**Lob, by Linda Newberry**

I was chopping wood one evening, when all of a sudden I knew I was being watched. So I stopped chopping and turned round. In the corner of my eye I saw him. There he stood – he turned round to look – just there, by the bench. But I could only see him side-long. When I stared straight at him, he faded away.

Still, I knew who he was, knew at once. I’d heard about Lob from my grandfather, and he’d heard from *his grandfather*, and so on, back and back and back. There’s always been Lob. He walks the roads, that’s what he does. He walks and he walks, and he looks for the right person. When he finds that person, he stays around for a very long time. So I hoped he’d stay with me, and when he did I knew how lucky I was.

**Room 13 by Robert Swindells**

Fliss is on a school trip.

Fliss pressed the buttons in the armrest and tipped her seat back. But then the boy in the seat behind her yelled out that she was crushing his knees and demanded that she return it to its upright position.

When she refused, settling back and closing her eyes, the boy, Grant Cooper, began rhythmically kicking the back of the seat, like somebody beading on a drum. Fliss sighed but kept her eyes closed, saying nothing.

As she had anticipated, Mrs Evans soon noticed what the boy was up to. A hand came snaking through the headrests and grabbed a fistful of hair.

**Danny, The Champion of the World by Roald Dahl**

We walked on up the cart-track and when we reached the crest of the hill we could see the wood ahead of us huge and dark, with the sun going down behind the trees and little sparks of gold shining through.

“No talking Danny, once we’re inside,” my father said. “Keep very close to me, and try not to go snapping any branches.”