

PM

When the carnival comes to town, Cooper has a chance to win an amazing skateboard by playing carnival games. But he will need to beat Lonnie Finkle, his school's most annoying pest, and do it before time runs out. Luckily, Cooper's best friend, Sami, knows how to work out his best chance of winning.



Narrative

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Level
26

Nelson

Not a Chance!

Story by Jill McDougall

Illustrations by Jake Hill



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Chapter 1

What Bad Luck!



“Check this out, Cooper!”

My best friend, Sami, pushed off down the skateboard ramp, her dark curls bouncing. When she reached the bottom, she spun around in a circle.

“Awesome!” I told her.

It was Saturday morning, and I was at the skatepark watching the skaters show off their moves. If you’re wondering why I wasn’t skating too, well ... it’s my own fault. A few weeks ago, I left my skateboard in the driveway where Dad parks his ten-tonne truck.

You can probably guess the rest!

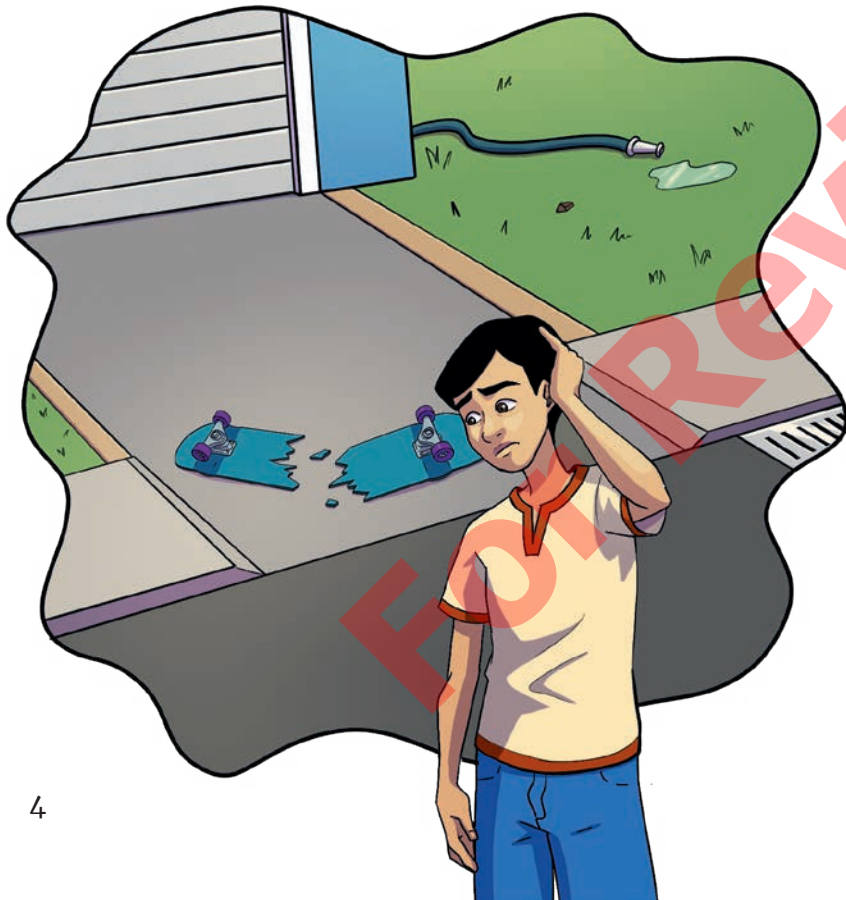


What Bad Luck!

“What bad luck!” Sami had said, when I told her my skateboard was smashed.

But it wasn’t bad luck at all. In fact, it was a simple sum: one small skateboard plus one massive truck equals one major disaster.

So now I spent my weekends with nothing to do, and I was bored, bored, *bored*.



“It’s your turn, Cooper!” Sami said kindly. She pushed her board towards me, but instead of grabbing it, I let out a gasp and pointed at the road.

A line of trucks was snaking into town. Some were decorated with colourful fruit, and others were painted with laughing clowns.

“The carnival is here!” I yelled.



“Hooray!” cried Sami, high-fiving me with excitement.

“I’ve saved some pocket money,” I told Sami eagerly. “We can go to the carnival tomorrow.”

Suddenly, the weekend was looking much better.



Chapter 2

Carnival King



The next morning, as soon as my jobs around the house were done, Sami and I headed to the carnival. The sound of lively pop music greeted us as we hurried through the carnival gates. I caught a glimpse of the Ferris wheel spinning lazily against the blue sky. Overhead, a rollercoaster rattled along its tracks.

Sami tugged at my sleeve, her eyes gleaming with mischief. “Let’s go and find the scariest ride!” she said.

I nodded, but as I glanced around, my brow furrowed. Although it was almost noon, the carnival grounds were strangely empty.

“Where is everyone?” I asked.