

## My Life by Matilda Wormwood



My name is Matilda Wormwood. I have a mummy named Zinnia, a daddy named Harry and a brother named Michael, who is five years older than me. I am extremely thankful that I don't live with my family anymore. After much suffering during my early childhood, I now live at The Red House with a wonderfully kind lady called Miss Honey and I couldn't be happier.

Why don't I live with my parents? Well, put simply, my family were a bunch of dishonest, selfish and ignorant people, too wrapped up in their own lives to even notice me, their own daughter. Unfortunately, they failed completely to appreciate my abilities. I mean, most parents would be overjoyed to have a clever child; they would delight in being able to boast about their offspring to anyone who would listen. Not my parents! They thought I was stupid, even though I could talk as well as any adult by the age of one and a half. By three years old, I had taught myself to read and by four years old, I had read all the books in my local library. Books helped me enormously; they transported me to new and exciting worlds where I adored meeting many fascinating people, all from the comfort of my own little bedroom.

My parents would often be mean to me. There was an occasion, before I left home, when daddy ripped up the book I was reading. I got my own back though when I borrowed Fred's parrot and hid him in the chimney breast. Chopper, the parrot, kept squawking 'Rattle my bones,' and my idiotic parents thought that we had a ghost! Revenge always made me feel better.

I was five and a half before I started school, as my disorganised family hadn't bothered to enrol me. That was where I was lucky enough to meet Miss Honey for the first time; unluckily, it was also where I came across the appalling Miss Trunchbull! Miss Trunchbull was a monster, who ran the school with fear and menace. She once threw the hammer for Great Britain in the Olympics and she was very proud of her right arm. She liked to keep her arm in good shape by throwing poor, unsuspecting children. I still remember the time when she threw little Amanda Tripp across the playing field, just for having long pigtails. The woman was toxic!

Then came the extraordinary day when Lavender (my best friend) put a newt in Miss Trunchbull's drinking water. I instantly got the blame for it, which angered me enormously. Before I knew it, I had somehow managed to tip the glass, containing the newt, all over Miss Trunchbull, with just the power of my mind! With practise, I even managed to lift objects too. That's when I hatched a plot to get revenge on Miss Trunchbull. By controlling a piece of chalk with just my mind, I left a message on the blackboard, pretending to be Miss Honey's dear, departed father. Much to my delight, the fright caused Miss Trunchbull to leave the school and she was never seen again.

Not long after that, my parents and brother left too. It was quite sudden and unexpected, but they agreed that I was to stay with Miss Honey and that is exactly where I have been ever since. I have never once felt sad about them leaving. Why would I? Miss Honey is good, loving, understanding, honourable and intelligent; everything my parents weren't.

### Text Marking

1. Draw a red line around the names.
2. Draw a yellow line around each location.
3. Underline ages in green.
4. Underline examples of first person in blue.
5. Underline examples of past tense in purple.
6. Underline adjectives to describe people in orange.

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