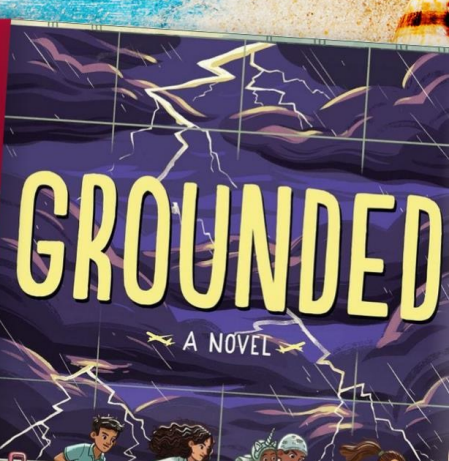
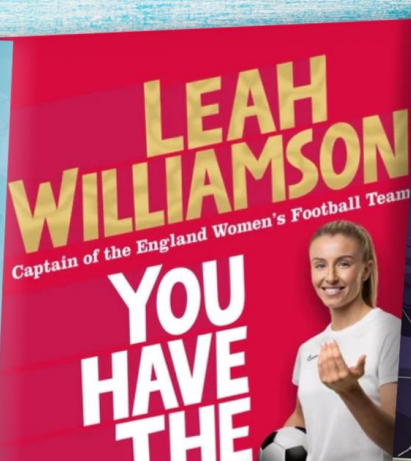
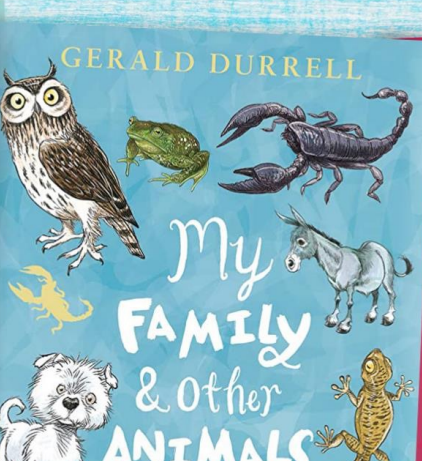
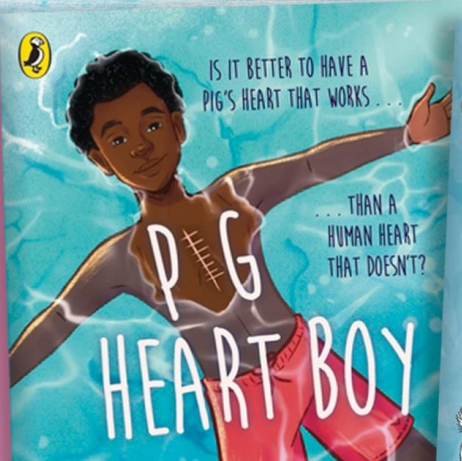
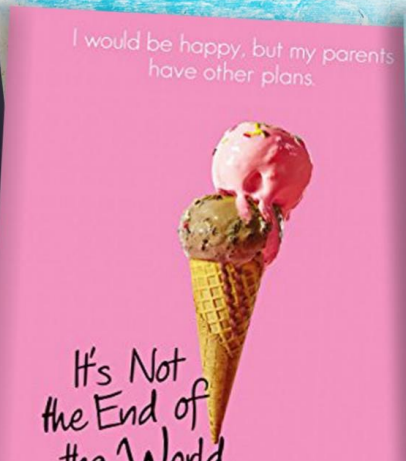
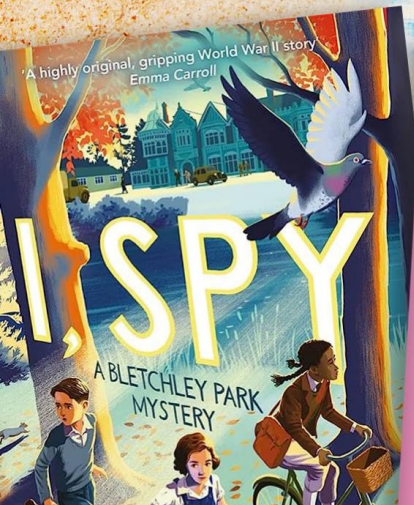




# SUMMER 2 READING BOOKLET 2023





**READING**  
WILMSLOW HIGH SCHOOL

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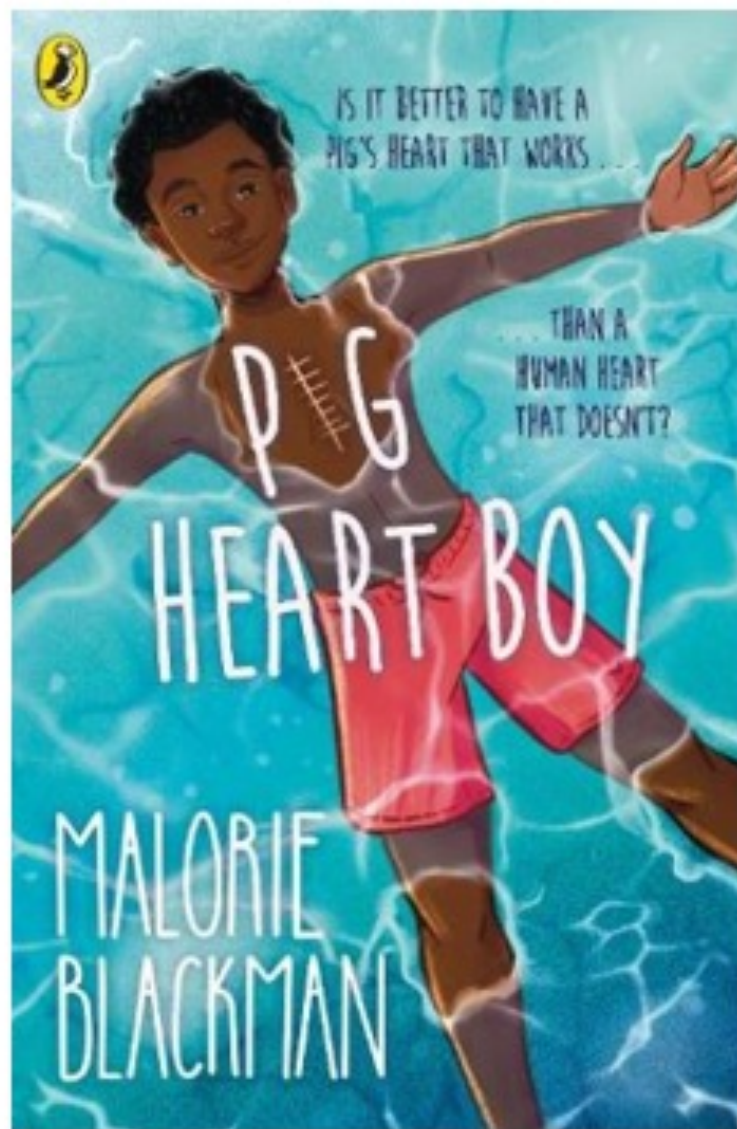
Cameron is thirteen, and all he wants is a 'normal' life - friends, swimming, school, family.

But his life is far from normal. Not every thirteen-year-old desperately needs a new heart because theirs doesn't work properly. Finally, one doctor offers hope. Cameron could - if he and his parents agree - take part in a radical and controversial procedure involving the transplant of a pig's heart into his human body. It's risky. And it's never been done before . . .

