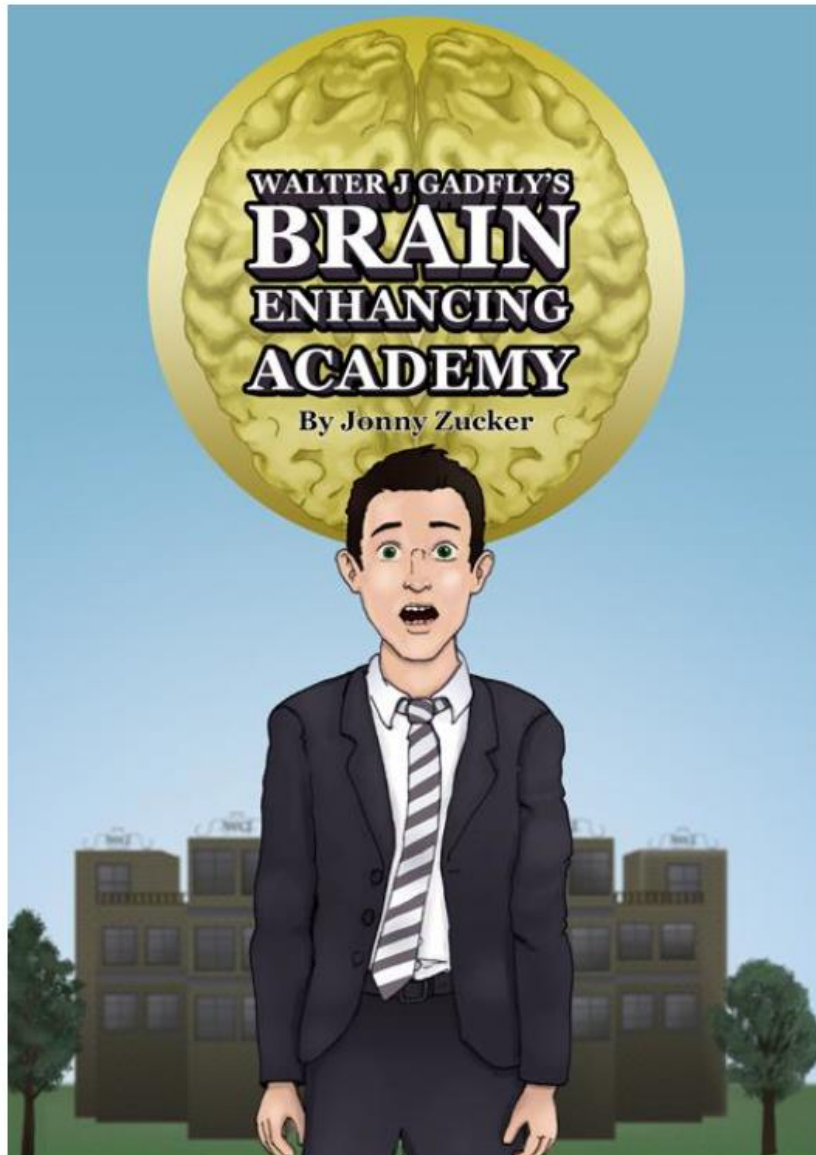


Year 6 Week 4 Spring 1

Focus: Statutory words

Look Say Cover Write Check

Spellings	1 st Attempt	2 nd Attempt	3 rd Attempt	4 th Attempt	5 th Attempt
<i>correspond</i>					
<i>awkward</i>					
<i>achieve</i>					
<i>embarrass</i>					
<i>profession</i>					
<i>sacrifice</i>					
<i>harass</i>					
<i>aggressive</i>					
<i>definite</i>					
<i>queue</i>					



CHAPTER 1

"School Rule number one," barked Jessica Oil, her wiry body swaying slightly, her large round cheeks pulsing with a reddish glow. "Mobile telephones are completely banned."

Nick Jenkins (average height, cropped black hair, alert green eyes) and his four fellow pupils were standing in the Hunting Lounge of the Walter J. Gadfly Brain-Enhancing Academy.

A huge photograph of Mr Gadfly, with his narrow blue eyes, sharp nose and thin, determined lips, hung on one wall, while the other walls bore posters and photographs of his many brain-enhancing gizmos and gadgets. There were his Brain-Enhancing Homework Mints; here was his Brain-Enhancing Back Prodder.

Nick's parents had dropped him off an hour earlier, at 6 p.m. He was part of the first cohort of pupils at the newly opened school.

"Give your phones to me," commanded Jessica. "NOW!"

The five pupils handed over their mobiles.

Instead of placing the phones in plastic wallets or a Tupperware for safekeeping, Jessica Oil threw them straight into the crackling fire, where they instantly began to melt.

"Hey!" shouted Natalie Pettigrew (spindly body, huge grey eyes, hair in plaits), "that phone was really expensive!"

"We are here to do things Mr Gadfly's way, and if he says no phones, then no phones it is," said Edward Cribbage (small with unruly hair and a look of haughty superiority).

Natalie glared at Edward.

Edward glared back.

Nick's heart sank like a capsized canoe. That phone was his only way to keep in touch with his best friend, Bea. Now that it was gone, he was totally cut off from the outside world.

"School Rule number two," announced Jeb Oil, twin brother and near look-alike of his sister Jessica. "Apart from your bedrooms and bathrooms, the only rooms you may enter in this building are the Hunting Lounge, the Drawing Room and the Dining Hall."

"W... w... what happens if we wander into another room by mistake?" asked Oliver Ratchet (white curly hair, nervous blinking eyes and a semi-circle of freckles on his left cheek).

"You won't," snapped Jessica.

"I NEVER make mistakes," crowed Arabella Fontain (long, wavy black hair, thin lips and cold royal blue eyes).

Nick groaned to himself. This place was going to be even worse than he'd imagined.

"Right," declared Jessica Oil, rubbing her hands together with excitement. "I suggest we crack on with the first activity."



The Walter J. Gadfly Brain-Enhancing Academy was situated in an old Tudor mansion in the middle of the English countryside. To say that Nick Jenkins hadn't wanted to come here was to put it mildly. When his parents told him they'd secured him a place, he'd cried. He'd screamed. He'd beaten the carpet with his fists. But they'd proclaimed that he had no say in the matter.

"You are one of the five luckiest children on Earth," said his father.

"Mr Gadfly is an educational genius," said his mother.

Ever since he could remember, Nick's parents had followed the teachings of the educational "guru", Walter J. Gadfly. They'd spent mountains of cash on Gadfly Brain-Enhancing computer programs. They'd filled cupboards with Gadfly Brain-Enhancing machines and contraptions. They'd even bought an extra fridge freezer to store all of the Gadfly Brain-Enhancing food and drinks they had purchased.

And Nick hated all of it.

The work materials were repetitive and boring, the contraptions were uncomfortable or painful to use. And as for the food and drink...

He'd talked many times with Bea about running away from home, but he had no money and nowhere to go.

"Maybe we'll find a million pounds in a tin we chance upon in the park," Bea had suggested hopefully.

But they both knew this was about as likely as Bea's dog, Cuthbert, learning to drive a car.

It filled Nick with despair.

And now he was here at Gadfly's school, with four other kids he was already beginning to hate. It felt as if a major disaster was looming.



Jeb Oil hurried around the Hunting Lounge, setting up a series of numbered touch-screen plasma TVs. There were nine in all. When he'd finished, he handed each pupil a pair of chunky silver headphones.

"In a moment," said Jessica, "you will put on your headphones and you will hear a question and a screen number. For example, the question might be 'Who invented the wheel?' followed by the words: 'Screen 3'.

This means you have to run to Screen 3 and input the correct answer to that question."

"If you get an answer right," picked up Jeb, "the next question will be asked immediately. If, however, you get an answer wrong, your screen will beep and my sister and I will fire Brain-Enhancing Memory Pellets at your skull. On contact, these will explode and transmit a short burst of zeta rays into your brain, thus enhancing your memory and hopefully providing you with the right answer."

They're going to be shooting at us on our first evening, thought Nick. *Charming!*

"You'll each have a unique set of questions, so you won't be able to follow each other or cheat," added Jessica.

Jeb pulled out two large orange guns. He kept one for himself and handed the other to his sister.

"Don't worry," said Jessica, cradling her gun. "Your parents have all signed waiver documents absolving us of any responsibility should you get injured or killed at the academy."

Thanks for that, Mum and Dad, thought Nick bitterly.

"Headphones on!" commanded Jeb.

Nick and the others put on their headphones. The Oil twins climbed onto a large oak table, brain pellet guns at the ready.

Jessica nodded and Jeb flicked a switch on a small black panel.

"In which year was Margaret Thatcher appointed British prime minister? Screen 9," demanded an over-eager female voice in Nick's ears. He knew the answer was 1979, so he ran to Screen 9, swerving past Natalie, who was rushing to Screen 2.

He entered the correct answer and the voice piped up again.

"What does the symbol Rh stand for in the Periodic Table? Screen 4." Nick remembered this from a science lesson at school. He sprinted to Screen 4, banging shoulders with Oliver, who was racing to Screen 5. Nick typed *rhodium*.

Natalie must have given a wrong answer, because Screen 1 suddenly beeped and the Oil twins began firing pellets at her head. They struck her skull with incredible power. There was a large puff of a white smoke and she was knocked clean off her feet. For a few seconds her eyes changed colour to a glowing reddish brown, and then she sprung back to her feet and tried answering the question again.

"Who was the president of the United States in 1902? Screen 1." Nick rushed across the room and nearly had a head-on collision with Edward, who gave him a furious scowl. At Screen 1, Nick typed *Theodore Roosevelt*.

What followed was sixty minutes of increasingly difficult questions. Nick got the majority right, but the few he got wrong resulted in beeping plasma screens and a volley of pellets smacking against his head. After each hit, it felt like a noisy dancing troupe had taken up residence in his brain. But he didn't believe for a minute that the pellets improved his question-answering skills – they just hurt.

By the time Jessica Oil blew a whistle to end the activity, the five students were totally exhausted and their heads were zinging with all of the Brain Pellets that had hit them. They collapsed collectively onto a long brown sofa, panting and sweating.

"I won," declared Edward smugly.

"How do you know that?" snapped Arabella.

"It is now bedtime," said Jeb, ignoring this petty debate. "Your bedroom lights will be extinguished in twenty minutes."

