

Brown A
NC 3C

Moya, the Luck Child



Moya is no ordinary child. She is beautiful, gentle – and luck follows her wherever she goes. But is she lucky enough to escape the Little People and an evil queen?

"I couldn't wait to find out what was going to happen to Moya!"

Emily

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MOYA, THE LUCK CHILD

Moya, the Luck Child



Written by Malachy Doyle • Illustrated by Laura Anderson

One day, as Conary was gathering wood for the fire, he heard a tiny cry. Following the sound to the foot of a tree, he found a beautiful baby girl wrapped in a golden blanket.

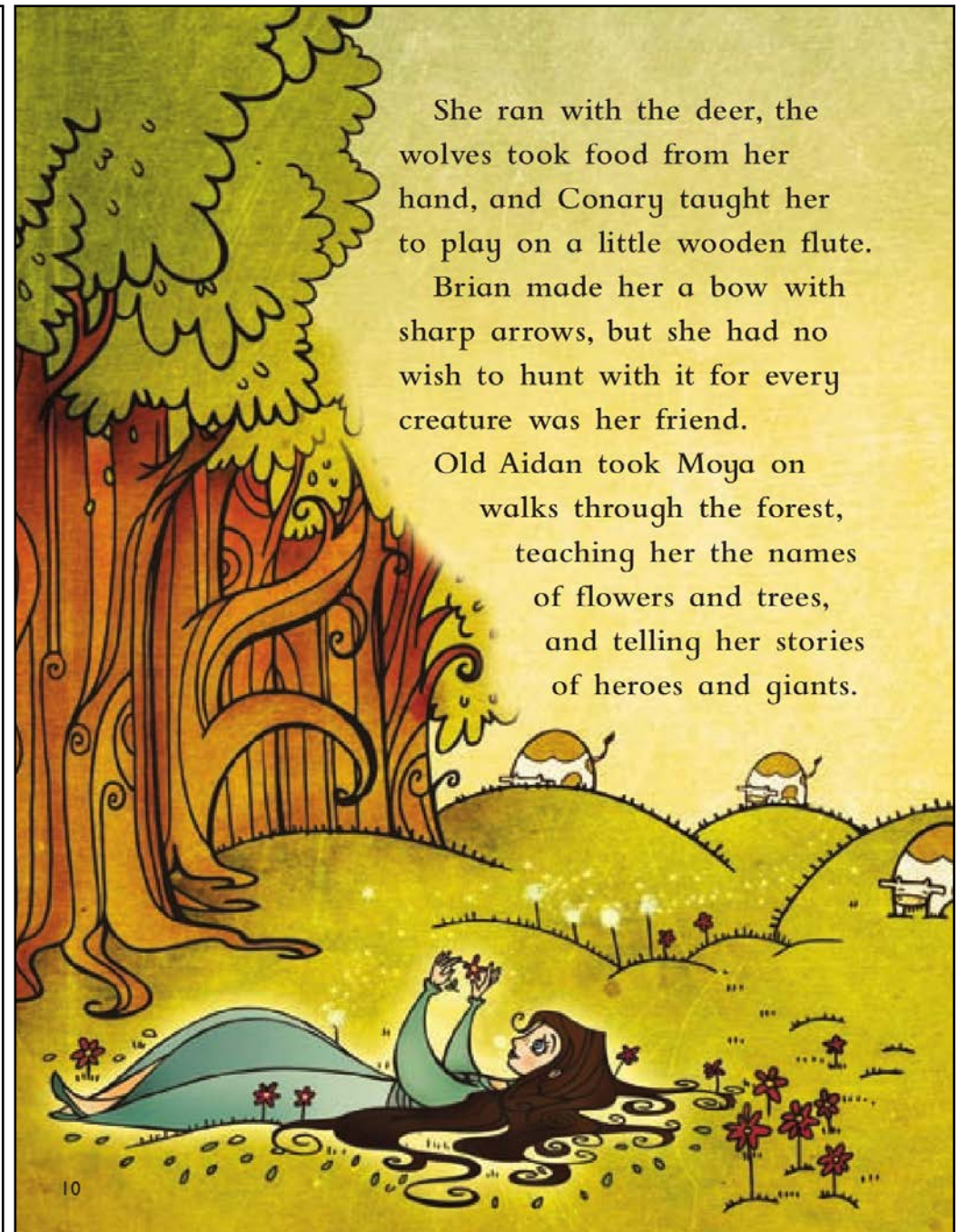


As he picked her up, the little child smiled at him, and Conary felt as happy as he'd ever been in his life.