While Cameron comes to terms with the idea, he finds the world around him is much less accepting. But surely everyone will understand that it's better to have a pig's heart that works than a human heart that doesn't - won't they . . .?

### 3 Facts about Malorie Blackman

- ❖ While still at school, Malorie wanted to become an English teacher, but grew up to become a systems programmer instead
- ❖ She primarily writes literature and television drama for children and young adults
- ❖ In her free time, Malorie likes to play piano, compose, play computer games and write poetry



The noise was deafening. Shouting, screaming, laughing, shrieking – it was so thunderous. I thought my head was about to explode. I took a deep breath, breathed out, inhaled again, then dipped down until my head was completely under water. Silence.

Peace.

It was like a radio being switched off. I sat down at the bottom of the swimming pool and opened my eyes. The chlorine in the water stung, but better than not seeing what was coming and being kicked in the face. I would've liked to stay down there for ever, but within seconds my lungs were aching and there came a sharp, stabbing pain in my chest. My blood roared like some kind of angry monster in my ears.

I closed my eyes and stood up slowly. If I had to emerge, it would be at my own pace and in my own time – no matter how much my body screamed at me to take a breath as fast as I could. I was the one in control. Not my lungs. Not my blood. Not my heart.

'Cam, are you all right?'

I opened my eyes. Marlon stood in front of me, his green eyes dark and huge with concern. I inhaled sharply, waiting for the roaring in my ears to subside. The pain in my chest took a little longer. "Course! I'm fine," I replied a little breathlessly.

'What were you doing?'

'Just sitting down.'

Marlon frowned. 'Is that smart?'

'I was just sitting down. Don't fuss. Sometimes you're worse than Mum and Dad,' I said.

'If your parents find out that you're here every Tuesday instead of at my house, I'm the one who'll get it in the neck – and every other bodily part,' Marlon pointed out.

I smiled. 'If you don't tell them, I won't.'

'How can you be so calm about it? Every time we come here, I'm terrified some grown-up who knows your family is going to spot you and tell your parents.' Marlon looked around the pool anxiously, as if expecting his words to come true at that precise moment.

'Marlon, you worry too much.' My smile broadened as the pain in my chest lessened.

'How long were you under water?'

'A few seconds. Why?'

'I really don't think you should . . .'

I'd had enough. 'Marlon, bog off!' I snapped. 'You're getting on my last nerve now!'

'I was just . . .'

'I know what you were doing, and you can stop it,' I said firmly.

'You're beginning to cheese me off.'

Marlon clamped his lips together tight and looked away. He was hurt and we both knew it. I fought down the urge to apologize.

Why should I say I was sorry? Marlon knew how much I hated to be clucked over. But, as always, I caved in.

'Look, Marlon, I—' I got no further.

'Hey, Marlon! You on for Daredevil Dive?' Rashid called out.

'Yeah. Coming!' Marlon replied. He turned to me. 'See you in a minute.'

And with that he swam off towards the middle of the pool. I waded over to the stairs, the water sloshing around my thighs. I rubbed my eyes, which were still stinging, before climbing out. I turned to where Rashid, Nathan and Andrew were all splashing about. Marlon had just reached them. I didn't want to watch but I couldn't help it. I couldn't bring myself to look away. Instead I sat down at the edge of the pool, my legs dangling in the water as I watched my friends. I sidled a bit closer until I could hear them as well. Kicking out leisurely with my legs, I looked straight ahead, although I was listening to every word Marlon and the others said.

'Everyone ready?' asked Rashid. 'OK, let's do it. First one to dive and touch the bottom, then come back and touch the side of the pool wins. Ready . . .'

'Steady . . .'

'GO!'

In an instant all four boys disappeared under the water. I held my breath as I watched, until my lungs started to ache and my heart started to pound and I couldn't stand it any longer. And still none of my friends had emerged from the water. I gasped, my whole body screaming in angry, pained protest as I concentrated on filling my lungs.

Slow down. I've stopped holding my breath now, I told my heart. Just slow down.

I knew that within the next few weeks I'd no longer be able to come swimming with Marlon and my other friends. I knew it as surely as I knew my own name.

Because my heart was getting worse.

Vocabulary		Definition
1	thunderous	Making a noise like thunder
2	emerge	Become visible, appear
3	subside	Become less intense, violent, severe

#### Scribble It

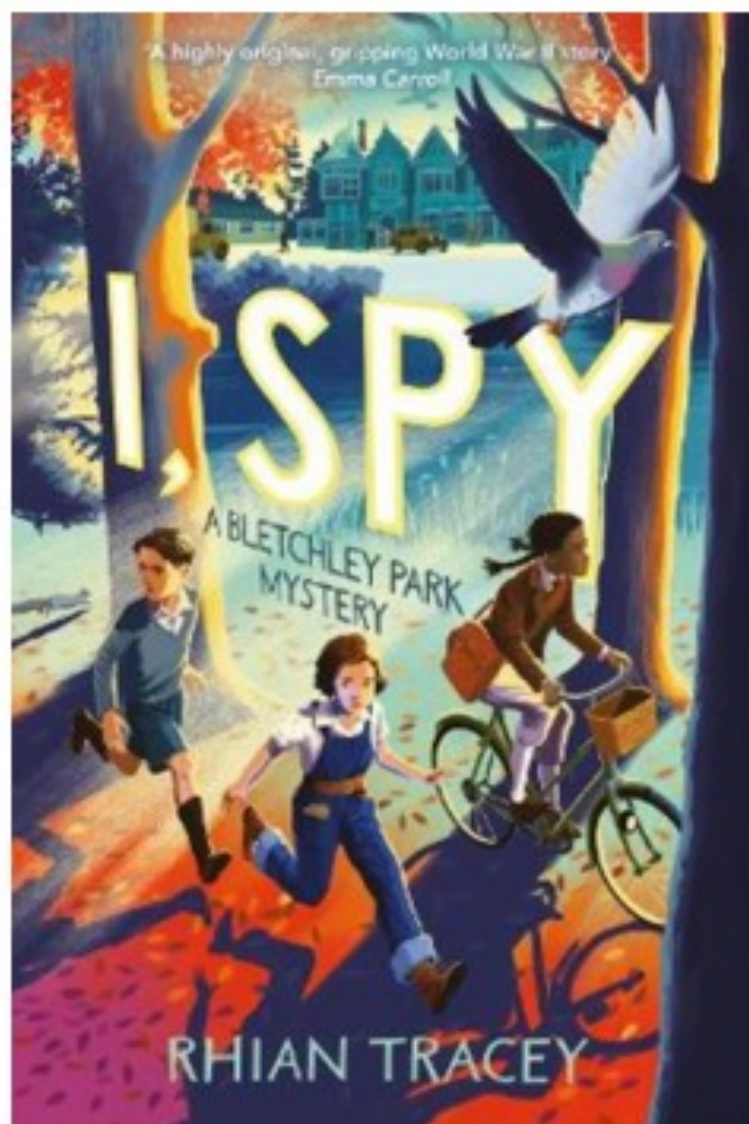
Make a list of between 3 – 5 objects/ items that can be used to assist with swimming.

