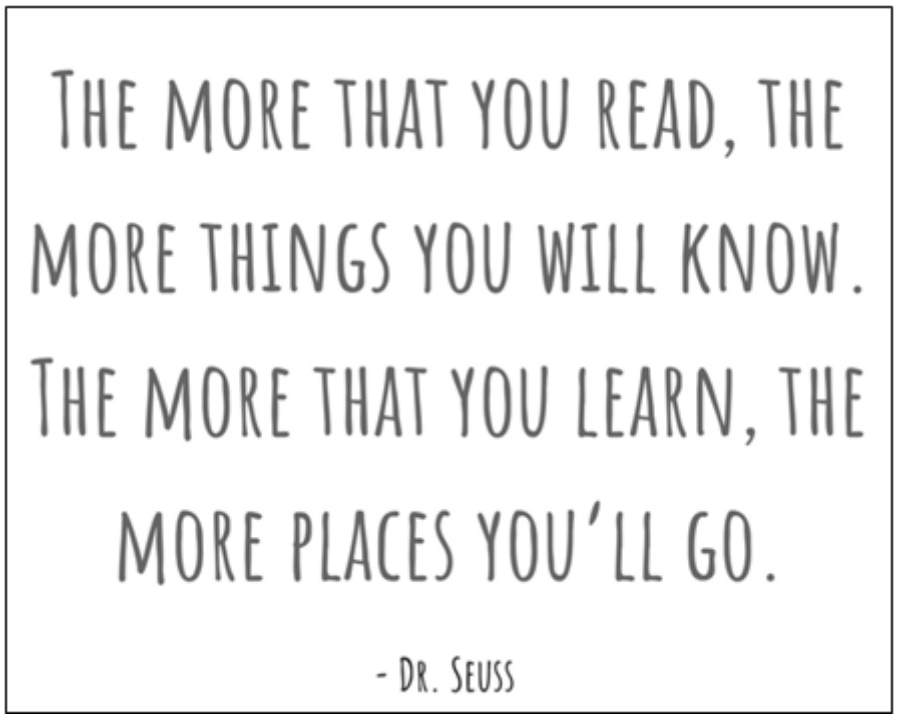
The King's
CHURCH OF ENGLAND
SCHOOL KIDSGROVE



Key Stage 4 Additional Reading Booklet 1

Name: _____

Chapter: _____

Chapter Leader: _____

Extract from *Becoming* by Michelle Obama (2018) an autobiographical story of the former First Lady of America's life.

When I was a kid, my aspirations were simple. I wanted a dog. I wanted a house that had stairs in it— two floors for one family. I wanted, for some reason, a four-door station wagon instead of the two-door Buick that was my father's pride and joy. I used to tell people that when I grew up, I was going to be a paediatrician. Why? Because I loved being around little kids and I quickly learned that it was a pleasing answer for adults to hear. *Oh, a doctor! What a good choice!* In those days, I wore pigtails and bossed my older brother around and managed, always and no matter what, to get As at school. I was ambitious, though I didn't know exactly what I was shooting for. Now I think it's one of the most useless questions an adult can ask a child— *What do you want to be when you grow up?* As if growing up is finite. As if at some point you become something and that's the end.

So far in my life, I've been a lawyer. I've been a vice president at a hospital and the director of a nonprofit that helps young people build meaningful careers. I've been a working-class black student at a fancy mostly white college. I've been the only woman, the only African American, in all sorts of rooms. I've been a bride, a stressed-out new mother, a daughter torn up by grief. And until recently, I was the First Lady of the United States of America— a job that's not officially a job, but that nonetheless has given me a platform like nothing I could have imagined. It challenged me and humbled me, lifted me up and shrank me down, sometimes all at once. I'm just beginning to process what took place over these last years— from the moment in 2006 when my husband first started talking about running for president to the cold morning this winter when I climbed into a limo with Melania Trump, accompanying her to her husband's inauguration. It's been quite a ride.

When you're First Lady, America shows itself to you in its extremes. I've been to fund-raisers in private homes that look more like art museums, houses where people own bathtubs made from gemstones. I've visited families who lost everything in Hurricane Katrina and were tearful and grateful just to have a working refrigerator and stove. I've encountered people I find to be shallow and hypocritical and others— teachers and military spouses and so many more— whose spirits are so deep and strong it's astonishing. And I've met kids— lots of them, all over the world— who crack me up and fill me with hope and who blessedly manage to forget about my title once we start rooting around in the dirt of a garden.

