

Year 6 Week 5 Spring 1

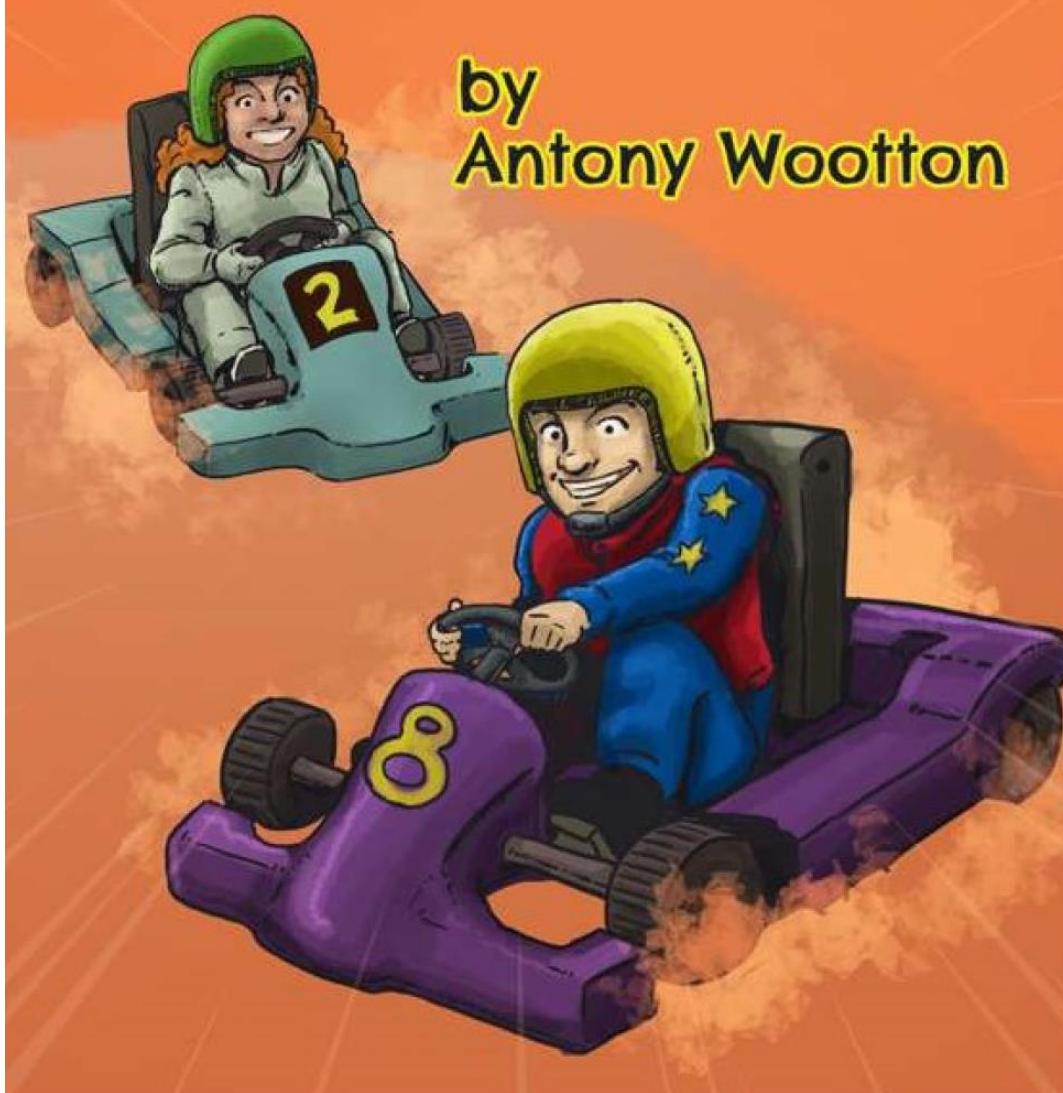
## Focus: Homophones – words that are confused

Look Say Cover Write Check

Spellings	1 <sup>st</sup> Attempt	2 <sup>nd</sup> Attempt	3 <sup>rd</sup> Attempt	4 <sup>th</sup> Attempt	5 <sup>th</sup> Attempt
<i>descent</i>					
<i>dissent</i>					
<i>desert</i>					
<i>dessert</i>					
<i>draft</i>					
<i>draught</i>					
<i>principal</i>					
<i>principle</i>					
<i>profit</i>					
<i>prophet</i>					

# No Greater Treasure

by  
Antony Wootton



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## Chapter 1

Okay. This will make you think I'm not very nice. And you'd probably be right.

You see, people think I'm quite cool and a bit tough, and so I've got my image to think of.

I can't have people thinking I'm soft. My dad, who is as strong as a horse and tough as a rhino, would call me a girl if he thought I was being soft. He likes to watch me play footie on Saturdays, and he's one of those dads who stands at the side shouting instructions and complaining at the ref. And, worse than that, he has a twin brother, my uncle Greg, and the two of them are usually there together because Uncle Greg comes to see my cousin Grant play.

One Saturday, in the middle of the match, I was charging up the wing with the ball at my toes, speeding past the opposition's midfield and weaving between their defenders. I was definitely going to score, in front of Dad and Uncle Greg and Grant too. Except... one of the defenders, a ginger-haired girl called Ginny, was between me and the goal. She was quite small and I had expected her to just step aside when she saw me storming towards her, but she didn't, and I crashed into her. We both fell over. I rolled on the grass clutching my shin, and my dad was shouting, "Foul! Ref, that was a foul! Give that girl a yellow card at least!" But the ref had already given her a free kick, and she'd already booted the ball away to the other end of the field by the time I stopped pretending my leg hurt and got up.

