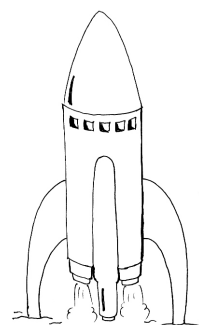


Prose

11 - 12 years

an extract from
The Remarkable Rocket

by Oscar Wilde



The Rocket was very damp, so he took a long time to burn. At last, however, the fire caught him.

‘Now I am going off!’ he cried, and he made himself very stiff and straight. ‘I know I shall go much higher than the stars, much higher than the moon, much higher than the sun. In fact, I shall go so high that – ’

Fizz! Fizz! Fizz! And he went straight up in the air.

‘Delightful!’ he cried, ‘I shall go on like this for ever. What a success I am!’

But nobody saw him.

Then he began to feel a curious tingling sensation all over him.

‘Now I am going to explode,’ he cried. ‘I shall set the whole world on fire, and make such a noise that nobody will talk about anything else for a whole year.’ And he certainly did explode. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the gunpowder. There was no doubt about it.

But nobody heard him, not even the two little boys, for they were sound asleep.

Then all that was left of him was the stick, and this fell down on the back of a Goose who was taking a walk by the side of the ditch.

‘Good Heavens!’ cried the Goose. ‘It is going to rain sticks,’ and she rushed into the water.

‘I knew I should create a great sensation,’ gasped the Rocket, and he went out.