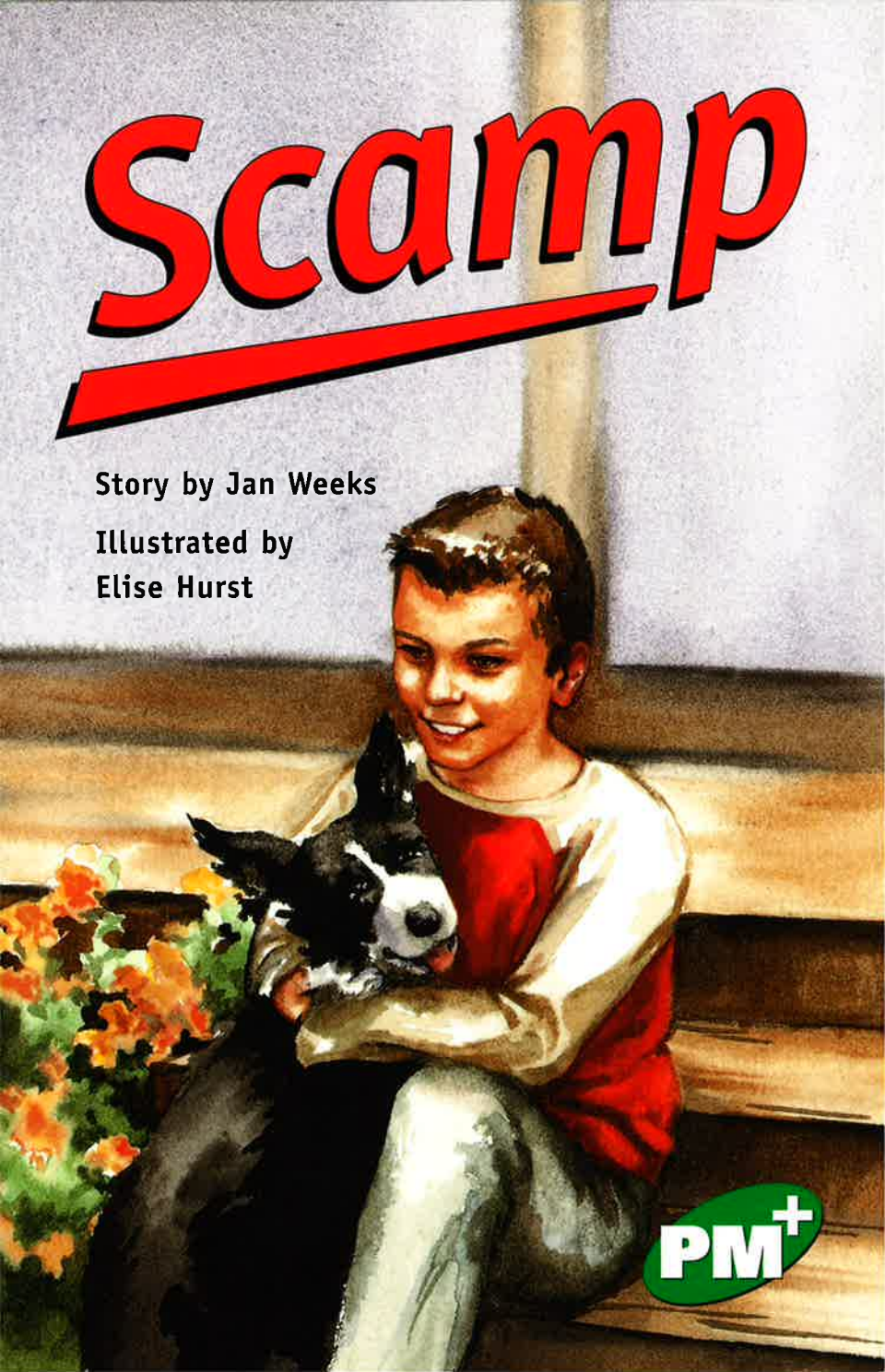
Scamp

Story by Jan Weeks

Illustrated by Elise Hurst



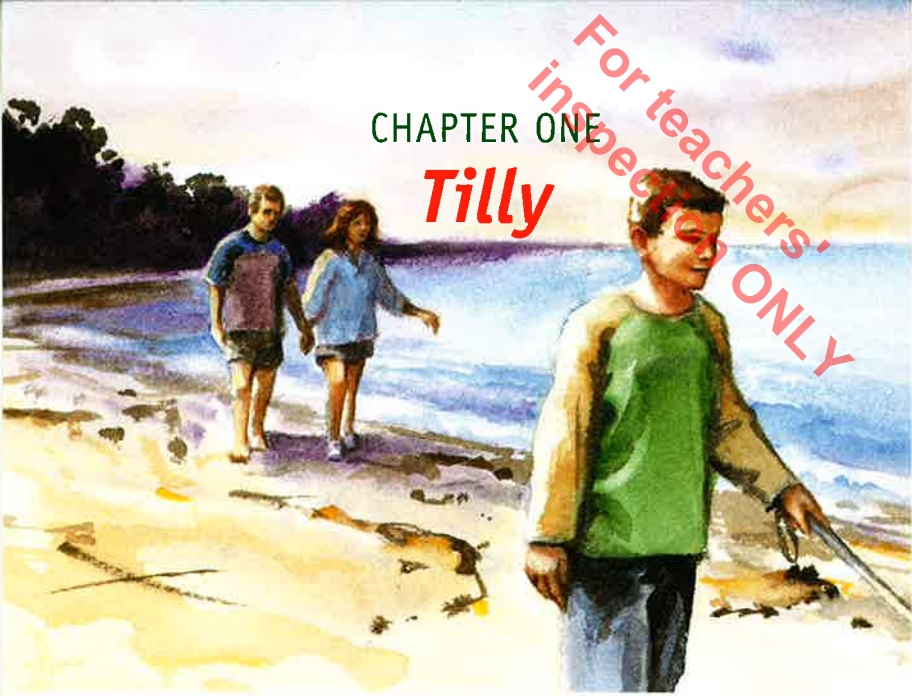
PM+

Contents

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Chapter 1	Tilly	4
Chapter 2	Uncle Ray and Scamp	10
Chapter 3	Scamp Escapes!	16
Chapter 4	An Unlikely Hero	21
Chapter 5	Old and New Friends	27





For teachers' inspection ONLY

CHAPTER ONE

Tilly

School holidays are my favourite time of the year. My family and I go to our holiday house at Mermaid Point, on the south coast. Our holiday house sits high on a hill and faces the ocean.

I like Mermaid Point a lot. I go for walks along the beach and feel the salt spray on my face. At night, I listen to the waves crash against the rocks. I can't see any of Mermaid Point because I'm visually impaired. I only see shadows.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

Dad tells me when he sees dolphins swimming in the ocean. One day, a fisherman caught a big fish. "It's a beauty!" I heard him cry out. Then he held it for me so that I could feel its scales. They felt really slimy! Dad said they were very shiny, too.



Our holiday house has two storeys. We live upstairs. I easily manage the stairs because they have a wooden rail, and I know exactly where to find the steps.



For teachers' inspection ONLY

Behind our holiday house is a national park full of gum trees. One night, a couple of years ago, Mum saw a possum high in the trees. She prepared a dish of ripe fruit and crunchy vegetables and gave it to me.

"Put the dish on the balcony, Dylan," she said. "That possum might like some!"

She was right! Every night after that, the possum came back, waiting for food. I soon felt like she was my pet, and so I named her Tilly.

For teachers' inspection ONLY

"That possum seems to know the minute we arrive!" Mum said to me the last time we were back at the holiday house. "It's as though she has a sixth sense."

Mum was right. Within minutes of arriving, Tilly climbed down the trees and onto our balcony. I heard the crackling of leaves and knew that Tilly was close by. She scampered along the top of the decking, and headed towards her dish.



"You feed her too much, Dylan!" Dad told me. "She's going to end up the size of a jumbo jet."

Tilly didn't seem to mind how much I fed her. She stayed at her dish, munching away, until she had eaten every last mouthful. Then she waited to see if I had anything else for her to eat!

Tilly wasn't afraid of me. She let me sit close to her while she fed. I think she knew that I would never hurt her.



For teachers' inspection ONLY