Barbecue Overload



Quentin Flynn

Bettina Guthridge

Nelson Literacy Directions

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Barbecue Overload

Written by Quentin Flynn
Illustrated by Bettina Guthridge

Contents

1	Don't Panic!	4
2	A Meaty Expedition	12
3	Tools, Tools, Tools	24
4	Everything Under Control	31
5	Chicken or Turkey?	40

NELSON
CENGAGE Learning
For learning solutions, visit cengage.com.au

Meet the Characters

For teachers' inspection ONLY



Scarlett

An eleven-year-old girl (and the narrator).



Richard

Scarlett's hapless father.



Marcy

Scarlett's patient mother.



Jasper

Scarlett's cheeky brother.



TRIFFIC

The Turbo-Rotisserie-Ignition-Flame-Fired-Interactive-Cooker (or barbecue).

For teachers' inspection ONLY

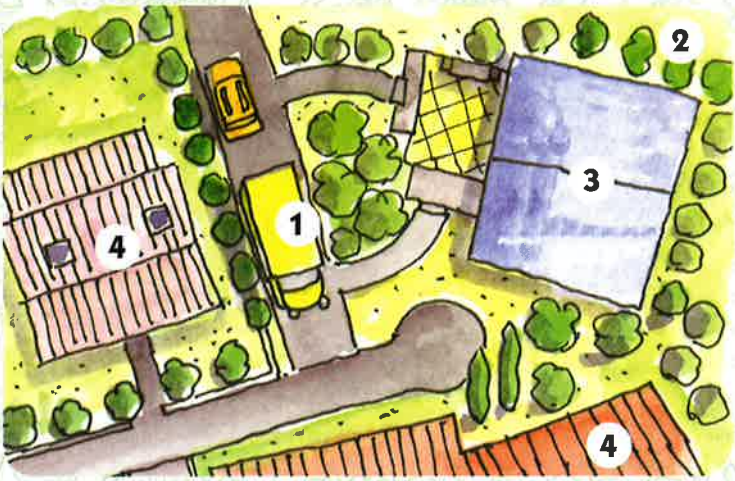
POST CARD

Dear Reader

One recent morning, I woke up to find that there was a power cut. There was no electricity, and that meant no toast and no coffee for breakfast. It was a disaster! Suddenly, I had an idea. I shuffled outside, in my pyjamas, and lit the barbecue. It took ages to make breakfast on it, but while I was waiting, I had an idea for a book. I hope you like it!

Quentin Flynn
Author

Our Street



1. A delivery truck
2. Our barbecue area
3. Our house
4. The neighbours

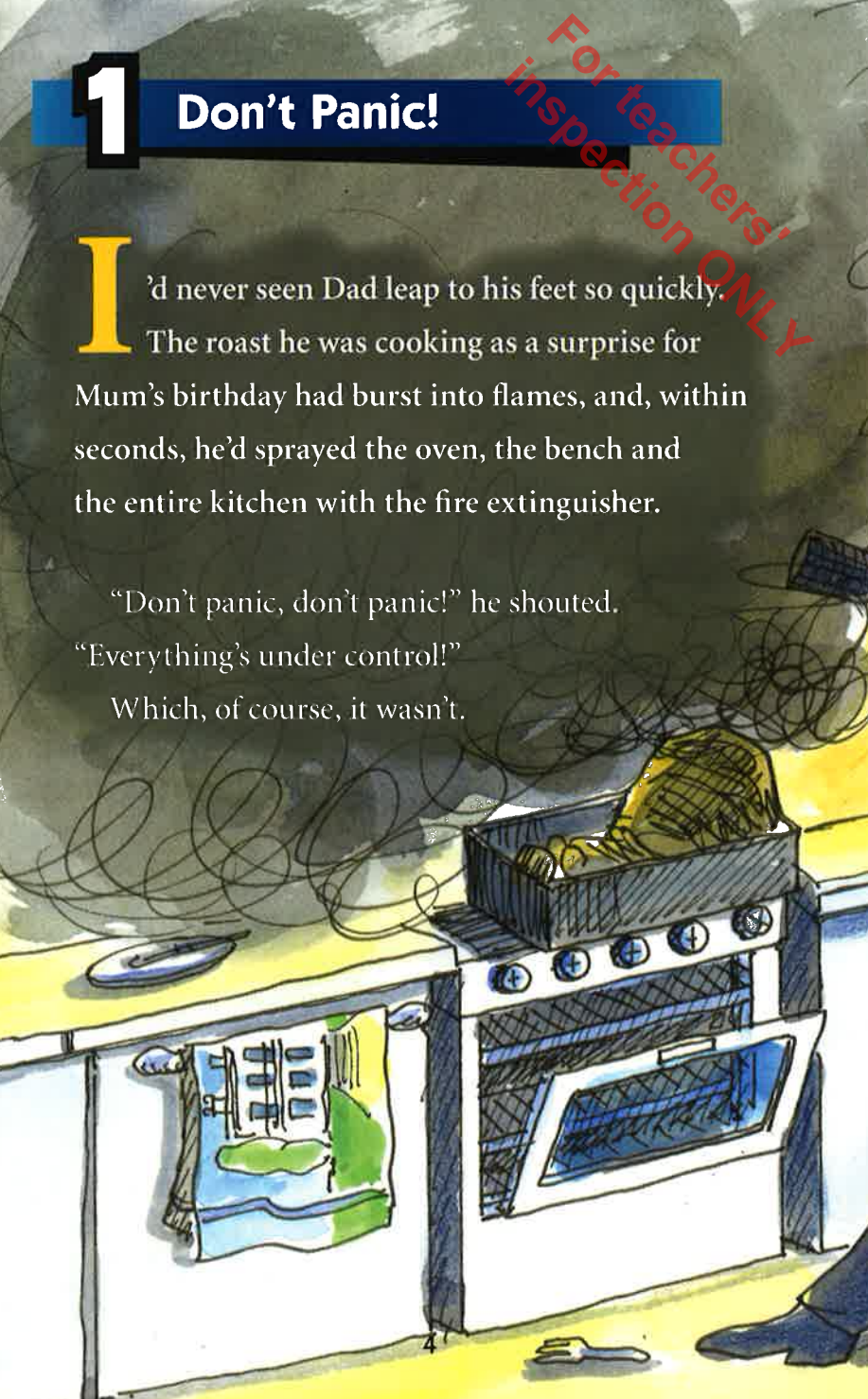
1 Don't Panic!

