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

# S.W.I.T.C.H. 9: Turtle Terror

Written by

## Ali Sparkes

Published by

## Oxford University Press

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk


SWITCH



# Other books in the SWITCH series:

**SERIES 1: BUGSWITCH**

**Spider Stampede**

**Fly Frenzy**

**Grasshopper Glitch**

**Ant Attack**

**Crane Fly Crash**

**Beetle Blast**

**SPECIAL BUMPER EDITION**

**Frog Freak Out!**



**SERIES 2: REPTOSWITCH**

**Lizard Loopy**

**Chameleon Chaos**

**Gecko Gladiator**

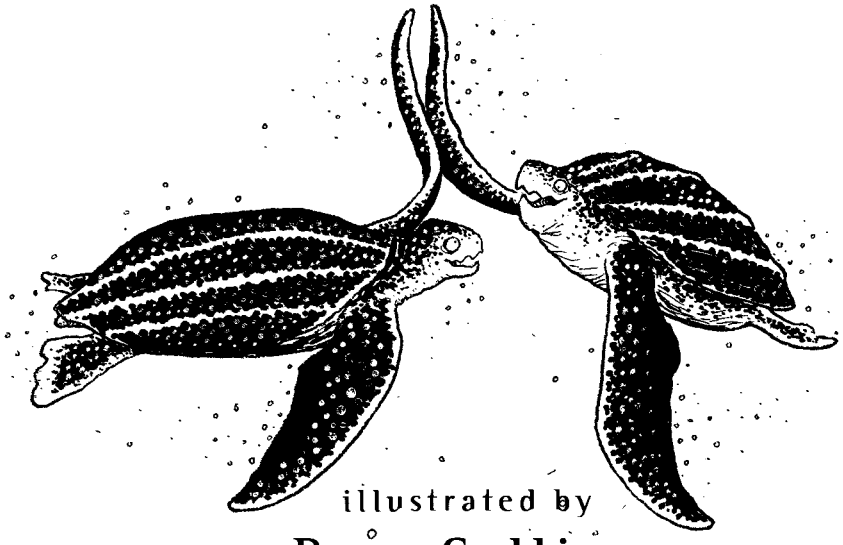
**Anaconda Adventure**

**Alligator Action**

# SWITCH

# Turtle Terror

Ali Sparkes



illustrated by
Ross Collins

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP
Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship,
and education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece
Guatemala Hungary Italy Japan Poland Portugal Singapore
South Korea Switzerland Thailand Turkey Ukraine Vietnam

Oxford is a registered trade mark of Oxford University Press
in the UK and in certain other countries

Text © Ali Sparkes 2012
Illustrations © Ross Collins 2012
SWITCH logo designed by Dynamo Ltd

The moral rights of the author have been asserted

Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published 2012

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means,
without the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press,
or as expressly permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate
reprographics rights organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction
outside the scope of the above should be sent to the Rights Department,
Oxford University Press, at the address above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

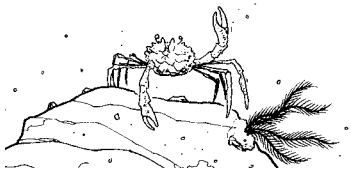
British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data
Data available

ISBN: 978-0-19-2732385
1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Printed in Great Britain

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural,
recyclable product made from wood grown in sustainable forests.
The manufacturing process conforms to the environmental
regulations of the country of origin.

Photograph on page 127: Thanks to Tiny Drury, cool chameleon.



To Archie Evans (Read on, Archie—read on!)

With grateful thanks to
John Buckley and Tony Gent of
Amphibian and Reptile Conservation
for their hot-blooded guidance on
SWITCH's cold-blooded reptile heroes.

# Danny and Josh and Petty

Josh and Danny might be twins but they're NOT the same. Josh loves getting his hands dirty and learning about nature. Danny thinks Josh is a nerd. Skateboarding and climbing are way cooler! And their next door neighbour, Petty, is only interested in one thing . . . her top secret SWITCH potion.



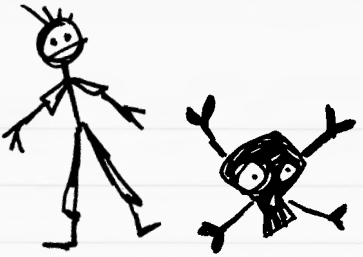


## Danny

- FULL NAME: Danny Phillips
- AGE: 8 years
- HEIGHT: Taller than Josh
- FAVOURITE THING: Skateboarding
- WORST THING: Creepy-crawlies and tidying
- AMBITION: To be a stunt man







## Josh

- FULL NAME: Josh Phillips
- AGE: 8 years
- HEIGHT: Taller than Danny
- FAVOURITE THING: Collecting insects
- WORST THING: Skateboarding
- AMBITION: To be an entomologist

## Petty

- FULL NAME: Petty Hortense Potts
- AGE: None of your business
- HEIGHT: Head and shoulders above every other scientist
- FAVOURITE THING: SWITCHing Josh & Danny
- WORST THING: Evil ex-friend Victor Crouch
- AMBITION: Adoration and recognition as the world's most genius scientist (and for the government to say sorry!)



