

LEARNING SUPPORT WORKSHEETS THAT REQUIRE KNOWLEDGE OF THE STORY

ANSWERS FOR TEACHERS

FANTASY FOREST

If a worksheet does not appear in the list below, it is 'generic' in its requirements, calling on children's general basic skills, without specific reference to the story. In other words, a teacher will know what the correct answer is without having read the story at all.

CHALK AND CHEESE

1. Dougie is playing fetch in his backyard with his dog, Fletcher, when the flying saucer crashed into the lemon tree behind the clothesline. Fletcher starts barking and Dougie goes for a closer look. The silver flying saucer is the size of a small car. A door opened, out fell some steps. Fletcher began to whine. A little green alien came down the steps. His eyes were green and triangular. His red antenna trembled on top of his head. "Greetings earthling!" he gurgled. "Er, greetings," said Dougie. The alien asked Dougie to help him get some fuel, as his space ship had run out of fuel. The alien said he needed chalk, cheese and hot sugary donuts, Dougie's eyes almost popped out of his head. The alien studied Dougie, then made his eyes pop too. He held out his hand to Dougie and introduced himself. Dougie did the same back. The aliens' name was Al. Dougie decided to help, and said they'd need to be careful, he didn't want people to see Al. Dougie led him inside his house to get chalk and cheese. Fletcher barked, Al barked back. His dad came out to see what was wrong with the dog, Dougie said he was just excited because he said he was going to get him a bone. Al hid behind the sofa. His dad went for a jog, and said he'd play ball when he got back. Dougie found some cheese in the fridge, and chalk in the toy box. Al came out from behind the sofa, his antenna buzzed. Dougie said the best place to get donuts was from Mr. Delly's, but he had no money. Al said he had plenty of money. Al put on Dougie's jacket and hat, people weren't ready to see aliens out on the street. Mr Delly was leaning gloomily on the counter, his cooker was broken, so there'd be no donuts. Mr Delly didn't know what was wrong with the cooker. He'd checked the sprogle, greased the wotsit and even replaced the old plunket but still couldn't get it going. Al told Dougie to ask Mr. Delly if he'd checked the flimmer, and told him to give it a little push. He got down on his hands and knees, he peered into the donut cooker's engine, tapped the flimmer and gave it a little push. The cooker whirred into action. Soon five sizzling, sweet smelling donuts tumbled into the cinnamon sugar. Dougie asked Al for the money, he took out his wallet and handed him a small green glass cube. It was space money! Dougie couldn't pay Mr. Delly with that. He was worried he might get angry. What if he discovered Al was an alien? Mr. Delly handed the donuts to him, and said they could have them for free. He was thankful for their help. They were relieved and thanked Mr. Delly. Al's antenna glowed. Dougie watched Al drop the chalk and cheese into the fuel tank. He switched a button, pulled a lever, and gave the flimmer a little push. There was a humming noise

and a loud belch. Rockets fired up, lights flashed. Al went on his way and thanked Earthling Dougie for all his help. 10..9..8..7..6.. He waved goodbye, and wished him good luck. He touched the small, green glass cube in his pocket, and smiled. Just before the door closed he saw Al eat all five of the donuts!
5..4..3..2..1..

2. silver, red, fuel, chalk and cheese, jacket, flimmer

6. Mr. Delly didn't know what was wrong with the cooker. He'd checked the sprongle, greased the wotsit and even replaced the old plunket but still couldn't get it going. Al told Dougie to ask Mr. Delly if he'd checked the flimmer, and told him to give it a little push. He got down on his hands and knees, peered into the donut cooker's engine, tapped the flimmer and gave it a little push.