"You alright?" she said. Ginny was in the same class as Grant and me, and although her big glasses made her look a bit geeky, she was fiery and funny in a quiet sort of way.

"No," I snapped crossly.

"Oh," she shrugged as she ran off to join her team's attack on our goal. I ran after her. My dad was shouting at me to "Get stuck in, son!"

I wished my grandad was here. He used to come and watch me play, and he didn't shout and I didn't feel bad if I missed a kick or messed up somehow when he was watching, even when my dad was there too.

My cousin Grant was on the same team as me, and he scowled at me as if it was my fault that our goal was now under attack. I knew my dad would be disappointed in me, and I felt tears stinging my eyes. I could not let anyone see me getting upset. "Feelings are for girls," as my dad often told me.

Our defence was a shambles. The opposition passed the ball back and forth between our defenders, and before Grant and I could get there to help, one of them had slipped it past our goalie and into the net.

There were cheers from the parents around the edge of the pitch, and my dad shouted, "Where were you, son?"

Just then, Ginny ran past, back towards her end. Her arms were up in the air in celebration. She had set the goal up by making good use of her free kick. This made me furious. "What are you cheering for?" I snapped at her.

"Didn't you see our goal?" she asked cheerfully.

"Wouldn't have happened if you hadn't fouled me," I said nastily.

"I didn't foul you," she objected. "You ran smack into me."

What I did next was a dreadful thing. I shoved her over into the mud, and her glasses came flying off. Why did I do that? I immediately felt awful. It was as if I had spiky snakes in my stomach. The ref blew the whistle and came running towards us as Ginny retrieved her dirty glasses. I heard my dad shout, "Freddie, I'm ashamed of you, son!" and Grant came over and shook his head at me, aghast at what I'd done. He went to help Ginny to her feet, but she didn't need his help. She wiped her glasses on her T-shirt and put them on, making her eyes seem to double in size.

I wanted to say sorry. I wanted to give her a hug. But the ref was waving a red card at me and sending me off. It was not the first time that I had pushed someone over during that match.

Yeah, see. I'm not very nice sometimes. I just turned and stormed off, trying not to look at Ginny or Grant or Dad or Uncle Greg.

After the match, the ref had a word with Dad and told him I'd be kicked off the team if I didn't improve my behaviour. Then I had to put up with a lecture from Dad about how real men treat young ladies; yes, he sounded like someone from the Victorian times.

As we drove home, I saw Ginny walking away on her own, her kitbag swinging at her side. Nobody ever brought Ginny to football or picked her up afterwards. It was the same with school. She just took care of herself. Sometimes I wished I could do that too.

Ginny never bore grudges. When I saw her in school on Monday, she just smiled and said, "You okay, Freddie?"

I nodded. The snakes had gone from my belly now, and I felt calm. "Sorry about pushing you over," I said.

"S'alright," she said. There was something nice about Ginny. She was pretty, scruffy and tough. She was a bit like my grandad, because she was quiet but always knew what to say and she was interested in lots of things from art and stories to football and fighting.

"I'm having a party next week," I said to her.

"Oh yes?"

"Yep. My birthday."

"Happy birthday," she smiled, adjusting her glasses.

"Would you like to come?"

"Would you like me to?" she answered, quick as anything. This was awkward. She'd turned it round on me. Clever.

"Yes," I nodded.

"Hmm," she replied, disinterestedly. "I'll see."



## Spelling, Punctuation and Grammar

1. Choose the correct **spellings** to complete the sentences below.

When he played football, Freddie felt conscious/constious of his dad shouting.

Dad wanted Freddie to get stuck in; he wanted him to be less caucious/cautious.

Shoving Ginny into the mud was a malicious/malitious thing for Freddie to do.

2. Rewrite the sentence below so that it is in the **passive** voice.

Freddie shoved Ginny into the mud.

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3. Underline the **relative clause** in the sentence below.

*She was quite small and I had expected her to just step aside when she saw me storming towards her, but she didn't, and I crashed into her.*

# My Time at School: A Reflection

Name:

My last day at primary school will be:

Which school year was the best? Why?

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Who has been your favourite teacher? What makes them the best?

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What has been the best thing about being in year 6?

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What achievement are you most proud of?

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Which school trip is your favourite of all time? Why was it so good?

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Which topic that you've studied in primary school would you love to learn more about?

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Rate the fun you had in each school year:

Reception	Year 1	Year 2
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Year 3	Year 4	Year 5
☆☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆☆☆☆
Year 6		
☆☆☆☆☆☆		

What tip would you give to someone just starting in year 6?

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Write your funniest memory of your time at primary school.

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What will you miss most about being in primary school?

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**Dictionary Definition Match**

Match the homophone spelling to the correct definition.

descent	A large region that gets very little rain each year. Very few plants or animals live in these areas.
dissent	a current of cool air in a room or other confined space.
desert	difference of opinion
dessert	a leading or most important person/a head of a school.
draft	an act of moving downwards, dropping, or falling.
draught	the gain after all the expenses are subtracted from the total amount of money received
principal	a basic idea or belief
principle	a sweet food eaten at the end of a meal.
profit	someone who declares publicly a message that he or she believes has come from God or a god/ a person who predicts the future.
prophet	a version of something written or drawn (as an essay, document, or plan) that has or will have more than one version



## Dictionary Definition Match

### ANSWERS

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### Chapter 2

My birthday party was in full swing. All my family were there. That means Mum and Dad of course, but also my cousin Grant and his parents, my uncle Greg and aunt Sue. Actually, that's not quite all my family. My grandad wasn't there. He had been ill for some time and spent most of his life in hospital these days. I really missed him. If he had been there, he would have given me quiet, reassuring smiles when Dad, Uncle Greg or Grant made fun of me about something or other. That's what we did all the time in our family. We made fun of each other. 'Banter,' we called it. Joke insults. Our mums didn't join in, but us four lads always liked to banter with each other, and we'd fight and wrestle and call each other names.