Twelve-year-old Robyn has grown up in Bletchley Park, where her father works as a driver. When she's not at school, there's nothing she likes more than helping her dad in the garages. Then the war begins and everything at Bletchley changes.

Robyn is assigned to help with the carrier pigeons that take messages to the Allies. But first, she must sign the Official Secrets Act and is ordered not to leave the grounds of the park. While Bletchley is buzzing with people recruited for the war effort and all eyes are on the skies, Robyn becomes convinced that there's something sinister going on within Bletchley Park itself.

### 3 Facts about Rhian Tracey

- ❖ Rhian was born in Swansea and grew up on the Welsh borders
- ❖ She has written stories since she was five years old
- ❖ *I, Spy* is based on true historical events and is Rhian's tribute to her great-aunt Audrey and other women and young girls who worked at Bletchley Park during the war



## *Late September 1939*

Gunshots rang out across the parkland and Robyn slipped from a high branch of the willow tree, just managing to grab on to a lower one; the bark was coated in slimy green lichen. She'd climbed up to get a better look – something was happening at the Mansion. A blast pulsed through the air as she dug her nails into the bark to avoid sliding further.

From her vantage point up the tree on the island she'd watched steady streams of men in forces uniform arrive at the park. A new eight-foot fence, topped with barbed wire, framed the perimeter of the estate, but the tree's roots would snake under the fence no matter how high and wide they built it. Trees couldn't be locked out – the keys were in the seeds.

She thought about her favourite: the spiny seedpods that dropped from horse-chestnut trees and cracked open when ripe to reveal all the potential future trees inside; a war couldn't stop *them*. Even though the war had, technically, started a few weeks ago, guards had appeared at the front and back gates first thing this morning, as if the enemy might descend on them at any moment. They hadn't stationed guards by the side gates at the end of the woods or by St Mary's Church, at least not yet, but Bletchley Park was starting to look like a prison, rather than her home. Another thunderous explosion sent her tumbling from the lowest branch. Even though she knew it was Mr Maelor testing equipment with the men in the stables, it felt far too real.

Cat-like, she landed on all fours, her hands resting on the ground confettied with leaves. The hairy white fingers of the willow mixed with the waxy glossy-green leaves of the beech. She jumped up and ran across the small island to where she had tied up her boat. Her breath ballooned in the cool morning air, a puff-ball of vapours. Robyn hopped into her boat, took up the oars and rowed swiftly back across the lake. Her father would be furious if he caught her out here. Mr Maelor and the men who had taken over the stables weren't just making a racket to pass the time; they were practising their defences. Her father *had* told her to stay away from the island, but it had slipped her mind, what with the excitement of the forces turning up!

As she rowed, the gunshots suddenly fell silent. She could hear the buzzing of darting billy witch bugs and other insects again. A chevron of Canada geese croaked out repetitive comeback calls as they returned from their dawn raids in the fields. They landed in a tightly knit V formation on the lawn, looking like a regiment of soldiers. Watching the animals' daily routines made Robyn feel steady and safe. Whatever was going on in the war, and here at Bletchley Park, the geese were completely oblivious to it.

Robyn tied up her boat at the landing stage, hoping it wouldn't be the last time she'd be able to use it. Last night, her parents had put new rules in place. *No more rowing on the lake. No more bothering with the birds – and heaven help her if she were to try to bring any more wounded animals home. And no more swimming out to the island.* Might as well make up a rule to forbid her from having any more fun. Each day a little more freedom evaporated, and the park felt ... strange, like somewhere she *used* to know.

She sprinted across the dewy lawn, sliding to a stop as military vehicles shook and shuddered their way up the drive. She could see her father from a distance, directing traffic. He'd been organising his garages, deciding which vehicles should go where. Of course, he'd told her none of this. She'd been following him for weeks, across the courtyard from their cottage to the garages. He'd told her that he wasn't the chauffeur any longer, but Head of Transport, and either his clipboard or his little black notebook seemed to be in his hand. A shot shattered the silence, far too close for comfort. Robyn looked up then covered her head instinctively. A pigeon burst from the sky, flying towards the Mansion roof at speed, its wings beating fast. It must have spotted a crack in the eaves and was looking for a place to hide; she couldn't blame it. She dropped to the ground, which was vibrating, sending pins and needles through her palms.

When it fell quiet, she got to her feet and ran as fast as she could back to the cottage. Change knotted itself around her throat, like one of the itchy scarves her mother insisted Robyn wore because of her *bad chest*. As far as she was concerned, she didn't have a bad chest, she was positively bursting with health! Her mother spent far too much time listening to episodes of *The Radio Doctor*. But Robyn had to admit, if only to herself, that her mother had been right. Everything would be different after today. The war – *the real war* – had arrived at their door, bringing with it enough danger to burn the whole house down. At least, that's what her father had said last night when he thought she was asleep. She made many interesting discoveries while sitting at the top of the stairs, in the dark.

The smart-looking convoy halted outside the Mansion. Robyn paused in the red-brick passageway between the two cottages to watch. Doors opened. People stepped out, their sensible shiny shoes crunching on the pebbles. She divided the strangers by their different-coloured uniforms. Their stripes spoke of rank and importance. Their purposeful chatter filled the air. Robyn's heart beat faster as she ran to the back door and booted it open, narrowly missing the milk bottles lined up on the step. The blue tits had been thieving again. The feathery crooks had drilled tiny holes through the foil with their beaks, siphoning off the fat-rich cream from the top of the bottle. The smell of tea and damp clothes drying enveloped her as she stepped into the kitchen.

'Oh, Robyn! Look at your boots,' her mother said, spinning around from the sink. 'Completely caked in duck muck. And they've only just come back from the repair shop.'

'Sorry,' she said uselessly, dropping her sketch book onto the kitchen table.

She started emptying her pockets of the pine cones and conkers she'd collected; she'd managed to find a massive conker, still cloaked in its spiky case, which looked like an armoured snail shell. There would be plenty of conkers tournaments at school now it was autumn, and this one was sure to beat anything Mary could find. The park boasted the best horse chestnut trees in Bletchley. Her father had told her that horse chestnuts could live for almost three hundred years; she wondered how old the ones at the park were.



'You can clean your boots after,' her mother said. 'Sit down and eat your bread and jam ... oh, and wait until your father gets in. He's got something to tell you. And stop polishing those conkers! If you've a mind to polish, there's plenty of dusting to be done.'

She was only allowed to bring the conkers into the cottage because her mother said they kept the spiders away. She didn't think this was true at all, but if it meant she could bring more of the outside inside, she didn't mind. Several pots of homemade jam were laid out on the table, but Robyn had lost her appetite. She always dreaded the words *wait until your father gets in*.

'You'll need to wash your hair tonight, mind. Thank goodness I cut it into a Princess Elizabeth bob; at least we'll not be waiting all night by the fire for it to dry any more.'

A few days ago her mother had *set to* with the kitchen scissors, chopping Robyn's hair. A black-and-white photograph of Princess Elizabeth's neat bob guided her mother as she hacked at Robyn's long chestnut waves. Mary's shocked face at school the next day had told Robyn all she needed to know about her new look.

'They want to see you up in the big house,' her mother said now.

