

## **SECTION 506 - 7 YEARS/UNDER Time Limit – 1 -2 Mins**

**To be READ not memorised**

*An extract from*

- Yirra and her deadly dog, **Demon, Anita Heiss OR**
- Hey Jack! Back to school stack, **Sally Rippin OR**
- Fairy Bread, **Ursula Dubosarsky**

### **Yirra and her deadly dog, Demon**

Anita Heiss and the students of La Perouse Public School

Yirra's Mum loves to cook and Mondays are surprise dinner night. Yirra, Jarrod and Kilarlia crowd their mother at the stove, trying to get their noses in the oven to see what's on the menu.

'What's for dinner, Mum?' Yirra asks.

'Your favourite!'

'Yay! Lasagne!' Yirra claps her hands.

Her mum only makes lasagne when they have visitors. Who could be coming to dinner?

'It's my favourite too!' Kilarlia screams.

Jarrod pats her on the head.

'My favourite too!' Uncle Bruce says as he walks into the kitchen and straightaway starts playing the gum leaf. Demon howls along from outside the back door and Yirra runs over to shoo him away. Her Mum just glares at her.

They're all about to dig in when a scream comes from outside. 'Aaaaaaahhhhhh!' Everyone jumps up at once and races out the front door to find apples, oranges, tins of tuna, rice and milk spilled all over the road. Yirra's elderly neighbour Mrs Winkley is flat on her back on the footpath. Demon, his tail flying, is racing down the road after Pookie, Mrs Winkley's cat.

Yirra's Mum's face is bright red and her eyes are open really, really wide, which only happens when she's really really mad.

'Yirra, if you don't do something about that dog, I will!'

**OR**

## Hey Jack! Back to School Stack

Sally Rippin

The next day Jack stays home from school. He has to rest. His poor knee is very swollen.

Jack lies on the couch and watches TV. His Mum brings him his favourite snacks. But Jack still feels miserable. His whole class is going somewhere FUN without him.

Now

he has no-one to play with. It's his last day of school and he's all alone.

'Hey Jack!' his Mum calls from the front door. 'You have a visitor.'

'Really?' says Jack. He can't imagine who it would be.

Then Billie walks in.

'Billie!' Jack says. 'What are you doing here?'

'We voted!' she says. 'We all decided together after you left.'

Jack feels sad. 'You decided without me?' he asks. 'I bet you chose the movies.'

'No,' says Billie.

'The zoo?' asks Jack.

Billie shakes her head.

Jack feels his tummy sink. 'Oh, you're going to the adventure playground?' he says.

This makes him extra **sad**. He really, really wanted to go to the adventure playground.

Billie giggles. Then she looks at the doorway. Jack looks, too. One head pops around the

corner. It's Benny! Then another. It's Mika! Then Rebecca! Sam! Lola!

Jack's mouth drops open wide. 'What are you all doing here?' he says.

Billie shrugs. 'We all voted to come here instead!' she says.

**OR**

# Fairy Bread

Ursula Dubosarsky, illustrated by Mitch Vane

## **Chapter One**

It was the day before Becky's birthday party.

'What would you like to eat at the party?' asked her mother.

'Um,' said Becky.

'Chips?' said her mother. 'Chocolates? Peanuts?'

'Um,' said Becky.

'Ice cream?' said her mother. 'Jelly?'

'Um,' said Becky again. She was thinking very hard. Finally she decided. 'Fairy bread,' said Becky.

'Fairy bread?' said her mother. 'That's it? Fairy bread? Nothing else?'

'Just fairy bread,' replied Becky. 'Delicious!'

## **Chapter Two**

The morning of the party, Becky and her mother were in the kitchen making fairy bread. Her baby brother sat on the floor eating the bits that fell off the table.

Becky's mother buttered bread, and Becky sprinkled on all the hundreds and thousands.

Hundreds of thousands of hundreds and thousands. Soon there were three big round plates covered with fairy bread. They looked delicious!

Then there were four big round plates of fairy bread. Then there were five. And six. And seven.

After a while, Becky's mother said, 'Is that enough now, Becky?'

'Not yet,' said Becky.

## SECTION 509A SET PREPARED READING 8 YEARS & UNDER

*Time Limit – 1 -3 Mins*

**- To be READ not memorised**

*An extract from*

- The Land of Lost Things, *Andy Griffiths and Bill Hope* **OR**
- Wolf Girl Book 1, *Into the Wild*, by *Anh Do* **OR**
- Brave Paw and the Heartstone of Alluria, *LM Wilkinson*

### **The Land of Lost Things**

*Andy Griffiths. Illustrated by Bill Hope*

#### Chapter 15 The Rabbit Pirate

The next thing we knew, a blast of smoke and came shooting out of the side of the ship. Then we heard a loud... BOOM! And a cannonball came flying through the air towards us!

