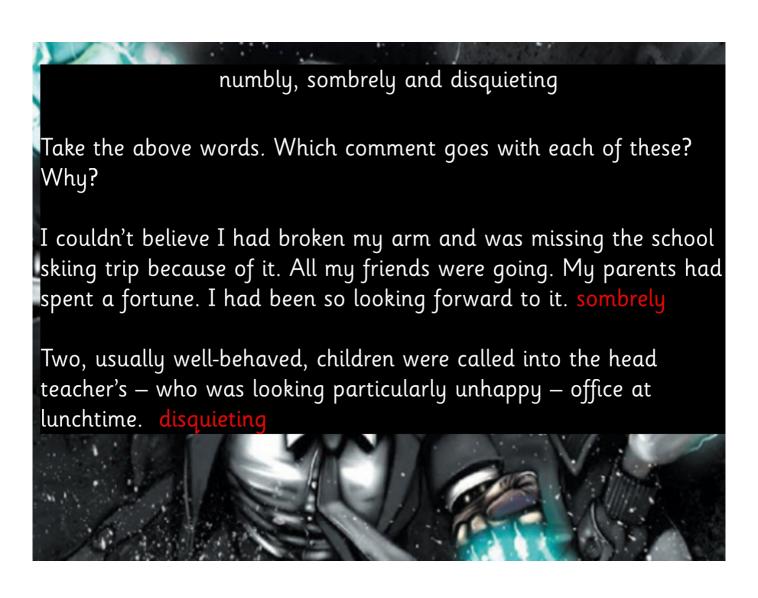


Take the above words. Which comment goes with each of these? Why?

I couldn't believe I had broken my arm and was missing the school skiing trip because of it. All my friends were going. My parents had spent a fortune. I had been so looking forward to it.

Two, usually well-behaved, children were called into the head teacher's — who was looking particularly unhappy — office at lunchtime.







Crystal were twins, fifteen years old, and as sour and vindictive as their parents. Whereas Stephanie was dark-haired, tall, slim and strong, they were bottle-blonde, stumpy and dressed in clothes that made them bulge in all the wrong places. Apart from their brown eyes, no one would guess that the twins were related to her. She liked that. It was the only thing about them she liked. She left them to their petty glares and snide whispers, and went for a walk.

The corridors of her uncle's house were long and lined with paintings. The floor beneath Stephanie's feet was wooden, polished to a gleam, and the house smelled of age. Not musty exactly but... experienced. These walls and these floors had seen a lot in their time, and Stephanie was nothing but a faint whisper to them. Here one instant, gone the next.

Gordon had been a good uncle. Arrogant and irresponsible, yes, but also childish and enormous fun, with a light in his eyes, a glint of mischief. When everyone else was taking him seriously, Stephanie was privy to the winks and the nods and the half-smiles that he would shoot her way when they weren't looking. Even as a child she felt she understood him better than most. She liked his intelligence and his wit, and the way he didn't care what people thought of him. He'd been a good uncle to have. He'd taught her a lot.

She knew that her mother and Gordon had briefly dated ("courted", her mother had called it), but when Gordon had introduced her to his younger brother, it was love at first sight. Gordon liked to grumble that he had never got more than a peck on the cheek, but he had stepped aside graciously, and had quite happily gone on to have numerous torrid affairs with numerous beautiful women. He used to say that it had almost been a fair trade, but that he suspected he had lost out.

Stephanie climbed the staircase, pushed open the door to Gordon's study and stepped inside. The walls were filled with the framed covers from his bestsellers and shared space with all manner of awards. One entire wall was made up of shelves jammed with books. There were biographies and historica novels and science texts and psychology tomes, and there were battered little paperbacks stuck in between. A lower shelf has magazines, literary reviews and quarterlies.

Stephanie passed the shelves which housed the first edition of Gordon's novels and approached the desk. She looked at the chair where he'd died, trying to imagine him there, how he must have slumped. And then, a voice so smooth it could have bee made of velvet:

"At least he died doing what he loved."

