

MY READING ePASSPORT

NAME:

PRIMARY SCHOOL:



Your task is to read a book, poem and article and read/listen to the short story before you start in Year 7!

You must also complete two activities from our pick 'n' mix selection – one can be about any story, poem or article you have read, the other must be about one of the items from this passport.

You may print the passport or just complete it on your computer or tablet. Make sure you save it somewhere safe because we will ask you to share your completed passport with your English teacher at CamVC at the start of Year 7.

If there are any stories, articles or poems you have particularly enjoyed, perhaps you could write a review to share with others.

Don't forget to make a note of any new words you have learned.



Happy Reading 😊

If you would like some ideas of books and authors to read, here are a few suggestions to get you started or use this link: <https://www.booktrust.org.uk/books-and-reading/bookfinder/> You can borrow in person or online from your local library: <https://www.cambridgeshire.gov.uk/residents/libraries-leisure-culture/libraries/borrow>

Anything by:

Michael Morpurgo
Malorie Blackman
Lemony Snickett
Philip Pullman
Jaqueline Wilson
Anne Fine
Antony Horowitz
Chris Riddell
David Almond
Helen Moss
Roald Dahl

Choose one from a series:

Famous Five - Enid Blyton
Ruby Redford series - Lauren Child
Percy Jackson - Rick Riordan
Roman Mysteries - Caroline Lawrence
Artemis Fowl - Eoin Colfer
Skulduggery Pleasant - Derek Landy
The Chronicles of Narnia - CS Lewis
The Demon Headmaster - G Cross
Ballet Shoes - Noel Streatfield
Murder Most Unladylike - R Stevens

These novels:

The Odyssey - Geraldine McCaughrean
Holes - Louis Sachar
The Iron Man - Ted Hughes
Tom's Midnight Garden - Philippa Pearce
Stig of the Dump - Clive King
Goodnight Mister Tom - Michelle Magorian
The Silver Sword - Ian Serrallier
The Weirdstone of Brisingamen - A Garner
Tarka the Otter - Henry Williamson
The Secret Garden - Frances Hodgson Burnett
What Katy Did - Susan M Coolidge
Millions - Frank Cottrell Boyce
Anne of Green Gables - LM Montgomery
Little House on the Prairie - Laura Ingalls Wilder
The Animals of Farthing Wood - Colin Dann
Watership Down - Richard Adams
The Railway Children - E. Nesbit
Feather Boy - Nicky Singer
Boy Overboard - Morris Gleitzman
The Life of Stephen Lawrence - Verna Allette Wilkins
Talking Turkeys - Benjamin Zephaniah
Too Much Trouble - Tom Avery
The Unforgotten Coat - Frank Cottrell Boyce

1. Book		Rating:
Title:		
Author:		
Date you finished reading it:		
What did you like/dislike about the story?		
2. Poem		Rating:
Title:		
Date you read it:		
What did you like/dislike about the poem?		
3. Article		Rating:
Title:		
Date you read it:		
Something you learned from the article:		
4. Short Story		Rating:
Title and Author:	Paula Brown's Snowsuit by Sylvia Plath	
Date you read it:		
What did you like/dislike about the story?		

NEW WORDS I HAVE LEARNED

Word ★	Definition

Short Story

Read the story and complete the tasks that follow:

PAULA BROWN'S SNOWSUIT, by SYLVIA PLATH

AUDIO LINK <https://tinyurl.com/paulabrownsnowsuit>

Saturday was bitterly cold, and the skies were grey and blurred with the threat of snow. I was dallying home from the store that afternoon, curling up my chilled fingers in my mittens, when I saw a couple of kids playing tag in front of Paula Brown's house.

a. What was the weather like on Saturday?

b. What game was being played in front of Paula's house?

