

The BIG Broadoak Year 6 Reading Challenge

ROOTS OF
BROADOAK



BROADOAK
ACADEMY
Time Courage Choice

1

Write your own short story

Use some of the reading you have done in this challenge as inspiration for your very own adventure. Maybe you can consider what would happen in the setting of Mirkwood from *The Hobbit* or in the world of *The Gilded Ones*? What would it be like to travel through Middle Earth?

Extra Challenge: Illustrate your story.

2

Research Malala Yousafzai

What information can you find out about her? She's inspirational! You could use the internet or books to research. Create a fact page about her with all the information you can find.

Consider:

- Her work for Equality
- Her Charity work
- Famous speeches and books
- What she is doing now

3

Create a book cover

Create a book cover for one of the stories you have read in this pack, or for your favourite book of all time.

Include:

- An illustration
- A blurb
- Reviews and quotes

If you need inspiration, go to your school library or look at some books you can find at home.

4

Write a book report

"Books ought to have good endings. How would this do: And they all settled down and lived together happily ever after?"

J.R.R. Tolkien

Head to your school library, or your local library and read a book that is about someone going on an adventure.

Write a review of the book- let us know what you thought about it. Did it have an ending worthy of Tolkien?

5

Can you make a glossary?

There are some exciting and ambitious word choices in some of the texts you have read for this challenge.

Make a glossary of words that are new to you. Make a list of 10 unfamiliar words from the reading challenge and look up their meaning in a dictionary, on a computer, or ask someone for help, and then write a definition for each word.

Extra Challenge: Could you use these words to create some descriptive sentences to help you remember what they mean.

6

Write a poem

Robert Frost's poem is all about making choices, which is important to us here at Broadoak Academy.

Write a poem about making good choices.

It could include:

- Rhyme
- Metaphors
- Similes
- Images of nature



Scan the QR Code to listen to an audio recording of the different tasks in this Reading Challenge.

I am Malala – Malala Yousafzai

I'm named for the great young Pashtun heroine Malalai, who inspired her countrymen with her courage. But I don't believe in fighting—even though my fourteen year-old brother, Khushal, annoys me to no end. I don't fight with him. Rather, he fights with me. And I agree with Newton: For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. So I guess you could say that when Khushal fights with me, I oblige him. We argue over the TV remote. Over chores. Over who's the better student. Over who ate the last of the Cheesy Wotsits. Over whatever you can think of.

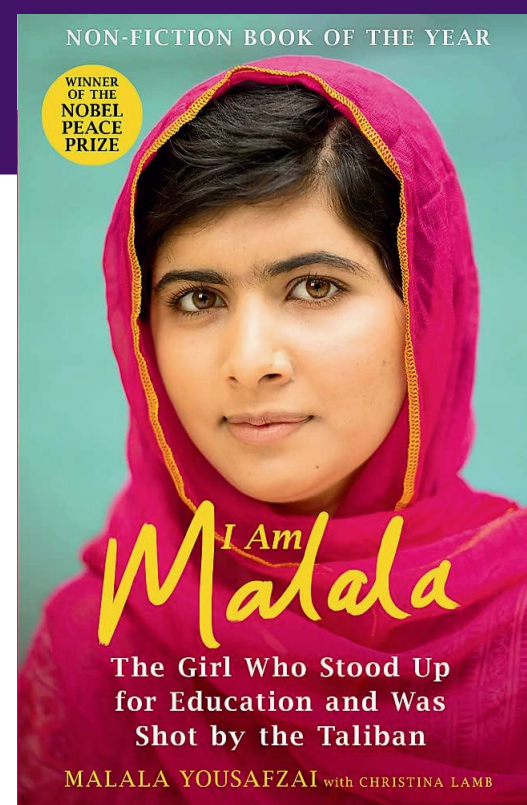
My ten-year-old brother, Atal, annoys me less. And he is quite good at chasing down the cricket ball when we kick it out of bounds. But he does make up his own rules sometimes.

When I was younger and these brothers started coming along, I had a little talk with God. God, I said, you did not check with me before sending these two. You didn't ask how I felt. They are quite inconvenient sometimes, I told God. When I want to study, they make a terrible racket. And when I brush my teeth in the morning, they bang on the bathroom door. But I have made my peace with these brothers. At least with a pair of them, we can play a cricket match.

