

Gordon Primary School

Remote Learning Grid

If you require further support with this week's tasks or wish to submit remote learning work to your child's teacher, they may be contacted via the following class email address:

4I - class4I@gordonprimary.redbridge.sch.uk

4S - class4s@gordonprimary.redbridge.sch.uk

Please insert your child's full name in the subject line of the email, so that your child's teacher can easily access your message.

Please note, this email address exists only for the submission of remote learning work or to seek clarification in relation to this, during any period that your child is not able to attend school. Please do not use this email address at any other time, as your message may not be responded to.

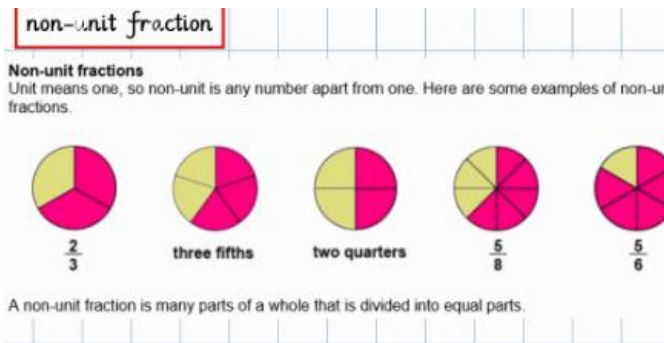
If you wish to contact your child's teacher during regular school time, please do so via the home-school communication book, or call the school office on 0208 478 2977. Remember to revise and practise phonics use lessons given by Ruth Miskin.

Article 26 Governments should provide money or other support to help children from poor families.

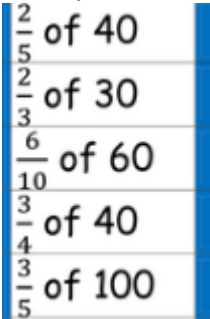
This Week's Spellings				New Maths This Week	
Choose either A, B or C.				Fractions Key Vocabulary equal part of a whole numerator denominator unit fraction non unit fraction	
Objective: Prefixes – 'anti' (against) and 'auto' (self/own) and 'inter' (between/among)					
	A	B	C		
1	interest	antibiotics	antibiotics		
2	interesting	antidote	antibacterial		
3	interval	antisocial	antiseptic		
4	interact	anti-clockwise	anti-clockwise		
5	intercity	autograph	autobiography		
6	intercom	automatic	automatically		
7	interpret	autopilot	interventions		
8	interrupt	interrupt	interrelated		
9	interfere	interview	interconnected		
10	intertwine	international	interchangeable		

Year 4

Week Beginning 15.03.21.

Day	English	Maths	Science/Topic work
1	Reading Time Use the following links to help you: https://llc.overdrive.com/library/youth/collection/1087177 https://llc.overdrive.com/library/youth/collection/1084301 The following websites also have free access to eBooks in lots of different languages: https://uk.mantralingua.com https://globalstorybooks.net  Create a portrait of your favourite character and write a description of your character.	Non Unit Fractions Non unit fractions are fractions where the numerator is not 1. Remember to use your times tables knowledge to help you.  https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-identify-and-describe-non-unit-fractions-6cr32t	Eco Corner Saving water  Design a poster to show how important it is to save water. 

2	Secrets of a Sun King Chapter 6 Part 2 ‘It was for us to prove we were worthy of the trust.’ Howard Carter What is archaeology? Why is it carried out? Can it be morally justified? https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zOJlCdMvWA Debate Archaeology is important to teach us about the past Fold your page in half. Write ‘For’ and ‘Against ‘ Write down arguments for and against archaeology in the correct columns. Challenge: Write a letter explain your opinion. Use the link to look at persuasive language. https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-write-a-persuasive-letter-ccw68r	Finding Non Unit Fractions of Amounts When finding non unit fractions of a quantity first you divide the amount by the denominator and multiply that by the numerator. eg $\frac{2}{3}$ of 9= ($9\div3$) x 2=6 <table><tr><td>$\frac{3}{8}$ of 32</td><td>$\frac{2}{3}$ of 21</td><td>$\frac{2}{7}$ of 35</td></tr><tr><td>$\frac{4}{7}$ of 63</td><td>$\frac{3}{4}$ of 28</td><td>$\frac{5}{8}$ of 64</td></tr><tr><td>$\frac{2}{3}$ of 27</td><td>$\frac{7}{12}$ of 48</td><td>$\frac{3}{8}$ of 40</td></tr></table> https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/finding-non-unit-fractions-of-quantities-c5jp4d	$\frac{3}{8}$ of 32	$\frac{2}{3}$ of 21	$\frac{2}{7}$ of 35	$\frac{4}{7}$ of 63	$\frac{3}{4}$ of 28	$\frac{5}{8}$ of 64	$\frac{2}{3}$ of 27	$\frac{7}{12}$ of 48	$\frac{3}{8}$ of 40	Ancient Egypt The After Life Research what the Ancient Egyptians believed about the after-life. Present your work using pictures to add interest. https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/class-clips-video/history-social-studies-ks2-the-afterlife-in-ancient-egypt/zvphf4j https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/where-did-the-ancient-egyptians-believe-they-would-go-after-death-6hgpce
	$\frac{3}{8}$ of 32	$\frac{2}{3}$ of 21	$\frac{2}{7}$ of 35									
$\frac{4}{7}$ of 63	$\frac{3}{4}$ of 28	$\frac{5}{8}$ of 64										
$\frac{2}{3}$ of 27	$\frac{7}{12}$ of 48	$\frac{3}{8}$ of 40										

