



What did Gru want to buy from the stall?



How does Gru feel throughout the fairground ride and at the end?



Would you have got your own weapon out like Gru did? Why/Why not?

Key Vocabulary	Definition
<p>_____</p>	<p>A facial expression which shows _____ or _____ towards someone. Normally in a mocking and/or disrespectful way.</p>
<p>Descend</p>	<p>Move or fall _____.</p>
<p>_____</p>	<p>To _____ for something very strongly.</p>



new lad, Stan! He's a good fine lad!"

And the voices call back, "Hello there, Stan! Welcome to the fair, son!"

They pass fiddle players and a snake charmer and a trio of boys standing on one another's shoulders. They sit down by a glowing fire. There's a ring of people around it, their faces shining in its light. A man leans down and reaches into the embers with a pair of tongs. He holds something out to Stan, something black and round and smoking.

"Tek it," he says in a gruff voice. "It's fer ye. Go on, lad."

Stan stares at it, doesn't move.

The bloke laughs. "Go on," he says again.

"Go on," says Dostoyevsky.

Nervously Stan reaches out and takes the thing. It's hard and black and scorching hot. He gasps, drops it, picks it up again. The people around the fire laugh.

"Chuck it up and down," instructs Dostoyevsky. "It'll cool it."

So Stan throws it up and down

and rolls it around his palm.

"Now crack it open," says the bloke.

Stan presses with his thumb. It's still mad hot and he can still hardly hold it. But he presses again and the thing cracks open. Some of the black crust falls away and Stan sees there's a beautiful white inside, and now there's steam mixed with the smoke and it smells delicious.

"A *potato!*" he whispers.

"Correct," says the bloke. "It's a spud."

Stan lifts it to his mouth and nibbles, and he tastes the soft creamy smokiness of it. He looks at the faces around the fire and they all look back at him and grin. He eats again. It's the loveliest thing he's ever tasted. Dostoyevsky laughs and puts his arm round him. Stan sighs and eats and starts to relax. He finds he's smiling. He looks at Nitasha and she seems happier and a little bit prettier.

They continue to sit there. They eat more spuds. Somebody puts a tin mug of tea in Stan's hands.

"So where ye from, young Stan?" asks a bloke across the fire.

"Fish Quay Lane," says Stan.

"The town we was in yesterday," Dostoyevsky



