**Year 7 Transition**

**Weeks 3 & 4**



**Reading Booklet**

**Name:**

“Keep still, you little devil, or I’ll cut

your throat!”

A fearful man, all in coarse grey,

with a great iron on his leg. A man

with no hat, and with broken shoes,

and with an old rag tied round his

head. A man who had been soaked

in water, and smothered in mud,

and lamed by stones, and cut by

flints, and stung by nettles, and torn

by briars; who limped and shivered,

and glared and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he

seized me by the chin.

**Extract from *Great Expectations***

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and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by

the chin.

“O! Don’t cut my throat, sir,” I pleaded in terror. “Pray

don’t do it, sir.”

“Tell us your name!” said the man. “Quick!”

“Pip, sir.”

“Once more,” said the man, staring at me. “Give it mouth!”

“Pip. Pip, sir.”

“Show us where you live,” said the man. “Point out the

place!”

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore

among the alder-trees and pollards, a mile or more from

the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me

upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself – for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet – when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

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“You young dog,” said the man, licking his lips, “what fat cheeks you ha’ got.”

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized, for my years, and not strong.

“Darn me if I couldn’t eat ‘em,” said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, “and if I han’t half a mind to’t!”

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn’t, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly, to keep myself upon it; partly, to keep myself from crying.

“Now lookee here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?“

“There, sir!“ said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

“There, sir!“ I timidly explained. “Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.”

“Oh!” said he, coming back. “And is that your father alonger your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “him too; late of this parish.”

“Ha!” he muttered then, considering. “Who d’ye live with – supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?”

“My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

“Now lookee here,” he said, “the question being whether you’re to be let to live. You know what a file is?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And you know what wittles is?”

“Yes sir.”

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

“You get me a file.” He tilted me again. “And you get me wittles.” He tilted me again. “You bring ‘em both, to me.” He tilted me again. “Or I’ll have your heart and liver out.” He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, “If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn’t be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.”

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:

“You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate.

Now, I ain’t alone, as you may think I am. There’s a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?”

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

“Say, Lord strike you dead if you don’t!” said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

“Now,” he pursued, “you remember what you’ve undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!”

“Goo-good night, sir,” I faltered.

“Much of that!” said he, glancing about him over the cold wet flat. “I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!”

**Extract from *To Kill a Mockingbird***

**The more we told Dill about the Radleys, the more he wanted to know, the longer he would stand hugging the light-pole on the corner, the more he would wonder.**

**“Wonder what he does in there,” he would murmur. “Looks like he‘d just stick his head out the door.”**

**Jem said, “He goes out, all right, when it‘s pitch dark. Miss Stephanie Crawford said she woke up in the middle of night one time and saw him looking straight through the window at her … said his head was like a skull lookin‘ at her. Ain‘t you ever waked up at night and heard him, Dill? He walks like this –”. Jem slid his feet through the gravel. “Why do you think Miss Rachel locks up so tight at night? I‘ve seen his tracks in our back yard many a mornin’, and one night I heard him scratching on the back screen, but he was gone time Atticus got there.”**

**“Wonder what he looks like?” said Dill.**

**Jem gave a reasonable description of Boo: Boo was about six-and-a-half feet tall, judging from his tracks; he dined on squirrels and any cats he could catch, that‘s why his hands were blood-stained – if you ate an animal raw, you could never wash the blood off. There was a long jagged scar that ran across his face; what teeth he had were yellow and rotten; his eyes popped, and he drooled most of the time.**

**“Let‘s try to make him come out,” said Dill. “I‘d like to see what he looks like.”**

**Jem said if Dill wanted to get himself killed, all he had to do was go up and knock on the front door.**

Our first raid came to pass only because Dill bet Jem The Grey Ghost against two

Tom Swifts that Jem wouldn‘t get any farther than the Radley gate. In all his life,

Jem had never declined a dare.

Jem thought about it for three days. I suppose he loved honor more than his head, for Dill wore him down easily: “You‘re scared,” Dill said, the first day. “Ain‘t scared, just respectful,” Jem said. The next day Dill said, “You‘re too scared even to put your big toe in the front yard.” Jem said he reckoned he wasn‘t, he‘d passed the Radley place every school day in his life.

“Always runnin‘,” I said.

But Dill got him the third day, when he told Jem that folks in Meridian certainly

weren‘t as afraid as the folks in Maycomb, that he‘d never seen such scary folks as

the ones in Maycomb.

This was enough to make Jem march to the corner, where he stopped and leaned

against the light-pole, watching the gate hanging crazily on its home-made hinge.

“I hope you‘ve got it through your head that he‘ll kill us each and every one, Dill

Harris,” said Jem, when we joined him. “Don‘t blame me when he gouges your eyes

out. You started it, remember.” “You‘re still scared,” murmured Dill patiently.

Jem wanted Dill to know once and for all that he wasn‘t scared of anything: “It‘s just

that I can‘t think of a way to make him come out without him gettin‘ us.” Besides,

Jem had his little sister to think of.

When he said that, I knew he was afraid. Jem had his little sister to think of the time

I dared him to jump off the top of the house: “If I got killed, what‘d become of

you?” he asked. Then he jumped, landed unhurt, and his sense of responsibility left

him until confronted by the Radley place.