3	Chapter 6 How are you influenced by your peers? Visit to the Mendoza house What makes a true friend? How do the lives of the girls compare? How does Lil feel about their differences? Explore the family dynamics and the friendship between the 2 girls. Explain what you think is the meaning: 'Death shall come on swift wings to anyone who disturbs the grave of a pharaoh.' page 63 What do we know about Tulip's mum? What impressions do you get of Mrs Mendoza? Do women have the same opportunities now? Have things changed? Write the telegram that will be sent to Mrs Mendoza from The Washington Post. https://kids.kiddle.co/Telegram	Finding Non Unit Fractions of Amounts Practise finding non unit fractions of an amount. When finding non unit fractions of a quantity first you divide the amount by the denominator and multiply that by the numerator.  https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/consolidating-finding-non-unit-fractions-of-quantities-6rwk8t	P.E. Keeping Fit 
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Chapter 7
Read pages 69-80

Answer the following questions:

What is the plan?

Will it work? Should they be doing this?

What is motivating them?

Do the ends justify the means?

What sort of character is Tulip?

How is she influenced by her mum?

Comparing Fractions

Look at comparing fractions with the same denominator.

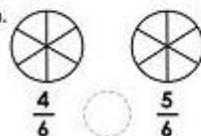
To find the larger or smaller fraction you look at the numerator (the number on the top).

Comparing Fractions

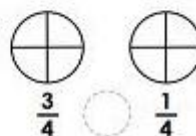
Shade the correct fraction of each shape.

Then compare each pair of fractions using the symbols $<$, $>$, and $=$.

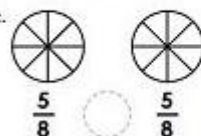
a.



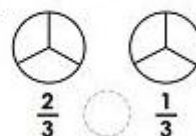
b.



c.



d.

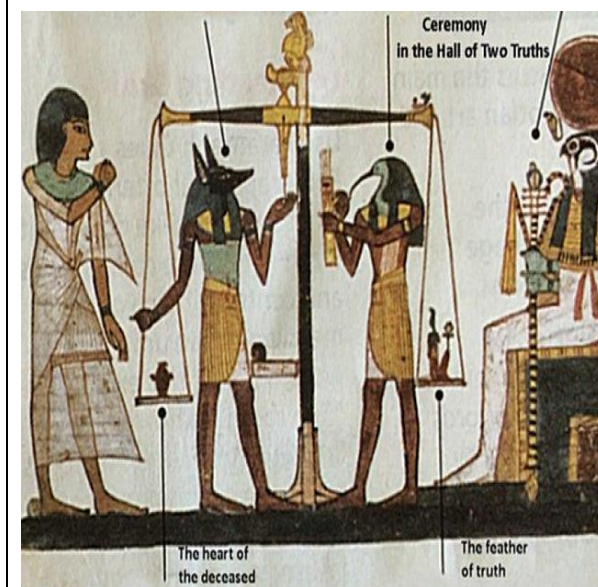


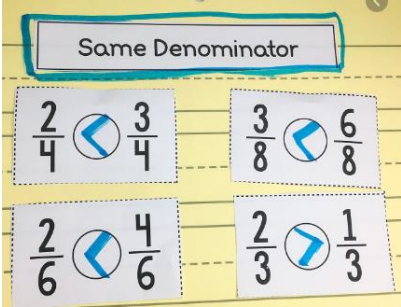
<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/comparing-fractions-with-the-same-denominator-c4vkar>

The Hall of Two Truths

Choose an aspect of The Hall of Two Truths to draw or paint.

You may choose to focus on one aspect or draw the whole scene.



5	Chapter 7 Read from page 80 to the end of the chapter- Lysandra's story Who is a Sun King? What is happening? How do the characters feel? What do we learn about Tutankhamun's relationship with Maya and Lysandra? Look at references to the sun. Why is it symbolic? How important is the sun to the society? Refer to the title.	Comparing Fractions When you compare fractions remember to use these symbols: $\leq$ less than $\geq$ more than = equals  https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/compare-and-order-unit-fractions-68u34e	Judaism Passover Find out what Passover is. Make notes on the most important facts. Why is it so important to Jewish people?  https://www.bbc.co.uk/newsround/39565685
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'How long does it take to feed a cat?' Dad quizzed me when I got home.

I didn't have an answer ready this time, either. As I took my coat off and warmed my hands by the stove, I was still in a daze. Though I'd expected the jar to be from Egypt nothing had prepared me for Lysandra's story, which connected it to the most famous pharaoh in the whole world. I kept thinking about Kiky, the boy who'd wanted a normal life, and who sounded nothing like the treasure-laden king Howard Carter was chasing after.

And that wasn't all. Professor Hanawati had been working on the rest of the translation when he died. In his letter, he'd promised 'more to come'. Just the part I'd read threw up questions enough:

Was the 'little rock-face tomb' Professor Hanawati mentioned the same one Mr Carter was searching for? Was the site where archaeologists and news reporters

from across the world were gathering really the right place? It didn't sound that peaceful to me.

Which brought me back to the curse.

Howard Carter was the reason the curse was active again. He had to be. The news of his final search in the Valley of the Kings had broken just before Professor Hanawati's letter arrived at Grandad's. In digging for the tomb, Mr Carter had stirred up the past.

Saying I had a headache, I went early to bed, where I read Lysandra's account all over again. This time, I noticed the uncanny links between her life and the present day. Kiky's fever, his cough, the insect bite, all sounded spookily like Grandad's malaria and infected lungs. Even the normal things that anyone could relate to, like the cold weather and worries about health and friendships, felt oddly apt.

Yet when I finally turned the light out, it wasn't curses I was thinking about: it was adults who pushed you into being someone bigger than you wanted to be. And best friends and brothers, neither of which I had, but which would probably make life a lot better.