She ran with the deer, the wolves took food from her hand, and Conary taught her to play on a little wooden flute.

Brian made her a bow with sharp arrows, but she had no wish to hunt with it for every creature was her friend.

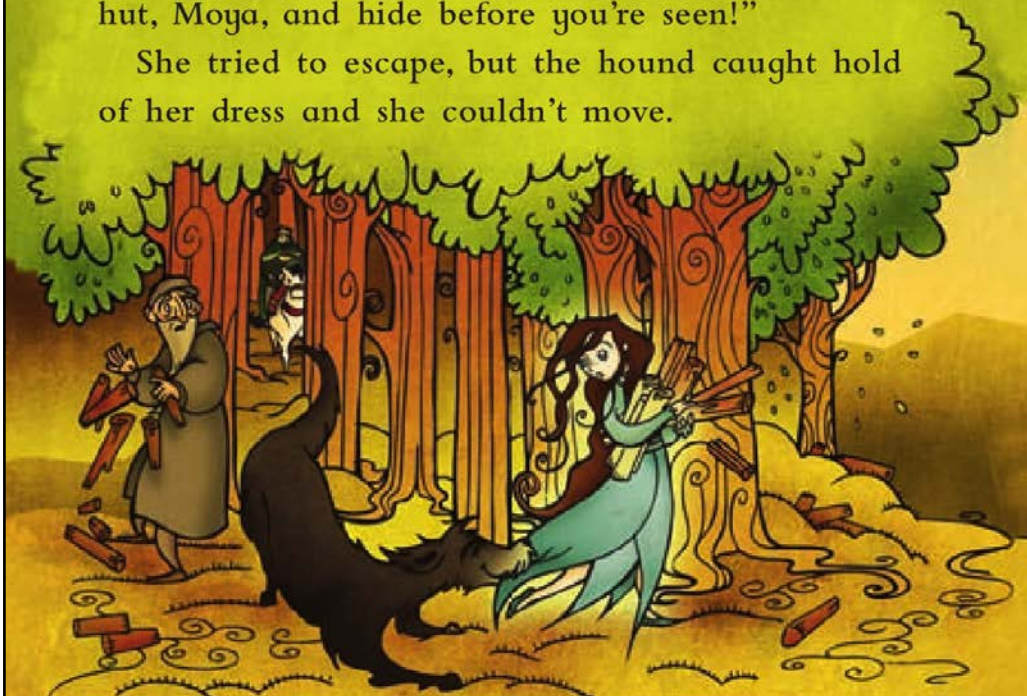
Old Aidan took Moya on walks through the forest, teaching her the names of flowers and trees, and telling her stories of heroes and giants.



The next morning, the three men were out collecting wood when a jet-black hound ran through the trees.

"It's the king's dog!" said Aidan. "Run for the hut, Moya, and hide before you're seen!"

She tried to escape, but the hound caught hold of her dress and she couldn't move.



