**READING LADDER 1A**

I CAN READ AND UNDERSTAND

IDEAS FROM TEXTS.

*Read this part of the story and fill in the gaps.*

**Private Peaceful – Cloze Activity**

The Colonel looked from one to the other of us, shaking his head in disgust. But Grandma Wolf had the first word. “I’ve never in my life been so (1)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_,” she said. “My own family. You’re nothing but a downright (2)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. And after all the Colonel’s done for us. Common thieves, that’s what you are. Nothing but common thieves.”

When she’d finished it was the Colonel’s turn. “Only one way to deal with young ruffians like you,” he said. “I could have you up before the (3)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, but since I’m the magistrate anyway there’s no need to go to that trouble, is there? I’ll sentence you right now. You will come up here tomorrow morning at ten ‘clock sharp, and I’ll give each of you the (4)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that you so richly deserve. Then you can stay and clean out the kennels till I say you can go. That should (5)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ you not to come poaching on my land.”

When we go home we had to tell Mother everything we’d done, everything the Colonel had said. Charlie did most of the talking. Mother sat listening in (6)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, her face (7)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. When she spoke, she spoke in little more than a whisper. “I can tell you one thing,” she said. “There’ll be no hiding. Over my dead body.” Then she looked up at us, her eyes full of tears. “Why? You said you’d been fishing in the brook. You told me. Oh Charlie, Tommo.” Big Joe (8)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ his hair. He was (9)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and bewildered. She patted his arm. “It’s all right, Joe. I’ll go up there with them tomorrow. Cleaning out the kennels I don’t mind – you (10)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ that. But it stops there. I won’t let that man lay a finger on you, not one finger, no matter what.”

anxious ashamed deserve disgrace hiding magistrate silence stony stroked teach

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Private Peaceful - Quarter Past Eleven

The Colonel looked from one to the other of us, shaking his head in disgust. But Grandma Wolf had the first word. “I’ve never in my life been so ashamed,” she said. “My own family. You’re nothing but a downright disgrace. And after all the Colonel’s done for us. Common thieves, that’s what you are. Nothing but common thieves.”

When she’d finished it was the Colonel’s turn. “Only one way to deal with young ruffians like you,” he said. “I could have you up before the magistrate, but since I’m the magistrate anyway there’s no need to go to that trouble, is there? I’ll sentence you right now. You will come up here tomorrow morning at ten ‘clock sharp, and I’ll give each of you the hiding that you so richly deserve. Then you can stay and clean out the kennels till I say you can go. That should teach you not to come poaching on my land.”

When we go home we had to tell Mother everything we’d done, everything the Colonel had said. Charlie did most of the talking. Mother sat listening in silence, her face stony. When she spoke, she spoke in little more than a whisper. “I can tell you one thing,” she said. “There’ll be no hiding. Over my dead body.” Then she looked up at us, her eyes full of tears. “Why? You said you’d been fishing in the brook. You told me. Oh Charlie, Tommo.” Big Joe stroked his hair. He was anxious and bewildered. She patted his arm. “It’s all right, Joe. I’ll go up there with them tomorrow. Cleaning out the kennels I don’t mind – you deserve that. But it stops there. I won’t let that man lay a finger on you, not one finger, no matter what.”