



NTS
Assessments

Reading Booklet

AUTUMN



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RS★ASSESSMENT
FROM **HODDER EDUCATION**

HAVE A WILD PARTY WITH US!

at the TROPICAL BUTTERFLY HOUSE, WILDLIFE & FALCONRY CENTRE

Sheffield, South Yorkshire



Join us for a very special birthday party.

Here's what happens:

Arrival

Please ensure all guests arrive ten minutes before the scheduled start time of your party and check in at our admissions kiosk. Your party greeter will meet you and collect any outstanding money for the party. Then you and your guests will be directed to the activity centre and party rooms.

Disco - 15 minutes

Enjoy games and dancing in our purpose-built disco room! Your host and animal mascot (a person dressed up as a lemur, a meerkat, a parrot or a cow) will ensure that you and your guests all have lots of fun. Craft activities will be available during this time, too.



Party Food - 30 minutes

Your party hosts will serve the food while the birthday boy/girl gets to sit on their throne at the head of the table!

- Selection of yummy sandwiches on brown and white bread
- Variety crisp bowls, fresh cucumber and carrot sticks, grapes and mini sausage rolls
- Vanilla ice cream with sprinkles and sauce
- Cake ceremony – make a wish!

Please inform us of any dietary requirements when booking or as soon as possible. Adult finger buffet available on request from £3.50 per head.

Please note that birthday cake is not provided by the centre.

Guided Tour - 1 hour 15 minutes

Your party tour guide will lead your group around the Wildlife Centre and host animal encounters just for you. Meet some of our most popular residents and even hold and feed them, too; bring your camera for those magical moments – this will be a day you will always want to remember!

Your party will last for two hours but you and your guests are then welcome to stay to enjoy the centre until closing time.

HAVE A WILD PARTY WITH US!

Optional Extras

Party bags from £2 each.

Helium balloons from £3.95 each.

Book Your Party

Parties are available at weekends only and may be booked for a minimum of 12 and a maximum of 30 children. Parties may not be suitable for children under two.

Price per child: from £12.95

One adult admitted free per child, plus an additional four adults **FREE** who are attending with the birthday boy/girl.

Confirmation of numbers for your party must be provided to us seven days before the date of your party.

We require a £50 deposit straight away to secure your booking (non-refundable); the remaining balance may be paid at the admissions kiosk on the day of your party. You may pay the full amount in advance if you prefer (by cheque or card).

Email: birthdays@butterflyhouse.co.uk

Call: 01909 569 416

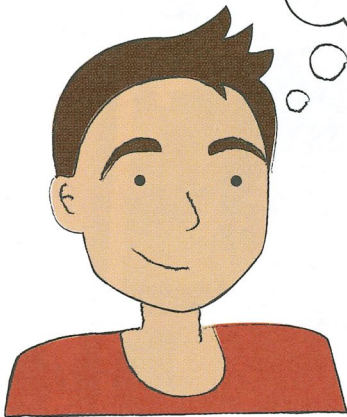
Normal admission rates apply to any additional adults or children; memberships/other offers do not apply to parties.



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In this story, a boy called Trevor is writing about his dog, named Streaker.

The Hundred - mile - an - hour Dog



Streaker is a mixed-up kind of dog. You can see from her thin body and powerful legs that she's got a lot of greyhound blood in her, along with quite a bit of Ferrari* and a large chunk of whirlwind.

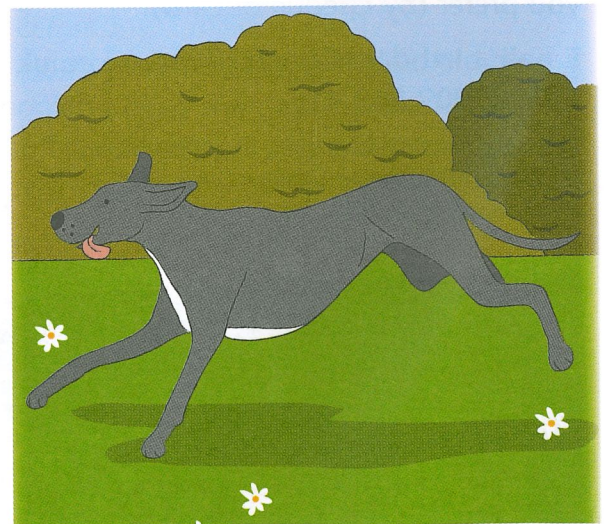
Nobody in our family likes walking her and this is hardly surprising. Streaker can out-accelerate a torpedo. Streaker can do 0 to 100 mph in the blink of an eye. She's usually vanished over the far horizon long before you have time to yell – “Streaker!”

Dad refuses to walk her, point-blank. “I've got backache,” is his usual excuse, though how this stops him from walking I really haven't a clue.

I tried something similar once myself: “I've got front ache,” I said. Mum gave me a chilly glare and handed me the dog lead. She'll do anything to get out of walking Streaker too, and that is how the whole thing started. I ended up having the craziest Easter holiday you can imagine.

“Trevor...” said Mum one morning at the beginning of the holiday, and she gave me one of her really big, innocent smiles. “Trevor...” (I should have guessed she was up to something) “Trevor – I'll do a deal with you. If you walk Streaker every day this holiday, I'll let you off cleaning your room... and washing up... for the whole holiday.”

No boring chores! As you can imagine, my eyes boggled a bit. I just about had to shove them back in their sockets. I was so astonished I never twigged that what my mother was suggesting was MAJOR BRIBERY.



*Ferrari – a make of racing or sports car

“It’s the Easter holiday,” she continued, climbing onto her exercise bike and pulling a pink sweatband round her forehead. “You’ve nothing better to do.”

“No cleaning? No washing up?” I repeated. “Walk her every day for two weeks?” Mum nodded and began to pedal. I sat down to think. It was a tempting offer.

On the other hand – and this was the big crunch – I would have to walk Streaker.

Now, if someone came up to you in the street and said “Hey! What’s the worst thing you can think of?” you might suggest boiling in oil, or having to watch golf with your dad, or even the nine times table – which is one of my personal nightmares. But without doubt I would have to say walking Streaker. This was going to be a big decision for me.



I reckoned there had to be some way of controlling Streaker. After all, she was only a dog. Humans are cleverer than animals. Humans have bigger brains. Humans rule the animal kingdom.

I seem to remember that just as I was thinking this, Streaker came hurtling in the kitchen and landed on my lap like a mini-meteorite. We both crashed to the floor, where she sat on my chest looking very pleased with herself.

Mum carried on quietly pedalling all this time. She must have known I’d give in. “I’ll do it.” Mum gave a strange squeak and one of her feet slipped off a pedal. For some reason she looked even more pleased with herself than Streaker did.

So that was that. I had agreed to walk the dog every day for two weeks, and that turned out to be only one of my problems that Easter. I must have been totally mad.

