**Year 9 ILT Spring Term**

**Reading Comprehension 3- ‘City of Bones’ by Cassandra Clare**

Read the passage carefully and then complete the tasks below.

*Taken from the opening of ‘The City of Bones’ in which a Shadowhunter attempts to destroy a demon in the middle of a nightclub.*

Inside, the club was full of dry-ice smoke. Coloured lights played over the dance floor, turning it into a multi-coloured fairyland of blues and acid greens, hot pinks and golds.

The boy in the red jacket stroked the long razor-sharp blade in his hands, an **idle** smile playing over his lips. It had been so easy-a little bit of a glamour on the blade, to make it look harmless. Another glamour on his eyes, and the moment the bouncer had looked straight at him, he was in. Of course, he could probably have gotten by without all that trouble, but it was part of the fun-fooling the mundies, doing it all out in the open right in front of them, getting off on the blank looks on their sheeplike faces.

Not that the humans didn't have their uses. The boy's green eyes scanned the dance floor, where **slender** limbs clad in scraps of silk and black leather appeared and disappeared inside the revolving columns of smoke as the mundies danced. Girls tossed their long hair, boys swung their leather-clad hips, and bare skin glittered with sweat. **Vitality** just poured off them, waves of energy that filled him with a drunken dizziness. His lip curled. They didn't know how lucky they were. They didn't know what it was like to eke out life in a dead world, where the sun hung limp in the sky like a burned cinder. Their lives burned as brightly as candle flames-and were as easy to snuff out.

His hand tightened on the blade he carried, and he had begun to step out onto the dance floor when a girl broke away from the mass of dancers and began walking toward him. He stared at her. She was beautiful, for a human-long hair nearly the precise color of black ink, charcoaled eyes. Floor-length white gown, the kind women used to wear when this world was younger. Lace sleeves belled out around her slim arms. Around her neck was a thick silver chain, on which hung a dark red pendant the size of a baby's fist. He only had to narrow his eyes to know that it was real-real and precious. His mouth started to water as she neared him. Vital energy pulsed from her like blood from an open wound. She smiled, passing him, beckoning with her eyes. He turned to follow her, tasting the phantom sizzle of her death on his lips.

It was always easy. He could already feel the power of her evaporating life coursing through his veins like fire. Humans were so stupid. They had something so precious, and they barely safeguarded it at all.

1. Based on their use in the following quotations, what do you think each of these key vocabulary mean?
	1. “an **idle** smile playing over his lips”
		* Cheeky
		* Lopsided
		* Purposeless
	2. “**slender** limbs clad in scraps of silk and black leather appeared and disappeared
		* Wide
		* Slim
		* Flexible
	3. “**Vitality** just poured off them, waves of energy”
		* Life
		* Vapour
		* Paint
2. Where does this extract take place?
3. What is the boy in the red jacket carrying in his hand?
4. How does the writer describe the atmosphere in the room?
5. Why is the boy envious of the humans?
6. Find and record an example of a simile from paragraph 2.
7. Find FOUR pieces of information about the girl from lines 19-23.
8. Which word does the narrator use to refer to the humans in the club?
9. Find a quotation which suggests the Shadowhunter’s feelings about humans.
10. How does the writer create the impression that the Shadowhunter is menacing?