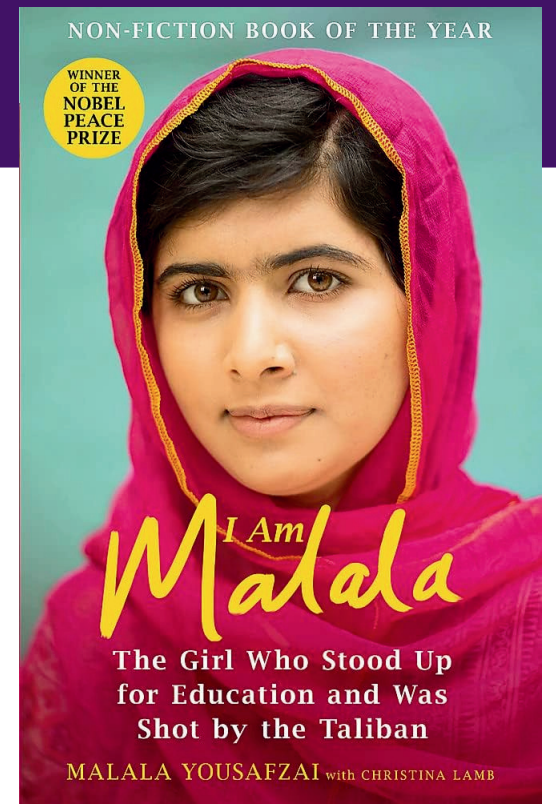
At home in Pakistan, the three of us ran like a pack of rabbits, in and out of the alleys around our house; we played a chasing game like tag, another game called Mango, Mango, a hopscotch game we called Chindakh (meaning "Frog"), and Thief and Police. Sometimes we rang the bell at someone else's house, then ran away and hid. Our favorite, though, was cricket. We played cricket day and night in the alley by our house or up on our roof, which was flat. If we couldn't afford a proper cricket ball, we made one out of an old sock stuffed with rubbish; and we drew wickets on the wall in chalk. Because Atal was the youngest, he would be sent to fetch the ball when it sailed off the roof; sometimes he grabbed the neighbors' ball while

he was at it. He'd return with a cheeky grin and a shrug. "What's wrong?" he'd say. "They took our ball yesterday!"

But boys are, well, boys. Most of them are not as civilized as girls. And so, if I wasn't in the mood for their boyish ways, I'd go downstairs and knock on the wall between our house and Safina's. Two taps, that was our code. She'd tap in reply. I'd slip aside a brick, opening a hole between our houses, and we'd whisper back and forth. Sometimes we'd go over to one house or the other, where we'd watch our favorite TV show, Shaka Laka Boom Boom—about a boy with a magic pencil. Or we'd work on the little shoebox dolls we were making out of matchsticks and bits of fabric.

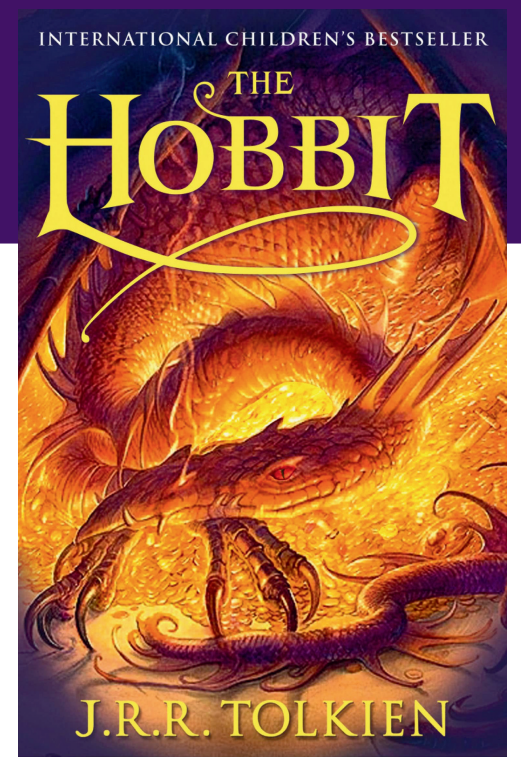


I am Malala – Malala Yousafzai



Scan the QR Code to listen to an audio recording of the I am Malala excerpt.

The Hobbit – J.R.R Tolkien



Bilbo and the Dwarves are on a quest to try to reclaim the Dwarves' treasure from Smaug the dragon. On their way, they face many obstacles. In this extract, they enter Mirkwood, a forest renowned for being dangerous and inhabited by monsters. They have been dreading this part of their journey, but it is the only way through to their destination: the Lonely Mountain.

