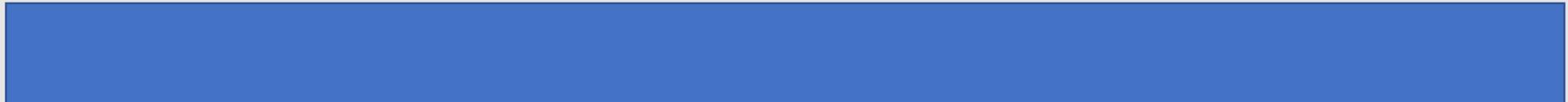


Teddi crept along to Grandma's room. It was all in darkness. She edged the door open and peeped inside the empty room. On the bedside table stood the package, covered with strange stamps.

Teddi held her breath and tiptoed to the table. The package was like a magnet. It seemed to draw her in. Her fingers itched. She just had to know what was inside.



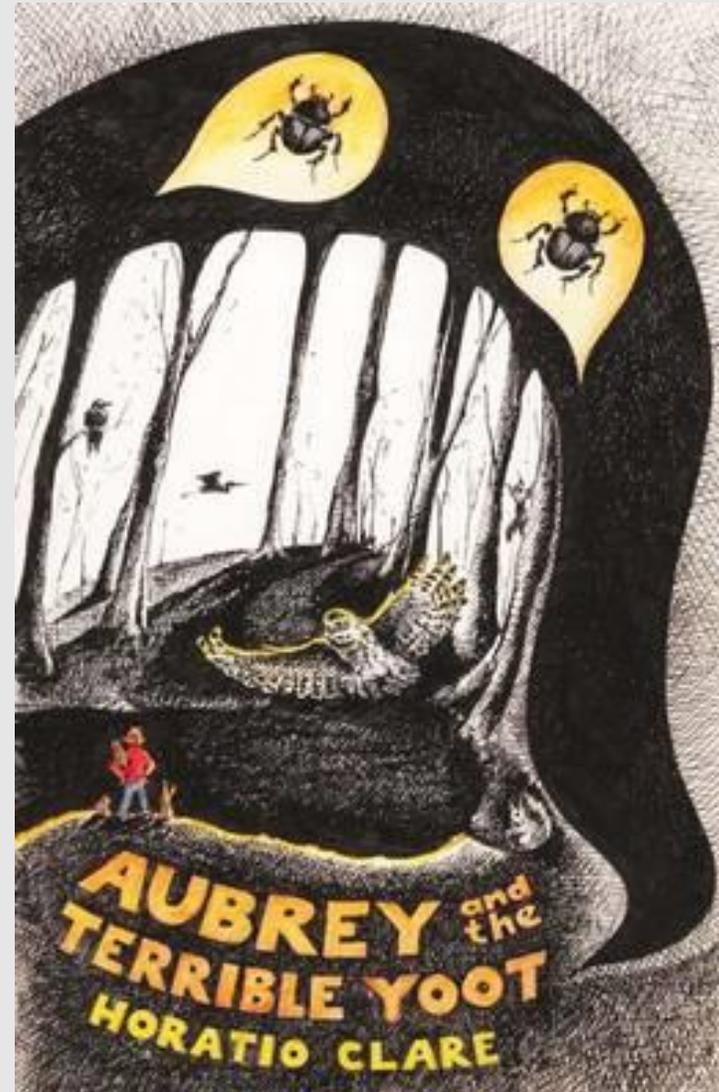
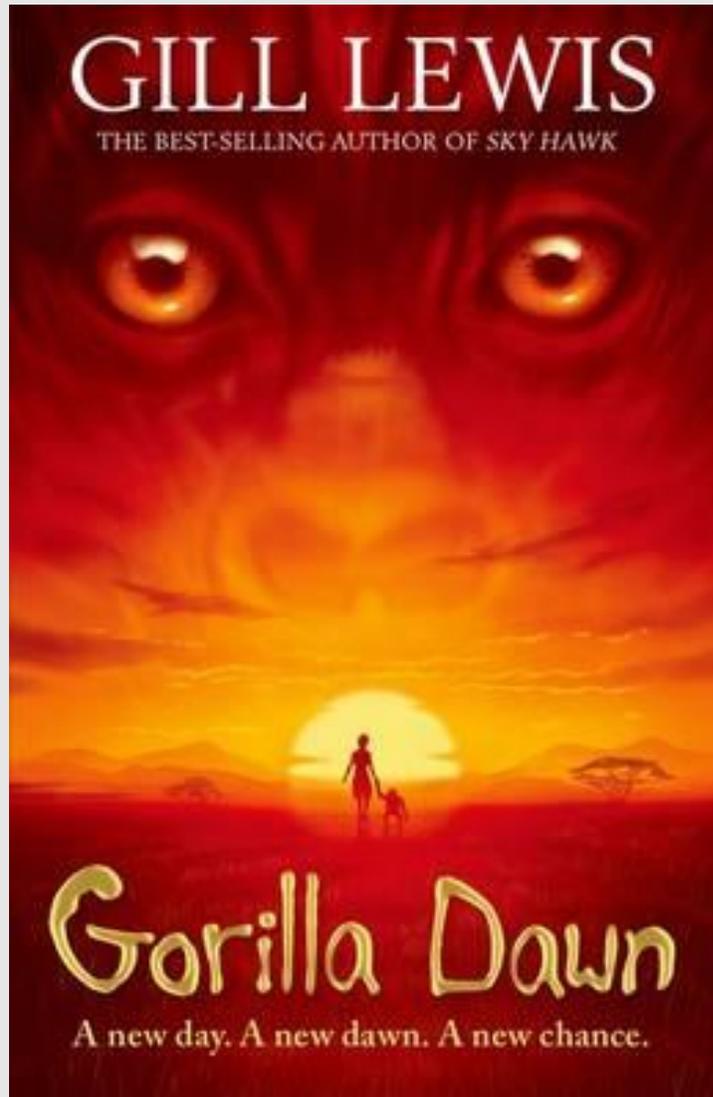
IT IS TIME, IMARA.