She turned, surprised, to see the man from the funeral in the

pg15

overcoat and hat standing in the doorway. The scarf was still wrapped, the sunglasses still on, the fuzzy hair still poking out. His hands were gloved.

"Yes," Stephanie said, because she couldn't think of anything else to say. "At least there's that."

"You're one of his nieces then?" the man asked. "You're not stealing anything, you're not breaking anything, so I'd guess you're Stephanie." She nodded and took the opportunity to look at him more closely. She couldn't see even the tiniest bit of his face beneath the scarf and sunglasses.

"Were you a friend of his?" she asked. He was tall, this man, tall and thin, though his coat made it difficult to judge.

"I was," he answered with a move of his head. This slight movement made her realise that the rest of his body was unnaturally still. "I've known him for years, met him outside a bar in New York when I was over there, back when he had just published his first novel."

Stephanie couldn't see anything behind the sunglasses – they were black as pitch. "Are you a writer too?"

"Me? No, I wouldn't know where to start. But I got to live out my writer fantasies through Gordon."

"You had writer fantasies?"

"Doesn't everyone?"

pg16

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Oh. Then that would make me seem kind of odd, wouldn't it?"

"Well," Stephanie answered. "It would help."

"Gordon used to talk about you all the time, boast about his little niece. He was an individual of character, your uncle. It seems that you are too."

"You say that like you know me."

"Strong-willed, intelligent, sharp-tongued, doesn't suffer fools gladly... remind you of anyone?"

"Yes. Gordon."

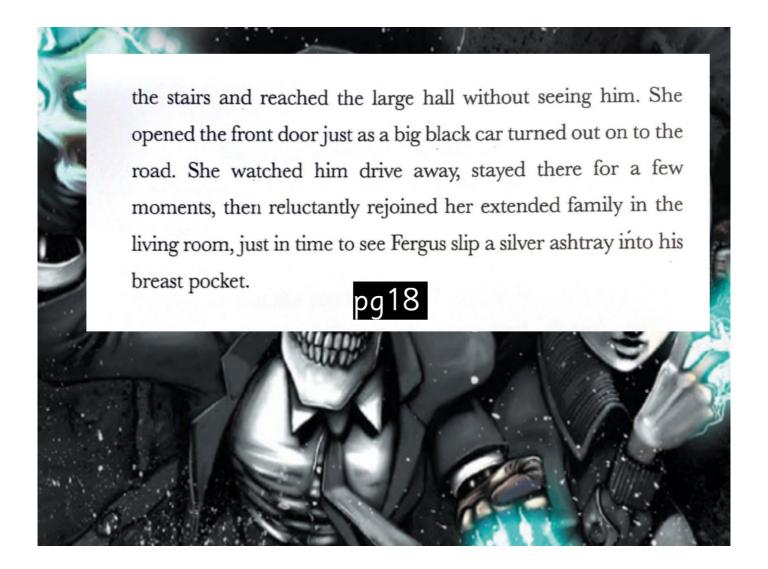
"Interesting," said the man. "Because those are the exact words he used to describe you." His gloved fingers dipped into his waistcoat and brought out an ornate pocket watch on a delicate gold chain.