Paula stopped in the middle of the game to eye me coldly. 'We need someone else,' she said. 'Want to play?' She tagged me on the ankle then, and I hopped around and finally caught Sheldon Fein as he was bending down to fasten one of his fur-lined overshoes. An early thaw had melted away the snow in the street, and the tarred pavement was gritted with sand left from the snow trucks. In front of Paula's house somebody's car had left a glittering black stain of oil slick.

c. Who was the first person Sylvia touched after she started to play?

d. What had somebody's car left in front of Paula's house?

We were running about in the street, retreating to the hard brown lawns when the one who was 'It' came too close. Jimmy Lane came out of his house and stood watching us for a short while and then joined in. Every time he was 'It', he chased Paula in her powder blue snowsuit, and she screamed shrilly and looked round at him with her wide watery eyes, and he always managed to catch her.

e. Who came out of his house to watch?

f. When Jimmy was 'It', who did he chase after?

Only one time she forgot to look where she was going, and as Jimmy reached out to tag her, she slid into the oil slick. We all froze as she went down in her side as if we were playing statues. No-one said a word, and for a minute there was only the sound of planes across the bay. The dull green light of afternoon came closing down on us, cold and final as a window blind.

g. What happened when Paula forgot to look where she was going?

h. How did they all react when she fell?

Paula's snowsuit was smeared wet and black with oil along the side. Her angora mittens were dripping like black cat's fur. Slowly she sat up and looked at us standing around her, as if searching for something. Then, suddenly, her eyes fixed on me.

'You,' she said deliberately, pointing at me, 'you pushed me.'

There was another second of silence, and then Jimmy Lane turned on me. 'You did it,' he taunted. 'You did it.'

i. Who did Paula blame for the accident?

j. What did Jimmy Lane do and say at this moment?

Sheldon and Paula and Jimmy and the rest of them faced me with a strange joy flickering in the back of their eyes. 'You did it, you pushed her,' they said.

And even when I shouted 'I did not!' they were all moving on me, chanting in a chorus, 'Yes, you did, yes, you did, we saw you.' In the well of faces moving toward me I saw no help, and I began to wonder if Jimmy had pushed Paula, or if she had fallen by herself, and I was not sure. I wasn't sure at all.

I started walking past them, walking home, determined not to run, but when I had left them behind me, I felt the sharp thud of a snowball on my left shoulder, and another. I picked up a faster stride and rounded the corner by Kelly's. There was my dark brown shingled house ahead of me, and inside, Mother and Uncle Frank, home on leave. I began to run in the cold raw evening toward the bright squares of light in the windows that were home.

k. What did Sylvia shout?

l. Copy down the words that suggest Sylvia is being bullied

m. Copy down the words that suggest Sylvia is getting confused about what actually happened.

n. What did she feel on her shoulder after turning and walking away from them?

o. Who does she think will be in her house when she gets home?

Uncle Frank met me at the door. ‘How’s my favourite trooper?’ he asked, and he swung me so high in the air that my head grazed the ceiling. There was a big love in his voice that drowned out the shouting that still echoed in my ears.

‘I’m fine,’ I lied, and he taught me some jujitsu in the living room until Mother called us for supper.

Candles were set on the white linen tablecloth, and miniature flames flickered in the silver and the glasses. I could see another room reflected beyond the dark dining-room window where the people laughed and talked in a secure web of light, held together by its indestructible brilliance.

All at once the doorbell rang, and Mother rose to answer it. I could hear David Sterling’s high clear voice in the hall. There was a cold draft from the open doorway, but he and Mother kept on talking, and he did not come in. When Mother came back to the table, her face was sad. ‘Why didn’t you tell me?’ she said, ‘why didn’t you tell me that you pushed Paula in the mud and spoiled her new snowsuit?’

A mouthful of chocolate pudding blocked my throat, thick and bitter. I had to wash it down with milk. Finally I said, ‘I didn’t do it.’

But the words came out like hard dry little seeds, hollow and insincere. I tried again. ‘I didn’t do it. Jimmy Lane did it.’

