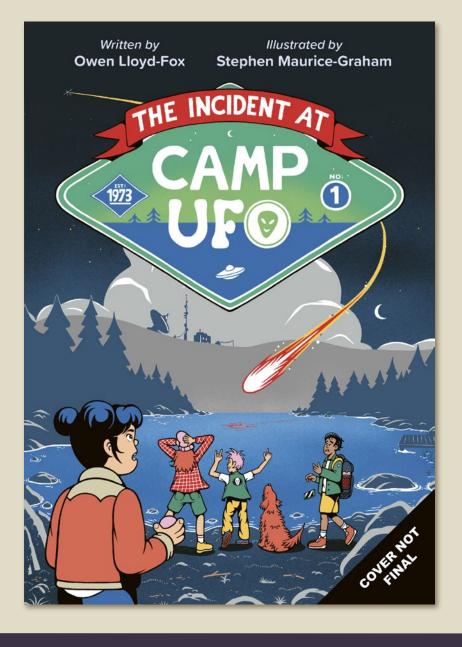


Norway - FBF24 - Middle grade and graphic novels

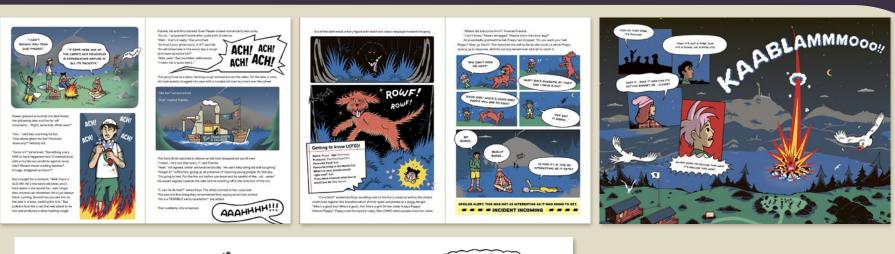
The Incident at Camp UFO



Unravel cryptic clues, solve fiendish puzzles, avoid the Shini-rax aliens at all costs while you help the gang solve the incident at Camp UFO!

- A brand-new adventure puzzle book series complete with graphic novel style illustrations. Perfect for fans of Bunny vs. Monkey, Stranger Things and gaming enthusiasts. A must-have for reluctant readers.
- Featuring a strong cast of characters with authentic stories from diverse backgrounds, including South and South East Asia, plus a non-binary character with partial hearing loss.

The Incident at Camp UFO



The Early Birds looked at each other in utter astonishment, then sprinted towards the lake. Poppy followed, barking madly. She didn't have a clue what was going on, but she loved running.



"Y-you realise what's happening now right?!" puffed Pawan, struggling to keep up with the others. "A SUPERHERO ORIGIN STORY! Space rock falls from the sky, local kids find space rock, space rock makes them FLY or TURN STRETCHY or give them the power to make people EXPLODE or something!"

"Was it definitely a space rock?" asked Val. "Whatsit called? An asteroid. Maybe it was a satellite. Or a part of a PLANE! I heard once that an aeroplane's toilet chute opened and the stuff inside fell out of the sky, and because it's SO cold up there, it FROZE and hit a man and everyone knew that he'd been squashed by a massive frozen ball of P00!"

"Definitely not poo," said Frankie, who had made it to the shore first. The others arrived and stared out at the emanating water. "Poo doesn't glow."



"Woah" said Val. astutely

"I guess we should report this to, uh, whoever you report asteroids to?" Frankie posited. "Um, sorry, I think you mean meteorite," said Xinyi, apologetically. "Asteroids are when they are in space. When they fall they are a meteor, and when it lands it's a...

meteorite..." Xinyi frowned. WHY did I have to say that for? Now they'll think I'm a COMPLETE dweeb..

Frankie turned to her and smiled. "Thanks Xinyi. It's probably best we know exactly what it is when we tell-" "Or," interrupted Val, "we DON'T tell anyone and fish it out ourselves!" The gang looked down at the glow once more. Pawan nodded slowly, "Yeah. I mean, do you KNOW how much meteorites go for online?" He said, biting his lip. "Like, mucho gold coins. Plus, still hoping for superpowers here..?" "Yeah! Come on Frank-le-plank," beamed Val,

"I wanna make people explode!"

Frankie sighed. She saw what this was. Just because she was older – just because she wasn't suggesting stupid things like FISHING FOR (potentially) MAGIC SPACE ROCKS - they were making her be the mum. The sensible one. The leader. Frankie took a deep breath. Not today. Not this entire summer, actually. She had decided in the car that this summer, she wasn't going to be in charge of ANYTHING. Especially not Val.

"Yeah, okay. Let's get the meteorite out of the lake," the new, relaxed go-withthe-flow Frankie replied. "So... how are we going to do that?"

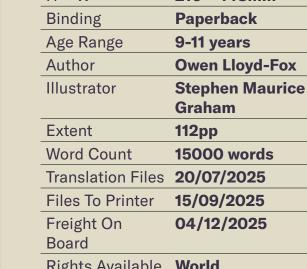


How COULD the gang fish the meteorite out the lake? When you think you've got it, turn to the next page - or check the answer at the back!

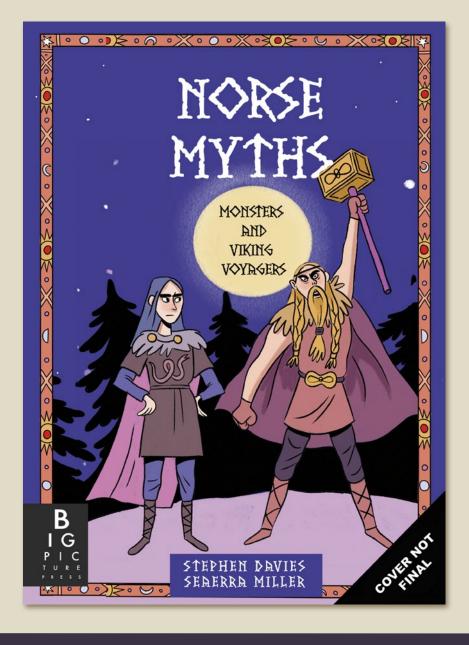


Pub Date	05/02/2026
Pub Price	£7.99
ISBN	9781800788725
$H \times W$	210 × 148mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	9-11 years
Author	Owen Lloyd-Fox
Illustrator	Stephen Maurice
	Graham
Extent	112pp
Word Count	15000 words
Translation Files	20/07/2025
Files To Printer	15/09/2025
Freight On	04/12/2025
Board	

