



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

Opening extract from
Lena Lenik S.O.S.

Written by
Bernard Ashley

Illustrated by
Ollie Cuthbertson

Published by
Barrington Stoke Ltd

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

Please print off and read at your leisure.

*Many thanks to the 27th Woolwich
(Wesley Hall) Scout Group*

First published in 2017 in Great Britain by
Barrington Stoke Ltd
18 Walker Street, Edinburgh, EH3 7LP
www.barringtonstoke.co.uk

Text © 2017 Bernard Ashley
Illustrations © 2017 Ollie Cuthbertson

The moral right of Bernard Ashley and Ollie Cuthbertson to
be identified as the author and illustrator of this work has
been asserted in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and
Patents Act, 1988

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be
reproduced in whole or in any part in any form without the
written permission of the publisher

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

ISBN: 978-1-78112-571-7

Printed in China by Leo

Contents

| | | |
|---|--------------------|----|
| 1 | Down a Drain | 1 |
| 2 | Tossing Pancakes | 5 |
| 3 | Nanna on a Bike | 12 |
| 4 | Spite and Hurt | 16 |
| 5 | Crying like a Baby | 20 |
| 6 | Another Surprise | 28 |
| 7 | The Birthing Kit | 33 |
| 8 | Grid-Lock | 39 |
| 9 | Lena Does Her Best | 47 |

Chapter 1

Down a Drain

“Are you all right?”

Lena Lenik nodded. “I’m good.” She smiled at her friend – but it was a thin little effort.

Bobbie Kemp wasn’t letting it go at that. “You came into the playground looking like your dinner-money’s gone down a drain,” she said.

“No, I’m all right.”

“You can tell me, Leens,” Bobbie said. “Best mates means best mates. What’s up, girl?”

“I’m OK, Bobz. Believe me. Would I lie to you?”

“Yes!”

And Bobbie was right. Lena wasn’t OK. A long way from it. That morning her mother had done something she’d never done before. She’d rung the school where she worked and said she was ‘unwell’. And Lena could see that she was. Her face had lost its golden look and her swirly blonde hair looked more like a wet mop.

The sounds coming from the bathroom had been really scary.

“Mama, what is it?” Lena had called.

“Leave me! Go away, Lena!”

“You sound really bad.”

“Don’t come in! *Odejdź!*”

When Mama said things in Polish, she really meant them. Lena made Jan his breakfast and they walked together to school. He talked about football and Lena worried. Mama was never ill. She never missed a day teaching at Parkside. At the Polish Club she was always so lively, singing and dancing and chatting to everyone. But that wasn't the Mama in the bathroom today. She was sick, and it had to be something really, really bad.



*

“Lena Lenik, have you left your brain behind this morning? It seems like it to me.”

Lena looked up as Ms Julien loomed over her.

“I didn’t come to work to ask every question twice over!” the teacher went on. “Get that sleep out of your eyes.” She made a snort down her nose like a runaway horse.

Callum Spike sneered across at Lena. But that didn’t bother her today. She had something serious to worry about – her sick mother. That’s what was turning her insides over.