They walked in single file. The entrance to the path was like a sort of arch leading into a gloomy tunnel made by two great trees that leant together, too old and strangled with ivy and hung with lichen to bear more than a few blackened leaves. The path itself was narrow and wound in and out among the trunks. Soon the light at the gate was like a little bright hole far behind, and the quiet was so deep that their feet seemed to thump along while all the trees leaned over them and listened. As their eyes became used to the dimness they could see a little way to either side in a sort of darkened green glimmer.

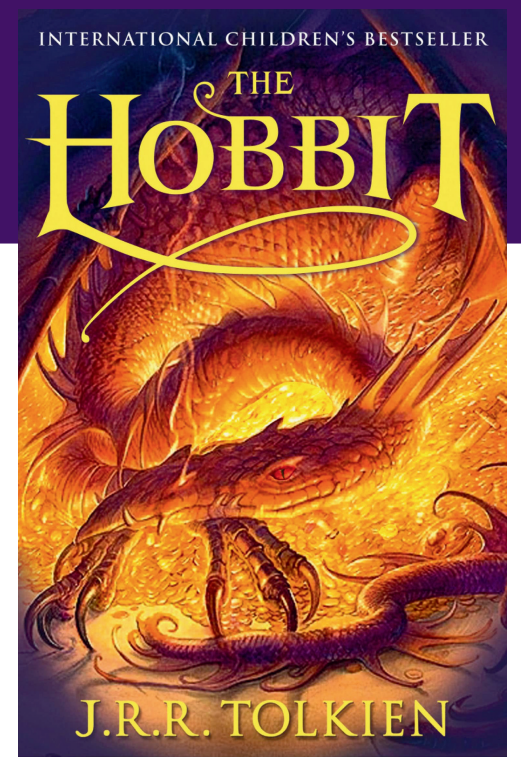
Occasionally a slender beam of sun that had the luck to slip in through some opening in the leaves far above, and still more luck in not being caught in the tangled boughs and matted twigs beneath, stabbed down thin and bright before them. But this was seldom, and it soon ceased altogether. There were black squirrels in the wood.

As Bilbo's sharp inquisitive eyes got used to seeing things he could catch glimpses of them whisking off the path and scuttling behind tree-trunks. There were queer noises too, grunts, scufflings, and hurrying in the undergrowth, and among the leaves that lay piled endlessly thick in places on the forest-floor; but what made the noises he could not see.

The nastiest things they saw were the cobwebs: dark dense cobwebs with threads extraordinarily thick, often stretched from tree to tree, or tangled in the lower branches on either side of them. There were none stretched across the path, but whether because some magic kept it clear, or for what other reason they could not guess. It was not long before they grew to hate the forest which seemed never-ending. But they had to go on and on, long after they were sick for a sight of the sun and of the sky, and longed for the feel of wind on their faces. There was no movement of air down under the forest-roof, and it was everlastingly still and dark and stuffy. Even the dwarves felt it, who were used to tunnelling, and lived at times for long whiles without the light of the sun; but the hobbit, who liked holes to make a house in but not to spend summer days in, felt he was being slowly suffocated.

The nights were the worst. It then became pitch-dark — not what you call pitch-dark, but really pitch; so black that you really could see nothing. Bilbo tried flapping his hand in front of his nose, but he could not see it at all. Well, perhaps it is not true to say that they could see nothing: they could see eyes.

The Hobbit – J.R.R Tolkien



Scan the QR Code to listen to an audio recording of the excerpt of The Hobbit.

The Gilded Ones– Namina Forna



It's still early morning when I reach the village square. There's a slight chill in the air, and the roofs of nearby houses are crusted with icicles. Even then, the sun is unseasonably bright, its rays glinting off the high, arching columns of the Temple of Oyomo. Those columns are meant to be a prayer, a meditation on the progress of Oyomo's sun across the sky every day. High priests use them to choose which two days of the year to conduct the spring and winter Rituals. The very sight of them sends another surge of anxiety through me.

"Deka! Deka!" A familiar gawkish figure waves excitedly at me from across the road. Elfriede hurries over, her cloak pulled so tightly around her, all I can see are her bright green eyes. She and I both always try to cover our faces when we come into the village square--me because of my coloring and Elfriede because of the dull red birthmark covering the left side of her face. Girls are allowed to remain revealed until they go through the Ritual, but there's no point attracting attention, especially on a day like this. This morning, Irfut's tiny cobblestone square is thronged with hundreds of visitors, more arriving by the cartful every minute. They're from all across Otera: haughty Southerners with dark brown skin and tightly curled hair; easygoing Westerners, long black hair in topknots, tattoos all over golden skin; brash Northerners, pink-skinned, blond hair gleaming in the cold; and quiet Easterners in every shade from deep brown to eggshell, silky straight black hair flowing in glistening rivers down their backs.