‘Of course we’ll believe you.’ Mother said slowly, ‘but the whole neighbourhood is talking about it. Mrs Sterling heard the story from Mrs Fein and sent David over to say we should buy Paula a new snowsuit. I can’t understand it.’

‘I didn’t do it,’ I repeated, and the blood beat in my ears like a slack drum. I pushed my chair away from the table, not looking at Uncle Frank or Mother sitting there, solemn and sorrowful in the candlelight.

p. What did Uncle Frank do after saying ‘How’s my favourite trooper?’

q. In para 12, what mood was Sylvia’s mother in when she came back to the table?

r. What was Sylvia eating at the time?

s. Does Sylvia’s mother believe her story?

t. When Sylvia again says she didn’t do it, how is she feeling?

The staircase to the second floor was dark, but I went down the long hall to my room without turning on the light switch and shut the door. A small unripe moon was shafting squares of greenish light along the floor and the windowpanes were fringed with frost.

I threw myself fiercely down on my bed, dry-eyed and burning.

After a while I heard Uncle Frank coming up the stairs and knocking on my door. When I didn’t answer, he walked in and sat down on my bed. I could see his strong shoulders bulk against the moonlight, but in the shadows his face was featureless.

‘Tell me, Honey,’ he said very softly, ‘tell me. You don’t have to be afraid. We’ll understand. Only tell me what really happened. You have never had to hide anything from me, you know that. Only tell me how it really happened.’

'I told you,' I said. 'I told you what happened, and I can't make it any different. Not even for you I can't make it any different.'

He sighed then and got up to go away. 'Okay, Honey,' he said at the door. 'Okay, but we'll pay for another snowsuit anyway just to make everybody happy, and ten years from now no-one will ever know the difference.'

The door shut behind him and I could hear his footsteps growing fainter as he walked off down the hall. I lay there alone in bed, feeling the black shadow creeping up the underside of the world like a flood tide.

u. Why did Sylvia throw herself down on the bed in her room?

v. How did Uncle Frank say 'Tell me honey'?

w. Do you think he believes her story? Explain why.

x. What does Uncle Frank say they will do just to make everybody happy?

POEMS

Invictus – by W E Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

Caterpillar – by Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

Still I Rise – by Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken?
Bowed head and lowered eyes?
Shoulders falling down like teardrops,
Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your
hatefulness,

But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds
At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame
I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain
I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and
fear
I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously
clear

I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors
gave,
I am the dream and the hope of the
slave.

I rise
I rise
I rise.

What is Pink? – by Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.
What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

ARTICLES

King Charles celebrates 75th birthday by launching new food charity initiative

The King decided to spend his birthday helping launch his Coronation Food Project at a food distribution centre with the Queen.

By Dylan Donnelly, news reporter

The King has celebrated his 75th birthday by helping to launch a new food charity initiative.

Joined by the Queen at his side, the King visited a food distribution hub in Oxfordshire to kick-start his Coronation Food Project - which aims to support charities feeding the nation with unwanted food.

While at a tour of the South Oxfordshire Food and Education Alliance, the King walked over to the delivery vans and a small group of people nearby began singing Happy Birthday.

After the impromptu celebration, he greeted Katy Anne Perugia who led the rendition. She said of the meeting: "The King said to us 'how did you know it was my birthday' and we all laughed."

Before leaving, the King also met senior representatives from leading supermarkets and budget food retailers who have signed up to the Coronation Food Project pledge to distribute more surplus food.

The King smiled as he was serenaded once again with those invited singing Happy Birthday.

The head of state is the cover star of the latest edition of the Big Issue.

Writing in the magazine, he said: "Food need is as real and urgent a problem as food waste - and if a way could be found to bridge the gap between them, then it would address two problems in one.

"It is my great hope that this Coronation Food Project will find practical ways to do just that - rescuing more surplus food and distributing it to those who need it most."

The King was seen handing seller Kelvin, 61, £10 for the magazine costing £4 at the end of the event in Oxfordshire.

