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

My Brother's Shadow

Written by

Tom Avery

Illustrated by

Kate Grove

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

First published in 2014 by
Andersen Press Limited
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1V 2SA
www.andersenpress.co.uk

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

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, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the written permission of the publisher.

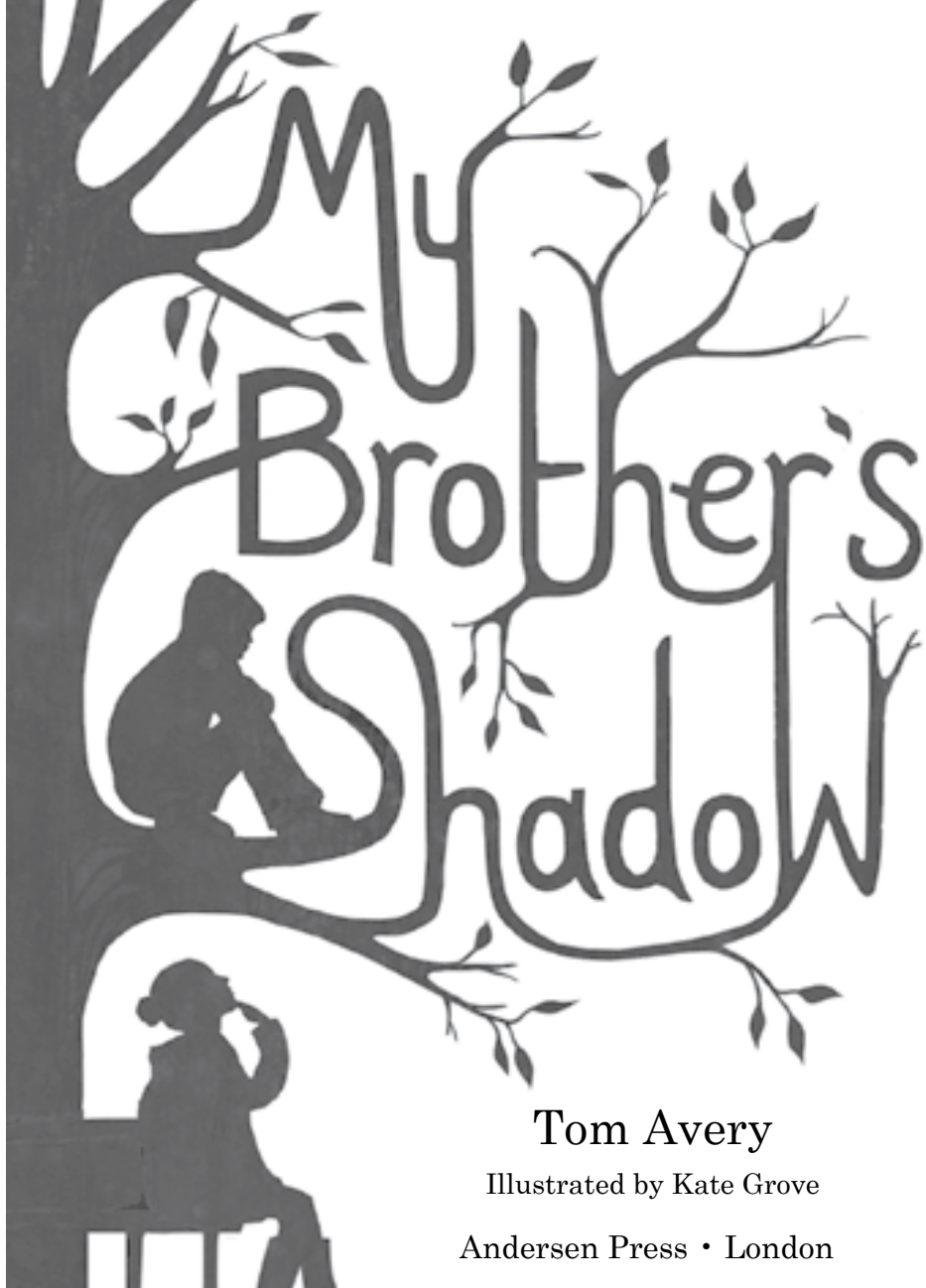
The rights of Tom Avery and Kate Grove to be identified as the author and illustrator of this work have been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

Text copyright © Tom Avery, 2014
Illustration copyright © Kate Grove, 2014

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data available.

ISBN 978 1 849 39782 7

Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Clays Ltd, St Ives plc



Tom Avery

Illustrated by Kate Grove

Andersen Press • London

Arrival

It was winter when he arrived. The chill wind blew through his ragged clothes, turning his skin a raw pink. Chapped lips and bloodied gums, his face pressed against the window.

When I saw him that first time I screamed – a small and silent scream, all inside, in my gut. It was the most terrifying, the most thrilling, the strangest thing to happen in a maths lesson in a long time.

The boy dipped below the frame like a duck. He soon resurfaced.

His eyes – a sharp, cold grey – searched the classroom, passing from face to face. I stared right back.

When his eyes met mine through the frosted glass, and my heart was stilled in my chest, I thought perhaps, for just a moment, a flickering smile parted those cracked lips.

Smiles can be small, tiny even, minute. Smiles can be just in your eyes. Magic, secret smiles that you don't want anyone to see but you can't help. Or magic, secret smiles that you want just one person to see – the one person that you love the most, who knows your face the best.

Later, even when I knew that face, after hours and hours of staring at that furrowed brow and thick, charcoal eyebrows, hours of afternoons shared, I still wasn't sure if in that first glance there'd been a smile.

That face was the biggest mystery of all.

Frozen Girl

Last term Mr Wills gave us each a yellow notebook filled with empty, grey pages.

'This is your holiday homework,' he said. 'You're to write a diary of everything you do over the break.'

I didn't write anything. Well, what was I going to write?

Monday:

Mum went to work. I was meant to be going to the holiday club at school. Instead I made a sandwich, went to the big park and sat under an oak tree. (*Quercus robur*)

Tuesday:
Mum was 'sick' and didn't go to work. Heard her boss shouting at her down the phone. Think Mum's lost her job.

My mum from before would never have acted this way. My mum from before loved her job. My mum from before loved me.

I made a sandwich, went to the park and sat under a different tree, silver birch today. (*Betula pendula* – the best name of any tree.)

Wednesday:
Mum 'sicker'. I stayed at home so she didn't hurt herself. Hoped she didn't hurt me.

No, I didn't write anything. But then the boy appeared. So I decided to fill these empty pages. I had something in my life to write about and

someone in my life to write about.

I think they tried to take the boy away. The police probably, social workers, the teachers. They all tried to get him to leave. He screamed and barked, yelled and growled. I heard him from the classroom, where I shivered and glanced at the window. Mr Wills set us reading to do.

I used to love books – each one a mystery waiting to be uncovered.

Long, long ago, back when no one called me *idiot* or *freak*, I used to read books just like the other girls. Now they read big fat books with thousands and thousands of words,