Lots of my friends from school and footie club had come to the party too, including Ginny.

But then something embarrassing happened. My mum had brought out my birthday cake. She had lovingly made it in the shape of a go-kart because we often went karting at the local racetrack. To be honest, I didn't particularly like karting, but Dad, Uncle Greg and Grant loved it, so I always pretended to like it too.

When everyone saw the cake, they said, "Wow!" and "Amazing!" and "What a cake!" My mum beamed proudly.

"Thanks, Mum," I said as she put it on the table between the sausage rolls and the bread sticks.

"Aw, Freddie, my love," she said bashfully as she ruffled my hair. Dad lit the candles, and everyone watched, ready to cheer and clap as I took a deep breath and blew. But only eight went out. The other three flames leaned a bit as I blew on them and then straightened up again as if to say, "Yeah, what?" There was a sort of disappointed sigh from the crowd. I tried again, and this time I got two more, and Aunt Sue said, "Go on, Freddie. You can do it!" as if I was running in a race. Everyone else was watching in silent disbelief. They'd never seen anything so pathetic in all their lives. I heard Grant mutter something like, "Useless," and then he gave an "Ow!" as Aunt Sue clouted him, gently, round the back of the head.

That last candle was not going down without a fight, and I blew so hard I nearly blacked out. To my relief, the flame flickered and died. At last, there was some half-hearted applause. One of my mum's friends said, "Aw, bless," in a sympathetic voice, and my mum kissed the top of my head. Then a booming voice rose above the rest and said, "What a girl!"

When a boy does something a bit feeble, why do people insult him by calling him a girl? Happens to me all the time, but some of the girls I know are tough as tigers. Ginny, for instance, can climb the tree in the ravine quicker than anyone, and she once spat a cherry stone all the way across the river to the other side. None of the boys I know can do that, including me.

That booming voice belonged to my dad.

"Trevor!" my mum snapped at him. "What a thing to say!"

Dad is as tough as you can get. If he were any bigger, louder and scarier, he'd be a volcano. And his twin brother, my uncle Greg, is exactly the same.

"Weeeeeell," said my dad, "a dying flea could have sneezed those candles out." He looked down at me, and I felt he could have flicked me away with his huge fingers, the way you might flick a pea across a table. He smiled, not unkindly, and said, "Not to worry, Fredderica. We'll make a man of you yet!"

Uncle Greg said, "Leave the boy alone, Trev. We can't all be great big stupid, dumb meatheads like you!" He was grinning, and Dad's eyes widened in mock fury.

"Oh, says you!" my dad retorted with a smirk. "Well, we can't all be delicate little princesses like you, Greg, can we?" He pouted like a girl posing for a selfie and did a funny little shimmy with his shoulders. All my friends laughed, but my mum and Aunt Sue smiled awkwardly. They knew what was coming, and so did I. Suddenly, Uncle Greg got my dad in a headlock and they began to wrestle each other. It was like having a pair of marauding dinosaurs in the room. Furniture went flying, and my mum and Aunt Sue shrieked and ushered the children out of the way. It was amazing that none of them got squished.

I do like my dad. He's kinda funny, and I think he loves me. I like Uncle Greg too. But they want me to be all manly like them. I pretend I am sometimes. But they like motor racing and football, and I only do those things because they make me feel I have to. I like animals and painting though, and reading. I think I'd like to work in a zoo or be an artist or a writer. Or all three. I just wish Dad and Uncle Greg could be a bit more like my grandad. He likes all the things Dad and Uncle Greg like, but he doesn't call me a girl when I mess up, and he also likes the things I like. I'm not even sure Dad knows I like those things.

"Stop it, you two!" my mum cried at Dad and Uncle Greg, and Aunt Sue began hitting them with a cushion. They ignored her and carried on wrestling until Grant lifted the daffodils out of a vase and threw the water all over them. They roared in horror and let each other go. Everyone else in the room laughed and clapped, and Grant took a bow. Dad and Uncle Greg grinned, looking at each other's wet clothes.

"Boys will be boys," my mum said, apparently forgetting that she was talking about two fully-grown men.

Once everyone had got a piece of cake, there was silence as we all found a space to sit and eat.

After a few minutes, my dad suddenly stood up and frisbeed his empty plate at Uncle Greg, who caught it without even blinking.

"Freddie, m'boy," my dad announced. He was standing in the middle of the room like a huge oak tree, and we were all in the shadow of his branches. "It's time for you to find out about your birthday treat!" From the inside pocket of his jacket, he took an envelope and handed it to me. I passed my plate to Ginny and stood up, trying to swallow a mouthful of cake.

I had been dreading this moment. Apart from the year when my treat had been to visit the rugby stadium and meet some players I'd never heard of, it was always the same thing.

"Open it, love," said Mum, encouragingly.

I tore open the envelope. I grinned at my dad, but inside I was sighing. I pulled out a card which had a picture of a racing car on the front. I hardly needed to open it. It wasn't going to be a trip to the zoo or an art gallery—that, I was sure of. I opened the card, and sure enough, inside there was the following message:

"To our darling boy,

Happy eleventh birthday!

Your treat this year is a trip to the racetrack where you will have the chance to drive a gokart at incredible speed in a race (which you will surely lose) against your dad, your mum, your uncle Greg, your cousin Grant and one friend of your choice."

As I read this aloud, my uncle and cousin shouted “Yeah” and high-fived each other. My dad high-fived my mum, and my mum rolled her eyes as if to say, ‘Must you, Trevor?’

Dad turned to me and his huge palm came whizzing towards me. I just managed to get my hand in the air in time. My dad’s high-fives really sting, but I smiled and shouted, “Yeah!” like I knew he wanted me to.