Edward shot Arabella a filthy look before the weary students tramped into the corridor, separated into boys and girls, and climbed the steps to their respective bedrooms. Nick, Edward and Oliver had dumped all of their stuff up in the boys' room when they'd arrived at the school earlier.

Their bedroom had white walls with peeling paint and a single light fitting. It contained three narrow beds, three bedside tables, and three small wardrobes.

Nick went straight into the shared bathroom at the end of a short corridor and locked the door. He leaned on a cold radiator as one terrifying question bounced around inside his head:

How am I going to put up with this mad place for SEVEN YEARS when ONE NIGHT seems like more than enough?



CHAPTER 2

"WAKEY WAKEY!"

Jeb Oil stood at the door of the boys' dorm, banging his fists on the wall.

Nick opened one eye and checked his watch.

It's 6 a.m. - he can't be serious!

But Jeb was deadly serious, and a few minutes later all five Gadfly pupils were sitting on rickety benches in the Dining Hall, eating a weird light blue breakfast cereal with purple milk.

The Dining Hall was a long rectangular room with wood-panelled walls and an assortment of light brown trestle tables and benches of different sizes.

"The best brain-enhancing breakfast there is," Jessica said proudly.

The most disgusting breakfast there is, thought Nick with a grimace.

Immediately after breakfast came the first activity of the day. This took place in the Hunting Lounge and involved the five students sitting on bright yellow spacehoppers. Jessica Oil then shouted out a series of fiendishly complex maths questions. Eight answers immediately flashed up on a white floor panel. Seven were wrong; one was right. The first pupil to bounce their spacehopper onto the correct answer got five points. However, if a rider hopped onto an incorrect answer, they received an electric shock that flung them ten feet backwards. Apparently, these shocks "enhanced" one's brainpower.

Nick scored second on points to Arabella in this activity, but he still received three shocks, one of which nearly flung him through a large window. Edward insisted that the others had cheated, while Oliver was devastated at coming last.

Everyone then moved to the Drawing Room - a huge, oval, wood-floored space. Five long pairs of metal arms hung down from the ceiling.

"OK," announced Jessica. "For this task you will have to verbally answer ten logic problems in thirty minutes. Failure to make that target or giving incorrect answers will result in forfeits. Proceed, please."

Jeb pulled a lever on the wall and the metal arms moved downwards, grabbing each pupil by the shoulders. When Jeb pulled a second lever, the arms lifted the pupils five metres off the ground. A small black panel then dropped down in front of their faces, displaying a mini computer screen.

"Begin!" shouted Jeb.

A logic problem involving a farmer, a goat and five packets of crisps appeared on Nick's screen. It wasn't too hard and he answered: "Two packets of crisps." CORRECT blinked the screen, before setting him a second puzzle about a zoo, three camels and fourteen bottles of water. This was harder, but when he eventually said "Five bottles", he was once again correct. He was aware of movement around him but he was rooted to his screen, so he couldn't see what was going on.

The third question was about camping, tents and tent pegs. It was tricky and Nick's answer of "Three tents and forty pegs" resulted in the screen flashing INCORRECT. Within a second the metal arm started twisting and turning at great speed, with Nick twisting and turning with it. It was a terrifying sensation, being flung around by his shoulders, five metres off the ground, but the movement suddenly ceased and a fourth question appeared.

Luckily, he got eight out of ten questions correct, so he only experienced one more session of being violently swung around by the shoulders. It seemed that Oliver and Natalie weren't so lucky – they were swept round the room four times each.

I can't stand this, thought Nick miserably as the metal arms finally released the pupils' heads and they fell back to the floor.

There followed an activity that involved putting a complex radio that had been pulled apart back together. This would have been difficult anyway, but the fact that the pupils were blindfolded for the duration of this task made things much, much harder. Nick did pretty well on this – he loved knowing how things worked. Edward and Arabella struggled. Whenever they made a wrong move their whole unit was automatically

disassembled, and they had to start all over again. This infuriated them both.

Lunch in the Dining Hall consisted of some weird, ultra-smooth brown bread with a green spread that tasted of metal and some yellow Brain-Enhancing Nutrition Bread Sticks. Nick slipped the carton of pink Brain-Enhancing Nectar Juice into his jacket pocket. It really didn't look like a fine-tasting beverage.

"What do you think of it so far?" asked Oliver, nervously crunching on pudding – some purple apple slices that had been modified with a brain-enhancing chemical called *Musterdine*.

"It's a nightmare," replied Nick miserably.

"It's not that bad," said Oliver, looking shocked. "You've done much better than me on everything so far. You should be enjoying it."

"I'm not interested in the tasks or the test scores. I don't want to be here," said Nick.

Oliver gave him a funny look.



After lunch came a double activity, which had Nick and the others climbing an artificial rock wall studded with physics and chemistry problems that had to be solved using a small keyboard worn around the

neck. All incorrect answers were met with a punch from a rubber fist that knocked you down several levels. Nick did OK on this one, with Edward being the clear winner and boasting very loudly about it.

Can't the others see how MAD these activities are? thought Nick. *The Oil twins are totally weird and Walter J. Gadfly has no idea what he's talking about - I'm sure of it.*

The next activity entailed each pupil sitting on a spinning round disc and having to solve a series of wooden and metal puzzles. Two minutes was allotted for each puzzle and failure to crack any of them resulted in being viciously bounced up and down on the disc - an act that made puzzle-solving fiendishly difficult.

I can't wait for these activities to end. This place is going to KILL me! Nick screamed inside his head.

The last activity of the day had the five Gadfly pupils running around the Drawing Room with different types of Brain-Enhancing Intelligence Powders crashing onto their foreheads (shot by the Oil twins with bows and arrows) as they grabbed clues and tried to solve an ancient murder mystery that had completely baffled the police of the time.

After a supper of Brain-Enhancing Orange Courgettes and Brain-Enhancing Lilac Soup, the Oil twins announced it was time for bed. It was only 8.15 p.m. and Arabella put up a bit of a fight, saying she wasn't a baby and she usually went to bed at 10.30 p.m. But Nick was pleased to get away from the Oils and the craziness of their activities. He lay in bed, waiting for Edward and Oliver to fall asleep. When they'd dozed off, he lay there for another forty-five minutes and then made his move.

Sneaking down the stairs carefully, he crept into the Hunting Lounge, then the Drawing Room and finally the Dining Hall, to see if any of their windows would open.

They wouldn't.

He then tried the door handles to another ten rooms but these were all locked. He was beginning to feel desperate when he noticed that above one door where a glass panel should have been there was a hole. Grabbing a chair from the Drawing Room, he managed to climb up to the hole and shin through. Jumping down on the other side, he found himself in a small square room with furniture covered in white sheets. The first three windows he tried were bolted shut but, to his joy, the fourth opened wide enough for him to slip through.

Result! thought Nick.

He crept as silently as he could across some gravel and studied the outside of the building. There were no lights on anywhere.

I'm getting out of here.

He climbed up onto the huge expanse of grass at the back of the building and broke into a run, excitement and hope coursing through his body. He was just about to run past a large, thorny bush when a foot suddenly kicked out. He tripped over it and tumbled onto the grass, looking up in horror as the shadow of a figure loomed menacingly over him.



Chapter 1 & 2

Comprehension Exercise

Multiple Choice Questions

1. What did Jessica confiscate from Nick?
 - a. his phone
 - b. his parents
 - c. his homework mints
 - d. his photographs
 - e. his wallet
2. What is school rule number two?
 - a. no talking after 8 o'clock
 - b. no running in the corridors
 - c. no talking in the bedrooms
 - d. only certain rooms may be entered
 - e. only Brain Enhancing computer games may be played
3. Who claimed that they had won the first quiz?
 - a. Nick
 - b. Edward
 - c. Arabella
 - d. Natalie
 - e. Oliver



4. How do we know that none of the children cheated in the quiz?
 - a. they are all honest characters
 - b. they didn't dare to cheat
 - c. they didn't need to cheat because they were too clever
 - d. they each had their own set of questions to answer
 - e. they were told not to cheat
5. How many people shared the boys' bedroom?
 - a. two
 - b. three
 - c. four
 - d. five
 - e. six

Story Sequencing Question

Put these events in the order in which they happened in the story, numbering them from 1 to 5.
One has been done for you.

Nick worried about how he would cope at the school for seven years.

Nick arrived at Walter J Gadfly's Brain Enhancing Academy.

The Oil twins burnt everyone's phones.

The Oil twins fired pellets at some of the children.

The pupils took part in a special quiz.

1

My Transition Booklet



School: _____

Name: _____

About Me

Name: _____

Age: _____

Favourite Subject: _____

Least Favourite Subject: _____

Favourite Book/s: _____



Hobbies: _____

Favourite Place/s: _____

Pet/s: _____

Friends: _____

Achievements

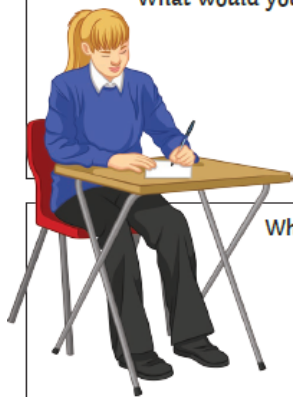
Have you ever received a certificate?

What do you think you are really good at?



Have you ever won a prize?

What would you like to achieve in secondary school?

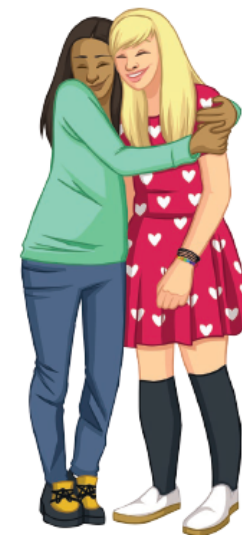


What are your aims for the next year?

A Guide to Making Friends

Top Tips!