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BUBBLEGUM

2. I really love bubblegum. I can blow really big bubbles, sometimes they pop and gum gets stuck to my face, or in my hair, or the wall. That's why mum hates bubblegum and doesn't let me have it very much. One day my grandpa gave me some bubble gum. He said it was special, like I'd never seen before. I thanked him and went outside. It was delicious! The best I'd ever tasted. I chewed up one piece, then two..three..four. My mouth was very full. I blew the biggest bubble I'd ever blown, it kept getting bigger, and it didn't pop. I felt something funny. I started to lift off the ground. I was being lifted into the sky. It felt nice to float up into the air, higher and higher. I held on to the bubble with my teeth. Then I started to feel bad. I had a dress on. What if someone saw my undies? I tried to hold it down with my hands. I kept floating higher, right up to the top of our big tree. I started to get scared that if I fell I might break my arm or crack my head, or I might end up at the sun and getting burnt. Then a bird came flying up to me. He had sharp claws and a sharp beak. He could pop my bubble. I made a silly face and he flew away. I began to enjoy my ride. I looked down and saw my school, then the street where my friend Tom lives. I heard him singing and waved, but he didn't see me. At the next house a girl was picking her nose. At the next house a lady was sunbaking with no top on! I could see everything from up here, it was fun! The wind blew and spun me about. I floated back to my house. Down, down, down. I was just over our roof, the POP! My bubble popped and I landed on the roof. I got a bump on my bottom but it didn't hurt too much. The bubble came down all over me. It covered me from head to foot. I was stuck on the roof. I was stuck on the roof with bubble gum all over me. I couldn't get down, but I didn't want to call mum because she would be mad. So I called dad. Dad helped me down. He didn't ask why I was on the roof, or why I was covered in bubble gum. He just said I'd better get it all off me before mum saw. I got it

off, then went inside to get my pocket money. I went to the shop to buy some ordinary bubble gum.

2. stuck, special, mouth, blew, lifted, scared, wind, popped, with.

3. no, yes, no, no, yes, no

THE BRAVEST KNIGHT

1. Bren was freezing and his body hurt. He'd been hiding in a small hole in the wall of a dragon's cave for hours. It was so cramped. Every time he moved he bumped the bucket of water he'd brought with him, spilling some icy liquid. He was cross. There was no sign of the dragon who usually only hunted until sunset, but the moon had been gently lighting the cave for ages and there was still no sign of it. Bren didn't think it was much fun. Sharp rocks dug into him. Fat, furry spiders crawled across his face, and cockroaches across his legs, making him itch. A slimy sludge dripped slowly onto his head. It stank worse than rotten eggs. Bren shivered and wondered what it was and hoped that it wasn't the dragon's toilet above him. Bren wanted to be a King's Knight. To prove himself brave enough he'd been given the job of returning Princess Kara's stolen necklace. "No problems, she shall have it by sunrise." He said bravely. The Knight Marshall smile slowly and told him where it was. Around the dragon's leg. "The d-d-dragon's l-leg?" The Marshall nodded. "Okay," Bren squeaked. Just before sunset, he went to the mountain to begin the long climb up to the dragon's cave. His brother, Sharn was there waiting for him. He tried to stop him, and said that it was stupid. He'd be burnt to a crisp, and if their mum only knew. Bren hissed and told him he couldn't tell their mum. He grabbed Sharn's arm and said, "I must do this." He heard Sharn whisper that he was nuts. He shrugged, maybe he was, but he wanted to be a knight more than anything. Whilst crammed into the stinky hole, he began to wonder if he was really nuts? Or if the water he planned to throw on the dragon would put out the fire anyway. What then? He'd be roasted. Instead of being 'Bren: A Truly Brave Knight', he'd be 'Bren: A Dragon's Knight-Time Snack.' Ppprrrrrrrr. Bren's eyes shot open. He must have fallen asleep and didn't know where he was. A whisper of warmth brushed by. Oh no! The dragon! He thought. If it's seen me I'm in huge trouble. It will burn me with one breath and peel back my skin and...A large, green eye suddenly starred at him. Oh-oh. His stomach churned. Ppprrrrrrr the dragon breathed. Smoke came from his nostrils, and small flames from the corners of its mouth lit the cave brightly. It was huge. His chest tightened, and heart pounded. Get a grip! He thought. Don't panic. The dragon blinked. Ben screamed. "Rraaaaawwwrrrr!" screeched the dragon, and it threw him against a wall. "Ow!" Bren cried. There were sharp rocks. "Swamp monster!" the dragon rasped. Where? Bren scanned the cave for the ugly monster. He knew that if it swished him with the murky water it carried under its skin, he'd be gone for in seconds. The dragon stared at Bren. Bren reached for his sword. Yuk! It was covered beneath a layer of the thick gooey sludge that had been dripping onto his head. The dragon huddled in a corner, fear flashed in his eyes. Bren suddenly realised that the dragon thought that he was the swamp monster. He grinned. His stomach settled, his heart sang and he stepped boldly forward. "Rrrraahhhh!" he growled, waving his arms. The dragon

