

**Entry Level – 3.2 - Activity - Reading with Understanding**  
***Entry Level 1 EXTRACT: George's Marvellous Medicine by Roald Dahl***

"Come on, boy! Give me some more!" she yelled. "Dish it out! I'm slowing down!" George was still clutching the medicine bottle in one hand and the spoon in the other. Oh well, he thought. Why not? He poured out a second dose and popped it into her mouth.

"Oweeee!" she screamed and up she went again. Her feet were still on the floor downstairs in the living room but her head was moving quickly towards the ceiling of the bedroom.

"I'm on my way now, boy!" she called down to George. "Just watch me go!" "That's the attic above you, Grandma!" George called out. "I'd keep out of there! It's full of bugs and bogies."

Crash! The old girl's head went through the ceiling of the bedroom as though it were butter.

George stood in his bedroom gazing at the shambles. There was a big hole in the floor and another in the ceiling, and sticking up like a post between the two was the middle part of Grandma. Her legs were in the room below, her head in the attic.

"I'm still going!" came the old screechy voice from up above in the attic. "Give me another dose, my boy, and let's go through the roof!" "No, Grandma, no!" George yelled back. "You're busting up the whole house

*George's Marvellous Medicine* by Roald Dahl (Puffin Books), © The Roald Dahl Story Company Limited

**Entry Level 2 EXTRACT: Ellie and the Cat by Malorie Blackman**

Ellie lifted her head at the sound of Grandma's voice. She didn't like Grandma. Grandma had black hair streaked with silver-white strands and wore a peach-coloured dress that was all ruffles and bows. She had old-fashioned spectacles in the shape of half-moons that perched low on her nose.

Her round, piercing brown eyes looked over the spectacles rather than through them. "I won't stay with her, I won't," Ellie shouted. "She's dumpy and frumpy – and strict!" "Ellie! That is no way to talk about your Grandma," Dad said.

"Ellie, dear, you're just in time for dinner," Grandma said with a smile. "And it's all your favourites."

"My favourites have changed. You don't know what they are any more," said Ellie.

"Yes, I do," Grandma replied. "You like sausages and chips and baked beans followed by vanilla ice cream and chocolate sauce."

That was right! How had she guessed? "All right then," Ellie said at last. "I'll get out of the car, but only because I'm hungry."

"Wave goodbye to your father," Grandma said.

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**Entry Level 3 EXTRACT: Who Let the Gods Out? by Maz Evans**

It began on a Friday, as strange things often do. This particular Friday turned out to be stranger than most, although it had started normally enough.

Elliot Hooper got up at 7.30 a.m. as normal, made his mum breakfast at 8.15 a.m. as normal, went to school at 8.55 a.m. as normal and was in the headmaster's office by 9.30 a.m., which was, in fact, slightly later than normal.

'Oh, Elliot,' sighed Graham Sopweed, headmaster of Brysmore Grammar School. 'What are we going to do with you?'  
Elliot scratched his shaggy blond head. He figured that 'excuse me from school for ever and make me Lord High Emperor of the Universe' wouldn't be deemed an acceptable answer, so he said nothing.

'You seem rather... distracted lately,' said Mr Sopweed to fill the silence. 'Is everything OK? Is anything wrong at school? Or at home?'  
Elliot avoided his headmaster's concerned stare. School was... well, it was school. Annoying, boring, pointless. Nothing new there. But home? That was a different story...

'I'm fine,' he said after a lengthy pause. 'Thank you, sir.'  
'Oh, Elliot,' Mr Sopweed sighed again, nervously flicking his floppy grey fringe. 'You know you can call me Graham. Let's all use the names our mothers gave us.'

There were many more creative names for Brysmore's headmaster than the one his mother gave him, but the politest by far was Call Me Graham.

Who Let the Gods Out? By Maz Evans, published by Chicken House; (2 Feb. 2017)