

Early★Reader

Rickety Rocket

Spacey Stacey would like to buy a super snazzy, purple rocket to replace her old rusty one. If she can win the local Space Chase, Stacey could buy her dream rocket with the prize money. But will her Rickety Rocket make it to the end of the race?

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Alice Hemming

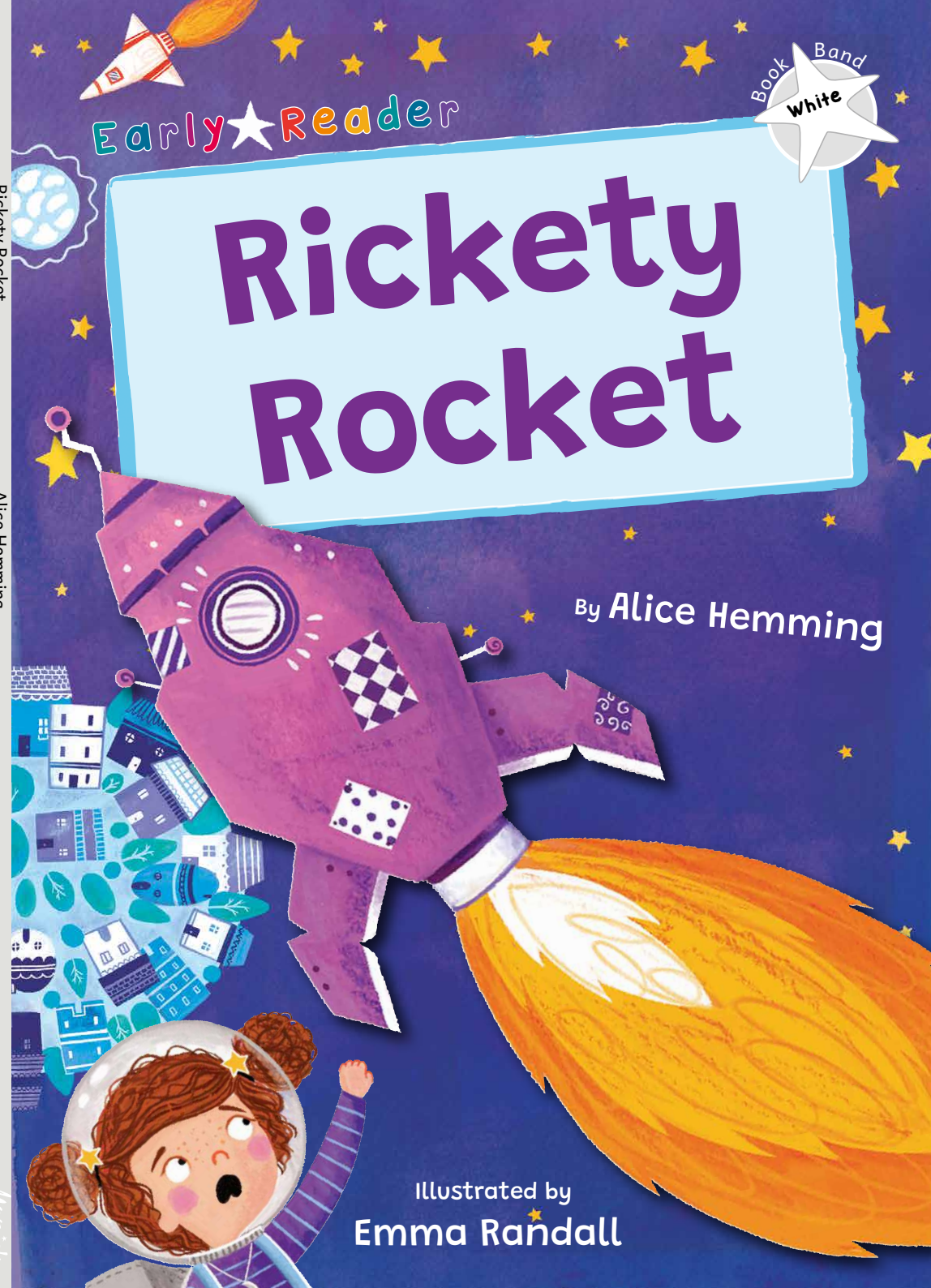
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Rickety Rocket