For teachers' inspection ONLY

I'd never seen Dad leap to his feet so quickly. The roast he was cooking as a surprise for Mum's birthday had burst into flames, and, within seconds, he'd sprayed the oven, the bench and the entire kitchen with the fire extinguisher.

"Don't panic, don't panic!" he shouted. "Everything's under control!"

Which, of course, it wasn't.





For teachers' inspection ONLY

For teachers' inspection ONLY

"Richard, dear, you're supposed to take the roast out of the plastic tray before you put it in the oven," coughed Mum, choking in the mixture of burnt-meat, melted-plastic and fire-extinguisher fumes.

Dad gave the kitchen bench another burst from the fire extinguisher, blasting the row of herbs off the windowsill with a loud crash.

"Emergency over!" called Dad, slipping in the greasy foam that covered the floor. With a pair of oven mitts, he rescued the smoking roast and ran it under the cold tap.

"Richard, you're not seriously thinking that ..." said Mum in an incredulous voice.

"Marcy, it'll be fine," smiled Dad. "The melted plastic will have sealed in the flavour! Won't it, Scarlett?"

Dad looked at me for support. I raised an eyebrow.

"Happy birthday, Mum," I said.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

After three weeks, the smell still hadn't quite gone away. But each meal we cooked had less of the charred, plasticky, extinguisher-like flavour – "exotic", Dad called it.

That's when Dad ordered the new barbecue he'd seen on TV.

"You spent *how* much?" said Mum, when she found out.

"It's not how much I spent that counts," explained Dad. "It's how much I *saved*."

Mum sighed. She knew she was beaten. She'd used that line herself.

"At least now you know that Dad does listen to you," piped up my brother Jasper.

"And I also got a free set of steak knives, a steam mop and a new exercise machine to trim and tone tummy muscles," said Dad proudly. "You have been getting a little wide around the middle, dear," he said, winking.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Mum hadn't talked to him for a week after that. She went off to work each morning without a word. Dad cultivated the look of someone who had been accused of a dreadful crime, even though they were innocent, and should instead be in line for a sainthood.

Until the barbecue was delivered, that is. The knock on the door caused Dad to leap to his feet excitedly. He'd been looking forward to the delivery for days.

"Sign here," said the delivery driver when Dad flung open the front door. He sniffed. "Smells like you've been practising inside," grinned the driver. "Now you'll be able to barbecue to your heart's content outside!"

"No, no," said Dad sheepishly. "That was my wife's birthday."

"Must have been a lot of candles on that cake," observed the driver, wrinkling his nose.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

The driver went back to his truck, with Dad, Jasper and me following. He pressed a button on the rear of the truck. The steel platform at the back lowered a huge cardboard box to the ground.

"Hey, Scarlett," said Jasper mischievously. "Dad's got himself a cardboard box to sleep in. Now we can have the couch back."

Dad was too busy staring at his new delivery to take any notice of Jasper. He was like a kid, eager to tear the wrapping paper off his present.

"I've also got these," called out the driver. He pointed to three more boxes in the truck. "Where would you like them?"

"Er, I don't think I'll need the exercise machine," replied Dad wisely. "But I will take the steam mop and steak knives!"