backed away. “Don’t wet me. Go away!” “Rrrraaaahhhhh! Not without that necklace on.” The dragon tore off the necklace and threw it across the cave. “Now go!” it begged! Bren caught the necklace and walked to the cave opening. The dragon backed away and let him past. “Rrrraaahhh!” he growled before jumping from the cave. He ran down the mountainside as fast as the drying sludge allowed, only stopping to wash in the creek. He could hardly wait to show everybody at the Palace what a truly brave Knight he was...”I just hope mum doesn’t find out,” he gulped.

2. return, cave, freezing, dripped, hoped, hours, open, green

3. yes, no, no, yes

4. The cave - freezing, cramped, dim

The swamp monster – slimy, ugly, gooey

The sludge – slimy, gooey, thick, poisonous

TALENT QUEST

1. Grandma always gave me the strangest presents. She was a part-time, not very good inventor who always tried her experiments out on her family. Usually they broke before they worked, so each Birthday and Christmas everyone tried to look enthusiastic when unwrapping her gifts. “Wow! Thanks gran” I said as I wondered what it was she had actually given me. It was an odd shaped microphone attached to some sort of box. “Just try it, it makes you sing like anyone you choose. Just try it.” I was stunned; maybe this gift would be useful. The school talent quest was coming up and I wanted to win more than anything. Being thrown out of the school choir had been the worst day of my life. The choir teacher told me I sounded like a sick donkey. How dare she! I loved singing. Now I’d have the chance to prove her wrong. I thanked Gran and nodded, I was pleased with my gift. “It only has a few problems,” she shrugged “but only when you sing Christmas Carols. It worked like a dream. After experimenting I decided to mix Kylie and Britney’s voices. Together, they sounded just magic! I could hardly believe how easy it was to sound like a superstar. I danced around my room, singing at the top of my voice. Nothing was going to stop me now. “And the winner is.” My choir teacher announced. I could tell she was amazed. I wasn’t surprised when she called my name. I was surprised at how everyone began fussing around me. A talent scout was in the audience and insisted I be a contestant on a new TV show. Mum looked concerned, she had heard me sing in the bathroom. She didn’t think it was a good idea. “Don’t worry, I’m going to be famous.” I said smiling. Winning Star Search was easy. The studio was abuzz with excitement at discovering my talent. I was on the way to becoming a star. Now I knew how it felt to be a Spice Girl. I was an overnight success. I had an agent, a record contract, and more money than I could have imagined. No one knew that the secret to my success was Gran’s present. Christmas Eve. I stood centre stage, waiting for everyone to finish clapping. I was the most popular performer at the concert. Hundreds of candles flickered in the darkness, creating a magical feeling. A hush fell over the crowd as I began to sing Dashing through the snow. Suddenly sparks burst out of my microphone. I ignored them and kept on singing. With an almighty bang my

microphone exploded into flames. The crowd gasped. A man rushed over and whispered “Don’t worry dear,” he whispered, and gave me another microphone. “Nooooo,” I cried. The music began and I had no choice but to sing. Jingle Bells my voice screeched, like a cat who’d had its tail pulled. My voice crackled. It sounded terrible, but I kept singing. “BOO! BOO!” yelled the angry crowd. “Where’s the donkey? Eeeyore! Eeeyore!” Tears welled in my eyes. There was only one thing left to do. I looked down at my new red boots and smiled. Clicking my heels together, I counted down 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 Blast off! I was out of there. It was fun to fly far away in my red boots. Hey! I sang at the top of my voice!

2. Gran gave me a strange microphone for my Birthday.

It would make me sing like anyone I chose.

The choir teacher had thrown me out of the choir.

Now I had the chance to prove her wrong.

The microphone worked like a dream!

4. no, yes, yes, no

5. present, donkey

6. Grandma always gave me the strangest presents. She was a part-time, not very good inventor who always tried her experiments out on her family. Usually they broke before they worked, so each Birthday and Christmas everyone tried to look enthusiastic when unwrapping her gifts. “Wow! Thanks gran” I said as I wondered what it was she had actually given me. It was an odd shaped microphone attached to some sort of box.