I thought about Grandad, alone in hospital, and wished he could come and take me to the zoo.



## Comprehension Questions

1. *My birthday party was in full swing.*  
This means that the party...
  - a had just got going.
  - b was moving back and forth.
  - c was in its liveliest moments.
  - d was about to finish.
  - e was taking place in a garden.
  
2. Freddie's birthday cake was in the shape of a...
  - a football.
  - b robot.
  - c go-kart.
  - d monster.
  - e bus.
  
3. Uncle Greg referred to himself and his brother as...
  - a volcanoes.
  - b dying fleas.
  - c wrestlers.
  - d go-karters.
  - e meatheads.
  
4. Freddie's birthday treat was something he would...
  - a endure.
  - b thoroughly enjoy.
  - c savour every second of.
  - d have chosen himself.
  - e lose sleep over in anticipation.

<b><u>Should 'girl' be used as an insult?</u></b> <b><u>Debate...</u></b>		
	<b>YES</b>	<b>NO</b>
Point 1		
Point 2		
Point 3		
<b>Conclusion...</b>		

# Getting Ready for the Secondary School Day

Here is an example of a secondary school timetable. Look carefully at the timetable, read the information underneath and then answer the questions.

Day of the Week	Period 1	Period 2	Period 3	Lunch	Period 4	Period 5
Monday	PE	Maths	English	Packed Lunch	Science	History
Tuesday	Spanish	Food Technology	French	School Dinner	Business Studies	English
Wednesday	Science	Maths	PE	School Dinner	Geography	Technology
Thursday	French	English	Business Studies	Packed Lunch	Coaching Time	Geography
Friday	Science	Spanish	Maths	School Dinner	History	PE

- For food technology, you need to take in the ingredients you need to make your food.
- For PE, you need your PE kit.
- For every other lesson, you need to take your homework in.
- For **all** lessons, you will need your planner.
- When you are having a packed lunch, you will need to remember to take it with you.
- When you are having a school dinner, you need to make sure you have enough money with you.
- You go to school on the bus every day so you need your bus pass **every day**.



## Getting Ready for the Secondary School Day

Use the information you have to answer the questions below. Think about which lessons you have and what else you might need for the day.

1. It is Monday tomorrow. What do you need to pack into your school bag? \_\_\_\_\_

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2. It is Thursday tomorrow. What do you need to pack into your school bag? \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. It is Friday tomorrow. What do you need to pack into your school bag? \_\_\_\_\_

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4. It is Tuesday tomorrow. What do you need to pack into your school bag? \_\_\_\_\_

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5. It is Wednesday tomorrow. What do you need to pack into your school bag?

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## Identify the Correct Homophone

In each sentence circle or underline the correct choice of spelling.

- 1) Johnathan has spent one week climbing Mount Everest. It won't be long now until he makes his **dissent/descent** towards ground.
- 2) Sophie's favourite **desert/dessert** is a Kinder Bueno cheesecake smothered in chocolate sauce.
- 3) Thomas wasn't too happy with his first **draught/draft** in his writing lesson tomorrow so tomorrow he will edit.
- 4) The **principal/principle** of the school was so proud of his pupils and staff, he thought he had the best school ever!
- 5) Cadbury's Chocolate Factory made a 9% **prophet/profit** this year as their sales have gone through the roof!

EXT: Write your own sentences with the homophones that weren't used in the sentences...

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## ANSWERS

In each sentence circle or underline the correct choice of spelling.

- 1) Johnathan has spent one week climbing Mount Everest. It won't be long now until he makes his dissent/descent towards ground.
- 2) Sophie's favourite desert/dessert is a Kinder Bueno cheesecake smothered in chocolate sauce.
- 3) Thomas wasn't too happy with his first draught/draft in his writing lesson tomorrow so tomorrow he will edit.
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- 5) Cadbury's Chocolate Factory made a 9% prophet/profit this year as their sales have gone through the roof!

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### Chapter 3

I decided that the person who would come with us to the racetrack for my birthday treat was Ginny. She loves that sort of thing. She loves other things too, like animals and drawing and climbing trees. She's a bit like my grandad. She gets on with everyone.

"Eh, son. Gonna be great!" Dad said, grabbing me round the neck and pulling me to him as we walked across the car park towards the go-kart arena.

"Yeah," I grinned.

I noticed that Uncle Greg had my cousin Grant in a headlock and was teasing him about how slow he had been last time we came. "You're gonna eat my dust," Uncle Greg informed his son. "You're gonna come last!" There was a muffled "Mmmffff" from Grant. "Pardon?" said Uncle Greg.

"Mmmfff," Greg managed again.

"What's that funny noise?" Uncle Greg taunted him. "Did anyone else hear it?"

Dad joked, "I think it's coming from that little girl you've got your arm around, Greg."

"Aw," said Mum. "Don't call him that!"

"Why not?" Ginny said. She was walking between me and Mum and had not said much yet. She did now though. "I'm a girl, and I'm going to thrash the lot of you!"

"Oh are you now?" said Dad. "Eh, Greg. Hear this? Ginny reckons she's going to beat us!"

Uncle Greg laughed. "Well, this I have to see," he said as he released Grant. Grant, his hair all messed up and his face bright red, danced about in front of Uncle Greg with his fists up, like a boxer. He was smiling though, until his huge dad scooped him up and dropped him head first in a nearby bin.

"Greg!" squawked Aunt Sue as she helped her son climb out. "Ooohhh, chicken," she cooed, dusting him down. "Are you alright, love?"

"'Course I'm alright," Grant said. "It's only a bin."

Soon we were in the arena and we'd all been given our racing overalls. Mine were red, but the dye had faded a bit. "Pink suits you, young lady," Dad said to me with a sly grin.

