





## CHAPTER 12

Back in the attic, I stare at the camp bed.

I've looked for Grandad everywhere. Even though I know he couldn't have got out of the bed, I've still checked every room in the house, the cellar, the shed and even the garage, and opening the bed isn't an option. Some truly weird stuff has happened in the past hour and I'm not about to do anything that might permanently erase my grandad.

He disappeared inside the mattress so that's where I've got to go too.

Trying to ignore the feathers and scraps of straw, I get down on my hands and knees, then push my head inside the bed. I want to pull it straight back out, but I keep my eyes squeezed shut and wriggle further in. 'Hear me roar,' I blurt, pulling my legs up behind me. The bed wobbles, then becomes still.

I'm crouched in the middle of the mattress, surrounded by darkness. It feels damp and lumpy and it smells like the PE cupboard at school. The springs from the mattress dig into my skin and I can't find enough air to breathe. All I want to do is get out, but I force myself to stay where I am while I wait for something to happen.

When Rose and I played Roar I'm sure this was when the game began. I don't know how it worked, but when we came out the other side we'd be in Roar. I crouch there, the mattress pressing into my face, until I can't stand it any longer. I crawl forward, my head bursts out into bright light and I gulp fresh air.

I see dusty floorboards and straw and feathers. Outside, the sun is shining and I can hear Mazen

Bailey laughing. I pull myself all the way out of the bed, feeling relieved and scared and stupid, all at the same time, then I walk back round to the other side of the bed.

Grandad is still missing and I'm going to keep crawling through this mattress until I find him.

And for the next ten minutes that's exactly what I do.

Soon my eyes are itchy, I'm sweaty and my hair is massive and crackling with static.

I'm wriggling on to the attic floor for the thirty-second time when I see Rose standing in the doorway, sucking a blue ice pop and watching me.

'I've looked for him everywhere,' I say. 'This is the only thing left to do.'

She does a long hard suck on the lolly, then says, 'I'll admit it's strange that he's vanished.'

I'm so relieved to hear her say this that I jump to my feet and rush over. 'I told you: Grandad's vanished inside the bed and somehow we've got to go there, go to Roar, and get him back!'

She sighs. 'Arthur, we never actually *went* to

Roar. You know that, right? The whole time we were playing up here in the attic, pretending.'

'But when we played Roar, it didn't feel like we were in the attic. It felt *real*.'

All the time I've been talking Rose has been sucking hard on her ice pop, draining all the blue out of it. 'I suppose it felt different to other games,' she admits. 'But do you remember when I said I could fly? I got you all to come and watch, and it turned out it was just me jumping down the stairs flapping my arms.' She shrugs. 'Kids have got big imaginations.'

'That's exactly what I thought, before I felt Grandad being pulled into the bed!' I show her the marks on my hand where Grandad's nails dug in. 'And there's another thing . . . Just before he disappeared Grandad basically said he believed that Roar was real.'

Rose laughs. 'Arthur, this whole thing is a massive practical joke! I bet Grandad's had this planned for ages.'

'Grandad would never scare me like this.'  
She raises one eyebrow. 'Wouldn't he?'

‘No, he wouldn’t!’

Rose shrugs like she couldn’t care less what I think. ‘Suit yourself. I’m going to town. Mazen says there’s three-for-two on at Claire’s. Before I went I thought I should check you hadn’t vanished too.’

And that’s when I realise it’s hopeless. If Rose is more bothered about hairbands and earrings than she is about Grandad, I don’t want her to come with me. ‘Fine.’ I walk back to the camp bed, crouch down and roll up my sleeves. ‘Hear me roar,’ I mutter, as I stick my head back into the mattress.

‘Hah!’ says Rose.

I pull my head out and turn to look at her, eyes narrowed. I am in no mood to hear Rose’s sarcastic hahs. ‘What?’

‘Nothing . . . Only I never said, “Hear me roar” because even when I was five I thought it was stupid. When I got into the middle of the mattress I just shut my eyes and imagined Roar, then when I came out the other side I was there.’ She takes a last long suck on her ice pop, then

turns to the door. ‘See you later, loser.’

# Chapter 12

## Questions

### Question 2

#### Page 52

What does the phrase 'permanently erased' mean?

Sentence Stem:

The phrase 'permanently erased' means...

### Question 3

#### Page 52

How does Arthur think he can get to Roar?

Sentence Stem:

Arthur thinks he can get to Roar...

### Question 4

#### Page 52 - 54

How does Arthur feel about Grandad's disappearance? What phrase show (not tell) the reader that Arthur feels this way?

Sentence Stems:

Arthur feels...

The phrases that show this in the text are....

### Question 5

#### Page 54

Read the last page of Chapter 12. Predict what you think is going to happen next in the story? Justify your answer with reference to the text.

Sentence Stems:

I predict that .....

The reasons I think this are....

### Question 1

#### Page 52 and 53

	True	False
Arthur has looked everywhere for Grandad.		
Arthur is worried about Grandad disappearing.		
Rose is worried about Grandad disappearing.		



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