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Opening extract from

Yuck's Crazy Christmas

Written by

Matt and Dave

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YUCK'S CRAZY CHRISTMAS



Yuck unwrapped the golden foil from a chocolate coin. He popped the chocolate into his mouth and felt it melt over his tongue. Mmmm, I love chocolate! All morning, Yuck had done nothing but eat chocolate coins, one after the other, and golden foil wrappers lay strewn all over his bed.

Suddenly, Yuck's bedroom door burst open and his sister Polly Princess walked in. "Yuck, Mum says it's time to write our letters to Father Christmas," she said.

"Polly, can't you see I'm busy?" Yuck replied, unwrapping another chocolate coin.



"Hey, you're not allowed to eat those now!" Polly said. "Those chocolate coins are for putting around the Christmas tree."

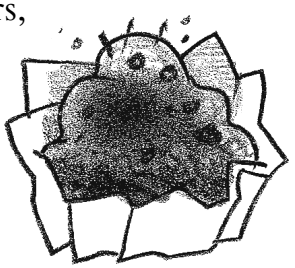
"But they're yummy," Yuck said, smiling. He popped the chocolate coin into his mouth then licked his lips.

"I'm telling," Polly said, and she stormed back downstairs.

A moment later, Yuck heard Mum call from the kitchen, "Yuck, get down here at once!"



Quickly, Yuck gathered together the empty wrappers from the chocolate coins. Then, from his wardrobe, he fetched a plastic bag containing his scabs collection – it was full of scabs he'd picked and kept all year. He refilled the wrappers, placing a big crusty scab into each, then took them downstairs to the kitchen. "Is something the matter, Mum?" he asked.



Mum frowned at Yuck. "Polly says you've eaten the chocolate coins that I bought to put around the Christmas tree!"

"I don't know what she's talking about," Yuck said, placing the scab-filled coins on the table.



"Hmmm," Mum said, seeing them. She glanced to Polly who was sitting at the kitchen table. "Polly, it's not nice trying to get your brother into trouble like that. He hasn't eaten them."

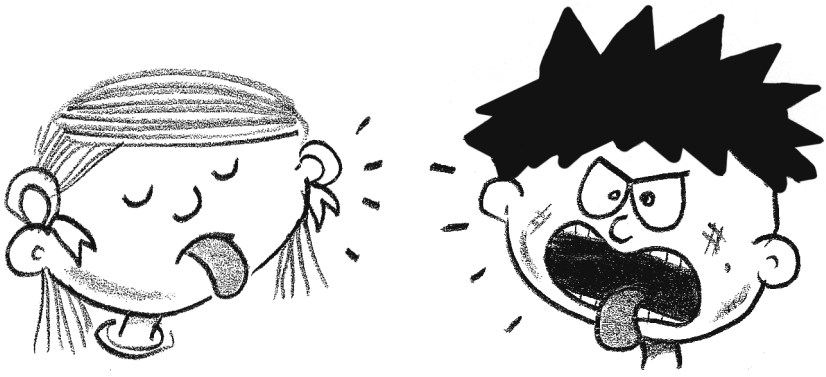
"But I saw him!" Polly said.

"You couldn't have!" Yuck said.

"I did!"

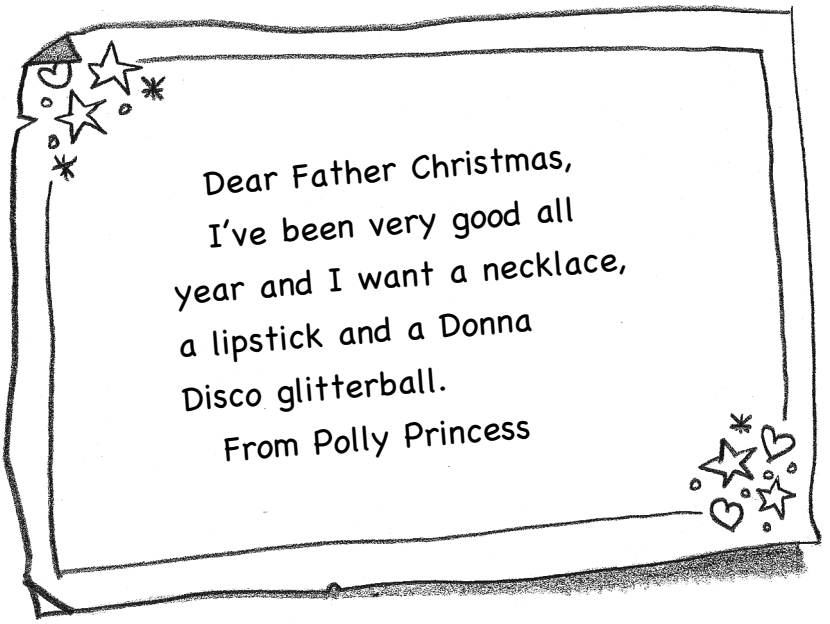
"Didn't!"

Polly stuck her tongue out at Yuck, and Yuck pulled an ugly face back.



"That's enough, both of you," Mum said. "From now until Christmas Day I want the two of you to be good. Remember – Father Christmas only brings presents to GOOD children."

Yuck saw that Polly was already writing her letter to Father Christmas to tell him what presents she wanted. He sat down beside her to see what she'd put:



"I thought we were only allowed to ask for one present," Yuck said to her.

"I deserve LOTS of presents because I'm VERY GOOD," Polly said smugly.

Yuck thought for a moment about what he'd like. A new football? A worm farm? A snake-and-slide skateboard?