



**Edwinstree Middle School
Reading Journal and Anthology**

H E R O E S

Name:

Weekly Guide

Come into school prepared to discuss your reading

Cool Chilli: Essential Reading

Week 1	Week 2	Week 3	Week 4	Week 5	Week 6
Beowulf	The Deathly Hallows	Nobel Prize Lecture- Malala	The Scandal in Bohemia	26 August 1875: Captain Webb swims the Channel From Little Britain to France in just 10 hours	The Last March: Captain Scott

Medium Chilli

Week 1	Week 2	Week 3	Week 4	Week 5	Week 6
As above plus another extract	As above plus another extract	As above plus another extract	As above plus another extract	As above plus another extract	As above plus another extract

Hot Chilli: Also read a novel or biography which includes a hero

Further ideas to choose from

Cool Chilli including essential learning	Medium Chilli	Hot Chilli
Annotate the text Focus on the question: What is a Hero?	Decide which hero type the hero belongs to: Why?	Write your own questions (Use The Reading Detective in the Linking Literacy Passport)
Write notes about the hero. What do I see? What do I think? What do I wonder? What do I feel?	Which writers' methods are used to portray heroism?	Use PEA to answer questions
Collect new words and find their meanings	Write sentences for new words you have found	Use new words in your own writing
Draw a picture of one of the settings based on evidence in the text	Make a model linked to one of the extracts	Write a book or film review
Draw a character based on evidence in the text	Create a mind-map, spider diagram or table.	Write a newspaper report for one of the extracts
Find three facts out about an author	Write a fact file about an author	Write a biography about an author

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7. From Little Britain to France in just 10 hours
8. The Last March: Captain Scott
9. Harry's Arctic Heroes: My North Pole Adventure
10. Nobel Prize Lecture - Malala Yousafzai
11. I don't get to give this one out very often - Joshua Leakey VC
12. Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief -Rick Riordan
13. Northern Lights -Philip Pullman

Hero Types

Romantic Hero

Classical heroes, sometimes known as romantic heroes, are everyday people that have a great talent. They often possess an attribute or quality that distinguishes them from ordinary people, making them a hero. It's important to remember that classical heroes are equal in their world, but possess a gift that others do not have.

Examples of these would be **Harry Potter**, or **Victor Frankenstein**.

What are the characteristics of the romantic hero?

a character that rejects established **norms** and conventions, has been rejected by society, and has the self as the centre of his or her own **existence**. The Romantic hero is often the protagonist in the literary work and there is a primary focus on the character's **thoughts** rather than his or her **actions**. 28 Jan 2009

The Tragic Hero

It was the great philosopher Aristotle who first defined the ill-fated protagonist as a tragic hero. Aristotle suggested that a hero of a tragedy must evoke a sense of pity or fear from the audience. Also, the tragic hero has to be someone whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by some error or fate. To this day, literature is inundated with the use of this type of protagonist.

Aristotle's Principles of a Tragic Hero

Hamartia Flaw that causes the downfall

Hubris Extreme pride

Peripeteia Reversal of fortune

Anagnorisis When the hero makes a critical discovery

Nemesis Fate that cannot be reversed

Catharsis Tone (pity or fear) that the audience is left with after the hero's fall

The Epic Hero

As with the tragic hero, the Greeks were first to define the protagonist known as an epic hero. These are heroes of a tragedy who evoke in the audience a sense of heroism and legendary awe-inspiring lore. An epic hero is a man whose fortune is brought about by their admired characteristics. Many of the famous Greek Epics, such as *The Odyssey* and the *Illiad*, contain these larger than life heroes and deeds.

The 7 Characteristic Principles of an Epic Hero

Noble Birth	An epic hero is usually a king, prince, demi-god, or nobleman.
Superhuman Strength/Courage	The warrior has the potential for greatness based on their attributes, for example: cunning, brave, humble, sagacious, and virtuous.
Vast Traveller	An epic hero is known for making travels to exotic locations by choice or chance, usually to battle against evil.
Unmatched Warrior Skill	This hero typically has a reputation for being a great warrior. Epic heroes commonly have a status that precedes them prior to the beginning of the story.
Cultural Legend	Before an epic hero can be universally accepted, they must first be a legend in their culture.
Humility	This hero's greatest attribute is his humbleness. Despite the fact that he may be the best of the best, he never brags, boasts, or becomes ostentatious about his abilities.
Battles Supernatural Foes	The Nemesis of this hero is usually a supernatural being, for example: Grendel, Poseidon, or a cyclops.

The Everyman Hero

In literature, the term **everyman** has come to mean an ordinary individual that the audience or reader easily identifies with. Also, the **everyman hero** has no outstanding abilities or attributes. An everyman hero is thrown into extraordinary circumstances where they must act with heroic qualities. Moreover, they have sound moral judgment and show selflessness in the face of adversity.

Many protagonists in realistic fiction are considered everyman heroes.

The Superhero

Superheroes can start out as classical heroes or even everyman heroes and be given a power that makes them 'superhuman'. They can also be born with a 'superhuman' power.

The Anti-Hero

Anti-Heroes begin with traits that are very uncommon or unbecoming of a hero. They display qualities that are more in-line with a villain's characteristics. With traits such as conceitedness, immorality, rebellion, and dishonesty, they are not viewed with admiration. Like many of the other heroes, anti-heroes start out as average people who are controversially flawed and inherently good at the same time. An anti-hero, by definition, is a central character who lacks conventional heroic attributes. These characters can range from a good person with an unattractive vice to a criminal mastermind who has a heart of gold.

Beowulf

Hero: Beowulf

Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgetheow:
"Old man, don't weep. It's better to take
bitter revenge than to hide in sorrow.
Each of us must face his end
and the warrior grabs what glory he can
before death stops him. After his death,
that's what remains. Arise, O King,
let's study the trail of *Grendel's dam**.
I swear to you that
I'll track her down.
No earthly cave nor mountain wood,
no ocean bed, will do to hide her.
Have patience now, endure your woe,
and be the man that I know you are."

The old king leapt to feet and thanked
God for those words. He called for a horse,
and a handsome mount with braided mane
was swiftly bridled. He rode out shining,
his shield-bearers marching behind him.
The trampled track ran through the forest,
plunging straight into murky moorland
where the monster had dragged the bloody corpse
of Heorot's champion. The thanes then scrambled
up steep scree, trod single file
through narrow cliff-ways where demon-haunted
waters tumbled far beneath them.
Beowulf went on with a few good scouts,
and found by chance a stand of ash
casting its shadow across grey stone,
a dismal wood! The water beneath
seethed with blood, and when they found
Aschere's head by the edge of the cliff,
each man present felt his grief
break newly open. As they stared,
the flood welled ruddy with hot gore.
A battle horn sang, quickening pulses,
and the troop stood and watched the water.
Sea-snakes curled there and strange dragons
wove through its depths, and on the reefs
such water demons as wait their chance
to strike the ships on the sail-road.
Swollen with rage, the warriors ran
to the wailing horn and one of the Geats
lifted his bow and struck a monster

straight in the vitals, slowing its struggle
against the waves. They snagged it hard
on sharp-hooked boar pikes and dragged it out
of the noisome shallows, staring in wonder
at this strange wave-spawn.

Fearless Beowulf

put on his armour, hand-braided mail
cunningly made. No grim malice
could pierce his bone-cage to harm his heart
or crush him in a deadly wrestle.
On his head was a royal helm
as bright as when the smiths first made it,
rimmed with boar-shapes, iron-encircled,
to break the bite of the bitterest brand.
Not the least was the ancient blade
lent by Unferth, Hrothgar's spokesman,
to meet his need. Its name was Hrunting.
Edged with iron, tempered by blood,
pattern-welded and scored with runes,
this sword had never failed in battle
any who bore it, venturing far
into enemy strongholds on dark journeys.
It was well used to courage-work.
Surely that muscle-head forgot
how in his cups he had taunted Beowulf
when he gave his blade to the better swordsman.
He'd never dare to risk his life
under the waves, in the water's tumult.
He lost his manhood then and all
his chance at glory. Not so Beowulf.