Even though Irfut is remote, it's known for its pretty girls, and men come from far distances to look at the eligible ones before they take the mask. Lots of girls will find husbands today--if they haven't already.

"Isn't it exciting, Deka?" Elfriede giggles.

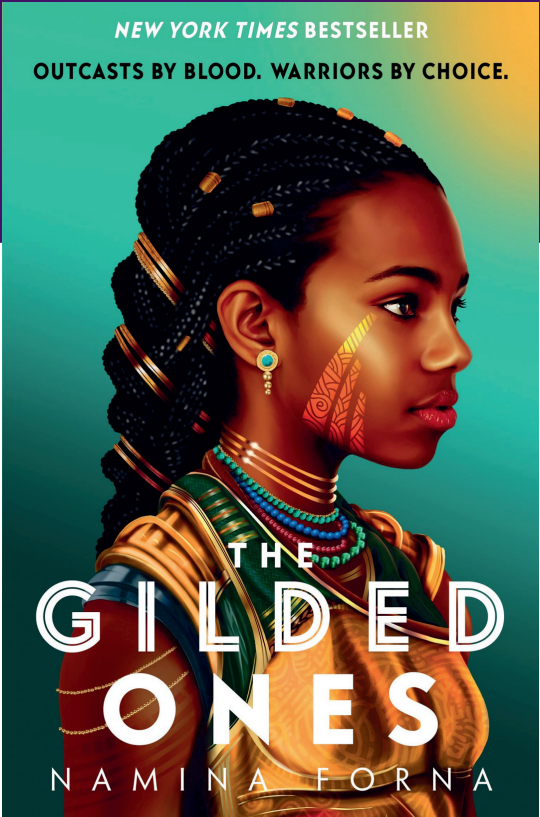
She gestures at the square, which is now festively decorated for the occasion. The doors of all the houses with eligible girls have been painted gleaming red, banners and flags fly cheerfully from windows, and brightly colored lanterns adorn every entrance. There are even masked stilt dancers and fire breathers, and they thread through the crowd, competing against the merchants selling bags of roasted nuts, smoked chicken legs, and candied apples.

Excitement courses through me at the sight. "It is," I reply with a grin, but Elfriede is already dragging me along.

"Hurry, hurry!" she urges, barreling past the crowds of visitors, many of whom stop to scowl disapprovingly at our lack of male guardians.

In most villages, women can't leave their homes without a man to escort them. Irfut, however, is small, and men are in scarce supply. Most of the eligible ones have joined the army, as Father did when he was younger. A few have even survived the training to become jatu, the emperor's elite guard. I spot a contingent of them lingering at the edges of the square, watchful in their gleaming red armor.

The Gilded Ones– Namina Forna



Scan the QR Code to listen to an audio recording of the excerpt of The Gilded Ones.