Her mother called it the big house and some of the children at school called it the madhouse, but everyone else called it the Mansion. Rumours had spread that Bletchley Park was going to be an asylum for the mentally ill. She'd tried to deny it, but no one wanted to listen to the boring truth, especially from her, *the chauffeur's daughter*.

'Why? What do they want to see *me* for?' she panicked. 'I haven't done anything!'

'Hush, Robyn, the ladies next door are doing important work with Mr Knox. Keep your voice down,' her mother warned. She was already the ladies' number-one fan.

*The ladies* were unusual for women at the park because they didn't work with the other typists and administrators in the Mansion. Instead, they were closeted in Mr Knox's cottage. Robyn wasn't sure what they were working on, but they most definitely weren't typing up letters for grand-looking men in suits and uniform. They even had a nickname – Dilly's Fillies, which made Robyn screw up her nose and feel wriggly.

Her mother had started sending her next door with batches of Welsh cakes. They were firm favourites with the lady who always wore a bow tie, and had a bob, but carried it off with far more grace and style than Robyn could ever hope to muster.

Vocabulary		Definition
1	vantage	A place/ position that provides a clear view
2	regiment	A unit, division or group of soldiers
3	formation	Giving shape to something/ the way something is shaped

Scribble It

Write down 3 – 5 adjectives to describe the character, Robyn. Example, *energetic*.

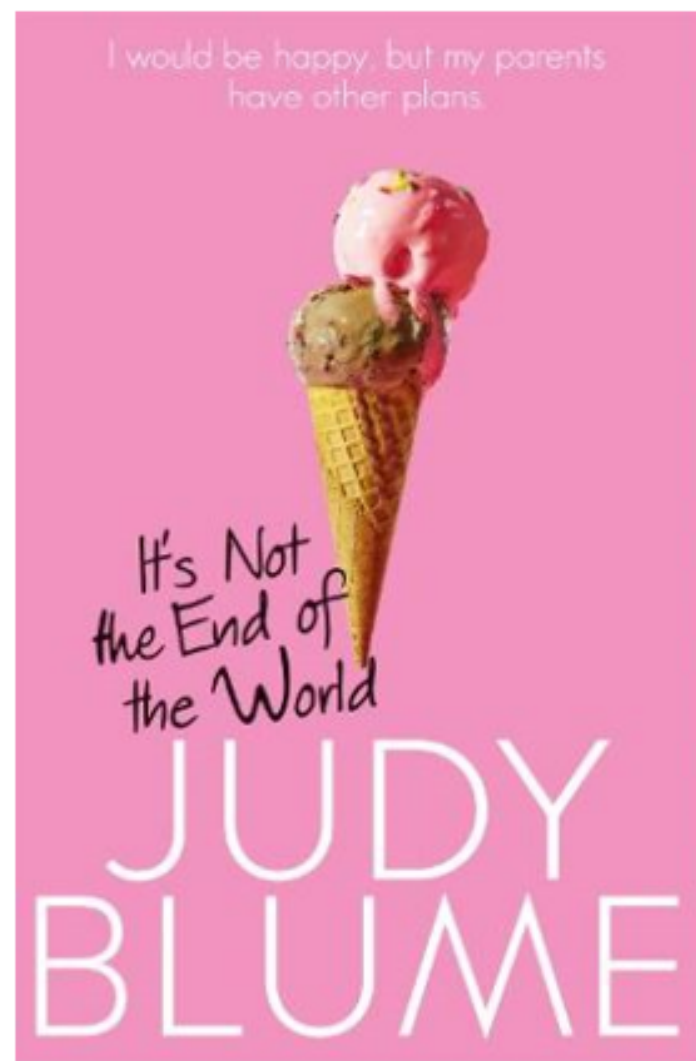
Karen's parents have always argued, and lately they've been getting worse. But when her father announces that they're going to get divorced, it seems as if Karen's whole world will fall apart.

Her brother, Jeff, blames their mum. Her kid sister, Amy, asks impossible questions and is scared that everyone she loves is going to leave. Karen just wants her parents to get back together.

Gradually, she learns that this isn't going to happen - and realizes that divorce is not the end of the world.

### 3 Facts about Judy Blume

- ❖ When growing up Judy wanted to be either a cowgirl, an actress or a detective. She didn't aspire to be a writer
- ❖ She has sold more than 85 million copies of her books and they have been translated into 32 languages
- ❖ Judy receives thousands of letters each month from readers of all ages who share their feelings and concerns with her



I don't think I'll ever get married. Why should I? All it does is make you miserable. Just look at Mrs Singer. Last year she was Miss Pace and everybody loved her. I said I'd absolutely die if I didn't get her for sixth grade. But I did – and what happened? She got married over the summer and now she's a witch!

Then there are my parents. They're always fighting. My father was late for dinner tonight and when he got home we were already at the table. Daddy said hello to me and Jeff. Then he turned to Mom. 'Couldn't you have waited?' he asked her. 'You knew I was coming home for dinner.'

'Why didn't you call to say you'd be late?' Mom asked.

'It's only twenty after six. I got hung up in traffic.'

'How was I supposed to know that?' Mom asked.

'Never mind!' My father sat down and helped himself to a slice of meat loaf and some Spanish rice. He took a few mouthfuls before he said, 'This rice is cold.'

'It was hot at six o'clock,' Mom told him.

Me and Jeff kept on eating without saying a

word. You could feel what was going on between my parents. I wasn't hungry any more.

Then Daddy asked, 'Where's Amy?'

'In the den,' Mom said.

'Did she eat?'

Mom didn't answer.

'I said did she eat her supper?'

'Of course she did,' Mom snapped. 'What do you think I do – starve her when you're not around?'

My father pushed his plate away and called, 'Amy . . . Amy . . .'

Amy is six. When she doesn't like what we're having for dinner she eats a bowl of cereal instead. Then she races into the den to see her favourite TV show. But when Daddy called her she ran back to the kitchen. She gave him a kiss and said, 'Hi, Daddy.'

'How's my girl?'

'Fine.'

'Sit down at the table and drink your milk,' he said.

'First a riddle,' Amy told him.

'Okay, but just one.'

Amy is driving us crazy with her riddles. Ever since she started first grade it's been one riddle after another. And you can't tell her you already know the answer because she doesn't care. She'll keep asking anyway.

'Why did the man put Band-Aids in his refrigerator?' Amy asked.

'I give up,' my father said.

'Because it had cold cuts!' Amy laughed at her joke. She was the only one who did. 'You get it now? *Cold cuts*. The refrigerator had cold cuts! Like bologna . . . get it?'

'I get it,' Daddy said. 'That's a very good riddle. Now sit down and drink your milk.'

As Amy sat down she accidentally shook the table and her milk spilled all over the place. Mom jumped up to get the sponge.

'Don't be mad, Mommy. It was an accident,' Amy said.

'Who's mad?' my mother shouted. She mopped up the mess. Then she threw the sponge across the kitchen. It landed on the counter, next to the sink. 'Who's mad?' she hollered again as she ran out of the room and down the hall. I heard a door slam.

My mother's temper is getting worse. Last week she baked a cake. When she served it my father said, 'That's not mocha icing, is it?' And my mother told him, 'Yes, it is.' So Daddy said, 'You know I can't stand mocha. Why didn't you make chocolate?' And Mom said, 'Because I'm sick of chocolate, that's why!'

