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Opening extract from
Archie's War

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Please print off and read at your leisure.



Archie invented me. I'm Dumping.



He's right.
No he's left, stupid! Tom

IF FOUND PLEASE RETURN TO:



Archie invented me. I'm Gravy.

He's right!



I award Archie and Tom a comic a week for life. HRH.

Archie Albright,
33 Grove Road,
East London.

I wrote this in actual blue blood!

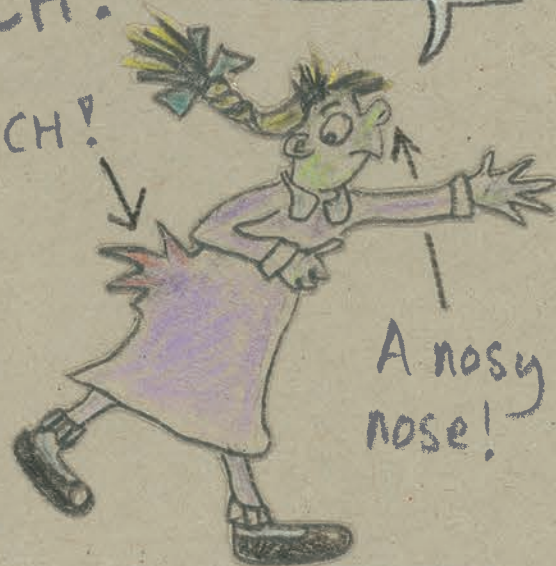
BUT... ONE PEEK AND I'LL SET OLD GEORGIE ON YOU - AND HE'S GOT TEETH AS SHARP AS RAZORS. MUNCH. MUNCH. MUNCH!

Yikes, I'm sorry. I'll never peek again!

Good dog, MUNCH UP!



OUCH!



A nosy nose!

SHARP!

WARNING!

These are genuine cat's teeth, so just imagine a whole jaw full of dog's fangs sinking into your flesh!!!



Fido →



I love comics! This is Tiger Tim.



My nose tells me a young ruffian's about.

THIS BOOK

BELONGS

TO

ARCHIE ALBRIGHT

PC Fairyfoot

He's All Trouble not Albright.



This is Tom, my best mate.

He's very holey!

He only wears shoes for best.



PRIVATE

KEEP OUT!

Old Georgie. My best dog.



His tail never stops wagging.

I'm lucky, my dad works in a boot factory. I get to have toe-fluff!

Question: Who's the brightest kid around here?

Answer: ARCHIE ALBRIGHT!

AND HIS MATE TOM! I had to write that or he'd have twisted my ear off!

I pulled this out of Tom's jumper. One more tug and he'd have been naked!!



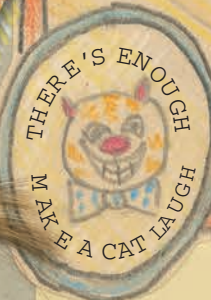
What ho! More nesting material.



Joey

LOOK FOR ARCHIE THE STAR COMIC!

My first and last curl.



My Family

MAY 1914

1D
2

AND OTHER GREAT BRITISH COMICS!
Old Georgie



It cost Uncle Colin 2d - two pence! - to post my scrapbook.

Feathers are green, not fingers!



Dad borrowed this suit from his boss.



Mum and Dad's wedding

<p>He's a top chap!</p>	<p>There's always food on the table.</p>	<p>Do as yer mam says or I'll dip you round.</p>	<p>See a girl, wink an eye!</p>
<p>This is me, born 3rd April 1904.</p>	<p>My mum, Violet, 36 years old.</p>	<p>My dad, Arthur, 38 years old.</p>	<p>Uncle Teddy, Dad's younger brother.</p>
<p>VOTE S FOR</p>	<p>Ain't long afore I leave school!</p>	<p>He ain't half funny - BURP! POO! FART!</p>	<p>Smiling gives you wrinkles.</p>
<p>My sister, Ethel, 16 years old.</p>	<p>My brother, Ronald, 14 years old.</p>	<p>My baby brother, Billy, 9 months old.</p>	<p>Grandma Albright, ancient and grumpy!</p>
<p>Pink thumb</p>	<p>I think Uncle Colin is about 40 years old. I don't know what he looks like, because he works as a gardener in Dorset. So he must have green fingers! Dad says we can visit him when we've saved the train fare. He's got a gammy leg because he broke it as a child and it was never right again. He must be nice because he sent me this book.</p>		
<p>Uncle Colin, Dad's older brother.</p>			

Ain't she a picture!