Imara left the shadows and stepped into the pool of moonlight, listening to the demon as he paced inside her mind.

IT IS TIME, IMARA. THE MEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU. THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOUR POWER TO PROTECT THEM.

She knelt down and poured the contents of her water bottle into the ashes of last night's fire, stirring with her finger, working the mixture into a gritty paste. All around her, the forest was dark and still, wrapped in silence. Nothing moved. High above the canopy, a pale mist clung to the leaves. Thin tendrils of vapour hung in the air, as if the trees were holding their breath, waiting for the dawn.





When you wish that a Saturday was actually a Monday, you know there is something seriously wrong.

I look at the ceiling. At the spot of flaky paint and the stain that looks like a wobbly circle, and at the swaying, wispy spider's web, and I think of all those cold, grey Mondays when I had to make myself get up for school. I would have to force my legs off the mattress and I'd dress in a daze, unwilling to believe it was time to be upright again.

I wish I could wake up to another Monday like that.

Those days are gone now that the Bluchers are here.

When they first arrived, they came quietly and stealthily, as if they tiptoed silently into the world when we were all looking the other way.

I guess I was one of the first people to see them. It's not something I'm proud of. When you know the kind of terrible destruction that just one clump of Bluchers can cause, you wouldn't want to have been there first either.

# Billy's Tower

Billy was howling because his whole day had been spoilt. All his work had been broken by the wave. His mum came over to help but she accidentally stepped on the one tower that was left. "Never mind," she said, "let's go back for tea. You can build some more towers tomorrow."



# The Suffragettes

The Suffragettes fought for the right for women to vote.

This movement began in 1897 when Millicent Fawcett founded the National Union of Women's Suffragettes. "Suffrage" means the right to vote in political elections and this was what women wanted. The suffix 'ette' refers to female.

Importantly, Millicent Fawcett believed in peaceful protest and that any violence would persuade men that women could not be trusted to have the right to vote. Her strategy was patience and logic. Fawcett questioned that if women could hold responsible posts in society, such as sitting on school boards, then why could they not be trusted to vote? She also argued if women had to obey laws made by Parliament, then women should have a say in those laws.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

