

Timed Repeated Read

Barker



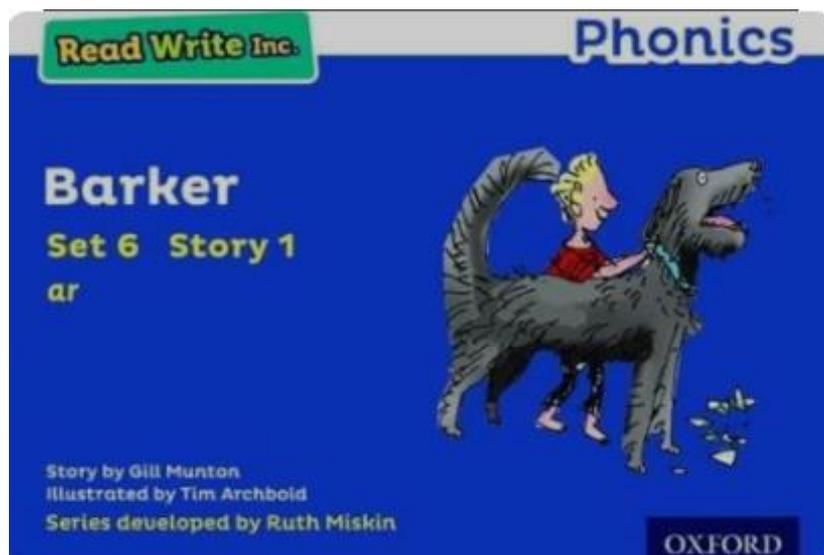
Barker's my dog. He's the best! He's big, dark grey and a bit smelly. (He rolls in mud a lot.)

He barks a lot, too. In fact, he does lots of bad things. Mum, Dad, Grandad and the postman were all fed up with Barker.

Until that day...

No, let's start at the beginning with Grandad's slippers. Barker had lots of fun with them. One night, when Grandad was at a darts match, Barker got hold of one of the slippers and ripped it apart.

Grandad said, "No, Barker." And Barker just barked.



Timed Repeated Read

The poor goose

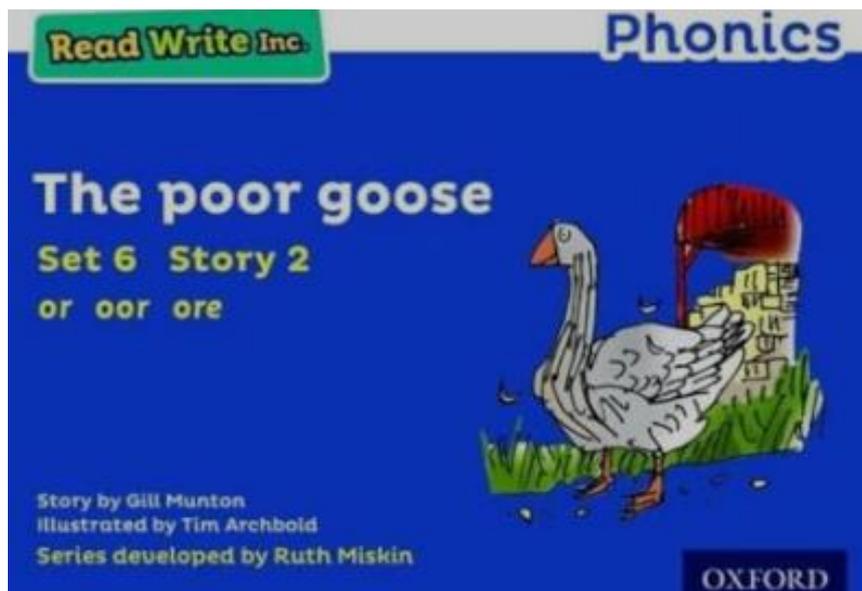


This is the story of a horse, a sheepdog and a goose. The three animals were chatting in the farmyard one morning.

“I’m bored!” snorted the horse. “Let’s have a bit of sport. Let’s all dash from this farmyard to the barn at the end of the track. I know I will get there before you two!”

The sheepdog and the goose agreed.

“I’m the fastest animal ever born,” said the horse to himself. “I’ve got long, strong legs, and I know a short cut, across the moor.”



Timed Repeated Read

The hairy fairy



I'm a fairy. I am – honest!