The water around us exploded, sending the turtles - and us - flying in all directions.

We all splashed back down into the water and swam towards each other. The turtles were nowhere to be seen.

'Wow, that was fun,' you said. 'I've never been blasted out of the water by a cannonball before!'

'And it got rid of the snappers, too,' said Johnny. 'But what sort of twisted fiend would fire upon a group of helpless bathtubbers?'

'I think we're about to find out,' said the bull. 'Here comes the ship.'

As the ship came towards us, we were able to observe two things. Firstly, it had a sail with a skull and crossbones on it... which could only mean that the ship was a *pirate* ship! Secondly, the captain was a rabbit ... which could only mean that the captain was a *pirate rabbit!*

'Ahoy there, mateys,' said the pirate rabbit.

'Ahoy there yourself!' shouted Johnny. 'What's the big idea of firing a cannonball at us?'

'I had no choice,' said the rabbit. 'Those snappers were all around ye. I've seen them snap the flesh off a drowning sailor in less time than it takes me to eat a nice fresh carrot, and I knew I couldn't get to ye in time, so it was the least Bad option. Apologies for any inconvenience – or offence.'

**OR**

## Wolf Girl – Into the Wild

Anh Do

### Chapter 5

#### The River

'C'mon, Puppy. Let's keep going. Let's go get Mum and Dad.'

Puppy wagged her tail.

'I just want one last drink before we leave.' We wandered back to the river's edge. It was flowing really fast, making the shallows muddy, so I stepped out onto an overhanging tree root to reach the cleaner water. The root creaked a little bit as I bent down towards the water. Suddenly, the tree root snapped. SPLASH!

I fell face first into the river, plunging beneath the surface! The strong current tumbled me head over heels. Which way was up? I began to panic and fought to remain in control. I opened my eyes and searched my murky surrounds for sunlight shining down.

There! I fought upwards and burst to the surface, spitting water and sucking in air. I swam across the flow as it pushed me along, and flung out a hand for the bank. I managed to grab a clump of grass, and for a moment I thought I was saved. Then the grass ripped out of the ground.

I thrashed my arms wildly to keep afloat, but the river was dragging me downstream fast.

'Help!'

Puppy was barking loudly, running along the bank, following me.

'Help!'

But Puppy just barked back helplessly.

Overhanging trees and branches flash by above. I tried to grab hold of a few, but the water kept tearing me away. The water churned and tossed me about, and I gasped for air wherever I could. I was really panicking now – I wasn't going to be able to stay afloat much longer.

Up ahead, I spotted a vine dangling low.

This is it, I thought. My last chance.

As I hurtled towards the vine I kicked my legs and used all my strength to launch myself up.

YES!

I grabbed at the end of the vine and managed to wrap my hands right around it.

**OR**

## Bravepaw and the Heartstone of Alluria - A Tail of Adventure

LM Wilkinson

'Titch, where are you going?' Huckleberry called, as he emerged from the cabbage patch.

Titch didn't answer. She pushed through the hedgerow. On the other side there was a tangle of grasses and wildflowers.

'Titch, wait!' Huckleberry scrambled after her. 'You'll get in trouble!'

Titch ignored him. She kept marching through the tall grass. Right to the very edge of the Plateau. Her stomach lurched as she approached the edge. It was a DIZZYING sheer drop to the Forest far below.

No mouse had left the Plateau in several generations. Occasionally a stork or a crow would manage to reach the Plateau, with tales of the Forest and the world beyond. But they never stayed long.

What DANGERS lurked in the Forest? What ADVENTURES were there to be had? Titch would never know.

'Titch!' Huckleberry came crashing through the wildflowers, panting heavily.

Titch took a deep breath, closed her eyes, and gripped the wooden sword in her paw. Her mother was right, It was time to put aside childish games and dreams of adventure. It was time to be a good mouse. She lifted her sword to HURL it over the edge -

'Don't do it, Titch,' Huckleberry said. 'You love that sword.'

'It's not a sword,' Titch said. 'It's just a stick.'

But she didn't throw it away. She couldn't. Maybe she could hide it in the blackberry patch instead.

She turned her back on the edge of the Plateau and started towards home.

Huckleberry didn't move.

'Come on' Titch said to him. 'Let's move the pufflings to the north pasture.'

Huckleberry didn't respond. He stood, still as a statue, staring over Titch's shoulder. One of his whiskers twitched.

'Huckleberry?' Slowly, Huckleberry raised a shaking paw and pointed.

Titch turned around and felt all of her fur stand instantly on end.

SOMETHING was emerging over the edge of the Plateau.