- Smile
- Ask questions
- Join new clubs
- Try new things
- Accept that we are all different
- Be a good listener and interested in what people are saying
- Treat people as you would like to be treated
- Avoid gossiping or making jokes at the expense of others
- Share interests – find what you have in common



Think of three interesting things about yourself:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

Name _____

Alphabetize

Write each set of words in alphabetical order.

correspond
sacrifice

definite

profession

embarrass

achieve

awkward

queue

aggressive

harass

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

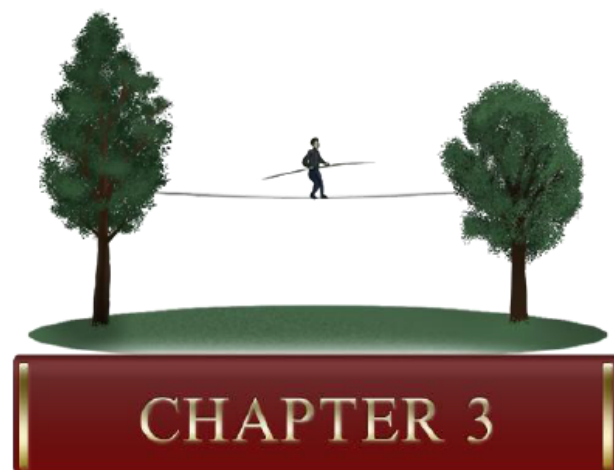
1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____



Nick instinctively raised a hand in front of his face, assuming it was one of the Oil twins standing over him and that they were about to go crazy. But when the figure stepped backwards into a shaft of moonlight, he found himself staring up at Natalie Pettigrew. She brushed one of her plaits over her shoulder and looked at him with her large grey eyes.

Nick quickly scrambled to his feet and they stood there facing each other in silence for a few moments. It was Nick who finally spoke first.

"Why did you trip me over?" he asked, brushing some mud off the front of his trousers.

"I thought you were one of the Oil twins," replied Natalie. "And I hate them."

Nick looked at her in amazement. "Really?"

"They're vile, as is everything about this repugnant place," nodded Natalie.

"But you seem to take the activities really seriously," said Nick.

"It's all an act. The Oils are despicable, the activities are ridiculous and my head hurts from all of the poundings it's taken. One day has been enough for me."

Nick took a deep breath and smiled for the first time in twenty-four hours. "That's exactly how I feel. I've taken part in everything, but all of the time I've been thinking about busting out of here. I can't stand it. That's why I was running across the lawn. I was going to jump over that stone wall at the end of the lawn."

"I am *so* going to escape too," nodded Natalie earnestly. "We can do it together if you like. But I don't think we should do it tonight."

"Why not?"

"I overheard the Oils talking about taking it in turns to do guard duty around the outside perimeter of the site tonight because it's our first evening after our first full day here. They're doing it between bedtime and 6 a.m. – the time they get us up."

"Let's chance it; there'll only be one of them and there's two of us," pointed out Nick.

"It's too risky," said Natalie. "I don't reckon they'll do guard duty tomorrow night – I say we go then. When they discover us gone the next morning, we'll be miles from here and they'll never catch us."

Nick considered the merits of Natalie's plan. He really couldn't face spending another day at this horrible excuse for a school. But Natalie did have a point. It would be far more sensible to escape with time to spare so that they could put some distance between themselves and the Oils.

"Fine," he agreed.

Natalie reached out a hand and they shook. "Come on, let's get back in," she said. "We don't want the Oils to hear us, do we?"

They had a look around the grounds for any sign of the twins and then hurried back across the lawn and in through the window.

"It's funny, isn't it?" said Natalie, pointing to the hole at the top of the door as they edged past the sheet-covered pieces of furniture. "That's exactly how I got out earlier."

"Great minds think alike," smiled Nick.

Once they were both in the main corridor they shook hands again and then scuttled off to their respective bedrooms.



It took Nick a while to fall asleep because he was so excited and relieved to have found a partner in crime. There was someone else here who saw through all of the craziness and wanted to get out too. He knew that once he was free he would have no idea where to go; he was certain that if he went home, his parents would put him in the car and drive him straight back here. But he wasn't going to worry about that for now. All he had to focus on was getting through tomorrow's activities and meeting up with Natalie tomorrow night. Then they could bust out of here and hopefully never come back. He fell asleep with a smile on his face.



Nick's second full day at the Walter J. Gadfly Brain-Enhancing Academy was even more mad than his first. The activities included: learning the mathematical formula for pi to one thousand six hundred places while swinging around on long green ropes that emitted all sorts of weird, high-pitched noises that were supposed to enhance your learning; drawing a map of the world with a digital pen clamped onto the top of your head; racing round a high wire assault course in the trees outside while taking sips of Walter J. Gadfly Brain-Enhancing Milkshake every five minutes; and completing a giant floor puzzle using sensors stuck to both sides of your skull.

On several occasions Nick caught Natalie's eye and they furtively smiled at each other. As they swapped places on the high wires Natalie whispered, "Eleven o'clock tonight, by that door from last night."

Nick nodded and quickly stepped past her. He didn't want the Oils to get even the slightest hint that he and Natalie were planning something together.

Of the other kids that day, Edward claimed he'd won every activity even when he had lost several, Arabella told anyone who would listen about her family's most expensive possessions, and Oliver fretted away,

hoping he was doing OK and not wishing to let his parents or Mr Gadfly down.

After a supper of a white stew that tasted of worn rubber, and dark green pancakes, Jeb announced it was time for bed. Nick avoided eye contact with Natalie and scooted up to the boys' bedroom.

Edward flopped onto his bed. "It feels so good to be in the lead," he said smugly. "I'm sure Mr Gadfly will be delighted by my progress."

"I'm not sure he will be with mine," said Oliver anxiously, standing by the door. "I think I'm not performing as well as I should be."

"You're doing fine," said Nick, patting Oliver on the shoulder before going to the bathroom and brushing his teeth.

After Edward and Oliver had fallen asleep, Nick sat on the edge of his bed in the darkness, checking his watch every few minutes. Finally, 10.55 p.m. arrived and, with a feeling of barely contained excitement popping in his chest, he moved silently down the stairs.

Natalie was waiting by the door. They gave each other a thumbs up and then took turns to climb onto the chair, get through the hole and land inside the dustsheet furniture room. Nick put a finger to his lips as he eased open the window. It was the work of a minute for both of them to get outside.

"Let's do this," whispered Natalie.

Nick nodded and they began walking very quickly across the lawn. They were halfway to the perimeter wall when they were suddenly engulfed in a huge bright spotlight.

They heard a furious voice cutting through the night air.

"Stop right there!" screeched Jessica Oil.

Chapter 3 **Spelling, Punctuation and Grammar**

1. There is an error in the sentence below. Write the correction on the line.

Nick were surprised when he saw Natalie standing over him.

2. Circle the **connective** in the sentence below.

They decided to escape the following night, because they thought the Oil Twins were on guard duty.

3. Which of these sentences have a **capital letter** missing?

Tick **two**.

Oliver didn't want to let his parents down.

☐

I'm sure Mr gadfly will be delighted with my progress.

☐

Nick avoided eye contact with Natalie.

☐

One of the questions was about london.

☐

Nick shared a room with Oliver and Edward.

☐

Date _____

Name _____



Persuasion Text Features Key

Text Title: _____

Here are the features of a persuasion text. Use your coloured pens, pencils or highlighters to identify parts of your text which show each feature. For example, you could colour the 'strong/ emotive adjectives' box in red, then use the **same** colour to underline all the time adjectives in your text.



	Title shows what the text is about. Often uses "How..." or "Why..."		Rhetorical questions are used.
	Opening paragraph introduces the topic or idea.		Strong/ Emotive adjectives challenge the reader to disagree.
	Cause and effect conjunctions logically link points to supporting details.		Opinion presented as facts .
	Final paragraph (conclusion) links back to the opening.		Ambiguous phrases (e.g. 'probably', 'almost certainly')
	Only one side of the topic is discussed (either for or against the idea).		Present tense verbs.
	Each point is elaborated with detail and examples.		



BLOBS IN A BOTTLE!

YOU WILL NEED:

- 1 clean 1-liter clear soda bottle
- 3/4 cup of water
- Vegetable oil
- Fizzing tablets (such as Alka Seltzer)
- Food coloring

WHAT TO DO

1. Pour the water into the bottle.
2. Use a measuring cup or funnel to slowly pour the vegetable oil into the bottle until it's almost full. You may have to wait a few minutes for the oil and water to separate.
3. Add 10 drops of food coloring to the bottle (we like red, but any color will look great.) The drops will pass through the oil and then mix with the water below.
4. Break a seltzer tablet in half and drop the half tablet into the bottle. Watch it sink to the bottom and let the blobby greatness begin!
5. To keep the effect going, just add another tablet piece. For a true lava lamp effect, shine a flashlight through the bottom of the bottle.

HOW DOES IT WORK?

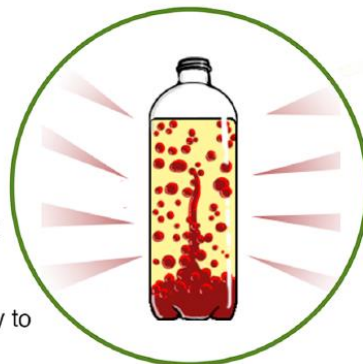
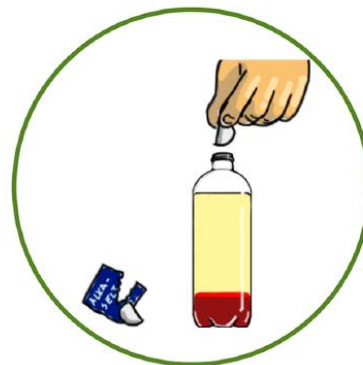
To begin, the oil stays above the water because the oil is lighter than the water or, more specifically, less dense than water. The oil and water do not mix because of something called "intermolecular polarity." That term is fun to bring up in dinner conversation. Molecular polarity basically means that water molecules are attracted to other water molecules. They get along fine, and are loosely bonded together (drops.) This is similar to magnets that are attracted to each other. Oil molecules are attracted to other oil molecules, they get along fine as well. But the structures of the two molecules do not allow them to bond together. Of course, there's a lot more fancy scientific language to describe density and molecular polarity, but maybe now you'll at least look at that vinaigrette salad dressing in a whole new way.

When you added the tablet piece, it sank to the bottom and started dissolving and creating a gas. As the gas bubbles rose, they took some of the colored water with them. When the blob of water reached the top, the gas escaped and down went the water. Cool, huh? By the way, you can store your "Blobs in a Bottle" with the cap on, and then anytime you want to bring it back to life, just add another tablet piece.