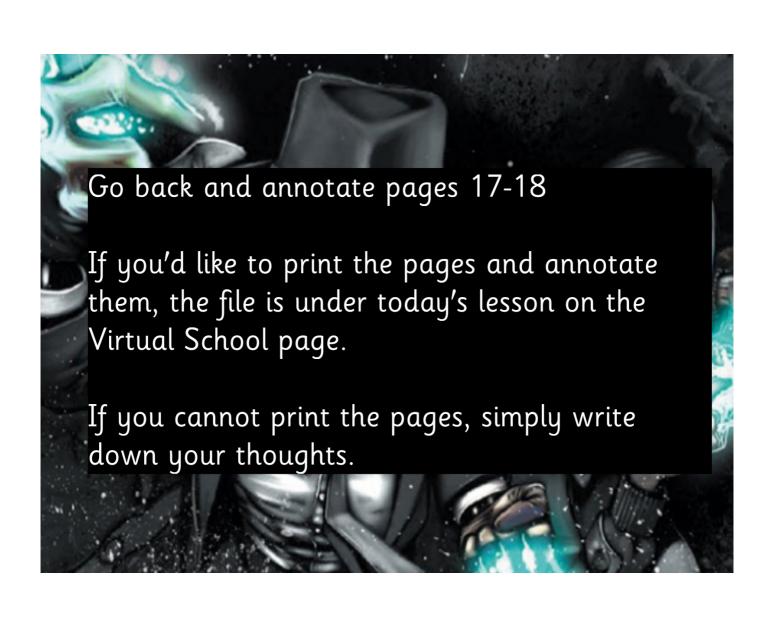
"Good luck in whatever you decide to do with your life."

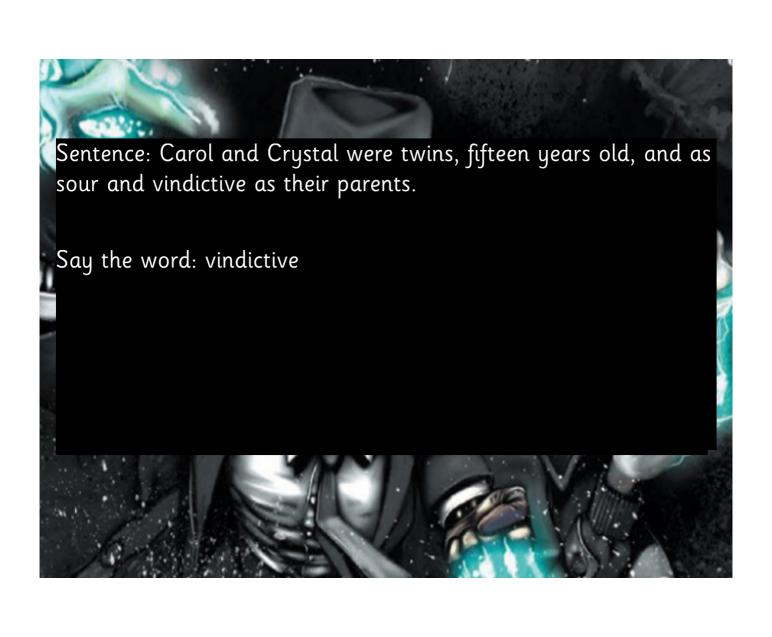
"Thank you," Stephanie said, a little dumbly. "You too."

She felt the man smile, though she could see no mouth, and he turned from the doorway and left her there. Stephanie found she couldn't take her eyes off where he had been. Who was he? She hadn't even got his name.

She crossed over to the door and stepped out, wondering the had vanished from sight so quickly. She hurried down







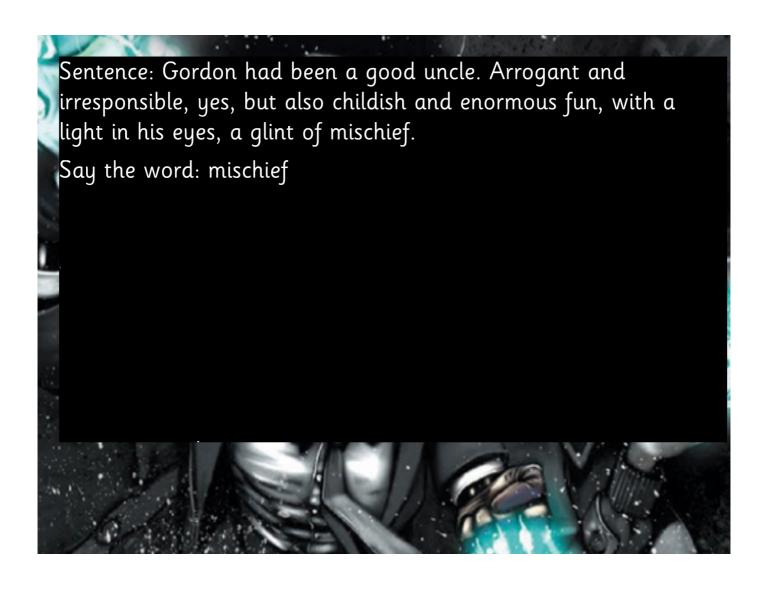
Sentence: Carol and Crystal were twins, fifteen years old, and as sour and vindictive as their parents.