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Beowulf spoke, the son of Edgetheow:
"Half Dane's son, I am eager for battle.
Remember now your earlier pledge,
that if I die serving your need,
you would be a father to me.
If I lose my life, beloved Hrothgar,
take in your care my young retainers
and send to Hygelac all the treasures
that you have given me. Gazing on gold,
the lord of the Geats will know my deeds
found generous thanks from a good king.
Let Unferth have my wave-edged sword,
this ancient heirloom, to match his fame.
I'll use Hrunting to forge my glory,
unless death takes me."

Waiting no answer,
he plunged into the surging waters.
Long he sank: a day passed by
before he glimpsed the floor of the mere
where she watched, wrathful and greedy,
ravenous ruler of the flood for a hundred seasons.
She knew at once
that an alien from the world of air
sounded her strange home. Groping upwards,
she seized the prince with savage hands,
crushing his body. The ringmail kept him
from deadly harm, her loathsome fingers
fumbled against the handlinked armour.
When she touched bottom, the she-wolf bore
him back to her lair. For all his courage,
Beowulf couldn't wield his sword
as weird sea-beasts thronged about him
and tore at his mail with war-like tusks.
He found himself then in his enemy's hall,
free of the water, its roof holding back
the snatch of currents. A bright fire blazed
and in its light he saw his foe,
the mighty mere-wife, cursed mistress
of the deeps. He hefted his sword,
swinging it down with all his strength,
and the ring-marked blade sang hungrily
for blood. But the stranger found
that the battle-flame refused to bite,
its edge failed the noble lord
in his need. It had endured many
hand-to-hand combats, split the helms
of many doomed men, but for the first time
its glory dimmed. Resolute still,
remembering fame, Hygelac's kinsman
angrily hurled that precious sword
to the ground, trusting his strength,
his mighty hands. So must a man act,
careless of life, if he wants to win
lasting fame in the fury of battle.

He grabbed her hair - keen for the insult -
and swollen with rage, the battle-hard man
flung Grendel's mother down to the floor.
She quickly repaid him, holding him fast
against her hide in her wrathful grip,
and then even that sturdy soldier,

the strongest of men, stumbled with weariness,
and fell. Sitting astride him,
she drew her dagger, deadly and edged,
to avenge her son, her only offspring.
His mailcoat saved him, barring the point
its bloody entry. He would have died there,
Edgetheow's son, far underground,
but for that war-mesh. And holy God
who gives out victory decided easily
whose was the win when Beowulf sprang
back to his feet.

**dam = mother*



The Deathly Hallows: The Forest Again

Hero: Harry Potter

He moved on, and now he reached the edge of the Forest, and he stopped.

A swarm of Dementors was gliding amongst the trees, he could feel their chill, and he was sure that he would be able to pass safely through it. He had no strength left for a Patronus. He could no longer control his trembling. It was not, after all, so easy to die. Every second he breathed, the smell of the grass, the cool air on his face, was so precious: to think that people had years and years, time to waste, so much time it dragged, and he was clinging to each second. At the same time it thought that he would not be able to go on, and knew that he must. The long game had ended, the Snitch had been caught, it was time to leave the air ...

The Snitch. His nerveless fingers fumbled for a moment with the pouch at his neck and he pulled it out.

I open at the close.

Breathing fast and hard, he stared down at it. Now that he wanted time to move as slowly as possible, it seemed to have sped up, and understanding was coming so fast it seemed to have bypassed thought. This was the close. This was the moment.

He pressed the golden metal to his lips and whispered 'I am about to die.'

The metal shell broke open. He lowered his shaking hand, raise Draco's wand beneath the Cloak and murmured, 'Lumos.'

The black stone with its jagged crack running down the centre sat the two halves of the Snitch. The Resurrection Stone had cracked down the vertical line representing the Elder Wand. The triangle and circle representing the Cloak and the stone were still discernible.

And again, Harry understood, without having to think. It did not matter about bringing them back, for he was about to join them. He was not really fetching them; they were fetching him.

He closed his eyes, and turned the stone over in his hand, three times.

He knew it had happened, because he heard slight movements around him that suggested frail bodies shifting their footing on the earthy, twig-strewn ground that marked the outer edge of the Forest.

He opened his eyes and looked around.

They were neither ghostly nor truly flesh, he could see that. They resemble most closely the Riddle that had escaped from the diary, so long ago, and he had been memory made solid. Less substantial than living bodies, but much more than ghosts, they moved towards him, and on each face there was the same loving smile.

James was exactly the same height as Harry. He was wearing the clothes in which he had died, and his hair was untidy and ruffled, and his glasses were a little lopsided, like Mr Weasley's.

Sirius was tall and handsome, and younger by far than Harry had seen him in life. He loped with an easy grace, his hands in his pockets and a grin on his face.

Lupin was younger too, and much less shabby, and his hair was thicker and darker. He looked happy to be back in this familiar place, scene of so many adolescent wanderings.

Lily's smile was widest of all. She pushed her long hair back as she drew close to him, and her green eyes, so like his, searched his face hungrily as though she would never be able to look at him enough. 'You're so brave.'

He could not speak. His eyes feasted on her, and he thought that he would like to stand and look at her forever, and that would be enough.

'You are nearly there,' said James. 'Very close. We are ... so proud of you.'

'Does it hurt?'

The childish question had fallen from Harry's lips before he could stop it.

'Dying? Not at all,' said Sirius. 'Quicker and easier than falling asleep.'

'And he will want it to be quick. He wants it over,' said Lupin.

'I didn't want you to die,' Harry said. These words came without his volition. 'Any of you, I'm sorry -'
He addressed Lupin more than any of them, beseeching him. ' - right after you'd had your son ...,
Remus, I'm sorry -'

'I am sorry too,' said Lupin. 'Sorry I will never know him... but he will always know why I died and I
hope he will understand. I was trying to make a world where he could live a happier life.'

A chilly breeze that seemed to emanate from the heart of the Forest lifted the hair at Harry's brow.
He knew they would not tell him to go, that it would have to be his decision.

'You'll stay with me?'

'Until the very end,' said James.

'They won't be able to see you?' asked Harry.

'We are part of you,' said Sirius. 'Invisible to anyone else.'

Harry looked at his mother.

'Stay close to me.'

And he set off. The Dementors' chill did not overcome him; he passed through it with his companions,
and they acted like Patronuses to him, and together they marched through the old trees that grew
closely together, their branches tangled, their roots gnarled and twisted underfoot. Harry clutched
the Cloak tightly around him in the darkness, travelling deeper and deeper into the Forest, with no
idea where exactly Voldemort was, but sure that he would find him. Beside him, making scarcely a
sound, walked James, Sirius, Lupin and Lily, and their presence was his courage, and the reason he was
able to keep putting one foot in front of the other.

His body and mind felt oddly disconnected now, his limbs working without conscious instruction, as if
he were a passenger, not driver, in the body he was about to leave. The dead who walked beside him
through the Forest were much more real to him than the living back at the castle: Ron, Hermione,
Ginny and all the others were the ones who felt like ghosts as he stumbled and slipped towards the
end of his life, towards Voldemort ...



Conan Doyle: A Scandal in Bohemia

Hero: Sherlock Holmes

I had seen little of Holmes lately. My marriage had drifted us away from each other. My own complete happiness, and the home-centred interests which rise up around the man who first finds himself master of his own establishment, were sufficient to absorb all my attention; while Holmes, who loathed every form of society with his whole Bohemian soul, remained in our lodgings in Baker Street, buried among his old books, and alternating from week to week between cocaine and ambition, the drowsiness of the drug, and the fierce energy of his own keen nature. He was still, as ever, deeply attracted by the study of crime, and occupied his immense faculties and extraordinary powers of observation in following out those clues, and clearing up those mysteries, which had been abandoned as hopeless by the official police. From time to time I heard some vague account of his doings: of his summons to Odessa in the case of the Trepoff murder, of his clearing up of the singular tragedy of the Atkinson brothers at Trincomalee, and finally of the mission which he had accomplished so delicately and successfully for the reigning family of Holland. Beyond these signs of his activity, however, which I merely shared with all the readers of the daily press, I knew little of my former friend and companion.