Since stepping reluctantly into public life, I've been held up as the most powerful woman in the world and taken down as an "angry black woman." I've wanted to ask my detractors which part of that phrase matters to them the most— is it "angry" or "black" or "woman"? I've smiled for photos with people who call my husband horrible names on national television, but still want a framed keepsake for their mantel. I've heard about the swampy parts of the internet that question everything about me, right down to whether I'm a woman or a man. A sitting U.S. congressman has made fun of my butt. I've been hurt. I've been furious. But mostly, I've tried to laugh this stuff off.

There's a lot I still don't know about America, about life, about what the future might bring. But I do know myself. My father, Fraser, taught me to work hard, laugh often, and keep my word. My mother, Marian, showed me how to think for myself and to use my voice. Together, in our cramped apartment on the South Side of Chicago, they helped me see the value in our story, in my story, in the larger story of our country. Even when it's not pretty or perfect. Even when it's more real than you want it to be. Your story is what you have, what you will always have. It is something to own.

For eight years, I lived in the White House, a place with more stairs than I can count— plus elevators, a bowling alley, and an in-house florist. I slept in a bed that was made up with Italian linens. Our meals were cooked by a team of world- class chefs and delivered by professionals more highly trained than those at any five-star restaurant or hotel. Secret Service agents, with their earpieces and guns and deliberately flat expressions, stood outside our doors, doing their best to stay out of our family's private life. We got used to it, eventually, sort of— the strange grandeur of our new home and also the constant, quiet presence of others.

The White House is where our two girls played ball in the hallways and climbed trees on the South Lawn. It's where Barack sat up late at night, pouring over briefings and drafts of speeches in the Treaty Room, and where Sunny, one of our dogs, sometimes pooped on the rug. I could stand on the Truman Balcony and watch the tourists posing with their selfie sticks and peering through the iron fence, trying to guess at what went on inside. There were days when I felt suffocated by the fact that our windows had to be kept shut for security, that I couldn't get some fresh air without causing a fuss. There were other times when I'd be awestruck by the white magnolias blooming outside, the everyday bustle of government business, the majesty of a military welcome. There were days, weeks, and months when I hated politics. And there were moments when the beauty of this country and its people so overwhelmed me that I couldn't speak.

Then it was over. Even if you see it coming, even as your final weeks are filled with emotional good-byes, the day itself is still a blur. A hand goes on a Bible; an oath gets repeated. One president's furniture gets carried out while another's comes in. Closets are emptied and refilled in the span of a few hours. Just like that, there are new heads on new pillows— new temperaments, new dreams. And when it ends, when you walk out the door that last time from the world's most famous address, you're left in many ways to find yourself again.

Vocabulary

1. What is an aspiration?

   Do you have any aspirations? I aspire to….

2. What is a paediatrician? (Use the sentences after this word in paragraph 1 to help you)

3. If you are reluctant to do something… you are:
   a) pleased to do it
   b) unwilling and hesitant to do it
   c) angry that you have to do it

Inference
What might Michelle Obama have felt during the times outlined below? Why?

"I've smiled for photos with people who call my husband horrible names on national television, but still want a framed keepsake for their mantel."

Explain what you think Michelle Obama means by the following statement:
"When you're First Lady, America shows itself to you in its extremes."

Predict – Do you think Michelle Obama will ever be a politician? Why/why not?

Extract from *Stasiland* by Anna Funder (2003), a non-fiction book about how East Germans lived under the watch of the Stasi police following the 2nd World War. This extract describes a 16 year old girl's attempt to escape into West Germany.

A train line in the West and one in the East rarely met in divided Germany. At Bornholmer Bridge the western railway line still swoops down from the northwest to the southwest, and the eastern one up from the southeast to the northeast. The shape they make on the map is like figures in profile performing a Maori nose-kiss. At Bornholmer Bridge the border ran, in theory, along the space between the tracks. In other places in Berlin the border, and with it the Wall, cut a strange wound through the city. The Wall went through houses, along streets, along waterways and sliced underground train lines to pieces. Here, instead of cutting the train line, the East Germans built most of the Wall's fortifications in front of the train line on the East, letting their trains run through to the furthest barrier at the end of the death strip.

