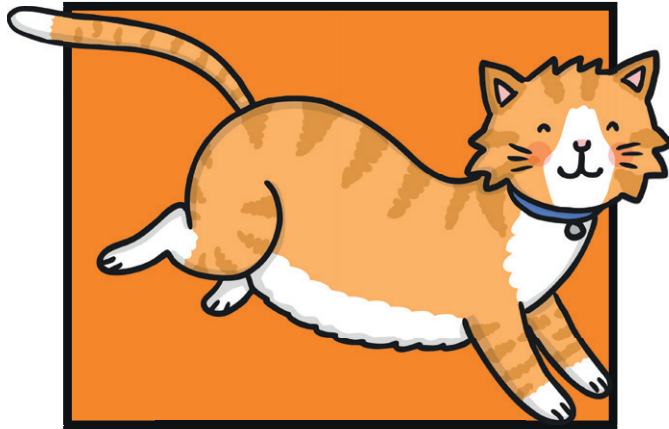
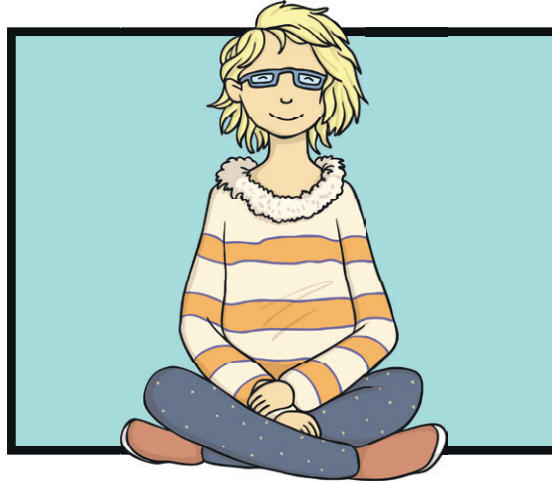


Reading Booklet

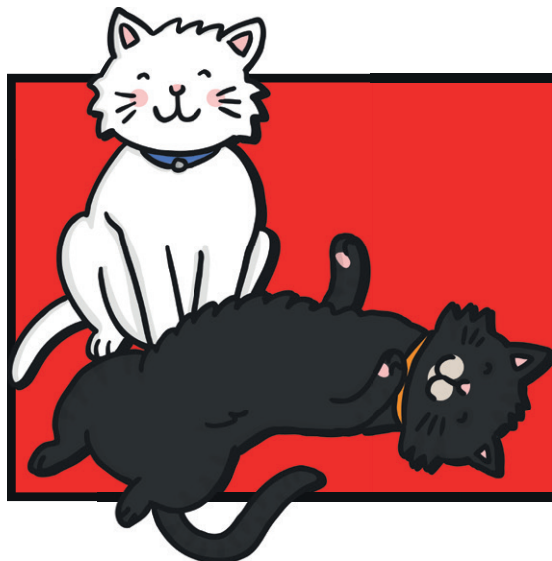
Sample 2016 Key Stage 2 English Reading Booklet



Cats



It Couldn't Be Done



Snowball and Ebony

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Cats

Do you have a cat? Maybe you are thinking about getting a cat as a pet? Read on to find out more about these wonderful creatures.

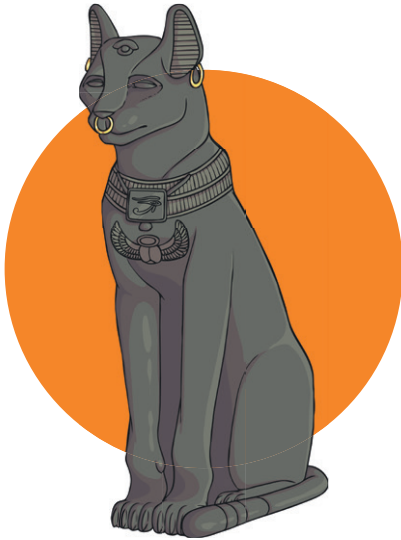
The History of Cats

Did you know that all cats, including lions, tigers and our own pets, are descended from one prehistoric creature? And that it was cats that chose to live with people, not the other way round?

20 million years ago, the first carnivores that actually looked like cats walked the earth.

In 4000 BC, in ancient Egypt, the African wildcat began to enter towns in search of food. It chose to live close by to people.

Photo courtesy of (@flickr.com) - granted under creative commons licence - ajbunsby



By 2000 BC, the Egyptians welcomed cats into their homes because they kept the snakes away. The Egyptians worshipped cats as sacred animals and banned them from being taken to other countries.

By 100 BC – 500 BC, domestic cats (cats who were used to living with people) spread across south-east Asia and India as cats were sold and secretly taken to new places.

By AD 500, The Romans had introduced cats to the whole of Europe.

In 1914-18, during the First World War, cats were used in the trenches to sniff out poisonous gas and on war ships to control rats.

By 2000, cats had become very popular pets – over 9 million pet cats live in Britain.



Body Language

Just because your cat can't use words, it doesn't mean he isn't talking to you. Cats are clever - they use body language to communicate with you and other animals.