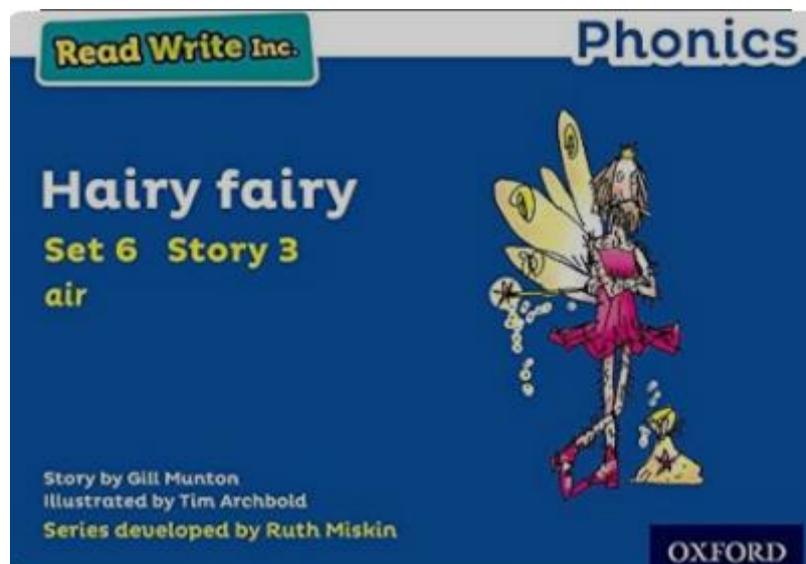
I've got all the right things.

I've got ...

- A pink frilly dress...
- A pair of sparkly boots...
- A sack of fairy dust...
- A pair of gold wings...
- And a magic wand to whisk the air.

But – and it's a big but – I'm hairy! Very hairy indeed.

It's just so unfair! Well, you can have a hairy dog, or a hairy horse, or a hairy gorilla. But a hairy fairy? I don't think so!



Timed Repeated Read

King of the birds



Parrot and Jay were sitting in the branches of a dark fir tree. They were having a quarrel.

“We birds are always quarrelling,” chirped Parrot.

“What we need is a king. A grand king of all the birds, to see that we play fair.”

Jay agreed.

They set a day for all the birds to have an important meeting. At the meeting, they would choose a king.

Poor crow was **upset**.

“**No one will choose me,**” he chirped sadly. “**I look too dull to be a king. Cockatoo looks fantastic!**”



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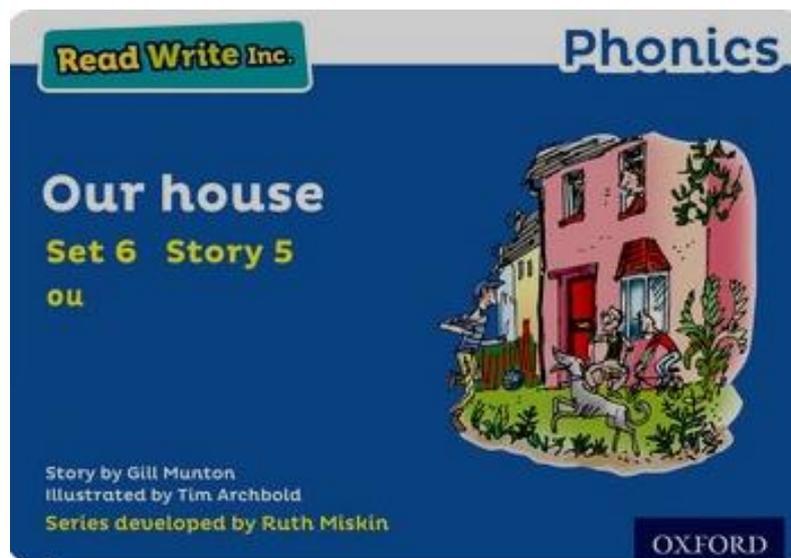
Our house



Our house isn't much to look at. I doubt if you'd bother to stop next to it if you went along Mount Street (that's our street). Not that anyone goes along Mount Street. (It's that kind of street.)

Our house is sort of pink, with a red door and a little garden all round it. I can't begin to count the weeds in that garden. And Bounder (Grandad's greyhound), is always digging up the ground, looking for his bouncy ball.

We've got three bedrooms – one for Mum, one for Grandad (and Bounder) and one for me and Carl.