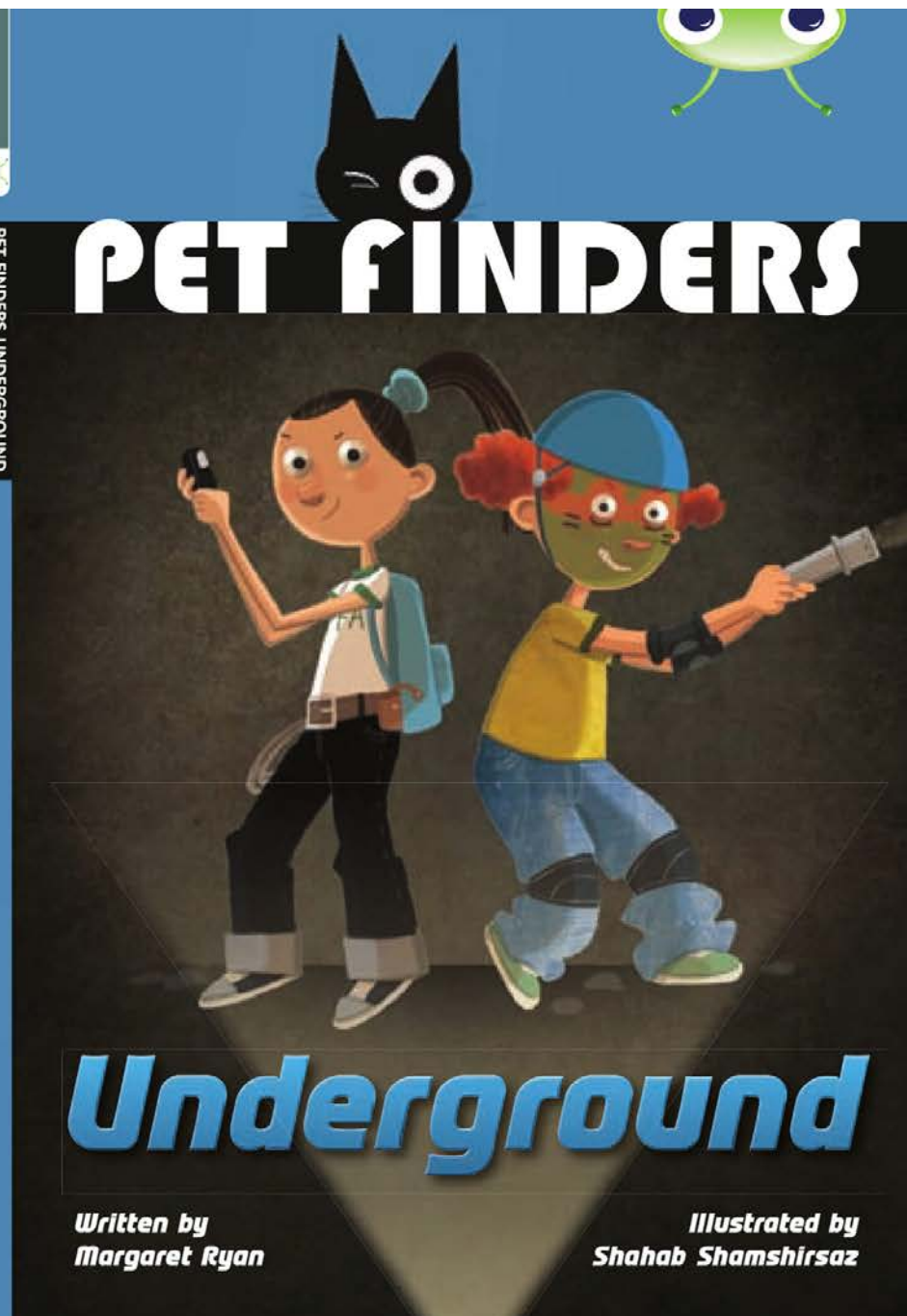
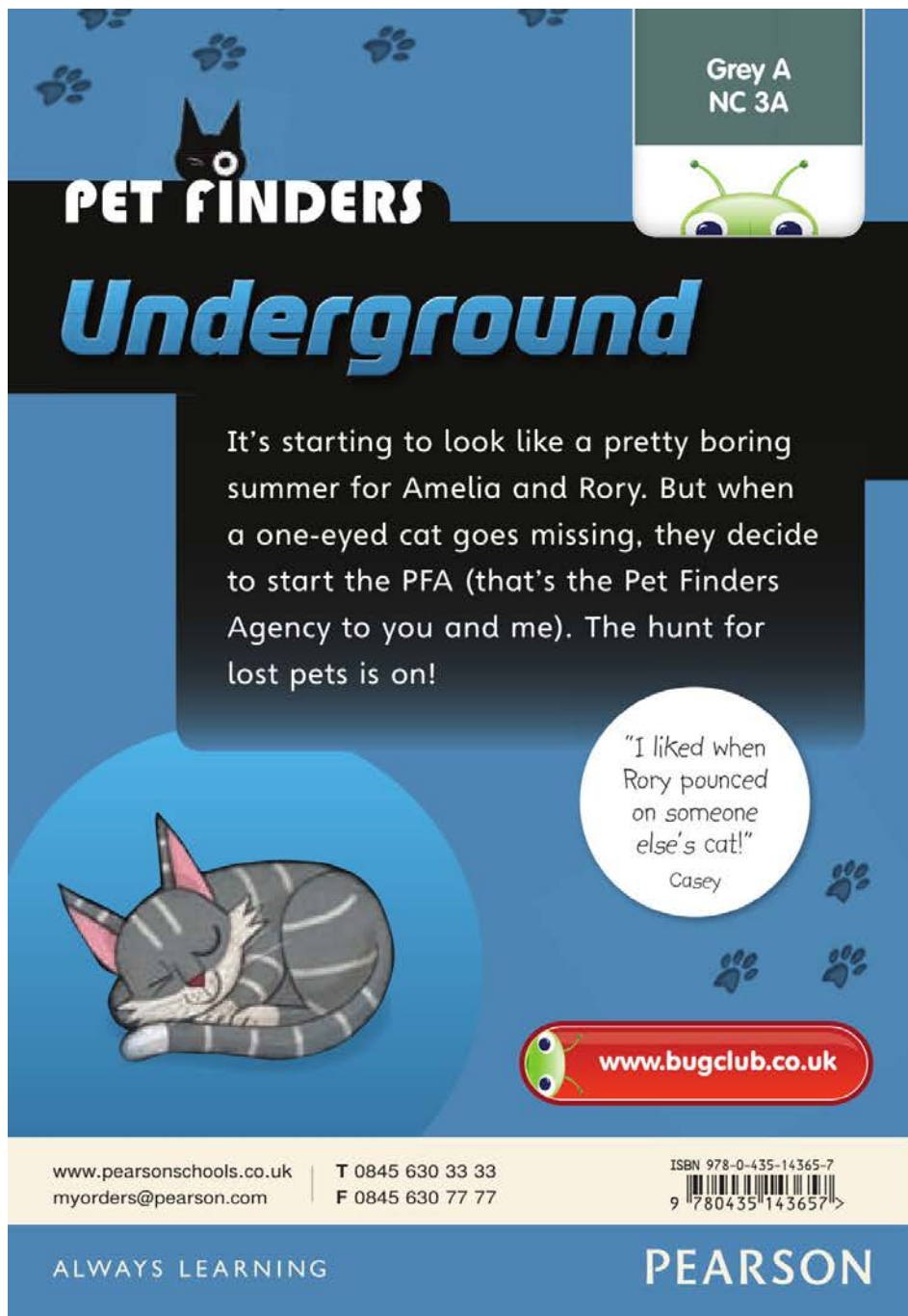
The King of Ireland rode up on his mighty horse. "Who is this?" he asked, looking first at Moya and then at the three men. "I can see she's none of yours, for she's far too pretty!"