Rights Available World



Norse Myths, Monsters and Viking Voyages



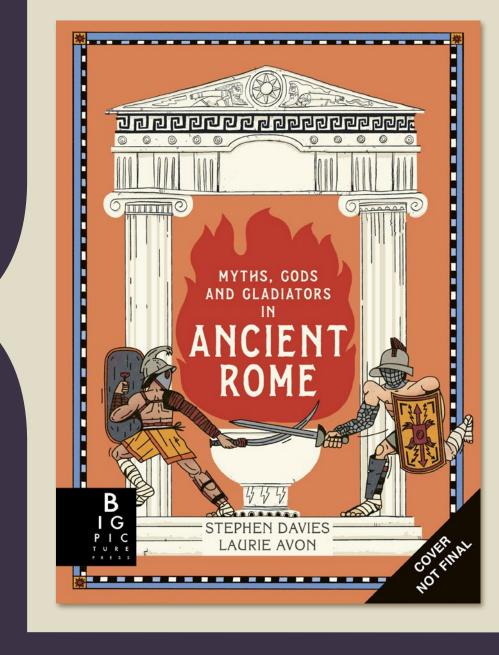
A vivid comicstrip retelling of the greatest Norse myths.

- Contents: Myths The Creation Myth; The Theft of Idun's Apples; Treasures of the Gods; Thor's Journey to Utgard; The Deal of Balder; Ragnarok; Sigurd and Fafnir Theme spreads - What are the Norse Myths?; Meet the Norse Gods; How the Myths Explained the World; Meet the Vikings; Mythical Creatures and Deadly Beasts; The Afterlife; How the Norse Myths Came to us; A Mythic Map
- Following on from the success of *Myths*, *Monsters and Mayhem in Ancient Greece* (which has sold over 50,000 copies worldwide as of July 2024) - this is the next title in a growing series for Big Picture Press

Norse Myths, Monsters and Viking Voyages

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Myths, Gods and Gladiators in Ancient Rome



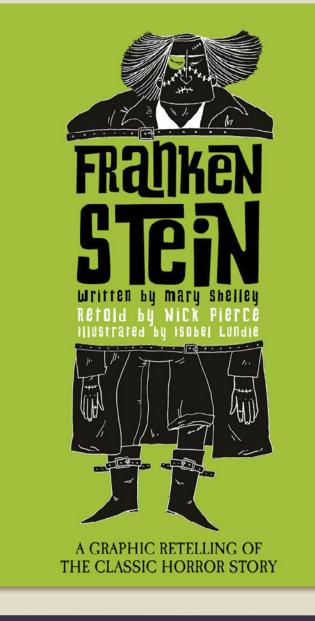
A historical and humorous comic book retelling of the ancient Roman myths.

- The myths are broken up with a series of 'theme' spreads, which will take a broader look at certain aspects of Roman mythology (mythical beasts and monsters, the gods, heroes etc.)
- Following on from the success of Myths, Monsters and Mayhem in Ancient Greece (which has sold over 50,000 copies worldwide as of July 2024) - this is the next title in a growing series for Big Picture Press
- Growing demand for graphic novels and comic books for children and adults alike
- Cover treatments: Deboss and pantone

Myths, Gods and Gladiators in Ancient Rome



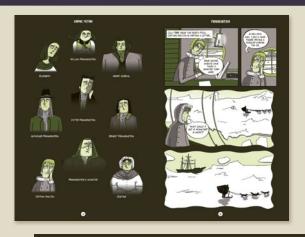
Frankenstein



A graphic retelling of Mary Shelley's gothic masterpiece

- A contemporary twist on a 19th Century classic. This creepy graphic retelling is the perfect tool for engaging reluctant readers and introducing children to the literary canon.
- An excellent English Literature curriculum companion. The endmatter contains an educational author biography, history of the text and key theme analysis to further help children.
- A wonderful introduction to the horror genre. Young readers will be captivated by Isobel Lundie's beautiful, spooky illustrations.
- Utilises speech bubbles and easy-tofollow sequential ordering to make the story more accessible.
- Next title in the series: Dracula

Frankenstein









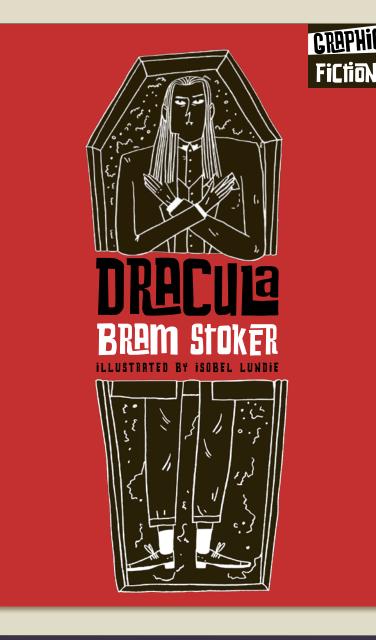




FERNKENSTEIN

Pub Date	12/09/2024
Pub Price	£7.99
ISBN	9781800788800
$H \times W$	210 × 140mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	9-11 years
Author	Mary Shelley
Illustrator	Isobel Lundie
Extent	64рр
Word Count	4316 words
Rights Available	World

Dracula



Bram Stoker's legendary gothic masterpiece is bought back to life in this blood-sucking graphic retelling!

