbow."

"Just get out of here, Linzy!" snapped Marvin. "Can't you see we're busy! You're such a stupid pest."

Linzy stared hard at Marvin. He was afraid she was going to cry.

"I'm telling the unicorn fairy on you!" she shouted, then stormed into the house. She slammed the door behind her.

Marvin sighed.

"So what do you want to do?" asked Stuart.

"I dunno," said Marvin.

"It's unfair your mom won't let us watch TV," said Nick. "What's wrong with her?"

Marvin shrugged.

"We could ride bikes," suggested Stuart.

Marvin got an uneasy feeling in his stomach. "There's nowhere to go," he said.

"Hey, didn't you get a new mountain bike?" asked Nick.

Marvin felt sick.

"That's right!" said Stuart. "How come you haven't shown it to us?"

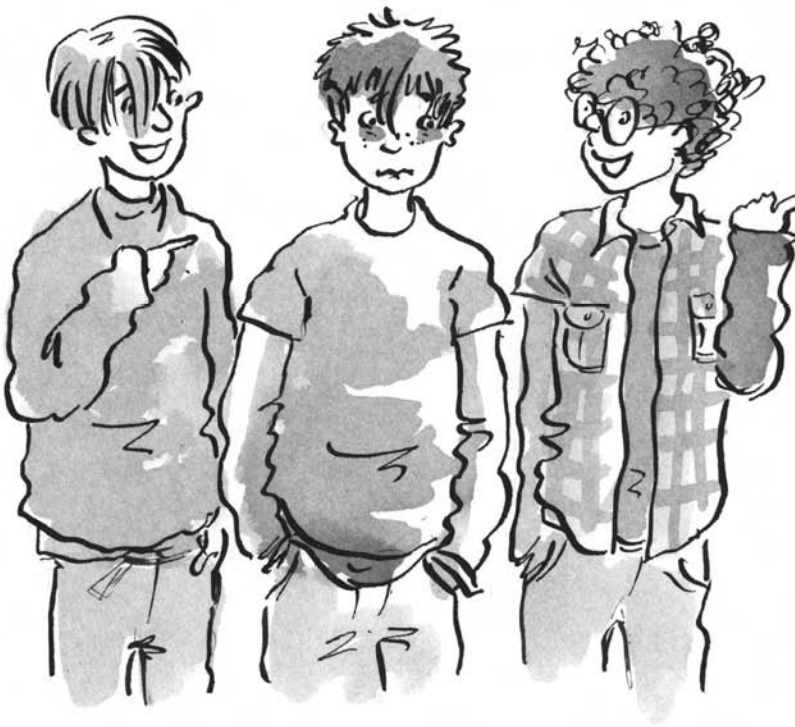
Marvin shrugged. "It's just a bike."

"I know!" said Nick. "Let's ride our bikes down Suicide Hill!"

Just hearing those words made Marvin feel like he was falling down a very steep cliff.

Let's ride our bikes down SUICIDE HILL !!!!!!!

"I'll go home and get my bike," said



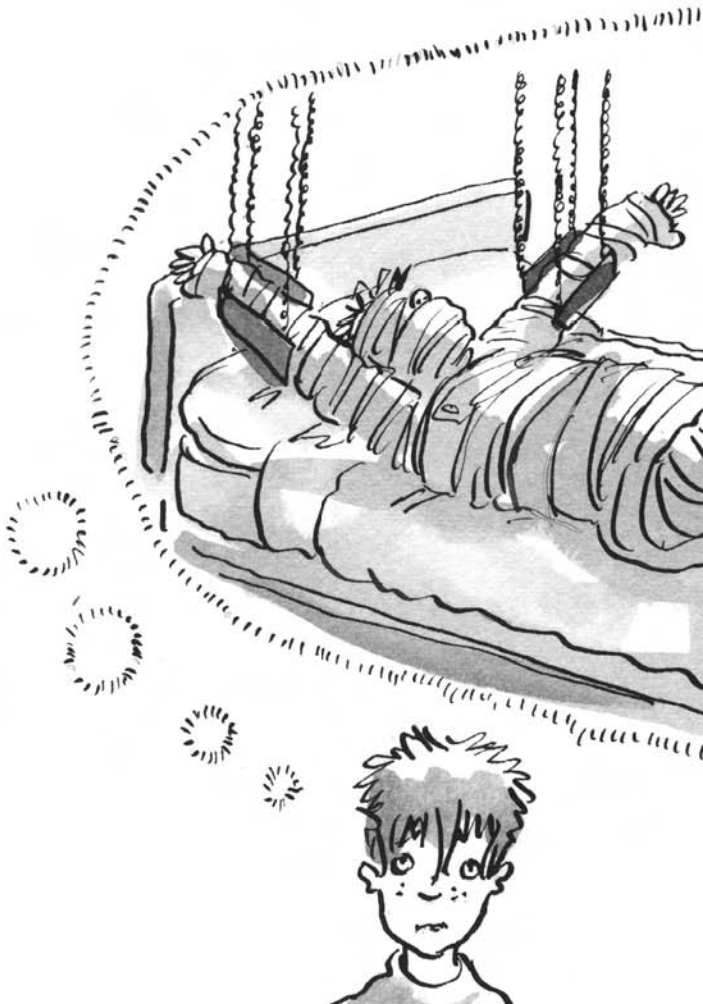
Stuart. Marvin couldn't believe it. Nick was a daredevil, but he thought Stuart was smarter than that.