The vendor, who has been homeless for periods of his life since he was a teenager, said of the project: "I think it goes to show he cares, he's reaching out to the general public."

Heatwaves are the new normal in Europe

Can we adapt to the climate crisis? Europe is braced for more sweltering days as the heatwave continues. Some say permanent changes are needed to cope with the new climate reality.

Lisbon, Portugal: Tourist attractions are closed by government order as 80% of the country faces an “exceptional” risk of fires.

Galicia, Spain: The streets are deserted as residents shelter inside during an unusual “red alert” in the north-western region.

Across Europe, the temperatures are rising. In the UK, the heatwave is expected to reach its peak on Monday.

Now, some forecasters believe that the country could face its hottest day ever early next week.

For scientists, record-breaking temperatures are no surprise. In 2019, research revealed that a devastating heatwave was made five times more likely by the **climate crisis**.

It confirmed what many people already suspected: climate change is making Europe’s heat waves more frequent, more intense and longer-lasting.

“Climate change is happening here and now,” declares Oxford professor Friederike Otto. “It is not a problem for our kids only.”

There is no doubt: Europe will face more heatwaves. In 2003, the heat killed an astonishing **70,000 people**. This is because we struggle to regulate body temperature in extreme heat, especially if we are not used to it.

And Europe was simply not built for such high temperatures. Most homes do not have air conditioning. Towns and cities are densely packed, which makes them even hotter. Roads and railways begin to melt.

Across Europe, struggling cities are racing to adapt. French officials are offering free access to swimming pools. In Vienna, water spray misting stations have been set up in the streets.

Other towns are planting more **trees** to provide shade and lower air temperatures. Scientists are clear: a solution to the **sweltering** nights must be found. And for now, there is no sign of the heatwaves stopping any time soon.
Can we adapt to the climate crisis?

What is Feminism?

We've probably all heard the word. But what is it? What does it mean? And who can be a feminist? Well, anyone of any age, race, religion or gender, from any culture or background can! Simply put, feminism is the belief that men and women should be equal in all ways, both in law and in everyday life.

Feminism primarily focuses on women, but it isn't just for women and girls: it fights for fair representation of every gender. You may assume that feminism is a modern thing or a new way of thinking, but the truth is feminism has been around for longer than most of us can remember. The most famous example would be the suffragettes. This group began to form in the 19th century but came into force in 1903. They fought through protest to win the right to vote (and for many other women's rights) in the UK. They eventually won this fight in 1928, meaning that women as well as men could vote in the country's parliamentary elections. Today, a big focus of feminism is on girls' rights to education, and the prevention of street harassment and discrimination in the workplace. For example, Malala Yousafzai campaigns for girls' education in Middle Eastern countries. Actor Emma Watson has also spoken about feminism lots of times at the United Nations and is one of today's most famous feminists. However, you don't have to be famous to be a feminist – and there is no particular 'right' way of being feminist: there are plenty of things you can do, even in your local community, to help in the fight for gender equality.

ACTIVITIES PICK 'N' MIX

• WRITE



- Write a letter to a character from one of the books you have read.
- Write a diary entry for a character from one of the books you have read.
- Write a book/poem/article review.
- Answer this: why was an event in one of the books so important?
- Answer this: why was the opening line of one of the books particularly good?
- Write a poem about one of the books/ articles you have read.