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WITCH UPON A STAR

1. “Winkle: Worker of Magic,” said the sign on the witches front door. Winkle looked past the sign at the crowd of people waiting to see her. “Still so many, Shadow,” she said to her cat “and I’m so tired.” She yawned and called the next person in. Winkle’s magic was famous. Hundreds of people came to see her everyday for lotions, potions, spells and charms. They came by carload, busload and trainload. Winkle had been so busy that day that she hadn’t stopped for lunch, and was ready for bed by late afternoon. “I said ‘new’, not ‘blue,’” bellowed a man whose nose turned glittery blue when Winkle yawned and sprinkled it with Dragon’s Breath. “Sorry,” Winkle cried. She painted his nose with a Batwing Potion and Pfffzap! A shoe appeared on his face! “Oh dear,” she groaned. The man looked in Winkle’s mirror and fainted. A lady who asked for gold ran off screaming “Bald! I’m bald.” A boy who wanted a pet dog turned into a frog. “Well, at least he won’t dig holes in your yard.” Winkle whimpered as she handed him back to his mother. By the end of the day her magic had stopped working; no matter how much she mixed and stirred or how Shadow pranced and purred, nothing at all magical happened. The news spread quickly. Nobody needed a witch without magic. No one waited outside

her door to see her. Shadow rubbed against her leg. I have to go, he said. Winkle crouched sadly at her front door, giving him a last pat. "I'll miss you, but you and I know that witch cats must be with magic." He rubbed against her leg, and turned to leave. "Shadow, wait!" Winkle hung a small silver moon around his neck and whispered, "Don't forget me." She took the sign from her door and tossed it in the bin. She spent the rest of the day sobbing into her pillow. On a sad, lonely evening Winkle looked into the mirror. Her unhappy eyes looked back at her. "Oh what should I do?" "Well, it's about time!" mirror snapped. "I thought you were never going to ask. I've been waiting two hundred years for somebody to ask that. At last, I can use my magic!" Winkle gasped. She didn't know the mirror was magic. It told her to try star wishing. Winkle thanked the mirror and went off to find the perfect star to wish upon. She climbed to the top of the highest hill in her town and looked up. "Excuse me" A voice said beside her. A wizard was standing looking down at her. He asked her what was wrong; she told him her sad story. "There are wishing stars here, but don't look up there." He pointed to the sky. He raised his magic wand high and Winkle saw a silver moon hanging from his neck. "Shadow?" she whispered. "Wodash!" The wizard's magic word echoed across the hilltop. He vanished into a puff of smoke. Winkle saw a small animal disappear into some trees. She ran after it and found herself alone in a meadow with a glowing pond at the centre. It shone with the reflection of many stars. A blue star in the centre gleamed the brightest. A golden mist rose from the water and hundreds of fireflies skipped across the pond's surface. Sparks flew high into the air whenever the insects bumped together. Winkle gasped. It's magical! These must be the wishing stars. She sat down and smiled at the blue star's reflection. Suddenly, it jumped out of the water and flew around her. A colourful tail of stardust and sparkles slid beneath her. Winkle had risen above the ground. She was floating on the star. Now my wish will work, she thought. She closed her eyes. "I wish my magic back to me, so ever more a witch I'll be!" In a flash of blue starlight, a piece of star broke off and flew into Winkle's pocket. She said goodnight to the stars and hurried home. Shadow was asleep on her bed. Before climbing in beside him, she made a new sign for her door. It said, "Winkle: Worker of Magic. Witch Upon a Star."

2. Winkle was too busy to stop for lunch.
When she yawned, a man's nose turned blue.
She painted it with potion but a shoe appeared.
A lady who asked for gold went bald.
A boy who wanted a dog turned into a frog.

5. yes, no, yes, yes, no, yes

7. "I said 'new', not 'blue,'" bellowed a man whose nose turned glittery blue when Winkle yawned and sprinkled it with Dragon's Breath.

A colourful tail of stardust and sparkles slid beneath her. Winkle had risen above the ground. She was floating on the star.

