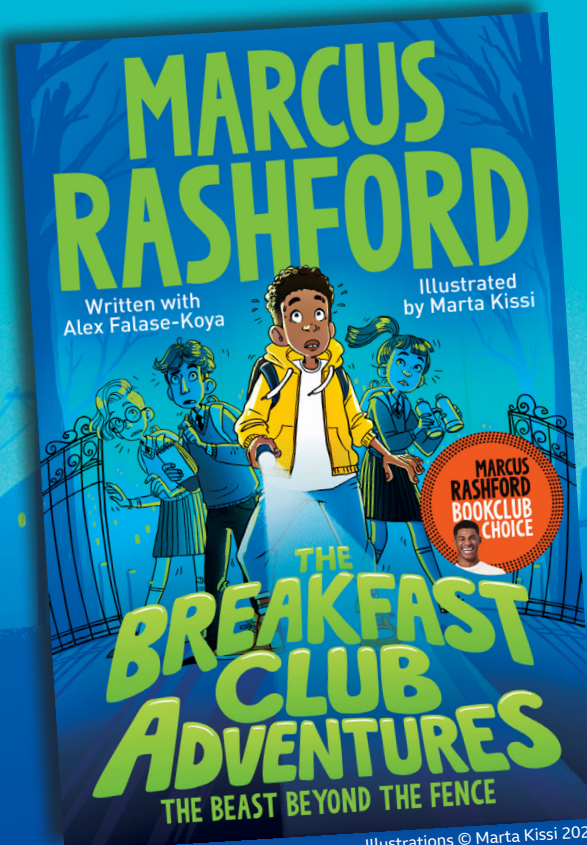


THE BREAKFAST CLUB ADVENTURES

THE BEAST BEYOND THE FENCE

Activity pack



This Marcus Rashford Book Club resource has been produced by BBC Teach, the National Literacy Trust and Macmillan Children's Books.

National
Literacy
Trust

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KPMG



Hi, I'm **Marcus!**

Today you are going to read the first chapter of my brand new book, **'THE BREAKFAST CLUB ADVENTURES'** and complete the activity pack with bonus challenges at the end.

I hope you enjoy the book and reading as much as I do.

Read Chapter 1 of



**THE
BREAKFAST
CLUB
ADVENTURES**
THE BEAST BEYOND THE FENCE



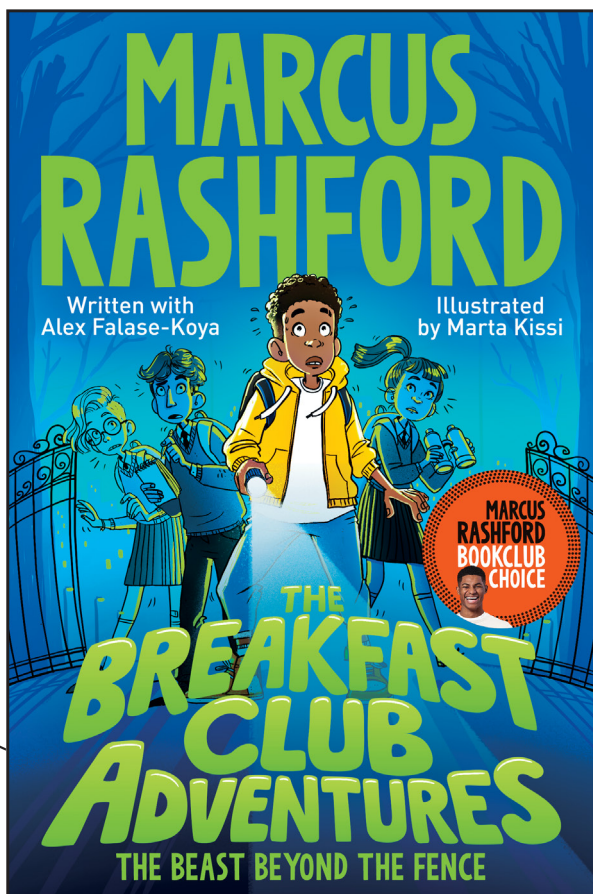
then complete the activities.

