

# The Boy Who Wouldn't Read

©Helena Pielichaty

a short play

in

six parts

first read and performed by

Y5 pupils at

Ysgob Esgob Morgan, St Asaph, Wales

## Notes on the play

- The play is suitable to be read in small groups or performed to an audience. Parts are flexible so that Dr Morgan, for example, could be read by a girl or a boy, as could the patient.
- There are six scenes, plus breaks, in the play where the actors/readers can add their own scenes and ideas, if they wish.
- The story is set in Wales so there are occasional Welsh words but they are easy to understand.
- Parts are colour-coded in the margin to help the actors know when it's their turn.
- Mrs Hatwood (mother) has the biggest part. It would suit a confident reader.
- The role of 'Helena' is that of a narrator between scenes but can be omitted.

## List of Characters

Dr. Morgan - a kind but busy person

Jenny Hatwood - a hard-working woman, worried about her son

Wes Hatwood - a cheery sort

Bradley Hatwood - a cheeky, energetic 11- year old

A patient - only has 3 lines but they're dead important ones!

Helena - she wrote the play and butts in between scenes

SCENE ONE: A Doctor's Surgery

*Doctor Morgan waits in the doorway of his office to welcome his next patient. A mother ENTERS, pushing her eleven- year old son in front of her. The boy looks angry and tries to shrug her off. The mother keeps pushing.*

**Mother:** Go on, Bradley. Get in there.

**Bradley:** I don't want to.

**Mother:** In! Now!

**Doctor:** Good morning. How are you?

**Mother:** I'm fine, thanks, doctor. It's Bradley that I'm bothered about.

**Doctor:** What seems to be the problem?

**Bradley:** *(folding his arms and scowling)* Nothing. I haven't got a problem. It's her.  
She's the problem.

**Mother:** Oi! What have I told you about being rude?

**Bradley:** Well it's not fair. I could be out with my mates and you've made me come here for nothing.

**Mother:** Nothing? You call what you've got 'nothing'?

**Doctor:** Is it nits again?

**Bradley:** Yes! It's nits. *(Bradley starts scratching his head like crazy)*

**Mother:** Nits? I wish it was. This is much worse than nits.

**Doctor:** Oh dear. I'd better have a look at you, Bradley. Open your mouth and say 'arghh.'

**Bradley:** *(roars)* Arghhhhhh!

**Doctor:** *(steps back)* Well, there's nothing wrong with your lungs. Let's check your ears.

**Bradley:** *(cups his ear)* What did you say? I can't hear you.

**Mother:** Bradley!

**Bradley:** Well it's stupid is this. There's nothing wrong with my ears! Or my nose or my hair or my legs or my bum.

**Mother:** Bradley Hatwood! Do not say bum in front of the doctor.

**Bradley:** Bum. Bum. Bum. Bum *(pauses)* Bum.

**Doctor:** I'll listen to your chest now. *(Bradley sighs and lifts up his t shirt)* Well, that all seems fine. And I can't see a rash or any spots.

**Bradley:** That's because I haven't got a rash or spots or an itch or a sniff or nothing. I 'm perfect, I am. *(turns to his mum)* Can we go now you've finished showing me up?

Doctor: He does seem fit and well, Mrs Hatwood.

**Mother:** On the outside, maybe, Doctor Morgan, but not on the inside. Look.  
*(slides a sheet of paper across the desk)*

Doctor: What's this?

**Mother:** His Year Six school report.

**Bradley:** Mum! How could you! That's private, that is.

**Mother:** It's that last bit. There *(taps the bottom of the sheet)*.

Doctor: *(reads)* 'It is hard to get Bradley engaged in reading. I have tried all sorts of ways but nothing grabs him. Instead he messes about, acting silly. This is such a pity as it will hold him back when he gets to high school.'

**Mother:** *(sounding worried)* Is it true, doctor? What she says? That he'll get held back? I want him to do well and go to college. He's bright enough. He does well in maths and art. It's just the reading. The reading lets him down.

Doctor: Has he been tested for dyslexia?

**Bradley:** Hello! I'm not dyslexic. I can read. I just don't like reading. Only geeks read.

**Mother:** You and your geeks.

**Bradley:** Well it's true, they are geeks.

Doctor: We used to call them swots in my day.

**Bradley:** Exactly. None of my mates like reading. What do we want to read for when there's so much else to do that's way better? Like Nintendo and BMX and Go Ape?

Doctor: Go Ape?