MAKE IT AN EXPERIMENT:

The above is a DEMONSTRATION. To make it a true experiment, you can try to answer these questions:

1. Does the temperature of the water affect the reaction?
2. Does the size of the bottle affect how many blobs are produced??
3. Does the effect still work if the cap is put on the bottle?
4. Does the size of the tablet pieces affect the number of blobs created?



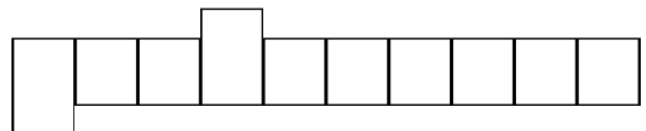
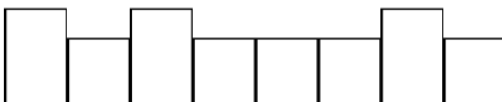
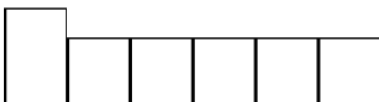
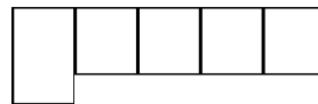
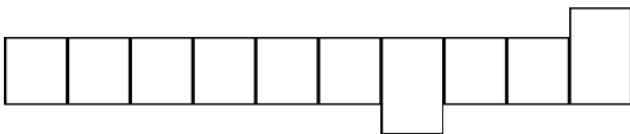
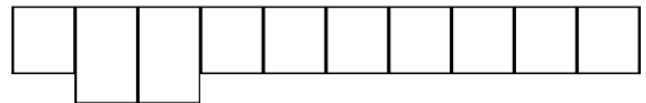
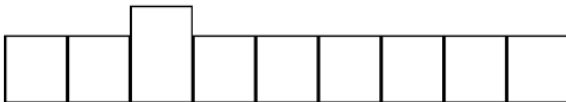
GET SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS AND SCIENCE FAIR IDEAS AT WWW.SCIENCEBOB.COM

Word Shape Puzzle

Name _____

Fit each of the words below into a word shape puzzle.

correspond awkward achieve embarrass profession
sacrifice harass aggressive definite queue





CHAPTER 4

"RUN!" shrieked Natalie.

Nick had never moved so fast.

"How dare you?!" barked Jeb Oil as he and his sister raced after the fleeing pair. The Oil twins were both carrying torches with huge white beams that illuminated the escapee hopefuls.

"Let's get to the wall," shouted Nick.

"No," panted Natalie, "the Oils are that way."

"OK, round the side of the building then."

Nick and Natalie zigzagged as they ran, dipping in and out of the torchlight that relentlessly pinpointed them. The lawn felt wet and springy under their rushed strides.

At the side of the building was a narrow passageway that ended with a high brick wall.

"You won't get away!" shrieked Jessica as the Oils swerved round the corner after them.

"I can make it over that wall," said Nick. "Can you?"

"It's too high for me," groaned Natalie, "but you go if you want. I'll face those freaks myself."

Nick was incredibly tempted to climb the wall. After all, he *had* decided to escape well before Natalie informed him she shared the same goal. But on the other hand they *did* have an agreement. They'd shaken on it. If it was the other way round, he'd be gutted if Natalie went alone, leaving him to the unsavoury clutches of the Oil twins.

"No," he said firmly. "We'll stick together."

Natalie gave him an incredibly thankful smile and pushed open a white stable door. The two of them raced inside the building. Through a long, damp-smelling corridor they darted, the Oils on their tail, screaming for them to stop.

They clambered up a rickety flight of steps, sprinted down another corridor, hurtled around a corner and then down a shorter staircase.

"We'll get you whatever happens!" roared Jeb from somewhere close behind them.

"I think our only chance is if we hide," hissed Natalie, skidding to a halt. "We don't know the building well enough to find another exit. Let's go in here."

She pointed to a thick oak door.

Nick agonised for a few seconds and then nodded. It was as good a plan as any.

They pushed open the door as silently as they could and stole inside. Nick peered into a dark expanse of room. He could discern some shapes ahead of him and could hear shouts and moans. He froze in fear – he and Natalie had placed themselves in serious danger, he knew it.

"Let's get out of here," he hissed in a terrified voice.

"Definitely," said Natalie, guiding him by the arm. "This is the way out. They won't reach us here."

They'd only taken a few steps when the door was kicked open and the Oils burst in. In the darkness Nick crouched down, hoping to avoid detection and then slip out of the room, but the Oils shone their torches directly in his and Natalie's faces. Momentarily blinded, he received an incredibly forceful shove in the chest and tumbled backwards. Before he had time to react, strong arms grabbed him and he was suddenly lying down on his back. He tried to strike out but to his horror he discovered that his hands and feet were in restraints.

"What's going on?" he yelled, as panic threatened to engulf him.

A second later, the room was suddenly bathed in white light. Nick closed his eyes for a moment before opening them slowly to allow them to get accustomed to the harsh glare.

He was lying on top of the sort of trolley you find in hospitals. His wrists and ankles were secured by white ties. His trolley formed a semi-circle with three other identical ones. Upon these lay Edward, Arabella and Oliver. Of Natalie, there was no sign.

In front of the beds was a long white table. A laptop computer sat on its surface, along with a bank of shiny black machines containing hundreds of blinking green LED lights. The Oils stood by the desk,

grinning like a pair of deluded clowns waiting for the big top long after the circus has left town.

"What are you doing, and where is Natalie?" demanded Nick. He scanned the room but there was absolutely no sign of her. He was sure the Oils had done something awful to her. And he was equally convinced that they were planning to do something just as awful to him and the other three.

Nick strained to release himself but it was useless. "I DEMAND to see Natalie!" he cried hoarsely. "Whatever it is you're planning to do, you won't get away with it."

Jessica placed a finger on the bottom of her chin as if contemplating this statement. "Er... I think we will," she grinned.

"Look," said Edward. "I respect you both as sages and educators and I couldn't care less what you've done with Natalie. I'd be more than happy to arrange for a very large sum of cash to be transferred to your bank accounts from my father's bank, on the condition that you release me. Do with the others what you wish."

"You RAT!" shrieked Arabella.

"I suppose we should do as they say," burbled Oliver, "but what they're doing doesn't appear to hold out a pleasant result."

"Release us!" shrieked Arabella.

"I'm afraid that isn't an option," sighed Jessica.

"Just show us Natalie is OK and tell us why we're here!" said Nick, desperately fighting the restraints without a flicker of success.

"Fine," nodded Jessica. "We will come to Natalie in a minute, but first we will bring you up to speed with the current situation."

Nick fell silent.

"Walter J. Gadfly has been working on this special project for years," said Jeb, flicking some keys on the laptop. "It's his life's goal, his dream, and you lot are central to its completion."

"Mr Gadfly has a vision," explained Jessica. "He wants to create the world's finest brain. Every brain-enhancing activity, product and gadget he has ever created have all borne this aim in mind. He has closely followed all of the students who have used his products and, by analysing the data, it was you four he selected for a place at his school."

"You are the special ones," added Jeb.

"In the next few minutes," continued Jessica, "the world's first ever brain fusion will take place. When it's complete, we will have created the world's finest ever brain - capable of doing things that no other brain in human history has ever achieved. Forget Einstein and Hawking, dispense with Shakespeare and Socrates. This brain will outshine them all!"

"Bring her in!" declared Jeb.

Jessica swept out of the room and returned a few seconds later, pushing a circular silver unit that was about eight feet tall. Turning it round revealed that its other side was fronted with glass. And behind the glass stood Natalie, a series of electrodes covering her skull, their thin black cords connected to the banks of machines on the white table.

"You're evil!" shrieked Nick in horror. "What have you done to her?"

"As yet, we have done nothing," smiled Jessica. "But very soon we are going to transfer all of your brain power to Natalie - giving her the world's first truly super brain."

Nick frowned in confusion.

"I don't get it," said Edward, sounding bewildered. "What's so special about her?"

"Haven't we told you?" gasped Jeb in mock surprise.

"Told us what?" seethed Nick.

"Told you that Natalie's surname isn't really Pettigrew."

"Well, what is it, then?" asked Oliver.

"It's actually Gadfly," cackled Jessica. "Natalie is Walter J. Gadfly's daughter."

1. Rewrite the sentence below in the **present tense**.

They clambered up a rickety flight of steps, sprinted down another corridor and hurtled round a corner.

2. Circle the **two** words that show a command in the passage below.

Bring Natalie to me now. Show me what you have done to her. I need to see Natalie immediately.

3. An error is underlined in the sentence below.

You don't know what your talking about!

Write the correction in the box.

4. Circle the three **nouns** in the sentence below.

Jessica swept out of the room and returned a few seconds later pushing a high circular, silver unit.

5. Which two of these sentences would be clearer with **brackets** to organise some of the information they contain?

Tick **two**.