Name: _____

What is your favourite book to read? _____

Why is this your favourite book to read? _____

Reading is important for you and lots of fun. Hopefully you love reading as much as we do here at the **National Literacy Trust** and **BBC Teach**.



Chapter One



Marcus pushed open the doors to the canteen and strode into Breakfast Club. The room was bright, airy and warm, filled with the sound of kids talking loudly. The smell of *freshly made toast* and *sweet orange juice* wafted into Marcus's nose.

'Hey, Marcus!'

A large crowd was huddled around one

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of the long, wooden tables that stretched through the canteen. An arm waved above everyone's heads, beckoning him over.

'Hey, Amira,' Marcus said, smiling as he walked towards the table.

'I nominate Marcus to take my turn for me,' Amira announced loudly. All eyes turned on Marcus as he **squished** through the group. They were gathered around a tall, wobbling Jenga tower on the table. He looked up at Amira with an eyebrow raised.

'Are you sure?' he asked.

Amira nodded.

'You left me one of the hardest turns,' Marcus muttered, looking at the tower. He scratched the back of his head. Then, without hesitation, he reached out and expertly tapped a piece. It slid smoothly onto the table,

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leaving the rest of the tower completely intact.

An 'oooooooooooo' ~~~~~

rippled through the crowd.

Marcus let out a breath of relief, feeling slightly embarrassed at all the attention. 'See you all later,' he called as he pushed through the crowd again. He walked up to

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the hatch to grab his food, smiling at the dinner lady as she handed him a red plastic bowl and a black plastic plate.

Turning round, he spotted his friends Oyin and Patrick sitting at the far corner of the canteen. He made his way over to them, passing more crowds of kids playing board games, doing homework, eating breakfast or just chatting to each other.

'Hey, Marcus,' Oyin and Patrick said together as he arrived.

Marcus grinned at his friends. Patrick was big, but he was faster than almost anyone else his age. His thin glasses were kept together by a piece of tape, because he had **broken** them at football practice last week. Oyin was short and had a small afro, and her feet were **magic**.

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'Hey, guys,' said Marcus, taking a seat on the bench opposite them.

'What's on the menu today?' Patrick asked.

'Toast and Weetabix,' Marcus replied, grinning. 'Only the best fuel for me.' He gave a quick thumbs up.

'Yeah, on Weetabix days you're a **footballing machine** during lunch break. Almost as good as me,' Oyin said, punching him lightly on the arm.

Marcus's smile slipped slightly. He felt bad, but he was going to have to make up another excuse to get out of playing with Oyin and Patrick at lunch today. He just hadn't been able to play properly since he'd lost his ball...

Every time he closed his eyes he saw it happen.

He could see his left foot **slipping** as his right foot **swung** towards the football.

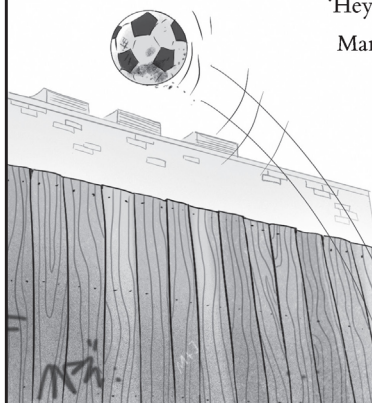
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He could see his toe **smashing** into the ball at the worst angle possible.

He could see the ball **whizzing up, way** over the two backpacks that made up the goal, **way** over the head of the goal-keeper, and **way** over the school fence.

And then it was gone. Lost by the building next to his school. It had happened more than a month ago, but he could still see it all.

'Hey!' Oyin poked Marcus's forehead gently.
'Is anyone home?'



Marcus blinked hard. 'What were we talking about again?' he asked.

'You were remembering kicking the ball over the fence,' Patrick said.

Marcus sighed. 'How did you know?'

'Marcus, whenever you go quiet these days you're thinking about that ball,' Oyin said.

Patrick nodded, taking off his glasses and giving them a good clean before placing them back on his face.

'I just **know** I can still get it back,' Marcus muttered.

'We walked along the whole fence, Marcus, looking through to see if we could see it,' Oyin said kindly. 'It just wasn't there.'