Relaxed  Photo courtesy of (@flickr.com) - granted under creative commons licence - mlu92	Body language Tail up and relaxed, relaxed ears facing forwards, often walking towards you. Cat's mood Relaxed, friendly cat saying hello
Friendly  Photo courtesy of (@flickr.com) - granted under creative commons licence - gigijin	Body language Often starts with a tail up, cat rubs his head and side of his body around your legs and sometimes may roll over onto his side to show his belly. Cat's mood Relaxed, friendly cat saying hello; often seen if you have not seen each other for a while.
Unhappy  Photo courtesy of (@flickr.com) - granted under creative commons licence - ajbunsby	Body language In a crouched position with tail tucked around or under his body and tense muscles. His eyes may look large and be darting about and ears back or moving, listening to sounds around him. He may lick his nose to show that he is unhappy and/or scared. Cat's mood Unhappy cat who might be looking for a place to hide, to run away and get up high.
Very Scared  Photo courtesy of (@flickr.com) - granted under creative commons licence - consumerist	Body language Arched back, bushy tail and fur standing up to make herself look bigger. Often her eyes look huge as the black middle parts of the eyes (pupil) are big. Ears may be flattened against her head. Cat's mood Cat is very scared and fearful. She might feel trapped and may hiss or spit as a warning to stay back. Be careful as she may try to scratch or bite you to protect herself because she doesn't feel safe.

Looking After a Cat

A cat is the very best pet you can own.
Here are the key things you should know about looking after a cat.

You have to take your precious cat to visit **the vets** at least once a year. You must give your cat booster vaccinations and deflea/deworm treatments regularly.

All cats need **vaccinations**. Feline infectious enteritis, cat flu and feline leukaemia can all kill cats so it is important to protect your pet against these diseases.



A good diet is very important to keep your cat fit and healthy. You must feed your cat quality tinned or dried food and always have fresh water available for them to drink.

You have to have your cat **microchipped**. A microchip is tiny – about the size of a grain of rice – and will help your cat to be returned to you if it is lost.

Which Cat is Right For Me?

There are lots of cats – usually mixed breeds called moggies - looking for new homes through rescue charities such as the Cats Protection and the R.S.P.C.A.

However, if you choose to get a pedigree cat,
what can you expect from some of the different breeds?

Breed	Characteristics
Bengal	Beautiful spotted or swirly coat. Loves water and might join you in the shower. Often coos or chirrups instead of miaowing
Cornish Rex	Started in 1950 when a Cornish cat gave birth to a curly-haired kitten. Will often play 'fetch' with their toys like a dog!
Birman	Four white paws (which look like gloves) and bright blue eyes. The first Birman cats lived in Buddhist temples in Burma.
Siamese	Originally owned by the Royal Family in Thailand (formerly Siam). Talkative and welcoming to visitors, but can get jealous.

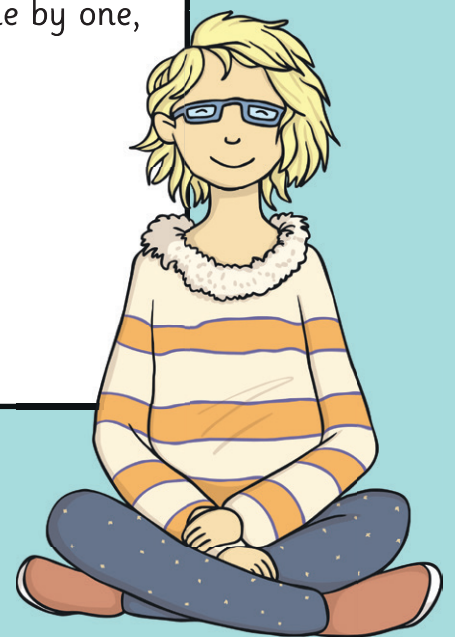
It Couldn't Be Done

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that;
At least no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Just take off your coat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the thing
That "cannot be done," and you'll do it.

Edgar A. Guest



Snowball and Ebony

Down at my feet, on the red tiles in front of a roaring fire, sits a great black cat and a soft white Angora cat. They are named Ebony and Snowball and are as different in nature as they are in colour, but are devoted friends for all that. Possibly because of it! For where Snowball is timid, Ebony will bravely lead the way; while if Ebony is cross, Snowball will purr and coax and cuddle until he gradually grows peaceful and pleasant again.