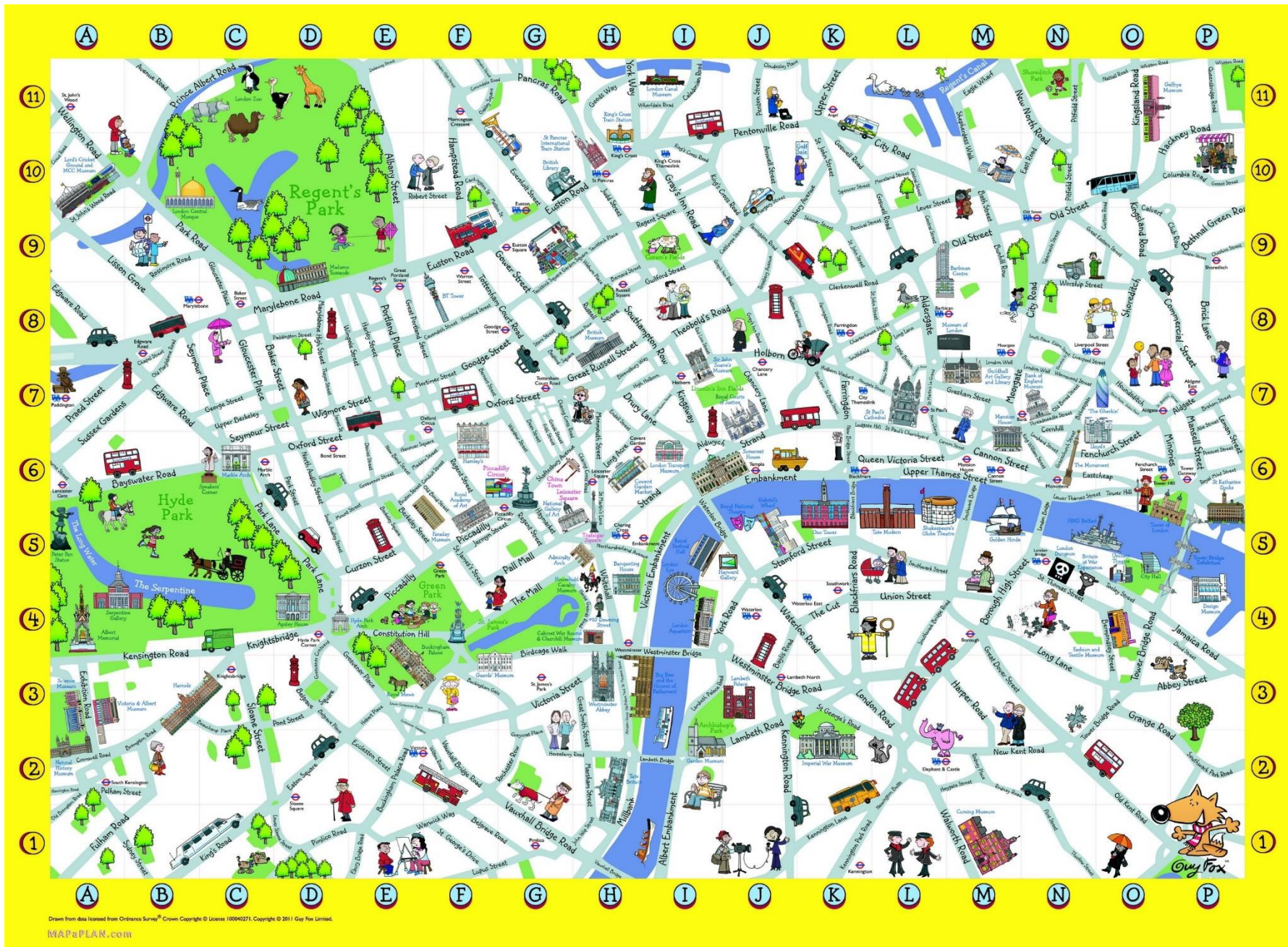
Natalie a spindly young girl was not able to climb over the wall. ☐

Through a long damp-smelling corridor they pelted. ☐

The two children one boy and one girl tried to escape from the school grounds. ☐

In front of the beds was a long white table. ☐

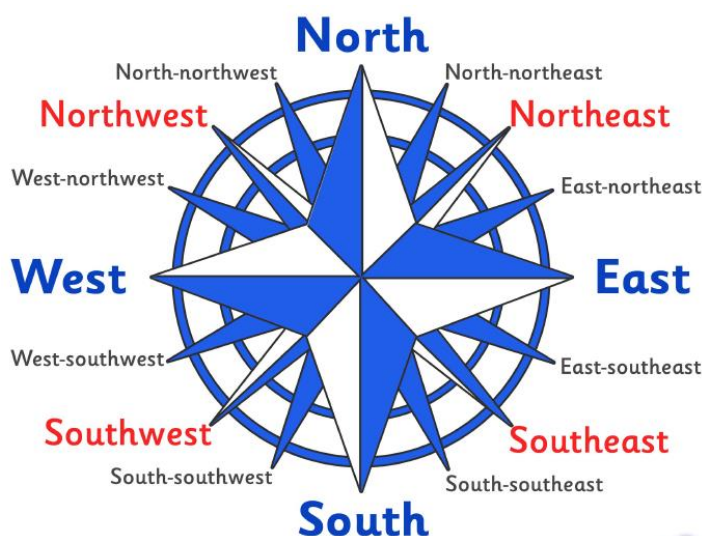
Jessica placed a finger on the bottom of her chin as if deep in thought. ☐



London Landmarks

COVID-19 came and ruined our Y6 residential BUT we've got the next best thing! You will need to get your geographical hats on to enjoy exploring London and all its sights and scenes!

Use the document of the map of London and its landmarks and the 16-point compass provided on this document to help you answer the follow questions:



Q1) You've had a wonderful day out at **Buckingham Palace** (E3) but now need to return to your accommodation at **St. Paul's Cathedral** (L7). Which direction do you need to walk in?

Q2) Start at **Kings' Cross Station** (H10) and travel in a **South-southeast** direction to (N5). Which Sir Francis Drake historical landmark is waiting for you there?

Q3) You've lost your class on the day of exploring London and need to describe where you are so they can locate you. You are located at **N7**. Give your class an extra hint and tell them you're at a landmark with the same name as a food, most commonly removed by people from McDonald's burgers!

Q4) You're tired of walking! Your teacher is bored of you all moaning so has planned a route where four landmarks are quite close together. She's planned to start at **Piccadilly Circus** (F6) then head in an **East-southeast** direction to H5, your next location. After this, she decides to take you all **South** to visit The Prime Minister at (G4). Finally, before your legs fall off she decides to head **East-north east** to your final destination I4/I5. Which three destinations did you visit?

Q5) There's just one final place to visit before you head back home to Sunny Scarborough! This landmark is located **near a bridge** (with the same name), why, yes! It's the **Tower of London** (O6). You're starting at **St. Paul's Cathedral** (L7), which direction do you have to walk in this time? Which other famous sights might you see on the way there?

London Landmarks ~ **Answers**

Q1) You've had a wonderful day out at **Buckingham Palace** (E3) but now need to return to your accommodation at **St. Paul's Cathedral** (L7). Which direction do you need to walk in?

North East

Q2) Start at **Kings' Cross Station** (H10) and travel in a **South-southeast** direction. Which Sir Francis Drake historical landmark is waiting for you there?

The Golden Hinde

Q3) You've lost your class on the day of exploring London and need to describe where you are so they can locate you. You are located at **N7**. Give your class an extra hint and tell them you're at a landmark with the same name as a food, most commonly removed by people from McDonald's burgers!

The Gherkin

Q4) You're tired of walking! Your teacher is bored of you all moaning so has planned a route where four landmarks are quite close together. She's planned to start at **Piccadilly Circus** (F6) then head in an **East-southeast** direction to G5, your next location. After this, she decides to take you all to **South** to visit The Prime Minister at (H4). Finally, before your legs fall off she decides to head **North east** to your final destination I5. Which three destinations did you visit?

G5 – Trafalgar Square

H4 – #10 Downing Street

I5 – The London Eye

Q5) There's just one final place to visit before you head back home to Sunny Scarborough! This landmark is located **near a bridge** (with the same name), why, yes! It's the **Tower of London** (O6). You're starting at **St. Paul's Cathedral** (L7), which direction do you have to walk in this time? Which other famous sights might you see on the way there?

East-southeast

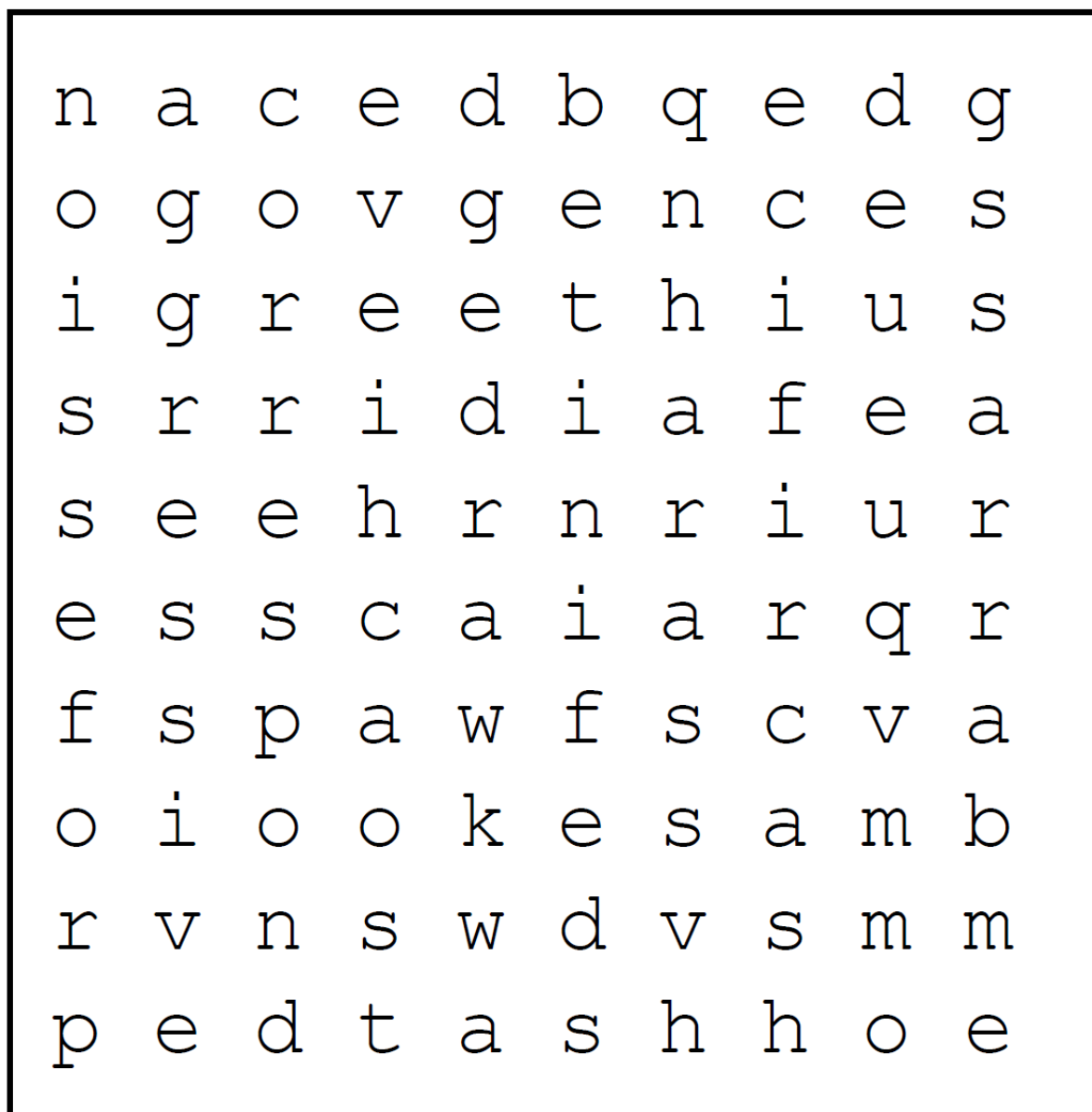
Cannon Street/ Mansion house/ King William street/ The Monument etc..

