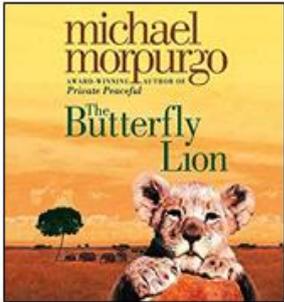


<p>L.O. explore a fantasy text</p>	<p>Watch the WAGOLL video on the school website and look at the WAGOLL attached.</p> <p>1) Find different grammatical devices and interesting vocabulary in the WAGOLL and highlight what you find. Maybe you could use some of those in your work next week.</p> <p>Grammatical devices you may find:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Fronted adverbials • Adverbials • Speech • Complex sentences • adjectives <p>2) Using the template attached, create a text map of the WAGOLL.</p>
<p>L.O. create ideas</p>	<p>1) Re-listen to the Butterfly Lion from the videos on the website.</p> <p>2) What do you think about these wishes?</p> <div style="text-align: center;"> <p><u>Wishes</u></p>  </div> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around; align-items: center;"> <div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; padding: 20px; width: 25%; text-align: center;"> <p>I wish that the lion had not been sent to the circus.</p> </div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; padding: 20px; width: 25%; text-align: center;"> <p>I wish it had a happier ending.</p> </div> </div> <div style="text-align: center; margin-top: 20px;"> <div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; padding: 20px; width: 50%; text-align: center;"> <p>I wish we found out more about what happened when Michael went back to school.</p> </div> </div> <p>3) Have you got any wishes of your own to do with the story?</p> <p>4) If you could write an extra chapter for the book or make changes to The Butterfly Lion, what might you do? Note down your ideas.</p>
<p>L.O. Plan my writing</p>	<p>Look at the list of changes you made yesterday. Which of these ideas would be the best for an extra or changed chapter?</p> <p>Once you have picked the idea you would like to use, create a text map of what you will write in your alternative chapter. The template is attached to this document.</p> <p>You will need to include:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - 3 paragraphs - Words or sentence starters that you will want to use

Watch the **text map** video on the website where I will talk you through text maps again.

This is what I would like you to send to me this week.

Spelling

Crack the code using the information below. Find each coded letter on the top row and read down to break the code

a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
d	j	p	a	y	g	n	u	o	k	f	w	l	t	v	i	c	r	m	s	q	z	b	x	h	e

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. nrdgtspnza _____ | 9. wzfpggr _____ |
| 2. tyicepgf _____ | 10. frpggza _____ |
| 3. ariicepgf _____ | 11. frpggpgf _____ |
| 4. kirfznpfg _____ | 12. crzkzrza _____ |
| 5. wzfpggpgf _____ | 13. kirfinnrg _____ |
| 6. emdggpgf _____ | 14. ariiceza _____ |
| 7. emdggza _____ | 15. nrdgtspnpgf _____ |
| 8. crzkzrpgf _____ | |

preferred preferring planned grinning shopping
forgetting beginner dropping transmitting beginning
grinned planning forgotten transmitted dropped

Reading Comprehension

Listen to the last story video on the website and answer these questions:

1. Why is this chapter called 'Adonis Blues', do you think? What would you call this last chapter?
2. How does the first paragraph in this chapter remind you of the first chapter of the book? Go back to ch. 1 and have a look.
3. What does the narrator notice about the house when he sits up on the hill?
4. What does the narrator promise to do for Millie?
5. Describe some of the emotions that you think the narrator would have felt on the hill. How would you have felt in that situation?
6. Do you think the book has a good ending? Why?

	How does the ending make you feel?
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WAGOLL – Fantasy fiction

My wish – That Bertie, Millie and the Lion were still alive at the end of the story and that there was more detail as to how Michael was feeling.

I sat wide-eyed at the lunch table. I could understand the bearded man's words but couldn't comprehend what he was saying. How could they be gone? How could it all end like that? I sat numb on the cold wooden stools laid out military style in the hallowed hall. Somehow at this moment, it was like no one else existed, like I was the only child in the room, haunted by the reality of what I had just been told. "Bertie!" the scream brought me harshly back into reality. It was Basher Beaumont laughing and pointing at me from across the hall. While I was deep in thought, he had managed to rub his semolina pudding into my already dust-matted hair. For the first time, I didn't care and did not even shoot him a look of disgust. I shot up from the seat and ran to the door as fast as my skinny legs could carry me. My mind was racing, trying to make sense of what was happening, of what I was sure was not true.

I ran down the winding path, around the big oak tree and over the bridge. The surroundings flew past in a blur as I got faster and faster, my heart beating out of my chest like the drum of the school marching band. By the time I reached the old dilapidated house, my head was filled with all the possibilities that I could discover there. Could I really have imagined it all? Was the white lion even real?

I approached the house inside the valley of the hills and swung open the creaky front door. I was hit with the musty smell that had become so familiar to me after only one day. The house seemed to be empty. Every room I looked in was dust-covered and dark with sheets over the furniture. I ran from room to room in disbelief, checking every corner to make sure I wouldn't miss anything. When my mind finally stopped racing, I fell to my knees, slumped in the corner of the sitting room, surrounded by white sheets and old antiques. My mind was empty. I couldn't think. Nothing made sense.

Something awoke me from my misery and confusion. It was like a whisper on the wind. Quieter then louder as if a conversation being transmitted through a faulty radio. I slowly rose from my seat and followed the whispers out of the door, around the corner and through the kitchen. Then it stopped for a minute, eerie silence filling the space. Like a slow wave, it started again, this time getting louder and louder. I started to run towards the sound. Through the garden, over the fence and onto the hillside when something made me stop suddenly. A sight I felt like I had been longing to see, a sight so mesmerising I could hardly believe my eyes.

There on the hilltop, sat an old, crooked man leaning on a walking stick looking towards the horizon. Beside him was a white-haired, wrinkly-looking woman resting on his shoulder with her hand on his lap. The sunset perfectly framed their silhouettes. It was a picture of serenity which I questioned whether I should disturb.

I slowly walked towards them thinking all the while about the character missing from this silhouette. Where was the lion? Had it not survived? I had to push the negative thoughts from my head as I approached the peaceful couple. With all the strength in my mind, I tapped on his shoulder and woke him from his peaceful meditation. "Bertie? Millie?" I whispered.

Millie turned around with a familiar crooked smile "Michael!" She jumped from the ground, almost knocking Bertie to his feet. She embraced and introduced me to Bertie with a broad smile never leaving her face. I felt as though I was somehow a part of their family, as if I was a long, lost son they were embracing for the first time in a long while.

We sat there on the hillside until the sun had gone down and dusk appeared. They told me of their adventures with the lion and how they had cared for him until his last day when they buried him on the hillside by the chalk picture. The warmth of their love filled my heart with joy that would last a lifetime. To this day, the lion on the hillside speaks

to me as I take my daily walks. Whispers in the wind always repeat the same mantra, "Never forget, we are always here for you."

Text map – Fantasy chapter

Paragraph
1



Paragraph
2



Paragraph
3