One night - it was on the 20th of March, 1888 - I was returning from a journey to a patient (for I had now returned to civil practice), when my way led me through Baker Street. As I passed the well-remembered door, which must always be associated in my mind with my wooing, and with the dark incidents of the Study in Scarlet, I was seized with a keen desire to see Holmes again, and to know how he was employing his extraordinary powers. His rooms were brilliantly lit, and, even as I looked up, I saw his tall spare figure pass twice in a dark silhouette against the blind. He was pacing the room swiftly, eagerly, with his head sunk upon his chest, and his hands clasped behind him. To me, who knew his every mood and habit, his attitude and manner told their own story. He was at work again. He had risen out of his drug-created dreams, and was hot upon the scent of some new problem. I rang the bell, and was shown up to the chamber which had formerly been in part my own. His manner was not effusive. It seldom was; but he was glad, I think, to see me. With hardly a word spoken, but with a kindly eye, he waved me to an armchair, threw across his case of cigars, and indicated a spirit case and a gasogene in the corner. Then he stood before the fire, and looked me over in his singular introspective fashion.

'Wedlock suits you,' he remarked. 'I think, Watson, that you have put on seven and a half pounds since I saw you.'

'Seven,' I answered.

'Indeed, I should have thought a little more. Just a trifle more, I fancy, Watson. And in practice again, I observe. You did not tell me that you intended to go into harness.'

'Then, how do you know?'

'I see it, I deduce it. How do I know that you have been getting yourself very wet lately, and that you have a most clumsy and careless servant girl?'

'My dear Holmes,' said I, 'this is too much. You would certainly have been burned had you lived a few centuries ago. It is true that I had a country walk on Thursday and came home in a dreadful mess; but, as I have changed my clothes, I can't imagine how you deduced it. As to Mary Jane, she is incorrigible, and my wife has given her notice; but there again I fail to see how you work it out.' He chuckled to himself and rubbed his long nervous hands together.

'It is simplicity itself,' said he; 'my eyes tell me that on the inside of your left shoe, just where the firelight strikes it, the leather is scored by six almost parallel cuts. Obviously they have been caused by someone who has very carelessly scraped round the edges of the sole in order to remove crusted mud from it. Hence, you see, my double deduction that you had been out in vile weather, and that you

had a particularly malignant boot-slitting specimen of the London slavey. As to your practice, if a gentleman walks into my rooms smelling of iodoform, with a black mark of nitrate of silver upon his right forefinger, and a bulge on the side of his top hat to show where he has secreted his stethoscope, I must be dull indeed if I do not pronounce him to be an active member of the medical profession.'

I could not help laughing at the ease with which he explained his process of deduction. 'When I hear you give your reasons,' I remarked, 'the thing always appears to me to be so ridiculously simple that I could easily do it myself, though at each successive instance of your reasoning I am baffled, until you explain your process. And yet I believe that my eyes are as good as yours.'

'Quite so,' he answered, lighting a cigarette, and throwing himself down into an armchair. 'You see, but you do not observe. The distinction is clear. For example, you have frequently seen the steps which lead up from the hall to this room.'

'Frequently.'

'How often?'

'Well, some hundreds of times.'

'Then how many are there?'

'How many! I don't know.'

'Quite so. You have not observed. And yet you have seen. That is just my point. Now, I know that there are seventeen steps, because I have both seen and observed. By the way, since you are interested in these little problems, and since you are good enough to chronicle one or two of my trifling experiences, you may be interested in this.' He threw over a sheet of thick, pink-tinted note-paper which had been lying open upon the table. 'It came by the last post,' said he. 'Read it aloud.' The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

'There will call upon you tonight, at a quarter to eight o'clock,' it said, 'a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the Royal Houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask.'

'This is indeed a mystery,' I remarked. 'What do you imagine that it means?'

'I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorise before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?'

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

'The man who wrote it was presumably well-to-do,' I remarked, endeavoring to imitate my companion's processes. 'Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff.'

'Peculiar - that is the very word,' said Holmes. 'It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light.'

I did so, and saw a large *E* with a small *g*, a *P*, and a large *G* with a small *t* woven into the texture of the paper.

'What do you make of that?' asked Holmes.

'The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather.'

'Not at all. The *G* with the small *t* stands for ''Gesellschaft'', which is the German for ''Company''. It is a customary contraction like our ''Co.''. *P*, of course, stands for ''Papier''. Now for the *Eg*. Let us glance at our *Continental Gazetteer*.' He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. 'Eglow, Eglonitz - here we are, Egria. It is in a German-speaking country - in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. ''Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass factories

and paper mills.' 'Ha, ha, my boy, what do you make of that?' His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette.

'The paper was made in Bohemia,' I said.

'Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence - 'This account of you we have from all quarters received'. A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who writes upon Bohemian paper, and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts.'

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the kerb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

'A pair by the sound,' said he. 'Yes,' he continued, glancing out of the window. 'A nice little brougham* and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas* apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else.'

'I think that I had better go, Holmes.'

'Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it.'

'But your client -'

'Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention.'

A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

'Come in!' said Holmes ...

brougham = carriage

guineas= money

The Hunger Games: The Reaping

Hero: Katniss Everdeen

The rules of the Hunger Games are simple. In punishment for the uprising, each of the twelve districts must provide one girl and one boy, called tributes, to participate. The twenty-four tributes will be imprisoned in a vast outdoor arena that could hold anything from a burning desert to a frozen wasteland. Over a period of several weeks, the competitors must fight to the death. The last tribute standing wins.

Taking the kids from our districts, forcing them to kill one another while we watch — this is the Capitol's way of reminding us how totally we are at their mercy. How little chance we would stand of surviving another rebellion. Whatever words they use, the real message is clear. "Look how we take your children and sacrifice them and there's nothing you can do. If you lift a finger, we will destroy every last one of you. Just as we did in District Thirteen."

To make it humiliating as well as torturous, the Capitol requires us to treat the Hunger Games as a festivity, a sporting event pitting every district against the others. The last tribute alive receives a life of ease back home, and their district will be showered with prizes, largely consisting of food. All year, the Capitol will show the winning district gifts of grain and oil and even delicacies like sugar while the rest of us battle starvation.

"It is both a time for repentance and a time for thanks," intones the mayor.

Then he reads the list of past District 12 victors. In seventy-four years, we have had exactly two. Only one is still alive. Haymitch Abernathy, a paunchy, middle-aged man, who at this moment appears hollering something unintelligible, staggers onto the stage, and falls into the third chair. He's drunk. Very. The crowd responds with its token applause, but he's confused and tries to give Effie Trinket a big hug, which she barely manages to fend off.

The mayor looks distressed. Since all of this is being televised, right now District 12 is the laughingstock of Panem, and he knows it. He quickly tries to pull the attention back to the reaping by introducing Effie Trinket.

Bright and bubbly as ever, Effie Trinket trots to the podium and gives her signature, "Happy Hunger Games! And may the odds be ever in your favor!" Her pink hair must be a wig because her curls have shifted slightly off-center since her encounter with Haymitch. She goes on a bit about what an honor it is to be here, although everyone knows she's just aching to get bumped up to a better district where they have victors, not drunks who molest you in front of the entire nation.

Through the crowd, I spot Gale looking back at me with a ghost of a smile. As reapings go, this one at least has a slight entertainment factor. But suddenly I am thinking of Gale and his forty-two names in that big glass ball and how the odds are not in his favor. Not compared to a lot of the boys. And maybe he's thinking the same thing about me because his face darkens and he turns away. "But there are still thousands of slips," I wish I could whisper to him.

It's time for the drawing. Effie Trinket says as she always does, "Ladies first!" and crosses to the glass ball with the girls' names. She reaches in, digs her hand deep into the ball, and pulls out a slip of paper. The crowd draws in a collective breath and then you can hear a pin drop, and I'm feeling nauseous and so desperately hoping that it's not me, that it's not me, that it's not me.