I love dessert and by then my mouth was really watering. I wished they would hurry and finish talking about it so I could start eating.

But my father said, 'I'll have to scrape off the icing.'

Mom looked right at Daddy and told him, 'Don't do me any favours!' Then she picked up that beautiful cake, held it high over her head and dropped it. It smashed at my father's feet. The plate broke into a million pieces and the chips flew all around. It was one of our ordinary kitchen plates. I'll bet if it was an antique, my mother never would have dropped it like that.

Later, when nobody was looking, I snitched a piece of cake off the floor. Even though it had fallen apart it was still delicious.

Vocabulary		Definition
1	Riddle	A mystifying and misleading question
2	Hollered	Give a loud shout or cry
3	Delicious	Highly pleasant to taste

Scribble It

True or false.

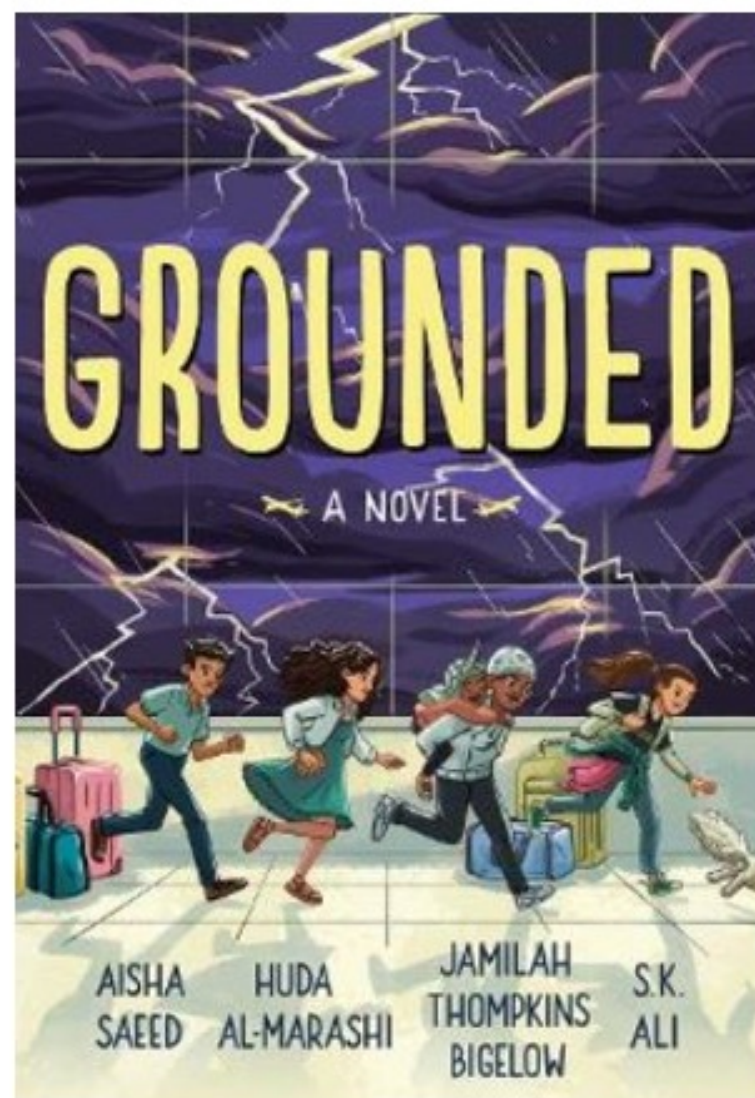
1. Miss Pace married and her surname changed to Singer.
2. The father arrives home too early for the family meal.
3. The mother destroyed her own home baked cherry cake.
4. The youngest sibling in the story is Amy who is aged 6.

When a thunderstorm grounds all flights following a huge Muslim convention, four unlikely kids are thrown together.

Feek is stuck babysitting his younger sister, but he'd rather be writing a poem that's good enough for his dad, a famous poet and rapper. Hanna is intent on finding a lost cat in the airport—and also on avoiding a conversation with her dad about him possibly remarrying. Sami is struggling with his anxiety and worried that he'll miss the karate tournament that he's trained so hard for. And Nora has to deal with the pressure of being the daughter of a prominent congresswoman, when all she really wants to do is make fun NokNok videos. These kids don't seem to have much in common—yet.

### Facts about the authors

- ❖ Aisha learned to read when she was three years old and vowed to read every single picture book at her local library. She made it halfway through the A's
- ❖ S. K. has a degree in Creative Writing and lives in Toronto with her family, including a very vocal cat named Yeti and a very quiet cat named Mochi
- ❖ Jamilah knew she wanted to be a writer since the age of seven when she wrote a story called “Little Ballerina” and wasn't satisfied when she finished writing it
- ❖ As well as being a writer, Huda is an experienced public speaker who believes that storytelling is the ultimate form of communication



I'm getting too old for this stuff. I mean, I'm twelve. That's dumb close to teenager. Definitely too old to be spending all my time with a four-year-old. A four-year-old sister named Ruqi who talks too much and talks too loud, especially when I'm trying to hear the rhymes in my head. Her voice jumps in front of the lyrics every time.

Here in Hurston Airport's indoor playground, I'm watching Ruqi *again* because my new baby brother, Hamza, started crying *again*. Mom scooped him up and said she would be right back, but I know that isn't happening. I look at my phone—7:33 P.M. It's been ten minutes. Still no Mom.

Ruqi has lots to play with here: a fake helicopter with a slide, a command center jungle gym, and the engine of a real airplane. Even I would check out that engine if I was still a kid.

But Ruqi's not playing. She's skipping over to talk to me while I'm watching *Storm the Stage*, a poetry slam show, on my phone. It's hosted by Doc Hoffa, a rapper from way back who my parents love. My family even got to visit his extra-lavish mansion with marble and gold floors once, and that's one funny story—

"You not listening! Let's go on an adven-chuh!" Ruqi pulls my arm.

I shake her off and say, "The helicopter's an adventure. Look inside. See how far you can fly away." Thankfully, she hops over to it.

I'm chuckling, watching one poet describe himself as chocolate mousse, then cookie dough ice cream, when *it* happens: A rhyme drops into my mind.

I know from my dad, who performs poetry for a living, that when rhymes drop, you stop and catch them.

Because *it* doesn't just happen every day. Definitely not when I'm watching this show. On this show, these poets make me shut up and listen, make me suck in my breath, make me rip out pages from my rhyme book to start all over again. To try to be just as good.

But then, I freeze.

*Can I write something that cool?*

That question sucker punches my *it*.

Not this time. I'm thinking about the slick ways this poet is comparing himself to desserts. So smooth. But I would never describe myself that way, I think. Nah. I'm not sweets, I'm . . . And *it* drops:

*I'm the words to the song*

*The hammer to the gong*

*The beats to this rhythm*

*The—*

"What?! I'm writing! Go play!"

But as I try to get ahold of the rest of the words, she keeps yapping.

"Let's go to the shiny house! I wanna see it!" She's been calling the gigantic glass box thing near our gate "the shiny house" since we first passed it.

*Focus, focus. What comes next? What rhymes with "rhythm"?* But the words are gone.

And when I finally look up from my notebook, so is Ruqi.