The next day Tulip wasn't in school again. How she got

away with it, I didn't know. So, at the end of the day, I headed to Highgate to fetch my satchel. From St Kilda's it was a half-hour walk to 244 Makepeace Avenue, which was the address written inside her bag. Desperate as I was to get the jar back, I was also looking forward to seeing Tulip and Ox again.

The road itself was lined with trees so even before I saw Number 244, I knew it was going to be posh. It was halfway along the street. And by creaky, it *was* fancy! I stopped at the gate for a moment just to brush any dirt off my coat. The house was made of brick, with doors arched like a church. Even the windows were beautiful, topped with little panes of blue and red glass.

It was all a bit intimidating, mind you, so I took off my school hat before ringing the bell. Almost immediately, the door flew open and there was Tulip. I was suddenly worried she wouldn't remember who I was.

'Lili!' Tulip cried. 'Thank goodness you tracked us down!'

I was surprised – and delighted – at how pleased she seemed to see me.

'Come in! You're just in time for tea!' Tulip held the door open wide, waving me inside.

I went in on tiptoes, afraid of dirtying the floor, which was blue and white, as beautiful as dinner plates. Everything in the hallway looked expensive: dark, heavy furniture, gold-framed mirrors. There was even a telephone. Helping me out of my coat and dumping it on a chair, Tulip took her own satchel from me.

'I need to talk to you!' she hissed urgently.

I was a bit taken aback. 'Oh! All right.'

'When we have tea, I'll give you a sign.' She sounded excited about it too.

By now I guessed she'd been snooping inside my satchel, and knew about the jar. Instead of feeling miffed, I was rather relieved. Here was a chance to actually talk to someone about it – as long as she could keep a secret.

Tulip took me into a parlour, where Mrs Mendoza was sitting beside the fire, writing. Without her hat, she looked younger – and blonder, her hair fashionably bobbed.

'Mama!' Tulip gushed. 'Lil's come to my rescue by bringing my bag back!'

'Why thank you, Lil. If only we'd had your address, we could've returned yours,' Mrs Mendoza said, smiling.

I was glad she didn't have it, frankly. After seeing where the Mendozas lived, the thought of Tulip coming to our tiny flat made my toes curl with embarrassment.

As Tulip was asked to call Oz down for tea, I was invited to sit on a plush velvet sofa that squeaked when I moved. I couldn't help gazing at all the paintings on the walls – slapdash, scruffy ones that Dad would say a child had done but which were probably very modern.

With a fed-up sigh, Mrs Mendoza closed the notebook she'd been writing in and turned her attention to me. 'Editors are put on this earth to test us, Lil.'

I supposed an editor was someone in charge of writers, and replied: 'My mum works in Woolworths and she says her boss is a cone.'

'Really?' Mrs Mendoza's mouth twitched with a smile. 'Mr Pemberton – my editor – is over here from the States – he works for the *Washington Post*, as do I.'

So she was American? It'd explain her accent. And the way she spoke – freely, as if we were very old pals – put me more at ease.

'What are you writing about?' I asked.

She laughed, though I hadn't meant to be funny.

'The Egyptian dig, of course! Howard Carter inching closer to a big discovery! Is there any other news story worth considering?'

My heart sank: no, there probably wasn't. 'Do you think they'll find the tomb this time?'

'Apparently Mr Carter has narrowed down his search to a particular spot in the valley,' she confided. 'Word has it they're *days* from a discovery!'

I gulped. 'Really?' This wasn't good news at all. If Mr Carter's digging had triggered off the curse like I'd supposed, then I didn't have long to get the jar back to Egypt before Grandad's bad luck – and health – took a further turn for the worse.

Mrs Mendoza was looking equally unhappy.

Journalists from all over the world are being sent to Egypt to cover the story. I begged my editor to send me – *dogged!* She grinned her teeth. 'But he chose Mr Richards, as usual, and now *he's* had a motorcycle accident in Italy.'

'Crumb!'

'Oh, he's only broken a leg and banged his head.' She batted away my concern. 'The point is Mr Pemberton is now sending another reporter to replace him.'

'Why not you?'

'Reporting on the discovery of a lost pharaoh's tomb?' she scoffed. 'The biggest news story since the end of the war? Why, *that's* a job for a man!'

'What TOSH!' I burst out.

Mrs Mendoza eyed me with what I hoped was respect. 'You took the words out of my mouth.'

Tulip returned then with Oz, who sank into the

chair furthest from any of us. The tea arrived next, plates of hot buttered crumpets, lemon cake, chocolate cake, tiny meringues. I took two of everything, at which Tulip looked shocked, then made flapping gestures as I ate. She was, I soon realised, trying to hurry me up. It was a shame to hulk down such a top tea, but this was obviously *the sign* I'd been told to look out for.

'Let's fetch your satchel, Lil,' Tulip said in a bright voice. 'Oz, you can come too.'

Oz leapt from his chair. I glanced longingly at my crumpets and all the cake I'd not yet tried. But the glare Tulip was giving me made me put my plate aside.

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We went across the hall to the library. It was amazing that Tulip's house had a room just for books. There were pictures on the walls in here too, though mostly of the same person, a boy with hair that seemed to be constantly falling into his eyes.

'Is that Alex, your brother?' I asked. Even though he was blond and pale-skinned, he looked familiar – a bit like Tulip, I supposed.

She chewed her lip suddenly serious. 'It is. He went to France in August 1918 and never came home.'

I felt awful for mentioning him. 'Gosh ... um ... I'm sorry.'

