

Helping you choose books for children



opening extract from

# Silly Superstitions

written by

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# The Door

*With apologies to Miroslav Holub!*

Do not open the door!  
Maybe inside there is  
a seething cauldron,  
a wild-tailed dragon,  
or a teacher's eye, staring . . .

Do not open the door!  
Maybe a snake slithers,  
four walls  
like an invisible clock  
tick away  
a never-ending morning.



A teacher's tongue  
wags in the darkness  
with *your* name on it . . .

Do not open the door!  
Maybe the ghost of Voldemort  
lurks in the shadows,  
waiting . . .

Do not open the door!  
Maybe  
through the breathing darkness  
a gnarled, insistent finger  
silently unfurls to point  
to someone . . .

It  
has chosen

*YOU!*

*Judith Nicholls*

# At the House of Superstition

There's a crack in the mirror,  
An open umbrella,  
A table laid for thirteen,  
And the grass on the lawn  
All shaven and shorn  
Is a sinister arsenic green.

There's a ladder that leans  
At an angle which means  
*Pass beneath and there's trouble in store!*  
And a black cat asleep,  
And no one to sweep  
The salt that lies spilt on the floor.

There's a terminal look  
To the Visitors' Book,  
No radio, TV or phone,  
And today and tomorrow  
Are both born to sorrow  
Like the magpie which flies off alone.

*John Mole*

# First Things

As I walk on to the pitch  
Before the game starts  
I kiss the turf  
Face north, east, south and west  
Do a Russian sword dance  
Touch my knees with my chin  
Touch the goalposts at both ends  
Bounce the ball three times on my head  
Whistle 'England's Coming Home'  
Secretly touch my lucky underpants  
(That have never been washed)  
And when I've done those things  
I know that we will always  
And without fail  
WIN

Sometimes.

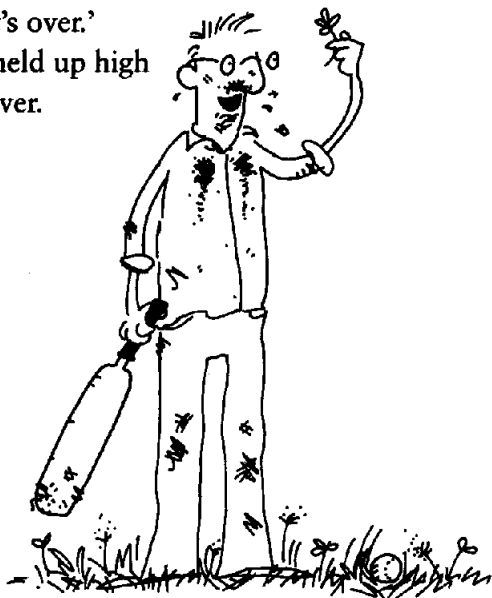
*Roger Stevens*

# Unlucky Uncle Eric

Unlucky Uncle Eric

While one day playing cricket  
Saw a four-leaf clover  
And thought that he would pick it.  
As he bent down towards the ground  
To pluck the lucky leaf,  
The cricket ball flew through the air  
And knocked out all his teeth.  
He shouted, 'Drat!' and dropped the bat,  
Which landed on his toes.  
It bounced back up and cracked his chin,  
Then smacked him in the nose.  
Smears in blood and caked in mud,  
He said, 'I'm glad that's over.'  
Then, with a sigh, he held up high  
His lucky four-leaf clover.

*Gervase Phinn*



# Lucky Lou

Lucky Lou was luckier  
than anyone the world over.  
Lou had ninety rabbits' feet,  
his lawn was made of four-leafed clover.

Lou had lots of lucky bracelets  
all adorned with lucky charms;  
some he wore around his ankles,  
others jingled on his arms.

Lou would keep his lucky hat on  
even while he took a bath.  
Black cats always walked behind him  
so they wouldn't cross his path.

Never walked beneath a ladder.  
Never wore a stitch of black.  
Never broke a single mirror.  
Never stepped upon a crack.

Lucky Lou was luckier  
than anyone else, it's said.  
Till the day that grand piano  
fell and landed on his head.