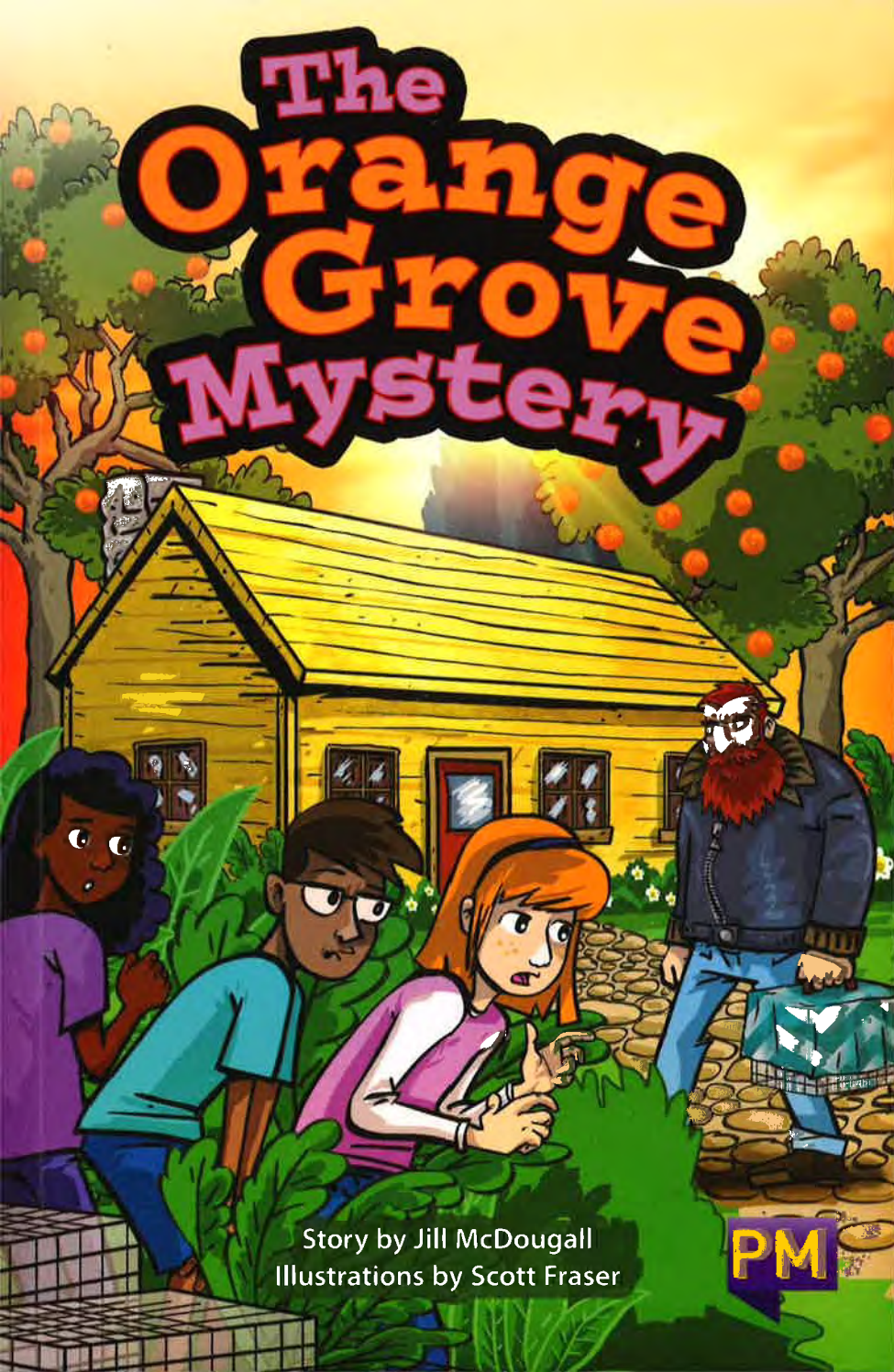

The Orange Grove Mystery
Story by Jill McDougall
Illustrations by Scott Fraser
PM

For teachers' inspection ONLY

The Orange Grove Mystery

Level 27 **Curriculum Area** Literacy
Running Words 4104 **Text Type** Narrative (Imaginative)

Retelling to encourage critical thinking about the content

Ask each student to retell the story in his or her own words.
Record the retelling for further discussion and reflection.

Questions to reinforce meaning and stimulate discussion

Literal

1 Who was head of the Orange Festival Committee?
2 What happened to Mrs Boots just as she was giving her speech?
3 Who was Patrick King?