'S all right,' Tulip gestured at the silver cups on the shelves, the sort people got at school for sport or writing clever essays. 'Alex was one of those super-brilliant people who won absolutely *everything*, though his luck didn't last forever.'

Oz had started tapping his fingers against his knee in an agitated fashion. Tulip, seeming keen to change the subject, handed me my satchel, which had been hanging from a chair.

'I didn't mean to look inside,' she said, a bit shamefaced. 'I didn't even realise it wasn't mine until last night. But I couldn't sleep with it in my room, not with that jar inside. It really spooked me.'

I was glad I wasn't the only one to have felt this, though being reminded of it made me uneasy too.

'I think it's cursed,' I admitted.

Tulip shuddered. 'Crikey, how gripping!'

'Believe me, it's not,' I said. 'My grandad's poorly in hospital and if he's going to get better, then I've got to return the jar to where it belongs.'

I explained about Grandad and Professor Hanawati being in Egypt together. 'My grandad never wanted to bring the jar back to England, but the professor did,

and realised too late that it was cursed.'

'Death shall come on swift wings to anyone who disturbs the grave of a pharaoh,' Tulip said in a dramatic voice.

'Is that a proper saying?' I asked, because I'd not heard it before.

Tulip nodded. 'Someone found it, engraved on a stone, very near to where Mr Carter is digging. Mama told me.'

It sounded unnervingly close to what had happened to the professor and made me shiver.

Oz, meanwhile, was getting impatient.

'Can we *please* talk about the jar?' he begged.

shirtsleeves rolled up like he was about to start some sort of task. 'I've inspected it. The stopper is an Amibic head. Its animal form is meant to be that of a jackal, commonly found in the deserts where the dead would've been buried.'

Tulip winked at me. 'I should've warned you, Lil. When my brother gets his teeth into a subject he becomes a walking encyclopedia.'

'Professor Hanawati reckoned it was a canopic jar,' I said.

'Looks like one,' Oz agreed.

'Aren't those what they put the dead person's lungs and liver and bits and pieces into?' Tulip asked, pulling a face.

'It is,' I said. 'But this jar had a scroll inside, not inside.'

'Can we see?' Tulip peered over my shoulder. 'Open it up, Oz. That jackal-head part looks like it's the lid! Just as I'd done. Oz tried to open it. Watching him twist it, then pull it, made me jump, though, and in the end I had to take it from him, because I was terrified he'd break it. The lid won't budge. I've tried, honest I have.'

'Is the scroll in there still?' Tulip wanted to know.

'Don't think so,' I said. 'Professor Hanawati was translating it when he died.'

'I wonder what it said,' Tulip sighed.

'We should read it,' Oz agreed. 'It might tell us who the jar belonged to.'

I took a deep breath. 'Actually, I have read it – well, the first part of it. He sent the translation to my grandad, with a letter explaining about the curse.'

'And?' Tulip raised an eyebrow. 'Was I right to quote that phrase? Is it from the grave of a pharaoh?'

I looked at Tulip. At Oz. I had to tell them. It's about the last days of Tutankhamun – by a girl who actually *knew* him. She calls him Kiky. He was best friends with her brother.'

Tulip blinked. Oz seemed to hold his breath. You

could've heard a spider walk across the room. The amazed look on their faces reminded me – as if I needed it – of the hugeness of what I'd found.

'This is a *really big* discovery, isn't it?' I said, aware of a watery sensation in my stomach.

'You could say that!' Tulip half-laughed, half-gasped. 'And you've got to send the jar back to Egypt?'

I nodded. 'To a hotel called the Winter Palace where Mr Ibrahim will take care of it.'

'You can't *post* something this valuable to Egypt!' Oz looked horrified. 'You've got to take it to the British Museum!'

'It doesn't belong here,' Tulip tried to explain. 'Professor Hanawati brought it to England by mistake – Lil's just said so.'

'But it should be on display where people can see it,' he persisted.

'In Egypt, maybe, but not here,' I argued. 'Actually, I didn't think it should be in *any* museum *anywhere* – that was why it was cursed.'

'The jar's rightful place is back in Egypt, in Kiky's tomb,' I explained very firmly. 'And that's where it has to go, otherwise my grandad will probably die.'

'I still don't think you should post it,' Oz mumbled.

This was getting frustrating.

'Look, the Winter Palace is a smart hotel in Luxor,'

Tulip said. 'But I have to say I've never heard of a Mr Ibrahim.'

I frowned. 'How'd you know all this?'

'It's the hotel where all the reporters covering Mr Carter's story are staying. I've seen the address on telegrams Mama sends.'

'If only your mum was going there now,' I sighed. 'Then we could ask her to take the jar.'

'But Mr Pemberton's sending another reporter,' Oz reminded us.

Tulip had a point about Mr Ibrahim too. We couldn't rely on him to still be working at the Winter Palace. It was over twenty years ago that Grandad was there.

He'd also said that to really understand Egypt, you had to see it for yourself.

'Your mum should go anyway,' I said, thinking out loud. 'Just to prove her editor wrong, and show him how good a writer she is.'

I'd only meant it as a throwaway comment, but Tulip jumped on it straight away. 'Criskey, you're right! If she went she'd insist on taking us with her!'

'What if we faked a telegram from her editor?' I said, warming to the idea. 'What if we made her think

he'd changed his mind and sent her instead?'

There'd be train tickets to book, hotels to organise. And we were just a bunch of kids. I didn't know if we could pull it off. Or how quickly.

Tulip narrowed her eyes: it was, I was learning, her 'thinking' look. 'You'd come with us, wouldn't you?'

I almost laughed. 'Me? I'd love to, but my parents couldn't afford it. I'd have to trust you two.'