**Bradley:** It's these cool woods where you can jump from trees on zip wires and stuff. **(starts swinging from the doctor's chair).**

Doctor: Well, it sounds as if you're getting plenty of healthy exercise, Bradley.

**Bradley:** I am. Why do you think I'm so fit? From not having my nose stuck in a book all day, that's what.

Doctor: I'm sorry, Mrs Hatwood. I really don't see how I can help. Bradley seems perfectly normal.

**Mother:** What? But can't you give him some tablets?

Doctor: Tablets?

**Mother:** To help him stop being silly in class?

Doctor: I don't think tablets would help.

**Bradley:** Totally agree with you, doc. Right, Mum, come on. Let's not waste any more time. The doctor's got boils to burst and colds to cure. Chop-chop.

**Mother** *(sighs)* Well, thank you, Dr Morgan

Doctor: You're welcome. Bye now. Enjoy going ape, Bradley.

**Bradley:** Cheers.

*(They get as far as the door when Mrs Hatwood turns.)*

**Mother:** Please, doctor. There must be something I can do to get him to read?

I bet if it was your child you'd be worried. No matter how much exercise they were getting, you'd want them to read for enjoyment as well, wouldn't you? I know you would. I bet your house is full of books.

Doctor: Well, yes, we've got a few...

**Mother:** And you're not a geek, are you?

Doctor: *(laughs)* Well, I...

**Mother:** Help me, doctor, please. Help me show Bradley reading isn't boring.

**Bradley:** Mum... the door's this way... look... it opens and everything...

Doctor: Now I come to think about it my youngest, Hannah, had a similar problem when she was about Bradley's age.

**Mother:** Did she? What happened? *(returns to chair and sits down)*

**Bradley** *(groans and slaps his forehead)* Oh no.

Doctor: We took her to see a specialist.

**Mother:** A specialist?

**Bradley:** *(to audience)* I was this close to escaping. This close.

Doctor: *(scribbles something down on pad and tears it off)* Give this to Wendy Bell. Tell her I sent you. If anyone can help Bradley, Wendy can. She was amazing with Hannah. She sorted her out in no time.

**Mother:** Really? And what does Hannah do now?

Doctor: *(looking proud)* She's at university studying medicine.

**Mother:** Medicine! Hear that, Bradley. When we've seen this specialist you could be going to university to study medicine.

**Bradley:** What? No way. Who wants to be looking at dodderly old folks' bunions

all day?

Doctor: Not all my patients are old, Bradley.

Bradley: They might not have been before we arrived.

Mother: *(beams and gives doctor a bear hug)* Thank you, doctor. Thank you so much. Where do I find this Wendy Bell? At the Royal Hospital?

Doctor: No, she's not at the hospital. She's a librarian. You'll find her in the library in town.

Bradley: **(gasps)** A library? Are you kidding me? I'm not going in one of them. That's like *Geek Central*.

Mother: You'll do as the doctor says.

Bradley: You can't make me...

Mother: Can't I? We'll see about that *(pushes him back out of the door)*.

Bradley: This is abuse, this is. I'm calling Childline...

**Helena** the writer here. Hello! Sorry for butting in but it seemed a good place to stop and have a rest. You've been reading beautifully so far - I'm well impressed. Anyway, I've had an idea. You can either read on, in which case, ignore me and turn to page 11 or.... you could make up the next scene for yourself.

Reading on? OK - see you in a minute.



Making up your own scene? Also OK. Here's a few pointers:

- The scene must be set in the library.
- You'd need a new character - Wendy Bell, the librarian (obviously). Whoever read the doctor's part could be her.
- Perhaps you'll have other characters, too?
- You'll need to chat about what you think happens. What mood is Bradley in when he arrives? How does Wendy handle him? Does Bradley take any books home from *Geek Central*?

Good luck.

Afterwards you can read what happens in my version and see how it compares to yours.

## SCENE 2: The Doctor's Surgery

Two weeks later. Dr Morgan is examining a patient's throat, using a disposable spatula. The door bursts open and Mrs Hatwood ENTERS pushing an angry-looking Bradley in front of her. Bradley goes to sit in the corner, determined not to speak. He kicks at the weighing scales under his chair. The patient, still with the spatula down her throat, makes gagging sounds throughout.

Doctor: Mrs Hatwood. What's going on? I'm in the middle of...

**Mother** (*cuts in*) It didn't work

Doctor What didn't?

**Mother** Seeing that Wendy woman. It didn't work.

Doctor I'm very surprised. Wendy was so good with Hannah...