Timed Repeated Read



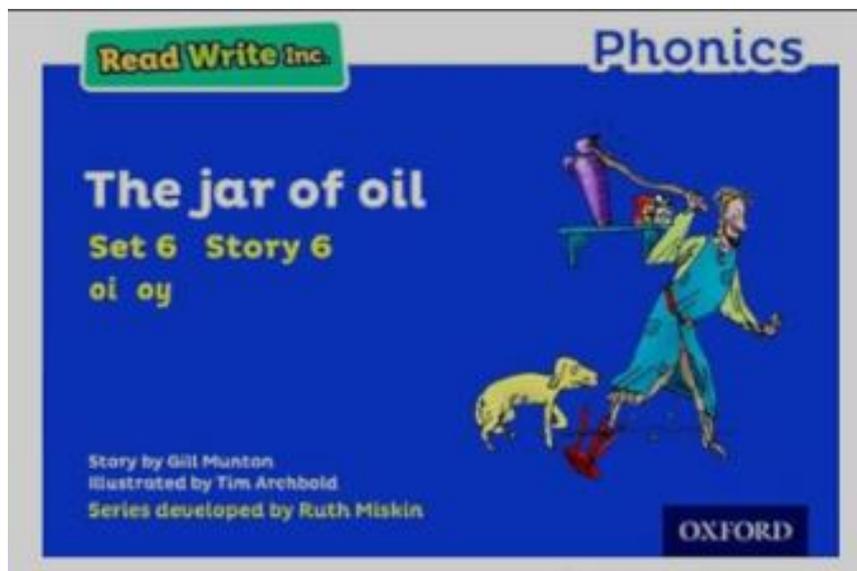
The jar of oil

Once there lived a poor man who was employed to do odd jobs for a prince.

One day, he had toiled so hard in the royal gardens that the prince presented him with a gift – a big jar of scented oil.

“Thank you, Your Royal Highness,” said the poor man.

He hoisted the jar of oil on to his back and took it to his little house. He had just one room, with a three-legged stool, a wooden cot and a shelf for his food.



Timed Repeated Read

Jade's party

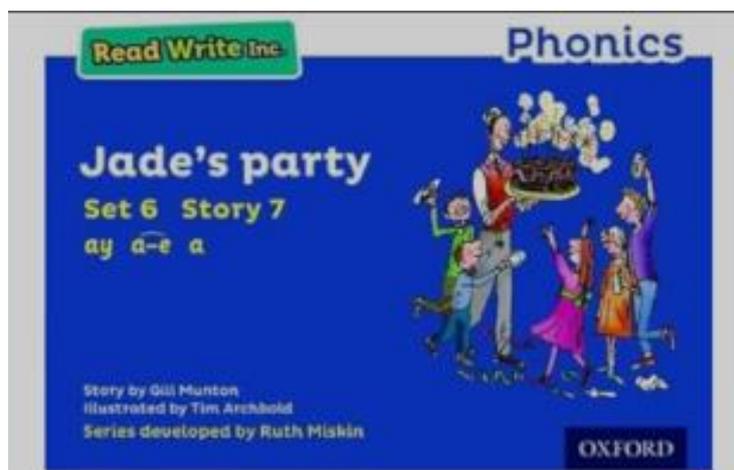


My name is Jade. It was my birthday on Sunday, and I had a party. But the party almost didn't happen! I'll tell you why.

Dad made a shopping list.

- Twenty bread rolls
- Three packets of cheese
- Ten bags of crisps
- Ten milk shakes
- Ten cans of lemonade
- A packet of napkins and a packet of plates
- A packet of balloons
- A tape of party music
- A big chocolate cake

Dave's my teenage brother. Dad asked him to take me to the shops on the bus to get all the stuff for the party.



