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opening extract from

The Unfinished Angel

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published by

Andersen Press Ltd

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Peoples

P EOPLES ARE STRANGE!
The things they are doing and saying—sometimes they make no sense. Did their brains fall out of their heads? And why so much saying, so much talking all the time day and night, all those words spilling out of those mouths? Why so much? Why don't they be quiet?

What I've Been Doing

E, I AM an angel. I am supposed to be having all the words in all the languages, but I am not. Many are missing. I am also not having a special assignment. I think I did not get all the training.

What is my mission? I think I should have been told. I have been lolling around in the stone tower of Casa Rosa, waiting to find out. I am free to come and go in the mountain villages, free to float along the promenade on the lake, free to swish up through the Alps to mountain huts, free to spend days and nights

What I've Been Doing

floating and swishing I like.

It's true I have my hands full from time to time with Signora Divino and her grandson, Vinny, neither of them the slightest bit "divino" these days: cranky and bad-tempered, raining soot on everyone else's head. Signora Divino, she snip-snip gossips and causes trouble between the other peoples, and her grandson, Vinny, with the shaggy hair is causing the mischief and blaming the other boys, and he listens to no one, no one, you hear me? No one. I pinch him sometimes.

But is that my purpose? Solely to look after the Divinos and keep them from heaping misery on the other people types and giving them a pinch from time to time? I don't think so.

Do the other angels know what they are doing? Am I the only confused one? Maybe I am unfinished, an unfinished angel.