'What if someone else were to pay for your ticket?'

Sadly, I shook my head. It wasn't just the money. Apart from a day trip to Southend, I'd never been

outside of London. Egypt was the stuff of dreams – the stuff of Grandad, who'd always been the adventurous one in our family. My parents weren't like that. They worked hard, kept our rooms tidy, cooked a meat

on Sundays if Mum could get a cheap cut of meat. That was their life – it was my life too. And it was far

better than some. To wish for anything different felt ungrateful, somehow.

Anyway, Dad would never let me miss weeks of school. And Mum would worry for all of England that I'd catch malaria or some other nasty illness.

No, the closest I'd ever get to going to Egypt was hearing Grandad's stories on a Saturday afternoon over a glass of *dab*.

'I'm sorry,' I said finally. 'It's impossible. I'll have to do what I can here in England.'

After much debate, I was given the job of sending the telegram that would summon Mrs Mendez to Egypt.

'And I'll pretend to be from the *Washington Post* and book the tickets,' Tulip declared. 'I'll do it over the telephone in my best grown-up voice, then fetch them from the travel agent in person.'

'You can do all *that*?' I was amazed.

'Don't look so worried. Mama often asks me to call them for her if she's rushing off somewhere. It's very easy, I promise you.'

And I bet it was for her. She had a way of just opening her mouth and the right words came out in the proper order. Not to mention the charming, easy smile, so like her mother's, that probably won people over before she'd even spoken. With Tulip on board I began to believe this crazy plan of ours might be possible.

'All right,' I said, with a nervous gulp. 'Let's give it a try.'

I'd assumed we'd get cracking on our plan straight away, but in our excitement, we'd forgotten it was the weekend. And that meant fewer trains, closed post offices and our parents at home an *annoying* amount of the time. We could do very little before Monday, which was hugely frustrating.

'You all right, Lil?' Mum kept asking all Friday night.

'Fine.' But I was pretty useless at keeping secrets, and by Saturday morning, I felt twitchier than ever. I'd also realised the flaw in our plan: Tulip and Oz were returning the jar to a tomb they didn't actually know the whereabouts of.

I was pretty sure by now that it didn't come from Mr Carter's dig. Returning it there to break the curse would be pointless; we'd be taking it from one archaeologist's hands and putting it straight into another's. The evidence pointed to it being somewhere in the Luxor area, but where *exactly*?

What we needed was the rest of Professor Hanawasi's translation, which hopefully might tell us where Kiky was buried. I was already keen to read more about Lysandra and Maya, and what happened to poor Kiky in the end: the more I thought about it, the more pressing it became to get hold of the translation. Trouble was, it was very likely to be inside Professor Hanawasi's house.

It's not exactly stealing,' Tulip reassured me a few hours later, as we crossed the park in the middle of Russell Square. 'More like collecting what he meant to send to your grandad.'

Directly after breakfast, I'd made excuses about needing a library book, then gone straight to Tulip and Oz's house. Luckily, Tulip had that morning received her pocket money, which covered our bus fares to Russell Square. Professor Hanawasi's house was just around the corner.

'But we've still got to get inside the building,' I reminded her.

'Knock on the door,' Oz said, like we'd overlooked something obvious.

'And say what, exactly?' Because I knew I'd go completely tongue-tied.

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to approach the policeman, but Tulip was quite composed. 'Let's see what we can find out from him.'

'Are you sure?' I asked warily.

'Li!' she said. 'Trust me.'

I glanced at Oz, who did a funny half shrug. 'All right.'

We headed down the side street. The policeman, when he saw us coming, rocked back on his heels. Straight away Tulip took charge.

'Can you help us, please? We're supposed to be visiting. . . . Rummaging in her coat pocket, she pulled out a crumpled bit of paper. I was close enough to see it was a receipt from a bookshop, but held as brass, she pretended to read out an address. 'My uncle lives there. I'm in the right street, aren't I?'

'He's expecting us, you see,' I chipped in.

'Number ten? Your uncle?' The policeman rubbed his chin.

I worried she'd gone a bit far. But the policeman, taking in Tulip's dark complexion, was clearly of the opinion that if two people had brown skin then they must be related. In short, he believed her.

'This might be a shock to you,' the policeman said.

'But I'm afraid your uncle has passed away.'

'Oh! My goodness!' Tulip wiped her eyes there

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'I could pretend to be a relative,' Tulip mused. 'Though I'll be surprised if there's anyone at home.'

'In which case, can't I just crawl in through a window?' I said, which felt far more straightforward to me.

'In broad daylight? In central London?' Tulip looked horrified. 'Do you want to go to prison?'

I got the sinking feeling that I'd not thought this through.

At the edge of the park we stopped. It was yet another bitterly cold, grey November day, and it made me wonder vaguely if feast days to the sun actually worked, and whether we should try it some time. We huddled together for warmth – at least, Tulip and I did. Oz stood apart, hands deep in his pockets.

'Which house is his?' Tulip asked, scanning the rows of tall buildings surrounding us on all sides.

'It's down that side street,' I pointed to a turning on the right. The professor's address had been on the letter he'd sent Grandad. 'Number ten.'

It was obvious which house it was – a policeman had been stationed outside. Our chances of getting inside, already slim, now seemed about as likely as a heartbeat in December.

It wouldn't have occurred to me in a million years

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might even have been real tears in them. She'd also, cunningly, kept moving closer to the house's front steps. 'Is my aunt at home? She'd never forgive us if we didn't pay our respects.'

But the policeman was getting suspicious.

'The house is under investigation. You can't go in,' he replied, beckoning us away from the door. 'So I'm afraid you'd best hop it, kiddies.'