"Ha ha, Dad," I said, wishing I could think of something to tease him about.

Uncle Greg was helping Grant put his helmet on, but as a joke, he placed it over his head back to front so Grant couldn't see. We all laughed as he staggered about, pretending he couldn't get it off, until one of the officials stepped in and told him to behave.

Soon we were all sitting in our go-karts, the engines revving. I thought about Grandad. Whenever he came with us, even though he didn't race, he would always give me a thumbs up from the trackside. I would know that he wasn't interested in whether I won. I wished he was there. To one side of me, Dad was making his engine rev up and down like the roaring of a T-Rex, and on my other side, Uncle Greg was doing the same. I looked over my left shoulder. Grant was there, his visor still up. I could see his beady eyes, and he did that thing that means 'I'm watching you'—you know, when you point two of your fingers at your own eyes and then at the person you are watching. I did it back to him and then turned my head the other way.

There, over my right shoulder, was Ginny. I couldn't see her mouth because of the helmet, but I could tell from her eyes that she was smiling. She gave me a thumbs up, just like Grandad! I gave her one back.

Right in the back row of the starting grid were Mum and Aunt Sue. They had their visors up and were gossiping away. They weren't interested in racing. They were only there to humour their husbands.

One of the officials waved a flag and we were off. Dad and Uncle Greg tore ahead, but I was always nervous so I didn't press the accelerator all the way down. By the first bend, they had soon left me behind. The sound of the engines was deafening, and you couldn't see much through the visor. I didn't like it. Suddenly, I felt Grant's go-kart nudging mine. He was behind me and wanting to get past. I did not want him to pass me. I knew I couldn't beat Dad and Uncle Greg, but I really didn't want Grant to beat me, as he did every year. But, already, the only reason I was ahead of him was that I was blocking his way. I knew he could have gone faster if I wasn't there. So I sped up. The cart shook and roared. It was so uncomfortable. I turned into the second corner, trying to remember what my dad always said about finding the racing line and hitting the apex of the bend. That's what real racing drivers did. Beside me, the black-and-white barrier flashed past. I could hear the roar of Grant's engine as he got ready to overtake. Having made it round the second corner, I sped up again, and the feeling of speed filled me with horror.

Then I heard another engine joining Grant's. And, as we went into corner number three, Ginny came sailing casually past us both. She even had time to wave! Off she shot, round the corner and onto the long straight. She wasn't scared about putting her foot down. At the far end of the straight, Dad and Uncle Greg were side by side, jostling each other as if they were on the dodgems, their huge bodies making their karts look ridiculously small beneath them. They looked like bears riding extremely fast tortoises. But Ginny zoomed up behind them, and just before the fifth corner, she went zipping between them, risking her life as they crashed together again behind her.

I was so amazed I found myself shouting, "Go Ginny!" She couldn't hear me of course. All I managed to do was steam up my visor. I slowed down, not able to see where I was going, and Grant overtook me, heading off in pursuit of Ginny. "No!" I shouted, and as my visor cleared, I pressed the accelerator. If Ginny could do it, so could I. I hurtled after Grant, catching him just as he slowed down for the fifth corner at the end of the straight.

Just then, something white and small fluttered through the air in front of me. Before I'd even thought about what I was doing, I swerved to avoid the tiny, delicate thing and hit the brakes. As Grant turned into the corner, I slammed into the side of him, and we both spun round wildly. My engine stopped. Grant lifted his visor and shouted something really rude at me. "Sorry!" I shouted back, but his engine was still going so off he went with a squeal of tyres.

The little white thing which I had swerved to avoid came bobbing past. It was a butterfly. With no idea of the danger it had been in, off it went into the shadows of the arena.

As I waited for the official to come and restart my go-kart, Mum and Aunt Sue came slowly by. Their engines were just chugging away quietly. They didn't care about racing. They were side by side, nattering about something or someone. "Really?" Mum was saying, as if my aunt had just told her something very interesting. "Oh, hi love," she said as they passed me. "Everything alright?" But they didn't stop. Aunt Sue called to me, "Try ringing the RAC!" and they both laughed as they slowly trundled on round the track.

Around the other side of the track, Ginny was in the lead, about to start her second lap. Surely she wouldn't be able to beat Dad and Uncle Greg?

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### Chapter 4

So there I was, sitting in my crashed go-kart, still waiting for the official to come and restart the engine for me.

And then, behind me, coming round the corner, I saw Ginny. She was already four corners into her second lap! Behind her loomed the towering shapes of my dad and Uncle Greg. They had their heads down like charging bison chasing a tiny cat, and that tiny cat was Ginny. Down the straight she came like a streak of lightning. Dad and Uncle Greg just couldn't catch her. She whizzed past me and round corner number five, waving as she went. I waved back, a bit bemused. Surely she wasn't going to win? A moment later, Dad and Uncle Greg thundered past me, their engines roaring.

An official came over to me to get my kart started, but I unbuckled my belt. "No, young man," the official said. "You mustn't get out." But I ignored him and stood on my seat cheering and shouting for Ginny. Grant came speeding past then, but he was miles behind our dads. I would probably get the blame for that later, because it was my fault we'd crashed. His kart's engine hadn't cut out like mine, but he'd never catch the others. Our mums were still on the other side of the track, chatting. They hadn't even completed their first lap yet.

"Young man," the instructor said, sounding quite agitated. He was a spotty teenager with a big nose. He pointed at where he wanted me to go, and I obeyed by climbing over the barrier into the safety area. He wagged a finger at me crossly then got in my kart and drove it away. I ran round to where the finishing line was and watched the rest of the race from there, where Grandad used to stand.