Miriam climbed through and over the fences separating the gardens, trying to get closer to the Wall. She got as far as she could until she reached a "great, fat hedge" blocking her path. She rummaged around in someone's tool shed for a ladder, and found one. She put it against the hedge, climbed up and took a long look around. The whole strip was lit by a row of huge street lamps on poles, their heads bent in submission at exactly the same angle. Overhead, fireworks had started to fizz and pop for the New Year.

The Bornholmer Bridge was about 150m away. Between her and the West there were a wire mesh fence, a patrol strip, a barbed-wire fence, a 20m wide road for the guards' personnel carriers and a footpath. "Beyond all of that, I could see the wall I had seen from inside the train, the wall that runs along the train line. I assumed that there, behind it, was the West, and I was right. I could have been wrong, but I was right." If she had any future it was over there, and she needed to get to it.

She says suddenly, "I still have the scars on my hands from climbing the barbed wire, but you can't see them so well now." She holds out her hands. The soft parts of her palms are crazed with definite white scars, each about a centimetre long.

The first fence was wire mesh with a roll of barbed wire along the top. "The strange thing is, you know how the barbed wire used to be looped in a sort of tube along the top of the fence? My pants were all ripped up and I got caught - stuck on the roll. I just hung there. I cannot believe no one saw me."

Miriam must have come unstuck, because the next thing she remembers is getting down on all fours and starting her way across the path, across the wide road and over the next strip. The whole area was lit as bright as day. "I just got down on my knees and went for it. But I was careful. I was very slow"' After the footpath she crossed the wide road. She could not feel her body, she felt invisible. She was nothing but nerve endings and fear.

Why didn't they come for her? What were they doing?

She reached the edge of the road and they still had not come. There was a cable suspended about a metre off the ground. She stopped. "I had seen it from my ladder. I thought it might be some sort of alarm or something, so I went down flat on my belly underneath." She crawled across the last stretch to a kink in the wall and crouched and looked and did not breathe. "I stayed there. I was waiting to see what would happen. I just stared." She thought her eyes would come loose from her skull. Where were the guards?

Something shifted, right near her. It was a dog. The huge German Shepherd pointed himself in her direction. The cable was not an alarm: it had dogs chained to it. She could not move. The dog did not move. She thought the guards' eyes would follow the pointing dog to her. She waited for him to bark. If she moved away, along the wall, he would go for her.
"I don't know why it didn't attack me. I don't know how dogs see, but maybe it had been trained to attack moving targets, people running across, and I'd gone on all fours. Maybe it thought I was another dog." They held each other's gaze for what seemed a long time. Then a train went by, and, unusually, it was a steam train. The two of them were covered in a fine mist.

"Perhaps then he lost my scent?" she wonders. Eventually, the dog walked away. Miriam waited another long time. "I thought he would come back for me, but he didn't." She climbed the last barbed-wire fence to reach the top of the wall bordering the railway line. She could see the West - shiny cars and lit streets and the Springer Press building. She could even see the western guards sitting at their sentry posts. The wall was broad. She had about four metres to cross on top of it, and then a little railing to get under. That was all there was. She could not believe it. She wanted to run the last few steps, before they caught her.

"The railing was really only so high," she says, putting an arm out to thigh height. "All I had to do was get under it. I had been so very careful and so very slow. Now I thought, you have only four more steps, just RUN before they get you. But here" - she marks an X, over and over, on the map she has drawn for me - "here, was a tripwire." Her voice is very soft. She marks and re-marks the X till I think the paper will tear. "I did not see the wire."

Sirens went off, wailing. The western sentry huts shone searchlights to find her, and to prevent the easterners from shooting her. The eastern guards took her away quickly.
"You piece of shit," a young one said. They took her to the Berlin Stasi HQ. They bandaged her hands and legs, and that was the first time she noticed her blood or felt any pain. The blood was on her face and in her hair.

"But they really hadn't seen me. No-one had even seen me." She came so close. Meanwhile, in the West, the neon shone and overhead fireworks destroyed themselves in the air.

Miriam was returned to Leipzig in the back of a van. The Stasi officer questioning her told her they had contacted her parents, who no longer wanted anything to do with her.