'Maybe I just wasn't looking hard enough,' Marcus said. 'Maybe I should have gone over.'

'Marcus, you know the rules,' Oyin said,

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lowering her voice. 'We don't go over the fence if we can't see the ball. **It's too risky.**'

'Yeah, you heard Mrs Miller, right?' said Patrick. Marcus nodded, thinking about their **terrifying** head teacher. 'She's coming down hard on people. It's like getting a **red card**, but in your school life!' Patrick leaned back in his chair. 'I heard that some kid from Maths Club got detention for a month for going over that fence.'

'What's so special about the football anyway?' Oyin asked. Marcus opened his mouth to respond, but before he could speak a deep voice came from behind them.

'Ah, here we have our table of young footballers.' Marcus turned to see Mr Anderson, one of his favourite teachers,

smiling at them, his blue eyes crinkling at the corners. Mr Anderson was tall and had short grey hair, and every day without fail he wore a tweed jacket with patches sewn on at the elbows. He taught music, but often ran the Breakfast Club too.

'Not just that, we also have a trumpet player,' Patrick said, referring to himself.

'And a maths person. I'm good at maths.' Oyin pointed at her chest.

'Well, I'll be sure to keep that in mind!' Mr Anderson said. 'And I hope you lot have done your homework?'



He raised an eyebrow.

'Yes, of course we have, Mr Anderson,' said Oyin quickly.

'Ah, Oyin, that's what you always say,' Mr Anderson sighed. He pretended to roll his eyes, **winked** at them and then walked off.

'Young footballers?' Marcus muttered glumly. 'Not me so much any more, not when I'm still on the bench.' Just saying that phrase felt difficult, like he was bringing something up from the back of his throat. 'I have plenty of time for homework.'

'Yeah, but everyone knows you're good enough to be a starter, you're just –' Patrick paused – 'a little off right now.' He pushed his glasses back up his nose.

Marcus looked down at the table.

'Marcus,' Oyin began tentatively, 'why don't you let us help y—'

'Thanks for offering,' Marcus interrupted before she could finish. He forced a smile onto his face. 'I do appreciate it – I really do – but I already have someone who can help me get my touch back. I just need to wait for her to come back.'

Patrick and Oyin sighed.

Marcus felt awkward under their gaze. 'I'm going to the bathroom,' he said, standing up. He knew they meant well, but they didn't understand that he didn't need their help. He just had to do what he always did when he was having a **rough patch**. Marcus had to get the help of his cousin, Lola.

He walked out of the canteen and headed down the corridor.

Everything at Rutherford Secondary School was old, from the way the doors locked to the windows that **rattled** when the wind blew violently. Even the forest that **stretched** out behind the school was ancient. But it was all really well maintained. Marcus liked feeling like a **time traveller** here. Even though this was only his first year, it felt as if it was his school.

Marcus slipped his hands into his pockets, blinking in surprise as his right hand brushed up against something. It felt like a piece of paper. He came to a stop in the corridor and pulled it out, staring at it in confusion.

Written in well-practised handwriting were the words:

? Do you want to join the BCI? ?

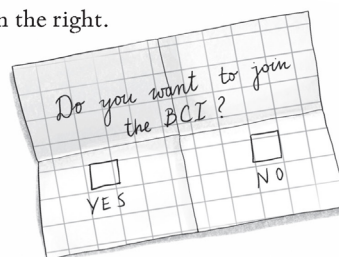
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If it wasn't for the marks that the pen had pressed into the page, Marcus would have thought that the words had come out of a printer.

'The BCI . . .' Marcus frowned. He had no idea what it stood for.

He peered down the corridor, searching for the person who had slipped him the note, but the hallway was empty.

There were two square boxes drawn onto the page. **YES** was written below the one on the left, and **NO** was written below the one on the right.




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Yes or no? How was he supposed to decide if he wanted to join something he knew nothing about? Marcus's eyes flicked between the boxes uncertainly.

Suddenly there was a loud **squeak** from down the hall.

Marcus glanced up. A classroom door ahead was swinging closed, but he hadn't seen who'd gone through it. Was it whoever had slipped him this note?

