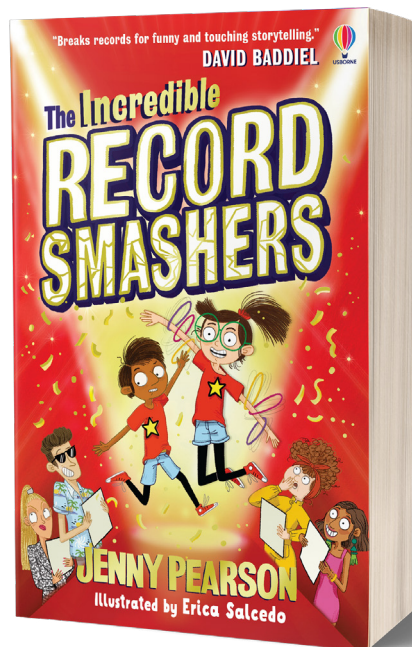


The Incredible RECORD SMASHERS



Activity One

Here are some of the incredible world records mentioned in the book. Look carefully at the three possible answers and circle the one you think is correct.

1. What is the length of the largest screwdriver in the world?

A. 6.32m

B. 9.40m

C. 5.25m

2. Which type of dog is recorded as the tallest in the world?

A. Leonberger

B. Great Dane

C. English Mastiff

3. How many bananas were contained in the largest bunch?

A. 473

B. 58

C. 280

4. How much did the most expensive mobile phone sell for?

A. £57,258

B. £675,123

C. £312,688

5. How long did the longest telephone conversation last?

A. 28 hours and 36 minutes

B. 42 hours and 12 minutes

C. 54 hours and 4 minutes.

6. What did the heaviest watermelon in the world weigh?

A. 135 kg

B. 92 kg

C. 159 kg

7. What does the longest human tongue measure from its tip to the middle of the closed top lip?

A. 10.1cm

B. 11.8cm

C. 9.7cm

8. How many fire trucks took place in the largest parade of fire trucks?

A. 220

B. 140

C. 285

9. What is the highest number of guests at a wedding?

A. 150,000

B. 80,000

C. 55,000

10. What does the tallest home-grown cactus measure?

A. 33.5 m

B. 19.8m

C. 24.5m

11. How many cars can be held in the world's largest car park?

A. 6,000

B. 12,000

C. 20,000

12. How long did the longest ever hug last?

A. 24 hours and 33 minutes

B. 16 hours and 12 minutes

C. 10 hours and 45 minutes

Activity Two

Extract from *The Incredible Record Smashers*, pages 276 – 281

The piano piece played with the most body parts was performed by Sandesh Agrawal in the UK and recorded on the TV show, Record Smashers.

The three judges looked at each other and then turned back to Sandesh.

I said, “Sandesh, you want to do what?” because I couldn’t have heard him correctly.

He took a step forward and placed his hands on his hips in a very superhero-type way and announced, “There’s a record which I want to break, if you’ll let me, Mr Castellini”

Za-Za twiddled her earrings and said, “It’s your show, Paul, what do you think?”

Sandesh took another step forward. “Please, Mr Paul Castellini, it is very important that you permit me to attempt to smash this record.”

Paul Castellini smoothed down his shirt. “Tell me, Sandeep, why is it so important?”

Sandesh swallowed hard and looked at me. “Because, Mr Castellini, it’s very important to my very best friend, Lucy, that you let her ask her question. So important that she is willing to appear on national television covered in kumquat juice. And if it is important to her, then it’s important to me, Sandesh.”

Paul turned around to the audience and said, “Think we’ve got a little friendship unfolding in front of our eyes, don’t you think?”

The whole crowd did a massive “AWWW” when he said that, and I blushed so much I think my cheeks actually started to sting.

“Well, who am I to stand in the way of young love?” It was possible I was actually dying from cheek-heat at this point. There was absolutely nothing else left for me to do except self-combust from my face down.

Paul waved his arms theatrically. “Of course, Sandeep—”

“Sandesh.

“Sandesh, of course you shall be permitted to attempt to smash the world record for... I’m sorry, you’re going to have to say it again because I’m not sure I completely took in what you’re proposing.”

“Thank you, Mr Castellini,” Sandesh said and then addressed the audience in a very confident voice. “I, Sandesh Agrawal, am going to set the world record for the most body parts used to play a song on the piano.

”He did a big dramatic bow, then dropped into a low squat, bounced up and did a couple of lunges. Then he walked over to the grand piano, closed his eyes and took a deep, deep breath and the whole time I was thinking, he’s going to do what?

He flexed his fingers as he sat down and — now I’m not a hundred per cent certain about this — but I think he turned to ME and said, “I shall be playing the number one hit by Mr Paul Castellini, ‘You Are My Happiness’.”

Cue more furious blushing and some properly loud cheering from the crowd until they were all hushed into silence by the angry white-suit lady. Well, all except Stan and Ian, who carried on chanting things like “Go on, my son” and “You can do it, lad” and “Give it some welly”, until white-suit lady threatened to chuck them out.

Because, for some inexplicable reason, I hadn’t actually self-combusted from embarrassment, I was still standing in the centre of the stage, covered in kumquat juice and looking like a golden muppet. The logical thing would have been to run away from the scene. But I didn’t. I stayed where I was and hoped that no one would notice me. Which seemed like a big ask, until Sandesh started playing.

After the first bar, I knew not a single person would be looking at me. Everyone was looking at him.

Because he was magnificent.

Truly spellbinding. He was clearly some kind of musical genius. And I’d never even bothered to hear him play before. What was that about?

His hands moved over the keyboard at incredible speed. The piano might seem boring to some people, but not the way he played it.

Especially when he started dropping in other body parts.

That’s when his whole act was taken to another level.

A record-smashing level.

He used his elbow first — plonk plonk plink — without dropping a note.

That got a cheer.

Then his left foot: plonkety plonk. Then his right: plink plonk plink.

Bigger cheers.

His ear, his other elbow, his chin. Then his nose — plink plink plonk plink plonk. Loud cheers for that. His bum —plunk. Possibly the loudest cheer.

The judges were seat-dancing; Paul Castellini was mouthing the words and doing some hand actions.

The crowd was loving it. I was loving it! Sandesh was smashing it!

And then, from out of nowhere, a door swung open at the back of the auditorium and in bowed Auntie Sheila, flanked by two police officers and about forty other people — most of whom I didn’t know but they looked like they had come straight from an Indian wedding. And behind them all was my mum.

Task One – Record smashing

Think about something you are good at or something you would like to be good at and consider how you could make it into a record smasher. It can be as silly as you want to make it, but think about how you are going to set it up and who you need to help you and witness you smash a record in something. Write a few sentences about what you are attempting to do and how you are going to do it.

I love playing football but I'm not good at scoring goals as I always miss! My record will be miss scoring the most goals in one hour.

Where will you be able to do it? (the school sports field perhaps)

Once you have smashed your record, consider how you are going to share the news!

- A headline about what record you smashed
- Where did you do it — on the school sports field or in your back garden
- What was the date when you did it?
- Did you have any help from your friends, parents, teachers?

My Incredible Record Smasher

[illegible]