

Helping your children choose books they will love



Lovereading4kids.co.uk is a book website created for parents and children to make choosing books easy and fun

Opening extract from
Middle School Series 6: Save Rafe:

Written by
James Patterson

Published by
**Arrow (Young) an imprint of
Cornerstone**

All Text is Copyright © of the Author and/or Illustrator

Please print off and read at your leisure.

Lovereading .co.uk

*To Angela Galyean, Paul Lusher,
and the students of Hinesburg Community School
—C.T.*

*To Lilliana Rose Park and Baby Behan-Johnson,
I'm looking forward to knowing you both!
—L.P.*

Published by Young Arrow, 2014

2 4 6 8 10 8 7 5 3 1

Copyright © James Patterson, 2014

Illustrations by Laura Park

Middle School™ is a trademark of JEP Business, LLC.

Excerpt from *Treasure Hunters* copyright © James Patterson, 2013

Illustrations in excerpt from *Treasure Hunters* by Juliana Newfild

James Patterson has asserted his right under the Copyright, Designs
and Patents Act 1988 to be identified as the author of this work

This novel is a work of fiction. Names and characters are the product of the author's imagination
and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not,
by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out,
or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior
consent in any form of binding or cover other than that
in which it is published and without a similar condition,
including this condition, being imposed on the
subsequent purchaser

First published in Great Britain in 2014 by
Young Arrow
Random House, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road,
London SW1V 2SA

www.randomhouse.co.uk

Addresses for companies within The Random House Group Limited can be found at:
www.randomhouse.co.uk/offices.htm

The Random House Group Limited Reg. No. 954009

A CIP catalogue record for this book
is available from the British Library

Hardback ISBN 978009096394

Trade paperback ISBN 978009096424

The Random House Group Limited supports the Forest Stewardship
Council® (FSC®), the leading international forest-certification organisation.
Our books carrying the FSC label are printed on FSC®-certified paper.
FSC is the only forest-certification scheme supported by the leading
environmental organisations, including Greenpeace.

Our paper procurement policy can be found at:
www.randomhouse.co.uk/environment



Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Ltd, St Ives Plc






CHAPTER 1

THE END IS NEAR!

Something tells me this story isn't going to have a happy ending.



I'm hanging on the side of a cliff by the jagged edges of my broken-off fingernails. The only thing between me and the ground is about half a mile of air, and I don't know how much longer I can hold on. Once I lose my grip—and I'm betting I *will*, any second now—it's going to be like taking the world's fastest elevator ride to the bottom. Without the elevator.

Good-bye, cruel world! Tell my mom that I love her. Also that there's a half-finished meatball sub under my bed. Knowing her, she's going to want to take care of that sooner rather than later.



This is it! The end of the line for me!

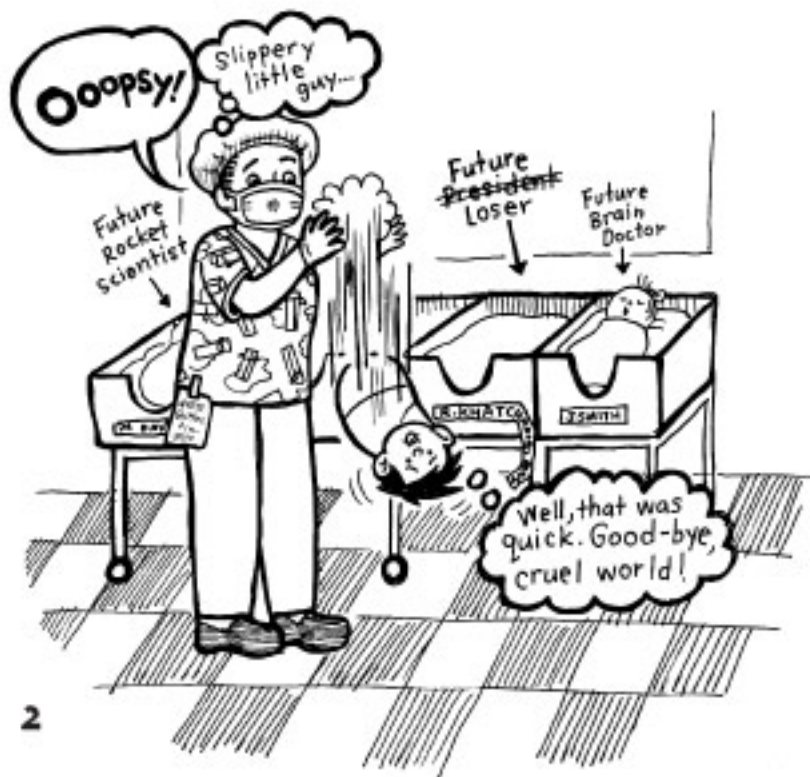
Except...wait a second. Here's the part where my whole life flashes in front of my eyes. And what do you know? Looking back, I guess I've been falling for a long time now.

Falling like Niagara.

Falling like my grades.

Falling like the leaves in...well, you get the idea. Just take a look. I don't have much time here.

It all started on the day I was born....



It didn't get any easier after that either. Mom said I had an "adventurous spirit" before I could even walk. Like for instance, the first time *this* happened.



And then there were the falls I never saw coming. Maybe I should have...but I usually didn't.



I mean, I know that everyone's life is supposed to have ups and downs. But for me, it's been more like ups and downs...and downs...and downs. I wouldn't have minded a few more *ups* once in a while. Sometimes I didn't have a whole lot of choice in the matter.



And just for the record, I want to say that not *all* of these disasters were my fault. Like for instance, this one was Jeanne Galletta's fault. (Technically.)



So I guess it makes sense that I'd wind up like this—dangling half a mile off the ground and waiting for gravity to turn me into sausage meat once and for all. I just wish I had a little more time. Then I might have a chance to prove I'm not a *total* loser.

But that's not going to happen. I'm down to my last fingernail, and there's no one around for a hundred miles to save me. I'm completely out here on my—

“HEY, RAFE!”

Wait a minute. That voice sounds familiar. Still, I can't believe it. I look up, and there she is—the last person in the world I expected to see.

“Georgia? Where'd you come from?” I scream. How did my little sister even get here that fast? It doesn't make any sense.

“Don't worry about that!” she says. “Just give me your hand!”

“I can't!” I yell. “If I let go of this branch, I'm going to fall!”

“Well, in that case,” she says....