He set off towards the door, his body moving before he had time to think. He was almost there when he suddenly realized what he was doing.

He stopped and smiled to himself. Why was he chasing some random person because they **might** have tried to prank him with a note? **It was all silly.** 

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Shaking his head, he turned round and walked back to Breakfast Club.

**You've completed
chapter 1.**

Fantastic reading!

**Now work through the
pack and complete the
activities and bonus
challenges.**

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Activity 1: Word emphasis

Marcus pushed open the doors to the canteen and strode into Breakfast Club. The room was bright, airy and warm, filled with the sound of kids talking loudly. The smell of ***freshly made toast*** and ***sweet orange juice*** wafted into Marcus's nose.

'Hey, Marcus!'

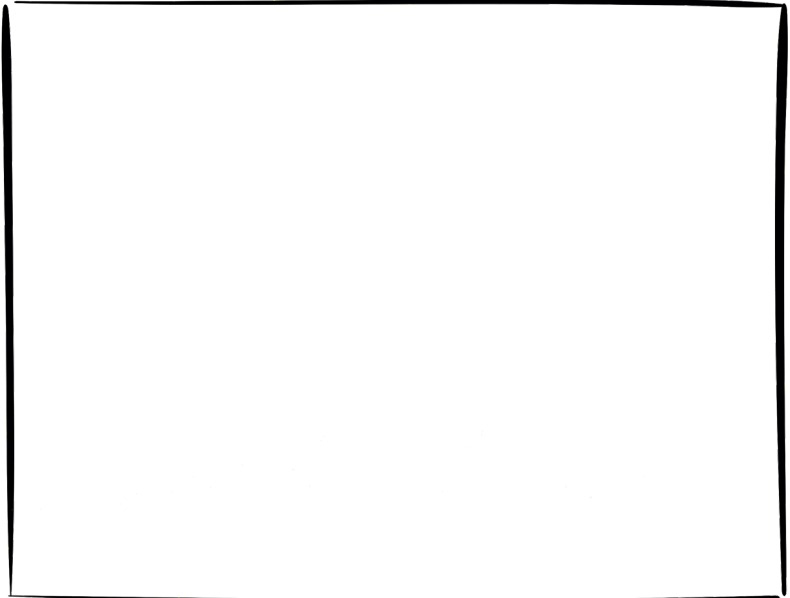
A large crowd was huddled around one of the long, wooden tables that stretched through the canteen. An arm waved above everyone's heads, beckoning him over.

'Hey, Amira,' Marcus said, smiling as he walked towards the table.

'I nominate Marcus to take my turn for me,' Amira announced loudly. All eyes turned on Marcus as he ***squished*** through the group. They were gathered around a tall, wobbling Jenga tower on the table. He looked up at Amira with an eyebrow raised.

'Are you sure?' he asked.

Using this description of the canteen taken from chapter 1, draw a picture of what Marcus sees as he walks into the Breakfast Club.



What does the word '**strode**' tell you about how Marcus feels about attending breakfast club?

Why do you think the phrases '**freshly made toast**' and '**sweet orange juice**' have been emphasised?

What does the word '**squished**' suggest about the canteen?

Why do you think the word '**squished**' has been written in this way?

Activity 2: Language and presentation

Some words in the text are **emphasised** (given special importance).
Here are some of the emphasised words from chapter 1 of The Breakfast Club Adventures.

Why have they been **emphasised**?

Design your own font to emphasise the meaning of these words.

Emphasised word	What does the word make you imagine or think of?	Why has this word been emphasised? What does it suggest or tell you?	How could this word be emphasised?
Oyin was short and had a small afro, and her feet were magic .			
His thin glasses were kept together by a piece of tape, because he had broken them at football practice last week.			
He could see the ball whizzing up.			
'We don't go over the fence if we can't see the ball. It's too risky .'			
Marcus nodded, thinking about their terrifying head teacher.			

Activity 3: Language choices

Choose **3 words** from this extract that you think could be emphasised and explain why you think they are important words in the story.

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

'Hey, guys,' said Marcus, taking a seat on the bench opposite them.

'What's on the menu today?' Patrick asked.