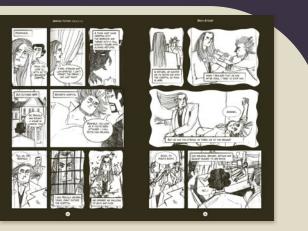
- A contemporary twist on a 19th Century classic. This creepy graphic retelling is the perfect tool for engaging reluctant readers and introducing children to the literary canon.
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Dracula









GRAPHIC FICTION DRACULA





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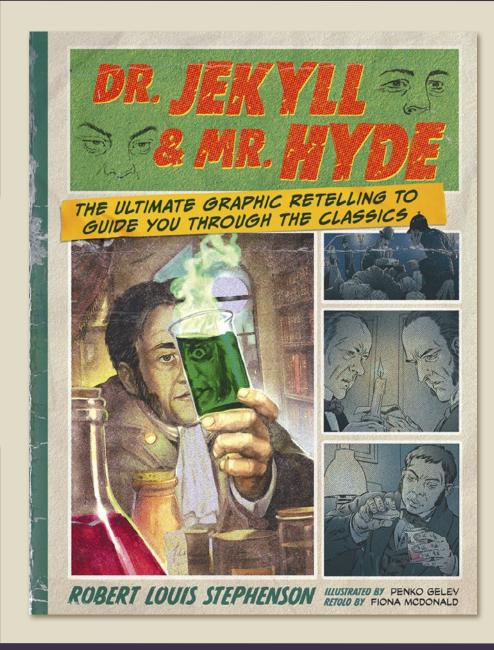


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BRAM STOKER

Pub Date	12/09/2024
Pub Price	£7.99
ISBN	9781800788817
$H \times W$	210 × 140mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	9-11 years
Author	Bram Stoker
Illustrator	Isobel Lundie
Extent	64pp
Word Count	3140 words
Translation Files	29/01/2024
Files To Printer	22/04/2024
Freight On	27/06/2024
Board	
Rights Available	World

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde: Classic Comics



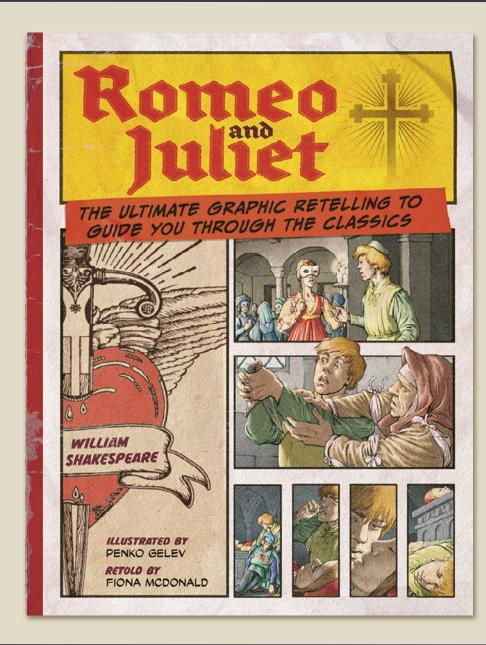
The ultimate comic book companion to guide you through the Victorian classic, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

- The highly visual nature of comic book storytelling is the perfect way to encourage reluctant readers who are challenged or intimidated by reading to improve their literacy skills.
- Small amounts of text and easy-to-follow sequential ordering of the picture strips help make Shakespeare more accessible.
- Perfect curriculum companion to students studying Jekyll and Hyde at school, with an additional glossary to help dissect any tricky jargon or Victorian terms.

Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde: Classic Comics



Romeo and Juliet: Classic Comics



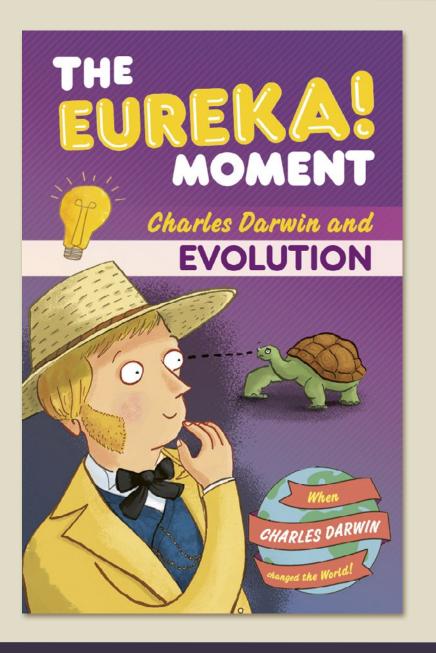
The ultimate comic book companion to guide you through Shakespeare's classic, *Romeo and Juliet.*

- The highly visual nature of comic book storytelling is the perfect way to encourage reluctant readers who are challenged or intimidated by reading to improve their literacy skills.
- Small amounts of text and easy-to-follow sequential ordering of the picture strips help make Shakespeare accessible.
- Perfect curriculum companion to students studying Romeo and Juliet at school, with an additional glossary to help dissect any tricky jargon or oldfashioned terms.

Romeo and Juliet: Classic Comics



Evolution: The Eureka! Moment



Explore Charles Darwin's incredible 'Eureka' moment!

- Child-friendly narrative non-fiction curated to deepen children's knowledge of key moments in the history of science in an accessible, entertaining way.
- Short comic strips scattered throughout the narrative to help children visualise and engage with key events.
- This series introduces children to a myriad of inspirational individuals and the barriers they faced during their quest for knowledge, encouraging and inspiring young people to dare to think differently.
- Combines history and STEM focused learning. The perfect curriculum companion to children studying evolution, adaptation, animal biology, and survival of the fittest.
- Includes extra end matter, such as timeline and glossary, to help children to fully understand concepts and the historical context.

Evolution: The Eureka! Moment



THE EUREKA MOMENT!



1817

Chapter 3 1835

On 7th September, 1835, the Beagle left the coast of South America and solided west into the open ocean. Eight days and 400 miles later we spotted land. It was Chathem Island, the most costern of the Galapagon Islands. We were to spend a month amongst three islands while the crew on the Beagle mapped their costs and the surrounding woters. Although these islands were ting in first, their importance would later prove to be enormous.

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I was troubled by not being able to make sense of the brink I had collected on the Galopagos Ilands. I gave them by bha Gould, si bird expert ot the Zoological Seciety and said to him, "Tam ot a loss to know what to make of these little of biochiets, finches, gross-beaks and wrens. I hink they are of little importance, but make of them what you will. If angone can unstangle their mayter, gou can." A for days later, I returned to the society to

A tew adjustater, i returned to the society to bear what Goodd thought. I was assensibled when he soid, "All the birds are ground finches which are so odd that they form an entirely new group of twelve species."

my work and I regretted not abelling them with which islands they had come from. Others on the Beaple, including Captain FitzRoy, had also collected birds on the islands and luckily they had