"I'll bring my stopwatch," said Nick. "Maybe we can break the record."

"Cool," said Stuart.

Marvin didn't care about breaking records. He was more worried about breaking bones.

Linzy returned to the back door. Marvin was glad to see her. He thought it



might be fun to play unicorns after all.

"Mom wants to see you," Linzy said.

As Marvin walked into the house, Linzy said, "You're in big trouble now, mister."



They walked to their mother's office.

Marvin's mother was sitting at her desk, in front of the computer. She worked as an accountant. She helped people figure their taxes. She normally didn't work on Saturdays, but it was getting close to April 15, so she had been very busy lately.

"Did you yell at your sister?" she asked Marvin.





"Kind of," he admitted.

"You need to tell her you're sorry," said his mother.

Marvin turned to Linzy. She was wearing her sad and pitiful face.

He got an idea. "Why should I?" he asked boldly.

"I beg your pardon?" said his mother.

"Linzy is a pest," Marvin said.

"Marvin!" exclaimed his mother.

"Now he owes me two sorry's!" said Linzy.

"You're the one who should be sorry," said Marvin. "For being so stupid!"

Marvin's mother looked at him for a long moment. She didn't yell at him. She



simply said, "You need to tell Nick and Stuart it's time for them to go home. Then you will spend the rest of the afternoon in your room."

Marvin pushed his luck. "That's not fair!" he exclaimed. "We were going to ride our bikes down Suicide Hill!"

"You won't be riding your bike for a week," said his mother.

Marvin went back outside and told his friends the bad news.

"Why? What did you do?" asked Stuart.

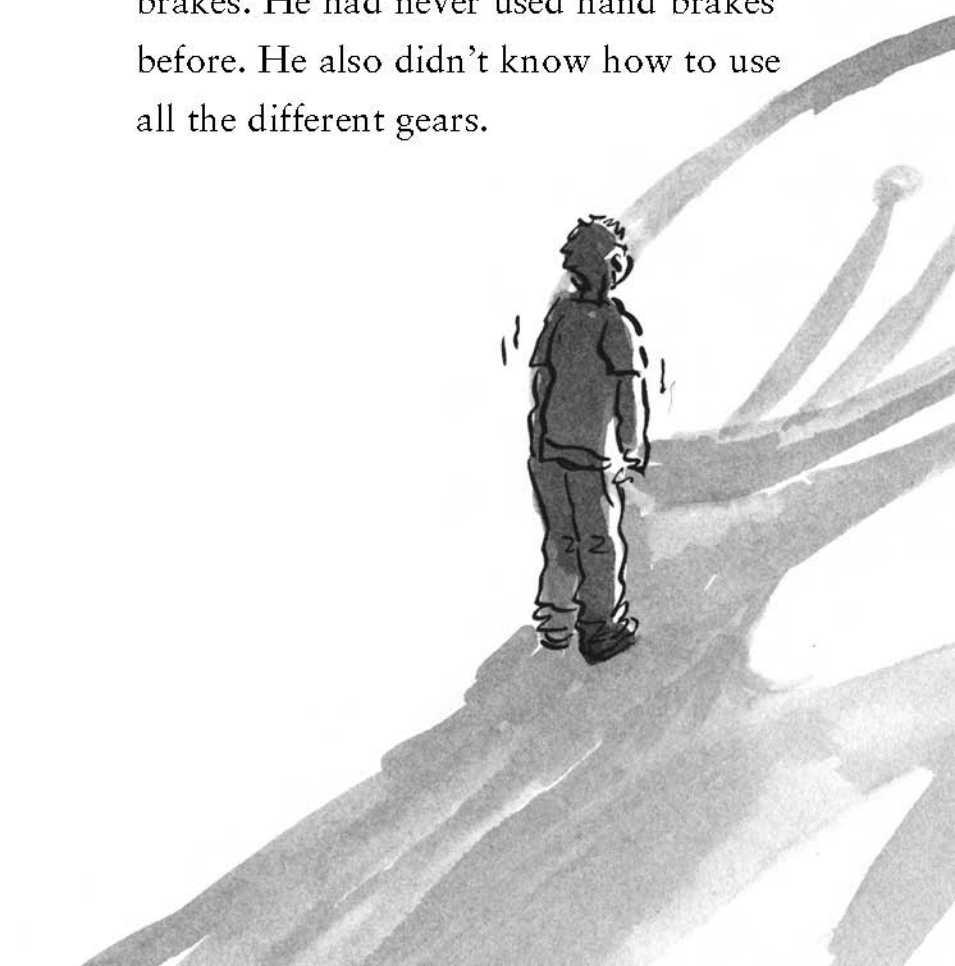
"Nothing," said Marvin. "My mom's just in a bad mood."

