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I reading

Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from

Granny Samurai, the Monkey King and I

Written by

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Published by

Walker Books

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In the Beginning

Boris Hizzocks was a brute. He was big and hairy and smelled like a rhino who had just spent a hard day cleaning toilets. He was strong enough to crush apples in his hands. He could hang from a bar by his teeth.

Boris's mother Maddy was just as bad. When Boris was born, the doctor gave him a little slap. This doesn't hurt. It's to make the baby cry out.

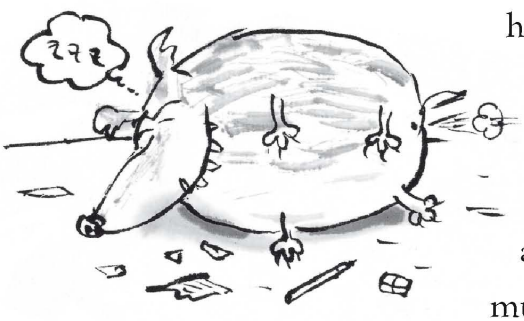
Maddy said, "Punch him back, my lad."

And Boris did. That's how mean he was, even at that age.



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In school he was bigger than all the other kids. He stole their mobile phones and laughed about it. He flicked spitballs at their sweaters. He rubbed snot into their hair. He never did his homework, and when the teachers asked about it, he mumbled that the dog had eaten it. (This was true by the way, because he had fed it to him.)



All in all he was a terrifying personage and most sane people kept well out of his way if they could.

This is me. Sitting beside Boris at school. I am sane, and I can tell you that it wasn't the seat of my first choice. But I was new to this school and the only empty place was next to him. Big surprise.



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My name is Samuel Johnson.
I am the scribe of this story.
The ancient Egyptians
had scribes who would
write letters and stories
for people in the marketplace. I am too young
to be an ancient Egyptian but I am still a
scribe. I am scribing this story for you. Later
I will tell you why. Although this story is not
actually about Boris, it commenced with him.
This is how.

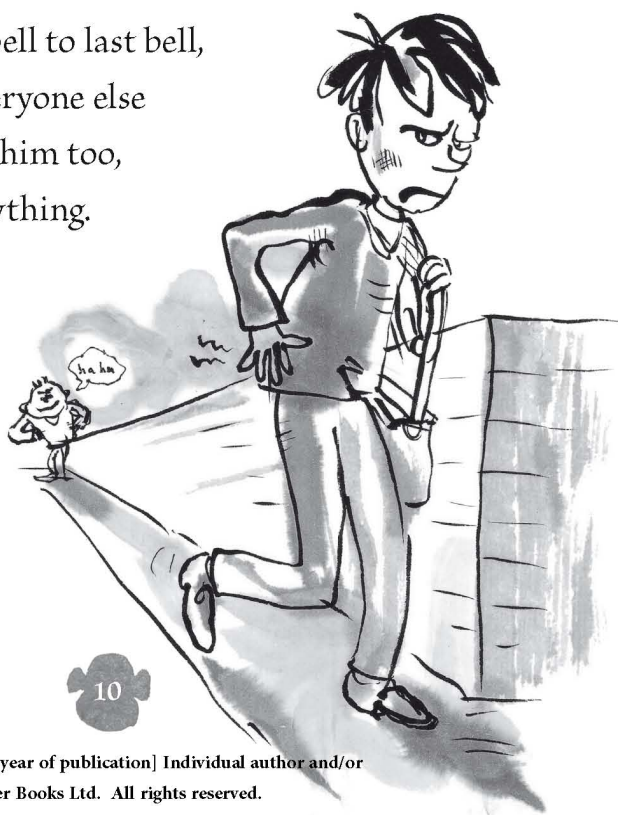


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On my first day at the school Boris boxed my ears once. He twisted my arm twice and gave me four dead legs. He practised Chinese burning on my wrist, then pinched his nose and blew snot all over my exercise book. He had me in his fearsome grip from first bell to last bell, and because everyone else was terrified of him too, nobody said anything.

This is me.
Limping home.



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The following morning dawned bright and clear. Actually it was murky and foggy. The other sentence is from a book I'm reading.



I went downstairs and found a note from my Uncle Vesuvio. He'd had to go away in the middle of the night, he said, and I should get my own breakfast. There was a crisis in Azerbaijan but he would try to get home as quickly as possible. My uncle is a diplomat and often has to go away and be diplomatic somewhere. He is a "real gentleman". I put that in quotes ("") because that is what most people say about him. It is also what he is. But sometimes when you put something in quotes it means the exact opposite. For example, *Boris Hizzocks is a "real gentleman"* actually means that he is a complete thug and torturer.

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That day Boris yanked my hair six times, poked my ear with a sharp pencil twice,



twisted my arm behind my back once and did milking the rat three times until finally the teacher noticed and told him to pay attention.



"Yessir," he grumbled, still not letting go of my fingers.

"And you, new boy," said the teacher, "sit up straight and stop messing."



Messing! I hoped the teacher would get a new pair of glasses for Christmas.

This is me again.

Limping home again.

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