Name _____

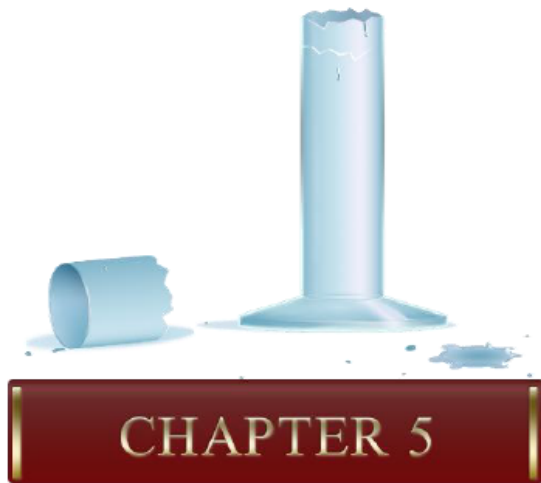
Week 3 Spelling Wordsearch - Y5 & 6 Statutory Words

Find and circle these words. They run up, down, across, and diagonally.

correspond awkward achieve embarrass profession
sacrifice harass aggressive definite queue



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CHAPTER 5

"NO!" gasped Nick.

Natalie Gadfly winked at him and gave the others a wave from behind the glass barrier.

Instead of planning to escape with him, Natalie had trapped him and delivered him to the Oils. It was the sell-out of the century! She was Gadfly's child and she was going to get his and the other three's brains. It was despicable!

Jeb Oil grabbed a huge box off a shelf and pulled out four units of electrodes and cables, identical to the one clamped to Natalie's head. He hurried around the room affixing the electrodes to the heads of the four trapped pupils and then he and his sister started connecting all of the wires up to the black units.

"You can have my father's whole bank!" cried Edward desperately.

But the Oils shushed him, switched all of the machines on and started inputting data into the computer.

"Excellent work!" cried Jeb, looking up.

Jessica let out a triumphant shriek and hit some computer keys.

A split second later there was a loud crackling sound and Nick felt a rush of hot air whooshing inside his head and an intense pressure pumping into the sides of his skull. The force was so powerful it started shaking his head from side to side. He looked around the room and saw exactly the same thing happening to the other pupils, excluding Natalie. She just stood there, calm and serene, her head lit up in a warm purple glow, completely unperturbed by what was happening to the others.

As Nick's skull was shaken more violently, he saw a line of what looked like green forked lightning shooting out of his electrodes, snaking along the wires, crashing into the machines and then bouncing out and travelling straight to the electrodes on Natalie's head.

"Brain transfer in progress!" yelled Jessica Oil triumphantly. Jeb pumped his fists into the air.

This is it, thought Nick, as his head crashed left to right and right to left with tremendous speed. *My life as I've known it is about to end.*

His vision was blurry, his head felt like it was being pummelled with a wrecking ball and his upper and lower teeth were gritted so tightly together he feared they might wear each other away. The green lightning streaks were now getting thicker, flashing more spectacularly.

Even though he knew it was impossible to shed the restraints, his instinct was still to struggle. And it was as he flailed his arms about at his sides that he felt it.

In a wild, jerky movement his left hand brushed against his left jacket pocket and he felt the unused carton of Gadfly Brain-Enhancing Juice inside. He tried to grab it but failed. He made four more fruitless attempts. But on the next one he just managed to prise it out of his pocket and wrap his left hand around it. This was an incredible achievement, considering how crazily his head was being thrown around.

He lifted his left palm and gave the carton a tiny hit.

This may be my only chance of keeping my brain in one piece, mused Nick.

As he raised his palm for another try he felt thoughts and memories flying out of his brain, as if someone were downloading its entire contents onto an external hard drive.

I've got to do this!

He hit the carton again and again but nothing happened, save for it crumpling a bit.

As the brainpower continued to drain out of his body, he focused every ounce of remaining energy on his left palm and brought it crashing down on the carton as hard as he possibly could. The juice flooded to the top right-hand corner of its package and finally the pressure blew the carton open.

Its entire watery contents flew through the air and landed directly on the keyboard and screen of the Oils' laptop. For a few seconds nothing

happened but then there was a loud fizzing sound and red sparks started shooting out of the computer.

"What on earth...?" shouted Jessica.

The sparks quickly turned to flames. Jeb screamed and raced to grab a fire extinguisher. But when he sprayed the laptop it only made things worse. The flames grew fiercer and higher, turning from red to white. At that second, the green lightning streaks completely stopped flowing and the electrode headgear detached from the four children's heads. A moment after this, the wrist and ankle restraints uncoiled.

Nick leapt off his trolley and ran towards the Oils. Jeb saw him, picked up the flaming laptop and threw it straight at his head. Nick ducked and the laptop smashed against a large wall unit covered in dials and switches. This instantly caught fire.

Jessica picked up some of the black units and prepared to throw them.

Nick grabbed his trolley, swung it around and then pushed it as hard as he could in the direction of the Oils. It scored a direct hit and sent them flying backwards and onto the floor. With a yell of fury, Jessica managed to stand up. She threw a chair at a window and it smashed into a million pieces. She and Jeb made a dash for it and dived through the opening.

There was a huge explosion behind Nick and he spun round to see one of the wall units smashing down onto the floor.

"We've got to get out of here!" he yelled.

Arabella and Oliver stumbled off their trolleys. But Edward lay motionless.

"Meet me out on the front lawn!" shouted Nick at Arabella and Oliver.

"What about Edward?" screamed Arabella.

"I'll deal with him!" replied Nick. "Now go!"

They took one last anxious look at Edward and then fled.

However obnoxious Edward had been, Nick's mind still kept repeating: *Please let him be alive! Please let him be alive! Please let him be alive!*

He jumped over a burning cable and reached Edward. He was unconscious but he was breathing.

Nick picked up Edward and slung him over his shoulder as he'd seen firemen and women doing in films. Edward was heavy, but this wasn't an optional task that he could sit out. He had to get himself and Edward out of the building or they'd both die.

As Nick staggered towards the door, he heard a terrible shriek and saw Natalie Gadfly. She was inside her tube, banging on the glass in terror.

Nick held her gaze for a second. Against his better judgement and in spite of the fact that she had double-crossed him in the most heinous way, he mouthed: *I'll come back for you.*

He exited the room as the flames grew ever fiercer and more machinery cut loose off the walls and went smashing onto the ground. He made it to the end of a corridor and came across a fire escape. He kicked the release bar with his right foot and it flew open; stepping outside, he gulped in a lungful of fresh air. A minute later he was round the front of

the building. Arabella and Oliver were sitting on the lawn, looking cold and petrified. Nick lowered Edward's body onto the ground.

"Oh, my word. Is he dead?" gasped Arabella.

"He's going to be fine, I think," said Nick. "Take this and put it on top of him."

He handed Arabella his jacket and then started striding away from them.

"W... w... what are you doing?" asked Oliver.

"I know what she did was hideously wrong," said Nick. "but Natalie is trapped inside that room."

"You're going to rescue her?" asked an incredulous Arabella.

"No one deserves to die," replied Nick.

And with that he started running back towards the building.



Comprehension Exercise

Multiple Choice Questions

1. What did Edward offer the Oil twins in return for releasing him?
 - a. the contents of his money box
 - b. all the money in his bank account
 - c. his right arm
 - d. all the money in his father's bank
 - e. a bar of gold

2. Who was the only pupil who was made to feel comfortable during the brain fusion?
 - a. Nick
 - b. Natalie
 - c. Edward
 - d. Oliver
 - e. Arabella

3. What was Nick so desperate to open the carton of juice?
 - a. the brain fusion made him feel very thirsty
 - b. he wanted to squirt it in Jessica's eyes
 - c. he wanted to squirt it at the laptop
 - d. he wanted to see whether he could still control his own brain
 - e. it was his favourite drink



4. Who did Nick drag out of the burning building?

- a. Jessica Oil
- b. Natalie
- c. Edward
- d. Arabella
- e. Oliver

5. *"You're going to rescue her?" asked an incredulous Arabella.*

What does the word *incredulous* tell you about how Arabella felt?

- a. she was annoyed
- b. she was jealous
- c. she was irritated
- d. she was in pain
- e. she was in disbelief

Story Sequencing Question

Put these events in the order in which they happened in the story, numbering them from 1 to 5.

One has been done for you.

There was a big fire in the building.

The twins began the brain fusion process.

One of the pupils was trapped in the burning building.











Nick tried hard to open a carton of juice.

Nick felt a powerful force shaking his head from side to side.

