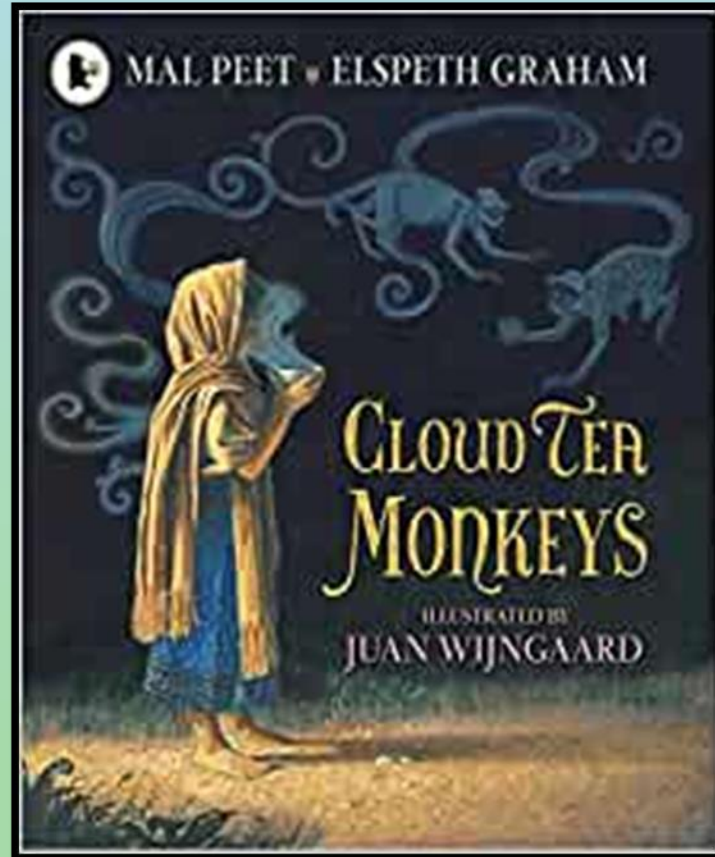
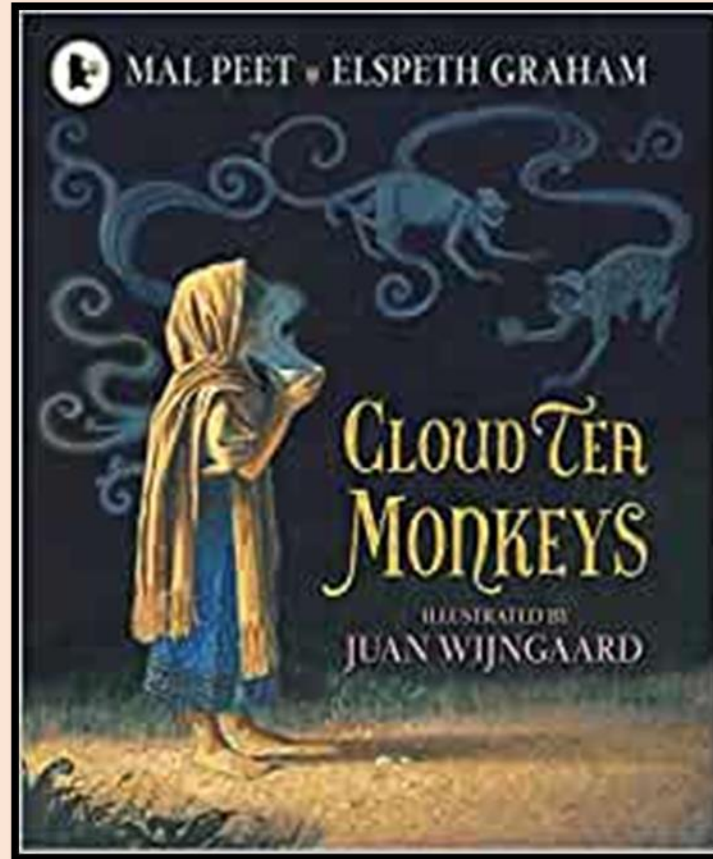


L.O- to use inference to make predictions.

Stick your front cover in
your book- in the of the
page.



Lets have a look at the front cover in more depth.



Now lets look at the blurb....

What is on the back
of the book?

Does the blurb change
your mind?

What do you think
will happen in the
story now?

FOR THE BEST CHILDREN'S BOOKS, LOOK FOR THE BEAR.



When her mother falls ill, Tashi must pick tea to pay for a doctor. But she is too small to reach the shoots, and the cruel Overseer sends her away empty-handed.

Tashi needs a miracle!

Then something extraordinary happens...



Shortlisted for the 2011 Kate Greenaway Medal

"This book has everything ... tugged heartstrings, exquisite pictures
- and cute monkeys" — *Sunday Telegraph*

"A beautiful story ... with painstakingly detailed, radiant illustrations
- a little treasure of a book" — *Observer*

"Beautifully produced, the novel is an object to cherish
and a tale to remember" — *Sunday Times*



Lets now read the first few pages of the book to see if this will change our predictions, use the extract to help you with this.

Tashi and the monkeys met in their usual place, where the endless rows of tea bushes were broken by a jumble of rocks and a tree spread its shadow on the ground. Here she sat and crossed her legs. The monkeys watched her with their deep, serious eyes.

After a while the youngest ones left their mothers and came over to her. There was fruit in her lunch-bag and she shared it. The young monkeys inspected Tashi's fingers one by one. With their own long delicate fingers they groomed her thick dark hair. The mothers relaxed, trusting her. They snoozed in small groups or flirted with the young males. Rajah stalked around the edge of the tree-shadow, watching everything.

The women stopped work when the sun was a blurred red globe, hanging just above the rows of tea bushes. There was less talk on the way home. The women's tiredness was like a cloud around them. Tashi's mother had bruised-looking eyes. Her cough was worse. Once or twice she stopped walking and pressed her hand to her chest.