Timed Repeated Read

Jellybean



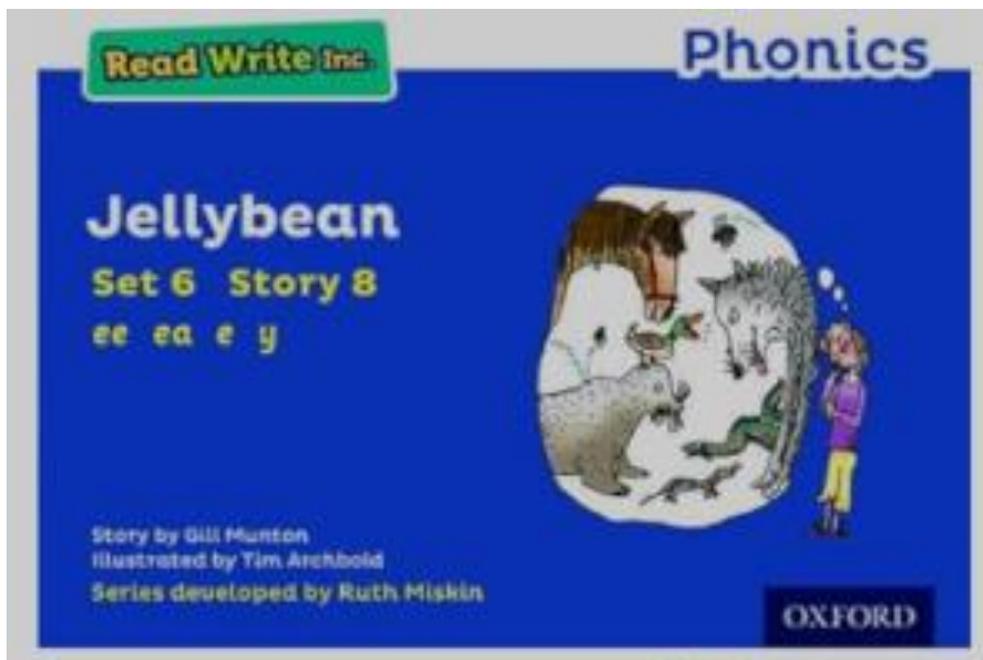
“Please, please, please, Mum, let me have a pet!

A horse or a bee or a duck or a seal, a wolf, or a weasel, a flea or an eel – any pet will do!”

At least, that’s what I said. But what I really wanted was...an elephant. An elephant with creased grey skin and a trunk as thick as a tree.

Mum freaked out at first, but she **got me one.**

We kept it in the garden. It was a bit of a squash, what with Dad’s beans and Dean’s go-kart.



Timed Repeated Read

A box full of light

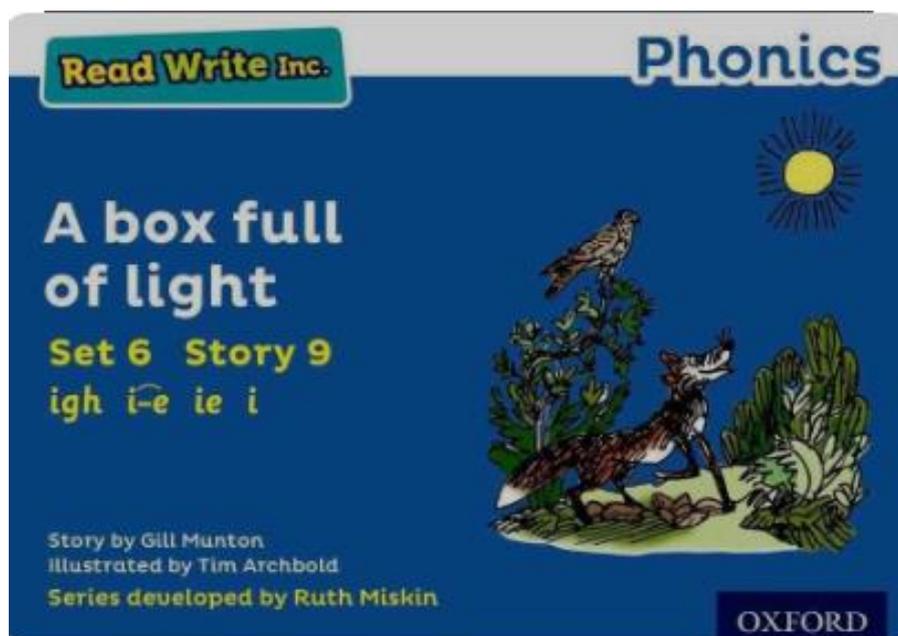


A long time ago, in the Land of the Animals, it was always night. It was dark, all the time. The animals had a hard life, as they kept bumping into things.

“I don’t like it at all!” whined Fox. “I can’t see to find my lunch.”

“What I need,” he said to himself, “is a good pal, to help me. But who shall I pick?”

In the end he decided on Kestrel, with her strong wings and her good sight.



Timed Repeated Read



The hole in the hill

Life in Hamlin was good. The people lived in big stone houses, with barns of yellow corn. But that was before the rats came.

Big rats, small rats, short rats, tall rats – lots of rats. Then all the rats broke into those barns and stole the corn.

The King and his people had a meeting about the rats. Suddenly, the door was thrown open, and a strange fellow came into the room. He had bells on his toes, and he held a pipe.