# Explorer

TRAILBLAZER

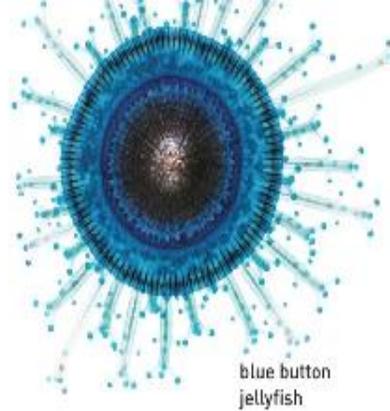
## The Blue Fleet 2



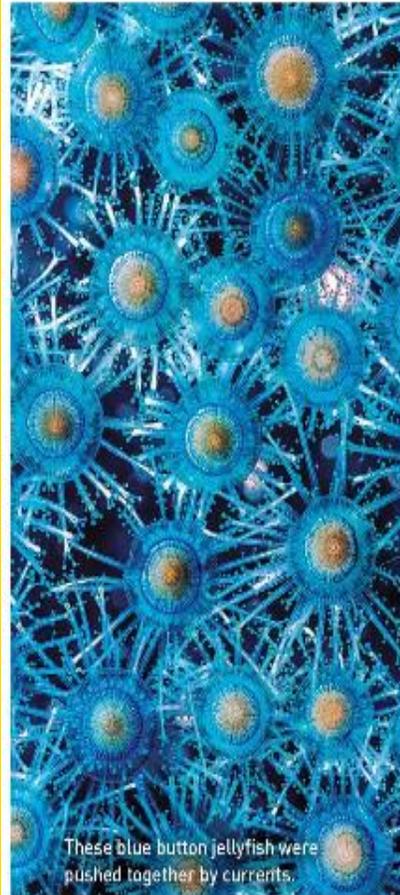
Lost City 10 Ramps 16

In the middle of a big blue ocean floats an itty bitty blue creature. It skims the top of the water. It is carried by wind and waves. The creature bobs along. It waits for food to drift by. Then it can eat.

It will spend its life doing this. Floating and feeding. It is a blue button jellyfish.



blue button jellyfish



These blue button jellyfish were pushed together by currents.

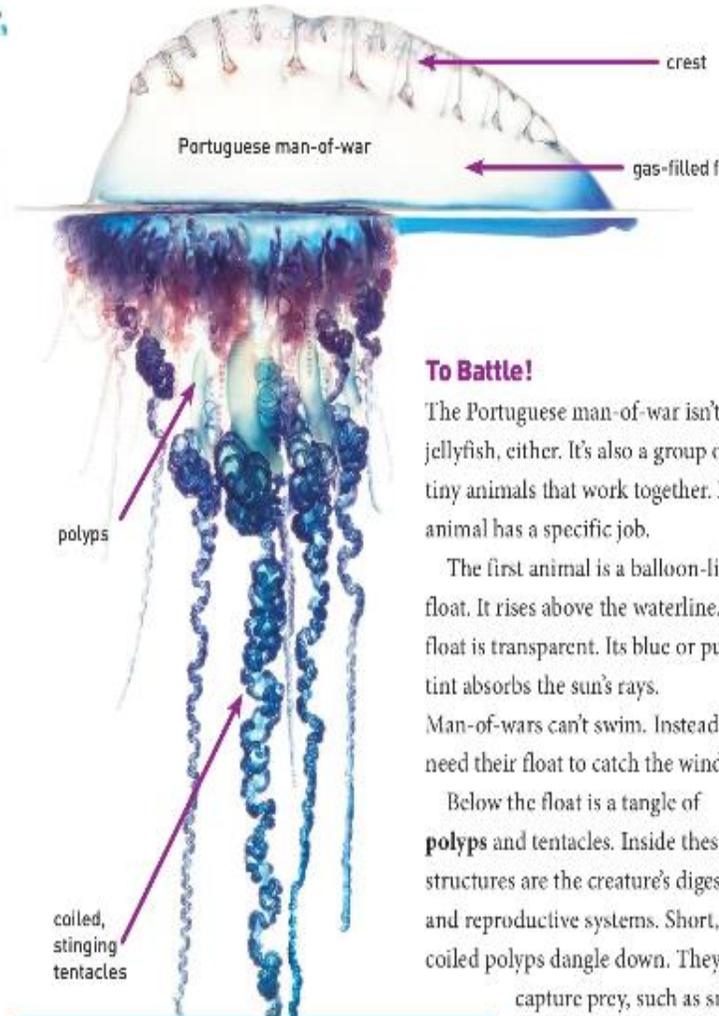
### Many Parts, One Animal

Don't let the name fool you. The blue button jellyfish is no jellyfish. It's really a group of smaller animals.

Some animals make up its central disk. This is called the float. Other long, stringy animals dangle in the water. They look like **tentacles**. Their blue color blends in with the ocean. This helps the animal hide. Each strand ends in knobs of stinging cells. The cells sting fish and other tiny animals. These are the blue button's prey.

Blue buttons fall under a special classification of animals. They were named by a marine biologist, Sir Alister Hardy. Hardy saw that these animals lived their entire lives on the ocean's surface.