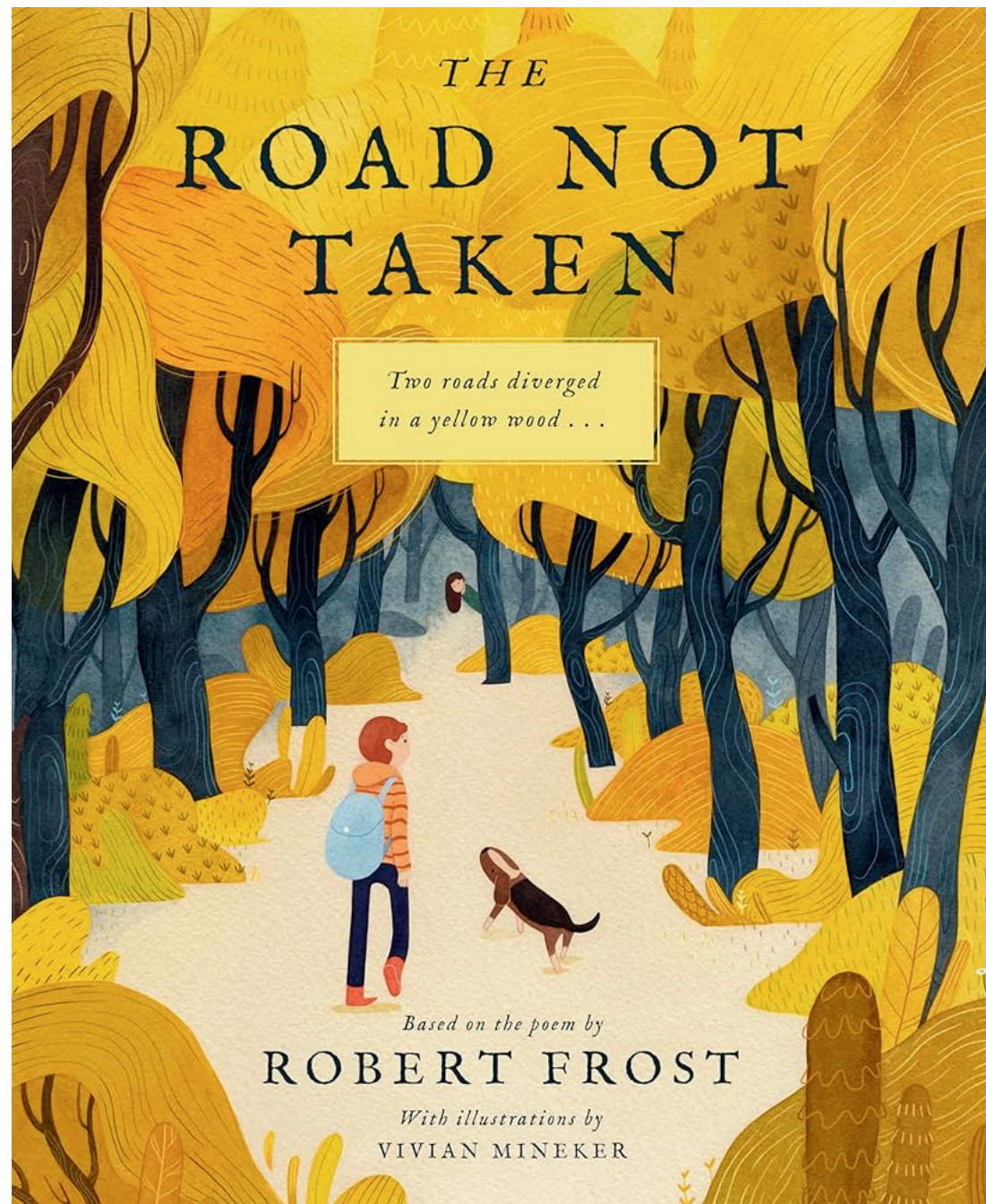
The Road Not Taken– Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

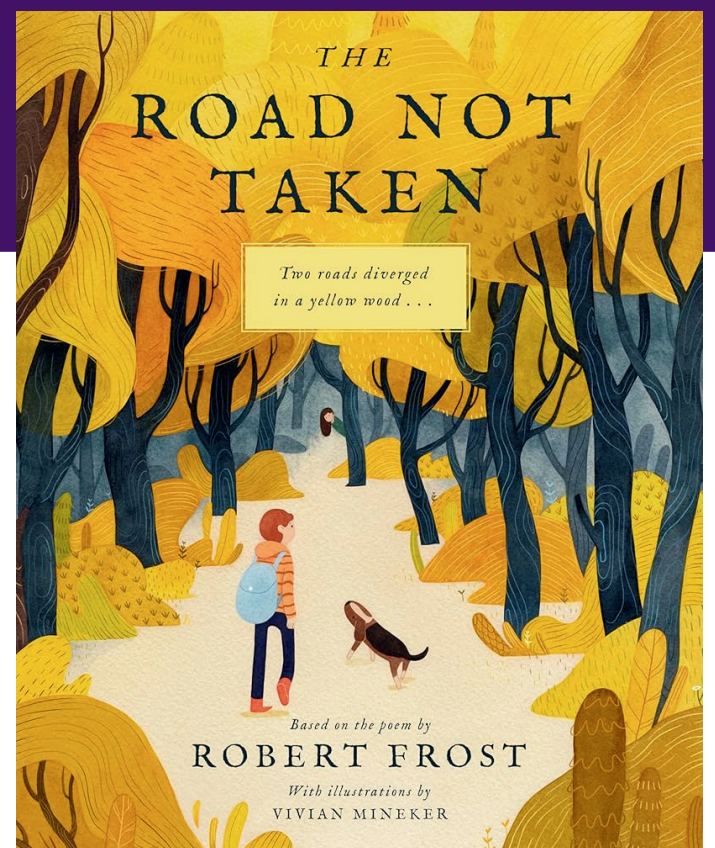
Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.



The Road Not Taken– Robert Frost



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