

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
Poles Apart

Written by
Jeanne Willis

Illustrated by
Jarvis

Published by
Nosy Crow Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.



For Debbie Marten
J.W.

For my Jenna
J.

POLES APART

Jeanne Willis
Illustrated by Jarvis

First published in 2015 by Nosy Crow Ltd
The Crow's Nest, 10a Lant Street
London SE1 1QR
www.nosycrow.com

ISBN 978 0 85763 492 4 (HB)
ISBN 978 0 85763 493 1 (PB)

Nosy Crow and associated logos are trademarks
and/or registered trademarks of Nosy Crow Ltd.

Text copyright © Jeanne Willis 2015
Illustrations copyright © Jarvis 2015

The right of Jeanne Willis to be identified as the author of this work
and of Jarvis to be identified as the illustrator of this work has been asserted.

All rights reserved

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not,
by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, hired out or otherwise circulated in any
form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published. No part of this publication
may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means
(electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise)
without the prior written permission of Nosy Crow Ltd.

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

Printed in China by Imago

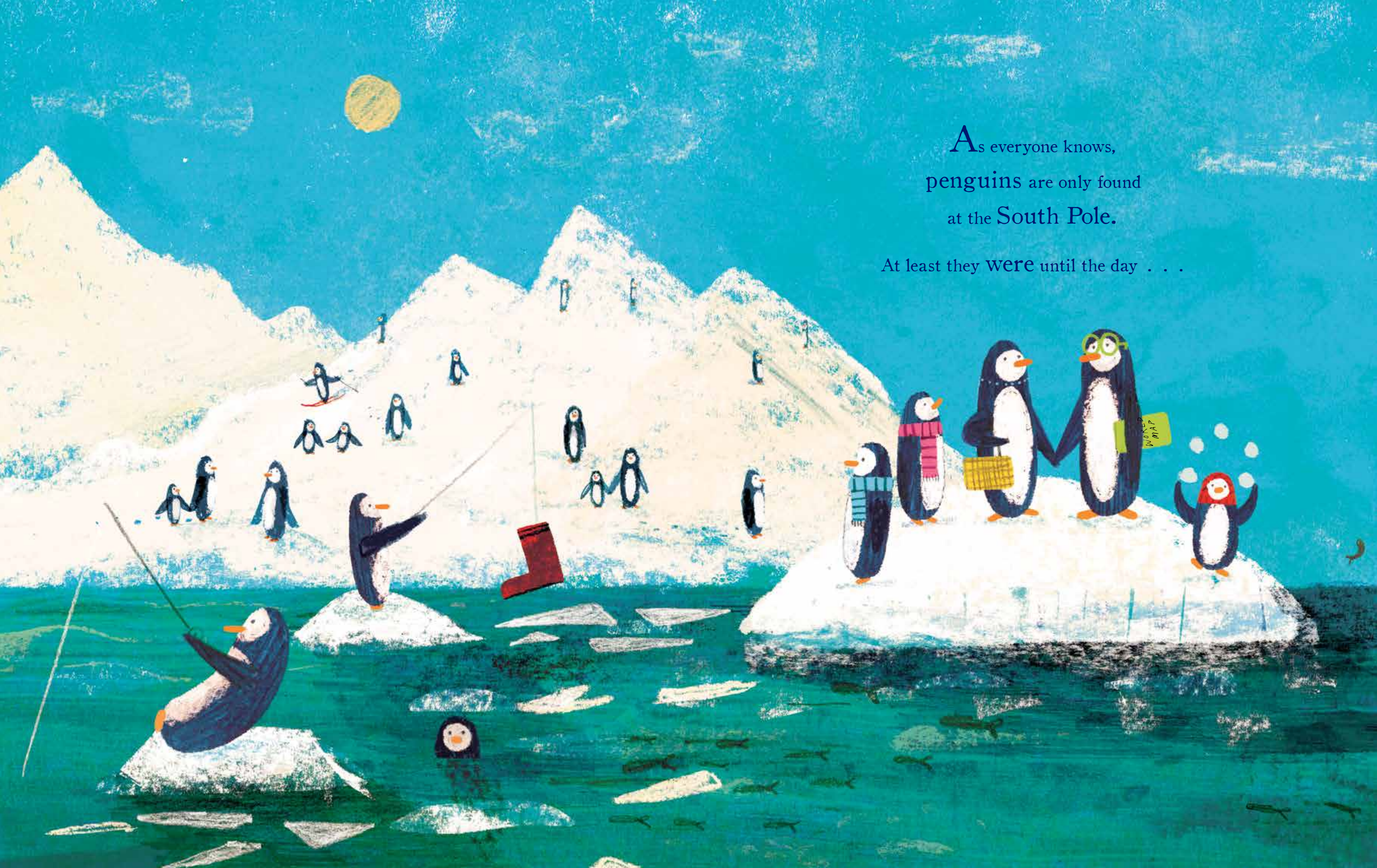
Papers used by Nosy Crow are made from wood grown in sustainable forests.

135798642 (HB)
135798642 (PB)



As everyone knows,
penguins are only found
at the South Pole.

At least they **were** until the day . . .



. . . the Pilchard-Browns got lost on their way to a picnic.
Mr Pilchard-Brown was in charge of the map.
He told everyone to turn **right** at the snowman.
Which was **Wrong**.



Now here they all were, on the other side
of the world – Mr and Mrs Pilchard-Brown,
Pecky, Poots and Pog . . .



. . . drifting towards an **enormous**, furry, white . . .



. . . something.

“Is it a lion? Is it a tiger?” asked Peeky and Poots.

“Is it a picnic blanket?” asked Pog.

The enormous something looked them up and down.

He had never seen anything like the Pilchard-Browns before.

“I’m Mr White,” he said.

“I’m a polar bear, and you are?”

“Parrots!” said Peeky and Poots.

“Pork pies!” said Pog.

“We’re penguins,” said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.



“What are you doing here?” wondered Mr White.

“This is where polar bears live, **not** penguins.”

“We’re going to a picnic,” said Pog.

“At the South Pole,” said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.

“This is the **North Pole**, my friends,” said Mr White.

“The South Pole is **12,430** miles *that way*.”

Mr White gazed up at the stars.

“Don’t think of it as a mistake,” he said.

“Think of it as a **big adventure**.

I have often dreamt of being the first polar bear to reach the South Pole.”



Mrs Pilchard-Brown glared at Mr Pilchard-Brown.

“So, I was a few miles out,” he shrugged.

“Anyone can make a mistake.”

“Mummy says we should always follow our dreams,” said Peeky.

“Daddy says we should always follow him,” said Poots.

“Lead the way, Mr White,” said Mrs Pilchard-Brown.