Effie Trinket crosses back to the podium, smooths the slip of paper, and reads out the name in a clear voice. And it's not me.

It's Primrose Everdeen.

X - X

One time, when I was in a hide in a tree, waiting motionless for game to wander by, I dozed off and fell ten feet to the ground, landing on my back. It was as if the impact had knocked every wisp of air from my lungs, and I lay there struggling to inhale, to exhale, to do anything.

That's how I feel now, trying to remember how to breathe, unable to speak, totally stunned as the name bounces around the inside of my skull. Someone is gripping my arm, a boy from the Seam, and I think maybe I started to fall and he caught me.

There must have been some mistake. This can't be happening. Prim was one slip of paper in thousands! Her chances of being chosen so remote that I'd not even bothered to worry about her. Hadn't I done everything? Taken the tesserae, refused to let her do the same? One slip. One slip in thousands. The odds had been entirely in her favor. But it hadn't mattered.

Somewhere far away, I can hear the crowd murmuring unhappily as they always do when a twelve-year-old gets chosen because no one thinks this is fair. And then I see her, the blood drained from her face, hands clenched in fists at her sides, walking with stiff, small steps up toward the stage, passing me, and I see the back of her blouse has become untucked and hangs out over her skirt. It's this detail, the untucked blouse forming a ducktail, that me back to myself.

"Prim!" The strangled cry comes out of my throat, and my muscles begin to move again. "Prim!" I don't need to shove through the crowd. The other kids make way immediately allowing me a straight path to the stage. I reach her just as she is about to mount the steps. With one sweep of my arm, I push her behind me.

"I volunteer!" I gasp. "I volunteer as tribute!"

There's some confusion on the stage. District 12 hasn't had a volunteer in decades and the protocol has become rusty. The rule is that once a tribute's name has been pulled from the ball, another eligible boy, if a boy's name has been read, or girl, if a girl's name has been read, can step forward to take his or her place. In some districts, in which winning the reaping is such a great honor, people are eager to risk their lives, the volunteering is complicated. But in District 12, where the wordtribute is pretty much synonymous with the word corpse, volunteers are all but extinct.

"Lovely!" says Effie Trinket. "But I believe there's a small matter of introducing the reaping winner and then asking for volunteers, and if one does come forth then we, um ..." she trails off, unsure herself.

"What does it matter?" says the mayor. He's looking at me with a pained expression on his face. He doesn't know me really, but there's a faint recognition there. I am the girl who brings the strawberries. The his daughter might have spoken of on occasion. The girl who five years ago stood

huddled with her mother and sister, as he presented her, the oldest child, with a medal of valor. A medal for her father, vaporized in the mines. Does he remember that?

"What does it matter?" he repeats gruffly. "Let her forward."

Prim is screaming hysterically behind me. She's wrapped her skinny arms around me like a vice. "No, Katniss! No! You can't go!"

"Prim, let go," I say harshly, because this is upsetting me and I don't want to cry. When they televise the replay of the reappings tonight, everyone will make note of my tears, and I'll be marked as an easy target. A weakling. I will give no one that satisfaction. "Let go!"

I can feel someone pulling her from my back. I turn and see Gale has lifted Prim off the ground and she's thrashing in his arms. "Up you go, Catnip," he says, in a voice he's fighting to keep steady, and then he carries Prim off toward my mother. I steel myself and climb the steps.

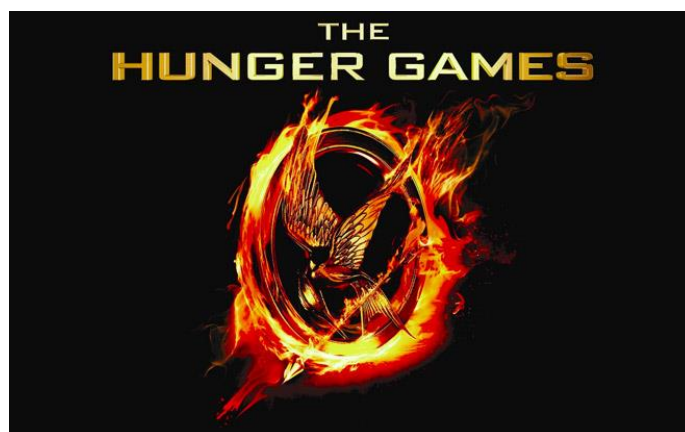
"Well, bravo!" gushes Effie Trinket. "That's the spirit of the Games!" She's pleased to finally have a district with a little action going on in it. "What's your name?"

I swallow hard. "Katniss Everdeen," I say.

"I bet my buttons that was your sister. Don't want her to steal all the glory, do we? Come on, everybody! Let's give a big round of applause to our newest tribute!" trills Effie Trinket.

To the everlasting credit of the people of District 12, not one person claps. Not even the ones holding betting slips, the ones who are usually beyond caring. Possibly because they know me from the Hob, or knew my father, or have encountered Prim, who no one can help loving. So instead of acknowledging applause, I stand there unmoving while they take part in the boldest form of dissent they can manage. Silence. Which says we do not agree. We do not condone. All of this is wrong.

Then something unexpected happens. At least, I don't expect it because I don't think of District 12 as a place that cares about me. But a shift has occurred since I stepped up to take Prim's place, and now it seems I have become someone precious. At first one, then another, then almost every member of the crowd touches the three middle fingers of their left hand to their lips and holds it out to me. It is an old and rarely used gesture of our district, occasionally seen at funerals. It means thanks, it means admiration, it means good-bye to someone you love.



First Channel Swimmer

Hero: Captain Webb

26 August 1875: Captain Webb is the first person to swim the English Channel



Captain Matthew Webb, the first man to swim the channel.

The English Channel was first swum by Matthew Webb who was a steamship captain. After his success he went on to even greater feats but, sadly, met his death eight years after conquering the Channel as he attempted to swim the dangerous Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara Falls.

Original Article:

The Swim Across the Channel (Special Telegram)

Dover, Wednesday Night.

Captain Webb's second attempt to swim the Channel has been successful. He started from the Admiralty Pier at four and a half minutes to one yesterday afternoon, when the wind and tide were in his favour. He was not in such a perfect state of training as when he made his first experiment. He was accompanied by two rowing boats and a lugger carrying the representatives of the press. The lugger was under the command of Mr. Toms, who acted as pilot.

Under the instructions of Toms, Webb dived into the sea whilst the tide was at its ebb, and he was carried by it in a westwardly direction. He commenced with and maintained during the journey the cheat stroke, and made an average of from 18 to 20 strokes a minute, his movements indicating from first to last that he was not only a man of great strength, but he was also a graceful swimmer.

By 1.30 Captain Webb had made excellent progress. Mr. Payne and Mr. Wilkinson, the referees, estimated his speed at the rate of a mile and a half an hour. He indulged in refreshments, in the shape of half a pint of beer, at a quarter to three, receiving the stimulant from his cousin, who was in one of the rowing boats. He was then about three miles from the Admiralty Pier, and was passed by the afternoon mail packet from Calais and by the twin steamer *Castalia*. Bearings were now taken, but a slight haze prevented any satisfactory result being arrived at.

At a quarter to four o'clock Captain Webb again took some ale and it was then agreed that he was quite five miles from Dover. The heat of the sun now became somewhat oppressive, but the fog was rapidly rising, and the Dover cliffs, which had been for some time obscured, were again visible. Captain Webb still swam vigorously, displaying better form every hour, and he replied cheerfully to the inquiries made by those in the lugger every time it came within hail of him. He was occasionally

surrounded by porpoises, none of which, however, came too near to him, and they all escaped the pistol shots aimed at them from the boats.