## CONTENTS


| | |
|---|---|
| Dangerous Claws | 11 |
| Sinister Canister | 25 |
| Rolling Riddle | 33 |
| A Sticky Situation | 41 |
| Flipping Out | 53 |
| Net Result | 65 |
| Fat Lady Smells Funny | 73 |
| The Rocky Horror Show | 81 |
| The Scales of Justice | 93 |

## Dangerous Claws

Above the churning sea, a boy clung to the rocks, the breeze blowing his spiky blond hair across his face. Above him was glory. Below him was death. Possibly.

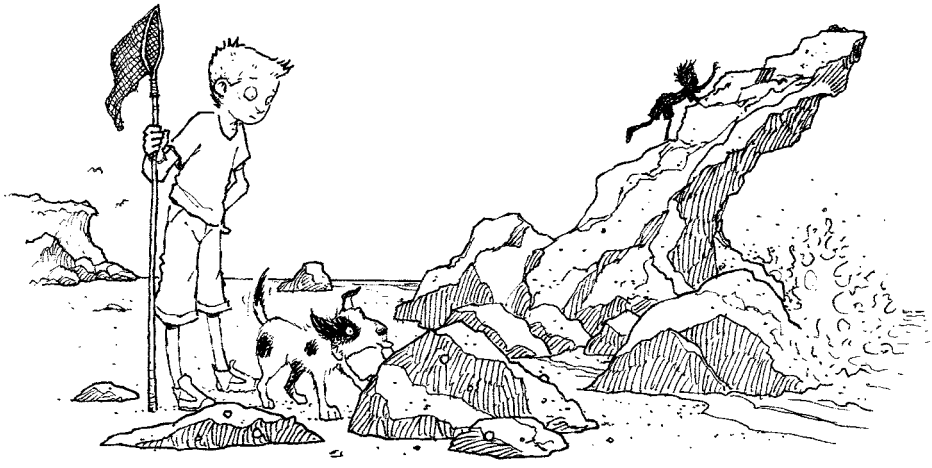
'JOSH!' he yelled to his brother. 'JOSH! Look at MEEEE!'

A short walk along the beach, Josh was keeping very still, watching shrimps and tiny crabs skittering about in a rock pool. Nearby, Piddle was licking an orange lump stuck to a rock, his tail wagging wildly. Neither of them looked up at Danny.

'JOOO-OOOSH!' Danny yelled. 'LOOK! I'm right up at the top now! I'm like . . . Spiderman!'

Josh sighed and looked up at his twin. Danny had been scrabbling up and down the rocky Cornish beach all morning. He didn't try to scale the actual cliffs—Mum and Dad had made him promise not to, especially while they were up in the holiday cottage perched on the clifftop above—but the craggy rocks which rose out of the sand were just right for his Spiderman impressions.

'Yeah—great,' Josh yelled back. 'Piddle!' he scolded, as their terrier (named after a certain habit he had when he got excited) flopped his long pink tongue over the orange lump again. 'Leave that poor defenceless anemone alone!' Above the tide the sea creature looked like a half-sucked fruit gum, instead of the marigold-like flower it would be under water, but Josh was pretty sure it didn't taste like one. Piddle started digging in the sand instead.



Josh was about to go back to his rock pool gazing when he felt a twinge of nerves and glanced back up again. Danny was very high up this time. The rocky outcrop he had climbed was tall and jutted away from the beach and out into the sea, like a long stony finger. Danny had clambered all the way to the end, where the sea below was lively and deep, and was trying to climb over an awkward ledge and stand up on the top.

But this wasn't what worried Josh. Danny was an excellent climber and it would take a lot to make him fall. No . . . it was something else. Something which was making its way along the top of the same ledge that Danny was about to get up onto. Something about the size of a rugby ball. Something . . . with eight legs.

Josh jumped to his feet, his heart thumping. He nervously rubbed his sandy hands through his short blond hair and squinted hard at the eight-legged thing. *Yep.* Even from this distance he was sure what it was . . . and that it was on a collision course.

'DANNY!' Josh yelled, running across the warm sand towards his brother's outcrop. 'DANNY! Come down now! Come down!'

'Why? I'm nearly at the top!' Danny yelled back.

'COME DOWN!' Josh bellowed. The eight-legged thing was just centimetres away from Danny's scrabbling fingers, as he sought a good hand-hold for the final pull up. 'COME DOWN THE WAY YOU WENT UP! DANNY! NOOOOOW!'

But at that point Danny pulled himself up over the ledge and came face to face with one of the things he feared most.

He saw eight legs and a fearsome brown face grimacing at him.

And he screamed.

And fell backwards off the rock.

And hit the sea.

Danny went under like a stone. One second he was scrabbling in the air and the next his world was a blur of roaring, rushing water. Instinct told him to lock up his throat and not try to breathe. At any second a jagged lump of granite could crack open the back of his head or snap his leg. But he was



lucky—the area of water he'd fallen into was a churning, whirling cauldron just deep enough. It broke his fall and stopped him hitting the rocks at the bottom.

Blue-green water, particles of sand, bits of weed and his own hair swirled around him. Danny began to struggle back up to the surface, pulling himself free of the strong undertow tugging at his legs. Ten seconds after he'd fallen in, he burst back onto the surface, gasping desperately for air.

