

Oscar Plotter: *Codebreaker*

Oscar loves computer games and coding, but when his mum drags him to a draughty castle he might be in for the adventure of his life. After finding a secret door, Oscar steps back in time and soon finds himself in the middle of a plot to overthrow the king. Can Oscar use his codebreaking skills to stop the plot and return home?

Maverick
Chapter Readers



9 781848 868663 >

RRP £6.99

maverickbooks.co.uk

Oscar Plotter: Codebreaker

Caroline Walker

Maverick

Oscar Plotter: *Codebreaker*

Written by
Caroline Walker

Illustrated by
Max Rambaldi



Maverick Chapter Readers

Book Band

Grey

This book is Grey Band/Level 13

'Oscar Plotter: Codebreaker'

An original concept by Caroline Walker

© Caroline Walker 2022

Illustrated by Max Rambaldi

Published by MAVERICK ARTS PUBLISHING LTD

Studio 11, City Business Centre, 6 Brighton Road,
Horsham, West Sussex, RH13 5BB

© Maverick Arts Publishing Limited February 2022

+44 (0)1403 256941

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available at the British Library.

ISBN 978-1-84886-866-3

Maverick
publishing

www.maverickbooks.co.uk

Grey

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

Oscar Plotter: Codebreaker

Written by
Caroline Walker

Illustrated by
Max Rambaldi





Chapter 1

“Oscar! What have you done to this computer?” cried Oscar’s mum.

Oscar Plotter looked up from his tablet.

“Oh, sorry Mum, I forgot,” he replied. “I changed some of the settings.”

“Well can you come and fix it, please? We’ve got forty minutes before tea, and I’m trying to do some more research!”

Oscar’s mum was very keen on history. Her immense collection of dusty books had spilled off the shelves, and now sat in piles all over the house. Her current project was researching their family tree. For some reason, she was sure the Plotter family were connected to royalty!



Oscar thought that was about as likely as an asteroid hitting Earth. Theirs was just a normal family, not at all posh.

There was something special about Oscar though. Oscar was ace with computers. He knew loads of cool hacks and tricks. He loved numbers and logic and, most of all, he loved coding. Give him a set of algorithms any day! But now that his mum had this obsession with family history, he could hardly ever get on the computer. It was pretty annoying.

Oscar flopped his red hair away from his eyes and stepped over to the computer. He tapped a few keys, clicked a couple of links and the settings were back to normal.

“How did you do that?” his mum asked, but she didn’t really want to know the answer. She clicked straight onto ‘all-your-ancestors.com’ and that was that. She was so engrossed that she didn’t even hear the timer beeping in the kitchen forty minutes later. If Oscar hadn’t switched the oven off, their tea would have burnt! At least tomorrow was Saturday—Mum would be out at a

boring castle for the millionth time, and Oscar could stay at home with his dad and play with his new computer software.

“Sorry Oscar, I’ve got to go into work tomorrow,” Dad said as they were eating tea. “You’ll have to go to the castle with your mum.”

“What? Really?” Oscar groaned, putting his head in his hands.

“We’ll just be there for an hour or so, don’t worry,” said his mum. “I found out something interesting online just now, so I must speak to the guides and have another look around. I think we might be close to discovering something!” She had that glow in her eyes that Oscar had seen before. He just couldn’t understand what she found so fascinating about old buildings and dead people. “And you can have the first go on the computer when we get back.”

“Oh, alright,” Oscar said. “But please can this be our last trip to that castle this year?”



Chapter 2

Oscar's mum drove into the grassy carpark, and Oscar looked out of the window. He was sure it was going to rain. The weather forecast said 75%, but he gave it more like 92%.

The castle was mostly in ruins, so they could get very wet.

"We probably won't need to be here for long," Oscar's mum said brightly, as she got out their season tickets. "But there is a very helpful guide who's always here on a Saturday, and I must pick her brains about something."

While his mum chatted to the guide in the gatehouse at the castle entrance, Oscar wandered dismally around the courtyard. He felt a drop of rain. All the roofs had fallen down centuries ago but part of the central tower, the keep, was still standing. Oscar knew that there was a kind of cellar underneath, which was probably his best chance of staying dry.