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Evolution before Darwin

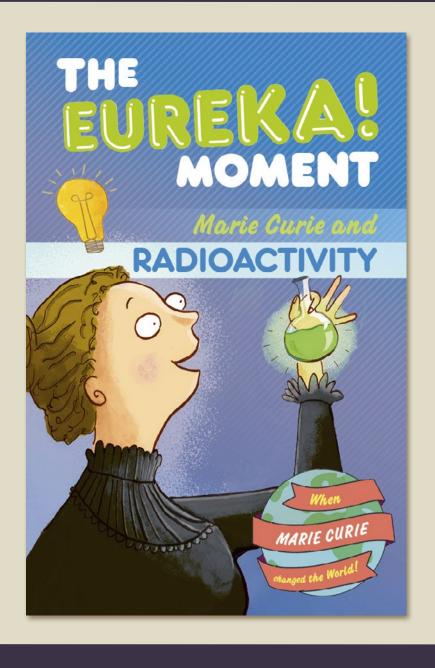
The first person to develop a scientific theory of evolution was a Prench matrixitic colled dean.Baptites Lamarck (1744-1889). He thought living creatures continually once into excitence from non-living matter and evolved into more and more complex creatures. He thought that creatures changed their behaviour outly their excitoment and that these olangies in behaviour physically changed the creatures. He also thought that these olangies in behaviour physically changed the creatures. He also thought that the olangies in behaviour physically changed the creatures. He also thought that these olangies in behaviour physically changed the creatures. He also thought that these olangies that happened in a single lifetime were passed on from one generation to another.



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Pub Date	29/02/2024
Pub Price	£5.99
ISBN	9781800788473
$H \times W$	198 × 129mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	9-11 years
Author	lan Graham
Illustrator	Annaliese
	Stoney
Extent	144рр
Word Count	15936 words
Rights Available	World

Radioactivity: The Eureka! Moment



Explore Marie Curie's incredible 'Eureka' moment!

- Child-friendly narrative non-fiction curated to deepen children's knowledge of key moments in the history of science in an accessible, entertaining manner.
- This series introduces children to a myriad of inspirational individuals and the barriers they faced during their quest for knowledge, encouraging and empowering young ones to follow their own research.
- Blends history and STEM-focused learning. The perfect curriculum companion, especially on the themes of radioactivity, medicine and scientific advances during WW1.
- Includes extra end matter, such as a timeline and glossary, to help children fully understand concepts and historical context.

Radioactivity: The Eureka! Moment



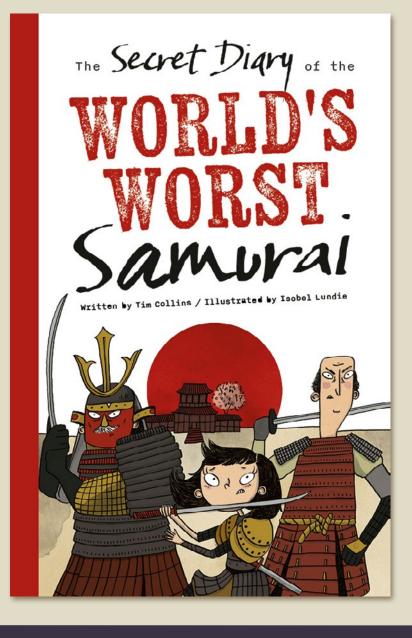






Pub Date	29/02/2024
Pub Price	£5.99
ISBN	9781800788527
$H \times W$	198 × 129mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	9-11 years
Author	lan Graham
Illustrator	Annaliese
	Stoney
Extent	144pp
Word Count	14683 words
Rights Available	World

World's Worst Samurai



A hilarious, fictional account of the world's unluckiest Samurai warrior!

- A fantastically funny illustrated story that promotes an inspiring, positive female role model.
- Engaging story about perseverance, believing in yourself and overcoming barriers.
- Fascinating facts are interspersed throughout the fictional story, with 'get real' sections educating readers about the real-world contexts and histories of Japan and Samurai warriors.
- Endmatter includes a timeline and historical biographies of famous Samurai warriors to help engage children with the real-world historical context and encourage further research.

World's Worst Samurai



Yasutaro laughed, and I had to stop myself from throwing my bowl at him. I don't know much about the code of the samurai, but I'm guessing that attacking your own brother during a meal probably isn't part of it.

Mother told me to stop talking nonsense and get on with my chores.

I was expecting Father to say something similar, but he didn't. He froze with his rice bowl in his hand and peered at me in silence. Then he asked why I wanted to be a samurai.

I told him I was from a great sumurai family. and it wasn't fair that Yasutaro got to be one and I didn't.

Father nodded and asked if I had any other reason

I said I was better at fighting than Yasutaro. and if I could be sent to Yoshihiro I would emerge as the true warrior of our family.

Father nodded and asked if I had any other reason

I said I was better at tactics than Yasutaro, and one day I could become a great commander and lead troops to glorious victories.

Father finished his rice in silence. When his bowl was empty, he said he refused to send me to samurai school.

I tried to keep my anger in, but it was no use I said it was ridiculous that he wouldn't let me train just because I was a girl.

Father laughed. He said that wasn't the reason, and there were many stories about female samurai who'd commanded armies of thousands. He said the reason he wouldn't send me was because I wasn't thinking like a true samurai should.

Mother repeated her demand for me to get back to my duties, but Father said I could be excused for one day. He told me to take the time to

think and then answer the question again tomorrow morning.

Female sumurai were rare, but some beca legendary figures whose stories were repeated long after they died. An epic account of 12th century battles called The Tale of the Heike describes a female warrior called Tomoe Gozen. It ways she was 'fit to confront a demos or a god' and 'worth a thousand warriors

m

I would never have believed anyone could mov that fast, never mind someone so thin and old.

He handed me the pebble and told me to stop him from grabbing it. I placed it in my palm and took a deep breath. This didn't sound too hard. All I'd have to do was clasp my hand as soon as I saw him move.

I told him to go ahead. His hand moved in a rapid blur, and my fingers slapped into an empty palm

We tried again. I snanned my fingers shut sconer this time, but they still closed on thin air.

I asked Yoshihiro to give me one more chance He agreed, and this time I smacked my hand shut even faster



On just the first day of training I'd beaten his test. Here was proof that I was destined to be a great warrior.

I opened my hand. In the centre was a small pebble that had been painted red. For a moment. I wondered how it could have changed colour. Then Yoshihiro opened his own hand to

Chapter I Japan, 1582





Day One

Mother thinks I'm practising my writing. I do it every day and she never reads it. So while I kneel here in my silk robe, dabbing my brush onto the paper like an obedient daughter, I'm going to reveal my true destiny.

