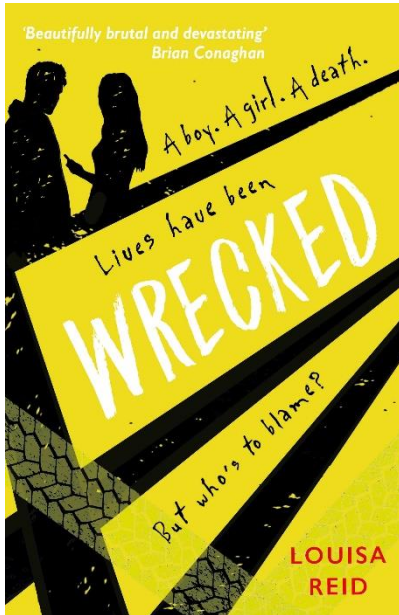


**WRECKED** is the stunning new verse novel for young adults from critically acclaimed author, Louisa Reid. It's a powerful, emotive story which focuses on flawed first love. Louisa's first verse novel, **Gloves Off**, was nominated for the Carnegie Medal, garnered fantastic reviews and was *Sunday Times* Children's Book of the Week.



*Joe Goodenough is on trial for causing Death by Dangerous Driving. The prosecution claim that when driving his girlfriend, Imogen, home his recklessness caused a fatal crash leaving mum of two, Stephanie White, dead.*

*Joe doesn't want to go to prison. He's pleading not guilty. As the trial unfolds, the reader discovers the history of his relationship and the events leading up to that fatal collision. The reader, both judge and jury, must decide exactly how guilty Joe is.*

**LOUISA REID** has spent most of her life reading. And when she's not doing that she's writing stories, or imagining writing them at least. An English teacher, her favourite part of the job is sharing her love of reading and writing with her pupils. Louisa lives with her family in the north-west of England and is proud to call a place near Manchester home.



'A profoundly moving story about truth and love'  
Jenny Downham

'Beautifully brutal and devastating'  
Brian Conaghan

Louisa writes about things that she thinks are important to young people, and all people generally, really.

## PACK CONTENTS

1. Extract: Under Pressure  
- Activity: Write a poem from someone else's perspective
2. Extract: Risks  
- Activity: Write a speech for/against
3. Extract: Truth and Lies  
- Activity: Re-enact a scene
4. Extract: Forgiveness and Redemption  
- Activity: Write a letter
5. Extracts 1-4



## **EXTRACT 1: Under pressure (extracts taken from 'Boxed' and 'All Rise')**

Objectives: Discuss how it feels to feel uncomfortable and under pressure. In what sort of scenarios have you felt as if you can't escape: an exam hall; a confrontation with a teacher, a parent or a friend; a nightmare? What caused you to be trapped and how did it make you feel?

- What is interesting about the narrative voice in the opening pages of the story?
- What stylistic choices has the writer made to engage the reader?
- Which characters are we introduced to and what do we learn about them?
- How does the writer convey Joe's feelings?
- What do you understand by the phrase 'straight-jacketed truth'? How does this relate to the idea of being under pressure?

Can you think of groups in society who find themselves trapped?

What prevents them from feeling/being free?

Are there different ways to be trapped?

Create a poem entitled 'Trapped ...' written from another person's perspective.

Subjects: Design Art and Technology, PSHE, Creative Writing: Poetry, Writing in Role

## **EXTRACT 2: Risks (taken from 'Caught' pg 115 and 'Common Sense' pg 116; 'Sixteen' and 'Strip Poker' Pgs 119-123)**

Objectives: Consider times when you have taken risks; why did you do so? What were the consequences? Why do you think teenagers are more likely to take risks than other age groups? Is risk taking a good or a bad thing?

- What sort of risks are the characters taking in these extracts? What does this reveal attitudes and feelings about their lives?
- How does Joe respond in situations where there is risk?
- What is motivating Joe and Imogen to take so many risks?

Write a speech in which you argue for or against this idea:

"Taking risks in life is the only way to succeed."

Subjects: Design Art and Technology, PSHE, Speaking and Listening, Creative Writing: Writing to Argue



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EXTRACT 1: Under pressure (extracts taken from 'Boxed' and 'All Rise')

## NOW

## BOXED

Court room,

*Caught* room. I'm in the dock.

There's no way out.

All exits blocked.

## ALL RISE



Jury,

then judge.

There's a hush.

I want to burst it,

take a pin to its weight,

explode the silence -

escape.

Head down,

arms out,

I'll speed through these walls,

like I'm made of steel –

like I can't fall.

I'll

spread my wings wide,

taste air,



breathe sky.

But facts are - I'm trapped -

stiff shirt like a noose,

new suit, buttoned up;

strait-jacketed truth.