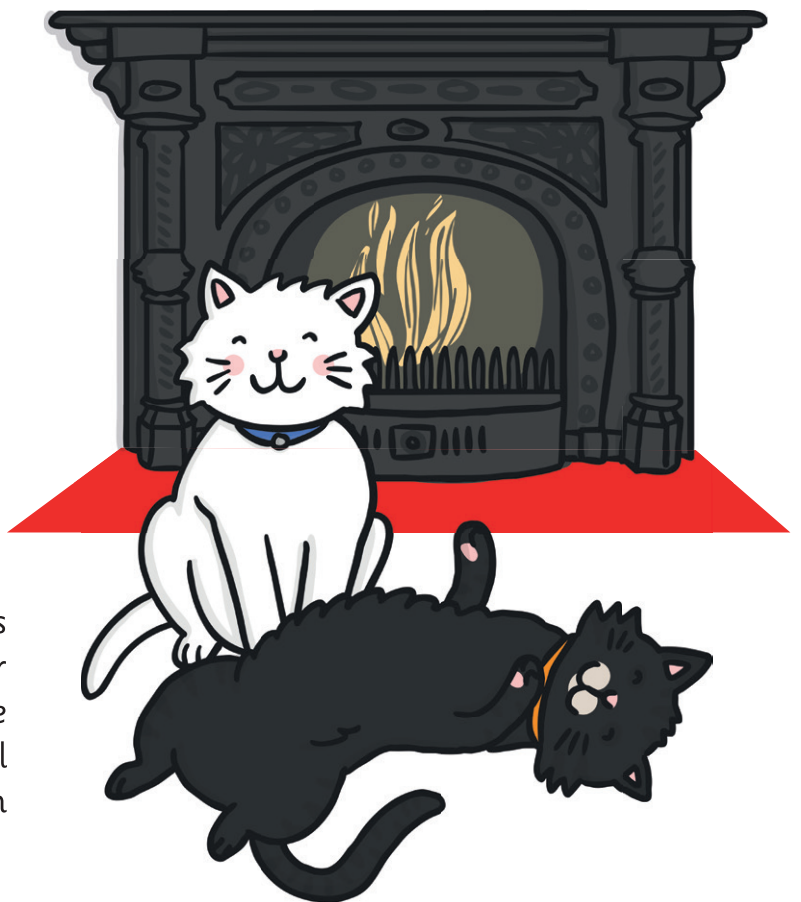
From the time he was a tiny kitten, Ebony had known no home, and such food as he had was picked up when and wherever he chanced to find it. He had won many and lost few of his many cat battles, but he did not like to fight and never did it unless obliged to.

Snowball had never struck or received a blow in all of her carefully guarded life. She was a finely bred Angora that had taken many prizes at the cat shows while her meals – far from being irregularly picked up – had always been brought to her on a silver tray as regularly as the sun rose – and considerably oftener.

One bright, cold November afternoon, Snowball was wandering restlessly around looking for something – anything – some excitement! As she passed the Dresden saucer filled with rich cream she sniffed, and when she caught sight of the silk-cushioned basket she fairly switched her tail. Even her favourite spot on the warm hearth failed to allure.

Outside, the wind blew the few remaining leaves from the trees in tempting swirls to the pavement, but she could not play with them. She was shut indoors for fear she might be stolen or stray. Stray! She would run away as soon as she found the chance!

As she wandered into the broad hall, someone opened the front door to pass through it, and Snowball saw and seized her chance. Like a flash, she darted down the steps and up the street, never stopping until she was well out of sight of the house. Then she paused and looked curiously around.





Close under the railings of a shabby area, not many blocks from Snowball's home, she spied three rough-coated, gaunt cats greedily drinking from a dish of sooty skimmed milk. The saucer was thick and cracked and - worse yet - had not been washed since it had contained boiled onions, but to the pampered runaway it seemed far more desirable than the cream she had left untasted in her own Dresden china plate.

As she edged slowly toward them, the three waifs paid no attention to her, beyond giving a warning growl or two, which Snowball - not understanding that she could be unwelcome - mistook for their usual way of speaking. With a friendly "Pr-r-rh!" of greeting she drew near, and lapped daintily at the strongly flavoured milk. Was it hunger, or the feeling of liberty and comradeship that made it taste so good and made her for one short instant perfectly happy?

Then a stinging blow on one ear, followed immediately by a sharp slap on the side of her head from the big grey cat, sent her reeling dizzily away from the dish. She recovered herself and turned in total terror, her one thought to escape from this uncalled for abuse, but directly in her path stood a black and white cat with a lashing tail and flaming eyes. Another turn, and she was again confronted by the grey, crouching angrily and ready for another attack.

Snowball's heart seemed to stand still, and she shut her eyes and waited for the end, when with one bound the black cat stood between her and her enemies. He began battle instantly, so vigorously it was impossible to stand before the whirl-wind of flying claws and snapping teeth that he seemed to have become. Soon, his opponents retired with inglorious haste, and he was victor - Snowball was saved!

In the silence that followed, Snowball cautiously opened an eye and peeped around. Peace! Her deliverer was again lapping at the puddle of milk that was spreading from the overturned saucer across the broken flagstones. He saw her timid glance and moved a little to one side with a gesture of friendly invitation.

Gratefully, she crept to his side; the black and white noses bobbed busily up and down together as the pink tongues darted in and out, and the milk rapidly disappeared.

That afternoon, Snowball brought Ebony home with her. She seemed so fond of him that I could do no less than ask him to stay, and for the first time they sat in their now usual resting place - down at my feet on the warm red tiles.

From: The Book of the Cat (1903)
Written by Mabel Humphrey