“You gonna run out on a dare?” asked Dill. “If you are, then ~”

“Dill, you have to think about these things,” Jem said. “Lemme think a minute…it‘s

sort of like making a turtle come out…”

“How‘s that?” asked Dill.

“Strike a match under him.”

I told Jem if he set fire to the Radley house I was going to tell Atticus on him.

Dill said striking a match under a turtle was hateful.

“Ain‘t hateful, just persuades him -‘s not like you‘d chuck him in the fire,” Jem growled.

“How do you know a match don‘t hurt him?”

“Turtles can‘t feel, stupid,” said Jem.

“Were you ever a turtle, huh?”

“My stars, Dill! Now lemme think…reckon we can rock him...”

Jem stood in thought so long that Dill made a mild concession: “I won‘t say you ran

out on a dare an‘ I‘ll swap you The Grey Ghost if you just go up and touch the

house.”

Jem brightened. “Touch the house, that all?” Dill nodded.

“Sure that‘s all, now? I don‘t want you hollerin‘ something different the minute I get

back.”

“Yeah, that‘s all,” said Dill. “He‘ll probably come out after you when he sees you in

the yard, then Scout‘n‘me”ll jump on him and hold him down till we can tell him we

ain‘t gonna hurt him.”

We left the corner, crossed the side street that ran in front of the Radley house, and

stopped at the gate.

“Well go on,” said Dill, Scout and me‘s right behind you.”

“I‘m going,” said Jem, “don‘t hurry me.”

He walked to the corner of the lot, then back again, studying the terrain as if

deciding how best to effect an entry, frowning and scratching his head.

Then I sneered at him.

Jem threw open the gate and sped to the side of the house, slapped it with his palm

and ran back past us, not waiting to see if his foray was successful. Dill and I followed on his heels. Safely on our porch, panting and out of breath, we looked back.

The old house was the same, droopy and sick, but as we stared down the street we

thought we saw an inside shutter move. Flick. A tiny, almost invisible movement, and

the house was still.

**Lesson 5: Extract from ‘The Hunger Games’ by Suzanne Collins.**

**The Reaping**

At one o’clock, we head for the square. Attendance is mandatory unless you are at death’s door. This evening, officials will come around and check to see if this is the case. If not, you’ll be imprisoned.

It’s too bad, really, that they hold the reaping in the square – one of the few places in *District 12* that can be pleasant. The square’s surrounded by shops, and on public market days, especially if there’s good weather, it has a holiday feel to it. But today, despite the brilliant banners hanging on the buildings, there’s an air of grimness. The camera crews, perched like buzzards on rooftops, only add to the effect.

People file in silently and sign in. The *reaping* is a good opportunity for the Capitol to keep tabs on the population as well. Twelve to eighteen year olds are herded into roped areas marked off by ages, the oldest in the front, the young ones, like *Prim*, towards the back. Family members line up around the perimeter, holding tightly to one another’s hands.

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The space gets tighter, more claustrophobic, as people arrive. The square’s quite large, but not enough to hold District 12’s population of about eight thousand. Latecomers are directed to the adjacent streets, where they can watch the event on screens as it’s televised live by the state.

I find myself standing in a clump of sixteens from the Seam. We all exchange terse nods, then focus our attention on the temporary stage that is set up before the Justice Building. It holds three chairs, a podium and two large glass balls, one for the boys and one for the girls. I stare at the paper slips in the girls’ ball. Twenty of them have Katniss Everdeen written on them in careful handwriting.

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It’s time for the drawing. *Effie Trinkett* says as she always does, “Ladies first!” and crosses to the glass ball with the girls’ names. She reaches in, digs her hand deep into the ball, and pulls out a slip of paper. The crowd draws in a collective breath and then you can hear a pin drop, and I’m feeling nauseous and so desperately hoping that it’s not me, that it’s not me, that it’s not me.

Effie Trinkett crosses back to the podium, smoothes the slip of paper, and reads out the name in a clear voice. And it’s not me.

It’s Primrose Everdeen.

*District 12 – much like a city, controlled totally by the central city, the Capitol. There are 12 districts altogether.*

*Reaping – the event in which, every year, a girl’s name and a boy’s name are picked out of a bowl to become competitors, or tributes. The event is the annual Hunger Games, where the children have to literally fight to the death. The winner is the last one left alive.*

*Prim – the narrator, Katniss Everdeen’s younger sister, aged 12.*

*Effie Trinkett – the presenter, for purposes of television.*

**Extract from *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone***

Dudley's birthday - how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider off one of them, put them on. He was used to spiders because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had got the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike. Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise - unless of course it involved punching somebody. Dudley's favourite punch-bag was Harry, but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast.

Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age. He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was. He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Sellotape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead which was shaped like a bolt of lightning. He had had it as long as he could remember and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had got it.

"In the car crash when your parents died," she had said. "And don't ask questions."

*Don't ask questions* - that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon.

"Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it had made no difference, his hair simply grew that way - all over the place.

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large, pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes and thick, blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel - Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, meanwhile, was counting his presents. His face fell.

"Thirty-six," he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year."

"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mummy and Daddy."

"Alright, thirty-seven then," said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.

Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another *two* presents while we're out today. How's that, popkin? Two more presents. Is that alright?"

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty ... thirty ..."

"Thirty-nine, sweetums," said Aunt Petunia.

"Oh." Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "Alright then."

Uncle Vernon chuckled.

"Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. Atta boy, Dudley!" He ruffled Dudley's hair.