

Who Bit the Guava?



Kina grabbed Kale's hand and pulled him off the porch. 'Come on, Kale! The guavas won't pick themselves!' She dragged him across the yard like a wagon with wobbly wheels. 'Slow down!' Kale groaned. 'My legs are short!' But Kina **urged** him on. Today was guava day, and nothing would stop her.





They were near the best tree when Kale stopped. 'Kina. Kina.' He pointed up at a fat guava on a branch. 'Something bit it!' Kina peeked around the trunk. Her mouth fell open. A **huge** chunk was gone from the ripest guava. Teeth marks and all. 'Who,' Kina whispered, 'bit our guava?'

'Maybe it was that!' Kale shouted, pointing at a fat green caterpillar on a leaf.

'Look how hungry it is!'

Kina crossed her arms.

'Kale. That mouth is tiny. It would take **ages** to make a bite that big.'

'Maybe it chews fast?' Kale said. Kina shook her head.

'Next guess.'





'Okay, what about a **magic** pixie?' Kale grinned. 'A hungry one with sharp teeth!'

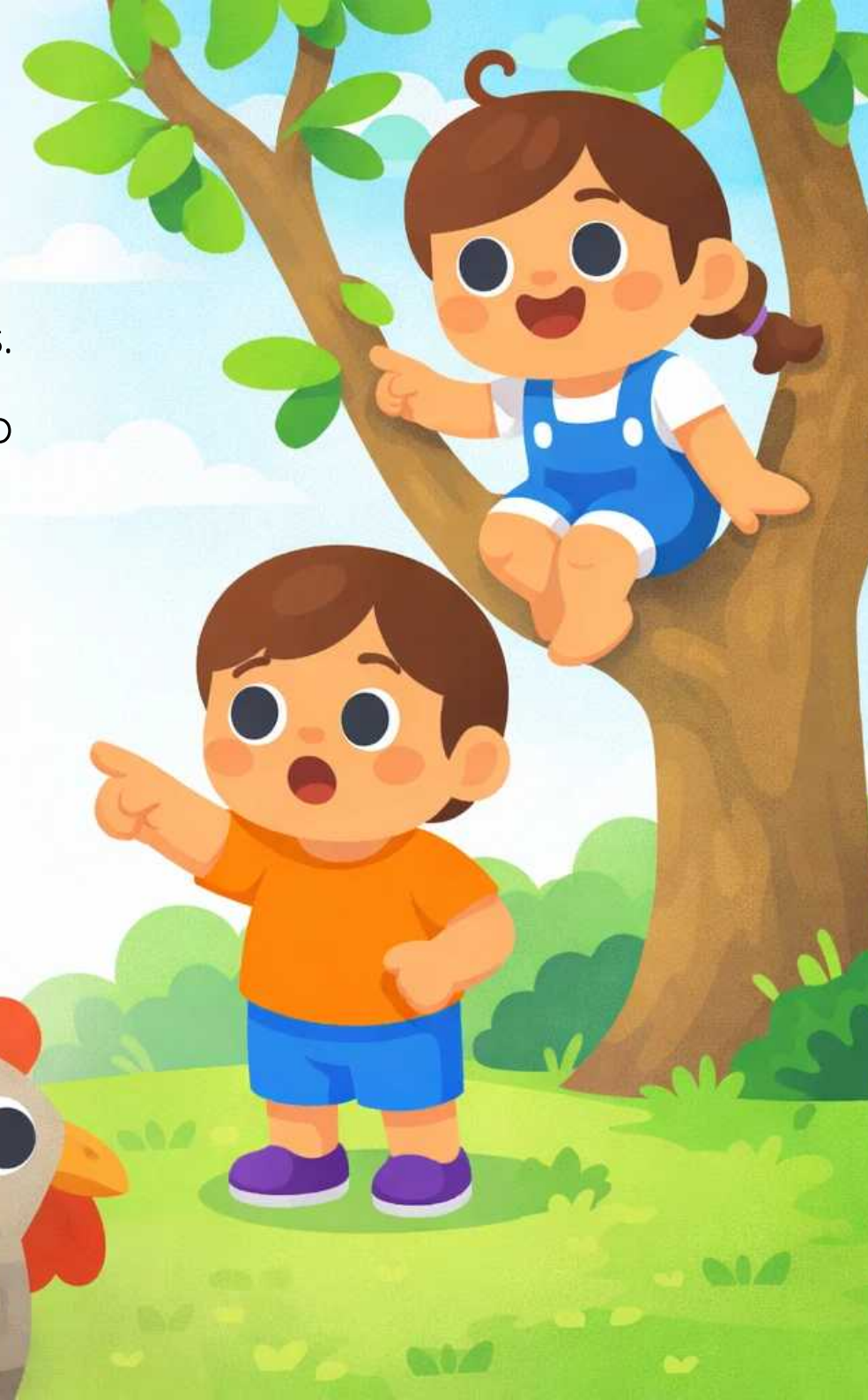
'Pixies are not real, Kale.'