This place between seawater and air is called the **pleustal zone**. Many of the animals that live there are blue. Hardy had a special name for them. He called



### To Battle!

The Portuguese man-of-war isn't a jellyfish, either. It's also a group of tiny animals that work together. Each animal has a specific job.

The first animal is a balloon-like float. It rises above the waterline. The float is transparent. Its blue or purple tint absorbs the sun's rays. Man-of-wars can't swim. Instead, they need their float to catch the wind.

Below the float is a tangle of **polyps** and tentacles. Inside these structures are the creature's digestive and reproductive systems. Short, coiled polyps dangle down. They

capture prey, such as small fish. Longer tentacles have stingers. The stingers are like tiny harpoons. They inject poison into prey. The tentacles can also be used to defend the man-of-war when it is under attack.

### Did You Know?

The "man-of-war" was an 18th-century warship. A Portuguese man-of-war looks a bit like one of these ships at full sail.



It was dusk – winter dusk. Snow lay white and shining over the pleated hills, and icicles hung from the forest trees. Snow lay piled on the dark road across Willoughby **Wold**, but from **dawn** men had been clearing it with brooms and shovels. There were hundreds of them at work, wrapped in sacking because of the **bitter** cold, and keeping together in groups for fear of the wolves, grown savage and reckless from hunger. Snow lay thick, too, upon the roof of Willoughby **Chase**, the great house that **stood** on an open **eminence** in the **heart** of the wold. But for all that, the **Chase** looked an inviting home – a warm and welcoming **stronghold**. Its rosy **herringbone brick** was bright and well care for, its numerous **turrets** and **battlements** stood up sharp against the sky, and the **crenelated** balconies, **corniced** with snow, each held a golden square of window.

# Kensuke's Kingdom, by Michael Morpurgo

I disappeared on the night before my twelfth birthday. June 28 1988. Only now can I at last tell the whole extraordinary story, the true story. Kensuke made me promise that I would say nothing, nothing at all, until at least ten years had passed. It was almost the last thing he said to me. I promised, and because of that I have had to live out a lie.

I could let sleeping lies sleep on, but more than ten years have passed now. I have done school, done college, and had time to think. I owe it to my family and to my friends, all of whom I have deceived for so long, to tell the truth about my long disappearance, and how I lived to come back from the dead.

# The Hodgeheg, by Dick King-Smith

Cautiously, the hedgehog shuffled nearer, keeping close to the wall, until he found himself beside a tall chequered pole on top of which was a glowing orange globe. Across the street, he could see, was a similar pole, and between these two poles the humans walked while the traffic waited.

The hedgehog froze to his spot as he stared into the headlights of the lorry.

# The Return of Johnny Kemp, by Keith Gray

As soon as we got close to school it felt like everyone was looking at me. Jason ran off to meet a bunch of his mates. I had to walk up to the school alone. I knew other kids were staring at me. Heads turned to follow me. I was sure they were whispering about me behind my back.

Everyone knew Johnny Kemp was back. And everyone knew it was me who'd got him excluded.

# The Sea of Faces and the Witch, by James Harrison

It wasn't long before Beth and Adam discovered the house at No 35. All the other houses on the street had tidy, well kept gardens. All except for No 35. The front garden looked like a jungle. Grass grew as high as a meadow and trees covered the downstairs windows. Creepers clawed their way over the house, smothering half of it. Adam noticed that the curtains remained closed, even during the day.

The playground at their new school was a sea of strange faces. Everyone wore red and black but Beth and Adam still wore their green uniform. They stood together feeling uncomfortable, like two uprooted trees.

It was such a relief when two girls from the top class came over to talk to them. But when the girls found out where they lived, the news was greeted with wide eyes and open mouths.

“You two live near the wicked witch. She always dresses in black and she's got wild white hair. She's got 27 black cats and she can cast spells. She's called Mrs Alford but there's nothing Mrs about her!”

# Trial, by Joe Green

Jason tucked the back of his Liverpool shirt back into his joggers. After an age of waiting, the envelope had come through the door, but now he tucked it into his pocket. He had promised his Dad to wait and open it while they were together, but the letter was burning a hole in his pocket. There were still two hours till lunchtime when his Dad would be home.

Jason groaned. The trial had gone well and the coaches were all really positive about his performance and skill. But confidence was leaking out of his boots... not that he actually had them on at the moment.

Jason listened to the ring tone, heart thumping.