'Toast and Weetabix,' Marcus replied, grinning. 'Only the best fuel for me.' He gave a quick thumbs up.

'Yeah, on Weetabix days you're a **footballing machine** during lunch break. Almost as good as me,' Oyin said, punching him lightly on the arm.

Marcus's smile slipped slightly. He felt bad, but he was going to have to make up another excuse to get out of playing with Oyin and Patrick at lunch today. He just hadn't been able to play properly since he'd lost his ball...

Every time he closed his eyes he saw it happen.



Pick one of your chosen words and answer the following questions:

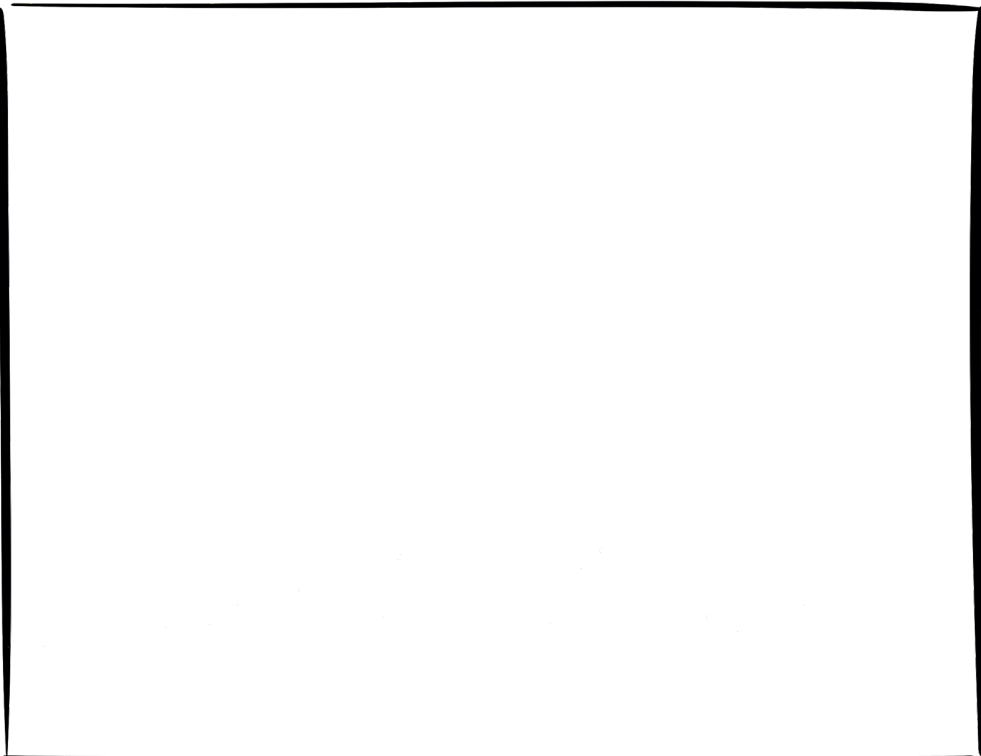
What might it make the reader feel or think of?

What does it suggest? What does it help the reader to understand about the story?

Use the space below to design your own font to emphasise your chosen word.

Activity 4: Making predictions

What mysterious or puzzling things happen in chapter 1? Create a list below:



A large empty rectangular box with a black border, intended for a list of mysterious or puzzling things from chapter 1. It is surrounded by four large, light gray question marks: one at the top left, one at the top right, one at the bottom left, and one at the bottom right.

Make a prediction about what you think will happen next to Marcus and explain why you think that. What clues are there in chapter 1 to help you make your prediction?

I predict that... _____

...because _____

Activity 5: Mysterious building

We don't learn much in chapter 1 about the mysterious building next to Rutherford School. We know:

- It has a long fence.
- Pupils are supposed to stay away.
- Oyin says it's 'risky' to go there.

What do you think the mysterious building might be like? Write a description of what Marcus and his friends might find if they climbed over the fence. Use these sentence starters to help:

As they climbed over the fence, they saw... _____

The building was... _____

As they got closer, they heard... _____

Marcus breathed in the smell of... _____

Oyin reached and put her hand on the wall. She could feel... _____

Draw a picture of the building you have imagined.