I, Suki Akiyama, am going to become a samurai warrior. My father is one, and my brother is training to become one. It's in my blood.

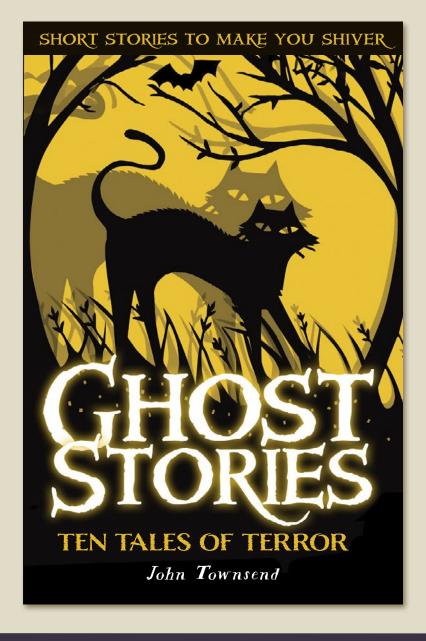
Pub Date	01/10/2020
Pub Price	£6.99
ISBN	9781800788886
H×W	198 × 129mm
Binding	Paperback
Age Range	7-9 years
Author	Tim Collins
Illustrator	Isobel Lundie
Extent	216 pp
Word Count	20307 words
Rights Available	World

bookshelf.bonnierbooks.co.uk/books/9781800788886

GET REAL

Yoshihiro said we'd try it the other way around.

Ghost Stories



Ten spooky spinetingling short stories!

- An entertaining, child-friendly introduction to ghost stories and the conventions of the horror genre. Perfect for children studying this in English.
- Shortlisted for the Leicester Libraries Our Best Book Award 2020.
- Kids will feel chills and thrills as they read about such things as haunted houses that burst into flames, ghosts frightening and friendly, a skull that won't stay buried, and a terrifying clown.
- A spooky halloween gift.

Ghost Stories

SHIVERS

off his hiking boots. He fell onto the grass with a groan. "I never want to go on a hike again. Never. They said the Bronze Award expedition would be a piece of cake. I'm dving for a piece of cake right now. My feet are killing me. I give up - where are we?" Sacha gulped from her water bottle. She sank

to her knees, sitting on her mud-caked boots. "I haven't got a clue. Right now, I don't care." Liam bit into a mini Mars Bar then handed her the rest. "Make the most of this last bite. No more left after this."

Sacha passed him the bottle. "Just a few sips. There's hardly any left." Clouds cast deepening shadows over the hills.

A large bird of prey rose in the sky and soared above the moor "This map doesn't make sense. I'm sure we turned left at the church in the village." Liam

traced his finger over the map. "It doesn't agree

GHOST STORIES

with my phone, either. The GPS is useless. The signal's no good out here in the middle of nowhere. It keeps cutting out." "My battery's virtually given up the ghost. Just like me." Sacha sighed before adding wearily. "I think we should go back. We know there's a pub a few miles back. I'd kill for a plate of hot chips." She looked up. "There's a huge bird up there. It must be a vulture waiting for us to die of thirst." Liam turned the map round. "Unless that clump of trees is this bit of green on the map and on my phone." He swore when he lost the signal

Sacha laughed. "Let's face it, you haven't got a clus." He kept looking at the map. "There's a red triangle thing marked here. It's a youth hostel.

We can't be far off. Let's go there. Hostels are cheap. It's only a couple of miles." Sacha got to her feet. "If you say so. It'll be

SHIVERS

dark soon." She stared up at the circling bird with a growing sense of doom, as Liam put on his rucksack with a renewed burst of enthusiasm. "We'll be in the dry before the rain starts." They linked arms and began walking towards the setting sun - towards the bird of prey and the dead of night. The first drops of rain began to fall as Sacha pulled on the hood of her raincont. "How much further, Liam? My blisters say it's

hed time" "Not far. I'll be able to tell when we get to the top of this hill. We'll see down into the next valley. I should get a better phone signal up there

Sacha snorted. "It'll be dark by the time we get to the top." Thunder clouds blotted out the rising moon

and rolled across the moor as a shriek filled the darkening sky. Liam and Sacha stopped to look

CHOST STORIES

up. A black shape swooped over their heads. "Scary!" Sacha frowned. "That bird is like an omen. An angel of doom!" Their boots squelched through mud. "Not long." Liam called. "We'll soon be at the top." A flash of lightning snaked across the sky and a loud crack rumbled over the moor. "It's like something from a horror movie," Sacha panted. The rain swept across in silvery squalls. At the top of the hill Liam pointed into the next valley. "That must be the hostel. Down there. With the tall chimney and smoke "I don't like the look of it," Sacha murmured. "It won't take us long," Liam said, ignoring her. The air was now very still. As they walked There was no rain here and everything was the smoke that rose towards the pale moon peeping through parting clouds.

SHIVERS

A sign by a set of black iron gates said 'Youth Hostel, Members Only', Just beyond stood a stark Gothic mansion surrounded by bent and twisted tree trunks. Apart from a faint glow from one of the large upstairs windows, the house was in eerie

"I told you we'd find it," Liam said, smiling. Sacha wasn't so sure. "It doesn't look very

nice," she said. Liam ignored her and added, "Tve got cash.

Clanging through the gate, they walked along the path, up some crumbling steps and to the porch. A pair of boots caked in dried mud lay on the top step. Liam slammed his fist on the heavy door and a hollow thud echoed before the door swung open. A dimly lit hallway with dark oak panels stretched in front of them. The smell of soot drifted out over the porch. A thin, bent man

GHOST STORIES

in black stood in front of them. He had a hooked nose and small beady eyes. "Yes? What is it?" he croaked. His eyes stared like a bird's. "Can we stay the night?" Liam said. "I can pay with a card or cash."

The man blinked. The light from a single bulb cast his shadow over the front steps. He had a shadow like a vulture's

"Members only," he said. "You'll have to join." "How much?"

"We've got rules," the man continued, not listening. "No matches. No paraffin. No time." Sacha squeezed Liam's hand. She could smell drink on the man's breath.

"Are you the warden?" Liam asked The man ignored him. "It's late. It's only because of the clocks I can bend the rules tonight. We're full. One of you will have to sleep in the attic. The other in the boiler room." Sacha pulled a face. "I don't like the sound of

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SHIVERS

if she'll appear. You see, you shared Cornerstone Cottage with Mrs Coombs. She can be quite unpredictable but at least you survived a full week. Some don't. Apparently, she was the dairy maid long ago... before she passed away while knitting in her rocking chair in the back room. All very mysterious. They say she was found with a row of insect bites in the shape of a letter C on her neck."

