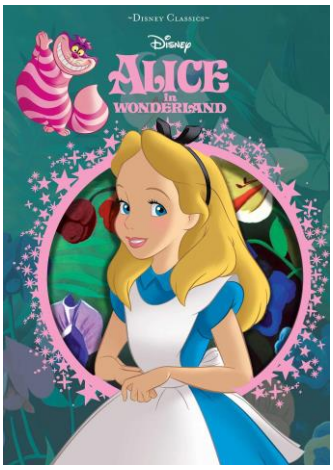
Week Beginning: 29.06.2020- Reading-Linked Tasks



Before reading, take a look at the front cover. What do you think the book will be about? What things can you see on the front cover? What sort of story will it be? Who might enjoy it?

Read Chapter 1 and then answer the VIPERS questions:

CHAPTER I: Down the Rabbit-Hole

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, `and what is the use of a book,' thought Alice `without pictures or conversation?'

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, `Oh dear! Oh dear! I shall be late!' (when she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket, or a watch to take out of it, and burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and fortunately was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and book-shelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled `ORANGE MARMALADE', but to her great disappointment it was empty: she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

`Well!' thought Alice to herself, `after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling down stairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!' (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end! `I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?' she said aloud. `I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think--' (for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) `--yes, that's about the right distance--but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?' (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. `I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! The Antipathies, I think--' (she was rather glad there *was* no one listening, this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word) `--but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?' (and she tried to curtsey as she spoke--fancy *curtseying* as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) `And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.'

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. `Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think!' (Dinah was the cat.) `I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?' And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, `Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?' and sometimes, `Do bats eat cats?' for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and saying to her very earnestly, `Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?' when suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment: she looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, `Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!' She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen: she found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass; there was nothing on it except a tiny golden key, and Alice's first thought was that it might belong to one of the doors of the hall; but, alas! either the locks were too large, or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high: she tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted!

Alice opened the door and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole: she knelt down and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head though the doorway; `and even if my head would go through,' thought poor Alice, `it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope! I think I could, if I only know how to begin.' For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately, that Alice had begun to think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes: this time she found a little bottle on it, (`which certainly was not here before,' said Alice,) and round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words `DRINK ME' beautifully printed on it in large letters.

It was all very well to say `Drink me,' but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. `No, I'll look first,' she said, `and see whether it's marked "poison" or not'; for she had read several nice little histories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them: such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife, it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked `poison,' it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked `poison,' so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice, (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffee, and hot buttered toast,) she very soon finished it off.

`What a curious feeling!' said Alice; `I must be shutting up like a telescope.'

And so it was indeed: she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further: she felt a little nervous about this; `for it might end, you know,' said Alice to herself, `in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?' And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle is like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

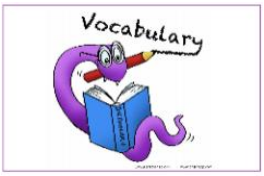
After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door, she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it: she could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

`Come, there's no use in crying like that!' said Alice to herself, rather sharply; `I advise you to leave off this minute!' She generally gave herself very good advice, (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as to bring tears into her eyes; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. `But it's no use now,' thought poor Alice, `to pretend to be two people! Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person!'

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table: she opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words `EAT ME' were beautifully marked in currants. `Well, I'll eat it,' said Alice, `and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door; so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens!'

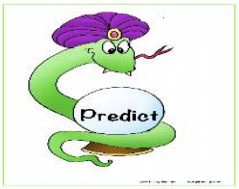
She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, `Which way? Which way?', holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size: to be sure, this generally happens when one eats cake, but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

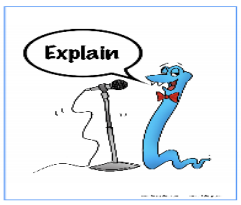


- What is a daisy chain?
- Define 'remarkable'.
- What is a curtsey?
- What does 'alas' mean?