At five o'clock the Captain enjoyed some beeftea, and he then proceeded to resume his task with the remark that he felt capital. He was now about six miles from Dover, and was being fast carried by the tide to the eastward, or in the direction of the Goodwin Sands. Forty minutes later he once more indulged in beeftea. He said that he did not experience any discomfort from the water, the porpoise oil with which he had anointed himself before starting no doubt proving to be a valuable means of maintaining his normal temperature.

He acknowledged by the wave of his hand the cheers he received from the passengers on board a large steamer that passed him. At half past seven the Captain, being hailed, said he was "right as a trivet" and quite warm. By a quarter to eight Cape Gria Nez light was sighted. In answer to the question, Mr Toms at nine o'clock said he believed Webb had done half the distance, and was going straight for the French point as he was in slack water. The swimmer complained that there was a great quantity of seaweed in the water, and some alarm was occasioned by his crying out at twenty minutes past nine, "I've got stung on the shoulder by the jellyfish," and the moment afterwards he called out that the smart was only a momentary one.

The moon rose a few minutes before ten, and the night was a fine one. The tide was taking the Captain towards the point, from which he was about nine miles distant. At twenty minutes past eleven he asked how much longer the swim would take, and, being told four hours, said, "I can do that easily." At half-past eleven he had some coffee.

At ten minutes to one he took more beeftea and some brandy. He still spoke cheerfully, and displayed no sign of exhaustion. Some more coffee was given to him at three and again at half-past four. At five a.m. he said he was all right. The French coast was then sighted for the first time. At half past five the sun rose, and Webb took some brandy. He appeared drifting towards Calais.

At seven a breeze sprang up. It rapidly stiffened, the water becoming rough and greatly retarding the swimmer and trying his strength very much. At half-past seven he had some more brandy, and continued to struggle on, but though making little progress.

At eight Mr. Toms said he had only got to go a mile before touching the shore. At half-past nine a service galley, rowed by men of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway packet service, and having on board Mr. Alaric Churchwant, rowed from the Calais harbour, and the men loudly cheered the swimmer. By request of Mr. Toms, they went to the windward of him, and saved him from a lot of sea. In fact, it had a great deal to do to the result, said the pilot.

The Lord Baker, well known for his diving feats in London, entered the water and got alongside Webb, who was swimming gallantly, but very slowly. At ten minutes to 11 the Captain landed on the sands, about 200 yards west of the bathing machines, at Calais, amid enthusiastic cheering from the crowds which had collected and those in the boats.

Captain Webb appeared somewhat exhausted, and stumbled as he left the water. He was immediately rubbed down and placed in a conveyance, and taken to the Hotel de Paris. Some local physicians came to him, but he said he felt warm enough, and should be all right after a sleep. They recommended him to take some port wine, and he did so, and then went to bed, where he enjoyed a sound sleep.

Flags were hoisted at the English shops in Calais, and similar demonstrations were made in Dover on the news of the captain's success reaching the port.

Captain Webb was altogether 21 hours and 43 minutes in the water.

Sports Relief

Hero: David Walliams

From Little Britain to France in just 10 hours

By Amy Iggulden, 05 Jul 2006, The Telegraph

For ten and a half hours yesterday, the comedian David Walliams battled jellyfish, supertankers and tracts of seaweed to swim the 21 miles across the English Channel.

Buffeted by the wash from merchant ships and sustained only by chocolate bars and drinks, the man who makes up the "I'm a Ladye" half of Little Britain overcame the biggest physical challenge of his life and raised almost £400,000 for the charity Sport Relief.

Channel swimming experts said it was a phenomenal performance that put him among the top 50 fastest swimmers ever, and within four hours of the world record.

After the swim, Walliams, 34, said he could barely believe what he had accomplished.

"How did that happen? I've never done anything sporty before. It must be all the good vibes," he said, nursing a celebratory cup of tea and a cereal bar on his way back to Britain.

"I did it much faster than I thought, I feel relieved because we needed a happy ending to this story. I feel it's taken the sting out of the World Cup."

He said he was able to complete his epic swim by playing songs from the Pet Shop Boys, Morrissey and Abba, in his head, together with the knowledge that the money pledged to Sport Relief was racking up with every stroke. The organisation helps children and excluded groups in Britain, Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Sports specialists said the performance owed much to incredible mental strength and solid preparation.

It is estimated that only one in 10 Channel swimmers get to the other side, and there are more people who have climbed Everest than have swum to France.

"It was an absolutely awesome swim, truly fantastic," said Prof Greg Whyte, a former Olympic modern pentathlete and Walliams's trainer for nine months. "For a relative novice to succeed in less than 11 hours was beyond all our expectations, but psychologically I knew he was on fantastic form." Walliams set off from Shakespeare Beach, Dover, at 5.31am yesterday, astonishing spectators by making landfall at Cap Gris-Nez, the closest point to Britain, at about 4:00pm.

Thirty minutes later, having climbed on a rock and waved in triumph, and proved beyond doubt that he had swum across one of the world's busiest shipping lanes, he was on the way back to Folkestone, Kent, this time, more conventionally, in a boat.

But however easy Walliams may have made it look, he had had to contend with a sea temperature of only 15C, waves which threatened to swamp him, and a 12mph breeze.

By midday he had already manoeuvred his way through a crowd of jellyfish, a large chunk of timber and a yacht that had little respect for personal space. During his swim he was also passed by something like 200 ferries criss-crossing their way to France and back.



He was shepherded by a pilot boat filled with eight helpers who kept him supplied with carbohydrate drinks and chocolate at the end of a long pole, as the strict Channel swimming rules demand, at 30 minute intervals, and who shook their fists at ships that came too close.

Prof Whyte, a World Championships silver medallist who is now director of science and research at the English Institute of Sport, also swam alongside him every two hours to keep pace.

"It is really tough out there but David was phenomenal, his stroke never faltered," said Michael Read, who oversaw the event as chairman of the Channel Swimming Association and holds the title "King of the Channel" for his own record 33 crossings.

"When I realised he was on course to beat my time of 12.5 hours I was pretty surprised, but I really think he may have found a new hobby. He just put his head down and got on with it. It was unbelievable."

It was equally impressive that Walliams' s nerves had withstood three days of postponed trips. When he finally slipped into the water, he had been on standby with a pot of goose grease since Friday, until gales dropped below force three.

As a boat carried the party round to Shakespeare Beach, the launch site of most first attempts, Walliams covered himself in grease and said goodbye to his parents, Kathleen and Peter, before leaping into the water.

"It's been nice knowing you," he said, reassuringly, as he kissed his mother's cheek.

"I've been training for months now and, to be honest, I just want to get in there now and give it my best shot."

Through Prof Whyte, who was giving his time for free, Walliams was chivvied into an "utterly miserable" eight-hour training swim off Croatia and a swim to the Isle of Wight. During his training his 6ft 3in frame had also slimmed from 15.5st to 14.5.

The Last March: Captain Scott

Hero: Oates and Scott

"**Wednesday, January 17** - Camp 69. T. -22 degrees at start. Night -21 degrees. The Pole. Yes, but under very different circumstances from those expected. We have had a horrible day - add to our disappointment a head wind 4 to 5, with a temperature -22 degrees, and companions labouring on with cold feet and hands.

We started at 7.30, none of us having slept much after the shock of our discovery. We followed the Norwegian sledge tracks for some way; as far as we make out there are only two men. In about three miles we passed two small cairns. Then the weather overcast, and the tracks being increasingly drifted up and obviously going too far to the West, we decided to make straight for the Pole according to our calculations. At 12.30 Evans had such cold hands we camped for lunch - an excellent 'week-end one.' ...To-night little Bowers is laying himself out to get sights in terrible difficult circumstances; the wind is blowing hard, T. - 21 degrees, and there is that curious damp, cold feeling in the air which chills one to the bone in no time. We have been descending again, I think, but there looks to be a rise ahead; otherwise there is very little that is different from the awful monotony of past days. Great God! This is an awful place and terrible enough for us to have laboured to it without the reward of priority. Well, it is something to have got here, and the wind may be our friend to-morrow. ...Now for the run home and a desperate struggle. I wonder if we can do it.