DRAW



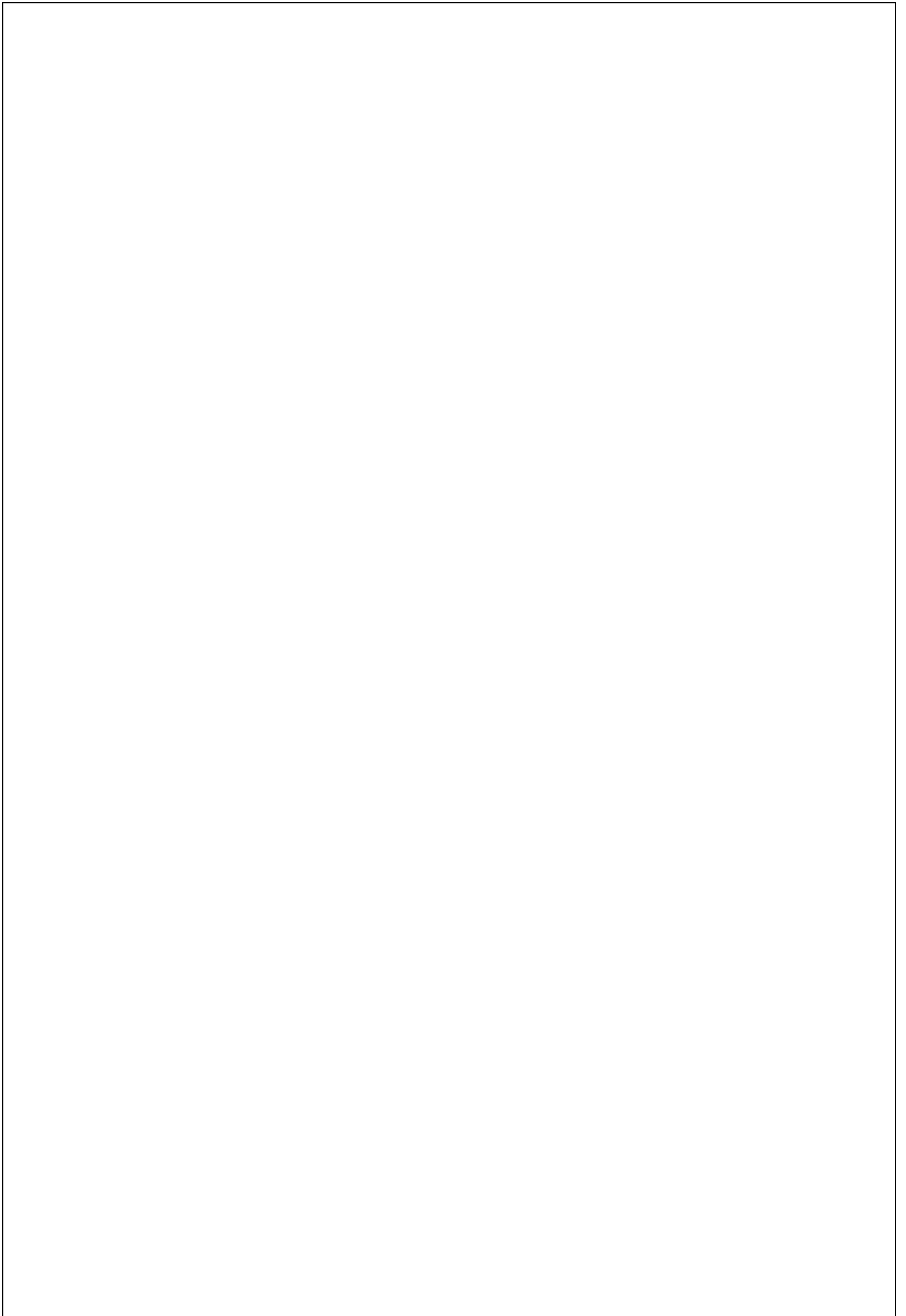
- Draw a picture of (or take a photo that represents) an important scene one of the books.
- Draw a picture (or take a photo) that represents one of the poems/ articles you have read