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GHOST STORIES

WHEN THE CLOCK STOPS

hen they wander from the expedition party, fifteen-yearolds Liam and Sacha are alone on the moors. Lost. At first, it's no big deal, as the map shows a hostel isn't too far away. But they haven't bargained on what is waiting in the darkness, and on what will happen on the night the clocks go back ...

Liam threw down his rucksack and pulled

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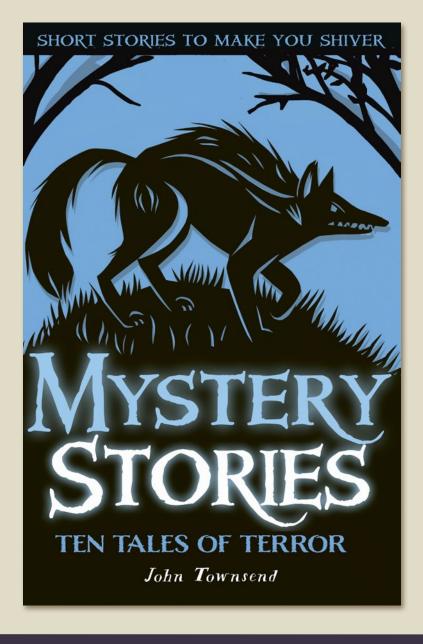
Pub Date	01/04/2018
Pub Price	£6.99
ISBN	9781800788992
$H \times W$	198 × 129mm
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Illustrator	Isobel Lundie
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darkness.

They'll let us stay the night."

Mystery Stories



Ten mysterious, spooky short stories

- A wonderful, entertaining introduction to the horror genre and short story writing, perfect for children studying this in English.
- Perfect spooky gift for children to read one story each night in the build up to Halloween.
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Mystery Stories

SHIVERS

In case you are wondering. Dei Gratia is Latin for 'by the grace of God'. She became a wellknown name, all because I told the captain what I'd seen that chilly December day There was a fair wind and the sea was choppy. although I'd known far worse. I was still finding my sea legs and was horribly sick when we first set sail in heavy seas. I always dreaded being told to climb the main mast to deliver a message to the lookout in the crow's nest. Up there you feel the swell far worse and have to cling on tight. Our ship had two masts, so it was called a brigantine. She was built in Canada only the year before, so we were both getting used to crossing the Atlantic. We were apparently 400 miles east of the Azores, some 500 miles from the coast of Portugal. The lookout pointed over to the horizon, but I happened to glance further to my left and saw a tiny speck in the far distance. 'Have you spotted that ship over there?' I

MYSTERY STORIES

asked. The lookout held a telescope to his eye. 'That's mighty odd,' he muttered. 'She seems to be out of sorts, if you ask me. Go tell the captain." Cantain Morehouse was concerned and he ordered us to change course. He steered us towards the ship, keeping a close eye on her strange zigzagging through the waves. 'She's going all over the place. Whoever's at the helm must have been on the rum all night." The closer we got to the 'drunken ship', as the captain called her, the more alarmed he became. He called to Mr Deveau, the first mate: That ship is definitely adrift. There's nothing guiding her and she's at risk of keeling over if no one sets her a proper course. Lower the rowing boat and investigate. Take the second mate and the boy and tell me what you find." I gingerly climbed down into the boat and we rowed across to the swaying ship, drawing

up alongside. John Wright, the second mate,

SHIVERS

MYSTERY STORIES

MYSTERY FACTS Did you know...

I. During an attempt to fly around the world in 1937, American aviator Annelia Earhart disappeared somewhere over the Pacific Ocean. The wreckage of her aircraft was never found, and her disappearance remains one of the big unselved mysterios of the 20th century. Before her disappearance, Annelia Earhart was the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean.

2. The search to find the Yeti can be traced back to the time of Alexander the Great, who in 326 BC set out to conquer the Indus Valley and demanded to see a Yeti fie himself. Local people were unable to help. The name 'Abominable

Gimlin in the Bluff Creek region of northern California. Despite much investigation since that footage from 1987; it is still uncertain whether this was a book or a genuine sighting. Take a look at it online and decide for yourself — if you dare!

SHIVERS



Bermuda Triangle an area in the Atlantic Ocean between Bermuda, Puerto Rico and Florida where ships and planes have apparently disappeared mysteriously.

MYSTERY STORIES

GLOSSARY

Chupacabra a creature of legend said to live in parts of the Americas, with the first sightings reported in Puerto Rico. The name comes from its reputation for drinking the blood of goats.

Cryptozoology the study of creatures, such as the Chupacabra, the existence of which has not been scientifically proved.

Dire wolf an extinct wolf that was widespread in North America up to about 12,000 years ago, having a larger body and a smaller brain than today's wolf.

SHIVERS

her, too - but Miss said we should relax as it was only the cruise boat chugging and making waves.'

He frowned and looked at his watch. 'Not now. Not in the fog it wasn't. Boats don't sail in bad weather. They've all been moored for the past hour. No boats were out on the loch when you heard that noise.' He looked very serious, lowered his voice and added, 'The only one brave enough to venture into those dark and misty waters would be the very monster itself.'

Mrs Milligan could only gulp and stare. Apart from that, she still seemed fairly relaxed. So relaxed, she didn't stir. That's because she'd just fainted with a terrified gasp – face down in the man's porridge.

MYSTERY STORIES



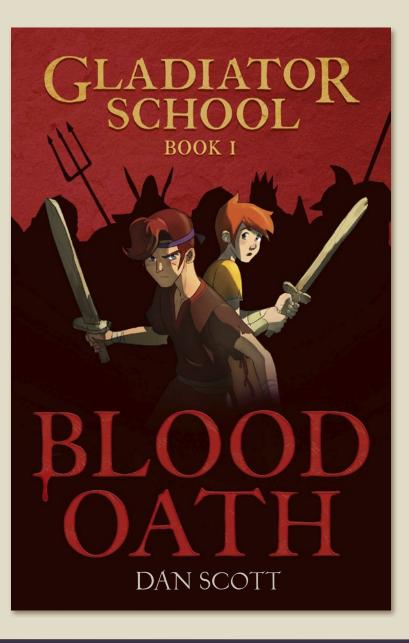
THE GHOST SHIP

was only 12 at the time. It was my first voyage as cabin boy on the ship *Dei Gratia* in 1872. In fact, it was me who first spotted flapping sails in the distance and reported the drifting vessel to Captain Morehouse. Little did we know what we were about to find.

