

RELIC HAMILTON: GENIE HUNTER - *Joseph Coelho*

Welcome to my poem, guys! Open
your minds, hearts, hearing parts - imagine
I'm a genie, what would you wish for?

Three wishes only. THREE. 1, 2, 3!
Tell me! Who wants money? Fame? Success?
Who wants to find a true love to kiss?

Listen, genies grant wishes, it's true,
BUT I have bad news for you. Not all
genies are good. No. Some are evil.

They will steal your hope energy,
trap people in lamps and make them slaves.
They feed on greed, selfishness, envy.

They know we humans can't resist temptation.
We wish, wish, wish, wish, wish, wish, wish - BUT
Relic Hamilton will save the day!

OMG genies! Watch out! Beware
The Hermitic Sodality of
Genie Hunters! They have Megasprites,

professors, doctors, annoying bikes,
an *Aladdin* jet plane, pirate mates!
Ravenna's no genius genie!

But what's the full story? Are goodies
really baddies? Will poor Taya live?
What deep secrets does Grandfather keep?

No mortal is safe from Genie-Rex.
He can hide in lamps or somewhere worse...
What if... he's in... the last line... of this... verse???

INKBOUND - *Philippa Leathley*

Philippa Leathley, your book made me think
about how much our lives are bound up with ink...

It makes the stories and poems we love to read
exist on pages, and it's the blood we need

to help inner ideas manifest and grow
into clear word-forms for others to know.

And though we don't live in New Capital Cities,
ink still flows in our human communities

because stories we share and tales we tell
about children like Metty hold us in a spell

that can't be disenchanting by government rules —
We hold magic in our heads, our homes, our schools!

Just think of the things you and I can do,
we can travel by lightning, ride a wind bike too,

follow direction bells to avoid getting lost,
watch Winter Park become a paradise of frost.

Let's use a snack pocket - what an amazing invention!
It takes scoffing food to another dimension!

Yet - and that's a small word poor Metty fears,
cos she carries a destiny for future years...

Beware, Metty! The Black Moths have you in sight!
Your fate will help their violent fight!

Will Metty become Murderous Jones?
Who is The One she'll reduce to bones?

I wonder what fate I'd have got aged ten,
maybe flames for tantrums, or then again

a book for a dreadful know-it-all,
or a crown for being bossy since I was small...

What fate do you think you might have had?
Would you hide it in your tether? Is it good or bad?

If you're inked with a tattoo when you're older,
make sure it isn't a chip on your shoulder

for what may seem a curse could be a gift,
Remember: your life is yours for you to lift.

THE FIRST YEAR - *Matt Goodfellow*

I'm a fist bump of a book, I'll never let ya down,
I'm fully mobile - you can take me anywhere
cos you don't need a signal to read me,
and I'll never have a flat battery.

I'm your friend forever
in your hand
 in your head
 in your heart

So join in my story, be mates with Nate, Caleb, PS, Muna,
they wanna meet ya, hang out with ya,
share their laughs and their cries with ya,
cos we all have them

and the words you say
are the same as the ones on my pages.

We're all on a journey, even me,
yeah, it's true - I used to be a tree!

And no one knows where we're all goin'
or why.

But look up UP into the swing of the sky

and you'll follow them swifts flyin' higher and higher,

never stoppin'

 just enjoyin'

 spreadin' their wings

 bein' free

We all have our Turners to deal with,
our darkness to carry, our Beasts to tame,
family fearings, failings, fallings...
You just gotta take it fifteen minutes at a time
and breathe breathe breathe

I'm so proud of the story my author told,
the story I hold inside my cover,
the story I wouldn't swap for another —
unless you write it, innit?

Cos that story would be
mint.

WILDLANDS - *Brogen Murphy*

Lose yourself in this brilliant story and imagine what a wild life would really be like. Not a stagnant land of fields instead of forests, but a Britain that shares space with humans *and* animals - without destroying everything endlessly, right? 25 years in the future, maybe you'll see a capercaillie, or hear a howl at midnight when you want to sleep... Life is full of our making, so let's make it better, not hotter for the kids to come. Astrid and Indie are lucky to meet a wolf — and vultures, and lynx. Because I see only none. Or do you disagree? Then join the debate! Being in the Wildlands makes you think. You may feel knocked, growl with hunger and thirst, the pain of broken bones, boared of walking for mile after mile, upset about mothers, but the world makes room - for you, me, and responsibilities we bear.

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GRIMSTINK - *Daniel Peak*

Grimstink, son of Grimstink, won't welcome your greeting,

Ripping out your intestines is what he'd rather savour,

Intelligent planets smashed, that's the fate for you and I —

Merrel-Graa's on a mission to be the Prime Life Form!

So, how can Reece and Layla stop her evil deathbots?

They're tangled up in Tanglestones and finding crystals lost

In cemeteries and care homes and boating lakes and...Aldi!

Now Layla's trapped on planet Qarl in a galaxy unknown,

Keeping her cool as "Badass the Sorceress" to humblefolk...

'Kill Reece and all Earthlings!' thinks Lieutenant Grimstink,

Not aware of the prophecy about the One who is Chosen,

It's a race against time to stop the Cleaving (*scared face emoji*)

Troubles to overcome and dire enemies to defeat,

Sid, Gregory Windbottom, Marius Daker - goodies or baddies?

Maybe everyone is just an imaginary hologram!

Is Earth going to die? Is that the last Subway plant-based patti?

Reece and Grimstink - bestie friends or fierce foes forever?

Gateways across galaxies - WOW!! What could possibly go wrong???

THE BOY WITH BIG DECISIONS - *Helen Rutter*

A story where *you* choose the next move,
As you make the decisions for Fred,
Which bus should he board to go to school?
You're the voice inside the boy's head!

Whatever you tell Fred to do, he'll do,
With outcomes for right or wrong,
Browtree or Gains? Rupert? Or Marco?
Your choice makes him weak or strong...

Will Fred challenge Callum or join his gang?
Should he sit with the Naughty Kid?
Basketball or Art? Trash the room with paint?
Will you be glad he did what he did?

Cos in this book, you're Fred and he's you,
And there are questions we all have to face:
An apple or orange? The big WHAT IF...?
Your decision could lead to a place

That's risky and scary and lonely and bad,
Where you'll become a serial liar,
And lose yourself in a frenzy of fibs —
What would you do if your school was on fire??

Fred makes us consider how we behave,
And the kind of people we are,
If life is a bus ride, which bus will you catch?
Or will you always travel by car?

We all have decision maps in our minds,
But should we do what we always do?
Or shall we draw dreams and choose new paths
That help us feel free and true?

We answer these questions every day:
WHEN? WHERE? WHO? WHAT? WHY?
But getting things wrong can be OK,
And decisions don't have to terrify.

It's what you do next that really matters,
Just keep that thought in your head,
And when you next have a choice to make,
Remember the endings for Fred!