Was Moya starving when she got home? Certainly not! Was she wasting away with hunger? Not a bit!

"Cucadoo ..." the woman called to her youngest son. "Go with that good-for-nothing Moya and find out what she's eating!" So he did.



They went to the fields together to mind the cows, and when the midsummer sun was high in the sky, Moya sang, "It's time to chew, Cucadoo!"



Sample pages from Pet Finders: Underground
Book Band Level: Grey



"The wha ... Pet Finders Agency? Case?" spluttered Rory.

Amelia ignored him and continued. "It's our new business venture to earn some pocket money," she explained to Mrs Collins. "We're especially good at finding lost cats."

"In that case I'd be very happy to leave it up to you to look for him," said Mrs Collins. "Your young legs are much faster than mine." With that she wandered off down the road.

"Amelia ..." Rory began, but Amelia wasn't listening.

"Let's get started straight away," she said. "We need to advertise our services. You do a poster to put in the village shop window and I'll do some leaflets. We can deliver them while we look for Nelson. And change out of those awful shorts and into some suitable clothes. The Pet Finders must look professional."

Rory stood to attention and gave a comic salute. "Anything else, Your Majesty?"

"Yes. Stop being so silly," frowned Amelia.

"Then stop being so bossy," said Rory.

But Amelia was already hurrying inside; there was work to be done.

Amelia looked at the floor. "There are two sets of footprints," she whispered. "I wonder who they belong to?"

"There's only one way to find out," said Rory, grasping his stick more tightly.

"Okay," agreed Amelia. "But we have to be careful ..."



33

"That's the bit I like," the first man laughed.

Amelia and Rory looked at each other. What had they stumbled on? Then Amelia's hand touched something metal. She drew it back quickly as she heard a scuffling sound.

"I think I touched one of the cages," she whispered to Rory. "There's something in it, but I don't know what."

"I'll cover the torch with my hand so it doesn't give off much light and we can have a quick look," whispered Rory. He covered the torch so that only a faint beam showed.



38

E. Nesbit's The Railway Children

Blue B
NC 4A



"They were not railway children to begin with ..."

... but when their father is unexpectedly called away, Bobbie, Peter and Phyllis are sent to the countryside. With nothing much to do, they go down to the track to watch the trains. This adaptation of E. Nesbit's classic tale will transport you to another time and take you on some surprising adventures. Will the children ever see their father again?



"I loved the children's adventures and felt I was there with them!"

India

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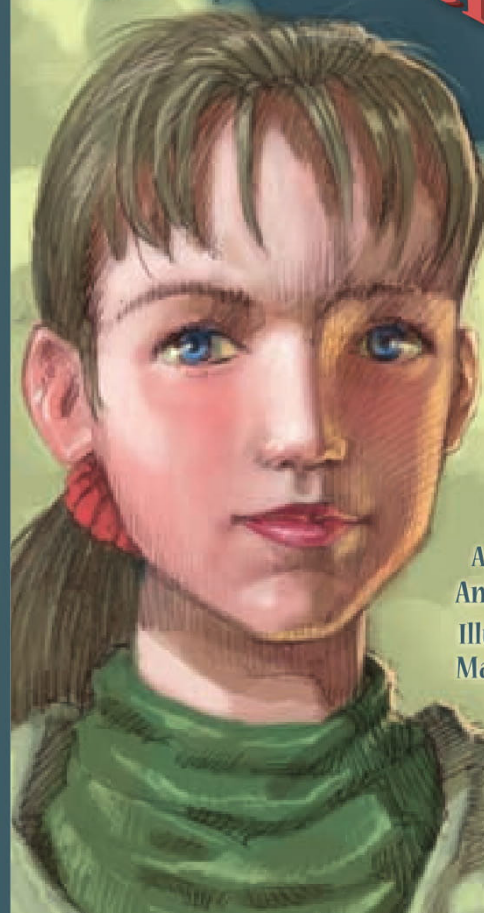


ALWAYS LEARNING

PEARSON

E. NESBIT'S THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

E. Nesbit's The Railway Children



Adapted by
Annie Dalton
Illustrated by
Maxim Larin

Bobbie held Mother's hand against her cheek. "We will," she promised.

"You can help me most by being good and not quarrelling when I'm away," Mother went on, "for I shall have to be away a great deal. I want you to promise not to ask me any questions about this trouble and not to ask anybody else any questions."

"Is it something to do with the Government?" asked Bobbie, for their father worked in a Government office.

"Yes," said Mother. "Now it's bedtime, my darlings. And don't worry. It will all come right in the end."

Upstairs, the girls carefully folded their clothes, the only way they could think to be good.

Phyllis sighed. "Remember how you used to say our life was so dull? Nothing ever happened like in books? Well, now something *has* happened."

"I never wanted to make Mother unhappy," said Bobbie. "Everything's perfectly horrible."

Life continued to be perfectly horrible for





had time to think, and one of the things she thought of was what Mother had said one of those feverish nights when her hands were so hot and her eyes so bright.

The words were: "Oh, what a big doctor's bill I'll have to pay."