**Mother** I'm not saying she wasn't good. She talked to Bradley and listened. She showed him where all the interesting books were. Fiction and non-fiction. Poetry and graphic comics... the lot.

Doctor So what happened?

**Mother:** Well, he chose two books. One on BMX bikes and one on man-eating sharks.

Doctor: They sound interesting.

**Mother:** That's what I thought but the moment we got home he dumped them on the kitchen table and wouldn't even open them.

Doctor: Maybe they weren't the right books?

**Mother:** That's why we went back to choose two more. Story books this time. A *Beast Quest* and a *Wimpy Kid*.

Doctor: And?

**Mother:** Nothing. He wouldn't even read the blurb. So we tried again. His dad took him this time. Of course he let him have one bum in the title, didn't he? *The Bare Bum Gang*.

Doctor: And?

**Mother:** Same thing. It's still on the table gathering dust. And there's only three weeks left before he starts high school. This is an emergency.

Doctor: *(sighs)* Like I said last time, this isn't really my area, Mrs Hatwood. If Bradley can read then he'll cope with his school work. Surely that's enough?

**Mother:** No, no it isn't. I don't want him just to cope. Coping's not the same as being engaged, is it? That's the word his teacher used. Engaged.

**Bradley:** Engaged? When Uncle Scott got engaged you said it would end in disaster.

**Mother** Not that kind of engaged. That's not what your teacher meant.

**Bradley** What kind then?

**Mother** Enjoying reading. Picking up a book because you want to read it, not because you've been told to.

**Bradley** It's never going to happen, woman. Deal with it. *(they start bickering)*

**Doctor** Mrs Hatwood! Bradley! Please. I need to get on.

**Bradley** Come on, Ma. You heard the man! He needs to get on.

**Mother** *(apologetically)* I'm so sorry, Dr Morgan. We're not usually like this. I won't use up any more of your time.

**Doctor** Thank you.

*(Bradley and his mum walk across towards the door. The doctor goes to finish examining his patient but the patient pushes the spatula away)*

**Patient** Wait! Mrs Hatwood! I think I can help.

**Mother** *(turns)* Yes?

**Doctor**  
& **Bradley** Oh no. *(both turn to audience)* This close! We got this close!

**Patient** My son CJ was just the same as Bradley.

**Mother** Really?

**Patient** Really. He'd once told me he'd rather have his head glued to a gorilla's armpit than a book.

**Bradley** CJ sounds like my kind of guy. Get him to text me.

**Mother** Be quiet, Bradley. *(turns to patient)* So what happened?

**Patient** Well.... *(She beckons Mrs Hatwood across and starts whispering in her ear. Mrs.Hatwood nods but she looks uncomfortable. After a while she pulls away).*

**Mother** Oh, I don't think that'd work but thank you.

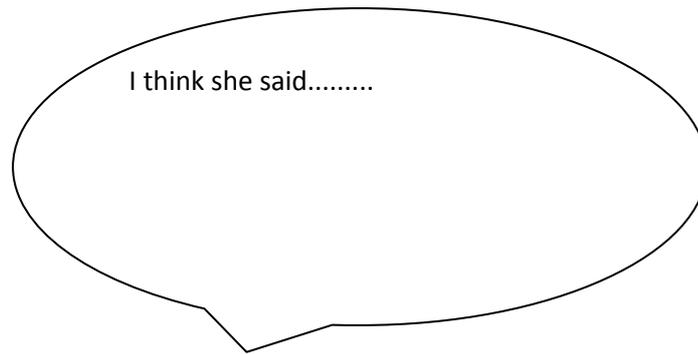
**Patient** But...

**Mother** Bye. Bye, Dr Morgan. *(she grabs Bradley and rushes out)*

**Bradley** Ow! Slow down..... *(EXITS)*

**Helena** Well that's a strange reaction Bradley's mum had there, isn't it? I wonder what the patient said to make her react like that?

I'd discuss that, if I were you. Maybe you could write down what you think the patient said?



SCENE THREE: The Hatwoods' front room

*Dinner time at the Hatwoods. Mum, Dad and Bradley are sitting in front of the telly watching X Factor, chatting and eating.*

Dad Look at him. What is he wearing? He looks a proper wally.

Bradley I know! He must have got dressed in the dark.

Dad Listen to that wailing. Press mute quick.

Bradley *(snorts)* He's even worse than that band from last week. The ones with the big hair.

Dad They were rubbish.