Say the word: vindictive

If someone is vindictive then they wish to harm someone because they think they've been harmed by that person. They're unwilling to forgive and are only interested in revenge. Being vindictive is associated with being mean and spiteful.

In the sentence taken from the book, the word vindictive tells us that not only are the twins mean and spiteful, but so are their parents.

Can you think of a character in a book you've read, or a film you've watched, who's vindictive? What is it that they do that makes them vindictive?



Sentence: Gordon had been a good uncle. Arrogant and irresponsible, yes, but also childish and enormous fun, with a light in his eyes, a glint of mischief.

Say the word: mischief

People who play pranks, make jokes, sometimes annoying others but aren't really awful - are good at mischief. It's a word for things that are a little bit bad but ultimately harmless. People who do a lof of mischief are called mischevious.

From the description in the book, we know that Gordon was a bit mischevious, so he liked to do things that annoyed others, pranking them, but didn't cause any real harm to anyone.

Sentence: Gordon had been a good uncle. Arrogant and irresponsible, yes, but also childish and enormous fun, with a light in his eyes, a glint of mischief.

Say the word: mischief

Which situation is mischievous? Why?

- throwing a water balloon at someone or throwing a rock at someone?
- hiding someone's car keys or driving the car underage?
- not turning off the taps so the house floods or drawing on the walls with pen?

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Sentence: "Strong-willed, intelligent, sharp-tongued, doesn't suffer fools gladly... remind you of anyone?" Say the word: strong-willed

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Say the word: strong-willed

Which word is closest in meaning to strong-willed?