THE WIZARD'S STAFF

1. A wizard had worked tirelessly for three days on a spell to turn toads into strawberries. He hadn't stopped to sleep or eat. He hadn't fed his owl, Minerva, either. She swooped on a back slippery toad, snapped it up and swallowed it. The wizard went red in the face and threw his magic staff wildly at her. She dodged it. The staff disappeared through the clouds. In a dirty street of a dark city, a homeless boy called Daniel was being cornered, and circled by a gang of thugs. The leader wanted to get him, and make him suffer for not stealing for them. Suddenly, out of the sky, the staff landed on the pavement in front of him. He grabbed it with both hands and swung it as hard as he could, whilst yelling at the thugs to get lost. "KAPOW!" They vanished. Daniel couldn't believe his eyes. On his way back to his hidey-hole, he passed a house. The family in the house were eating spaghetti. He wished he could eat like that everyday. Suddenly a bowl of spaghetti appeared in front of him. He ate until he was so full that he could barely walk. The wizard couldn't work without his staff; he couldn't even change the smell of his socks when the witch from next door complained. He told Minerva to find his staff, she spat crunched up toad bones at him. The witch told him he was more useless than a slug's whisker, and pushed him down through the clouds. Daniel was warm and well fed for the first time he could remember. He was astonished when the wizard appeared. The wizard wanted his staff back, but Daniel didn't want to hand it back. Daniel suggested sharing the staff; the wizard would not have it. The wizard yanked at the staff. KAPOW! They were suddenly back at the wizard's place. The wizard wanted to boot Daniel back through the clouds. "Wait!" said Daniel. "You need me. Your owl needs combing. Your room needs airing. Your spells need sorting, and most of all your socks need washing." The wizard liked things the way they were, he raised his foot as high as he could. "Wait," said Minerva "if he goes, I won't be your wise owl ever again." "Wait," said the witch "If he goes I won't speak to you ever again." "Wait," said the magic staff "if he goes, I won't work for you ever again." "Oh very well" grumbled the wizard. "I'll get back to my toads." But they were all gone.

2. 3, 5, 1, 4, 2

WELCOME TO FAIRYLAND

1. Sally had been in the bookshop for some time before she noticed how odd the salesman was. He had long pointy ears pointing out from under a mop of ginger hair. His twinkling eyes were green and he had a sharp nose. He was tiny – barely as high as the counter. His eyes sparkled when he saw the fairytale book Sally had chosen. He said he had just the thing for her; it was a red, slightly glowing book called "Welcome to Fairyland." He warned her not to read it until she was alone. Back in her bedroom, Sally read, "This book is your passport to Fairyland. Do exactly as your guide tells you." Suddenly her bedroom faded and she found herself in a circle of mushroom houses. The mushrooms were bigger than her. An oddly familiar looking elf popped his head out of a window. He smiled and said his name was Kriss. He held out a pink glass bottle and told Sally to drink it; it would make her invisible, the people who lived there were frightened of strangers. She swallowed the sweet mixture. She felt the same, but when

she looked down her body had disappeared. Then she saw that she was alone, where had Kriss gone? “Don’t worry,” said a soft voice beside her “Give me your hand. Would you like to see something really special?” “Yes, please!” she answered. Kriss led her deep into a forest. Brightly coloured butterflies flitted from flower to flower. Birds sang. A sparkling brook trickled through the ferns. Suddenly Kriss pointed to two snow white creatures with beautiful faces, and long golden horns. They were grazing peacefully beside brook. “Unicorns!” Sally cried. But it was too late; they raised their heads, rolled their eyes in fright. They galloped off into the trees and vanished. Kriss led her into the darkest part of the forest. There, in a clearing they stopped. Kriss told her to look closely. She strained her eyes and noticed a glow in the middle of the clearing, and the faint sound of singing. “Ssh,” whispered the elf. “They are very shy.” Tiny people, no bigger than flowers were dancing. Some of them held little lights as they skipped and spun. They were fairies. Sally crept closer, and made sure she was quiet as a mouse. The fairies were dressed in colourful costumes. Their voices sounded like tinkling bells. On their backs, they had wings as fine as silk. Suddenly, a butterfly landed on Sally’s nose. “Tishoooo!” There was a whirl of colour and movement. Fairies flew in all directions. The tiny coloured lights disappeared and there was only a faint echo of singing left. Kriss led her out of the forest to a sandy clearing near a steep hill. A dragon was standing guard beside a clutch of creamy eggs. The dragon was huge, with enormous wings and a long tail, but she was not scary. She was purring like a cat. Sally could hear a faint, cracking noise. One of the eggs was breaking open. A tiny dragon scrambled out covered in slime. Soon more babies appeared. Each one was picked up, and gently carried in her mouth to her lair, a dark cave at the bottom of a nearby cliff. Sally had counted six dragons hatching. There was only one left. While the mother was in the cave Sally bent low and put it in her pocket. Night was falling. Stars began to twinkle. Kriss looked at his fob watch and said that it was time to return to her world, or she would be trapped in Fairyland forever. Before she could protest, Sally was back in her bedroom. Perhaps it had all been a dream, she thought, disappointed. Then she felt something in her pocket. It was a tiny, cream coloured egg.

