

Reading Comprehension

The Lottie Project

1) Why are new teachers strict for the first few weeks? (1M)

2) What do you think 'a laced up expression on her face' means? (1M)

3) What time did Charlie enter the class? (1M)

4) In line 47 what does the word *tittered* mean? Why did the children titter nervously? (2M)

5) *What is Charlie's full name? (1M)*

6) *What was so good about the 'best desk' ? (1M)*

7) *How intelligent is Anthony? Explain? (2M)*

8) *Why had Angela got up half an hour early for nothing? (2M)*

9) *In line 101, why do you think the author goes: school, town, county, country, world, universe... ? (1M)*

10) What plan did Charlie come up with to sit next to her friend? (1M)

11) What sort of person is Miss Beckworth? Use evidence from the text to support your answers. (3M)

The Lottie Project

JACQUELINE WILSON

Miss Beckworth. She was new so I thought she'd be young. When you get a new young teacher they're often ever so strict the first few weeks just to show you who's boss, and then they relax and get all friendly. Then you can muck about and do whatever you want.

I love mucking about, doing daft things and being a bit cheeky and making everyone laugh. Even the teachers. But the moment I set eyes on Miss Beckworth I knew none of us were going to be laughing. She might be new but she certainly wasn't young. She had grey hair and grey eyes and a grey and white blouse and a grey skirt and laced-up shoes, with a laced-up expression on her face to match. When she spoke her teeth were quite big and stuck out a bit, but I put all thought of Bugs Bunny imitations right out of my head.

There are some teachers – just a few – who have YOU'D BETTER NOT MESS WITH ME! tattooed right across their foreheads. She frowned at me with this incredibly fierce forehead and said, 'Good morning. This isn't a very good start to the new school year.'

I stared at her. What was she on about? Why was she looking at her watch? I wasn't late. OK, the school bell had gone as I was crossing the playground, but you always get five minutes to get to your classroom.

'It's three minutes past nine,' Miss Beckworth announced. 'You're late.'

'No, I'm not,' I said. 'We're not counted late until it's five past.'

I didn't say it cheekily. I was perfectly polite. I was trying to be helpful, actually.

'You're *certainly* not off to a good start,' she goes. 'First you're late. And then you argue. My name's Miss Beckworth. What's your name?'

'Charlie, Miss Beckworth.' (See, *ever* so polite – because I could see I had to proceed d-e-l-i-c-a-t-e-l-y.)



'Your proper name?'

'Charlie Enright.'

'We don't seem to be connecting correctly, Miss Enright. Charlie isn't a proper name. It's a diminutive.'

40 She was trying to make *me* look pretty diminutive, obviously. I tried to act cool but I could feel my cheeks flushing. I have this very white skin that can be a real problem when I get mad or embarrassed. When you have a lot of long red hair and you get a red face too you start to look as if someone's put a match to you.

'Are you *Charles* Enright?'

I can't *stand* it when teachers go all sarcastic on you. A few of the kids tittered nervously. That posh prat Jamie laughed out loud. Typical. Angela and Lisa were looking all anguished, dying for me.

50 'I'm Charlotte Enright, Miss Beckworth. But I've never been called Charlotte at this school, only Charlie.'

'Well, I'm going to call you Charlotte, Charlotte. Because in my class we do things differently,' said Miss Beckworth.

60 You're telling me we do things differently. (Well, *I'm* telling *you*, but you know what I mean!) I wasn't allowed to go and sit with Angela. She'd promised to get to school ever so early to grab the best desk (and the one next to it for Lisa) and she'd done well. The desk right next to the window, with the hot pipe to toast my toes on when it got chilly. But all in vain.



'No, don't go and sit down, Charlotte,' said Miss Beckworth. 'I was just about to explain to the whole class that while we get to know each other I'd like you all to sit in alphabetical order.'

We stared at her, gob-smacked.

Miss Beckworth spoke into the stunned silence, holding her register aloft.

'So, Anthony Andrews, you come and sit at this desk in the front, with Judith Ashwell beside you, and then -'

70 'But Judith's a girl, Miss!' Anthony protested in horror.

'Cleverly observed, Mr Andrews,' said Miss Beckworth. 'And kindly note, I call you Mr Andrews, not plain Mister. I would prefer you to call me Miss Beckworth. Not Miss.'

'But boys and girls never sit next to each other, Miss,' said Anthony. He's as thick as two short planks - *twenty-two* - but when Miss Beckworth's forehead wrinkled he rewound her little speech inside his empty head and took heed. 'Er, Miss Beckworth, Miss. I don't want to sit next to Judith!'

80 'Well, you needn't think I want to sit next to *you*,' said Judith. 'Oh Miss Beckworth, that's not fair!'

Miss Beckworth didn't care. 'I said things would be different in my class. I didn't say they would be fair,' she said. 'Now, get yourselves sorted out and stop fussing like a lot of silly babies. Who's next on the register? Laura Bernard, right, sit at the desk behind Anthony and Judith, and then...'

I hovered, signalling wild regret with my eyebrows to Angela, who'd got up half an hour early for nothing. Angela's surname is Robinson, so obviously we wouldn't sit together. But Lisa is Lisa Field, right after me on the register, so it looked as if we were OK after all. It wasn't really fair on poor Angela if I sat next to Lisa two years running, but it couldn't be helped.

But it didn't work out like that.



'James Edwards, you sit at the desk at the back on the left,' said Miss Beckworth. 'With... ah, Charlotte Enright beside you.'

100 Jamie Edwards! The most revolting stuck-up boring boy in the whole class. The whole year, the whole school, the whole town, county, country, world, *universe*. I'd sooner squat in the stationery cupboard than sit next to him.

I thought quickly, my brain going whizz, flash, bang. Aha! Sudden inspiration!

'I'm afraid I can't see very well, Miss Beckworth,' I said, squinting up my eyes as if I badly needed glasses. 'If I sit at the back I won't be able to see the board. Sometimes I still have problems even at the front – so if Lisa Field can come and sit next to me again, then I'm used to her telling me
110 stuff in case I can't read it for myself. Isn't that right, Lisa?'

This was all news to Lisa, but she nodded convincingly.

'Yes, Miss Beckworth, I always have to help Charlie,' said Lisa.

But Miss Beckworth wasn't fooled. 'You're convinced that you're short-sighted, Charlotte. Quick-witted, certainly. But until you bring me a note from your mother and another from your optician I'd like you to sit at the back beside James.'

120 That was it. I was doomed. There was no way out. I had to sit next to Jamie Edwards.



Illustrated by Polly Dunbar

Reading Comprehension

5TH October 2012

Read "It's not fair!...that I'm little" in Literacy World: Stage 1 (pages 6 to 9). Then answer the following questions.

1) What did Kitty win at the school's sport's day?

1 mark

2) What kind of boy was Tom? How do you know?

2 marks

3) What did Kitty love about painting?

1 mark

4) Why do you think Kitty would not ask Tom to get her coat?

2 marks

5) In line 29, what does it mean when the author said kitty spoke in a small voice? **1 mark**

6) What adverb is used to show how you had to dodge? **1 mark**

7) Why did Kitty need to feel “brave” before she went to speak to Tom at break time? **2 marks**

8) In line 70, why do you think Tom’s nickname was Carrots? **1 mark**

9) What did Susie do, before she answered Kitty’s question? **1 mark**

10) What did Susie say she felt like? **1 mark**

11) What do you think might happen next in the story? **2 marks**