But I didn't lose Ruqi. It's not like that. I bet she's at that glass thing she was talking about. I just got to be cool. Retrace our steps. Head back toward the gate.

I see that glass box with the silver tracks and metal balls inside that gleam even from a distance and almost run. Almost. I catch myself and remember the brand-new sneakers I'm wearing—white Air Force 1s that I finally convinced Mom to buy me. I'm not getting creases in them for nobody! Definitely not Ruqi. I speed-walk without bending my feet. It's kind of a waddle, but I do it smooth.

She's got to be there. It's surrounded by kids wearing kufis and khimars, which makes me smile as I pass my hand over my own kufi. There's hundreds of Muslims in this airport. Like us, everyone's leaving MONA, the Muslims of North America conference.

Inside that big glass box is a contraption of balls ping-ponging and spiraling around tracks and gears in chain reaction after chain reaction. It's kind of cool how they keep following the same mazelike path. I read the placard on the front: RUBE GOLDBERG MACHINE.

I almost reach out to pull the golden lever that activates the machine. I put my hands in my front hoodie pocket instead. A little boy pulls it, and five hanging steel balls start swinging back and forth. One ball hits the others. Clack! And the others hit back. Clack . . . clack, clack . . . clack, every ball has an impact. With all that going on, I see why little kids like Ruqi are into this thing.

But as I search the hijabbed heads around the machine, I don't see Ruqi's silver scarf with the sparkly unicorn headband she wears everywhere. I don't see Ruqi's face. My chest tightens. Is Ruqi okay? *Of course, she's okay! Breathe. Think . . . think . . .* Where would she go?

I feel a buzz in my pocket and check my texts.

**Mom:** Salaam. Sorry I'm taking so long. Hamza got poop everywhere. You two all right?

*Where would Ruqi go?*

**Me:** Yeah we're cool. I'm taking Ruqi to look at iPads.

**Mom:** Great. Meet me back at the gate when you're done.

*Don't panic.*

**Mom:** And sorry I exploded last night. Thanks for helping me so much with your sister.

I hear and feel a whimper come out of me when I think about last night. If Mom finds out I lost track of Ruqi again, I'll get a whole lot worse than yelling.

Vocabulary		Definition
1	Rhythm	A strong, regular pattern of movement or sound
2	Gleam	Shine brightly, especially with reflected light
3	Kufi	A brimless cap worn by Muslims

Scribble It

Imagine you are the sibling who has lost Ruqi, what would you do next

Write 3 bullet points to summarise your next actions.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

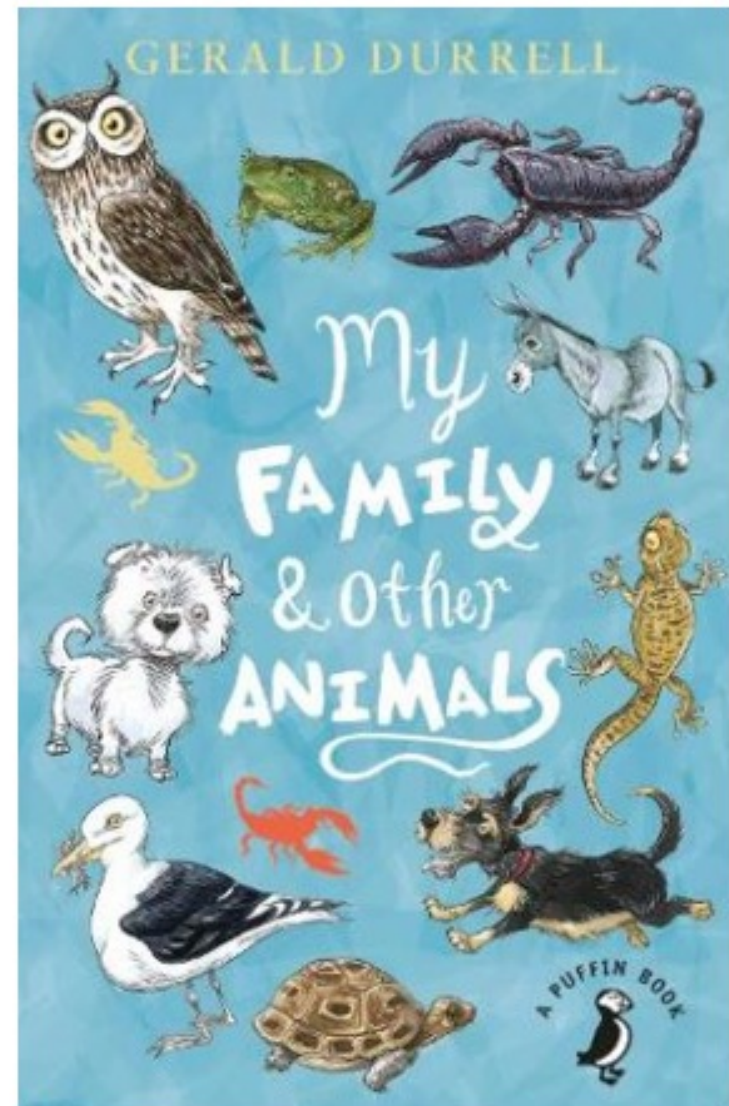
Escaping the ills of the British climate, the Durrell family - acne-ridden Margo, gun-toting Leslie, bookworm Lawrence and budding naturalist Gerry, along with their long-suffering mother and Roger the dog - take off for the island of Corfu.

Ten-year-old Gerald doesn't know why his older brothers and sisters complain so much.

With snakes in the bath and scorpions on the lunch table, the family home on the Greek island of Corfu is a bit like a zoo so they should feel right at home...

### 3 Facts about Gerald Durrell

- ❖ Gerald was a British pioneering naturalist, writer, conservationist, TV presenter and founder of a unique zoo in Jersey
- ❖ Gerald was born in India, but spent his formative years on the Greek island of Corfu, where he came across a variety of creatures
- ❖ He wrote around 40 books, mainly about his life as an animal collector and enthusiast





## The Migration

July had been blown out like a candle by a biting wind that ushered in a leaden August sky. A sharp, stinging drizzle fell, billowing into opaque grey sheets when the wind caught it. Along the Bournemouth sea-front the beach-huts turned blank wooden faces towards a greeny-grey, froth-chained sea that leapt eagerly at the cement bulwark of the shore. The gulls had been tumbled inland over the town, and they now drifted above the housetops on taut wings, whining peevishly. It was the sort of weather calculated to try anyone's endurance.

Considered as a group my family was not a very prepossessing sight that afternoon, for the weather had brought with it the usual selection of ills to which we were prone. For me, lying on the floor, labelling my collection of shells, it had brought catarrh, pouring it into my skull like cement, so that I was forced to breathe stertorously through open mouth. For my brother

Leslie, hunched dark and glowering by the fire, it had inflamed the convolutions of his ears so that they bled delicately but persistently. To my sister Margo it had delivered a fresh dappling of acne spots to a face that was already blotched like a red veil. For my mother there was a rich, bubbling cold, and a twinge of rheumatism to season it. Only my eldest brother, Larry, was untouched, but it was sufficient that he was irritated by our failings.