2. yes, no, yes, no, no, yes, no

THREE WISHES

1. Once upon a time there was a poor man. He lived with his wife. They barely had enough to eat, and were chilled to the bone during winter as they could not afford coal to heat the house. One evening he came in carrying a bag of coal. It must have been a gift. Someone had left it by the door. They lit a fire and warmed themselves. The wife said, “You know why we are unhappy? Because we are poor. If only we could have what we wish. At that very moment, a fairy appeared from the fire and said, “You want to have a wish?” “Three please,” said the wife. She knew the rules. They had to wish carefully as they only had three wishes. The fairy disappeared, and the man and wife sat by the fire and thought hard. The wife thought she might like to wish for a beautiful silk purse. Her husband thought that was a silly wish, she could wish for ten purses full of gold, or a hundred. She poked the fire, and her tummy rumbled. “I wish we had a huge sausage to cook over this beautiful fire for our supper,” she said. A huge sausage fell into her lap.

“Wife!” cried the man. “What have you done? How stupid can you be? Why I wish that sausage was on the end of your nose!” Instantly the sausage was growing out of the wife’s nose. “Owww. What have you done stupid man? Get it off me.” He grabbed the sausage as hard as he could and pulled it, but it stayed right where it was. “You idiot. You’ve ruined me. How can I ever go out in public again? Owww. Woe is me. I wish it would just drop off!” And it did. The truth dawned on them. “That was our last wish,” said the man in a tiny voice. “Owww,” wailed the wife. There was nothing to do but sit down by the fire again. “It serves us right. We wanted too much. This is how the fairy punished us.” Said the husband. “You’re right. From now on, we should count our blessings. Look here. We have a bag full of coal and a huge sausage to eat. That’s more than we had in the beginning. Why don’t we sit by the fire and cook the sausage for our supper?” Said the wife. And they did. They were content at last.

2. poor, coal, fire, fairy, three, wish, lap

7. “Why I wish that sausage was on the end of your nose!” Instantly the sausage was growing out of the wife’s nose. “Owww. What have you done stupid man? Get it off me.” He grabbed the sausage as hard as he could and pulled it, but it stayed right where it was.

MR MOOGLE IS MISSING

1. Kate searched in her wardrobe, in her cupboard and under her bed and found lots of things, but no monster. She sat on the floor and cried sadly, “Oh no. My monster has gone.” She went into her kitchen and found her mum and said, “I can’t find my monster.” “What monster?” asked her mum. “The monster in my wardrobe, Mr. Moogle.” Her mum told her that there was no monster in her wardrobe. “I know, that’s the problem, he’s gone,” said Kate. She went to find her dad in the garden and told him about her missing monster. Dad wondered what they could do. Kate wanted to call the police. Dad said the police would be too busy to look for monsters. Kate decided to make posters as they did when Scat went missing. “Good idea. Let’s get the paints,” said dad. Kate got the paints and big sheets of paper from her room. Soon they had lots of posters. They put posters all over town. They put the last one in the police station with all the ‘wanted’ posters. “I hope you find your monster,” the policeman said. Kate’s mum said they’d buy her a teddy if they couldn’t find Mr. Moogle. Kate didn’t want a teddy. Teddy’s didn’t do anything. Dad suggested a puppy. Kate didn’t want a puppy either. She didn’t want to have to look after it, take it for walks and feed it. Monsters look after themselves. Mum thought monsters might be a bit scary, but Kate said they weren’t if you made friends with them...perhaps a little bit scary. Dad said he’d buy her a new monster in a few days if Mr Moogle didn’t show up. Kate said you couldn’t buy monsters. Kate missed her monster. She waited so long it felt like forever. She lay awake at night and whispered in the darkness, but no monster whispered back. No doors creaked open, and no face peeped out. There were no Mr Moogle moans, groans or howls in the night. Then, one night while the house was asleep Kate heard a rustling sound. She saw a pile of posters on the floor. Slowly, the wardrobe door creaked open and a deep dark growling, groaning, moaning, wailing, whispering, snarling

