

OS1a

Reading Age

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The moment we got to the caravan site and saw the ropes and flags set out across the beach I realised something terrible.

There was going to be sports.

I am the least sporty boy ever.

‘Great!’ said Dad, reading the poster. ‘There’s going to be all sorts of races. Sprinting, relay, three-legged, sack-race, egg and spoon. You boys must have a go’

‘It’ll be just for people staying at the caravan site,’ I said quickly. ‘We can’t enter, it wouldn’t be fair.’

‘Don’t be such a wimp, Tim,’ Dad said sharply. ‘Of course you can enter.’

‘But I don’t want to!’ I said.

‘Nor do I, actually,’ said Biscuits loyally.

‘There! We’d have all been much better off if we’d gone for a car ride,’ said Mum. ‘In fact, why don’t we still go? This carnival doesn’t look very exciting. There aren’t any craft or bric-a-brac stalls, and the tombola prizes don’t look much cop. There aren’t even many food stalls.’

From ‘Buried Alive’, by Jacqueline Wilson

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OS1b

Reading Age

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Free also of his interrogation by the police, when a Justin he didn't recognise strode to the centre of the stage and, in a series of immaculately sculpted sentences, laid his burden at the feet of his bemused interrogators – or as much of it as a puzzled instinct told him it was prudent to reveal. They began by accusing him of murder.

'There's a scenario hanging over us here, Justin,' Lesley explains apologetically, 'and we have to put it to you straight away, so that you're aware of it, although we know it's hurtful. It's called a love triangle, and you're the jealous husband and you've organised a contract killing while your wife and her lover are as far away from you as possible, which is always good for the alibi. You had them both killed, which was what you wanted for your vengeance. You had Arnold Bluhm's body taken out of the jeep and lost so that we'd think Arnold Bluhm was the killer and not you. Lake Turkana's full of crocodiles, so losing Arnold wouldn't be a problem. Plus there's a nice inheritance coming your way by all accounts, which doubles up the motive.'

They are watching him, he is well aware, for signs of guilt or innocence or outrage or despair – for signs of something anyway – and watching him in vain, because, unlike Woodrow, Justin at first does absolutely nothing.

From 'The Constant Gardener', by John le Carré

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OS1c

Reading Age

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Pooh opened his cupboard for a pot of honey.

“Oh, bother!” Pooh cried. “Empty again. Only the sticky part’s left.”

Then Pooh heard a buzzing noise. Buzzing meant bees and bees made honey.

“And the only reason for making honey is so I can eat it!” Pooh decided.

Pooh followed the bee outside. The bee flew high up into a tree, a tree filled with sweet, delicious honey.

With his tummy rumbling, Pooh eagerly climbed the honey tree. He climbed, and he climbed.

“Honey!” Pooh declared, reaching the top. But the bees did not want to share with the bear.

They swarmed around Pooh until...oh, bother! He fell! He fell-oof!-and fell-umph!- bouncing off tree limbs until...he landed-whump!-right in the middle of a gorse bush!

“Oh, bother!” Pooh cried. “I suppose it all comes from liking honey too much!” Pooh was even hungrier than before. What was he to do?

“Think, think, think,” Pooh thought

Pooh was joined by Christopher Robin. Pooh saw his friend’s balloon and got an idea.

From ‘Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree’, by A A Milne

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