Vocabulary
Sketch the image described here
"Between her and the West there were a wire mesh fence, a patrol strip, a barbed-wire fence, a 20m wide road for the guards' personnel carriers and a footpath. "Beyond all of that, I could see the wall I had seen from inside the train"

Explain the impression you get about "the West" from the text. You can use quotes in your answer.

Infer
Why might the border be called "the death strip" in paragraph one?

What do you think Miriam's life is like in East Germany, considering that she was willing to put herself at such a risk to escape? Why might it be like that?

Why don't Miriam's parents want anything to do with her?

Extract from *Where the Crawdads Sing* by Delila Owens (2018), a novel that is that is at once a murder mystery, a coming-of-age narrative and a celebration of nature.

Prologue - 1969

Marsh is not swamp. Marsh is a space of light, where grass grows in water, and water flows into the sky. Slow-moving creeks wander, carrying the orb of the sun with them to the sea, and long-legged birds lift with unexpected grace-as though not built to fly-against the roar of a thousand snow geese.

Then within the marsh, here and there, true swamp crawls into low-lying bogs, hidden in clammy forests. Swamp water is still and dark, having swallowed the light in its muddy throat. Even night crawlers are diurnal in this lair. There are sounds, of course, but compared to the marsh, the swamp is quiet because decomposition is cellular work. Life decays and reeks and returns to the rotted duff; a poignant wallow of death begetting life.

On the morning of October 30, 1969, the body of Chase Andrews lay in the swamp, which would have absorbed it silently, routinely. Hiding it for good. A swamp knows all about death, and doesn't necessarily define it as tragedy, certainly not a sin. But this morning two boys from the village rode their bikes out to the old fire tower and, from the third switchback, spotted his denim jacket.

1. Ma - 1952

The morning burned so August-hot, the marsh's moist breath hung the oaks and pines with fog. The palmetto patches stood unusually quiet except for the low, slow flap of the heron's wings lifting from the lagoon. And then, Kya, only six at the time, heard the screen door slap. Standing on the stool, she stopped scrubbing grits from the pot and lowered it into the basin of worn-out suds. No sounds now but her own breathing. Who had left the shack? Not Ma. She never let the door slam.

But when Kya ran to the porch, she saw her mother in a long brown skirt, kick pleats nipping at her ankles, as she walked down the sandy lane in high heels. The stubby-nosed shoes were fake alligator skin. Her only going-out pair. Kya wanted to holler out but knew not to rouse Pa, so opened the door and stood on the brick-'n'-board steps. From there she saw the blue train case Ma carried. Usually, with the confidence of a pup, Kya knew her mother would return with meat wrapped in greasy brown paper or with a chicken, head dangling down. But she never wore the gator heels, never took a case.

Ma always looked back where the foot lane met the road, one arm held high, white palm waving, as she turned onto the track, which wove through bog forests, cattail lagoons, and maybe-if the tide obliged-eventually into town. But today she walked on, unsteady in the ruts. Her tall figure emerged now and then through the holes of the forest until only swatches of white scarf flashed between the leaves. Kya sprinted to the spot she knew would bare the road; surely Ma would wave from there, but she arrived only in time to glimpse the blue case-the color so wrong for the woods-as it disappeared. A heaviness, thick as black-cotton mud, pushed her chest as she returned to the steps to wait.

Kya was the youngest of five, the others much older, though later she couldn't recall their ages. They lived with Ma and Pa, squeezed together like penned rabbits, in the rough-cut shack, its screened porch staring big-eyed from under the oaks.

Jodie, the brother closest to Kya, but still seven years older, stepped from the house and stood behind her. He had her same dark eyes and black hair; had taught her birdsongs, star names, how to steer the boat through saw grass.

"Ma'll be back," he said.

"I dunno. She's wearin' her gator shoes."

"A ma don't leave her kids. It ain't in 'em."

"You told me that fox left her babies."

"Yeah, but that vixen got 'er leg all tore up. She'd've starved to death if she'd tried to feed herself 'n' her kits. She was better off to leave 'em, heal herself up, then whelp more when she could raise 'em good. Ma ain't starvin', she'll be back." Jodie wasn't nearly as sure as he sounded, but said it for Kya.

Vocabulary

What is meant by "the orb of the sun"?

What image is created by the adjective clammy to describe the forest?