The racers kept thundering past—well, Mum's and Aunt Sue's karts didn't thunder; they sort of hummed quietly while their drivers chatted—until the final lap. I saw them coming up the home straight. The arena was so full of exhaust fumes that I couldn't see at first who was in the lead. I saw the silhouettes of Dad and Uncle Greg, but I couldn't see Ginny. Where was she?

As they emerged from the blue fog, I saw her. She was ahead of them! Over the line she came, waving at me as she did so! She had won! I shouted and clapped and punched the air. I was so pleased that someone other than Dad or Uncle Greg had won. That never happened!

As Dad and Uncle Greg shot past, the ground seemed to shake, and I felt the air whipping around me. Then came Grant. He'd done well to almost catch them, but he was still several kart-lengths behind and he shook his fist at me as he crossed the line.

The racers parked up, got out of their karts and took off their helmets. I ran over to them. Dad and Uncle Greg were already exchanging banter. "I was waaaaay ahead of you!" Dad said to Uncle Greg, waving his arms in the air and nearly clobbering Ginny with his crash helmet. She ducked just in time and smiled as she saw me coming.

"No way!" Uncle Greg replied. "You were ahead on the last corner, but I got past you on the straight."

Neither of them even mentioned the fact that Ginny had beaten them both. Seeing me, Dad said, "Freddie m'boy. You were there. You can settle this dispute. Who won?"

"Ginny did," I said, as if that was obvious.

Dad and Uncle Greg looked at each other, then looked back at me. "Naaaaaaaaa!" they both said together. Then Uncle Greg said, "Out of your dad and me. Not counting Ginny."

"Why not counting Ginny?" I asked as Ginny absent-mindedly ran her hands through her great big mass of ginger hair, which was all matted from wearing the crash helmet.

"Well..." Dad said.

"Well..." Uncle Greg said.

"Well..." Dad repeated. "She's a girl."

"So?" I said, belligerently.

"So," said Uncle Greg. "She's tiny. Look at her. Of course she was faster. It's all to do with the power-to-weight ratio." This was true. With her low weight, the kart certainly would have been able to go quicker. However, I knew a thing or two about racing, so I said, "Ah yes, but what about grip? Her car would have been much more slippery on the corners compared to yours because of her low weight." I smiled, and the two big men looked sheepish. "I would say she beat you fair 'n' square," I said, enjoying their discomfort. "I would say you both got beaten by a girl!"

They looked at each other again. Then Dad said, "I can't believe it, Greg. He's only right." Then, he held his hand out to Ginny. "Young lady," Dad said. "You are the winner, and I congratulate you." Ginny put her tiny hand in his and he shook it. Then Uncle Greg did the same thing. "Well done, Ginny," he said. "You could teach this soppy date a thing or two," and he ruffled my hair.

"Oi," Dad said, coming to my defence. "Who you calling a soppy date?"

"Your son, Trev."

"He may be a soppy date, but he's still my son," Dad retorted. He grabbed Uncle Greg and got him in a headlock, and the two of them started wrestling.

"You were fantastic," I said to Ginny.

"Thanks," she smiled a little coyly.

Grant said, "I'd have won if you hadn't made me crash, Freddie, you big idiot. What were you doing?"

"I swerved," I said, "to avoid a..."—the next word came out of my mouth before I even had chance to think about it—"butterfly." I should have known how Grant would react to that.

"You swerved to avoid a butterfly?" he shrieked in utter disbelief.

"I like butterflies," I said sheepishly.

"And I like Ariana Grande," he said, "but if she was walking on the track, I'd squash her flat rather than crash out of the race! You're such a girl."

"Oh," said Ginny. "We're still using 'girl' as an insult, are we?"

Grant thought about this and said, "Sorry. Are we going for pizza now?"

"Oh, pizza," Ginny grinned and gave a little clap. "I'd forgotten about that!"

Just then, Mum and Aunt Sue came past in their go-karts.

"Come on you two!" Dad called.

"Won't be long," Mum called back. "We've just got two more laps left."



"Two more laps?" I gasped.

"Women!" Grant cried, throwing his arms up in the air. Then he looked at Ginny. "Sorry," he said again. "No offence."

"None taken," Ginny said, and she then punched him really hard in the arm.

It was almost the best day I've had at the racetrack, except that Grandad wasn't there.



## Chapter 4

## Chapter Sequencing

Put these events in the order in which they happened in the story, numbering them from 1 to 5. The first one has been done for you.

Through the fog of exhaust fumes Freddie could just manage to see Ginny pass over the finish line.

Dad and Uncle Greg refused to believe that they had been beaten by Ginny.

Dad and Uncle Greg argued between themselves about who had won the race.

Dad and Uncle Greg shook hands with Ginny.

Freddie left his go-kart and climbed into the safety area.

1

No Greater Treasure...

The Story Continues...

Around the corner on the other side of the track, Ginny was in the lead, about to start her second lap. Surely, she wouldn't be able to beat Dad and Uncle Greg?...

# The Tempest:

A Comedy by William Shakespeare



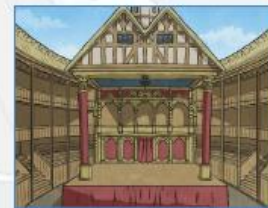
Keeping with our topic of London, how could we forget about one of the most famous playwright, actor and author of all time... **William Shakespeare.**

William Shakespeare is thought to have been born on April 23rd 1564 in Stratford-upon-Avon, England.



In the mid-1580s, it is thought William arrived in London. When he first arrived in the capital city, some historians believe that he worked as a horse attendant at some of London's theatres.

William and his business partners decided to build their own theatre. They built The Globe by the River Thames in London. Did you know? The Globe theatre was destroyed in the 1600s but has since been rebuilt in exactly the same design as William Shakespeare's Globe theatre.





Now for the main event...

