

Older readers

Title\author	First line
One whole and perfect day by Judith Clarke	Every day on her way home from school, Lily dawdled in the quiet streets and avenues of her neighbourhood, gazing through the windows of the houses at the families inside.
Red spikes by Margo Lanagan	“Well, at least it’s a fine night,” said Mum. She looked enormous, but that was mostly the bedding she’d gathered as she hurried out of the hut. Her hair, coming undone from its night time tail, was a shock of silver on her shoulders.
The red shoe by Ursula Dubosarsky	Matilda stood at the bedroom doorway in the early morning, watching her older sister Frances, who was just waking up. Her face looked like someone else’s when she was asleep. It was only when she opened her eyes that Matilda knew it was really her.
Don’t call me Ishmael! By Michael Gerard Bauer	There’s no easy way to put this, so I’ll just say it straight out. It’s time I faced up to the truth. I’m fourteen years old and I have Ishmael Leseur’s Syndrome
Monster blood tattoo. Book one: Foundling by D M Cornish	Rossamund was a boy with a girl’s name.
My big birkett by Lisa Shanahan	When Debbie told Dad she was marrying Brian, her new boyfriend of one month, Dad went ballistic.