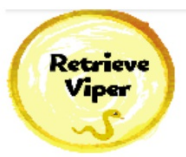




## Lesson 7

WALT: infer to retrieve information to justify an argument *so that we can begin to understand how an author creates a character.*



## Being a reader

When I am learning to read, I am decoding words in the text.

p-l-ay-ing

When I am learning to read, I practise reading with fluency, intonation and at an appropriate pace.



Reading broadens my knowledge and widens my vocabulary, allowing me to link this to my previous and new learning.

When I read, I am learning to take meaning from different texts.

I am learning to read because it allows me to make more sense of the world around me.

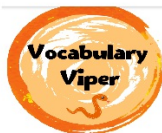


I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



When I am reading, I am igniting my imagination.

When I am reading, I use a range of skills to understand the text



In this section of the chapter, Kitty says,

**'I'd never get in the Samaritans.'**

What do we need to know?



## **Samaritan**

**noun**

**a charitable or helpful person**

**(taken from the Bible story 'The Good Samaritan')**

The **parable of the Good Samaritan** is told by Jesus in the Gospel of Luke. It is about a traveler who is stripped of clothing, beaten, and left half dead alongside the road. First a Jewish priest and then a Levite comes by, but both avoid the man. Finally, a Samaritan happens upon the traveler. Although Samaritans and Jews despised each other, the Samaritan helps the injured man. Jesus is described as telling the parable in response to the question from a lawyer, "And who is my neighbour?" The conclusion is that the neighbour figure in the parable is the one who shows mercy to the injured fellow man—that is, the Samaritan.

When we are reading, look out for these quotes:

I lost my temper

Now tears were streaming down her cheeks

I couldn't let anyone see her in this state.

I pushed Helen down on the softest-looking mound of stuff,  
and stood guard

I suggested she change his name to Moribund  
(moribund means close to death)

...the boys.  
'Helen, it's not a *boy*, is it?'

'No!'

I didn't think it was, somehow. Helen's quite young for her age, if you see what I mean. Sometimes I see her on Saturday mornings in Safeways, tagging

along behind her mum's trolley. I saw her last week going past the washing powders with a man with grey hair that sticks out just like my father's. The man was offering Helly something from a paper bag, while she stubbornly turned her face away. Maybe the two of them had just had a row.

'Is it your dad? Have you been quarrelling with him?'

'No, I haven't!'

She glared at me as if I were her deadliest enemy on earth.

'Oh, pardon *me*.'

'Listen,' she shouted. 'I didn't *ask* you to come down here. So leave me alone!'

Even a saint can only stand so much. I lost my temper.

'*You* listen,' I shouted back. 'I didn't *ask* to miss my favourite double art lesson to come down and sit in this smelly dank hole and be snarled at by you! So be *polite*.'

I'd never get in the Samaritans. Now tears were sheeting down her cheeks. She might have been standing under a cloud-burst.

'Oh, Kitty,' she said, her voice all wobbly. 'I'm sorry.'

Just at that moment, through the wall, I heard the ring of second bell. I couldn't let anyone see her in this state.

'Quick,' I said. 'Before everyone tramps through to lessons. Get in the cupboard!'

I reached out and pulled her to her feet. Before she

could pull back, she caught a glimpse of her reflection in the mirror between the racks. She looked the most dreadful sight. Her face was blotchy where it wasn't scarlet. Puffing around her eyes made them look piggy and bloodshot. Dried tears had stiffened all the hair round her face.

'Oooh!'

'Come on.'

I rattled the knob of the lost property cupboard until the door sprang open. It has one of those ball bearing catches, so stiff some people always think it's locked. There is a proper light inside because it isn't really a cupboard at all, but the tiniest room with a steep sloping ceiling that fits under the back fire stairs. You can't stand up in there unless you're a midget. You have to sit on piles of everyone's lost property. It's comfortable enough, unless the games staff have just done one of their massive clear-outs and left nothing but one old tennis racket with busted strings, and the odd welly boot.

We were in luck. It was quite full. I pushed Helen down on the softest-looking mound of stuff, and stood guard at the door till I heard the burblings of the first people going through to their classes. I waited through a couple more door bangs, and then, as I expected, saw Liz prowling between the racks, looking both ways in search of her best friend.

'Helly's in here,' I said, pointing.

'Is she better?'

'No. Worse.'



Liz made a face. 'Maybe she ought to be sent home.'

From inside the cupboard came a strangled, 'No-oo!'

'She doesn't want to be sent home,' I told Liz.

Liz glanced behind her anxiously.

'I'm definitely not supposed to be down here,' she told me. 'Loopy insisted I was to stay right away. "This one is up to Kitty," she kept saying. I think she's mad.'

She looked at me as if I ought to be the first to leap up and agree that anyone who thought to send *me* on an errand of mercy rather than her had to be queuing up to sign on at the bin.

'Maybe you'd better push off,' I suggested.

'Maybe.'

She peered over her shoulder again, as if she feared Mrs Lupey might materialize in the cloakroom doorway any moment. Then, leaning forward, she called over my outstretched arm into the dark of the cupboard: 'See you later, Helly.'

She turned to me. 'I'll tell Loopy you two are hiding in the cupboard,' she said. 'In case she worries that you've both got run over.'

Then she hitched up her school bag and drifted off towards the cloakroom door. I caught the last few words that floated back.

'I just can't understand why she chose *you* . . .'

I didn't bother to reply. To be quite honest, I couldn't think of anything to say. I couldn't understand why I'd been chosen, either. So far as I'm

aware, the name Kitty Killin is not a byword for sensitivity in our school staffroom. Especially not since Alice came in one morning really upset because her pet rabbit Morris had got too doddery to climb in and out of his hutch, and I suggested that she change his name to Morribund.

In this extract, Anne Fine takes us inside Kitty's head when she states,

*'I'd never get in the Samaritans.'*

Write a paragraph explaining to what extent you agree.  
Consider the following:

- Write about your own feelings – what do you think about Kitty?
- Evaluate how the author has created these feelings
- Use quotations from the text to support your opinion

These sentence starters may help:

- To an extent I agree because...
- This highlights to the reader ...
- The writer describes ...
- I think the writer is using ..