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

The Genie

Written by

Mary Hooper

Illustrated by

Tom Bonson

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

Our books are tested
for children and young people by
children and young people.

Thanks to everyone who consulted on
a manuscript for their time and effort in
helping us to make our books better
for our readers.

First published in 1999 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP

www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

This edition first published 2013

Copyright © 1999 Mary Hooper
Illustrations © Tom Bonson

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

ISBN: 978-1-78112-203-7

Printed in China by Leo

Contents

1	Dad's Birthday Present	1
2	A Sight for Sore Eyes?	7
3	Wish Upon a Star ...	15
4	A Close Shave	21
5	A Little Language Trouble	29
6	All Change	37
7	A Gigantic Problem	44
8	Dream Time?	53

Chapter 1
Dad's Birthday Present

My sister Sarah and I were at a jumble sale in the village hall. It was our dad's birthday soon. As we were both broke, we'd gone there to try and find a present for him.

"Hey, Fudge, have you found anything yet?" Sarah asked me, looking over my shoulder onto the bric-a-brac stall. The table was covered in useless junk.

I stared at the chipped mugs, the plastic plates and the tin trays with half their pictures worn away.

"Nothing," I said. "Not a thing."

"Ah ha!" Sarah said suddenly. "I've just seen something ..."

She leapt away from me and started to burrow in a pile of old furniture on the next stall along.

I stared at the jumble in front of me and then I noticed a box. It was painted dark blue, and had a silvery moon on the top and stars all over. Would Dad like it? I picked it up and frowned at it.

Maybe ...

"Do you want that, dear?" said the woman behind the counter. "You can have it for 20p."

That decided it.

"Sold!" I said.

Well, Dad didn't expect much from us. Just as well, really. I paid and backed away from the stall. I looked at the box more closely. When I lifted the lid, I found a tiny scroll of paper inside. I smoothed it out, and read, in faded writing –

TO CALL OUT THE SPIRIT OF THE BOX
Tap G-E-N-I-E in Morse code. To send him back, tap GENIE backwards E-I-N-E-G.

I frowned. What did *that* mean? Some sort of joke, of course.

I closed the lid and ran my fingers over the stars. It was really quite pretty, though ...

"What's that tatty old thing?" Sarah was next to me again.

"What's it look like?" I snapped.

From this sisterly exchange you will see at once that Sarah and I don't exactly get on. You'd be right. She's a year older than me, and a year bossier. She tries to push me around.

"It looks like a dirty old box," Sarah said. Her voice rose in disgust. "You haven't bought that for Dad, have you?"

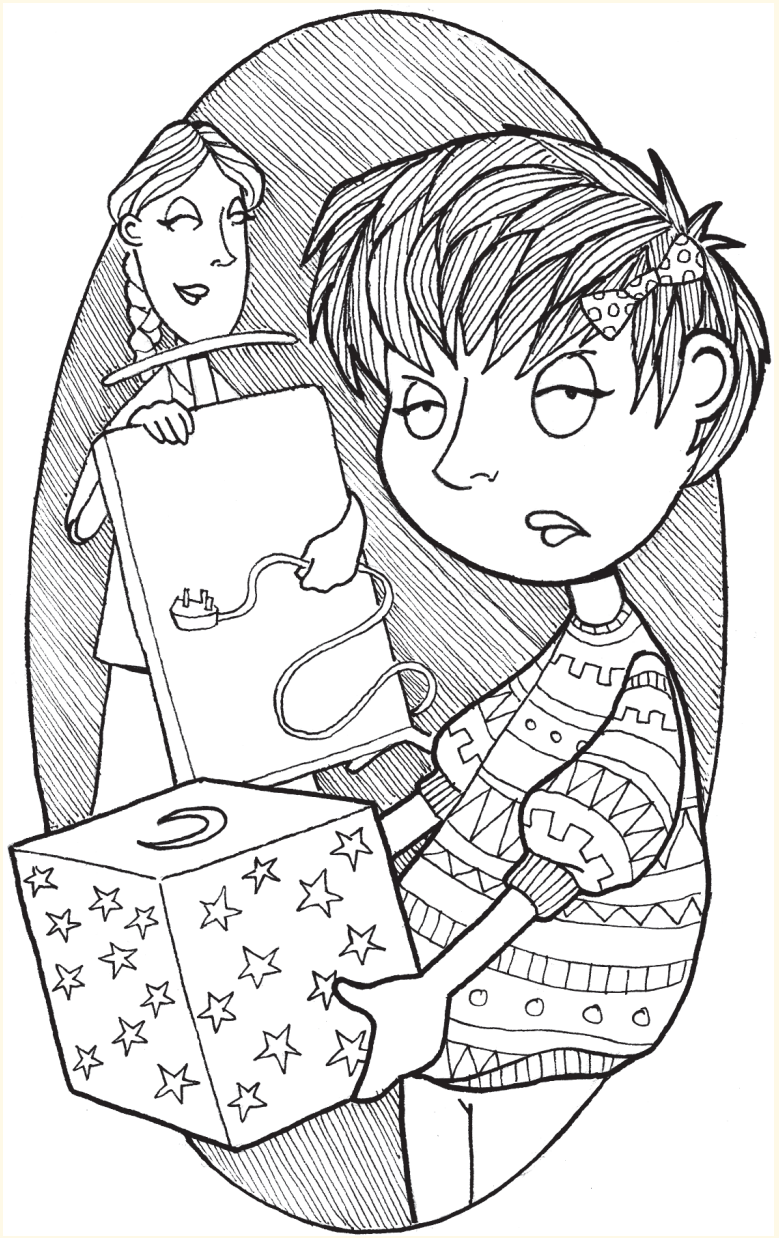
"I might have done," I replied.

"Well, how mean can you get?" Sarah smiled smugly. "Guess what I've bought him? The *best* present! Something fantastic!" She held up a big clumsy thing with dangling lead and a plug. "A trouser press! He's always wanted one."

I rolled my eyes.

"Big deal," I said.

"You haven't really bought him that old box thing, have you?" she said. She added, "He won't like that but he's going to *love* what I've got."



"Well, hooray, hoo – blooming – ray for you,"
I said.