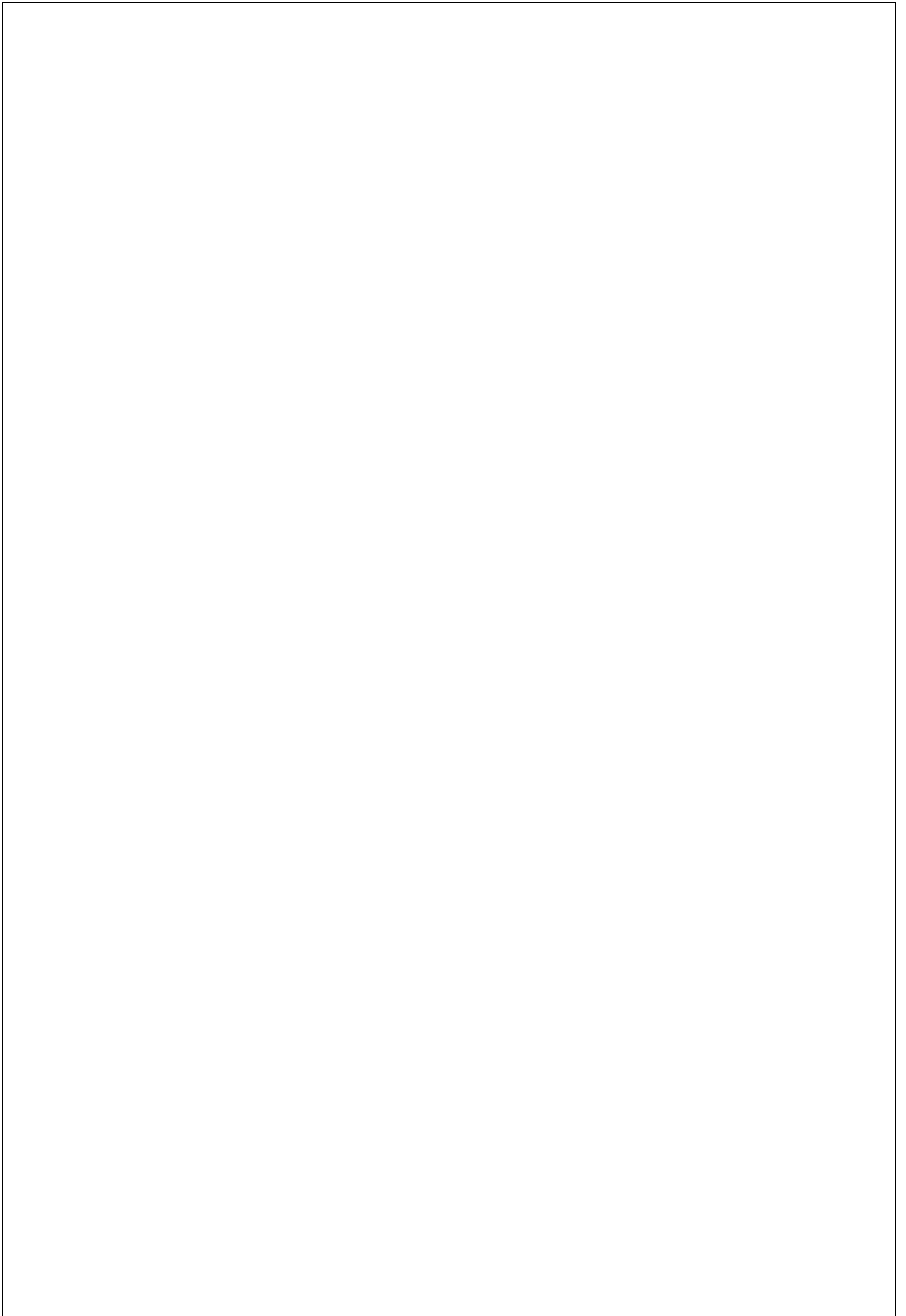
CREATE



- Create an information leaflet based on one of the articles you have read.
- Create a book trailer (record or video).
- Create a bookmark for one of the books you have read.
- *If you have any other activity that you would like to do instead, check with your teacher first.*

The blank pages at the end of the passport can be used for these activities.