By Alice Hemming



Illustrated by
Emma Randall

'Rickety Rocket'

An original concept by Alice Hemming

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Illustrated by Emma Randall

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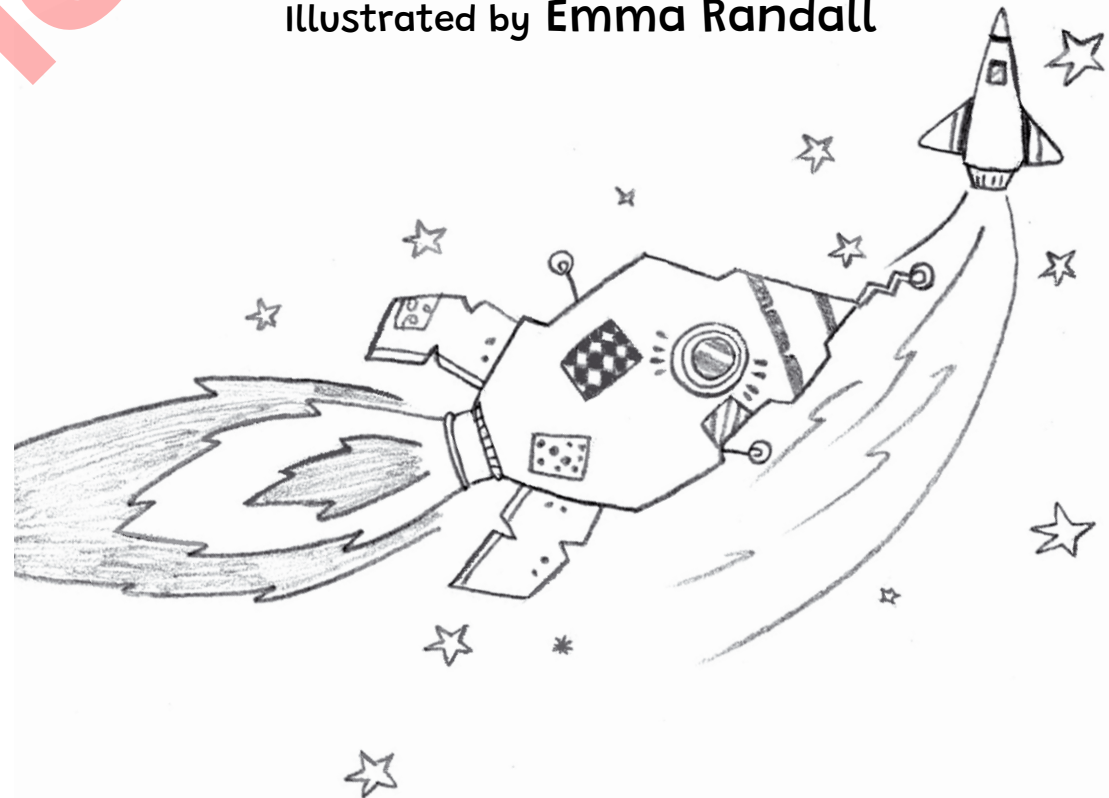


This book is rated as: White Band (Guided Reading)

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Chapter 1

“Look at these beauties,” said Stacey, flicking through her latest copy of Space Rockets Weekly.

She stood with her best friends in the Space Place café, jostling to look at the magazine.

“Which one do you like, Stacey?” asked Timble.

“Which colour would you get?” asked Moondoodle.



Stacey turned to her favourite page.