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'He'd never have let you inside,' Oz told Tulip once we were safely out of earshot. 'He probably hasn't even got a key.'

'You still could've backed me up,' she said crossly.

'Thanks for trying, anyway,' I told her.

But we weren't any closer to getting our hands on the translation. I was feeling cold and rather fed up. At this rate, we'd have to wait till after dark to sneak inside the house, and by then our parents would be wondering where we were.

I was mulling all this over when a coal merchant's horse and cart swung out into the street. It'd come from an alleyway alongside the last house in the row. If, as I was thinking, it was a tradesman's

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Flustered, I tried the basement door again. It was still locked. No amount of rattling and pushing would change it. Nor was there time to run. Already I could see the top of the policeman's helmet as he approached the house next door. Desperately, I tried to think up an excuse for being here – the dog one obviously hadn't worked.

When I saw the coal-chute door, all thinking stopped. It was at head height next to the basement entrance, and metal. And more importantly, when I lifted the hatch, it was just about big enough. This was my way in.

With a great heave and a kick, I scrambled through the opening. The hatch swung shut behind me. The policeman must've thought I'd vanished into thin air.

The chute part was short. I slid down it chin first and hit the ground with a whump. It was pretty dark down here, and stank of damp and coal, though thankfully the floor was a soft one and soft, so I wasn't hurt. I scrambled to my feet.

The door from the coal store led out on to a brick passage. Down one end was the kitchen: the only sound coming from it was that of a dripping tap. At the other end was a staircase that I guessed led to the ground floor. I sprang up the stairs. Though I could

feel my heart beating strongly, I wasn't scared any more. I'd done the hard bit. I'd got inside. All I had to do now was find the translation and crawl back up the coal chute.

In the hallway, I hesitated: where to look first?

In his letter to Grandad, the professor had mentioned a study and working at a desk.

The study was the first room I came to, though finding it wasn't down to luck. What got my attention was a terrible smell. On opening the door, the smell got ten times worse, so bad in fact that I had to cover my mouth with my hand. It was worse than a meat locker in summer. Worse than our outside lav when the drains blocked up. It was so bad, I couldn't put a name to it.

The room itself felt strange too, the air prickly, as if someone had been in here only seconds ago. For the first time since coming into the house, I began to feel ill at ease. Though the shutters were closed at the windows there was enough light to see by: everything looked black and grey. At the centre of the room was a desk – smaller than Grandad's and definitely tidier. A blotter, a stack of notebooks and a letter rack were all lined up neatly down one side. A jacket had been slung across the chair, like someone had just taken it off. It made me suddenly sad, that jacket. I tried very hard

at the camera. Grandad stared at the ground.

It was a shock to see them both as young, unhappy men. But it was nothing compared to what I saw next.

When I'd first come into the room, the desk had blocked it out. Now the hearth rug lay before me in all its gruesome glory.

There was something on it. Something dark and grey that looked like cinders from the fire. The once pretty carpet was now completely blackened, yet the armchair right next to it hadn't even been scotched.

Come to think of it, the ashes weren't like ones from a fire. They were darker, heavier, with a smell like had meat. I felt clammy and sicker than ever, because I'd read the newspaper report, so I knew exactly what I was looking at. The article had described the hearth rug in horrid detail. This was the very room, the very spot where Professor Hanawati had burned to death.

Someone had tried to clear away the mess: the one small mercy was the feet had gone. But my brain still couldn't cope with what I was seeing.

I didn't know if I was going to be sick or faint. I couldn't stay in this room any longer. As I turned to go, at the very last moment, I spotted the corner of a piece of bright blue paper sticking out from under the armchair. I hesitated: it was right next to the ashes.

not to look at it, instead keeping my eyes peeled for any sign of Professor Hanawati's distinctive royal blue writing paper.

A couple of steps to the left and I realised I'd trodden in something horrid. In the gloom I couldn't see what, but the soles of my shoes were sticking to it. Lifting my feet made a slurpy, wet sound, and the smell, if it was possible, got worse. I couldn't tell where it was coming from, only that it filled the whole room and made my stomach heave.

Quickly now, I searched the professor's desk. There were no letters. The notebooks were mostly empty. The translation wasn't here, either. I just hoped he hadn't hidden it somewhere unlikely. I didn't think my guts could stand this smell much longer.

Next, I searched the bookshelves. Shook out books. Felt between them. Nothing. Then, on a side table, I noticed a photograph in a silver frame.

In the picture were two men – one I didn't recognise, with a dark, proud face, and the other I did: it was Grandad. The photograph was taken in the desert – Egypt, I guessed – and though the jar wasn't in the shot, like an invisible force, you could sense the damage was already at work. Professor Hanawati – for that was who the other man was, I was certain – looked angrily

Holding my breath, I ducked down. Grabbed it quick. And it was paper – more than one piece – with the title ‘Lysandra’, and completely unscathed by the fire. I’d never been so glad to see anything in my life.

Stuffing it down my coat, and before I breathed another breath, I ran for the door.

LYSANDRA

The first day dawned with a clear blue sky. Kyky had chosen his favourite horses for the chariot race. Lane, a young chariotist, and Myrrh whose black coat rippled like water. Sensing excitement in the air, they refuse to keep still as I try to plait their tails.

Roar the stable boy admires my handiwork. ‘I’d bet my finest blanket on those horses winning!’

Most of the wagers are on the king himself. Roar tells me. In the palace courtyard, under the fig trees, crowds are gathering to place their bets. A midwife woman is offering to pull out bad teeth for free. There are bottles of sandalwood, beaded shoes, pappies, a song to charms maker. The queen has let her finest earrings, so loaded with rubies they make the wearer’s earlobes stretch.