Activity 6: Comic strip

Draw your own comic strip showing a conversation from chapter 1 of **The Breakfast Club Adventures**.

- Add speech bubbles to show what Marcus and his friends are saying
- Add thought bubbles to show what they might be thinking or feeling

Activity 7: My Breakfast Club Adventure



Marcus loves and treasures his football.

What treasured possession do you have? Why does it matter so much to you? How does it make you feel?

My treasured possession is _____

How long have you had it? _____

Where did you get it? _____

What does it remind you of? (A special memory, place, or person?) _____

How would you feel if you lost it? _____

Now write the beginning of your own Breakfast Club Adventure story about losing your treasured possession, just like Marcus loses his football. Here are the first few sentences. Can you carry them on?

My heart was beating fast as I walked into the canteen. This was going to be tough. What would they say? Would they understand? How could I tell them I'd lost it? They were sitting at a table in the corner. I waved. 'Hi guys,' I said. 'Um. I've got something to tell you...'

Activity 8: Story moments

Choose a sentence from the story and write it in the first set of empty boxes.
Explain what you liked about each sentence in the second set of empty boxes.

Story moment	Write the sentence in the column	Why I like it...
Something that made me feel a thrill of anticipation		
A mystery or secret that intrigued or puzzled me		
Something in the story that gave me strong feelings		
Something that made me identify with a character – something that is the same about me and the character		

Bonus challenge 1

Put the sentences below in the correct order by writing the numbers 1-11 in the boxes.

- ☐ Marcus leaves the toilet and goes back to breakfast club.
- ☐ Patrick tells Marcus he is always quiet when he is thinking about his lost football.
- ☐ Amira asks Marcus to take her go in the Jenga game.
- ☐ Mr Anderson, their favourite teacher, comes over to talk to them.
- ☐ Marcus goes to the toilet.
- ☐ Marcus needs to find an excuse to get out of playing football at lunch.
- ☐ Marcus arrives at breakfast club to the smell of warm toast and orange juice.
- ☐ Marcus joins Patrick and Oyin and talks to them about breakfast and football.
- ☐ Marcus finds a note in his pocket and thinks it's a prank.

TRUE OR FALSE? Circle the correct answer

- | | |
|---|------------|
| Marcus' best friends are Oyin and Amira. | True/False |
| Marcus lost his ball over the fence at school. | True/False |
| Patrick left Marcus the note in his pocket. | True/False |
| Oyin and Patrick play football with Marcus at breaktimes. | True/False |
| Oyin, Patrick and Marcus all attend breakfast club. | True/False |
| Marcus knows who put the note in his pocket. | True/False |

What do we learn about Marcus in chapter 1? Write your ideas around the illustration below:



Bonus challenge 2

Remember, emphasis is used to show importance to the reader. Write your own sentences about the events that have happened to you today, choosing the most important word in each sentence to emphasise. Design your own font for the chosen word.

Here is an example:

This morning, I tiptoed quietly into my sister's dark room to leave a birthday present by her bed.

The word I want to emphasise is quietly, to show how careful I was being to not wake my sister up and to surprise her on her birthday!

This morning, I tiptoed **QUIETLY** into my sister's dark room to leave a birthday present by her bed.

Now it's your turn. Write your sentences in the spaces below.

Sentence 1:

Sentence 2:

Sentence 3:

Bonus challenge 3

Re-write each of these sentences using another word instead of said. You could choose words of your own, or some of these words: **announced, muttered, giggled, growled, groaned, sighed, called, roared, quavered, yelped, breathed, smiled, frowned.**

Draw an emoji in the box to show how the character feels when they say your new sentence!



1. 'I'm going to the bathroom,' he said, standing up.

2. 'Marcus, whenever you go quiet these days you're thinking about that ball,' Oyin said.

3. 'Maybe I just wasn't looking hard enough,' Marcus said. 'Maybe I should have gone over.'

Does your change of word mean a change in the way you read the sentence?

Bonus challenge 4

Draw and colour a cover design for your own Breakfast Club Adventure story.

What title will you give your story?

What will you write on the back of the book? (The blurb)

<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>		
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Draw your front cover here