Bradley And they got through!

Dad That's because it's all fixed. These talent shows always are. *(Takes a mouthful of food)* Mmm. You make the best mash in Wales, you do, Jen.

Bradley You're not wrong there, dad. Mum's mash is lush.

Dad *(looks at his wife)* Jen. Yo! We're saying nice things about you. This is where you're supposed to faint. *(Mrs H doesn't respond. She's staring at the TV, lost in thought)* Hello! Calling Jenny Hatwood. Come in please!

Bradley She's been like that since we got back from Dr Morgan's yesterday.

Dad She has, hasn't she? How did that go? I forgot to ask.

Bradley *(shrugs)* Same as last time.

Dad No joy, eh? *(whispers)* You're like me. I was never much of a reader.

Bradley Reading's for geeks.

Dad Oooh, you're dicing with death saying that in front of your mum.

Mother *(snaps out of her daydream)* No, he's not. If he doesn't want to read that's up to him.

Bradley Finally!

Dad That's not what you were saying yesterday.

Mother Well it's what I'm saying today. Now do you mind? I'm trying to watch telly.  
Look - there's twins on now. *(Dad and Bradley exchange glances)*

Dad *(presses mute on remote)* What's going on?

Mother What do you mean?

Dad What I mean is you've banged on and on about this reading lark for weeks and suddenly it's not important? Pull the other one.

Mother What do I care if he doesn't like reading? Like he says, reading's

for geeks.

**Bradley** Yeah, dad.

**Dad** 'Yeah dad' nothing. There's something fishy going on here.

**Mother** Ooh, look. One twin's got red boots, the other's got blue...

**Dad** Nice change of subject there, Jen. We never noticed a thing, did we, Brad?

**Bradley** No.

**Dad** So spill the beans. What's going on?

**Mother** Nothing. *(snatches remote and turns sound up high)*

**Dad** *(snatches remote back - returns to mute)*. Jen?

**Mother** Nothing! Just watch telly, will you. I want to hear what the judges say.

**Bradley** *(curiously)* Dad's right, Mum; you're being weird. Are you faking it? So you can trick me into thinking you're not bothered when you are really?

**Mother** No faking. No tricks. Really not bothered.

**Bradley** *(scowling)* What did that woman say to you?

**Dad** What woman?

**Mother** Yes. What woman?

**Bradley** The one in the doctor's that was whispering to you. What did she say?

**Mother** I don't know what you're talking about.

**Bradley** Mum! Liar, liar, pants on fire!

**Mother** I can't remember.

**Dad** You've gone as red as a beetroot.

**Bradley** Redder.

**Mother** Honest, I can't remember. Ooh, look. One of the twins is shouting. He's not happy with what the judges have said. Such bad language!

**Dad** Bradley, do you get the feeling your mum's avoiding the issue?

**Bradley** Yep.

**Dad** There's only one thing for it.

**Bradley** Tickle time?

**Mother** *(screeches)* No! You know I hate being tickled.

**Dad** Tell us what this woman said then.

**Mother** She was coming out with a load of rubbish, that's all.

**Dad** You grab her toes, Brad. I'll get her tummy.

**Mother** No! No tickling! I'll tell you.

Dad            Go on then. We're all ears, as the corn field said to the rabbit.

Mother        If you must know she told me she read to her son at bedtime.

Dad            That's it?

Mother        That's it.

Bradley        What a wimp! Well you're not reading to me at bedtime.

Mother        I know I'm not.

Bradley        You never read to me when I was a baby so you're not starting now.

Mother        I'm agreeing with you.

Bradley        *(surprised)* Oh. Good. Glad we've got that sorted.

Dad            OK. Back to X Factor then. Uh-oh. Look at the state of this lot!

Mother        *(sighs)* Anyone want some crumble? *(EXITS. Bradley glances after her.*

*He tries to watch TV but after moment he EXITS too)*

*SCENE FOUR In the kitchen.*

*Mum is dishing out apple crumble into three bowls. Bradley ENTERS and starts loading the dishwasher.*

Mother Thanks, love.

Bradley Mum?

Mother Hello.

Bradley Are you sure that's all she said? That woman?

Mother Yes. That's all she said.

Bradley Only the way you grabbed me and ran out... I thought she'd told you to rob a bank or something.

Mother *(laughs)* I wished she had.

Bradley What do you mean?

Mother Nothing. Get the spoons out, there's a good lad.

Bradley *(fetches spoons)* Mum?