## *The Tempest...*

You have arrived at your destination...

The sea somewhere between  
Africa and Italy early in the 17<sup>th</sup> century.

### Who Are the Characters We Meet?



Prospero



Ariel



Caliban



Miranda



Trinculo



Ferdinand



King Alonso



Sebastian



Antonio



Stephano

A tremendous storm blows up and hits a ship carrying King Alonso of Naples along with Ferdinand, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Stephano and Trinculo.

They are travelling back to Italy from the wedding of Alonso's daughter, Claribel, to the Prince of Tunisia.

Suddenly, the ship is hit by lightning...



Meanwhile, on a quiet island in the middle of the sea, Prospero, who is a magician and the previous Duke of Milan, and his daughter, Miranda, are looking out at the shipwreck.

Prospero and Miranda have lived on the island for twelve years with two servants that they found there: Ariel (a magical servant that was saved by Prospero) and Caliban (a half-man/ half-animal that had lived on the island when they arrived).

Prospero tells Miranda the story of how they came to be on the island...





In the past, Prospero had been the Duke of Milan until his brother, Antonio, hatched a plot with Alonso to take his place as Duke.

They had Prospero and Miranda kidnapped and put on a raft that drifted out to sea. Luckily, they managed to find land and that's how they came to live on their island. Another bonus was that Gonzalo had left them supplies and also Prospero's magic books.



We soon learn that Prospero and Ariel used their magical powers to create the storm that caused the shipwreck.

However, the travellers aren't dead... Ariel has actually made sure that they all end up alive on Prospero's island. The groups of survivors though are separated, so they are not aware of each others' fates.





Prospero charms Miranda to sleep and then tells Ariel to be invisible to all but him for the next part of his plan.

When Miranda wakes up, Ariel has led Ferdinand, who has been separated from the others, to her and they instantly fall in love. This is all part of Prospero's plan.



Fearing their relationship is developing too quickly, Prospero tries to slow down his plan. He deliberately accuses Ferdinand of pretending to be the Duke of Naples. Annoyed by the accusation, Ferdinand draws his sword after which, Prospero imprisons him much to Miranda's disgust.



Next, Ariel is sent on another mission to find the other men lost on the island: Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian, Stephano and Gonzalo. They all think Fernando is dead as they haven't seen him since their ship was destroyed.

Ariel puts everyone to sleep apart from Sebastian and Antonio. While everyone else is sleeping, Sebastian and Antonio start to talk about killing Alonso to become King.

Desperate to stop the murder, Ariel wakes everyone up just as they get close to Alonso. The men make their excuses as to why they had their swords out and everyone moves on.



Elsewhere on the island, Trinculo (the jester) and Stephano find Caliban and end up getting drunk with him. During their merriment and drunken singing, they plan to kill Prospero.





Prospero now makes himself invisible to spy on Miranda and Ferdinand. He sees them declaring their love for each other.

Miranda proposes to Ferdinand after which, Prospero appears and is pleased that his daughter has found happiness.



As the last part of Prospero's plan, Ariel gathers everyone together in front of Prospero. Alonso realises that his son is not dead, but is now married to Miranda.

Prospero chastises the group for banishing him but also tells them that he forgives them.



Prospero readies a ship to take everyone back to Milan where he will resume his role as the rightful Duke of Milan.

Ariel and Caliban will be freed.

Everyone is happy.



## Interesting Facts about The Tempest

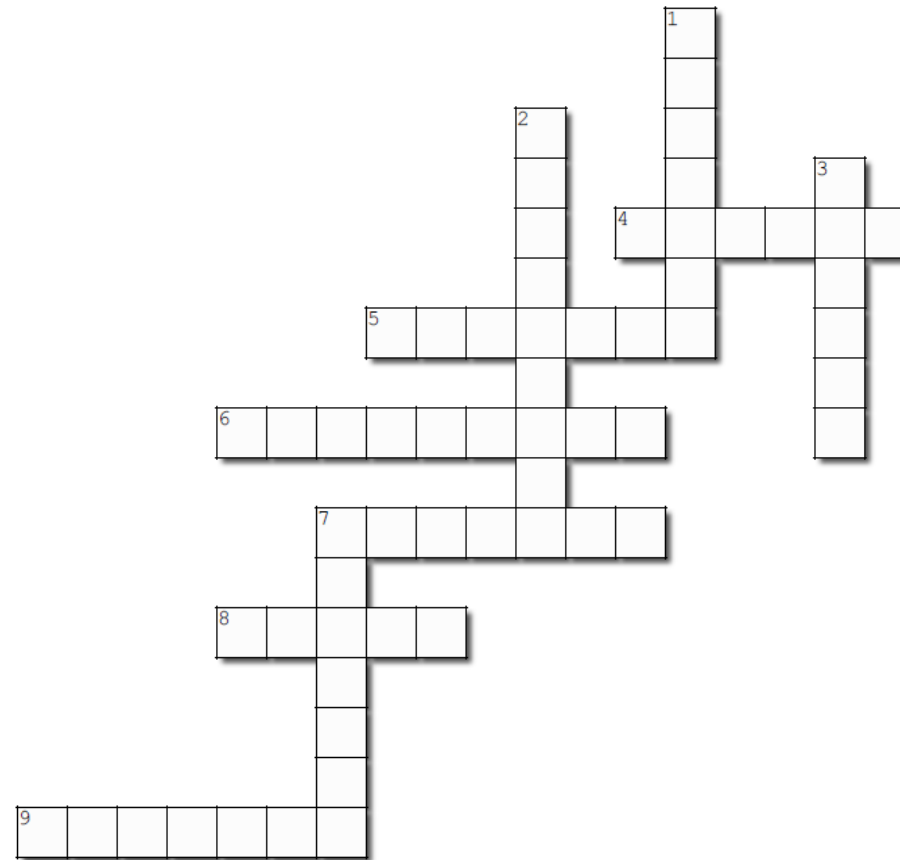
The Tempest play is based on a rumour that went around London in the late 16<sup>th</sup> century about a shipwreck in Bermuda.