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shaking their manes, prying the dust. In this rare moment when he truly looks like a pharaoh Kyky’s the obvious winner.

On the palace steps, Horneheb the army general scorns the race. Behind him, seated, is his Kyky glances at his godfather, raises his hand – with me luck, that little scum says. Any odds, then looks away. It makes me sad for Kyky, whose devotion to his godfather is never quite returned.

All eyes are on Horneheb now as he holds aloft a bronze gong. Excitement shimmers through the crowd. As he thumps the instrument, it booms. There’s a fraction of a moment when neither Kyky nor Maya moves. Then the crack of wood, reins snapping against horses’ necks and dust everywhere as the chariot surges forward. A terrific roar goes up from the crowd.

Mother grips my arm: I grip hers. We stand locked together.

As the dust clears we see the back of Kyky’s chariot speeding down the street. Despite the bumps and holes, he’s going steadily. Maya is some way behind.

He’s shouting at his horses, as Kyky to slow down. The crowd laughs; they’re loving it.

When the chariots are out of sight, the crowd goes

The sun is shining, the air is warm. Awan is smiling down on us again. It is a day for being happy. I tell myself, yet it does little to calm my nerves.

The race is scheduled for mid-afternoon. A crowd lines the route which runs from the palace, through the marketplace down to the river, before looping back past the temple with its newly built ram-headed papyrus. It’s turned into a hot day. Mother and I are wearing white tunics, and Kohl under our eyes to beat the glare. We take our spot outside the palace gates where the race will start and end.

‘Maya could win,’ Mother says proudly, but under her breath.

‘The king always wins,’ I remind her.

When the two chariots appear it’s not hard to see why. Maya looks almost too big for his vehicle. All arms and legs, he’s struggling to keep his balance. His horses, Be and Beetle, have grazed too much winter grass on the riverbanks, and are plump next to Kyky’s pair.

Kyky, in contrast, is regal. He too has Kohl painted thickly on his eyelids. He’s wearing a gold headband, and a breastplate bright with jewels. His horses, and I think enough, are exquisite. They’re sweating and

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after them. A great wave of people jostling, necks craning, blood buzzing.

‘Keep up, Mother!’ I hold out my hand to her. She laughs as she stumbles, then catches hold of me again.

In the marketplace the stalls have been pushed aside. The road is wide, dipping gently down to the river. Up ahead, blocking the route, is a heap of rubble. Not so long ago it was a statue to the old god Aten. Now it’s a hazard. Kyky throws all his weight to one side. The chariot swerves just in time to avoid it.

Maya, lumbering behind, does the same manoeuvre. His weight is greater. I cry out as his chariot tips. One wheel leaves the ground, then, magically, it is righted again. I think I’ve squeezed all the blood from Mother’s hand.

By the time the chariots reach the river, we’ve lost sight of them. Mother and I, and most of the crowd, walk back to the palace where the race will finish. Every now and then, we hear a distant cheer, a groan.

It’s frustrating not to see what’s happening. At first people are impatient, standing on tiptoe. But as time passes, the crowd settles again. In the middle of the street, does pick the dirt. A hungry dog, who’s been

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watching them, lies down and goes to sleep.
I start to worry. It can't take this long to gallop around our town. Something must have gone wrong. I go over Kyky's dream again, the darkness, the wild animals, and feel that same coldness in my veins.

Mother nudges me: 'Look.'

On the palace steps, Horrebob is pointing in the direction of the temple.

'They return!' he bellows. 'Everyone stand back!' Eager to catch first sight of them, we press to the sides of the road. I can hear hoofbeats now. I'm excited again. On tiptoe, straining to see.

In the distance I hear rumbling chariot wheels. There's dust in the air, coming towards us like a sandstorm. Shouts. The smell of sweating horses. The doves fly up in panic. The dog awakes and shakes off into the crowd.

The road is empty. Then it isn't.

It's Maya. I see first. He's crouched forwards, almost touching Bo and Bazzi's rumps. Kyky isn't far behind. Soon he's level with Maya again. By the time they reach us, they're at full gallop. All I see is a blur of speed: brown horses, brown chariots, brown dust. The faint line is just ahead. Up on the palace steps, Horrebob gets ready to bang his gong.

The dust clears enough to see Kyky edge ahead. Maya's horses are tiring. He makes a show of urging them on, but the race is over. The king's going to win. We all laugh with delight. There's cheering and clapping.

Then comes an abrupt cry. The sound of splintering wood. A stunned silence because we all know this isn't meant to happen. People start screaming. The whole crowd pushes and hovers in different directions.

'Is someone hurt?' Mother cries.

I'm almost too terrified to look.

There's a chariot on its side in the road. Two horses are struggling to get up. When I realise they're not Bo and Bette, I sob with relief. But if it's not Maya, then it must be Kyky.

'No, Lyandra, stay back,' Mother pleads.

I squirm free of her grasp, reaching the broken chariot just as Maya does. Kyky has been thrown from the vehicle. He lies some distance away, face down in the dust. People are crowding around him now, unsure what to do or whether to move him.

No order comes from the palace steps. My heart's got up from his seat. Horrebob is at his shoulder, talking angrily to him.

It's Maya who gives the orders.

'Take him inside,' he says to the strongest-looking people in the crowd. 'Be careful of his head and leg.'

As Kyky is lifted up, the injuries are clear. His leg is at an odd angle. There's a gash on his head. But his eyes are opening: he's alive!

Sinking to my knees to thank the gods, I see the chariot wheel, lying in the dirt. I wonder why no one else has noticed it. Two spokes are broken. The whole thing is buckled beyond repair.