**To be READ not memorised**

The 113th Assistant Librarian, *Stuart Wilson* **OR**

- Runt, *Craig Silvey*

**The 113<sup>th</sup> Assistant Librarian**

*Stuart Wilson*

Chapter 6 - After Hours

There were a dozen of them. Like snakes, except they were twice as long and moved at thrice the speed. They were striped, ranging from purple to orange, blue to yellow. Slithering across the floorboards, they converged on Oliver and Willow's position.

Willow let loose with her bow. TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! Three of the snake things went limp, skewered to the floor.

Oliver was momentarily distracted by his sister's lethal efficiency. One of the writhing things was suddenly upon him, head rearing up. Except it didn't really have a head, rather a circular mouth ringed with teeth. Like a leech.

He waved Willow's knife in its direction, and somehow succeeded in thwacking the creature with the flat of the blade. (No small feat, considering the knife was rather thin.) The creature flopped to one side, its mouth hitting the corner of the counter and emitting a rasping sound like sandpaper on wood.

'I hit one!' Oliver said, feeling a surge of elation.

'Good job, Ollie,' Willow said. She downed two more snake-leeches with arrows, cast aside her bow and did a forward flip over another snake-leech as it darted for her, before withdrawing a short sword and decapitating it. 'Plenty more where that came from!'

*Right, right; Don't get comfortable yet,* Oliver thought as another two snake-leeches slithered towards him. *What are these things?!* He shuddered, wondering if a book was to blame. Was *Herbert's Herpetology* left open on the floor somewhere? Or perhaps *Wrath of the Serpent King*?

He leaped over one, ran two steps to the nearest chair, and hopped onto a reading desk. As the creature's toothy maw crested the tabletop, he kicked it with his boot, then spun and kicked at a second one coming from the other side.

Willow was now fighting eight of the slithery things. As if adapting to her moves, they squirmed and wriggled out of reach of her blade. She whirled, jabbing and slicing as each multicoloured snake-leech attacked.

A wet, slurping sound made Oliver look down. One of the snake-leeches had attached itself to a book that had been sitting on the desk. Its body pulsed and throbbed, growing larger, like a leech sucking blood. Without thinking, Oliver stomped on its non-head with his boot. He squawked in disgust as black blood spurted across the wood. There were half-digested scraps of paper among all the goo.

Realisation hit him like a hardback to the head.

'They're *bookworms*!' he declared.

**OR**

## Runt

Craig Silvey

In the studio, Basil and Camilla are beside themselves.

'Utterly extraordinary scenes here, Camilla! We've been overrun!'

'Sheer pandemonium! I've never seen anything *like* it!'

'It's a shambles! It's mayhem! Oh, my word – what is that Afghan hound doing to that seesaw? Oh, that is ... simply *unspeakable*.'

It is bedlam on the arena floor. Dogs evade being grabbed and tackled. They play tug-of-war with their leashes. They fight over the obstacles.

Fergus Fink gulps guiltily, realising that he has clearly overdone it with the perfumes. He ducks down and creeps away, blaming Simpkins under his breath.

In Upson Downs, the Shearers can barely believe their eyes. Dolly watches with her mouth wide open. Max grins. Susie peers at the screen, searching.

'I don't see Annie and Runt out there, do you?' she asks.

'No, I don't think so.'

'Thank goodness,' says Susie.

'It's like a dog park out there!' says Dolly. 'They've lost control!'

'It's like a circus out there!' says Mervyn Froth, standing behind the bar at the Golden Fleece. The pub's patrons agree with a series of nods and grunts.

In the school assembly hall, the students howl with laughter. It is, quite simply, the funniest thing they have ever seen.

Earl Robert-Barren doesn't think it's funny at all. He checks his pocket watch impatiently.

Bernadette Box is stunned. She watches with her hands on her head, leaning forward, squinting at her little television as the event staff and handlers finally round up the dogs and clear them from the floor.

The broadcast cuts back to the studio, where Basil and Camilla try to maintain their composure.

'Undoubtedly one of the most peculiar, farcical, incredible moments in Krumpets Dog Show history.'

'Quite right, Camilla We're now being told there will a very brief suspension of the competition while the obstacles are thoroughly cleaned.'

'Furthermore, in a show of great generosity, both Éclair and Pistol have been granted permission to attempt the runs again, which seems fair considering these unusual circumstances.'

'Quite right, Camilla. We are hearing speculation that the apparatus is coated in some sort of irresistible odour. But how this has happened is anyone's guess.'

'It's a mystery wrapped in a riddle, Basil. A perplexing puzzle.'

'Could there be a saboteur among the competitors Camilla? Is this a flagrant case of fragrant tampering? Something certainly smells fishy But who could conceive of such a dastardly scheme?'

Bernadette Box leans back. Everything suddenly makes sense.

'Fergus Fink,' she says to herself.