1

London Landmark Matching Cards

	Big Ben	This landmark stands over 315 feet (96m) high. It is named after the 13.5 tonne bell housed within its tower.		Natural History Museum	Whether you prefer dinosaurs or dragonflies, moths or woolly mammoths, you can learn all about them in the exhibition halls of this building.		Royal Albert Hall
London Eye	This landmark is 443 feet (135m) tall. Over 3.75 million visitors come each year to wonder at the views.		National Gallery	Completed in 1871, this concert venue hosts the annual BBC Proms, and can 5,400 people. It's organ has 9,999 pipes!		London Underground	This landmark can take you to 270 different stations. Its trains can travel up to 60mph!
Home to over 2,300 different works of art, this attraction welcomes more than 6 million visitors each year!		MI6 Headquarters	This building is home to the UK's intelligence and security services! Take a boat down the Thames and you'll easily spy it!		Westminster Abbey	Built in 1245, this landmark has over 1000 years of history and 17 monarchs buried within.	
	Houses of Parliament	With 900 years of history, this is where the House of Commons and the House of Lords meet.		Tower Bridge	First opened in 1894, this London landmark is opened at least once a day now. But, if you need it to open, you must give 24 hours' notice - make sure the cars and buses have stopped first!		The Gherkin

30 St Mary Axe has been nicknamed 'The Gherkin' due to its' unique shape. It is covered in 24,000 m2 of glass!		St Paul's Cathedral	This iconic, world-famous dome is a main feature of London's skyline. It is the home of the Bishop of London.		Albert Memorial	Opened in 1872, this landmark was commissioned by Queen Victoria in memory of her husband. It is 54m tall and the statue at the centre is made of bronze covered with gold leaf.	
	Nelson's Column	Found in Trafalgar Square, this monument is 51.6m tall and was built in honour of Admiral Horatio Nelson, who died at the Battle of Trafalgar.		St Pancras Station	This landmark was opened in 1868, and was almost demolished in the 1960s but a campaign supported by poet John Betjeman saved it. Modernisation in the early 2000s opened up many of the old storage areas. This space is now a place where visitors can shop, eat or wait comfortably for their train.		Wembley Stadium
Buckingham Palace	The Queen's official London home, this building has 775 rooms, including 240 bedrooms, 78 bathrooms, a cinema and a swimming pool.		Tower of London	This building was opened in 2007, on the site of a former venue of the same name. It can seat up to 90,000 people under an arch 440 feet (133m) high!		Olympic Park	A relatively new landmark, this venue has had more than 16 million visitors since it opened in Summer 2012. It includes a tennis centre, a swimming and diving centre and a multi-use sports venue, all of which can be spotted from the 114m tall Orbit sculpture.
The oldest part of this landmark was built in 1078 by William the Conqueror. As well as being a royal house, this building has also been a prison. It is now home to Yeoman Warders, ravens and the Crown Jewels.		British Museum	This landmark first opened its doors to visitors in 1759. It is home to many historical artefacts from around the world, including the Rosetta Stone and the Elgin Marbles.		The Shard	At 309.6m tall, this isn't just the tallest building in London, it's the tallest in Europe! Amazingly, it is 95 storeys tall!	

London Then and Now

How has London changed in the last 500 years?



500 years ago... The 1500s

Tudor London, Population 50 000 – 100 000



500 years ago... The 1500s

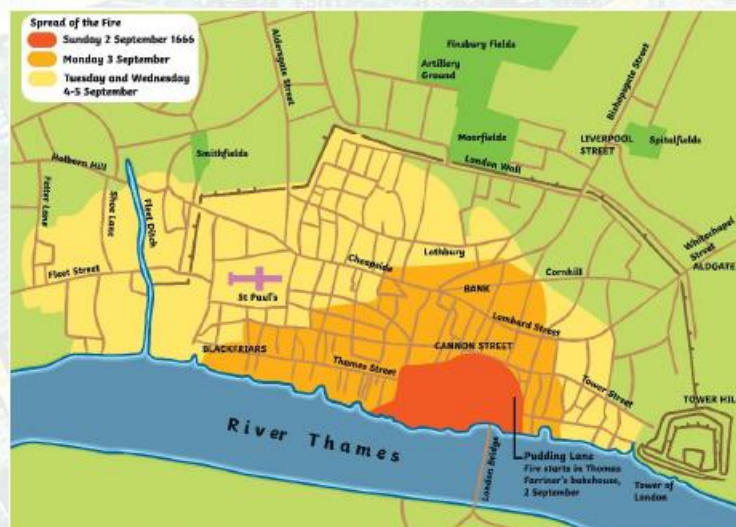
At the beginning of the 1500s, around half of all London properties were religious properties such as churches, but this all changed with Henry VIII's Dissolution of the Monasteries.



London was rising in popularity as a commercial and trading centre for Europe. This was also the time of Shakespeare when drama and theatre in London was growing.

400 years ago... The 1600s

Stuart London, Population 200 000



400 years ago... The 1600s

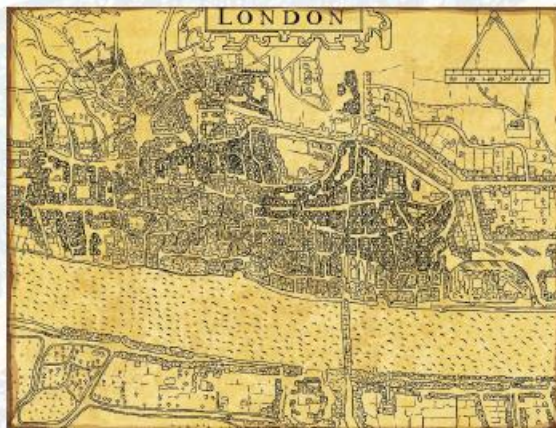
In the 1600s London was very crowded...even London Bridge (the only crossing over the River Thames) had many buildings on it. Most buildings were made from wood. Covent Garden and The West End were growing and the Bank of England opened in 1694.



The 1600s saw 30 000 Londoners die from The Great Plague and many more suffer in The Great Fire of London of 1666, although it did end The Great Plague.

300 years ago... The 1600s

Georgian London, Population 550 000 – 600 000



George Withers painted a bridge over the River Thames in 1663, for his Westminster Bridge.

300 years ago... The 1700s

After The Great Fire of London, there were a lot of new buildings constructed, this time from brick or stone.

London grew rapidly as the centre of the British Empire.

Coffee Houses were popular meeting places, the printing press gave rise to the might of Fleet Street for news and the high crime led to the creation of the first police: The Bow Street Runners.



200 years ago... The 1800s

Victorian London, Population reaching 1 million.



In this century, we see the arrival of: Trafalgar Square, Big Ben, The Houses of Parliament, the Royal Albert Hall, The Victoria and Albert Museum and Tower Bridge.

200 years ago... The 1800s

There was a lot of rapid growth and London became a global capital for trade, politics and finance. The Metropolitan Police was established.

In 1863, the London Underground was opened and the overground railways caused London to spread to the suburbs. There were still a lot of poor people which was reflected in novels such as *Oliver Twist* written by Charles Dickens.



100 years ago... The 1900s

Windsor London, Population 6.5 million.



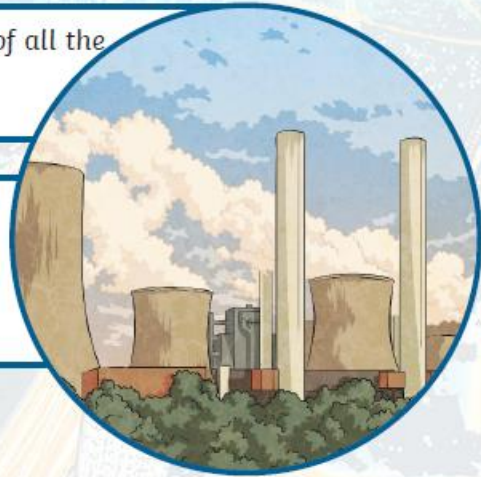
During the Blitz alone, there were over 30 000 tonnes of bombs dropped on London killing over 40 000 people.

100 years ago... The 1900s

Overshadowed in the first half of the century by the first and second World wars, including the Blitz in 1940-1941 when a lot of London was destroyed, especially in the Docklands area.

London was nicknamed 'The Smoke' because of all the pollution caused by coal fires and the Great Smog of 1952 which killed 4000 people.

The second half of the 1900s saw more positive events with the 1948 Summer Olympics and a focus for the Swinging 60s. The M25 was also completed in 1986.



Modern Times...2000s Onwards

Modern London, Population 7 million and rising...



Modern Times... 2000s Onwards

The new millennium saw new iconic buildings including the Millennium Dome, The Gherkin and the London Eye.

London hosted the 2012 Olympics.



Questions

Between each century and now, can you see the differences in population, area and issues?

Which of the things mentioned interests you?
What would you like to find out more about?

What do you think that the London of the 2100s will look like and why?



Year: 6 Spring: 1 Week: 4
Focus: Statutory list – Random

Dictation

She made the class _____ with the village school.
The class felt _____ about being late to assembly.
It was _____ that they would _____ gold.
Teaching was a good _____ to be in.
She had to _____ her place within the _____.
They were so _____ towards the kind shop keeper.
The salesman didn't mean to _____ the customer.
If they _____ him, he won't perform again.



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Twitter: [@2simplsoftware](https://twitter.com/2simplsoftware) and Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/2Simpleuk/>





CHAPTER 6

Nick was running back across the lawn when he felt a weight on his back and he was forced down onto the ground. It was Oliver – he'd leapt on Nick.

"You can't go back in!" cried Oliver, pinning Nick to the ground. "It's far too dangerous. Natalie got herself into this mess. She can get herself out of it."

"He's right," shouted Arabella from behind them. "Don't risk your life for hers. She sold you down the river."

"Come on, Nick," pleaded Oliver. "She was part of this whole thing. She was a willing participant."

"She didn't seem very worried when our brains were about to be destroyed, so why should we care if she's about to get destroyed?" shouted Arabella.

"Whatever she did, I'm going back," snapped Nick. "She's a human being and we can't leave her in there."

He twisted over and used his superior strength to throw Oliver off him. Oliver toppled onto his back while Nick stood and started sprinting towards the building.

"Please, Nick!" shouted Arabella.

But it was too late.

Nick had made up his mind and nothing was going to change it.

He grabbed an old piece of cloth he'd spotted on the damp ground and wrapped it around his nose and mouth. It was pretty filthy and smelly, but he didn't care. Keeping the smoke away from his lungs was his number one priority.

He could see that the fire had already spread to other parts of the building like a shadow puppet, its long fingers caressing walls and doors and furniture. He thought for a moment of the Oil twins leaping out of the smashed windows. Talk about a captain abandoning a sinking ship before his passengers. They had not only been quite happy to drain the brains of four of their students to enhance the brain of their employer's daughter, they'd also been happy to save their own skins while leaving their charges to perish. With any luck, the authorities would catch up with the Oil twins and punish them harshly.

All of these thoughts were coursing through Nick Jenkins' mind when he reached the fire exit, pulled it open and stepped back inside the building.

The acrid smell of smoke and burning plastic wafted down the corridor and the sound of smashing and splintering resonated up ahead. Never had he dreaded a journey so badly, but determination drove him on. He retraced his steps and in less than a minute he was back in the lab.

The recently white, clean and well-organised room was now a burning mass of chaos. Smoking machines were lying battered on the floor, wires and cables twisted and burned on the floor like white-hot snakes. Cupboards and chairs were strewn everywhere and a pall of hideously thick black smoke drifted through the air. Nick kept low to avoid the worst of the smoke as he moved through this hellish inferno, flames hungrily licking at every surface, mini-explosions sounding everywhere.

