

This is an extract from *Ingrid Rules the Waves* by Trevor Todd.

They're Back!

Ingrid's heart was beating fast. She snapped open her eyes, not sure which world she was in. Was she sleeping in her bedroom, or swimming under the sea . . . deep down in the inky blueness, with huge dark shapes for friends? Was she rolling, free, twisting in the weightless watery playground? She blinked. For a long moment she couldn't be sure. But no, Ingrid wasn't in the land of dreams, she was in her cosy bedroom, the blankets gathered tightly around her like a cocoon. Did something wake her? She turned her face towards the window. It was dark because the curtains were still drawn. A warm bright light beckoning from behind the sea-shell patterned material announced the new day.

Then it came again, a curious, mournful trumpeting, a whistling, up and down the scale, like a madman playing a fantasy-world musical instrument. A smile lit up Ingrid's delicate, rather serious face. "They're back!"

She threw off her covers and in one leap was standing on the polished wooden boards. They were cold, but Ingrid hardly noticed. She was taking off her fleecy night clothes and dressing as she made her way to the door.

Pressing her heels into her shoes as she half walked, half ran, **Ingrid threw open the door and fled down the passage.**



Around and About

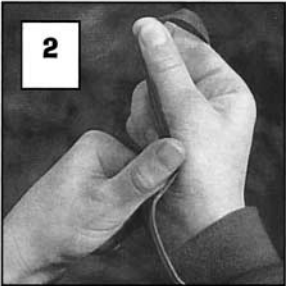


Reading 2001

Making a Grass Squawker



Look for some clean fresh grass. Carefully select and pick a long, wide blade of grass.



Put the **blade** of grass over one thumb, holding it in place with your forefinger.



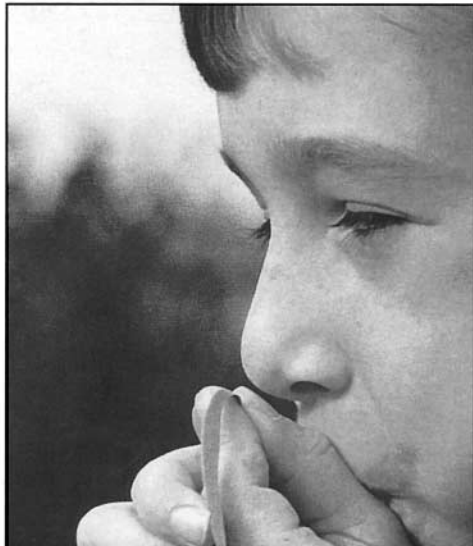
Put your other thumb over the top so that the grass is held between them.

This is a very simple reed instrument, but it is not very musical! It is a fun activity to try next time you're going out for a walk.

You will need:

- * blades of fresh grass
- * your hands.

Nature Tip
Try different lengths and thicknesses of grass. Do they sound the same? If you make the hole between your thumbs bigger, does the sound change?



Blow through the little hole in between your two thumbs. It makes a horrible squawking noise! Replace the blade of grass if it splits.

Sunstruck

There's a pencil of light
On my bedroom rug,
It lies there so bright
I nearly picked it up.
When I put my finger on it
It warmed me to the bone.
I'd like to write with it
A letter of pure sunshine.
But I've got to go to school now
And it won't be there when
I come home.

by Darien Smith