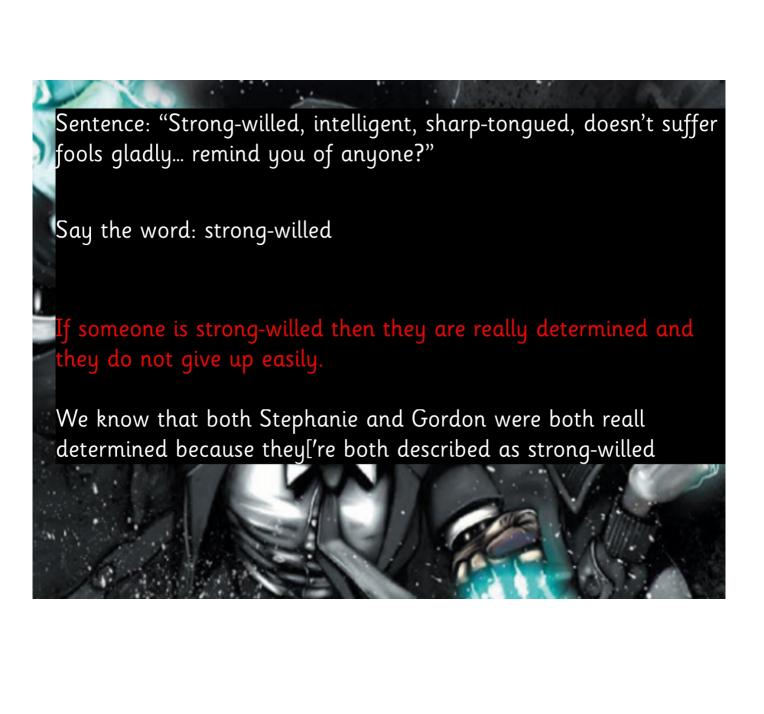
- weak
- determined
- annoying
- brave

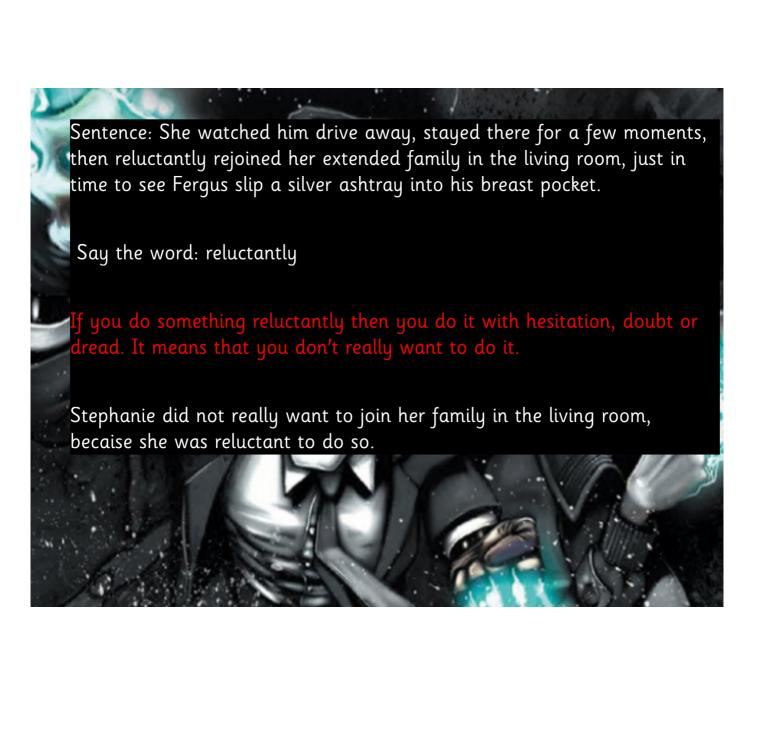
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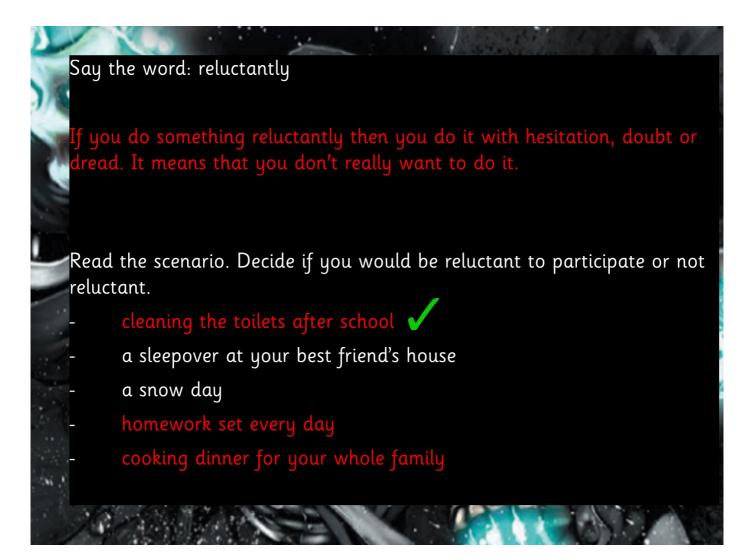


Say the word: reluctantly

If you do something reluctantly then you do it with hesitation, doubt or dread. It means that you don't really want to do it.

Read the scenario. Decide if you would be reluctant to participate or not reluctant.

- cleaning the toilets after school
- a sleepover at your best friend's house
- a snow day
- homework set every day
- cooking dinner for your whole family



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You might have your own reasons for having different answers