Infer why Kya didn't want to wake up her father.

"Kya wanted to holler out but knew not to rouse Pa"

Explain why this is imagery is so effective? What techniques are used?

"Swamp water is still and dark, having swallowed the light in its muddy throat."

Predict whether Kya will see her mother again. What makes you think that?

Summarise what you learn about the marsh from this passage in under 50 words.

Extract from *Educated* by Tara Westover (2018) ***An extraordinary memoir about a woman's discovery of education, its transformative power and the price she has to pay for it.***

I'm standing on the red railway car that sits abandoned next to the barn. The wind soars, whipping my hair across my face and pushing a chill down the open neck of my shirt. The gales are strong this close to the mountain, as if the peak itself is exhaling. Down below, the valley is peaceful, undisturbed. Meanwhile our farm dances: the heavy conifer trees sway slowly, while the sagebrush and thistles quiver, bowing before every puff and pocket of air. Behind me a gentle hill slopes upward and stitches itself to the mountain base. If I look up, I can see the dark form of the Indian Princess.

The hill is paved with wild wheat. If the conifers and sagebrush are soloists, the wheat field is a corps de ballet, each stem following all the rest in bursts of movement, a million ballerinas bending, one after the other, as great gales dent their golden heads. The shape of that dent lasts only a moment, and is as close as anyone gets to seeing wind.

Turning toward our house on the hillside, I see movements of a different kind, tall shadows stiffly pushing through the currents. My brothers are awake, testing the weather. I imagine my mother at the stove, hovering over bran pancakes. I picture my father hunched by the back door, lacing his steel-toed boots and threading his callused hands into welding gloves. On the highway below, the school bus rolls past without stopping.

I am only seven, but I understand that it is this fact, more than any other, that makes my family different: we don't go to school.

Dad worries that the Government will force us to go but it can't, because it doesn't know about us. Four of my parents' seven children don't have birth certificates. We have no medical records because we were born at home and have never seen a doctor or nurse. We have no school records because we've never set foot in a classroom. When I am nine, I will be issued a Delayed Certificate of Birth, but at this moment, according to the state of Idaho and the federal government, I do not exist.

Of course I *did* exist. I had grown up preparing for the Days of Abomination, watching for the sun to darken, for the moon to drip as if with blood. I spent my summers bottling peaches and my winters rotating supplies. When the World of Men failed, my family would continue on, unaffected.

I had been educated in the rhythms of the mountain, rhythms in which change was never fundamental, only cyclical. The same sun appeared each morning, swept over the valley and dropped behind the peak. The snows that fell in winter always melted in the spring. Our lives were a cycle — the cycle of the day, the cycle of the seasons — circles of perpetual change that, when complete, meant nothing had changed at all. I believed my family was a part of this immortal pattern, that we were, in some sense, eternal. But eternity belonged only to the mountain.

There's a story my father used to tell about the peak. She was a grand old thing, a cathedral of a mountain. The range had other mountains, taller, more imposing, but Buck's Peak was the most finely crafted. Its base spanned a mile, its dark form swelling out of the earth and rising into a flawless spire. From a distance, you could see the impression of a woman's body on the mountain face: her legs formed of huge ravines, her hair a spray of pines fanning over the northern ridge. Her stance was commanding, one leg thrust forward in a powerful movement, more stride than step.

My father called her the Indian Princess. She emerged each year when the snows began to melt, facing south, watching the buffalo return to the valley. Dad said the nomadic Indians had watched for her appearance as a sign of spring, a signal the mountain was thawing, winter was over, and it was time to come home.

All my father's stories were about our mountain, our valley, our jagged little patch of Idaho. He never told me what to do if I left the mountain, if I crossed oceans and continents and found myself in strange terrain, where I could no longer search the horizon for the Princess. He never told me how I'd know when it was time to come home.

Retrieval
What makes her family so different to other families?

What are her family preparing for?

What is the "Indian Princess"?

Explain the importance of the environment in this passage? What impact does the environment have on the author and her family?

What does the following passage help you **infer** about the author's family:

"My brothers are awake, testing the weather. I imagine my mother at the stove, hovering over bran pancakes. I picture my father hunched by the back door, lacing his steel-toed boots and threading his callused hands into welding gloves."

The author Tara Westover is now an adult. **Predict** what she has managed to achieve academically.