Thursday morning, January 18 - ...We have just arrived at this tent, 2 miles from our camp, therefore about 1 1/2 miles from the Pole. In the tent we find a record of five Norwegians having been here... We carried the Union Jack about 3/4 of a mile north with us and left it on a piece of stick as near as we could fix it. ...Well, we have turned our back now on the goal of our ambition and must face our 800 miles of solid dragging - and good-bye to most of the day-dreams!"

Death of the First Team Member

"**Saturday, February 17** - A very terrible day. Evans looked a little better after a good sleep, and declared, as he always did, that he was quite well. He started in his place on the traces, but half an hour later worked his ski shoes adrift, and had to leave the sledge. The surface was awful, the soft recently fallen snow clogging the ski and runners at every step, the sledge groaning, the sky overcast, and the land hazy. We stopped after about one hour, and Evans came up again, but very slowly. Half an hour later he dropped out again on the same plea. He asked Bowers to lend him a piece of string. I cautioned him to come on as quickly as he could, and he answered cheerfully as I thought. We had to push on, and the remainder of us were forced to pull very hard, sweating heavily. Abreast the Monument Rock we stopped, and seeing Evans a long way astern, I camped for lunch. There was no alarm at first, and we prepared tea and our own meal, consuming the latter.

After lunch, and Evans still not appearing, we looked out, to see him still afar off. By this time we were alarmed, and all four started back on ski. I was first to reach the poor man and shocked at his appearance; he was on his knees with clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frostbitten, and a wild look in his eyes. Asked what was the matter, he replied with a slow speech that he didn't know, but thought he must have fainted. We got him on his feet, but after two or three steps he sank down again. He showed every sign of complete collapse. Wilson, Bowers, and I went back for the sledge, whilst Oates remained with him. When we returned he was practically unconscious, and when we got him into the tent quite comatose. He died quietly at 12.30 A.M. On discussing the symptoms we think he began to get weaker just before we reached the Pole, and that his downward path was accelerated first by the shock of his frostbitten fingers, and later by falls during rough travelling on the glacier, further by his loss of all confidence in himself. Wilson thinks it certain he must have injured his brain by a fall.

It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week. Discussion of the situation at

lunch yesterday shows us what a desperate pass we were in with a sick man on our hands at such a distance from home."

Oates Walks Into Oblivion

"**Friday, March 16 or Saturday 17** - Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not - would not - give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning - yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since."

Final Entries

"**Wednesday, March 21** - Got within 11 miles of depot Monday night; had to lay up all yesterday in severe blizzard. To-day forlorn hope, Wilson and Bowers going to depot for fuel.

Thursday, March 22 and 23 - Blizzard bad as ever - Wilson and Bowers unable to start - to-morrow last chance - no fuel and only one or two of food left - must be near the end. Have decided it shall be natural - we shall march for the depot with or without our effects and die in our tracks.

Thursday, March 29 - Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot 11 miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.

R. Scott

Last entry

For God's sake look after our people



On completing a ski race I arrived back at the mountain lodge to publish the results on **my blog** and noticed an email from a friend, which was entitled "**North Pole**". My heartbeat raised and I became immediately excited.

For the first time since my injury I knew without hesitation that this was a challenge I wanted in on, and was prepared to do whatever it took and make any sacrifice to be a part of it.

I was serving in **Afghanistan** as a platoon commander in the **Parachute Regiment** when I was shot leading an attack on an enemy position.

While moving forward I was shot through the upper chest, shortly followed by a bullet in the foot. The impact threw me to the ground and I immediately realised that the bullet had severed the artery supplying blood to my right arm and severed the nerves, rendering the arm paralysed.

I'd always looked for challenges, which is why I commissioned into the Paras, and enjoyed working under pressure in the austere conditions of the desert. I wanted to see if I could do this in the **Arctic**.

On returning from racing, I was interviewed in London alongside dozens of other hopefuls and invited to attend a selection weekend in the Arctic Circle that May.

I'd never seen a **pulk** or Nordic skis so it was all rather strange.

The selection process involved pulling a pulk over undulating terrain for two days, and camping out overnight in a tent with my new teammate Guy, who'd lost a leg in Afghanistan.

I hit it off with **Guy "Maximus" Disney** and the rest of the team immediately, and while the selection was challenging, I enjoyed every minute of this barren environment and the other team members.

On completion of the selection weekend I was invited to begin training as part of the team.

I was still undergoing the occasional operation on my injuries and thought that the training would help me maintain drive and a good standard of physical fitness.

Should I make it to the Pole it would not only be an achievement, but to me it would signify overcoming the injuries I'd sustained in battle.

I've had to adapt everything since my injury - from learning to write and type with one hand (my non-dominant hand), to searching for a new career.

I'd found the greatest physical challenges to date were regaining independence in independent living with one arm.

If I could achieve that in the most inhospitable environment on the planet, it would signify overcoming the additional challenges my disability have presented me.

While I'd faced mental challenges coming to terms with the loss of my prized career, I felt that I'd maintained a strong mental robustness too, post-injury, and thought this would be a great test of that.

As the training progressed, and more people became aware of the expedition, I was getting messages from other injured colleagues stating that what we were doing was providing them with motivation to get their own lives back on track.

This was something I never anticipated at first and it had a huge impact on me. I now felt that I had a professional duty as a serving officer to ensure success in order to provide an example to others. It was this - and the desire to achieve success - that drove me on in training. I just had to convince my poor parents, who'd hoped I'd calm down a little post-injury, that ski racing downhill for the country and walking to the North Pole were perfectly safe. Erm... Throughout the expedition we worked to each other's strengths and supported each other with our injuries. This is something we found came naturally with a military background. While there were long periods in our own thoughts walking, walking, and a little more damn walking, we'd push each other on with jokes, banter and taking the piss. I've always found that soldiers have a slightly dark, even warped, sense of humour and that made the expedition significantly more bearable than it could have been. On the ice I found that I was back to my old self, as this was the first time post-injury that I was part of a close team, which the expedition has highlighted I'd missed enormously. **Harry's Arctic Heroes** will show the journey in more depth than I can go into here but I'll culminate by staying that we succeeded due to drive, determination, team work and a great support structure - along with a little blessing from lady luck.

Captain Martin Hewitt is a participant in Harry's Arctic Heroes.



Nobel Lecture

Hero: Malala Yousafzai

Nobel Lecture by Malala Yousafzai, Oslo, 10 December 2014.

Bismillah hir rahman ir rahim.

In the name of God, the most merciful, the most beneficent.

Your Majesties, Your royal highnesses, distinguished members of the Norwegian Nobel Committee, Dear sisters and brothers, today is a day of great happiness for me. I am humbled that the Nobel Committee has selected me for this precious award.

...

Dear brothers and sisters, I was named after the inspirational Malalai of Maiwand who is the Pashtun Joan of Arc. The word Malala means "grief-stricken", "sad", but in order to lend some happiness to it, my grandfather would always call me Malala - "The happiest girl in the world" and today I am very happy that we are together fighting for an important cause.

This award is not just for me. It is for those forgotten children who want education. It is for those frightened children who want peace. It is for those voiceless children who want change.

I am here to stand up for their rights, to raise their voice... it is not time to pity them. It is not time to pity them. It is time to take action so it becomes the last time, the last time, so it becomes the last time that we see a child deprived of education.

I have found that people describe me in many different ways.

Some people call me the girl who was shot by the Taliban.

And some, the girl who fought for her rights.

Some people, call me a "Nobel Laureate" now.

However, my brothers still call me that annoying bossy sister. As far as I know, I am just a committed and even stubborn person who wants to see every child getting quality education, who wants to see women having equal rights and who wants peace in every corner of the world.

Education is one of the blessings of life—and one of its necessities. That has been my experience during the 17 years of my life. In my paradise home, Swat, I always loved learning and discovering new things. I remember when my friends and I would decorate our hands with henna on special occasions. And instead of drawing flowers and patterns we would paint our hands with mathematical formulas and equations.