- Why was Alice growing tired?
- Why is the rabbit flustered?
- Find one piece of evidence that Alice is sensible and one piece of evidence that she is not.
- What does Alice mean when she says she will think nothing of tumbling down the stairs after this?
- Do you think it's a magic table? Why?
- Why doesn't Alice drink the potion initially?
- Why does she change her mind?

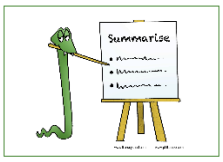


- Predict what will happen after Alice has finished eating the cake.



- Do you think it was a good idea to follow the rabbit? Why?

- What does Alice like her books to have in them?
- What does the rabbit look like?
- What does the rabbit take out of its waistcoat?
- What did Alice land on?
- What was on the table?
- What was through the door?
- What happens when Alice drinks the potion?
- Why can't she get they key any more?



- Summarise this first chapter in fewer than forty words.

Week Beginning: 29.06.2020- Writing Task

To write a playscript.

Our playscript is going be based on Horrid Henry. Firstly, let's find out more about Henry.
Read Horrid Henry's Holidays (Chapter 1) to someone at home thinking about your pace, fluency and intonation.

Horrid Henry's Holidays- Chapter 1

Horrid Henry hated holidays. Henry's idea of a super holiday was sitting on the sofa eating crisps and watching tv. Unfortunately, his parents had other plans. Once they took him to see some castles. But there were no castles. There were only piles of stones and broken walls.
"Never again," said Henry.
The next year he had to go to a lot of museums.
"Never again," said Mum and Dad.
Last year they went to the seaside.
"The sun is too hot," Henry whined.
"The water is too cold." Henry whinged.
"The food is yucky," Henry grumbled.
"The bed is lumpy," Henry moaned.
This year they decided to try something different.
"We're going camping in France," said Henry's parents.
"Hurray!" said Henry.
"You're happy Henry?" said Mum. Henry had never been happy about any holiday plans before.
"Oh yes," said Henry.
Finally, finally, they were doing something good.

1. Synonyms for 'said'.

From the text above, can you underline any synonyms for said? Can you think of any other synonyms you could use?

2. Features of a playscript.

Let's have a look at the text that you have just read as a playscript.

Horrid Henry's Holidays Scene 1 –Preparing for the holiday

(Henry is stood scowling at his parents as they look through holiday brochures whilst sat on a sofa. Nearby, Peter sits smiling as he builds a castle)
Narrator 1: Horrid Henry despised holidays. Henry's ideas of a great holiday was sitting on the couch eating snacks and watching TV.
Narrator 2: Nevertheless, his parents had other ideas. One year, they took him to see some castles. But there were no castles. There were only piles of stones and broken walls.
Henry: (looking up at staring at the audience)
Never again!
(Henry resumes scowling at his parents.)
Narrator 3: Another year, they visited lots of museums.
Parents: (Henry's parents pause, look up and look at the audience)
Never again!
(They then resume looking at the holiday brochure)
Narrator 1: And last year, they went to the seaside but Henry whined…
Henry: The sun is boiling!
Narrator 2: And he would whinge…
Henry: The sea is freezing!

Narrator 3: And Henry would grumble…
Henry: The food is disgusting!
Narrator 1: And he would moan…
Henry: The bed is uncomfortable!
Henry, Mum, Dad & Pete: (In chorus) NEVER AGAIN!
(Mum and Dad begin smiling and pointing at something in the holiday brochure)
Narrator 2: But this year, they decided to try something different, they decided to go camping…