Mother Uh- huh?

Bradley Why have you never read to me? At bedtime, I mean?

Mother *(flustered)* I've always been too busy.

**Bradley** No you haven't. You always come and tuck me in and have a chat.

**Mother** I like our little chats.

**Bradley** Me too. All I'm saying is you could have read to me then, if it's so important.

**Mother** Do you want ice cream with your crumble or custard?

**Bradley** ... not that I'm saying I *wanted* you to read to me. It's just funny that you never have, with you being mad on it.

**Mother** I'm thinking custard. We can save the ice cream for when your Gran comes tomorrow. I'll make some now. It won't take two minutes.

**Bradley** Mum?

**Mother** *(searching in cupboard for custard tin)* Bradley?

**Bradley** You can read, can't you?

**Mother** Of course I can read. I'm just not... I'm just not very good at reading out loud, that's all.

**Bradley** Aren't you?

**Mother** No.

**Bradley** I bet you're all right.

**Mother** I bet I'm not. You ask Mr Jones. *(slams cupboard door and fetches milk)*

**Bradley** Who's Mr Jones?

**Mother** He was my Year Seven English teacher.

**Bradley** What did he do?

**Mother** *(hedging again)* Where's the sugar? I bet your dad's used it all again.

**Bradley** Mum! Tell me.

**Mother** *(sighs)* All right, I'll tell you but don't tell anyone else. It makes me go hot and cold just to think about it, even now.

**Bradley** I promise.

**Mother** It was my first day of high school. It started all right. We had a double lesson with our new form teacher, getting our timetable and everything. Then at break I had to see the secretary about my free school dinners. It took ages. By the time I'd finished the bell had gone and the first lesson had already started. English with Mr Jones. Well, could I find the right room? No. I got totally lost. By the time I arrived the only place left was at the front, under Mr Jones' big, hairy nose.

**Bradley** I hate sitting near teachers. You never know what you'll catch.

Mother

Then Mr Jones gave these books out - *The Ghost of Thomas Kempe* - and asked me to read first. 'Come on then, Jennifer Reed, let's hear you read,' he said, making a joke of my maiden name.

Bradley

Great joke. Not. Then what happened?

Mother

Oh, Bradley, it was awful. I was so nervous that I started at the wrong bit. The boy next to me had to point to the right page. I got really flustered and I mumbled and stumbled over every word. I made such a mess of it. I could feel everyone staring. Mr Jones stopped me half-way through a sentence. 'Well that was a struggle, wasn't it? I'd better put you out of your misery,' he said. He never chose me to read again, thank goodness.

Bradley

If I see that Mr Jones I'll put him out of his misery. I'll punch his lights out. Nobody embarrasses my mum.

Mother

I embarrassed myself, Bradley. I was useless.

Bradley

Don't say that. You were just nervous that's all. It was like the first time I went down the zip wire at *Go Ape*. I thought I was going to pooh my pants but I didn't.

**Mother** Thanks for sharing!

**Bradley** *(Snatches discarded copy of Bare Bum Gang.)* Here, read this. Go on.

I bet you're brilliant.

**Mother** *(pulls back in fright)* I can't Bradley.

**Bradley** Mum, it's only me. I won't laugh, I promise.

**Mother** *(shakes her head)* I can't. Even to you.

**Bradley** Look, I'll read one sentence and you read the next. 'It all started when Jennifer Eccles...'

**Mother** She's never called Jennifer!

**Bradley** She is! Look *(points to page)*. ...It all started when Jennifer Eccles said she wanted to be in our gang...' Right, you read the next bit.

**Mother** *(takes book nervously. Gulps, opens mouth to speak then Dad walks in. She drops the book in panic)*.

**Dad** So this is where you are! I'm like Billy No-mates in there. Where's that crumble? Bet you two have scoffed it all, haven't you?

**Mother** It's here. We were just bringing it, weren't we, Bradley?

**Bradley** Yes.

**Dad** Come on then. Hurry up or we'll miss the voting... *(EXITS. Mum follows Dad out. Bradley stays in kitchen, staring at the book)*.

SCENE FIVE    The Living Room

The same evening. The three are in the living room, still watching TV. The empty dishes from the crumble and cups of tea are nearby.

Dad                    *(glances at clock)* Right, Brad. It's nine o'clock. Bed-time.

Bradley              OK.

Mum / Dad         *(shocked)* What?

Bradley              OK, I'm going to bed.

Dad                    Without arguing?

Bradley              Yeah.