We had a thirst for education, we had a thirst for education because our future was right there in that classroom. We would sit and learn and read together. We loved to wear neat and tidy school uniforms and we would sit there with big dreams in our eyes. We wanted to make our parents proud and prove that we could also excel in our studies and achieve those goals, which some people think only boys can.

But things did not remain the same. When I was in Swat, which was a place of tourism and beauty, suddenly changed into a place of terrorism. I was just ten that more than 400 schools were destroyed. Women were flogged. People were killed. And our beautiful dreams turned into nightmares.

Education went from being a right to being a crime.

Girls were stopped from going to school.

When my world suddenly changed, my priorities changed too.

I had two options. One was to remain silent and wait to be killed. And the second was to speak up and then be killed.

I chose the second one. I decided to speak up.

We could not just stand by and see those injustices of the terrorists denying our rights, ruthlessly killing people and misusing the name of Islam. We decided to raise our voice and tell them: Have you

not learnt, have you not learnt that in the Holy Quran Allah says: if you kill one person it is as if you kill the whole humanity?

Do you not know that Mohammad, peace be upon him, the prophet of mercy, he says, do not harm yourself or others".

And do you not know that the very first word of the Holy Quran is the word Iqra", which means read"?

The terrorists tried to stop us and attacked me and my friends who are here today, on our school bus in 2012, but neither their ideas nor their bullets could win.

We survived. And since that day, our voices have grown louder and louder.

I tell my story, not because it is unique, but because it is not.

It is the story of many girls.

Today, I tell their stories too. I have brought with me some of my sisters from Pakistan, from Nigeria and from Syria, who share this story. My brave sisters Shazia and Kainat who were also shot that day on our school bus. But they have not stopped learning. And my brave sister Kainat Soomro who went through severe abuse and extreme violence, even her brother was killed, but she did not succumb.

Also my sisters here, whom I have met during my Malala Fund campaign. My 16-year-old courageous sister, Mezon from Syria, who now lives in Jordan as refugee and goes from tent to tent encouraging girls and boys to learn. And my sister Amina, from the North of Nigeria, where Boko Haram threatens, and stops girls and even kidnaps girls, just for wanting to go to school.

Though I appear as one girl, though I appear as one girl, one person, who is 5 foot 2 inches tall, if you include my high heels. (It means I am 5 foot only) I am not a lone voice, I am not a lone voice, I am many.

I am Malala. But I am also Shazia.

I am Kainat.

I am Kainat Soomro.

I am Mezon.

I am Amina. I am those 66 million girls who are deprived of education. And today I am not raising my voice, it is the voice of those 66 million girls.

Sometimes people like to ask me why should girls go to school, why is it important for them. But I think the more important question is why shouldn't they, why shouldn't they have this right to go to school.

...

One of my very good school friends, the same age as me, who had always been a bold and confident girl, dreamed of becoming a doctor. But her dream remained a dream. At the age of 12, she was forced to get married. And then soon she had a son, she had a child when she herself was still a child - only 14. I know that she could have been a very good doctor.

But she couldn't ... because she was a girl.

Her story is why I dedicate the Nobel Peace Prize money to the Malala Fund, to help give girls quality education, everywhere, anywhere in the world and to raise their voices. The first place this funding will go to is where my heart is, to build schools in Pakistan—especially in my home of Swat and Shangla.

In my own village, there is still no secondary school for girls. And it is my wish and my commitment, and now my challenge to build one so that my friends and my sisters can go there to school and get quality education and to get this opportunity to fulfil their dreams.

This is where I will begin, but it is not where I will stop. I will continue this fight until I see every child, every child in school.

Dear brothers and sisters, great people, who brought change, like **Martin Luther King** and **Nelson Mandela**, **Mother Teresa** and **Aung San Suu Kyi**, once stood here on this stage. I hope the steps that Kailash Satyarthi and I have taken so far and will take on this journey will also bring change - lasting change.

My great hope is that this will be **the last time**, this will be the last time we must fight for education. Let's solve this once and for all.

We have already taken many steps. Now it is time to take a leap.

I don't get to give this one out very often ...

Hero: Joshua Leakey

I don't get to give this one out very often, Queen tells VC hero who braved enemy bullets
THE Queen gave Britain's highest order of battlefield gallantry - the Victoria Cross - today to a paratrooper who ran through a hail of bullets to save and rally his comrades in Afghanistan.

By **Richard Palmer**, Apr 14, 2015 (Sunday Express)



The Queen awards the Victoria Cross to heroic soldier Joshua Leakey

Lance Corporal Joshua Leakey, who showed complete disregard for his own safety in treating an injured US Marine Corps captain and then running to retrieve two machine guns while under fire from Taliban insurgents on a barren hill, became the first living recipient of the VC from the Afghanistan campaign.

The 27-year-old from Hampshire, who single-handedly turned the tide of the battle and took the fight to the enemy, is one of only six living recipients of the award.

He is one of only 12 to be given the honour during the Queen's reign, half of whom were awarded posthumously, including two others from Afghanistan.

"I don't get to give this one out very often," the Queen, who is 89 later this month, told him during an investiture at Windsor Castle.

"Did you ever imagine you'd be standing here?" she asked him, beaming beneath a portrait of Wellington in the sumptuous Waterloo Chamber at the castle.

"Well done."

Lance Corporal Leakey, a member of the 1st Battalion Parachute Regiment, won the highest award for valour in the face of the enemy for his actions on August 22, 2013 during a fire fight at the

Taliban base in Bar Now Zad in Helmand province, southern Afghanistan.

Deployed as part of a task force conducting risky daylight operations to disrupt insurgent safe havens, he took part in a joint UK/US assault on the base.

It should have been a routine operation but his unit quickly came under machine gun and rocket propelled grenade fire after dismounting from Chinook helicopters.

The command group was pinned down for an hour, surrounded by 20 Taliban on the exposed forward slope of a hill, and its officer, a US Marine Corps captain shot and wounded.

Positioned on the lee of the hill and ignoring heavy machine gun and rocket fire, Lance Corporal Leakey ran down to the stricken command group and gave first aid to the wounded officer. He then ran back up the hill, still under fire, and retrieved a machine gun.

With rounds ricocheting off its frame, he moved it and began engaging the enemy, spurring his comrades to take the fight to the Taliban. Weighed down by 60lbs of equipment, he braved a hail of fire again, running down the hill to retrieve a second machine gun, climbing back 700ft up the hill to re-site the gun and return fire.

It proved to be the turning point in a fire fight that left 11 insurgents dead and four wounded.

In the castle quadrangle in the sunshine after the ceremony today, he insisted he had not thought about the consequences of his actions.

"You don't dwell on what you've just done. You just dwell on what you've got to do next," he said, although he admitted he had been "reasonably aware" of the bullets landing all around him. In spite of his status as a hero, he confessed his comrades in his battalion had given him plenty of stick and banter since. "I've been getting thrashed," he said.

"My family are very proud and happy but the lads in the battalion know this isn't something you seek out. You just do what you deem necessary on the day and any one of them could be standing where I am today He said he regarded his honour as an award for all British military personnel who had served in Afghanistan.

He said: "It's great for my family, my friends, my regiment - but it does for me highlight the sacrifice everyone's made in Afghan, not just in terms of the loss of life and limbs but people going away for months on end."

The young hero is the second member of his family to receive the VC and comes from a long line of distinguished military figures.

His second cousin twice removed, Sergeant Nigel Gray Leakey, won the VC posthumously during the

Second World War after wrenching open the turret of an Italian tank and shooting all the crew in Abyssinia in May 1941 before dying trying the same thing on a second tank. Lance Corporal Leakey's father, Mark, is a former RAF Air Commodore and his uncle, Lieutenant General David Leakey, is Black Rod, the Queen's representative in Parliament.

The paratrooper was accompanied by his father, mother Rosemary, brother Ben, and grandparents.

"We're particularly pleased his grandparents were able to be here too - three generations together and representing all three services: Royal Navy with his grandfather, RAF father, and Josh the Army," his parents said.

