

OLLIE

The illustration features a central character, Ollie, with spiky brown hair, wearing a red t-shirt and blue trousers. He is depicted in a dynamic, mid-air pose, reaching upwards with his right hand towards a soccer ball. The name 'Ollie' is written in a cursive font on his red t-shirt. Surrounding him are three superhero versions of himself, each in a blue suit with a red cape and a red mask. One superhero is on the left, with a red sash that says 'BRAVERY'. Another is on the right, with a red sash that says 'STRENGTH'. A third is at the top right, with a red sash that says 'COURAGE'. The background is a light green with a large, textured orange and red circular shape behind the characters.

AND
HIS SUPER
POWERS

ALISON KNOWLES

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OLLIE AND HIS SUPER POWERS

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Ollie's New Trainers

Ollie was only seven when he realised he had superpowers. He hated school. He liked his teachers. Well, some of them. Mrs Moon was a bit scary. She bellowed like a huge whale. In fact, Ollie often wondered if the bun in her hair was blocking the hole that the water comes out of, like a real whale.

The problem was Simon and George. They were in his class, and they were bullies. Every day they made Ollie give them his lunch money, and one day they made Ollie give them his brand new trainers. He couldn't tell his mum about Simon and George, because they said they would hurt him if he did.

The day they took Ollie's trainers was the same day Ollie found out he had superpowers.

He got home from school in his bare feet. It took his mum a while to notice. She had just got home from her job at the old peoples' home and was rushing about trying to get their tea ready. She was really cross, because Ollie told her he'd lost them. Ollie's mum had to work extra hard to get the new trainers for him, as Ollie's daddy did not live with them any more. His mum was always cross since Daddy had left and she was always very tired.

That night his mum said that they had to hurry up with their tea – she wanted to take a cake up to the old peoples’ home, because it was Mr Wilcox’s birthday.

Ollie liked Mr Wilcox, and all the old people at the home. It was like having lots of grandmas and grandpas. Mr Wilcox was his favourite though. He used to play football for Bluntingford Athletic in the town where Ollie and his mum now lived.

Ollie and Mr Wilcox would



talk for hours about football, because Ollie really loved football too and was very good at it. If it wasn't for old Mr Wilcox, Ollie might have kept the secret about his stolen trainers for quite a while.

Ollie's mother said, "You can show Mr Wilcox your new trainers when we get to the home, Ollie." Ollie went bright red and felt his tummy going all bubbly and his legs go all wobbly. He went to his room trying to work out what to do and getting very worried.

"Come on, Ollie," said Mum. "We'll be late."

Ollie put his old trainers on and followed his mum out to the car. "Ollie," said Mum. "Why are you wearing those old things? Go and put your new ones on quickly now!"

Poor Ollie – what was he going to do?

"I, I left them at school by mistake," said Ollie, shifting on his feet very uncomfortably.

"You did what? Where? Are they in your locker? They cost a fortune, Ollie. You know I can't afford to get you another pair. Oh Ollie, how thoughtless."

Ollie just looked down at his feet and his old trainers.

"Oh well – get in the car or we will be late, we can talk about this later."

Ollie's tummy felt very sick. He wanted to cry. But he got in the car, and they drove in silence to the old peoples' home.

It was like a big house with lots of little houses around the edge. The big house was where the TV and games room were. Ollie loved it there, because he could play snooker or pool and dominoes, and some of his grandmas and grandpas had taught him to play cards. Sometimes in the school holidays Ollie played in there all day, while his mum looked after the grandmas and grandpas.

But today he did not want to play.

His mum led him through the big doors and into the room where the grandmas and grandpas sat and drank lots of tea. They all smiled and said hello when they saw Ollie. Mrs Elmore smothered him in her big arms and kissed him on the head. The others cuddled him or shook his hand.

Mr Wilcox was sat at the back of the room. He had a party hat on and was surrounded by opened presents. There were lots of socks.

Ollie and his mum took the birthday cake over. His mum lit the candles, and all the grandmas and grandpas sang happy birthday to Mr Wilcox. Mr Wilcox was very happy.

“Now,” said Mum to Ollie. “You stay and chat to Mr Wilcox, while I go and cut this cake so everyone can have some with their tea.”

Ollie stood in front of Mr Wilcox shuffling his feet and looking down at his old trainers.

“Now, now, lad,” said Mr Wilcox. “What’s wrong with you? Don’t I get a hug?”



Ollie let Mr Wilcox give him a hug but stayed shuffling his feet and looking down. “So, Ollie, what’s got you all uncomfortable with yourself?”

“I can’t tell you,” said Ollie, and he felt himself begin to cry because he wanted to tell someone. He did not want his mum to think he was ungrateful and thoughtless, but he didn’t want to add to all her worries by telling her about Simon and George.

“Come on, lad,” said Mr Wilcox getting to his feet. “Come with me. I have a new poster of the England team in my room, I got it for my birthday – come and take a look.”

Ollie followed behind Mr Wilcox. He had a little house just next to the big house. It only had a place to sit and watch TV, a bathroom and a bedroom, so it wasn’t a proper house like the big house.

“Now then, lad – what do you think of that then?” said Mr Wilcox proudly, pointing at his new poster on the wall.

“Yeah, it’s all right,” said Ollie, not really looking at it.

“All right? By heck, lad, it’s brilliant, that’s what it is,” said Mr Wilcox.

Ollie just shuffled his feet and kept his head down. “We’re mates, aren’t we?” said Mr Wilcox.

Ollie nodded.

“And you know the best thing about mates?”

Ollie shook his head.

“Well, they don’t need to keep secrets from one another. They help one another, so they tell one another when they’re not too happy about something.”

Ollie just stood head down, feet shuffling.

“So lad, if we really are mates, tell me what’s bothering you. Come on, lad.”

Ollie burst into tears. “Mummy thinks I’m ungrateful because I’ve lost my new trainers.”

“Oh I see,” said Mr Wilcox. “Well that’s not good. *Have* you lost your new trainers?”

“No!” exclaimed Ollie. “Simon and George took them! I couldn’t help it. They’re bigger than me and, and, and...”