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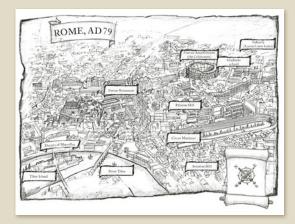
Gladiator School 1: Blood Oath



A tale of blood, sweat, sand and sacrifice, set in the gladiator arenas of Ancient Rome

- An epic fictional story set in a historical context, perfect for lovers of the ancient world.
- Fast-paced, action-packed and full of unexpected twists and turns. Great for reluctant readers searching for an exciting adventure story to keep them entertained.
- Contains additional notes throughout to define key Roman words, helping children to learn more about ancient society and immerse themselves in the time period.

Gladiator School 1: Blood Oath



GLADIATOR SCHOOL

close to her. Valeria, who was made of sterner stuff, had wriggled free and stared at the soldiers in roundeved wonder

Lucius's older brother had found elenty to sa Lucious's older brother had lound plexity to say. Quintus, named after his father, was never lost for words. He had followed the soldiers through the villa as thry searched for his father, warning them of the dire punishments that would fall on their heads when his father returned, threatening them with curses and finally invoking the household gods to protect the family against the introders.

family against the intruders. But, throughout it all, Lacius had stayed in the artism, his back pressed against the cool marble walls. The statues were still wearing their crowns of flowers and leaves. Less than a day had passed since they had celebrated their mother's birthday. And saw his world was crumbling around his ears. 'Where is he, boy?'

A soldier was standing in front of him, demanding

an answer. 'The Senate?' snapped Quintus from the doorway to the atrium. 'The Forum?' Where else would you expect one of Rome's most respected senators to be a

this time of day?

'He's not there,' Lucius said. His voice sounded croaky and unfamiliar. 'What are you talking about?' asked Quin. whetplace of encient Rome, which was also the place for

BLOOD OATH He sounded irritable and indignant. Hew family,

thought Lucius. Quin always knows everything. How con he drawn't know this 'Explain yourself,' rapped out the soldier, who was

Explain yourself, rapped out the soldier, who was evidently losing parience fast. Taok,' said Lucius. Finally, Quin followed the direction of his brother's gave and his eyes fell on the altar. Lucius awe Quin's posture change. His shoulders sagged, his face

gistered confusion and disbelief. "The dog's gone," he said. Of the three statues that re Ideal strends house

Of the three statuses that represented their household gods, the wooden dog had always been their father's favourite. It had stood on the hearth altar for as long as Lucius could remember. Aquila had said that it represented the faithfulness of true friends. He would rr take the statue on a normal working day. But it would always travel with him when he made a

He called his men and ordered them to his side.

9

GLADIATOR SCHOOL

be many weeks - perhaps months - of this alread Quin had always seemed strong and powerful. But Quin had always seemed strong and powerful. But now, standing barefoot is the widdle of the areas, wearing onthing but a bincheth, he bioketh like a child. Blood and oweat were smaared across his back and shoulders. Other sovicë gludiators were watching from the side strop, and Lorins had varatered out of the back.

rooms of the school to see how Quin was getting on. Now he wished that he hadn't bothered. 'No sword, no shield, no armour,' he mattered. 'It's

t take. 'They have to learn to fight with no kit at first,' said a voice behind him. The weapons come later.' Lucius spun around and saw a slave girl standing there. Her thick, black hair hung in two heavy plaits

there, Her thick, black hair hing in two heavy plats around her oval face. Locin wild dia't know what to say. A month ago he would have smiled and thanked her. He would have known his own status. Now, working in the gladiator school, he didn't veen fed like hismedf any more. He certainly didn't feel like talking. He turned back to the arena, where Quin was on his back again back to the areas, where Quin was on his back again. One of the warching gladitators neured to Lucius. His lips parted in a black-toothed grin. 'Your brother's not even out of his swaddling clothes,' he said, spitting onto the sand. 'We eat his sort for breakfast.'

* annine (share) annini), a turine shekirta

BIOOD DATE

Clearly this gladiator was already trained and fighting for money. Larius dish's answer but, as le heard another cry of pain from Quin, his threat burnerd. He would be sick if he lept on watching. He had to get out, Larkily, he had an excuss to loaver his stuck had andled him to deliver a message to someone in the Forum.

The sweltering streets of Rome seemed less busy than usual. Lucius wave his way towards the Forson, the crises of street sellers ringing in his ears as the dared through the throug of carts and charites. The acid small of urine and excrement stung his threat. He stumbled over a litter of piglets trotting across his path and the owner yelled at him: 'Out of the way, boy!'

ensure splitted at him: Out of the way, bay!" Stery: Larke memory. Seconding to the side of the stretc, where a next vertex but was ading plate of rest, red large was splattering everyons in the charge with black. The stretch rest is the remain stretch rest is the stretch rest of the stretch rest would copy him to the matchparks while this for fer-wood copy him to the matchparks while this mixed was. The shapes arise the stretch was not be called that he was antading on the stretch wave for this of the the stretch rest of shapes of a shapes. The shape are in the stretch wave for gamma that and they part of also of also of all shapes the stretch and they part of all as happending the state chards and they part of allow of a shapes.



THE MAIN CHARACTERS

Lucius, a Roman boy

Ouintus, his older brother

Aquila, their father

Ravilla, their uncle

Caecilia, their mother

Valeria, their sister

Isidora, Lucius's friend, a slave

Rufus, a slave

Crassus, a trainer of gladiators



PROLOGUE

JULY AD 79



ucius stared at the household gods. Everyone else seemed able to shout and cry and wail and rage, but Lucius couldn't even open his mouth. From the moment the soldiers had burst in to arrest his father and found him missing,

Lucius's eyes had been glued to the little wooden statues The soldiers had stormed through the villa, overturning furniture, rattling their swords and

yelling, 'We arrest you, Quintus Valerius Aquila; in the name of the Emperor, show yourself!'

His mother had collapsed, trembling, onto the couch in the atrium,* clasping Lucius's sister Valeria

* atrium: the entrance ball of a Roman villa.