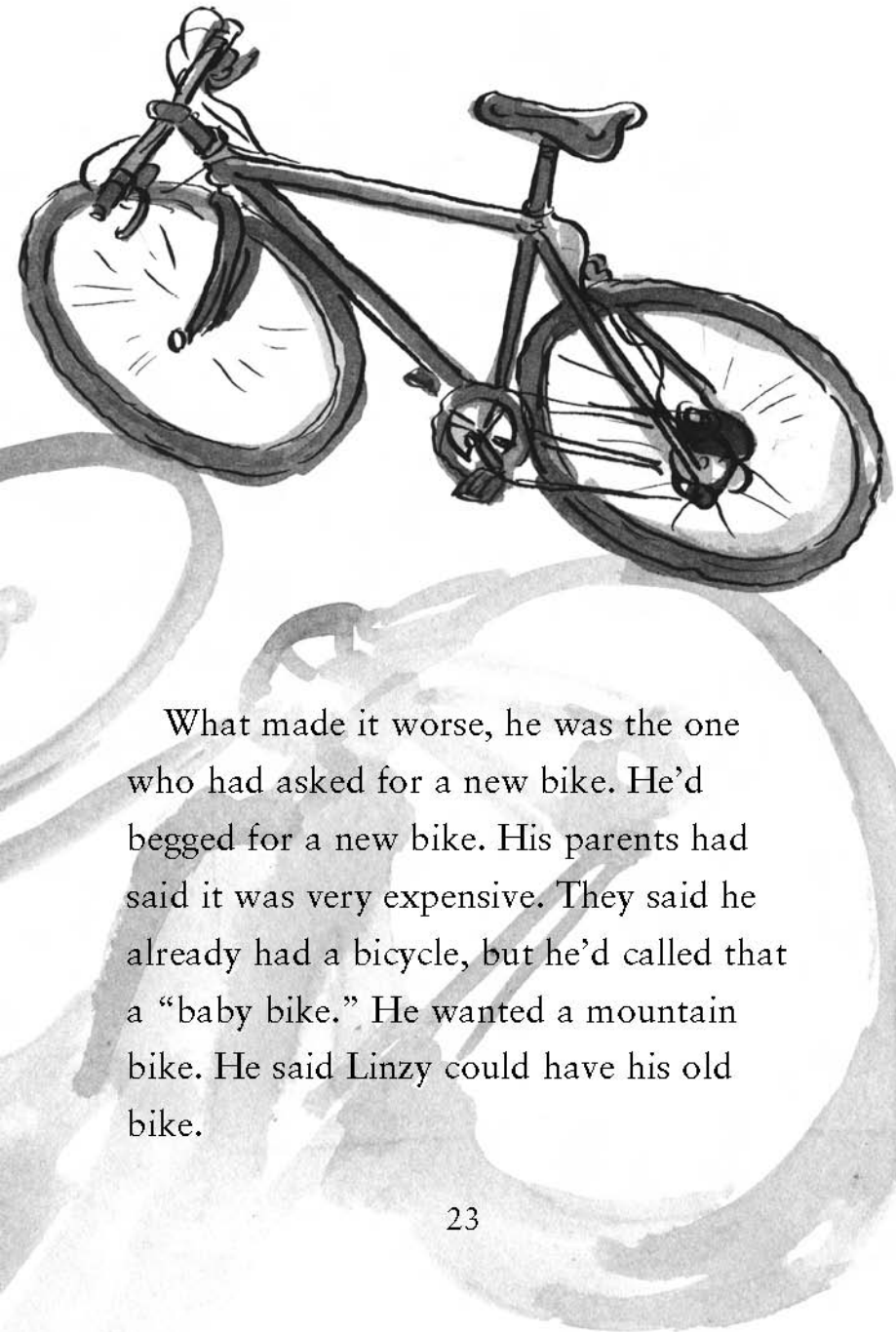
He told them good-bye, then went up to his room. He felt awful. He was glad he wouldn't have to ride down Suicide

Hill, but he felt bad for calling Linzy a stupid pest. More than that, he felt terrible for being so afraid.

He wasn't just afraid of Suicide Hill. He was afraid to ride his new bike.

It seemed so big. And it had hand brakes. He had never used hand brakes before. He also didn't know how to use all the different gears.





What made it worse, he was the one who had asked for a new bike. He'd begged for a new bike. His parents had said it was very expensive. They said he already had a bicycle, but he'd called that a "baby bike." He wanted a mountain bike. He said Linzy could have his old bike.

And in the end, they bought it for him.

That was ten days ago, and he still hadn't ridden it. Just thinking about it made him sick to his stomach.

At least he wouldn't have to ride it for a week. He wished he still had his baby bike.