It was Larry, of course, who started it. The rest of us felt too apathetic to think of anything except our own ills, but Larry was designed by Providence to go through life like a small, blond firework, exploding ideas in other people's minds, and then curling up with cat-like unctuousness and refusing to take any blame for the consequences. He had become increasingly irritable as the afternoon wore on. At length, glancing moodily round the room, he decided to attack Mother, as being the obvious cause of the trouble.

'Why do we stand this bloody climate?' he asked suddenly, making a gesture towards the rain-distorted window. 'Look at it! And, if it comes to that, look at us ... Margo swollen up like a plate of scarlet porridge ... Leslie wandering around with fourteen fathoms of cotton wool in each ear ... Gerry sounds as though he's had a cleft palate from birth ... And look at you: you're looking more decrepit and hag-ridden every day.'

Mother peered over the top of a large volume entitled *Easy Recipes from Rajputana*.

'Indeed I'm not,' she said indignantly.

'You *are*,' Larry insisted; 'you're beginning to look like an Irish washerwoman ... and your family looks like a series of illustrations from a medical encyclopedia.'

Mother could think of no really crushing reply to this, so she contented herself with a glare before retreating once more behind her book.

'What we need is sunshine,' Larry continued; 'don't you agree, Les? ... Les ... *Les!*'

Leslie unravelled a large quantity of cotton-wool from one ear.

'What d'you say?' he asked.

'There you are!' said Larry, turning triumphantly to Mother, 'it's become a major operation to hold a conversation with him. I ask you, what a position to be in! One brother can't hear what you say, and the other one can't be understood. Really, it's time something was done. I can't be expected to produce deathless prose in an atmosphere of gloom and eucalyptus.'

'Yes, dear,' said Mother vaguely.

'What we all need,' said Larry, getting into his stride again, 'is sunshine ... a country where we can *grow*.'

'Yes, dear, that would be nice,' agreed Mother, not really listening.

'I had a letter from George this morning – he says Corfu's wonderful. Why don't we pack up and go to Greece?'

'Very well, dear, if you like,' said Mother unguardedly.

Where Larry was concerned she was generally very careful not to commit herself.

'When?' asked Larry, rather surprised at this cooperation.

Mother, perceiving that she had made a tactical error, cautiously lowered *Easy Recipes from Rajputana*.

'Well, I think it would be a sensible idea if you were to go on ahead, dear, and arrange things. Then you can write and tell me if it's nice, and we all can follow,' she said cleverly.

Larry gave her a withering look.

'You said *that* when I suggested going to Spain,' he reminded her, 'and I sat for two interminable months in Seville, waiting for you to come out, while you did nothing except write me massive letters about drains and drinking-water, as though I was the Town Clerk or something. No, if we're going to Greece, let's all go together.'

'You do *exaggerate*, Larry,' said Mother plaintively; 'anyway, I can't go just like that. I have to arrange something about this house.'

'Arrange? Arrange what, for heaven's sake? Sell it.'

'I can't do that, dear,' said Mother, shocked.

'Why not?'

'But I've only just bought it.'

'Sell it while it's still untarnished, then.'

'Don't be ridiculous, dear,' said Mother firmly; 'that's quite out of the question. It would be madness.'

So we sold the house and fled from the gloom of the English summer, like a flock of migrating swallows.

Vocabulary		Definition
1	opaque	Not to be seen through, not transparent
2	taut	Stretched and pulled tight, the opposite of slack/ loose
3	migration	Movement from one place to another, relocation

Say It

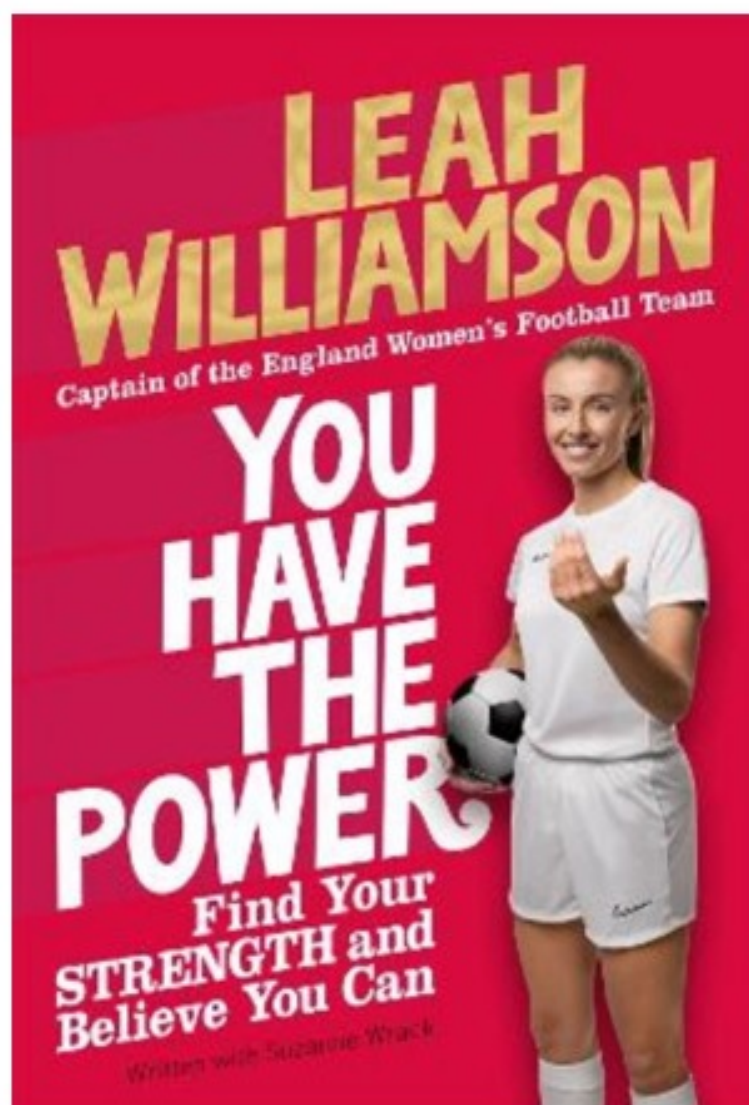
In your own words, explain why Larry suggests that his family migrate to Corfu.

In the summer of 2022 Leah led the Lionesses to victory in the European Championships - now she wants to show you that you can achieve anything you put your mind to, both on and off the pitch, no matter what other people say.

This positive guide for life will inspire you to lead like a pro and motivate you to do what you love. Filled with stories from Leah's own life and tons of brilliant advice, to show young people how to find their strength and empower them to follow their dreams.

### 3 Facts about Leah Williamson

- ❖ Leah's footballing journey began at the age of six when her gymnastics teacher threw a football out for the girls to play with after a session
- ❖ She is the current captain of the England Women's football team
- ❖ Leah was awarded an OBE in the 2023 New Year Honours list for her services to football



# Do What You Love

When I was growing up, lots of people thought girls weren't interested in football. I never really understood why.

For as long as I can remember, I have **LOVED** football.

I can't tell you when I started loving football, but I can tell you why – my family loves football. They always have, and that's why I loved football too, right from the moment I understood what it was. (And probably even before then!) We shared it as a passion.



My brother Jacob is five years younger than me, which meant that we lived quite different lives, but football was the one thing that we always had in common. We'd play in the garden all the time, and sometimes our parents would take us to Regent's Park in London where we'd put our jumpers down as goalposts and have a game of footie, two-on-two. It was always a good battle!