The BBC News Broadcasting House has a statue of two characters: Ariel and Prospero on the front of the building. This is because Ariel is known as the spirit of the air, which fits well with the idea of broadcasting.



# Crossword Puzzle - Homophones

Complete the crossword puzzle below. Read the definitions and spell the word correctly - one letter per box. Pay attention if the word is to be spelt out downwards or across.



Created using the Crossword Maker on TheTeachersCorner.net

prophet   draft   dessert   profit   principal   descent   desert   dissent   principle   draught

## Across

4. If there is a large, dry area usually sandy with few very plants and animals, it is a ...
5. If I'm climbing down I am making a...
6. If I have a problem at school I could ask for advice from the...
7. If I have room after my dinner for something sweet, I may have a ...
8. If I want to edit my writing I may write another...
9. If I am someone who believes I have a message from God or about the future I am called a...

## Down

1. If I disagree with somebody or have a different in opinion there is...
2. If I know the main rules, ideas or beliefs about something I know the ...
3. If I make more money when I sell than what I did to buy my product I'm making a....
7. If it is cold in a room, and I feel a breeze there might be a...



## No Greater Treasure, by Antony Wootton

### Chapter 5

Mum, Dad, Uncle Greg, Aunt Sue, Grant and I went to see my grandad in the hospital. His skin was grey and very wrinkled, and he looked about a hundred years older than when I'd seen him last. A tube went into his hairy nostrils, and a big machine beside the bed made a noise like a dragon breathing.

He smiled at us, and he squeezed mine and Grant's hands as we said hello to him. Grandad was Dad's and Uncle Greg's father, and they both stood there looking down at him, their faces strong and sympathetic. I even thought I saw a tear in Dad's eye, but he managed to wipe it away when he thought nobody was looking.

We sat with Grandad for a while. He didn't say much, but he smiled as my mum and Aunt Sue regaled him with stories of this, that and the other. But in my head he was cheering me on at the go-karting and football even when I wasn't doing very well; he was telling me how great my drawings were—drawings which, by the way, I've never shown to my parents; he was telling me stories about magical adventures which made me cry, sometimes from laughter and sometimes from sorrow.

None of us spoke as we drove home. It was horrible seeing Grandad looking so ill. I wished the doctors could make him better, but they couldn't. I looked out of the window all the way home so that nobody could see the tears in my eyes. All my family were so strong and could hold their emotions in. Why was I the only one who wanted to cry?

The next day at school was a very bad day. I felt as if a fire was raging in my stomach, and I didn't know why. I was rude to my teachers and got a detention. I screwed up my painting in art too. Why I did that, I do not know. I really liked it! It was a painting of a big colourful butterfly. I knew Dad would have said it was the sort of thing a girl would paint, but so what? Anyway, I destroyed it for no reason whatsoever.

After school, I was walking home with Ginny and Grant. "Why did you destroy your painting?" Ginny asked me.

Grant was not in the same class as us, and he had not known about that. "Oh," he said. "What had you painted?"

"A butterfly," Ginny answered for me.

"A butterfly?" Grant gasped. "What are you? A girl?"

"What did you tell him that for?" I snapped at Ginny.

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" she shrugged.

"True that he's a girl?" Grant laughed.

"I'm not a girl," I said.

"Nothing wrong with being a girl," Ginny put in. We were crossing the park now. There were swings to our left and a roundabout to our right, and the football pitch was ahead of us. Some of the boys from school were already having a kick-around.

"At least people don't mind when girls cry," I said, as if that was Ginny's fault.

"Nobody should mind when anybody cries," she replied.

"What have you got to cry about?" Grant asked me.

"Nothing," I said sullenly.

"Aw," Grant went on, adopting a pretend sympathetic tone. "What has wickle Fweddle got to cwy about? Come on, Fweddle. Let it out."

"I'm not cwying," I said. "I mean crying." But the truth was I really did feel I was going to cry, and I didn't know why.

"There's nothing wrong with crying," said Ginny. "I do it all the time."

"You do?" both Grant and I said. Ginny did not seem like the crying kind.

"What makes you cry?" I asked.

"My mum does," Ginny said. "I live with just my mum. My dad left a few years ago, and we don't know where he is now. My mum seems sad all the time. Sometimes, she doesn't even get out of bed for days, and I have to do all the cooking and cleaning." She smiled sadly, and I saw that her glasses had steamed up a bit. "We used to be a normal family. We used to go camping up at Brambly Woods. My mum, dad and I."

"Brambly Woods?" I asked. "We used to go there, eh Grant?"

"Yep," he agreed. "We've camped there a few times."

"Well," Ginny went on. "We'd often go there and camp. I was only a toddler, but I've got happy memories from that time. But now it's all different. You mustn't tell anyone though. I'm scared I'll have to go and live with my auntie Liz if any grown-ups find out what my mum is like. Auntie Liz is really mean and nasty. She's got four dogs, and she's always cross with them. She gets really cross with me too when I stay there, and she makes me pick up the dog poo in the garden. I hate it at her house."

I wondered how I could have known Ginny all this time and not known what her life was like.

"I'm really sorry," I said.

"That's awful," Grant nodded. "Why didn't you tell us?"

"Well, you can't do anything about it, can you? Unless you are secretly a pair of hypnotists who can use your powers to make my mum happy again. And maybe make my dad come back."

"Well, we can't do that, but..." I wanted to help her but I didn't know how.

"We can be there for you," said Grant. "Just in case you want to talk." