Watch your Ps and Qs

Quotation marks (inverted commas '') are used to show that someone is speaking (direct speech), and in the title of books, plays, films, songs or programmes.

Rewrite the following newspaper report inserting capital letters and quotation marks.

artemis stated that he was in his house all night reading the book, how to make money. he turned on the television to watch his favourite programme, prime time. around midnight, he watched the DVD, crimebusters. i don't believe you, said the judge. if you don't come up with a more credible story, you will be spending time behind bars. artemis continued to plead his case but he was convicted of fraud. his final words before being led away were i am completely innocent and i will immediately appeal the case.

Sounds abound

A **prefix** is a letter or letters added to the beginning of a word. A prefix usually changes a word to mean its opposite, e.g. **un**like, **dis**comfort, **in**fertile, **il**legal.

Add a prefix to each of the following words from the story to make new words.

1 content: _____
2 security: _____
3 aware: _____
4 fortunate: _____
5 explained: _____
6 please: _____
7 legal: _____
8 usual: _____
9 conspicuous: _____
10 associate: _____

Flights of fancy

Imagine you are a secret agent and a master of disguise. Your assignment is to get a job working for Jon Spiro and find out if he is making dangerous weapons. You find out that he is making weapons. Write about how you escape from his headquarters after your discovery. Digital

Spark starters

Conduct some research on the inventions of Bill Gates, Steve Jobs, Guglielmo Marconi, Thomas Edison, George Eastman, Benjamin Franklin and Levi Strauss.

Activities

A Let's chat

What technology is the most useful in your home, in school and in your own life? What technology would you like to have yourself? Why?

B First impressions

As I read this story, it reminded me of …

C Seek and search

1 Where was Artemis Fowl's father?
2 What was En Fin?
3 What special feature did the earplugs have?
4 What country was Jon Spiro from? What business was he in?
5 Why did Artemis not want ice in his glass of spring water?
6 Describe how Jon Spiro was dressed.

D Quest and query

1 What do you think Butler meant by *assassins like to catch you unawares*?
2 How many people were dining in the restaurant?
3 Why do you think most of the waiters in Europe would want to kill Artemis?
4 What tells us that Artemis was unaware that he had upset the waitress?
5 How do we know that Jon Spiro had just arrived from America?
6 Do you think Jon Spiro will be happy with the new technology? Explain.

E Word watch

Complete the following sentences using words from the box.

alleged	vein	consternation	appraised	relieved

1 It was _____ by a journalist that the movie star stole a diamond ring.
2 The auctioneer _____ the painting and stated that it was priceless.
3 The roads were icy and I was _____ that I made it home safely.
4 When the bomb exploded, it caused _____ in the street.
5 A _____ of gold was found deep under the mountain.

Word

'What am I seeing here, kid?'

Artemis placed the shining box on the table.

'The future, Mister Spiro. Ahead of schedule.'

Jon Spiro leaned in, taking a good look.

'Looks like a paperweight to me.'

Arno Blunt sniggered, his eyes taunting Butler.

'A demonstration then,' said Artemis, picking up the metal box. He pressed a button and the gadget purred into life. Sections slid back to reveal speakers and a screen.

'Cute,' muttered Spiro. 'I flew three thousand miles for a micro-TV?'

Artemis nodded. 'A micro-TV. But also a verbally controlled computer, a mobile phone, a diagnostic aid. This little box can read any information on absolutely any platform, electrical or organic. It can play videos, laserdiscs, DVDs; go online, retrieve e-mail, hack any computer. It can even scan your chest to see how fast your heart's beating. Its battery is good for two years and, of course, it's completely wireless.'

Artemis paused, to let it sink in.

Spiro's eyes seemed huge behind his spectacles.

'You mean, this box …?'

'Will render all other technology obsolete. Your computer plants will be worthless.'

From *Artemis Fowl*, by Eoin Colfer. Penguin Books.

Gruesome

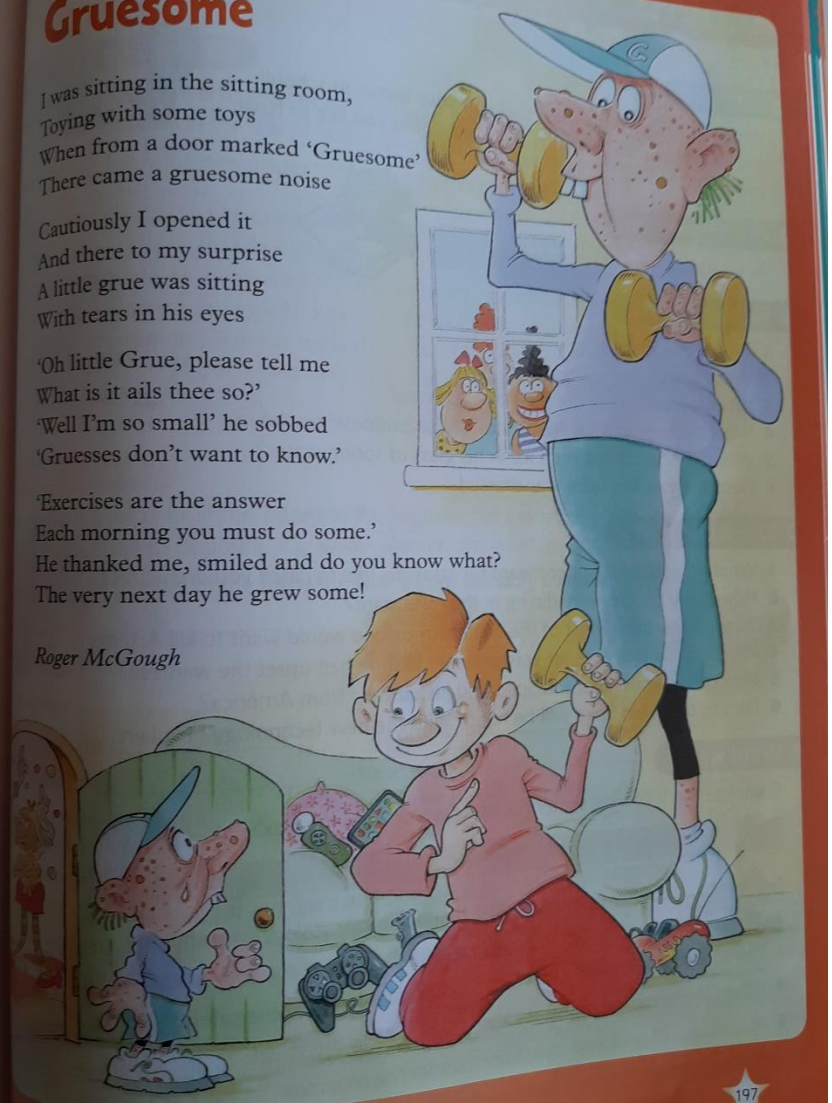
I was sitting in the sitting room,
Toying with some toys
When from a door marked 'Gruesome'
There came a gruesome noise

Cautiously I opened it
And there to my surprise
A little grue was sitting
With tears in his eyes

'Oh little Grue, please tell me
What is it ails thee so?'
'Well I'm so small' he sobbed
'Gruesses don't want to know.'

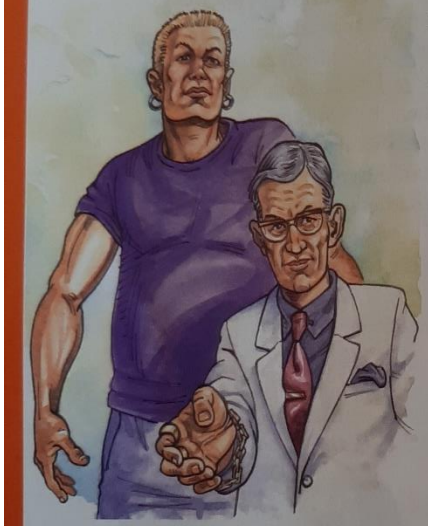
'Exercises are the answer
Each morning you must do some.'
He thanked me, smiled and do you know what?
The very next day he grew some!

Roger McGough



and communicating when the restaurant door opened. A small tanned man entered, flanked by a veritable giant. Jon Spiro and his security.

Butler bent low to whisper in his charge's ear. 'Be careful, Artemis. I know the big one by reputation.'



Spiro wound through the tables, arms outstretched. He was a middle-aged American, thin as a javelin, and barely taller than Artemis himself. In the eighties, shipping had been his thing; in the nineties he made a killing in stocks and shares. Now, it was communications. He wore his trademark white linen suit, and there was enough jewellery hanging from his wrists and fingers to gold leaf the Taj Mahal.

Artemis rose to greet his associate. 'Mister Spiro, welcome.'

'Hey, little Artemis Fowl. How the hell are you?'

Artemis shook the man's hand. His jewellery jangled like a rattlesnake's tail.

'I am well. Glad you could come.'

Spiro took a chair. 'Artemis Fowl calls with a proposition: I would've walked across broken glass to be here.'

The bodyguards appraised each other openly. Apart from their bulk, the two were polar opposites. Butler was the epitome of understated efficiency. Black suit, shaven head, as inconspicuous as it was possible to be at almost seven feet tall. The newcomer had bleached blond hair, a cut-off T-shirt and silver pirate rings in both ears. This was not a man who wanted to be forgotten, or ignored.

'Arno Blunt,' said Butler. 'I've heard about you.'

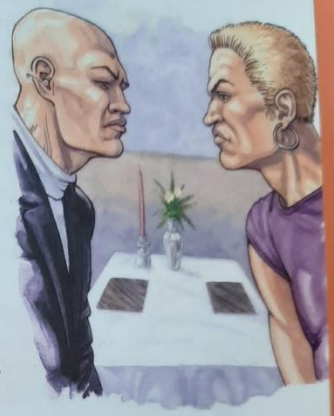
Blunt took up his position at Jon Spiro's shoulder.

'Butler. One of *the* Butlers,' he said, in a New Zealand drawl. 'I hear you guys are the best. That's what I hear. Let's hope we don't have to find out.'

Spiro laughed. It sounded like a box of crickets.

'Arno, please. We are among friends here. This is not a day for threats.'

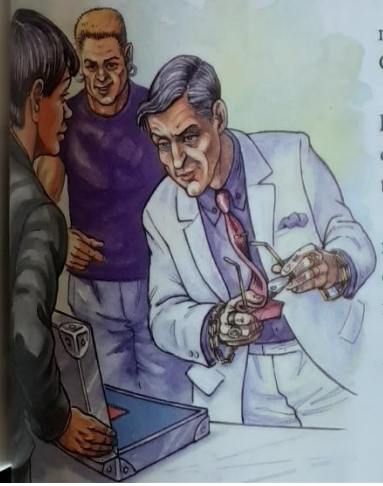
Butler was not so sure. His soldier's sense was buzzing like a nest of hornets at the base of his skull. There was danger here.



'So, my friend. To business,' said Spiro, fixing Artemis with his close-set dark eyes. 'I've been salivating all the way across the Atlantic. What have you got for me?'

Artemis frowned. He'd hoped business could wait until after lunch.

'Wouldn't you like to see a menu?'



'No. I don't eat much any more. Pills and liquids mostly. Gut problems.'

'Very well,' said Artemis, laying an aluminium briefcase on the table. 'To business then.'

He flipped the case's lid, revealing a red cube the size of a minidisc player, nestling in blue foam.

Spiro cleaned his spectacles with the tail end of his tie.

company, Fission Chips, had made it to the top on the back of stolen research. Of course, nothing was ever proved – not that Chicago's district attorney hadn't tried. Several times.

A waitress wandered over, giving them a dazzling smile.

'Hello there, young man. Would you like to see the children's menu?'

A vein pulsed in Artemis's temple.

'No, mademoiselle, I would not like to see the *children's menu*. I have no doubt the *children's menu* itself tastes better than the meals on it. I would like to order à la carte. Or don't you serve fish to minors?'

The waitress's smile shrank by a couple of molars. Artemis's vocabulary had that effect on most people.

Butler rolled his eyes. And Artemis wondered who would want to kill him. Most of the waiters and tailors in Europe, for a start.

'Yes, sir,' stammered the unfortunate waitress. 'Whatever you like.'

'What I would like is a medley of shark and swordfish, pan-seared, on a bed of vegetables and new potatoes.'

'And to drink?'

'Spring water. Irish, if you have it. And no ice, please, as your ice is no doubt made from tap water, which rather defeats the purpose of spring water.'

The waitress scurried to the kitchen, relieved to escape from the pale youth at table six. She'd seen a vampire movie once. The undead creature had the very same hypnotic stare. Maybe the kid spoke like a grown-up because he was actually five hundred years old.

Artemis smiled in anticipation of his meal, unaware of the consternation he'd caused.

'You're going to be a big hit at the school dances,' Butler commented.

'Pardon?'

'That poor girl was almost in tears. It wouldn't hurt you to be nice occasionally.'

Artemis was surprised. Butler rarely offered opinions on personal matters.

'I don't see myself at school dances, Butler.'

'Dancing isn't the point. It's all about communication.'

'Communication?' scoffed young Master Fowl. 'I doubt there is a teenager alive with a vocabulary equal to mine.'

Butler was about to point out the difference between talking

The Red Cube

Artemis Fowl is meeting Jon Spiro in London. Artemis has invented a unique piece of new technology which he hopes to sell to Jon Spiro. It is a red cube the size of a minidisc player and it has enormous possibilities for the future of mankind …

En Fin, Knightsbridge, London

Artemis Fowl was almost content. His father would be discharged from Helsinki's University Hospital any day now. He himself was looking forward to a delicious late lunch at En Fin, a London seafood restaurant, and his business contact should arrive any moment. All according to plan.

His bodyguard, Butler, was not quite so relaxed. But then again he was never truly at ease – one did not become one of the world's deadliest men by dropping one's guard. The giant Eurasian flitted between tables in the Knightsbridge bistro, positioning the usual security items and clearing exit routes.

'Are you wearing the earplugs?' he asked his employer.

Artemis sighed deeply. 'Yes, Butler. Though I hardly think we are in danger here. It's a perfectly legal business meeting in broad daylight, for heaven's sake.'

The earplugs were actually sonic filter sponges, cannibalized from fairy Lower Elements Police helmets. Butler had obtained the helmets, along with a treasure trove of fairy technology, over a year previously when one of Artemis's schemes pitted him against a fairy SWAT team. The sponges were grown in LEP labs, and had tiny porous membranes that sealed automatically when decibel levels surpassed safety standards.

'Maybe so, Artemis, but the thing about assassins is that they like to catch you unawares.'

'Perhaps,' replied Artemis, perusing the menu's entrée section. 'But who could possibly have a motive to kill us?'

Butler shot one of the half-dozen diners a fierce glare, just in case she was planning something. The woman must have been at least eighty.

'They might not be after *us*. Remember, Jon Spiro is a powerful man. He put a lot of companies out of business. We could be caught in a crossfire.'

Artemis nodded. As usual, Butler was right, which explained why they were both still alive. Jon Spiro, the American he was meeting, was just the kind of man to attract assassins' bullets. A successful IT billionaire, with a shady past and alleged mob connections. Rumour had it that his