Suddenly Bobbie made up her mind. Going out through the side door of the garden she walked until she came to the bridge that crossed the canal and there she waited in the sunshine, looking down at the water.

Presently there was a sound of wheels, just as she had hoped. The wheels were the wheels of the doctor's dogcart and in the cart was the doctor. When he saw her he pulled up and called out, "Your mother's not worse?"

"No, but –"

"Then what's the trouble?" he said. "Come on, out with it."

"Mother said I wasn't to go telling everyone we're poor," Bobbie said anxiously. "But you're not everyone, are you?"

"Certainly not," said the doctor cheerfully.

"Well, Mrs Viney told me that her

The Queen's Spy

Red A
NC 5C



When the twins, Edward and Bridget, find an intruder in the barn, they get caught up in his exciting tales of traitors, spies and plots. But is this mysterious man a hero or a villain? And will he really reveal the traitor in their midst?

"A great book. It gets you to jump from your seat with the hairs on the back of your neck standing on end."

Jack



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ALWAYS LEARNING

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THE QUEEN'S SPY

The Queen's Spy

Written by Sally True

Illustrated by Alan Marks

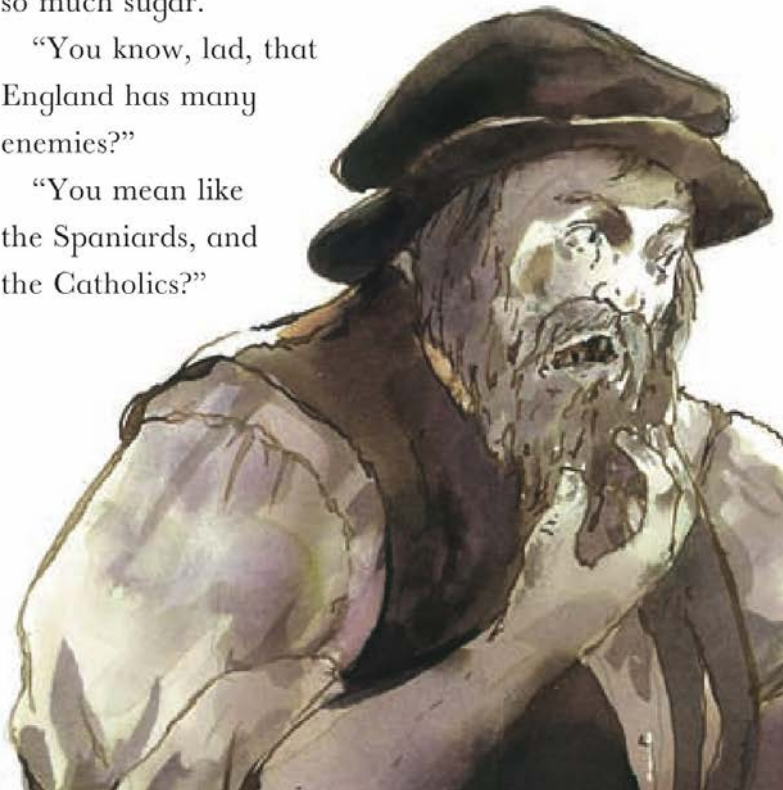
Edward felt as if he'd fallen out of a tree: things kept spinning dizzily past him before he had a chance to catch hold of them. Sir Robert Cecil? The Queen?

"Traitors?" he echoed, weakly.

The man took his elbow and leaned close to whisper. His teeth were black, but then lots of people at Court had black teeth because they ate so much sugar.

"You know, lad, that England has many enemies?"

"You mean like the Spaniards, and the Catholics?"



The intruder was fat, but he could move amazingly fast. Before Bridget could turn round he was somehow between her and the doorway, and he was bowing to her with surprising grace.

"Gentle mistress," he said. "I beseech you –"

"And you needn't try and get round *me*," said Bridget, firmly. "We don't want your sort round here, robbing and drinking and causing trouble. Be off with you, or you'll find yourself being whipped through the streets!"

Edward was quite faint with alarm. To think

The man nodded again.

