

Golden Oldies

Jem isn't too excited about living in a retirement home that her mum runs. But when the oldies start acting suspiciously, Jem becomes curious... Is that Morse code they are clacking away on their knitting needles? Are there secret codes in their crosswords? Jem is going to find out!

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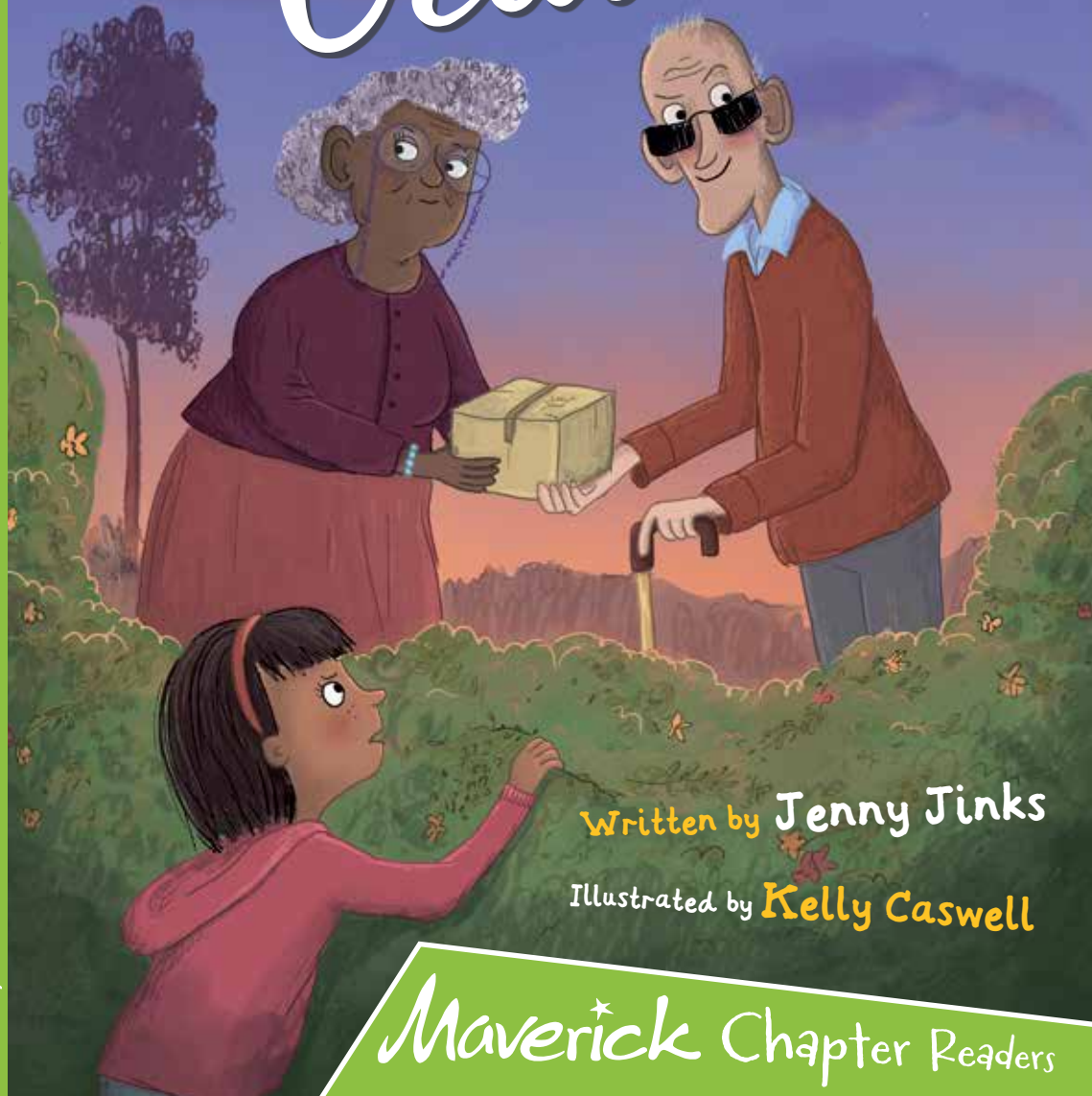
This book is Lime Band/Level 11

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Jenny Jinks

Maverick

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Illustrated by Kelly Caswell

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'Golden Oldies'