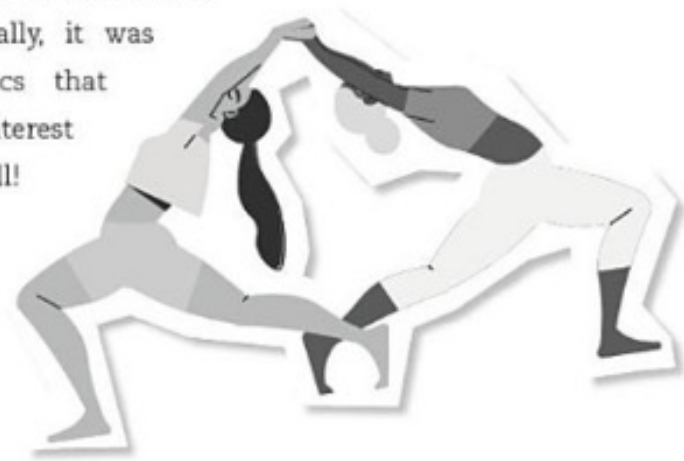
Football also divided our house. You see, my mum is a massive Arsenal fan, but my dad is an avid Tottenham supporter – and they're Arsenal's biggest rivals! My mum was determined that I would be an Arsenal supporter like her. There was **NO WAY** she was going to let my dad recruit me to Tottenham (he did try though). When I was five, he took me to a match at White Hart Lane, Tottenham's stadium. We said goodbye to mum and headed to London. Before we went into the stadium, my dad bought me a Tottenham shirt for me to change into – my mum would never let me wear one so he had to be sneaky about it! It was a really fun day, but it only took one trip to see The Arsenal and I was sold. There are loads of things that are great about Arsenal, but the main reason I loved it was because I went with my mum and my grandma. When I went to watch Tottenham with my dad – I didn't feel out of place, but I was aware of being a girl surrounded by boys and men. So being able to share football with my mum and grandma at Arsenal games felt very special. I've loved Arsenal ever since. I've always felt at home there.

My dad won my brother over to Tottenham though – disaster! – but it meant we had a good fun rivalry at home.



From an early age, my family instilled in me that it's important to do what you love, and follow your passions. Football was that passion for me. Not just watching it but playing it too, even though it hasn't always been an easy journey.

Not many people know this, but when I was small I didn't walk properly. My toes pointed inwards instead of straight forward. When your feet point inwards like that it's called 'in-toeing' or being 'pigeon-toed'. To help correct it, I've had to wear insoles in my shoes my whole life. The doctors said I should try gymnastics or horse riding, as they might help to make my feet straighter and could help me avoid having to wear a brace on the back of my legs. So, I started gymnastics lessons when I was two years old. That meant going to the gym just down the road from my grandma's house four evenings a week. I did gymnastics right up until I started in the Arsenal academy when I was nine, at which point it got too difficult to do both. Ironically, it was doing gymnastics that developed my interest in playing football!



My gymnastics coach loved football, and at the end of every session on Friday, if we finished a little early and were waiting for our parents to pick us up, he would get out a football and we would kick it about. It was brilliant because everyone would get involved. Gymnastics is an individual sport, but when we played football together at the end of the sessions I got a taste for what it would be like to be a part of a team; working together to achieve something. I already loved my team at home, my family, and now I had an idea of what it was like to be a part of a team outside of that family unit.



Vocabulary		Definition
1	passion	Strong emotion
2	avid	Eager and enthusiastic
3	rivalry	Competition for the same objective, opposition

#### Say It

Share with someone an interest/ hobby that you are passionate about and give a minimum of three reasons for your feelings.



ePlatform

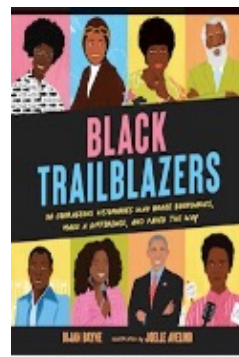
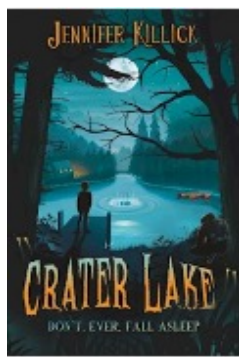
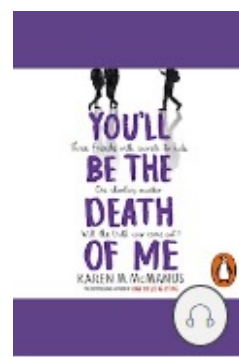
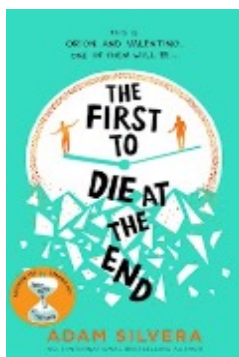
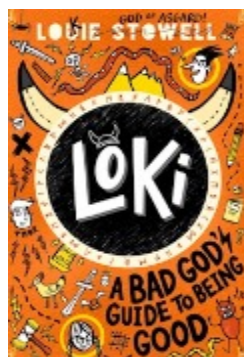
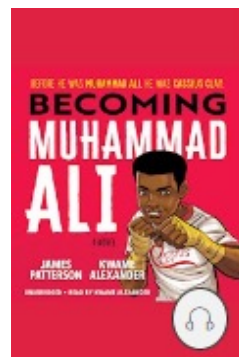


WILMSLOW HIGH SCHOOL

# ePlatform

Over the holidays our virtual library- ePlatform- will stay open to all students 24/7.

Here are some of the newest releases of eBooks and Audiobooks currently available.



# ACTIVE READING

## 1. PREPARATION

- 01 Choose a good book, get some help with your selection
- 02 Build in time for reading daily
- 03 Find a quiet place to read
- 04 Remove all distractions: no TV, no phones, no games, no music (**FOCUS!**)
- 05 Aim to read for 20 minutes a day
- 06 **EQUIPMENT:** e.g. reading rules, glasses, reading lamp



## 2. ACTIVE READING

- 01 Have a brief recap about what you read last time, e.g. events, characters
- 02 Model reading out loud
- 03 Take turns reading out loud
- 04 Allocate characters during sections with dialogue
- 05 **CHORAL READING:** Read words/short sentences out loud together
- 06 Give time for decoding (break down words 'awkward silences' are OK!)
- 07 Pick out key words/interesting phrases to discuss
- 08 Pay attention to punctuation
- 09 Model correct pronunciation to mispronounced words (making mistakes is OK!)
- 10 Be engaging, be encouraging, be positive!



### 3. CHECKING FOR UNDERSTANDING

01 Summarise what you have read: **SAY IT, SCRIBBLE IT, SKETCH IT.**

02 Ask questions: **What? When? How? Where? Why?**

03 Make a prediction about what could happen next: **SAY IT, SCRIBBLE IT, SKETCH IT.**

**H** **SAY** **I** **T** **S**  
**SCRIBBLE**  
**SKETCH**

**HOW WE TEACH @ WILMSLOW HIGH SCHOOL**

If you have any questions or feedback, please contact: [cboden@wilmslowhigh.com](mailto:cboden@wilmslowhigh.com)



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