"Witness the man's cunning," he said. "You see, Mistress Bridget, in the world of spies and traitors, nothing is what it seems. And that includes me, of course. I am Nat Cobbley, secret servant of Sir Robert Cecil, and I command you both to help me in the name of the Queen!"

It all made perfect sense to Edward.

"I always knew there was something wrong with Master Thatcham," he said. "I mean, why should anyone like him become a schoolmaster?"

"Because the pay is terrible, the schoolhouse is falling down, and the schoolmaster isn't even allowed to get married," said Bridget, crisply.

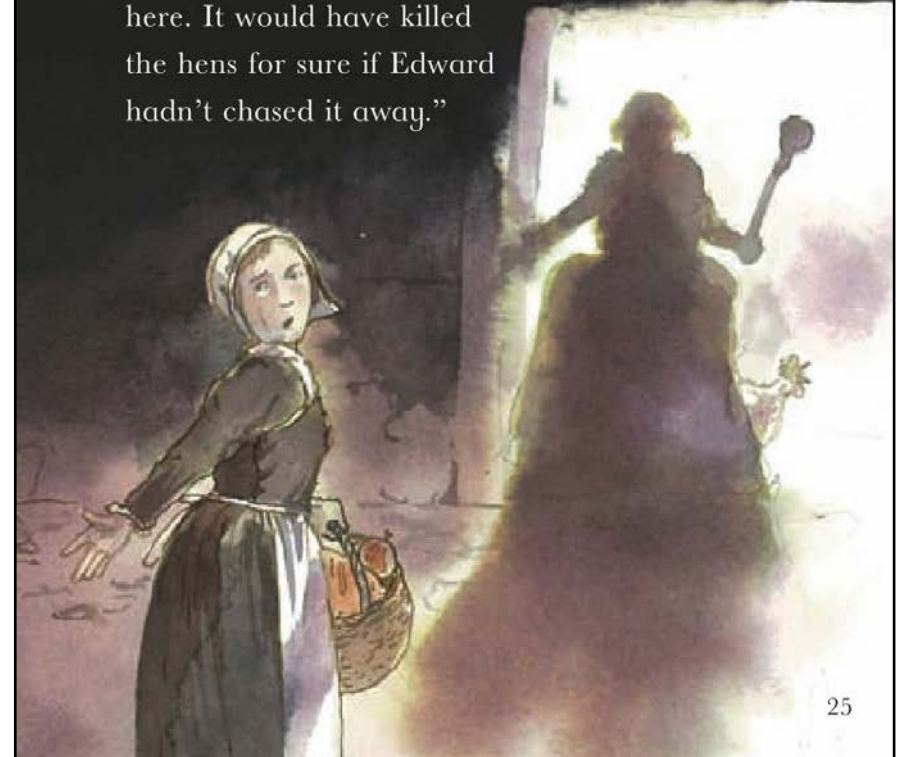
"The **aldermen** have to give any clay-brained measle the job or there'd be no one to do it."

"Yes, but why would even *Master Thatcham* want to do it?" persisted Edward. "He really *hates* boys. He whips us all the time for nothing. Sometimes in the winter he whips us just to get himself warm!"

"A dastardly fellow indeed," agreed Cobbley. Bridget just gave Edward a withering look.

"What are you doing playing about with that straw?" she demanded. She was carrying a wooden spoon, and Edward realised with a sinking heart that he was probably in for his second beating of the day.

"Edward has been driving away a great rat, madam," said Bridget, with a curtsy. She'd always been a brilliant liar. "It was in the hen run, and then it dashed in here. It would have killed the hens for sure if Edward hadn't chased it away."



Red Plus A
NC 5A



I've got to keep reminding myself that it's only for two years ... She repeated it, hoping she would believe it, as the wind brushed her face and whispered ocean music in her ears ...

Hannah is uprooted from everything familiar when her family moves to the island of Bermuda. While struggling to fit in to island life, Hannah finds herself caught up in a mystery that she must solve.

"This is such a great book!" Zoe



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ISLAND BOUND

DEB LOUGHEAD

Deb
Loughead

burying her face in it, trying to look preoccupied. Her mother padded over and sat down on the edge of her bed. Hannah couldn't look at her, dreading what she was about to hear. She squeezed her eyes shut and listened.