**EXTRACT 2: Risks** (taken from 'Caught' pg 115 and 'Common Sense' pg 116; 'Sixteen' and 'Strip Poker' Pgs 119-123)

## CAUGHT

Sometimes we skipped school -

Jasmine and Dan following,

like boats bobbing in our wake.

We led, they followed.

That day we went down to the lake



we should have been in Physics,  
but no one felt like measuring anything

other than the speed  
of the sound of our screams

as we leapt

off the rocks

ignoring signs that said  
*Beware. Deep water. Danger.*

## COMMON SENSE

Barbed wire and broken fences  
should have been a clue,  
but kids had been coming here for years  
when it got hot,  
too hot to think and sweat and swot.



Imogen dared Jasmine to jump.

Who'd have thought the water  
would have been so cold?

Jasmine disappeared.

Seconds passed.

We waited for her body to break the surface,  
to come leaping back up.

I raced down there,  
jumped in and  
grabbed her  
by the hair  
and dragged her  
free.

**EXTRACT 3: Truth and Lies** (taken from 'Truth I' pg 12 ; 'Lies' pg 144-146; 'Snitch' pg 349-350)





## TRUTH

It shouldn't be hard to tell the truth -

Just to spit it out,

like the teachers used to tell me,

when I couldn't make a sound.

Small Joe stuttered

and big Joe's no better,

not now he's trying to makes sense

of the senseless.

Because - and don't ask me why -

the truth is elusive, it swerves and slides -

like the car did that night -

and now it's greasy with lies.

The truth is shattered



like the glass on the road

that I find in my hair, in my dreams and my clothes.

It's a mouth stretched open, it's a tongue that lolls.

The truth is in hiding

it's scared, it's weak.

- you see, I've been waiting so long

for my chance to speak.

## LIES

"Where's Imogen, Joe?"

*"Oh, she had an appointment,"*

I said to the teacher who didn't buy a word of it.

Period Four, Maths. And this didn't add up.

He raised his eyebrows, I squirmed, and said,

*Maybe she had an emergency,*

*or, she's just running late?*

*It's okay, she'll be here soon."*



I took the notes she'd need -

photo-copied my work

so she wouldn't fall behind.

I had her back

when she was too sick to show up,

or just fed up,

not bothered, doing things her own way.

She was still in bed when I called round

after school.

"Im, are you sure, you know,

you're okay?"

She didn't answer, shoved the stack of notes

onto the pile on her floor,

and stretched and yawned

pulled me under the covers

beside her,

burrowing into my arms.



## SNITCH

Don't tell

Don't rat

Don't act

like the truth is a sacred thing.

But I broke the code,

the unwritten rule

that says

you don't throw your mates to the wolves.

But this isn't school.

There are so many lives to weigh up,

and Stephanie's death

is not a joke.



I'm balancing it all:

Stephanie, me and Mum and Dad –

and on the other side,

the girl I once loved.

## EXTRACT 4: Forgiveness and Redemption (extracts taken from 'But' and 'Reassurance')

### **BUT**

*"I'm done," she says.*

Then - shit –

that's it,

she's off, away.

So I run –

and fast –



why won't she wait?

I run

out of the party,

away from my friends,

run through the shout of her voice

in my head,

towards her anger that waits:

sharp,

k  
n  
i  
f  
e -  
e  
d  
g  
e  
d

*"Imogen,"* I yell, into the dark,

until she shows herself,

and, slowly, steps into the light -



She nods,

make a half turn, my second chance.

We walk to mum's car, I open the door

## REASSURANCE

“He’s a liar, Joe,  
he’s taking the piss,  
winding you up.  
Just ignore him.  
How can you think  
I’d do something like that?  
And even if I did –  
how would that be my fault?  
You’ve been ignoring me,  
anyway,  
and you’re always revising.  
I’m still waiting  
for you to apologize  
actually.”

“What?”

But then came



tears running

shoulders shuddering,

mascara flooding her cheeks in filthy black streaks.

“I’m so sorry,” she said

through the choking sobs.

A sixth former sauntered past, stared.

I put out my hand,

briefly touched Imogen’s shoulder,

then she was leaning against me,

crying into my jumper,

her arms wrapped around me,

repeating it over and over –

how sorry she was,

how it wouldn’t happen again,

that she meant it this time, she

promised on her life, and mine.

“Okay, all right, please,

don’t cry any more.”

She swiped at the tears, half laughed,

“You forgive me?”





Say it, Joe.”

Her face serious now,

eyes wide and intense

she pinched my mouth in her

fingers

and I agreed, “All right,”

because I needed her to stop.

I stepped back, she grabbed my hand.

“So we’re good?

Everything’s fine?

Yeah?”

And I was about to say no,

no thank you, let’s leave it, move on,

but I didn’t.

I didn’t.

And then the moment was gone.

# Teaching Resource Pack

Key  
Stage  
3-4