'Fine!' He pointed up at a grasshopper. 'There! The grasshopper did it!' Kina stared. 'You think a grasshopper made a hole that **large** in our guava? Do you know what grasshoppers eat?' 'Guavas?' said Kale. 'Grass, Kale. It's in the name.'

Then Kale spotted a big chicken. 'The chicken! One peck, boom, **giant** hole!'

Kina was up in the tree looking for clues. She grinned down. 'That guava is way up here. Can that chicken fly?'

They both looked at the chicken. It pecked the dirt. 'It can't even reach your ankle,' Kina laughed. 'Three guesses, all wrong!'





The sky turned **orange** and pink. Still no answers. Kale shifted in the fading light.

'Maybe we should go home,' he said. 'We can buy guavas at the shop.'

But Kinda's eyes went wide. 'Wait. We haven't seen one creature big enough to make that bite. What if the biter only comes out at night?'

Kale went pale. 'Night?'

Kina stood in the doorway holding a blanket. Her face said: we are doing this. 'We camp by the tree,' she said. 'We watch. We wait. We catch the biter.'

Kale sat outside, arms crossed, yawning. 'I hope it shows up fast. I will fall asleep in five minutes.'

'Sleep with one eye open,' said Kina, marching into the **strange** dark.





The yard looked different at night. Kina swept her torch across the bark. Kale stuck close, stepping on her heels. 'What if pixies are real,' he whispered, 'and come out at night?'

'Pixies are not real!' Kina hissed. A branch creaked. They both jumped.

They checked every leaf and every **edge**. Nothing.

They trudged back to the tent they had pitched by the tree. Kina pressed her face to the flap. 'It will come,' she **urged**. 'I know it.'

'I know I want to sleep,' Kale whispered, gripping his flashlight.

Then they heard it. Flap. Flap. Flap. Something was out there. Something with wings. Kina grabbed Kale's arm. 'Did you hear that?'





They poked their heads out of the tent and looked up.

There, hanging upside down from a branch, was a dark, furry creature with **huge** wings. It was biting into a guava, juice dripping everywhere.

'It's eating another one!' Kale gasped. 'No shame at all!' 'We found it,' Kina whispered, eyes locked on the creature. 'But what is that thing?'

'Small. Furry. Wings. Big round eyes,' Kale whispered. Kina pointed with a grin. 'Only one animal looks like that. It's a bat!'

'A bat!' Kale smacked his forehead. 'That's why we only heard it at night!'

'Not a caterpillar,' said Kina.
'Not a grasshopper. Not a chicken. And not a **magic** pixie.'
'Okay, okay,' Kale muttered.
'You don't have to list them all.'





Up in the tree, Bat hung upside down. His full belly looked **huge**. Bat blinked at the moon, belly full.

Not a caterpillar. Not a grasshopper. Not a chicken. Not a pixie. Just one hungry fruit bat who thought the guavas were **gorgeous**.

Inside the cosy **cottage**, two tired detectives slept, dreaming of their next mystery.



Who Bit the Guava?

Who took a huge bite from the ripest guava on the tree? Kina and Kale are on the case! Was it a hungry caterpillar, a sneaky grasshopper, or even a magic pixie? When every guess turns out wrong, the brave detectives set up camp under the tree to catch the mystery biter. Could the culprit only come out at night? This decodable reader practises soft g words such as 'giant,' 'magic,' 'orange,' and 'huge.'

Reading Skills: **Soft g**

ages, cottage, edge, giant, gorgeous, huge, large, magic, orange, strange, urged

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