



THE MORE THAT YOU READ, THE  
MORE THINGS YOU WILL KNOW.  
THE MORE THAT YOU LEARN, THE  
MORE PLACES YOU'LL GO.

- DR. SEUSS

## Key Stage 3 Additional Reading Booklet 1

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter: \_\_\_\_\_

## **Extract from *The Boy at the back of the Class* by Onjalu Q Raúf (2018)**

There used to be an empty chair at the back of my classroom. It wasn't a special chair. It was just empty because there was no one sitting in it. But then, one day just three weeks after school started, the most exciting thing that could ever happen to anyone, happened to me and my three best friends. And it all began with that chair.

Usually, the best thing about starting a brand-new term is that you get extra pocket money to buy new stationery with. Every year, on the last Sunday of the summer holidays, my mum takes me on an Extra Special Adventure to hunt down my stationery set for the new school year. Sometimes I get so excited that my feet feel jumpy inside and I don't know which shop I want to go into first. There aren't many nice stationery shops where I live – they only ever have boring dinosaur sets for boys or princess sets for girls. So Mum takes me on the bus and train into the city where there are whole streets of shops – even huge department stores that look like tall blocks of flats from the outside.

Last year, I found a space-themed set with pictures of an astronaut floating past the moon. It was on sale too, so I bought a pencil case, a maths set, rubbers and a long ruler – and still had nearly a pound left over! The ruler is one of my favourite stationery pieces, because the astronaut floats across it in water mixed with silver stars. I played with it so much that the astronaut got stuck to one side and couldn't be bothered to move again. But it wasn't my fault. Mr Thompson, our teacher last year, had such a boring voice that my hands needed something to do. That's why it's important to have fun stationery with you in class – because you never know when you'll need to stop your brain from falling asleep or doing something that might get you into detention.

This year, I bought a Tintin and Snowy set. I love Tintin. Even though he's only a character in a comic book and isn't real, I want to be just like him when I grow up. I think being a reporter and getting to solve mysteries and go on adventures must be the best job in the world. My mum and dad used to buy me a brand new Tintin comic book for my birthdays, and Mum saves all the comics her library are about to throw away because they're too old or ripped and gives them to me, so I have a whole collection of them now. I've read them all at least fifty times. But I'll have to think of another pet to travel with because I'm allergic to dogs. I don't think cats or hamsters or even trained mice could be half as useful as a Tintin's dog, Snowy. And even though I've thought about it for at least a year now, I still haven't come up with anything.

Because the Tintin stationery set was a lot more expensive than the astronaut one and wasn't on sale, I could only buy a pencil case, a small ruler and two rubbers. I had to think about it for a very long time but in the end, I decided spending all my pocket money in one go was worth it. Not just because everything had Tintin on it, but because if you press a button on the pencil case, Snowy barks and Captain Haddock's voice cries out 'Blistering barnacles!'. I've already been told off for pressing it in the middle of maths class this year, but if you can't press a barking dog button in maths then I don't see the point of it.

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It was on the third Tuesday after school had started, and Mrs Khan was taking the register. She was just about to call my name when there was a loud knock at the door. Usually when there's a knock on the door it's just someone from another class bringing a note, so no one really pays any attention; but this time it was Mrs Sanders, the Head. Mrs Sanders always wears her hair in the exact same way and peers over her glasses whenever she talks to anyone. Everyone is scared of her, because when she gives detention, she doesn't just make you sit in a room; she makes you memorise long words from

the dictionary and doesn't let you leave until you've learnt them all off by heart – the meaning AND the spelling. I've even heard of lower graders being stuck in detention for hours because they had to learn words that were as long as this page! So when we saw that it was Mrs Sanders at the door, we all fell silent. She looked very serious as she walked up to Mrs Khan, and we all wondered who was in trouble. After she had whispered and nodded for a few seconds, she suddenly turned around and, peering over her glasses at us, pointed to the empty chair at the back of the class. All of us turned around to have a look at the empty chair.

### **Vocabulary**

What is the difference between "stationery" and "stationary"?

