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

Pale

Written by

Chris Wooding

Published by

Barrington Stoke Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Pale

by

Chris Wooding

First published in 2012 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Copyright © 2012 Chris Wooding

The moral right of the author has been asserted in
accordance with the Copyright, Designs and
Patents Act 1988

ISBN: 978-1-84299-946-2

Printed in China by Leo

Contents

1	A Lesson	1
2	The Lazurus Serum	6
3	The Missing Boy	9
4	Falling, Like in a Dream	16
5	What the Accident Did	19
6	Five Big Letters	23
7	The Graveyard	30
8	Back to School	36
9	Two Thieves	40
10	Arrangements	47
11	A Secret Meeting	52
12	Ambush	57
13	The Last Goodbye	65

Chapter 1
A Lesson

We got the Pale on his way to school.

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Kyle. The way he said it, it wasn't a question. It was a threat.

The Pale kid looked around for help. There was nobody about. We were on a wooded lane, hidden by trees on both sides. The lane was a short-cut between the school and the Graveyard. That was what they called the place where the Pales lived. The Graveyard. Most people thought they should stay there.

The Pale was a weedy little thing, about our age. He had that sick look that all the Pales did. His skin was so white, you could see blue veins underneath. His hair was white, too. And he had those strange eyes. His irises weren't blue or green or brown. They were white, too.

See why we call them Pales?

"Please," he moaned. "I don't want any trouble."

"What are you doing out of the Graveyard, Pale?" Kyle asked him. Kyle was a big kid. Much bigger than the Pale. Bigger than me, too.

The Pale started to back away. "I was going to school."

"Hear that, Jed?" Kyle asked me.

"Yeah," I said. "Wrong answer, Pale. School is for normal kids like us. It's not for Pales."

"But my dad says I have to go to school," the Pale said.

"Well *my* dad says you shouldn't," I replied. "He says it should be against the law. And he's a lawyer, so he should know."

Kyle grinned at me. Then in a flash, he went for the Pale kid and grabbed him by the arm. The kid did his best to get away, but Kyle was too strong. He pulled him over and pushed him down to the ground.

"This is what happens to Pales that stray out of the Graveyard," he said, and he started to punch the kid.

The Pale began to sob and beg. "Please! Don't!"

God. What a wimp. Pales make me sick.

So I started to punch and kick him too. He just lay there with his arms over his head. He didn't try to fight back. Just cried and squealed.

Pales. None of them have any guts.

"Hold him down, Jed," said Kyle. I grabbed the kid's arms and pinned him to the floor. His skin felt cold. His nose was running with snot and his eyes were tight shut. He was wailing

really loud. I wanted to hit him just to shut him up.

Then I saw Kyle pick up a tree branch that had fallen on the path. It was heavy, like a club. He came back, and stood next to me. He was panting. There was a nasty look in his eye.

Kyle patted the club. "Let's teach him a *proper* lesson."

"Hey!" I said, alarmed. "We just want to rough him up a bit. We don't want to kill him!"

"I'm going to make sure he never comes to school again," said Kyle. "Just hold him there for a minute." But there was something in his voice that scared me.

Kyle raised his club. He aimed for the Pale's head.

I couldn't believe he was really going to do it. He was joking, right? He just wanted to scare the Pale.

Didn't he?

Just at that second the Pale wriggled out of my grip, like a slimy little eel. Maybe I wasn't

holding him tight enough. Or maybe I didn't want to hold him any more. Not with Kyle about to smash his head in.

"Get him!" Kyle shouted, but the Pale was fast. He scampered away up the lane, faster than we could follow.

Kyle turned on me, furious. "You let him go!"

I dusted myself down. "He's learned his lesson," I said. "He won't be back."

Kyle snorted. "He'd better not be."

Kyle stalked off up the lane towards school. I followed after him. He wouldn't be mad at me for long. We were best friends, after all. It was just that he really, really hated Pales.

You couldn't blame him, though. Dead kids shouldn't be allowed to go to school.