Dad                    *(goes to window and pulls back curtain)* No, I can't see any.

Mother              What?

Dad                    Pigs flying past.

Bradley              Ha, ha. You're so funny. *(turns)* Mum?

Mother              Yes, love.

Bradley              Will you come up? To tuck me in?

Mother Of course.

Dad *(rubs hands together)* Tidy - keep her up there, Brad, so I can watch some sport. I mean... wash the pots.

Bradley Will do. Night, dad.

Dad Night, son. Ey... what's that in your hand? It's never a book, is it?

Bradley Yes. I'm going to read it to mum.

Dad *(pretends to have a heart attack)* What?

Mother You don't have to do that.

Bradley I want to.

Mother Why? Because of what I said about Mr Jones? That's daft...

Dad Jen? Didn't you hear what he just said? He wants to read to you. Go! Go!  
Before he changes his mind.

Mother All right, all right. I'm going but let's get this straight - you're doing the reading, Bradley, not me, OK? *(EXITS)*

Bradley OK *(EXITS)* Dad shakes his head, sits down and switches channels. After a moment he leaps up.

Dad *(to audience)* What am I thinking? I'm not missing this! *(yells)* Wait for me. I want to be in the Bare Bum Gang! *(EXITS)*

Helena

I suppose we could leave it there. It's probably your break time by now or something anyway. And it's not a bad ending, is it? We managed to get Bradley to read a book.

Result!

Personally, I think we should see the doctor again, though, don't you? Just to round the play off properly?

*SCENE SIX: The doctor's surgery.*

*Dr Morgan is at his desk. ENTER Mrs Hatwood and Bradley. Bradley is carrying a rucksack. Dr Morgan takes a deep breath but relaxes when he sees how happy they seem.*

Doctor     Bore da. How are you today?

Mother     I'm fine doctor. We both are. We just wanted to say thank you.

Doctor     Thank you?

Mother     Show him, Bradley.

Bradley     OK. *(Bradley starts fumbling in his bag. He pulls out one book after another.)* It's in here somewhere.

Doctor     That's a lot of books.

Mother     We've just been to the library to stock up.

Doctor     So I see. *(picks up one of the titles)* Don't Wipe your Bum with a Hedgehog?

Mother     He's still going through that phase.

Bradley     Here it is! Next to *Bumface*. Check it out, doc *(hands over a*

*gold medal).*

Doctor     Wow! What's this?

Bradley    I got it from that Wendy Bell in the library. Just for reading six books.

Mother     It was something called the *Summer Reading Challenge* they do during the summer holidays.

Bradley    Not much of a challenge is it? Six books? I can read six in a week. Sixty - now that's a challenge.

Doctor     I'm amazed. What happened? You thought reading for geeks last time I saw you.

Bradley    *(Taking medal back and tucking it safely away.)* It is for geeks. But like I said to my mates when they started taking the rip, being a geek isn't all bad. You can still go to *Go Ape* and play *Nintendo*. But you get to do other stuff when you read. You get to go on adventures in your head. You can fight monsters and ride on an eagle's back and get mistaken for a grown up and end up in outer space...

Mother     That was in *Cosmic*, wasn't it? I chose that one.

Bradley    And you can help people overcome their fears *(glances at his mother. Dr*

*Morgan looks puzzled)*

**Mother** I'm going to read to Bradley tonight. I've promised, seeing as he starts high school tomorrow.

Doctor *(Dr Morgan doesn't realise how important this is.)* Well, that's super stuff and I'm glad you've found your inner geek, Bradley. Anyway, unless there's anything further... *(glances at clock)*

**Bradley** Well, there is, actually, doc. Have you got anything for a sore throat? All this reading's playing havoc with my larynx.

Doctor Larynx!

**Bradley** Posh word, eh? I read it in a book...

THE END

## **Books mentioned in the play**

All are suitable for 8-12 year olds

Beast Quest series by Adam Blade published by Working Partners (fantasy)

Bumface by Morris Gleitzman (Bumface is a pirate) Puffin books (real life/humour)

Cosmic by Frank Cottrell Boyce published by Macmillan (real life/humour)

Diary of a Wimpy Kid series by Jeff Kinney Puffin (real life/humour)

Don't Wipe your Bum with a Hedgehog by Mitchell Symons (humour) Doubleday

The Bare Bum Gang series by Anthony McGowan (real life/humour) Redfox

The Ghost of Thomas Kempe by Penelope Lively (fantasy) Heinemann

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