Stationery =

Stationary =

Vocabulary  
Infer  
Predict  
Explain  
Retrieve  
Summarise



### **Retrieval**

When does the story take place?

Who was the narrator's teacher last year?

What is the narrator's mum's job?

### **Explain**

- What the narrator usually finds the most exciting at the beginning of term and why.
- What you like most at the beginning of a new term.

**Infer** – What type of person do you think the narrator is and why? What adjectives might you use to describe her?

**Predict** what is going to happen next in the story? Why do you think this?

## **Extract from “Positively Teenage, a positively brilliant guide to teenage well-being” by Nicola Morgan (2018)**

### **Positively You**

We are all the same because we are all human. But we are also all different from each other: each of us is literally unique. So how does this work and what does it mean? And what has understanding this got to do with well-being?

I'll answer that last question first because it is quite simple: understanding ourselves is the beginning to being able to control our lives. The ancient Greeks had a motto: 'Know yourself!', and this is exactly what I mean. First, we need to know what humans are like, how we operate and feel, the basics of human psychology and behaviour. If we know that, we can understand the idea that: I am behaving like this because this is how humans behave; it's normal.

Second, we need to know how we each behave – the ways in which we are different from other people. If we know that, we can understand the idea that: I feel this or do this because I am this sort of person; this is part of me; I might be able to change some behaviours if I want to, but this is how I am.

### **Let's look at what makes us the same.**

A human is a species of animal. Humans share certain things: how our brains and bodies work, how we grow and develop, what we are capable of. If you think of other animals – cats or dolphins or eagles, for example – you'll be able to think of certain things or behaviours that make them cats or dolphins or eagles, things they each have or do that the others don't. Cats, humans and dolphins share some characteristics - for example, they all breathe and they are all mammals – but we can identify a cat, human or dolphin from each other. And even though there are lots of different sorts of cats, many of which look very different, we know they are cats because of their long tails, fur, whiskers, paws, ear-shape etc.

Perhaps the most important thing that makes humans stand out as different and 'human' is the size of our brain and some of the powerful things we can do with it. One part of our brain is particularly large compared with other animals: the prefrontal cortex. If you touch your forehead, your prefrontal cortex is right there behind your skull.

The prefrontal cortex is often called the control centre and we certainly need it when we want control over our actions, words and decisions. But it is more than that. It's what we use for thinking about anything: working things out, for example, or looking ahead to what might happen, using our knowledge and understanding. So the power of our prefrontal cortex is one of the most important features of being human. It's one way in which we are the same as each other, wherever in the world we live, whatever colour, gender or age we are or whatever religious beliefs we have; whether we're poor or rich, at peace or war, bully or victim, sick or healthy, kind or cruel, artist, athlete, nurse, scientist, teacher, shop-worker, builder or politician. We are all the same: human with a human prefrontal cortex, human powers, human behaviours and human emotions. We all bleed, we all hurt. We should never forget that.

But we are also all individual. There are no two people in the world who are *exactly* the same. Even identical twins, who began from the same egg and share identical genes, are not the exact same people, though they may be *very* similar. If you look at the things that make us turn out different, you'll see that some of them apply to identical twins, too.

### **Let's look at what makes us different**

**Different genes we inherit from our biological parents:** 'inherit' means to take from a previous generation. We inherit genes from our parents, some from our biological mother and some from our biological father. If you have an older or younger sibling, they will inherit a different combination of genes, so you might have some things that are the same and some things that are different. If you have an identical sibling, your genes will be identical because you came from the same egg fertilised by the same sperm.

**Everything that has happened to us since the moment we were born:** from huge life events, such as bereavement or illness, to smaller things such as hearing someone say something kind or cruel, being ignored or praised. (It's possible that things that happened whilst we were in our mother's womb might have made a difference, too, though we can't be sure what those differences are and scientific understanding is still growing about this.)

**The values and ideas that we learn from people around us:** when we are children, we tend to absorb and agree with views we hear from adults around us. So, if you are brought up with parents who hold particular opinions, you will probably share those views at first. As you go through adolescence, you may start to develop your own and they may be different in small or large ways.