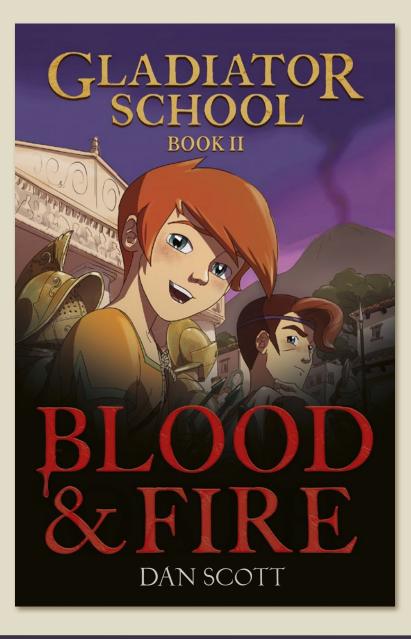
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'You're going?' Quin asked. 'Yes,' said the soldier. 'We'll leave you to your "What's that supposed to mean?" Quin had recovered from his initial shock and was truculent again.

"He's taken the statue?' demanded the soldier. Lucius nodded. The soldier's mouth set into a grim line. 'Right,'

Gladiator School 2: Blood & Fire

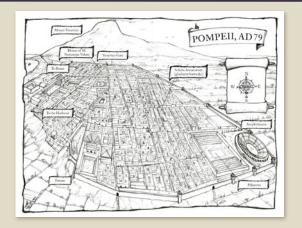


The second in the Gladiator School series – an epic ancient tale of blood, sweat and sacrifice.

- An epic fictional story set in a real-life historical context. Perfect for lovers of the ancient world or those studying the Ancient Romans in school.
- Fast-paced, action-packed and full of unexpected twists and turns. A great option for reluctant readers searching for an exciting, gory adventure story to keep them entertained.
- Contains addtional notes throughout to define key Roman terms, helping children to learn more about ancient society and immerse themselves in the time period.

Gladiator School 2: Blood & Fire

CHAPTERI





Lucius, a Roman boy Ouintus, his older brother

Aquila, their father Ravilla, their uncle

Caecilia, their mother

Valeria, their sister

Isidora, Lucius's friend, an Egyptian slave

Crassus, a lanista (trainer of gladiators)

Valens, editor (sponsor) of the games at Pompeii

Atia, a seer

Eprius, a young patrician (nobleman) of Pompeii

APEH, 19 AUGUST AD 6 he moduly sun beat down on Licens as he porseed Quin through the streets of Posspeii. He glianpaed his brother's tall, athletic figure up ahead, samstering along through the ding west towards the Forum.⁴ Licens preferred to walk side by side with Quin ough thi familiar city, but sensed he would ne Smells of cooking meat from the fast-food shore

Smells of cooking such from the fast-bood shops mingled with the stench wafting over from the fash-sance factories near the harbour. Lucios ears echoed with the cries of fruit sellers and wine merchants and the pipes and drums of buskers. The noise and e marketelan, which was also the share for human motion

GLADIATOR SCHOOL senalor reminded him of Suburra, the area where he

much among his torn

* amplorer Ginador amplora's carthesease storage in

squaior reminded hus of Sutturns, the area where he now lived in Rome. Yet Pompeii secured to carry an extra aire drumace. The shadow-filled alleys, the hard faces of the young men, the cold-eyed stare of a beggar woman = they all spelled danger to Lucius. Maybe it was his imagination, her Pompeli ererstel like a city brinning with despretar and morequisons people who'd monder you for the price of a bast of breach. He was glad he'd decide to follow Quin. Somehore, he fielt his hordner needed watching in a place like this. Of course, Quin was a gladitare and very capable of horking after himself – yet Larins have be could be horkhored at times, and in these strange and scarge interscheme and the strange and scarge the most of the strange of the strange and scarge of people and the strange of the strange and scarge three he might very easily get himself into trubab. From a scarge jok at street, Larins heard a cy of people and the strange of the strange and scarge of people and the strength of the inflate strength of the strength of th was his imagination, but Pompeii seemed like a city of his father, and had become his taliaman. Concealing of the latther, and had become hus tahman. Correlating himseff behind a ple of amputoras, 'Lucius ww Quin approach a group of rough-looking young men. They were jorring and pushing around a lad of about their own age, From his smart, formal toga, now besyntered with mud, Lucius could tell the victim was a young man of status, though this did not seem to count for

BLOOD & FIRE

His sense of fairness clearly offended, Quin impulsively strude into the milde and pushed aside one of the bulks, who had been holding the victus in a neck lock. The bulk spacehold in surprise and fell to the ground. His friends immediately closed in around

the ground. His friends immediately closed in arcond Quin, their jears turning to small of angers. There were six of them – three armed with sticks – against the unsamed Quin. Locating ground: He steeled himself, knowing he would have to go and help his borther. With his idender halfs, Lacins want's made for physical violance. He curred their fate for bringing them here to Fourpartie.

It was ten days since Crassus, the lanista of the gladiator school, had made the announcement. The school had received a great honour, he said it had been chosen to represent Rome at the forthcoming games in Pompeii. represent Rome at the forth-oming games in Pomperia A multi of their galaxies would be going, including Quin. And Larinn had been dimanyed to barn that be an ended to the start of the start of the start of the start in Pomperia and there small be a forther steek speart in the edge. Taking the return match intra-constr-tation multi that include the start of the start of the three whole works - time loc had been longing to sprat-tion density that it is a start of the start of the start lange that include the Ward F Aquin the observations.

PROLOGUE FIRST BLOOD ROME

10 August AD 79



Burbo has won ten bouts.'

ames given by Gaius Valerius Ravilla,' Lucius read aloud. 'Forty gladiators will fight. Perfumed water will be scattered.' His finger hovered over his brother's name. Quintus, Retiarius, tiro, will battle Burbo, Secutor.*

'You've read it at least twenty times,' said Isidora, sounding rather impatient. 'You can't change the words by staring at them, you know.'

Lucius dropped the programme back into his bag and rubbed his eyes. He hadn't had much sleep.

* Retiarius: a gladiator who fights with net (rete) and trident; tiro: a gladiator fighting in public for the first time. Secutor: a gladiator who wears an enclosed, egg-sbaped belmet and fights with a short sword (gladius); his name means 'Chaver'

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