An original concept by Jenny Jinks

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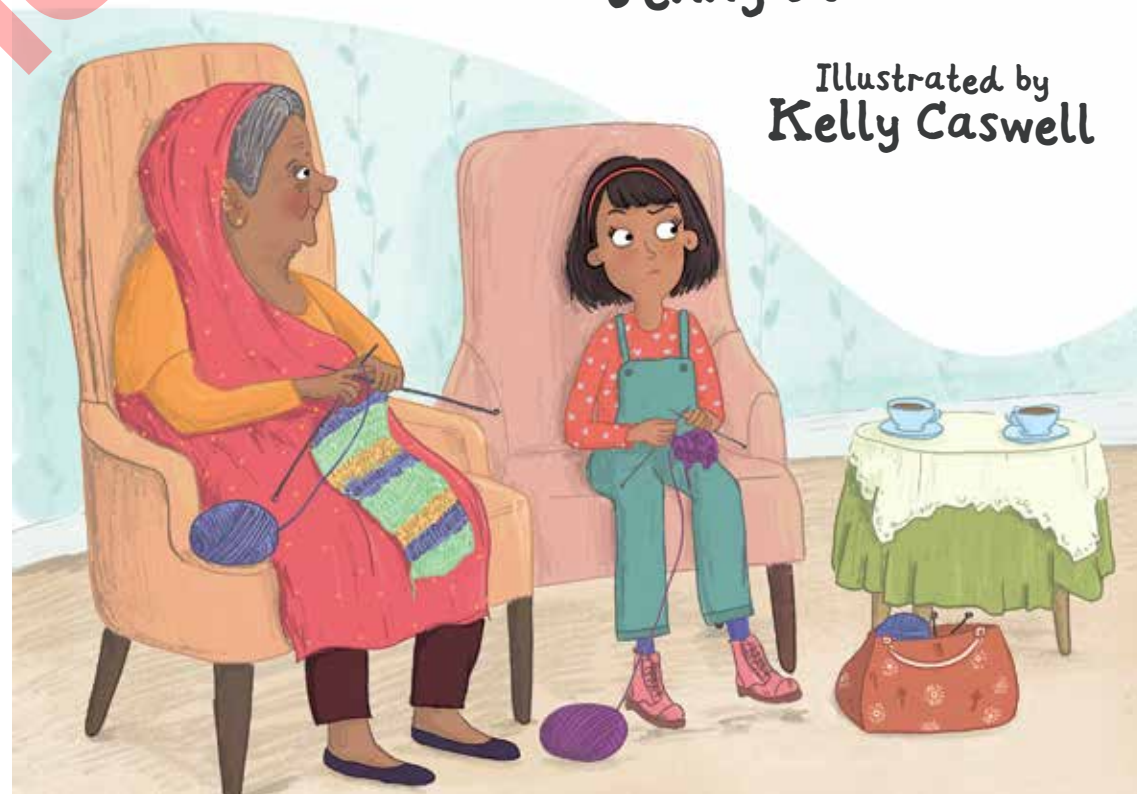
Lime

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

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Chapter 1

“You can’t be serious,” Jem said, staring at the rundown building of Golden Gates. “We actually have to live here? I thought you were joking!”

When Mum had told Jem that they were moving to a new town to run a retirement home, Jem hadn’t really minded. And when she had heard that Summerville was known as the luckiest town in the world, Jem was actually quite excited.



It was about time her luck changed.

But as they turned down the overgrown driveway of Golden Gates, Jem's hopes popped like a balloon. It seemed that even the luckiest town in the world couldn't change her luck.

"It just needs a little bit of love," said Mum. "When it's done you'll have plenty of room to run around with your friends."

What friends? thought Jem. When everyone heard that she lived with a load of grannies, nobody would want anything to do with her.



Chapter 2

As it was the school holidays, Mum expected Jem to spend all her time helping out. Jem didn't really like old people, or the 'Golden Oldies' as they called themselves at Golden Gates. All they did was nap, knit, and drink lots of tea. Jem couldn't think of anything worse.

Jem was desperate to meet someone her own age, but there was no chance of that when

the only people she saw were closer in age to the dinosaurs than to her. That was until Jem spotted a girl on her bike talking to one of the residents, Mrs Fletcher. Mrs Fletcher passed the girl a package, and the girl cycled away.

That's a bit odd, Jem thought. She wondered who the girl might be, and hoped she would see her again.

Jem didn't have to wait long. The next day, as she was wheeling the tea trolley along the corridor, Jem almost bumped right into the girl.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Jem gasped. "Can I help you?"

"I'm visiting my grandma," the girl said.

"Mrs Fletcher?" Jem asked.

The girl nodded. "I'm Alexa."