This is Baby Billy's footprint. If you ask me, it's the print of a little MONSTER!

Ethel wears a ribbon like this to show she is a suffragette and wants the right to vote, like a man. Dad says she'll be wanting to wear trousers next.

TOP SECRET

These are MY comic characters, Dumpling and Gravy. →



SPECIAL EXTRA HOME AWAY

CHAMPION CHUCKLES!

I might think it was the best house ... if Grandma Albright didn't lie with us. She washes my mouth out with soap if I tell a whopper. She also whacks me with her hair brush. THE BEAST!



I live at 33 Grove Road, East London. Dad was born in this house. He says it's the best in the road.

I'd like an 'orse but



My dad keeps his barrow out the back, next to the toilet. When there is no work in the boot factory, he buys and sells scrap.

- MY BEST FOODS
- Suet pudding with runny custard
 - Semolina with jam
 - Bread and dripping
 - Sunday joint when we can afford it
 - Gravy, gravy gravy!
 - Hot Bovril
 - Hot cocoa

Learning is most



Mr Duncan

SCHOOL

I go to Mr D.'s school with my best friend, Tom, and our Ron. Ron will have to leave soon and go to work.

Do I see a dirty hand?



I like school, but I don't like Mrs D. and her tickler. It don't take much to get her going.

WACKO, MRS D.!



Tom says I got to write that this don't look like him. EXCEPT IT DOES!

Me and Archie



This is my best friend, Tom, his sister, Lily, and his mum and dad. They live in the road behind ours.

Terrible twins!



Me and Tom like making our own comics, reading comics, talking about comics, collecting comics and playing Cowboys.

TOM'S BEST FOOD is a marrow bone because he's barking mad... woof, woof!

SWEETS Give me more!



Sherbet dip



Jelly babies (not the green ones)



Hum bugs



HAPPY SQUAWK DAY!

GRAND BIRTHDAY NUMBER AUGUST THE FINEST STORY

BABY BILLY'S FIRST BIRTHDAY AND THE FIRST TALK OF WAR!

Dad made Baby Billy a shoe doll at the factory. He's ever so good at them. Ethel's still got six! He made me this little paper one to stick in my scrapbook. Good old Dad!

Mum's cake had real butter and strawberries in it. **RIPPING!**

Tom's idea. Well... sort of. **YES, IT WAS!**
- TOM

Panel 1: Haaaappy bur day to you!

Panel 2: What war? Some warmonger didn't like

Panel 3: I'll give you a second black eye, our Ethel!

Panel 4: And she makes us stand to attention!

Text 1: It was Baby Billy's first birthday. We had just cut the cake and were about to sing "Happy Birthday".

Text 2: Then in walks Ethel with a whopping shiner. She'd been on a peace march to stop Britain joining the war in Europe.

Text 3: Grandpa Albright is very patriotic. She thinks that Great Britain has a duty to sort out the troubles of the world, even if it means going to war. She picked up her cake and threw it at Ethel and her banner.

Signs: THE BOSSY BOOTS BRING YOU THE WAR NEWS, 28TH JULY 1914 AUSTRIA DECLARES WAR ON SERBIA, PEACE, NOT WAR!

Labels: GRANDMA WAR, SISTER PEACE

Panel 1: Don't you bring your pacifist nonsense into my house.

Panel 2: I can't believe she's my daughter.

Panel 3: The government knows best. We will fight if we must.

Panel 4: God save our King!

Text 1: Dad was so ANGRY, I don't think he noticed the neighbours

Text 2: Dad is very patriotic too. He didn't just throw a slice of cake at Ethel - he grabbed her banner, whacked her with it and made her chop it up.

Text 3: Dad came back in and told us that if there was a war, we all had to do our bit or leave home! We cheered and stood to attention ...

Text 4: while Mum played the national anthem. I could hear Ethel sobbing upstairs. We never did finish singing "Happy Birthday" to Baby Billy.

Signs: AUG 2ND 1914 PEACE MARCH IN LONDON, 1ST AUG 1914 GERMANY JOINS AUSTRIA AND DECLARES WAR ON RUSSIA, NOT OUR WAR, 4TH AUG 1914 GERMANY INVADERS BELGIUM

Text: He's a right old swooner crooner.

Text: Belgium is Britain's ally. Now what do we do?

Tweet, tweet. The locals are at it!

OUCH!

Happy Munch day

ATTENTION FOR THE KING!