

Helping you choose books for children



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opening extract from

# **Can We Have Our Ball Back, Please?**

written by

**Gareth Owen**

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# Can We Have Our Ball Back, Please?

England gave football to the world  
Who, now they've got the knack,  
Play it better than we do  
And won't let us have it back.



# The Commentator

Good afternoon and welcome  
To this international  
Between England and Holland  
Which is being played here today  
At 4 Florence Terrace.  
And the pitch looks in superb condition  
As Danny Markey, the England captain,  
Puts England on the attack.  
Straight away it's Markey  
With a lovely little pass to Beckham,  
Beckham back to Markey,  
Markey in possession here  
Jinking skilfully past the dustbins;  
And a neat flick inside the cat there.  
What a brilliant player this Markey is  
And he's still only nine years old!  
Markey to Rooney,  
Rooney back to Markey,  
Markey is through, he's through,  
No, he's been tackled by the drainpipe;  
But he's won the ball back brilliantly  
And he's advancing on the Dutch keeper,  
It must be a goal.  
The keeper's off his line  
But Markey chips him superbly  
And it's a goal!

No!

It's gone into Mrs Spence's next door.

And Markey's going round to ask for his ball back.

It could be the end of this international.

Now the door's opening

And yes, it's Mrs Spence,

Mrs Spence has come to the door.

Wait a minute

She's shaking her head, she is shaking her head,

She's not going to let England have their ball back.

What is the referee going to do?

Markey's coming back looking very *dejected*.

And he seems to be waiting . . .

He's going back,

Markey is going back for that ball!

What a brilliant and exciting *move!*

He waited until the front door was closed



And then went back for that ball.  
And wait a minute  
He's found it, Markey has found that ball,  
He has found that ball  
And that's wonderful news  
For the hundred thousand fans gathered here  
Who are showing their appreciation  
In no uncertain fashion.  
But wait a minute,  
The door's opening once more.  
It's her, it's Mrs Spence  
And she's waving her fist  
And shouting something I can't quite understand  
But I don't think it's encouragement.  
And Markey's off.  
He's jinked past her on the outside  
Dodging this way and that  
With Mrs Spence in hot pursuit.  
And he's past her, he's through,  
What skills this boy has!  
But Mr Spence is there too,  
Mr Spence in the sweeper role  
With Rover their dog.  
Markey's going to have to pull out all the stops now.  
He's running straight at him,  
And he's down, he's down on all fours!  
What is he doing?  
And Oh my goodness that was brilliant,  
That was absolutely brilliant.

He's dived through Spence's legs;  
But he's got him,  
This rugged stopper has him by the coat  
And Rover's barking in there too:  
He'll never get out of this one.  
But this is unbelievable!  
He's got away  
He has got away:  
He wriggled out of his coat  
And left part of his trousers with Rover.  
This boy is real dynamite.  
He's over the wall  
He's clear  
They'll never catch him now.  
He's down the yard and on his way  
And I don't think we're going to see  
Any more of Markey  
Until it's safe to come home.



# Meteor

A Doomsday meteor is heading this way  
End of life as we know it, they say  
Please big meteor at least stay away  
Till after the match next Saturday.