Up ahead he saw the cylinder with the glass frontage. Natalie was still inside, drenched in sweat and banging feebly on the glass. Her look of terror as he'd left the room carrying Edward had been replaced by an expression of exhaustion and resignation. She didn't expect to get out of there. She was hardly aware of him as he kicked a burning batch of electrodes out of his way and approached the glass. He looked around the room, searching for something large and sturdy among the burning chunks of machinery. He spotted the fire extinguisher Jeb had used on the laptop.

"Stand back!" he yelled.

Natalie raised her head a tiny bit and saw him swinging the fire extinguisher in the air. She dragged her body back as far as it would go and then Nick crashed the extinguisher forward. It hit the surface with a loud thud but didn't break it. *OK, thought Nick. More force needed.*

Swinging the fire extinguisher above his head, he brought it down with as much force and momentum as he could manage. On contact, the glass shattered into thousands of pieces. Natalie covered her head with her hands to protect herself. When the shards stopped raining down, Nick grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her out.

For a second it looked like she was going to fall over but then she managed to straighten up and lock eyes with Nick. Expecting a weary but heartfelt thank you, he was stunned when she yelled, "YOU'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!"

"WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?" demanded Nick as a ceiling panel crashed to the floor behind them and burst into flames.

"I WAS ABOUT TO GET THE WORLD'S FINEST BRAIN!" she whined like a spoilt child denied a candy cane in a sweet shop. "THE TRANSFER WAS HAPPENING. I WAS GOING TO BE MAGNIFICENT, AND YOU SPOILED IT ALL!"

She pummelled her fists into his shoulder.

"YOU'RE CRAZY!" he shouted, trying to drag her across the room while avoiding a tower of white-hot cables. "EVEN IF THAT MAD EXPERIMENT WORKED, YOU'D BE DESTROYING THE BRAINS OF US FOUR! HOW COULD YOU LIVE WITH YOURSELF IF THAT HAPPENED?"

"WHO CARE ABOUT YOU?" she bellowed, trying to release herself from Nick's grasp. "YOU ARE MERE MORTALS! I HAD THE CHANCE TO BECOME SOMETHING MORE."

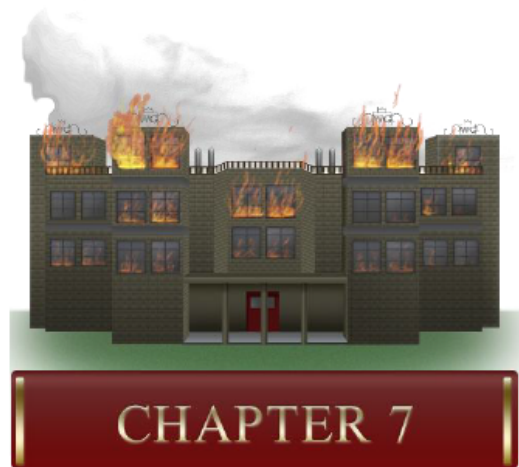
"I've had enough of this," snarled Nick, pushing her away. "If you don't want to escape, be my guest and keep dreaming about the brain you could have had. But I'm out of here with my perfectly normal brain intact."

"I HATE YOU!" she screeched, lunging at Nick and shoving him hard in the chest. He wasn't prepared for this and went toppling backwards,

smashing his head on a metal cupboard that was being prised loose from its fixings.

The blow was hard and he felt the world going blurry at the edges. He spotted Natalie scream at him again and then throw herself through the window the Oils had smashed. Nick was almost unconscious. At that second, a strong pair of hands grabbed him and lifted him into the air. He heard a voice say: "I may be needing you in the future." He was carried along the corridor and transported out of the building at great speed.

Before Nick completely blacked out, he got a decent look at the face of his rescuer and he knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that the person carrying him to safety was none other than Walter J. Gadfly.



When Nick came round he was lying on the grass at the front of the building with three faces staring anxiously down at him and the sound of fire engine sirens in the distance but getting nearer.

"Thank goodness you're OK," said Oliver, patting Nick on the shoulder. "Who was that person who brought you out of there? We couldn't see his face. He was there one second and gone the next."

Nick opened his mouth to say it had been Gadfly himself, but something stopped him. Did he suddenly feel protective of the man because he had just saved his life? Or was it simply a case of keeping the information to himself?

"No idea," replied Nick, sitting up slowly and rubbing the back of his head, which smarted with pain. "I passed out before I saw his face."

"Well, I guess you win the bravery contest," muttered Edward, who had been restored to his normal, competitive self.

"Yeah, and Edward won the 'save myself while letting the others die' award," said Arabella bitterly.

"Now, now," said Nick, standing up with the support of Oliver.

"So did you get Natalie out?" asked Oliver.

"I broke the glass tube and then she attacked me, first verbally, then physically. The last I saw of her she had jumped out of the window, to safety, I presume."

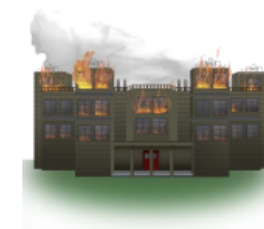
"Unbelievable," muttered Oliver.

"Hey," said Arabella, looking at the burning building with consternation. "I think it's going to blow up."

"I think you're right," said Nick. "We'd better move."

It was a good thing they did, because as they sprinted away across the grass, the entire building exploded with a sound louder than ten thousand simultaneous firework displays, and molten metal and burning stumps of wood flew out in all directions.

"That was close," said Arabella with a shiver when they were well out of the danger zone.



The fire and ambulance services were amazing. Three fire engines battled the blaze and after four hours they had extinguished every flame. After a check of the building they were pleased to report that no bodies had been found inside.

An ambulance crew checked the four children over and wrapped them in silver blankets to fight off the cold. Although Nick had inhaled quite a bit of smoke, he was given a clean bill of health.

The police, however, were perturbed. They had sent Detective Inspector Carol Fordham, a short, slim woman with a neat bob haircut and Sergeant Jerry Tiller, a rather portly man with one eyebrow considerably shorter than the other.

"Let me get this straight," said Fordham. "This school has just burnt to the ground and there are no adults present."

"That's correct," nodded Nick.

"So, who ran this place?" asked Tiller.

"Two weirdoes called Jessica and Jeb Oil," replied Arabella.

"They worked for a man called Walter J. Gadfly," explained Nick. "It was his school."

"So where are they?" enquired Fordham.

"They smashed a window and jumped out of it," replied Oliver. "That was after Nick stopped the brain transfer."

"Brain transfer?" asked Fordham, raising an eyebrow.

The four children took turns to describe exactly what had happened. As they talked, Tiller took notes but after a while he stopped and stared at them in amazement.

When they had finished, Fordham folded her arms. "Are you having some sort of laugh about this?" she demanded. "This isn't *Scooby Doo*, you know."

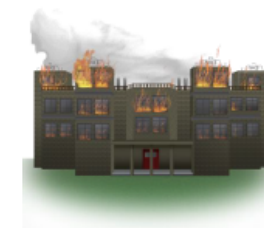
"It's all completely true," insisted Nick angrily. "Our brains were going to be donated to Gadfly's daughter."

"And where is this Natalie Gadfly?" asked Tiller. "Did she run off with the so-called Oil twins?"

"We don't know," said Arabella.

"This is beginning to sound highly suspicious," said Fordham. "Are you sure it wasn't one of you four who started the blaze?"

She realised this wasn't a very sensitive question after the four of them had screamed at her for a full minute.



The police and fire investigating teams found no evidence that the building had intentionally been set on fire. They also found none of the brain transferring equipment the children had described. Their report stated that the fire had been caused by a faulty electrical cable.

The local and national newspapers did cover the fire, but for some reason chose not to mention it was a Walter J. Gadfly school. There was also not a word about the Oil twins or Natalie.

Nick, Edward, Oliver and Arabella agreed to keep in touch but this didn't happen because none of them really liked each other (apart from Oliver, who quite liked the others, but was sure that they didn't like him because of his poor activity scores).

Nick's parents were completely flabbergasted by the entire episode, finding it hard to believe they had trusted their only child to a school that had burned to cinders while the staff left the pupils for dead and saved their own skins. However, as Nick didn't mention who it was that saved him, his parents were certain that Walter J. Gadfly himself had been nowhere near the school during these calamitous events.

The Gadfly website was down for three months and in that time they didn't ask Nick to do any of Gadfly's Brain-Enhancing tasks or eat any of his disgusting snacks.

When Nick told them he wanted to start at Miller High – the local school – they agreed without putting up a fight. Nick was overjoyed. He was put in Bea's class and quickly made loads of other friends. After the crazy and dangerous activities at the Brain Academy, the lessons at Miller High were surprisingly relaxed and informative.

When Gadfly's website did come back online, Nick's parents gingerly suggested that he might like to take a look at some new features, but his refusal was so loud and so defiant that they quickly left him alone and didn't mention it again.

Nick often thought about those two crazy days at the Academy, Natalie's betrayal and the way he had been saved by Walter J. Gadfly, but as the days and weeks and months passed he thought about it a lot less.

And that would have been that, had he not received a letter from the United States about six months later. The letter carried these words:

AM IN TROUBLE

NEED YOUR ASSISTANCE

ENCLOSED IS MONEY FOR YOUR TRIP

WILL PHONE WITH THE DETAILS VERY SOON

BEST WISHES

WJG

"What was that letter?" asked his mum later that day.

"It was just junk mail," replied Nick, who quickly hid the letter in his bedside drawer, along with the ten thousand dollars Gadfly had enclosed.

Nick waited for further communication from Gadfly. Because, although the man was clearly mad and dangerous, Nick had a feeling that he genuinely needed his help, and because he had saved Nick's life, Nick felt he somehow had to return the favour.

Nick knew the call would come.

He just didn't know when.



Chapters 6 & 7 **Open Ended Questions**

1. Why was Nick so happy to be a pupil at Miller High?
2. At the beginning of the story, the pupils had their phones confiscated. Who do you think phoned the emergency services?
3. Why do you think that the newspaper reports about the fire didn't mention anything about Walter J Gadfly, Natalie, or the Oil twins?
4. Why do you think that the Walter J Gadfly website was out of action for three months after the fire?
5. What do you think Walter J Gadfly will ask Nick to do for him in the USA?