**The things we have spent time doing:** each of us has spent different amounts of time on different activities. Some have learnt a musical instrument or played badminton; some spend loads of time climbing trees or riding horses or singing or acting or doing maths puzzles or reading books. Everything we spend time on alters us a bit, changing our brain, our knowledge, skills and tastes.

Our age and stage of life: at different stages of life we will have different skills and knowledge and different desires, responsibilities, needs and priorities. A teenager has different things to think about from a small child who relies on their parents for everything; a new parent has different concerns from someone the same age but without children; someone in their thirties will have different concerns from someone just retiring.

### Vocabulary

Can you use the word "inherit" in your own sentence?

What does bereavement mean?

What is a synonym for "adolescent"?

Vocabulary  
Infer  
Predict  
Explain  
Retrieve  
Summarise



### Explain

Explain what the prefrontal cortex is as though you were explaining to a primary school child.

### Retrieval

The Ancient Greeks had a motto about well-being. What is it and why is it important?

What is the most important thing that sets humans apart from other animals?

### Summarise

Summarise what makes human different in your own words?

**Extract from Chinese Cinderella, an autobiography by Adeline Yen Mah (1999) of her childhood in China in the 1940s.**

Top of the Class

AUTUMN 1941

As soon as I got home from school, Aunt Baba noticed the silver medal dangling from the left breast pocket of my uniform. She was combing her hair in front of the mirror in our room when I rushed in and plopped my schoolbag down onto my bed.

"What's that hanging on your dress?"

"It's something special that Mother Agnes gave me in front of the whole class this afternoon. She called it an award."

My aunt looked thrilled. "So soon? You only started kindergarten a week ago. What is it for?"

"It's for leading my class this week. When Mother Agnes pinned it on my dress, she said I could wear it for seven days. Here, this certificate goes with it." I opened my schoolbag and handed her an envelope as I climbed onto her lap.

She opened the envelope and took out the certificate. "Why, it's all written in French or English or some other foreign language. How do you expect me to read this, my precious little treasure?" I knew she was pleased because she was smiling as she hugged me. "One day soon," she continued, "you'll be able to translate all this into Chinese for me. Until then, we'll just write today's date on the envelope and put it away somewhere safe. Go close the door properly and put on the latch so no one will come in."

I watched her open her closet door and take out her safe-deposit box. She took the key from a gold chain around her neck and placed my certificate underneath her jade bracelet, pearl necklace and diamond watch, as if my award were also some precious jewel impossible to replace.

As she closed the lid, an old photograph fell out. I picked up the faded picture and saw a solemn young man and woman, both dressed in old-fashioned Chinese robes. The man looked rather familiar.

"Is this a picture of my father and dead mama?" I asked.

"No. This is the wedding picture of your grandparents. Your Ye Ye was twenty-six and your Nai Nai was only fifteen." She quickly took the photo from me and locked it into her box.

"Do you have a picture of my dead mama?"

She avoided my eyes. "No. But I have wedding pictures of your father and your stepmother, Niang. You were only one year old when they married. Do you want to see them?"

"No. I've seen those before. I just want to see one of my own mama. Do I look like her?" Aunt Baba did not reply, but busied herself with putting the safe-deposit box back into her closet. After a while I said, "When did my mama die?"

"Your mother came down with a high fever three days after you were born. She died when you were two weeks old. . . ." She hesitated for a moment, then exclaimed suddenly, "How dirty your hands are! Have you been playing in that sandbox at school again? Go wash them at once! Then come back and do your homework!"

I did as I was told. Though I was only four years old, I understood I should not ask Aunt Baba too many questions about my dead mama. Big Sister once told me, "Aunt Baba and Mama used to be best friends. A long time ago, they worked together in a bank in Shanghai owned by our grandaunt, the youngest sister of Grandfather Ye Ye. But then Mama died giving birth to you. If you had not been born, Mama would still be alive. She died because of you. You are bad luck."

### **Vocabulary/Retrieval**

1. What are the words that are used for Grandfather and Grandmother?

Vocabulary  
Infer  
Predict  
Explain  
Retrieve  
Summarise



### **Inference**

2. Who is Mother Agnes? What is her job?
3. Why do you think Aunt Baba asked Adeline to shut the door so no-one would come in?
4. Does Aunt Baba want to talk about Adeline's mother? Why do you think this?
5. What kind of family do you think Adeline has?