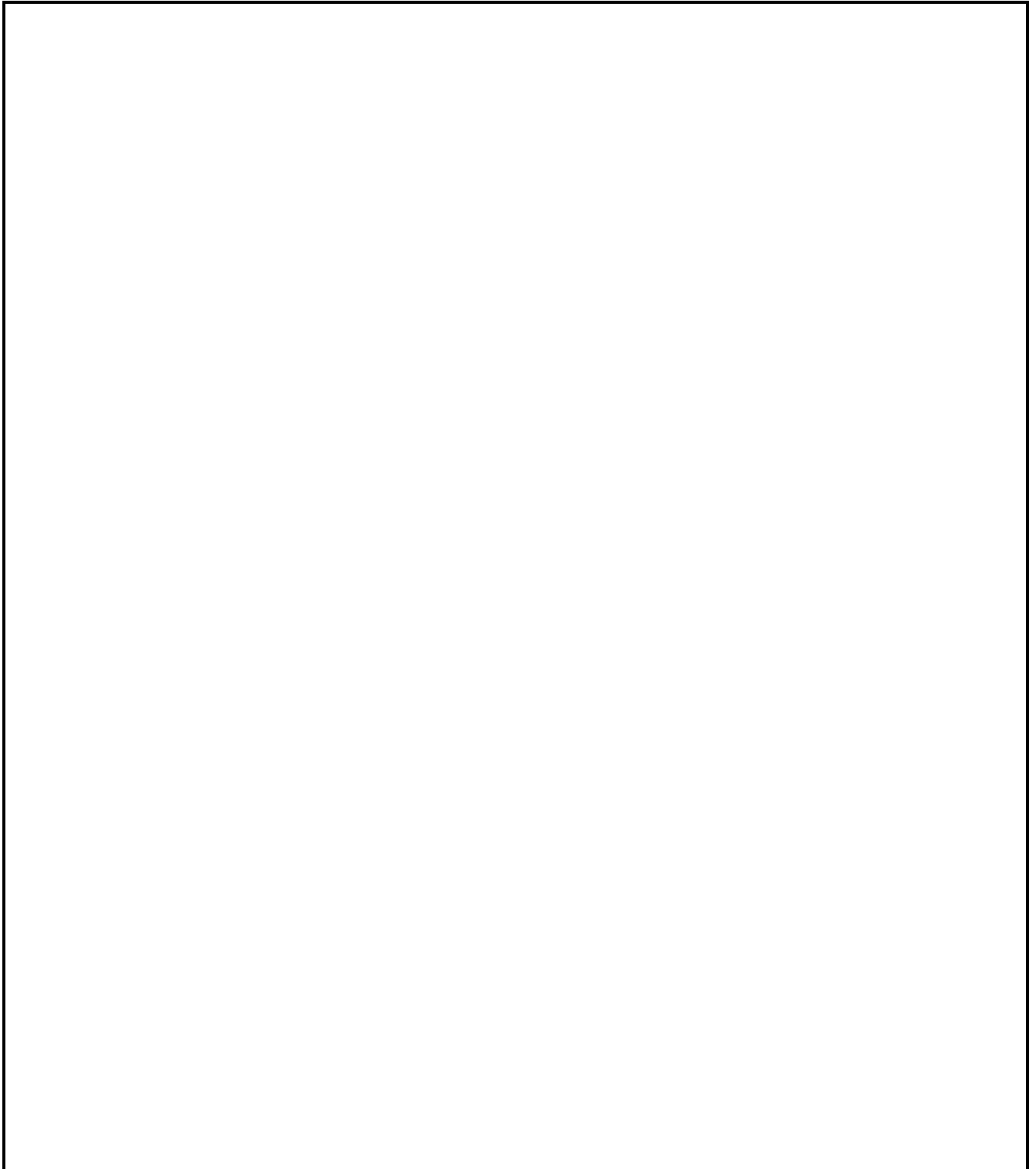




CONGRATULATIONS

YOU HAVE COMPLETED YOUR PASSPORT

Which was your favourite read? Why?

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, intended for the user to write their answer to the question above.