

Copy the list of words along with the correct definition. The first one is done for you!

| WORD | JUMBLED DEFINITIONS |
|------------------|---|
| 1. Endeavours | Worn along the edge, usually referring to fabric |
| 2. Successor | Falling straight down |
| 3. Frayed | Serious efforts |
| 4. Ember | Echoing |
| 5. Labyrinth | Not respectable |
| 6. Scavengers | Maze |
| 7. Plummeting | One who follows a current ruler |
| 8. Reverberating | Someone who searches through 'thrown away items' for something of use to themselves |
| 9. Disreputable | Coal, wood or other material that is still glowing in the ashes of a fire |

1. Endeavours – serious efforts

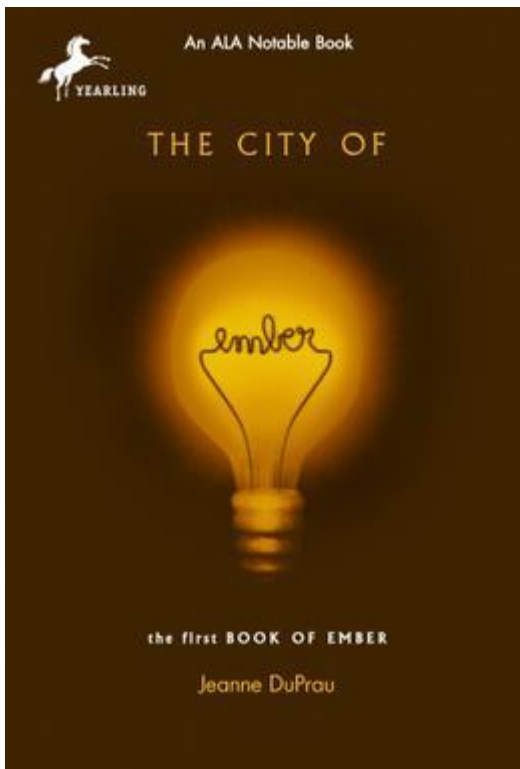
2. Successor –

Now, in your neatest handwriting, copy and complete the sentences below using the words from the list above.

REMEMBER, IN YOUR NEATEST HANDWRITING!

- The right hand sleeve of my favourite shirt is
- My friends are not the kind of people my father would chose for me to play with.
- Her phone went to the ground as it was accidentally knocked off of the window sill.
- Who will be Queen Elizabeth's
- We needed a guide to lead us through the of caves.
- The deep sounds of chatter, laughter and screams came from the children as they hurried through the tunnels.
- The children were like as they raced through the park looking for the hidden treasures left by their teachers.
- The were still glowing hours after the campers went to bed.
- The class received much praise and many thanks for their

This term we will be share-reading and working from a book called 'The City of Embers'. It is actually a Graphic Novel but we will be reading a TEXT only version. (There is also a movie made from the book, however I do not have access to an online copy). The Novel has 20 Chapters which is spread over 138 pages. Chapters range from 4-9 pages, so be ready. Please read the Introduction on the next page.



THE CITY OF EMBER

By Jeanne DuPrau

The Instructions

When the city of Ember was just built and not yet inhabited, the chief builder and the assistant builder, both of them weary, sat down to speak of the future.

“They must not leave the city for at least two hundred years,” said the chief builder.

“Or perhaps two hundred and twenty.”

“Is that long enough?” asked his assistant.

“It should be. We can’t know for sure.”

“And when the time comes,” said the assistant, “how will they know what to do?”
“We’ll provide them with instructions, of course,” the chief builder replied.

“But who will keep the instructions? Who can we trust to keep them safe and secret all that time?”

“The mayor of the city will keep the instructions,” said the chief builder. “We’ll put them in a box with a timed lock, set to open on the proper date.”

“And will we tell the mayor what’s in the box?” the assistant asked.

“No, just that it’s information they won’t need and must not see until the box opens of its own accord.”

“So the first mayor will pass the box to the next mayor, and that one to the next, and so on down through the years, all of them keeping it secret, all that time?”

“What else can we do?” asked the chief builder. “Nothing about this endeavour is certain. There may be no one left in the city by then or no safe place for them to come back to.”

So the first mayor of Ember was given the box, told to guard it carefully, and solemnly sworn to secrecy. When she grew old, and her time as mayor was up, she explained about the box to her successor, who also kept the secret carefully, as did the next mayor. Things went as planned for many years. But the seventh mayor of Ember was less honourable than the ones who’d come before him, and more desperate. He was ill—he had the coughing sickness that was common in the city then—and he thought

the box might hold a secret that would save his life. He took it from its hiding place in the basement of the Gathering Hall and brought it home with him, where he attacked it with a hammer.

But his strength was failing by then. All he managed to do was dent the lid a little. And before he could return the box to its official hiding place or tell his successor about it, he died. The box ended up at the back of a closet, shoved behind some old bags and bundles. There it sat, unnoticed, year after year, until its time arrived, and the lock quietly clicked open.