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

The Lying Carpet

Written by

David Lucas

Published by

Andersen Press Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading4kids.co.uk

this book is dedicated to Janice Thomson

Other books by David Lucas:

Cake Girl
Halibut Jackson
Nutmeg
Whale
The Robot and the Bluebird

First published in Great Britain in 2008 by Andersen Press Ltd.,
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 2SA.
Published in Australia by Random House Australia Pty.,
Level 3, 100 Pacific Highway, North Sydney, NSW 2060.
Copyright © David Lucas, 2008.
The rights of David Lucas to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work have been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.
All rights reserved. Printed and bound in Singapore.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

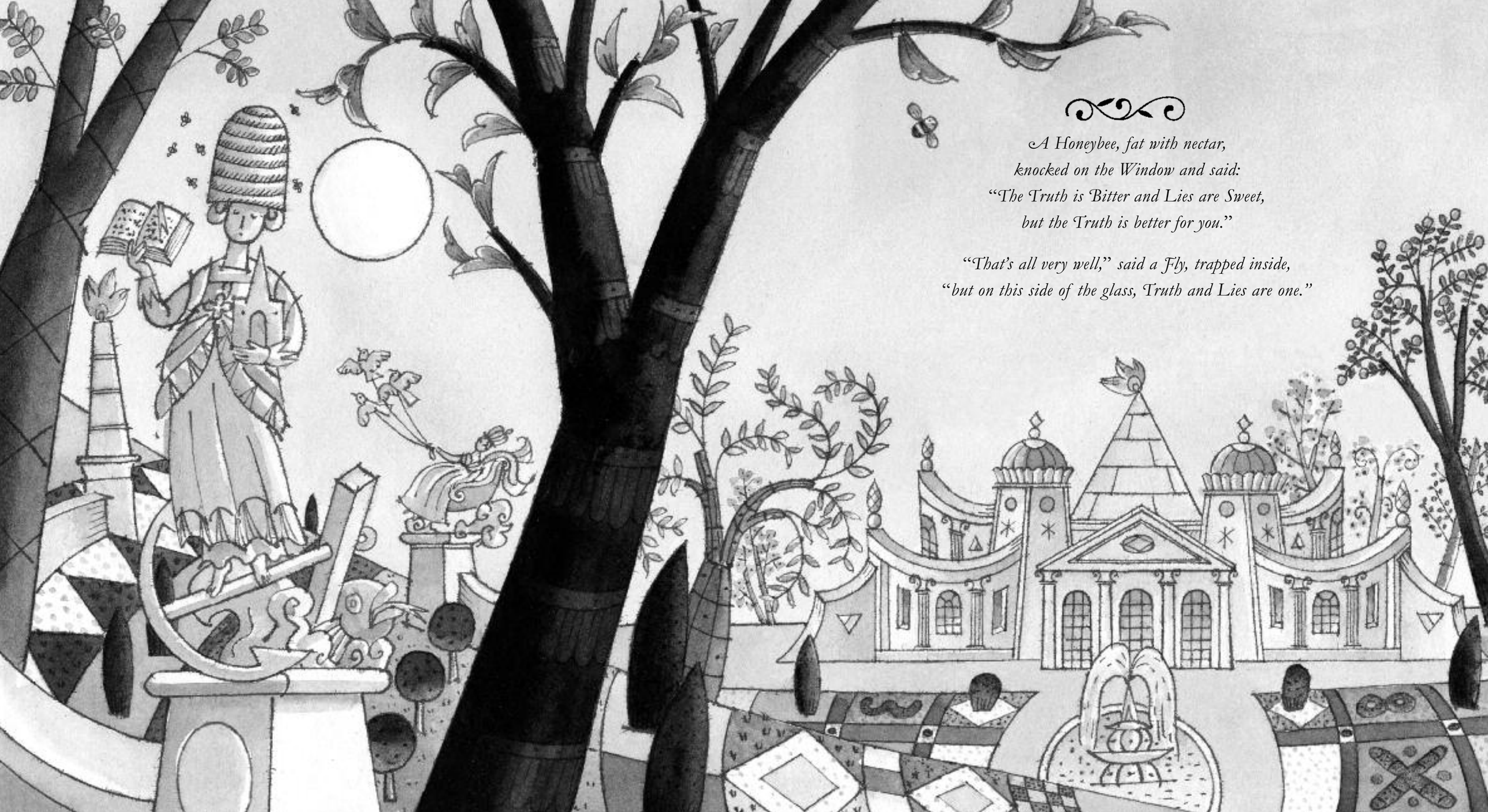
British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data available.

ISBN 978 1 84270 441 7 (hardback)
ISBN 978 1 84939 017 0 (paperback)

The Lying Carpet

David Lucas

Andersen Press



A Honeybee, fat with nectar,
knocked on the Window and said:
"The Truth is Bitter and Lies are Sweet,
but the Truth is better for you."

"That's all very well," said a Fly, trapped inside,
"but on this side of the glass, Truth and Lies are one."

Part One

Faith had sat there for centuries, looking out of the Window,
looking up at the sky and the tall trees, and she had never said a word.

But that afternoon, as the light of the Sun moved across her face,
there was a glimmer of thinking in her eyes –
a tiny spark, a little thought that led to bigger thoughts.
She began to wonder where she was.
And how long she'd been sitting there.
"*Dear me*," she said, "I feel as if I've been asleep for ever."

"But you *have*," said a voice, a low voice, rich as fur and just close by.

She wanted to turn around.
But she couldn't move.

"I don't know what's the matter with me today," she said in a whisper.
She felt as if she were made of stone.

"It is a happy day!" said the voice. "You have spoken *at last*."

"Who's there?" said Faith. "Who are you?"

"I am a *carpet*," said the voice. "Down here, not far away. You might be able to see me out of the corner of your eye? Some of me, at least?"
Faith could see, on the very edge of her vision, a broad, striped shape on the floor.

"A *carpet*?" she said.



figure i: Faith