



LoveReading4kids.co.uk
is a book website
created for parents and
children to make
choosing books easy
and fun

Opening extract from
Booked

Written by
Kwame Alexander

Published by
Andersen Press Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

LoveReading .co.uk

First published in 2016 by
Andersen Press Limited
20 Vauxhall Bridge Road
London SW1V 2SA
www.andersenpress.co.uk

2 4 6 8 10 9 7 5 3 1

Published by special arrangement with
Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company,
and Rights People, London.

All rights reserved. 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 written permission of the publisher.

The right of Kwame Alexander to be identified as the author
of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright,
Designs and Patents Act, 1988.

Text copyright © Kwame Alexander, 2016

Text on page 284 used by permission of Harper Collins Publishers.

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data available.

ISBN 978 1 78344 465 6



Printed and bound in Great Britain by Clays Limited,
Bungay, Suffolk, NR35 1ED

Gameplay

on the pitch, lightning fa**S**t,
dribble, fake, then make a dash

player tries t**O** steal the ball
lift and step and make him fall

zip and zoom to find the spot
defense readies for the shot

Chip, then kick it in the air
take off like a Belgian hare

shoot it left, but watch it **C**urve
all he can do is observe

watch the ball b**E**nd in midflight
play this game fa**R** into night.

Wake Up Call

After playing FIFA
online with Coby
till one thirty a.m.
last night,
you wake
this morning
to the sound
of Mom arguing
on the phone
with Dad.

Questions

Did you make up your bed?

Yeah. Can you put bananas in my pancakes, please?

Did you finish your homework?

Yeah. Can we play a quick game of Ping-Pong, Mom?

And what about the reading. I didn't see you doing that yesterday.

Mom, Dad's not even here.

Just because your father's away doesn't mean you can avoid your chores.

I barely have time for my *real* chores.

Perhaps you should spend less time playing Xbox at all hours of the night.

Huh?

Oh, you think I didn't know?

I'm sick of reading his stupid words, Mom. I'm going to high school next year and I shouldn't have to keep doing this.

Why couldn't your dad

be a musician
like Jimmy Leon's dad
or own an oil company
like Coby's?
Better yet, why couldn't
he be a cool detective
driving
a sleek silver
convertible sports car
like Will Smith
in *Bad Boys*?
Instead, your dad's
a linguistics professor
with chronic verbomania*
as evidenced
by the fact
that he actually wrote
a dictionary
called *Weird and Wonderful Words*
with,
get this,
footnotes.

* **verbomania** [vurb-oh-mey-nee-uh] *noun: a crazed obsession for words.* Every freakin' day I have to read his "dictionary," which has freakin' FOOTNOTES. That's absurd to me. Kinda like ordering a glass of chocolate milk, then asking for chocolate syrup on the side. Seriously, who does that? SMH!

In the elementary school spelling bee

when you intentionally
misspelled *heifer*,
he almost had a cow.

You're the only kid
on your block
at school
in THE. ENTIRE. FREAKIN'. WORLD.
who lives in a prison
of words.

He calls it *the pursuit of excellence*.

You call it *Shawshank*.

And even though your mother
forbids you to say it,
the truth is

you

HATE

words.