In a hole in the ground, there lived a hobbit.

Mr Stink stank. He also stunk. And if it is correct English to say he stinked then he stinked as well. He was the stinkiest stinky stinker who ever lived.

My name is Tracy Beaker. I am 10 years, 2 months old. My birthday is on 8th May.

Mr and Mrs Dursley of number 4 Privet Drive were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much. They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy.

Dorothy lived in the midst of the great Kansas prairies with Uncle Henry, who was a farmer, and Aunt Em, who was the farmer's wife.

First of all let me get something straight: this is a JOURNAL not a diary. I know what it says on the cover but when Mom went out to buy this thing I SPECIFICALLY told her to get one that didn't say "diary" on it.

My earliest memories are a confusion of hilly fields, and dark, damp stables, and rats that scampered along the beams above my head. But I remember well enough the day of the horse sale. The terror of it stayed with me all my life.

In the beginning, God…

The Hobbit by JRR Tolkien

Mr Stink by David Walliams

The Story of Tracy Beaker by Jacqueline Wilson

Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone by JK Rowling

The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe by CS Lewis

The Wonderful Wizard of Oz by Frank L Baum

Diary of a Wimpy Kid by Jeff Kinney

War Horse by Michael Morpurgo

The Bible