“This is the one,” she said. “I’d buy this snazzy, purple, sporty rocket and I’d whiz off to Picnic Planet looking super-stylish. For once, I would be the one having fun, not serving other people drinks in the Space Place. But that’s never

going to happen – it's 999.99 space dollars."

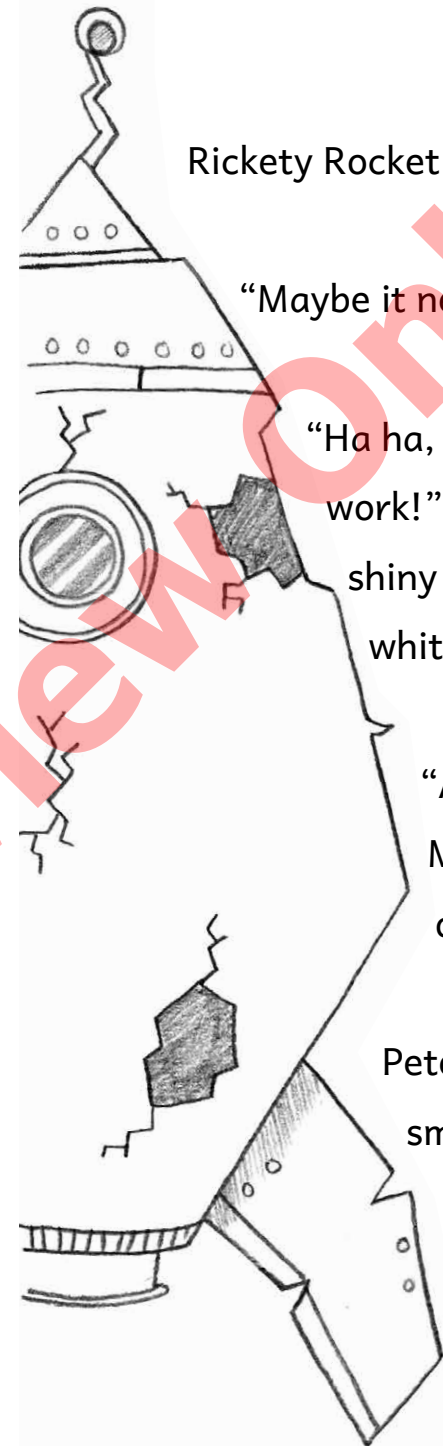
Zip and Zap jumped up and down, pointing to a poster on the wall.

"Why don't you race in the Space Chase on Saturday?" asked Zip.

"1000 space dollars prize money. If you won, you could buy your favourite sporty rocket," said Zap.

Stacey sighed. "With my Rickety Rocket? I'd be lucky if I could get it off the ground."

Her friends looked at Stacey's squeaky, creaky, bashed and battered, old and rusty,



Rickety Rocket.

"Maybe it needs a bit of work," said Timble.

"Ha ha, it needs more than a bit of work!" boomed a voice. A tall boy in a shiny blue suit strode past, flashing a white smile.

"Astro Pete," muttered Moondoodle. "He's such a show-off."

Pete read the poster slowly, his smile spreading wider.

"Easy money!" he laughed.



“There’s nobody out there who can beat me. You should leave the racing to the professionals, Stacey.”

He kicked the Rickety Rocket and something inside went

CLUNK!

He strode away, still laughing.

“See?” said Stacey to her friends. “Everyone would laugh at me.”

Timble climbed inside the rocket with his spanner. After a couple of minutes of banging and squeaking, his voice echoed out.

“The propelling nozzle is still working,” he said.

“In English, please!” said Stacey.

“It means,” said Timble, wheeling himself back out from the rocket, “that with a bit of work, the Rickety Rocket could fly in the Space Chase.”

“I haven’t got time to mend it,” said Stacey, “I have to work in the café all week.”

Zip and Zap glanced at each other. Zip looked at Moondoodle.

Zap winked at Timble. “We’ll help!” they said. And they did.