Scene 2- The Holiday

Narrator 3: The great day arrived at last…
(Mum, Dad and Peter can be seen packing, Henry is running around jumping up and down being a nuisance)
Narrator 1: After reaching France they drove to the campsite…
(The family are sat on two rows of chairs as if they are in a car, all four of them look at happy)
Henry: Wow! This looks great (his face soon looks confused) STOP! You've gone too far!
Dad: We're not staying at that dreadful campsite, we're going to a real campsite!
(The family get out of the 'car' and look around)
Mum: It's amazing!
Peter: It's fantastic!
Henry: Where's the TV?
Mum: Not here, we've got lots of lovely books instead.
Henry: But where's the beds?
Dad: No beds, we've got sleeping bags.
Henry: (getting increasingly angry) Where's the pool?
Mum: No pool, we'll swim in the river.
Henry: Where's the toilet?
Dad: (Dad points somewhere further away)
All the way over there? Not that I'm complaining.
(The family begin getting bags out of the 'car'. Henry just stands and glares very, very angrily.)
Mum: Who wants to help put up the tent?
Peter: (Excitedly) Ooh I do!
Dad: And me!
Henry: (In disbelief) We have to put up our own tents?
Mum: Of course.
Henry: (Furiously) I WANT TO GO HOME!

How is the playscript version different to the narrative version of the story?
Can you identify any of these features in the playscript? You could colour code the features that you find and underline them.

- Characters' names are written to the left of the dialogue
- A colon to follow the characters names
- Stage directions are in brackets
- Characters names are listed at the beginning of the playscript
- Present tense
- Adverbs before some dialogue
- A narrator
- Scenes

3. Acting out a part.

Take a look at the stage directions- what do these help the actors to do?
Highlight the stage directions and try to act these out with the script.

4. Adverbs to show how a character is speaking:

An adverb describes a _____.
Read through the playscript below, can you insert adverbs into the missing gaps as stage directions?

Dad: We're not staying at that dreadful campsite, we're going to a real campsite!
(The family get out of the 'car' and look around)
Mum: (_____) It's amazing!
Peter: (_____) It's fantastic!
Henry: (_____) Where's the TV?
Mum: Not here, we've got lots of lovely books instead.
Henry: (_____) But where's the beds?
Dad: No beds, we've got sleeping bags.
Henry: (_____) Where's the pool?
Mum: No pool, we'll swim in the river.
Henry: Where's the toilet?
Dad: (Dad points somewhere further away)
All the way over there? Not that I'm complaining.
(The family begin getting bags out of the 'car'. Henry just stands and glares very, very angrily.)
Mum: Who wants to help put up the tent?
Peter: (_____) Ooh I do!
Dad: And me!
Henry: (_____) We have to put up our own tents?
Mum: Of course.
Henry: (_____) I WANT TO GO HOME!

5. Creating a playscript

Using the Horrid Henry's Birthday Party text below, convert this into a playscript. If you have a different book that you would like to you, then have a go at converting that text into a playscript.

Horrid Henry's Birthday Party
Chapter 1
February was Horrid Henry's favourite month. His birthday was in February.
"It's my birthday soon!" said Henry everyday after Christmas.
"And my birthday party! Hurray!"
February was Horrid Henry's parents' least favourite month.
"It's Henry's birthday soon!" said Dad groaning.
"And his birthday party!" said Mum, groaning even louder.
Every year they thought Henry's birthday parties could not get worse.
But they always did.
Every year Henry's parents said they would never let Henry have a birthday party again.
But every year they gave Henry one absolutely last final chance.
Henry had big plans for this year's party.
"I want to go to Lazer Zap," said Henry.
He'd been to Lazer Zap for Tough Toby's party. They'd had a great time dressing up as astronauts and blasting each other in dark tunnels all afternoon.

“NO!” said Mum. “Too violent.”
“I agree,” said Dad.
“And too expensive,” said Mum.
“I agree,” said Dad.
There was a moment of silence.
“However,” said Dad, “it does mean the party wouldn’t be here.”
Mum looked at Dad.
Dad looked at Mum.
“How do I book?” said Mum.
“Hurray!” shrieked Henry.
Zap! Zap! Zap!

Remember to include:

- A scene title
- Scene description
- Character list
- Characters’ names written to the left of the dialogue
- A colon to follow the characters names
- Stage directions in brackets
- Adverbs before some dialogue
- A narrator