The VC has been awarded 1,363 times since it was introduced in 1856 by Queen Victoria to honour acts of valour in the Crimean War.

Although they have been few and far between since the Second World War, the current Queen handed out her first VC at her first investiture in February 1952 to Private Bill Speakman of the Black Watch, attached to the King's Own Scottish Borderers, for his bravery in the Korean War the previous year.

Percy Jackson and the Lightning Thief: Rick Riordan

Hero: Percy Jackson

So I told Zeus everything, just as it had happened. I took out the metal cylinder, which began sparking in

the Sky God's presence, and laid it at his feet.

There was a long silence, broken only by the crackle of the hearth fire.

Zeus opened his palm. The lightning bolt flew into it. As he closed his fist, the metallic points flared with electricity, until he was holding what looked more like the classic thunderbolt, a twenty-foot javelin of arcing, hissing energy that made the hairs on my scalp rise.

"I sense the boy tells the truth," Zeus muttered. "But that Ares would do such a thing ... it is most unlike him."

"He is proud and impulsive," Poseidon said. "It runs in the family."

"Lord?" I asked.

They both said, "Yes?"

"Ares didn't act alone. Someone else-something else- came up with the idea."

I described my dreams, and the feeling I'd had on the beach, that momentary breath of evil that had seemed to stop the world, and made Ares back off from killing me.

"In the dreams," I said, "the voice told me to bring the bolt to the Underworld. Ares hinted that he'd been having dreams, too. I think he was being used, just as I was, to start a war."

"You are accusing Hades, after all?" Zeus asked.

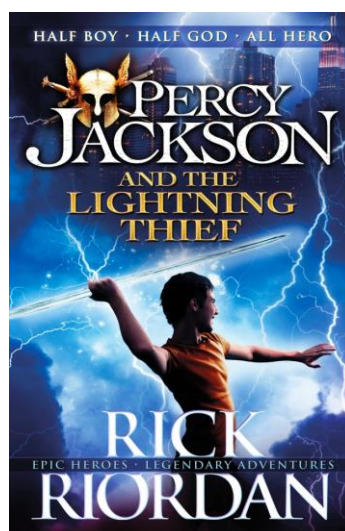
"No," I said. "I mean, Lord Zeus, I've been in the presence of Hades. This feeling on the beach was different. It was the same thing I felt when I got close to that pit. That was the entrance to Tartarus,

wasn't it? Something powerful and evil is stirring down there ... something even older than the gods."

Poseidon and Zeus looked at each other. They had a quick, intense discussion in Ancient Greek. I only caught one word. Father.

Poseidon made some kind of suggestion, but Zeus cut him off. Poseidon tried to argue. Zeus held up his hand angrily. "We will speak of this no more," Zeus said. "I must go personally to purify this thunderbolt in the waters of Lemnos, to remove the human taint from its metal."

He rose and looked at me. His expression softened just a fraction of a degree. "You have done me a service, boy. Few heroes could have accomplished as much."



Lyra and her dæmon moved through the darkening Hall, taking care to keep to one side, out of sight of the kitchen. The three great tables that ran the length of the Hall were laid already, the silver and the glass catching what little light there was, and the long benches were pulled out ready for the guests. Portraits of former Masters hung high up in the gloom along the walls. Lyra reached the dais and looked back at the open kitchen door and, seeing no one, stepped up beside the high table. The places here were laid with gold, not silver, and the fourteen seats were not oak benches but mahogany chairs with velvet cushions. Lyra stopped beside the Master's chair and flicked the biggest glass gently with a fingernail. The sound rang clearly through the Hall. "You're not taking this seriously," whispered her dæmon. "Behave yourself." Her dæmon's name was Pantalaimon, and he was currently in the form of a moth, a dark brown one so as not to show up in the darkness of the Hall. "They're making too much noise to hear from the kitchen,"

Lyra whispered back. "And the Steward doesn't come in till the first bell. Stop fussing."

But she put her palm over the ringing crystal anyway, and Pantalaimon fluttered ahead and through the slightly open door of the Retiring Room at the other end of the dais. After a moment he appeared again.

"There's no one there," he whispered. "But we must be quick."

Crouching behind the high table, Lyra darted along and through the door into the Retiring Room, where she stood up and looked around. The only light in here came from the fireplace, where a bright blaze of logs settled slightly as she looked, sending a fountain of sparks up into the chimney. She had lived most of her life in the College, but had never seen the Retiring Room before: only Scholars and their guests were allowed in here, and never females. Even the maidservants didn't clean in here. That was the Butler's job alone.

Pantalaimon settled on her shoulder.

"Happy now? Can we go?" he whispered.

"Don't be silly! I want to look around!"

It was a large room, with an oval table of polished rosewood on which stood various decanters and glasses, and a silver smokingmill with a rack of pipes. On a sideboard nearby there was a little chafing-dish and a basket of poppy-heads.

"They do themselves well, don't they, Pan?" she said under her breath.

She sat in one of the green leather armchairs. It was so deep

she found herself nearly lying down, but she sat up again and tucked her legs under her to look at the portraits on the walls. More old Scholars, probably: robed, bearded and gloomy, they stared out of their frames in solemn disapproval.

"What d'you think they talk about?" Lyra said, or began to say, because before she'd finished the question she heard voices outside the door. "Behind the chair - quick!" whispered Pantalaimon, and in a flash Lyra was out of the armchair and crouching behind it. It wasn't the best one for hiding behind: she'd chosen one in the very centre of the room, and unless she kept very quiet... The door opened, and the light changed in the room: one of the incomers was carrying a lamp, which he put down on the sideboard. Lyra could see his legs, in their dark green trousers and shiny black shoes. It was a servant. Then a deep voice said, "Has Lord Asriel arrived yet?" It was the Master. As Lyra held her breath she saw the servant's dæmon (a dog, like almost all servants' dæmons) trot in and sit quietly at his feet, and then the Master's feet became visible too, in the shabby black shoes he always wore. "No, Master," said the Butler. "No word from the Aërodock, either." "I expect he'll be hungry when he arrives. Show him straight into Hall, will you?" "Very good, Master." "And you've decanted some of the special Tokay for him?" "Yes, Master. The 1898, as you ordered. His Lordship is very partial to that, I remember." "Good. Now leave me, please." "Do you need the lamp, Master?" "Yes, leave that too. Look in during dinner to trim it, will you?" The Butler bowed slightly and turned to leave, his dæmon trotting obediently after him. From her not-much-of-a-hiding place Lyra watched as the Master went to a large oak wardrobe in the corner of the room, took his gown from a hanger, and pulled it laboriously on. The Master had been a powerful man, but he was well over seventy now, and his movements were stiff and slow. The Master's dæmon had the form of a raven, and as soon as his robe was on, she jumped down from the wardrobe and settled in her accustomed place on his right shoulder. Lyra could feel Pantalaimon bristling with anxiety, though he made no sound. For herself, she was pleasantly excited. The visitor mentioned by the Master, Lord Asriel, was her uncle, a man whom she admired and feared greatly. He was said to be involved in high politics, in secret exploration, in distant warfare, and she never knew when he was going to appear. He was fierce: if he caught her in here she'd be severely punished, but she could put up with that. What she saw next, however, changed things completely. The Master took from his pocket a folded paper and laid it on the table. He took the stopper out of the mouth of a decanter containing a rich golden wine, unfolded the paper, and poured a thin stream of white powder into the decanter before crumpling the paper and throwing it into the fire. Then he took a pencil from his pocket and stirred the wine until the powder had dissolved, and replaced the stopper. His dæmon gave a soft brief squawk. The Master replied in an undertone, and looked around with his hooded, clouded eyes before leaving through the door he'd come in by. Lyra whispered, "Did you see that, Pan?" "Of course I did! Now hurry out, before the Steward comes!" But as he spoke, there came the sound of a bell ringing once from the far end of the Hall. "That's the Steward's bell!" said Lyra. "I thought we had more time than that." Pantalaimon fluttered swiftly to the Hall door, and swiftly back. "The Steward's there already," he said. "And you can't get out of the other door..."



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