I was there this morning when Rasi checked everything, then checked it all again. He wouldn't have missed damage like this. He wouldn't put the king's life at risk.

No, he wouldn't, I think, my gaze resting on the palace steps, but there are those who would. If the pharaoh dies, *dy* is the next living male heir. This, I think bitterly, means Kyky is worth more to his ambitious grandfather dead than alive.

The healing ladies spend the next day tending to Kyky. From our house we see pots and baskets carried in - fresh incense, linens, herbs and potions. The more I think about how the right wheel sheared off, the more certain I am it was deliberate. *Ay*, keen to place

Isama, has already found his target. Poor Rasi was dragged from the stables last night and beaten with his own horseship.

Maya brings us news as we're closing the shutters against the midday sun. He confirms my thoughts. 'Kyky's head wound is deep - to the bone. They've bound up his leg in case it's fractured. He's very lucky - he could've been killed.'

Maya's one of the few allowed at Kyky's bedside. It's not nearly as much fun as hurling puns/gazantes or hunting ostrich, but he shows equal devotion to it.

'He's blessed to have such a friend,' I say.

'He's asking for you, Lyandra.'

Mama stares. I'm suddenly chilled. I'm certain he wants to talk more about his dream.

Kyky's bedchamber is in the noisiest part of the palace. It catches the breeze from the river, and facing south-east it gets only the earliest rays of sun.

Kyky is awake. His eyes are night-dark from the medicine he's taken, though I'm not sure if it's helping much. He's fidgety and irritable.

'Leave me!' he tells the healing ladies who crouch at the edge of the room.

thoughtful brother. This is a beautiful place to be at rest. My brother is smiling, though, shaking his head as though I've not quite understood.

'It's only the beginning,' he says. 'If my measurements are correct then the real beauty will come from the sun.'

Kyky doesn't speak again until he's very sure we've alone, and even then he lowers his voice. I wonder who he thinks might be out there, eavesdropping. It's not hard to guess.

'Lyandru, the conversation we had – about my dream,' Kyky says. 'You haven't told anyone, have you?'

'Just Maya.' I reply, who probably knew about it before I did.

'Good. I don't want people to think me weak.'

'What?' I'm startled. So is Maya when I catch his eye. 'There's no hint in dream reading. It's a tradition as old as the hills—'

Kyky interjects: 'A window into the afterlife, yes. I know what it means, but everyone assumes I'm dying.'

'You told me the door in your dream was closed,' I remind him. 'You're not ready for that journey yet.'

'Ah! But I came close to it yesterday, didn't I?'

There are parts of his dream that concern me, yes. He is in danger from something. Or someone.

Perhaps yesterday wasn't an accident, after all, I confess.

Kyky frowns. 'The stable boy was slack in his work, so I heard.'

'It wasn't his fault,' I argue. 'He checked your chariot before the race and there was nothing wrong. Someone else must've tampered with it.'

I glance at Maya, hoping he'll agree. But he's pacing the room, as alert as a hawk. He taps in front of one of the windows, gestures for us to be quiet. I hold my breath as he listens at the shutters, then flings them open in one swift movement. We all hear the patter of feet as whoever was out there listening runs away.

'Kyky's right,' Maya says. 'No more talk of dreams.'

We don't talk of the accident again, either. By the time the moon's waned, Kyky's hobbling around the palace as if nothing happened. He's cut himself a new walking stick to mark the occasion. Word is he's also trying to show more interest in the running of the kingdom. I wonder what *dy* and *Hornmehk* made of this change.

One night in the orange glow of Mama's cooking fire, Maya takes me aside to tell me the new arrangement isn't going well.

'They don't listen to him,' he confides. 'All the decisions still come from *dy* or *Hornmehk*. When they can't agree, they bribe Kyky for his support.'

'But you're there at those meetings. Can't you speak up for him?' I ask.

'I won't be there any more. From tomorrow, I've been ordered out into the desert to find a site for Kyky's tomb.'

This worries me. 'Is he sick again?'

Maya shakes his head. 'He's healing well. But *dy* says we should've started work on it years ago. It takes time and sweat to build a tomb fit for a pharaoh.'

This is true: Kyky's mother, father and beloved grandmother all have lavish golden chambers hewn from the desert floor. Their journeys onward to the next life will have been comfortable. Easy. Maya's right to worry the same worries for Kyky.

Yes I can't shake off the fact that *dy* is behind this. The wayward chariot wheel, cart pressed to window shutters, the building of a grave. Nothing is what it seems.

After a few days of searching, Maya finds the perfect site for the tomb. He comes home at sundown, exhausted but thrilled.

'What's it like, the spot you've picked?' I ask.

'I'll take you,' he says to my surprise. Mother insists I wear sandals because of sorplians

or snakes. I don't like anything on my feet, but for this it's a small price to pay. Since Kyky's dream I've been wary of anything with a poisonous bite.

Beyond the city wall the desert stretches in all directions. We go west, heading towards a place where river waters used to run. Nowadays, it's a dry valley, the sides of which are almost sheer rock. I know the spot well – it's only a short walk from *Thybu*. It is where people of power and prestige are taken after death to begin their journey to the world beyond.

Maya walks with bugs, making strides. I keep asking him to slow down. We clatter down a path, already worn into the hillside by the men working with Maya.

'Which way?' I ask, when we reach the point where the valley divides.

'East,' Maya replies.

I'm surprised: vest-jacket graves are more favoured because they catch the setting sun.

After a steep climb, the tomb site comes into view. It's a few hundred feet up the cliff face, set back from the edge. Ropes and buckets and other signs of work litter the ground below. Already they've made good progress – I can see steps cut from the rock. The view out over the valley is magnificent. I'm proud of my