Inferential

4 What did Charlie mean when he said, "*The ABC Gang will be on the case*"?
5 What is a 'fairy tale'?
6 Why did Bushy Beard's appearance make the gang feel apprehensive?
7 Why did the mystery seem even more mysterious when the gang thought that Mrs Boots was Bushy Beard's accomplice?
8 Why did everyone dress up in their party clothes for the Orange Festival?
9 Why would a Rottweiler be advertised as having a leash and muzzle?
10 Why did Charlie's face turn white when Bushy Beard offered to help out with Marmalade the kitten?

Applied Knowledge

11 Why are rules necessary for places such as caravan parks?
12 Why do many annual festivals have themes and mascots?
13 Why do cats and kittens often become strays?

Vocabulary

Replace the adverb 'suspiciously' in this sentence:
Suddenly, Bushy Beard was staring suspiciously in our direction

Links with other PM Guided Reading Books and Cards

Level 27 Book Narrative *Beatbox Brothers*

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Chapter 1

Off to Orange Grove



Hi there! My name's Charlie and I'm a member of the ABC Gang. Abby, Bec and I made up this name about a zillion years ago when we first became friends. Why? It's simple really:

A = Abby

B = Bec

C = Charlie

We have an excellent reputation for solving mysteries. Not just everyday mysteries, like finding Mum's lost sunglasses (they were under the car seat), but super-exciting mysteries, such as the time we thought there was a mermaid living next door to Abby.

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Last week, we had a brand-new mystery to solve, and it all started with Mum's marmalade. That's right – marmalade!

"Pack your bag, Charlie," said Mum on the first day of the school holidays. "We're off to Orange Grove!"

I put down my toast and stared at her in horror. Orange Grove was the sort of town you passed through on the way to somewhere more exciting.

"There's nothing in Orange Grove except … oranges!" I spluttered.

"Exactly!" said Mum, looking as if she'd won a prize. "I'm going to sell my famous marmalade at the Orange Festival." She flashed me a warm smile. "The festival is on for three days, so we'll stay in the Orange Grove Caravan Park."

I let out my most dramatic sigh. "My holiday has just been ruined," I moaned.

Suddenly the door burst open. In came Abby and Bec.

"Guess what!" cried Abby, dumping her backpack on the floor. "We're coming to Orange Grove, too!"

"Your mum wanted it to be a surprise," explained Bec, as she unloaded pillows and sleeping bags. "The ABC Gang will be together for three whole days!"

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My holiday had just been saved!

"Look out, Orange Grove," I said, spooning marmalade onto my toast. "If there are any mysteries to be solved, the ABC Gang will be on the case."

Before long, we were right in the middle of our biggest mystery yet.



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Chapter 2

The Orange Grove Caravan Park



"There's a swimming pool here!" announced Abby, as we drove into the Orange Grove Caravan Park.

"And a giant trampoline!" I added.

"And a walking orange!" squeaked Bec. "Check it out!"

Sure enough, someone in a fluffy orange costume was trudging along the path beside us. One of the baggy legs was ripped and the faded leaves on its head drooped.

"That orange has run out of juice!" I joked.

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We tumbled out of the car and filed into Reception, where we were greeted by Mrs Boots, the park manager. She had a prim mouth and yellow hair stacked high like a sandcastle.

While Mum filled in forms, Mrs Boots gave me a stern look.

"No littering, no running and no loud squealing," she said, with a glare. "And no pets!"

I pushed my glasses up my nose. "Okay," I said. I didn't want Mrs Boots to change her mind about renting us a family-sized cabin.

"The children won't be any trouble," chirped Mum. "They'll be helping me get my marmalade jars ready to sell at the Orange Festival."

"You can bring some here to sell," said Mrs Boots in a bossy way. "I'll put them on that shelf with the Orange Grove souvenirs."

The souvenirs consisted of a teapot shaped like an orange and a few limp tea towels. Hanging underneath was a T-shirt featuring a dancing orange. Tragic!

Just then, the door opened and in walked the orange we had passed earlier. "I've handed out all the festival flyers," said a muffled voice from inside the orange head.

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We watched with interest as two orange gloves reached up to pull the head off the top of the costume. The face underneath belonged to a young man with dark, friendly eyes.

"I'm Rick," he told us, grinning widely. "I work at the park and, in case you haven't guessed, I'm also the mascot for the Orange Festival."

Rick seemed really cool, but I wasn't sure about the worn-out costume. In fact, everything about the Orange Festival appeared tired and worn out.

I glanced at Abby and Bec, who were lingering by the door as if they couldn't wait to leave. This might turn out to be the dullest holiday ever.

I soon found out just how wrong I was.



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Charlie and his friends, Abby and Bec, are the ABC Gang – and they're always on the lookout for mysteries to solve. When they go on holiday to Orange Grove, Charlie thinks it's going to be boring. But then they spy a suspicious man carrying a strange package and Charlie realises that the gang has stumbled onto a whole new mystery. And it won't be easy to solve!



Text Type:
Narrative (Imaginative)

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