

2024 national curriculum tests

Key stage 2

English reading braille transcript

**Braille transcript for the Reading
booklet (Grade 1: uncontracted)**

**Streaky and Squeaky
The Girl who Walked on Air
The Leopard**



**Standards
& Testing
Agency**

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[The following text is about Madagascar, an island country in the Indian Ocean, off the coast of East Africa. It is well known for its range of weird and wonderful wildlife.]

Streaky and Squeaky

Imagine treading through the rainforest in Madagascar and noticing hurried movements in the plants below you. You creep forward to investigate. Suddenly, you see a group of animals unlike anything that you have seen before. Ten of them are sniffing along the ground with long, pointy snouts that look almost like bird beaks. The creatures are quite small – maybe the size of a pet hamster. Their bodies are round and covered with spines like a hedgehog. They are brightly coloured like a bumblebee with yellow streaks running down their backs and legs. On their heads, each of the animals has a crown

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of bright yellow spikes.

They are not hedgehogs, birds or bumblebees, even if they look like a confused hodgepodge of these animals. You have encountered a family of lowland streaked tenrecs. They are one of many species of tenrecs living in Madagascar.

Are all tenrecs the same?

Lowland streaked tenrecs look unlike any of the other types of tenrec except for their cousins who live in highland rainforests. Highland streaked tenrecs are as spectacularly weird as their lowland cousins, but they have white stripes running down their sides instead of yellow ones.

Both highland and lowland streaked tenrecs are very social animals and are the only kinds of tenrec that live in family groups.

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What do tenrecs eat?

Tenrecs forage in the rainforest for soft-bodied invertebrates such as worms and beetle larvae. They sometimes stamp on the ground with their forepaws, to create vibrations, which may increase earthworm activity. They have very fragile jawbones and can only eat soft food. If they tried to eat anything harder, it could damage or even break their jaws.

How do streaked tenrecs communicate?

Sometimes streaked tenrec families get separated in the rainforest and need to communicate with each other. They make high-pitched sounds when they need to find each other. This process is called stridulation.

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What is stridulation?

Unlike other types of tenrecs, a streaked tenrec has special spines on its back that it can rub together to produce high-pitched squeaks and chirps. Crickets and other insects commonly use stridulation to communicate.

Humans cannot hear the noises made when streaked tenrecs stridulate because they are made at sound frequencies that are too high for human hearing. Scientists need a specialist microphone to pick up and record the sounds.

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What issues are streaked tenrecs facing?

Streaked tenrecs are unique to the rainforest in Madagascar and cannot be found anywhere else in the world. In recent years much of this landscape has been destroyed. As a result of deforestation, where humans cut down the rainforest for wood, tenrecs are in decline. Streaked tenrecs play an important role in their habitat as they hunt smaller creatures and are prey for larger animals like birds and snakes. Without tenrecs, the whole food-chain could be disrupted, causing serious problems for wildlife in Madagascar.

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How are people helping streaked tenrecs?

While there have been efforts to help tenrecs by keeping some in zoos, this is not necessarily the best solution due to their short lifespan and the need to keep them in groups or pairs.

Zoos are working to build a population of these animals by breeding them in captivity, so that people around the world can learn about the marvellous streakiness and squeakiness of the streaked tenrecs.

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[The following extract is from a story in which Louie shows her circus skills to her friend, Ned. This is the first time she has ever shown anyone her ability to walk across a tightrope.]

The Girl who Walked on Air

I was ready. No one had ever watched me before. Jittery though I was, I trusted Ned to be straight with me. He saw all the acts go in and out of the ring, so he'd know a star turn if he saw one.

The rope was now about ten feet off the ground. Ned watched from the ground. He thought it was all one big prank. Right up until I kicked off my clogs, tied back my hair and asked him for a leg-up on the rope.

"You ain't getting up on that?" he said in amazement.

"Of course I am! Now help me up."

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"It isn't safe, Louie. You can't just get up on the rope and ... well ... do it. It's a proper skill. It takes years of practice!"

"Yes," I said. "I know."

I could've told him about my scrapbook. About Blondin*, my hero. And that while he, Ned Bailey, had been snoring away in his cosy bed, I'd been practising every morning for as long as I could remember. But I wanted him to see it for himself.

"Help me up," I said.

So he cupped his hand for my foot and on the count of three he heaved me upwards. I moved onto the rope till I lay flat across it. Slowly, I eased myself into a crouching position. Now I was a lot taller than Ned. The thought made me giggle. Or maybe it was just my nerves.

*Charles Blondin was a French tightrope walker and acrobat who was famous in the 1800s.

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“I’ve got a bird’s-eye view of the top of your head,” I said. “Now step back and watch.”

“Shouldn’t I stay here? Just in case you fall?”

“You’re a pea-brain, Ned. Course I won’t fall.”