sound echoing eerily in the background. The wardrobe door swung open. Mr Moogle stepped out. He was holding something. He was holding a baby monster. He must have been a Mrs Moogle all along, and had been at the monster hospital having a baby. Kate went to the kitchen and found cakes, drinks, cups and party hats and balloons, and took them back to her room. They howled, wailed, groaned, crackled and drank drinks all night. Her monster was back, and now there were two!

2. c, b, a, c, c

5. Kate got the paints and big sheets of paper from her room. Soon they had lots of posters. They put posters all over town.

THE MARBLE OF ALL SEASONS

It had been a long day at the carnival. I was tired. I sat on a hay bale next to the laughing clowns while mum went to find my brother and sister. I gazed at the stand that sold cute stuffed toys hanging from sticks. I only had fifty cents left, not enough to buy anything. A purple and red striped tent that I hadn't noticed before caught my eye. It was tall and skinny like a giant candy cane. A boy sat on a stool by the door waving to me. "Come in Lilly" he said. How did he know my name? The little boy grinned and said, "of course I know your name, don't be silly. We've been waiting for you." He took me by the hand and led me inside. I looked much bigger inside. A lady with long white hair – almost reaching her knees sat at a table in the centre. She was very wrinkled and crinkly. She smiled and pointed to the table. On it was a silky purple cloth hiding something underneath. I looked under the cloth. It was an emerald glass ball as big as a basketball. I asked the old lady if it was a crystal ball, and if she was a fortune teller. She said it was much more magical, and told me to pick it up and give it a shake. It was a marble of all seasons. I picked it up and gave it a gentle shake. Seconds later, the green vanished and a picture appeared. It was the ocean in summer. I could see seagulls flying, people swimming, and a group of teenagers surfing. The old woman told me to throw the marble into the air. I did, and before I had caught it, it had changed. Inside was a country road, sheltered on either side by giant trees. A group of children were playing in a carpet of colourful leaves. Red, orange and yellow leaves were dancing all around making beautiful patterns in the air. "Autumn," I said smiling. This time she told me to give the marble a spin. I sat it on the table and gave it a whirl. Tall dark buildings were crammed inside the marble – a city covered in dark clouds, drenched in rain. People dressed in heavy coats and carrying umbrellas ran to buses and trains. Children jumped in puddles. There were dogs in tartan jackets. Brr, that was winter. I shivered. I felt cold just looking at it. I had to bounce the marble this time. I was worried it might break. The old woman said it would never break. I gave it a good firm bounce. There was a farmhouse, with lots of flowers and baby animals playing in the yard. Lambs, piglets and newborn kittens lay with their mother in the sunshine. I giggled. My favourite season, spring. "This is the coolest thing I've ever seen. Thanks for letting me play with it." I said. "You're very welcome Lily dear, now would you like to buy one of you very own?" "I'd love to, but I only have fifty cents" I replied sadly. "That's exactly the right price," said the old woman as she handed me a small paper bag. "Bye for now

little on.” I waved goodbye and stepped outside. The little boy was still sitting on the stool, he said goodbye. I went to find mum. She had been waiting for me, and wondering where I was. “I was over at the purple and red tent.....” I stopped. The tent was gone, completely vanished. The only thing there was a scruffy old dog scratching his fleas. Mum thought I’d been dreaming. I was getting confused. I looked down and the paper bag was still in my hand. I pulled out the marble, it was as big as a cricket ball. Inside the marble was the purple and red tent, with a little boy sitting on a stool by the door. He smiled and waved. “Yes mum, I must have been dreaming.” But I winked at the boy, and he winked back.

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