"Your father's very disappointed," said her mother. "He was really counting on a positive reaction from you. He knows how much you love the island."

"To visit," blurted Hannah. "Not to live there. Never to live there."

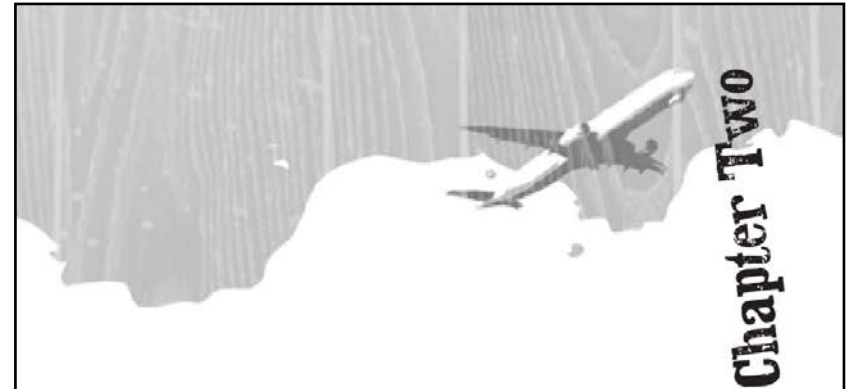
"Your brother's ecstatic. He can't wait to leave."

"Jake's only twelve. He won't have so much trouble making new friends."

"Neither will you, Hannah." Her mother tried to squeeze Hannah's shoulder, but Hannah pushed her hand away. "It's not forever, honey. Just for two years. That's not very long."

"It's a long time when you're *my* age. By the time I get back, all my friends will have forgotten about me."

"That's not true." Her mother's voice was losing its soft, patient tone. Now there was something hard there. Something hard and



Hannah usually liked the plane ride. She liked the way the huge jet sped up on the runway so that Toronto International Airport and its busy ground crew, zipping around in their little luggage carts, refuelling planes and loading cargo, all became one colourful blur. She liked the way they slanted upward, airborne at last, and everything beneath them shrank to toy size as they rose above the clouds and headed south. *For Bermuda.*

They would circle over Lake Ontario and Dad would point out the CN Tower and Skydome, and busy highways and byways. They would fly over Hamilton, Ontario, and he would point out the Burlington Skyway and soon Niagara Falls. Then there'd be mountains and rivers, farmland that looked like patchwork quilts and many more miniature towns and cities.



They cleared customs within half an hour and were soon standing in front of the airport, watching for a taxi and gazing across the sparkling waters of Castle Harbour.

"Here's Willie now," said Dad, taking a piece of luggage in each hand. "Everyone grab something so he won't have to get out of the cab to help us."

"Hey ho, everybody! Right on time as usual!" Willie stuck his face out of the window, grinning wide and bright. His mass of tight, springy curls, as soft as a lamb's coat, seemed a little more silvery than it had been in the summer and his dark face was deeply etched with smile lines.

"How was the flight, folks?"

"Flawless," said Mum, as she helped Dad pack the back of the van with their luggage.

homes, each with its own peculiar name, like Seaview, Petrel Perch or Whistling Frog; the restaurants, beaches and hotels. Hannah sat back in her seat and tried to relax.

She opened a window and let the warm island air blow on to her face and ruffle her hair. The flower-bright hedges and lush tropical shrubbery flashed by in a blur and soon she closed her eyes and listened to the buzz of motor scooters, the toot of horns and the low murmur of conversation. Up front, her parents were talking about moving to Bermuda and Willie was saying how excited Belterre was that Celia would be on the island again. How it would be just like old times when she was a little girl.

Hannah's mother, Celia, had grown up in Bermuda and moved to Canada when she was just a little older than Hannah was now. She'd attended high school and then university in Toronto, but some of her fondest memories were of growing up in Bermuda, of sunshine and sand and warm ocean water.

Celia liked to tell Hannah and Jake tales of life by the sea, about sailing out in the harbour and swimming with all sorts of strange and