My mind went quiet. I stood up slowly, counted to five and focused straight ahead. The entire world had shrunk right down on this one length of rope. Nothing else existed. Under my feet the rope swayed slightly. It was part of me now. It had grown out of my heels and toes. We were the same thing, this rope and me. It made me feel wonderfully light.

Arms out to the side, I took a step forward. Then another. Left foot, right foot, sliding forward along the rope. When I reached the other side I stopped. Turned right round to face the way I’d come. The only movement was in my ankles as they worked to keep me upright. I started walking again, this time making more

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of a show, flourishing my wrists, stopping to crouch down and stretch out each leg in turn. It felt good to be watched. It made me think harder about how I moved, what shapes and lines I made.

When I reached the middle, the rope began to sway. Not badly, but enough to make me steady myself. I didn’t have a balance pole; I made do with outstretched arms. Bending my knees a little helped too. Slowly, surely, I kept moving, the rope always a part of me. As it grew still again, I spun on one foot like a dancer. Below me, Ned breathed in sharp. Eventually, at the other side, I leaned on the tree trunk and grinned down at him.

“What d’you reckon?”

His mouth hung open. “Do it again,” he said. “Blimey, Louie! Do it again!”

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The flames were there inside me. Now I’d started, I wanted more. More people, more cheers, more gasps of delight.

Focus, Louie.

A deep breath, a thought of Blondin and my mind cleared. I stepped out onto the rope, spread my arms and walked as if I was strolling in the park. Then I turned right round and did it all again. Finally Ned said, “You better come down.”

Back on the ground, I felt suddenly shy in my too-big tunic and old tights. Ned seemed unable to speak.

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[In the following account, the writer Ruskin Bond looks back on the experiences he had while living in the mountains and forests near Mussoorie, in northern India.]

The Leopard

I first saw the leopard when I was crossing the small stream at the bottom of the hill. As I began climbing, the grunting and chattering increased, as though the monkeys were trying to warn me of some hidden danger. A shower of pebbles came rattling down the steep hillside,

and I looked up to see a sinewy, orange-gold leopard poised on a rock about twenty feet above me.

He was not looking toward me, but had his head thrust attentively forward. Yet he must have sensed my presence, because he slowly turned his head and looked down at me. He seemed a little puzzled at my presence there; and when, to give myself courage,

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I clapped my hands sharply, the leopard sprang away into the thickets, making absolutely no sound as he melted into the shadows. I had disturbed the animal in his quest for food. But a little later I heard the quickening cry of a deer as it fled through the forest. The hunt was still on.

The leopard, like other members of the cat family, is nearing extinction in India, and I was surprised to find one so close to Mussoorie. It was some weeks before I saw the leopard again, although I was often aware of its presence. A dry, rasping cough sometimes gave it away. At times I felt almost certain that I was being followed. Once, when I was late getting home, and the brief twilight gave way to a dark, moonless night, I was startled by a family of porcupines running about in a clearing. I looked around nervously, and saw two bright eyes staring at me from a thicket. I stood still,

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my heart banging away against my ribs. Then the eyes danced away, and I realised that they were only fireflies.

On one occasion, I found the remains of a deer, which had only been partly eaten. I wondered why the leopard had not hidden the rest of his meal, and decided that it must have been disturbed while eating.

Then, climbing the hill, I met a party of hunters resting beneath the oaks. They asked me if I had seen a leopard. I said I had not. They said they knew there was a leopard in the forest.

Leopard skins, they told me, were selling in Delhi for very good money. Of course there was a ban on the export of skins, but they gave me to understand that there were ways and means... I thanked them for their information and walked on, feeling uneasy and disturbed.

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The hunters had seen the carcass of the deer, and they had seen the leopard paw prints, and so they kept coming to the forest. Almost every evening I heard their guns banging away, for they were ready to fire at almost anything.

"There's a leopard about," they always told me. "You should carry a gun."

"I don't have one," I said, and they went away.

After that, there were fewer birds to be seen, and even the monkeys had moved on. The pine martens, who had previously become bold, now dashed into hiding at my approach. The smell of one human is like the smell of any other.

One day, I was out walking and came across the entrance to a cave. The silence was so absolute that it seemed to be ringing in my ears. But there was something else of which I was becoming increasingly aware: the

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strong feline odour of one of the cat family.

I paused and looked about. I was alone. There was no movement of dry leaf or loose stone. Perhaps the leopard was crouching there in the dark, watching me, recognising me, knowing me as the man who walked alone in the forest without a weapon.

I like to think that he was there, that he knew me, and that he acknowledged my visit in the friendliest way: by ignoring me altogether.

Perhaps I had made him confident – too confident, too careless, too trusting of the human in his midst. I did not venture any further; I was not out of my mind. I did not seek

physical contact, or even another glimpse of that beautiful sinewy body, springing from rock to rock. It was his trust I wanted, and I think he gave it to me.

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But did the leopard, trusting one man, make the mistake of bestowing his trust on others? Did I, by casting out all fear – my own fear, and the leopard’s protective fear – leave him defenceless?

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