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Opening extract from

The Krow Twins in The Da Finchi Code

Written by

J. D. Smith

Published by

Mogzilla

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The Krows

in The Da Finchi Code

MOGZILLA

First published by Mogzilla in 2011
Paperback edition
ISBN: 978-1-906132-026

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Cover by Rachel de Ste. Croix
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Illustrations by Craig Conlan
Printed in the UK

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Author's acknowledgements:
The journey from imagination to page is not an easy one, and many people have helped The Krow Twins along. My special thanks go to Brian Asbury (an undisputed 'bird' expert) for his editing, comments and guidance and Debbie Hepplewhite for her constant support and encouragement.

http://www.mogzilla.co.uk/krows

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by J.D. Smith



MEET THE BIRDS:

THE KROWS

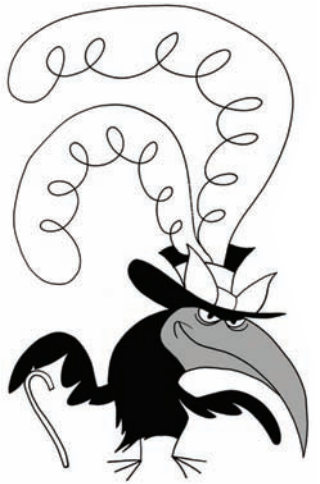
The crime rate in Wyre Wood is higher than a stork's armpit, and the Krow twins are behind most of it!



- Tommy Krow – twin brother to Terry, he's the leader of the gang.

- Terry Krow – although he hatched a few minutes before Tommy, he always does whatever his brother says.





• Mother Krow – the real power in the Krows' nest. Tommy and Terry worship their dear old Ma and would do anything for her. Especially if it's something dodgy. Know what I mean?

• Leonardo Da Finchi – a key member of the Krows' gang. He's a master forger, copier and art thief. In fact a true artist in crime.



• Dwayne the 'Chavvinch'

Although he works for the Krows, this spectacularly silly chaffinch is terrified of Tommy and Terry.



• Brian and Derek – two bullying buzzards with just one bird brain between them. Can you guess which one is using it now?

BIRD POLICE FORCE

• Detective Bird Inspector (DBI) George Hoot – a grumpy, old-fashioned tawny owl. Hoot has made it to the top of the tree and is now in charge of Wyre Wood Police station.





• Bird Constable (BC) Florisa Starling – Fresh out of Police Training School, this is her first job. Florisa is so keen to impress everyone, she's even decorated her uniform with glitter.

• Bird Constable (BC) Jane Sparrow – an elderly tree sparrow who keeps the police station running like clockwork. Fond of peanuts, Jane always loves a good gossip.

• The Sparrowhawk Patrol – this brave team of fast flyers are often first to the scene of a crime. They work for DBI Hoot of course.

VICTIM OF THE CRIME



- LORD SWAN – THE RICHEST RESIDENT OF WYRE WOOD IS A BIT OF A SNOB. HE JUST CAN'T HELP TURNING HIS BEAK UP AT SMALLER BIRDS. INSTEAD OF WEARING GLASSES, HE'S WEARING AN OLD-FASHIONED MONACLE. I EXPECT IT COMES IN HANDY FOR LOOKING DOWN ON THE FLOCKS OF FEATHERED RIFF-RAFF.

THE LOCATION:





CHAPTER ONE:
NOISES IN THE NIGHT



Nestling between the beautiful river Ayt and the busy town of Sunnyport sits Wyre Wood. In the olden days, rich lords and ladies used to hunt deer in the wood. But now it sits quietly; welcoming Sunday visitors and dog walkers. Full of conifers, oaks, silver birches (and a whole forest of other types of tree that I do not have time to mention) this is not a large wood – but it is a very, very special wood.

Lots of animals live here. Foxes, rabbits, squirrels and stoats. But it is the birds, who rule the wood!

You might not see them, but they are there; and they are like no other birds you'll ever see. They behave, dress and live life just like you do. There are good birds, bad birds, young and old birds. They have shops and homes and schools – they even have their own police force…



Winter had already started to squeeze its icy fingers around the trees. It was a freezing night and a thick fog hung in the air, dripping over the bare branches. The birds shivered, but not because of the cold. This was a special night for the bird life of Wyre Wood. The invitations had gone out weeks ago. Now all the richest and most powerful birds (including some of the wood's worst villains) were flocking to its eastern corner for a very special evening.

Every year in the middle of winter, all the birds got ready for an event that had become 'infamous' (that's when something is famous for being bad!) Although it was a special night, it wasn't a night for fun. It was a night when you had to pretend to be enjoying yourself – even if you weren't. A bit like when you visit your auntie's house and she asks if you'd like extra prawns on your omelette.

Bright lights filled the night sky as hundreds of birds circled over the East Oak.

Two enormous buzzards called Brian and Derek were standing guard. They kept busy

by flexing their wings and picking at their black and broken beaks with their crooked claws. This pair of feathered thugs would work for anyone with deep enough pockets. Tonight they were guarding the entrance for The Krows. A sign over the door read:

MAGPIES KEEP OUT!



The Magpies were a rival gang and the Krows' sworn enemies. They were definitely NOT invited tonight.

'Hurry up!' squawked Brian, as the guests hopped through the entrance.

When the last few birds were inside the hollow oak, the buzzard bouncers shut the door with a bang.

After a few minutes, nothing could be heard from inside the tree except beautiful music. Tomorrow it was the birthday of one of the oldest residents of Wyre Wood, and Luciano Megawarble – the world-famous nightingale – had flown in specially to give one of his performances.

As he sang a melody from an opera by Ludwig von Goshawk, the buzzards stood side-by-side, wings crossed and eyes alert making sure that the door stayed closed until the concert was over.

But gentle music was not the only sound coming from inside the tree. A loud argument was also going on. None of the guests had the nerve to do anything but sit still with their wings crossed and carry on listening to the singing. The shouting was

coming from two black crows with nasty eyes and even nastier hearts.

'Do this right or else! You stupid chavvinch!' growled one of the crows as he pushed something into a small bird's terrified claw.

'Bbbbbbbut…!' stuttered the shaking chaffinch.

'No buts, bird! Just do as you are told!' said the second crow.

Everyone in Wyre Wood knew the voices of the two bullies. They were Tommy and Terry – the Krow Twins!