### **Predict**

6. What experiences Adeline might have had growing up in this environment?

## **Extract from Maggot Moon by Sally Gardner (2013).**

### **One**

I'm wondering what if.

What if the football hadn't gone over the wall.

What if Hector had never gone looking for it.

What if he hadn't kept the dark secret to himself.

What if . . .

Then I suppose I would be telling myself another story.

You see, the what ifs are as boundless as the stars.

### **Two**

Miss Connolly, our old teacher, always said start your story at the beginning. Make it a clean window for us to see through. Though I don't really think that's what she meant. No one, not even Miss Connolly, dares write about what we see through that smeared glass. Best not to look out. If you have to, then best to keep quiet. I would never be so daft as to write this down, not on paper. .

Even if I could, I couldn't.

You see, I can't spell my own name.

Standish Treadwell.

Can't read, can't write,

Standish Treadwell isn't bright.

Miss Connolly was the only teacher ever to say that what makes Standish stand apart is that he is an original. Hector smiled when I told him that. He said he personally had clocked that one straightaway.

"There are train-track thinkers, then there's you, Standish, a breeze in the park of imagination."

I said that again to myself. "Then there is Standish, with an imagination that breezes through the park, doesn't even see the benches, just notices that there is no dog dirt where dog dirt should be."

### **Three**

I wasn't listening to the lesson when the note arrived from the headmaster's office. Because me and Hector were in the city across the water, in another country where the buildings don't stop rising until they pin the clouds to the sky. Where the sun shines in Technicolor. Life at the end of a rainbow. I don't care what they tell us, I've seen it on the TV. They sing in the streets — they even sing in the rain, sing while dancing round a lamppost.

This is the dark ages. We don't sing.

But this was the best daydream I'd had since Hector and his family vanished. Mostly I tried not to think

about Hector. Instead I liked to concentrate on imagining myself on our planet, the one Hector and I had invented. Juniper. It was better than being worried sick about what had happened to him. Except this was one of the best daydreams I'd had for a long time. It felt as if Hector was near me again. We were driving round in one of those huge, ice-cream-colored Cadillacs. I could almost smell the leather. Bright blue, sky blue, leather seats blue. Hector in the back. Me with my arm resting on the chrome of the wound-down window, my hand on the wheel, driving us home for Croca-Colas in a shiny kitchen with a checked tablecloth and a garden that looks as if the grass was Hoovered.

That's when I became vaguely aware of Mr. Gunnell saying my name.

"Standish Treadwell. You are wanted in the headmaster's office."

Frick-fracking hell! I should have seen that coming. Mr. Gunnell's cane made my eyes smart, hit me so hard on the back of my hand that it left a calling card. Two thin, red weals. Mr. Gunnell wasn't tall but his muscles were made out of old army tanks with well-oiled army-tank arms. He wore a toupee that had a life of its own, battling to stay stuck on the top of his sweaty, shiny head. His other features didn't do him any favours. He had a small, dark, snot-mark moustache that went down to his mouth. He smiled only when using his cane — that smile curdled the corner of his mouth so that his dried-up leech of a tongue stuck out. Thinking about it, I am not sure the word *smile* is right. Maybe it just twisted that way when he applied his mind to his favourite sport, hurting you. He wasn't that worried where the cane landed as long as it hit flesh, made you jump.

**Retrieval** – reread the final paragraph and draw a picture of Mr Gunnell, labelling at least 4 noteworthy features.

Vocabulary  
Infer  
Predict  
Explain  
Retrieve  
Summarise



### **Inference**

What do you understand by the simile below in the first chapter?

"The what ifs are as boundless as the stars"

What is meant by the sentence below from chapter 2? *Hint: think about how train tracks are organised.*

"There are train-track thinkers, then there's you, Standish, a breeze in the park of imagination."

### **What do you think?**

Do you think that the character Standish isn't bright? Why? Why not?

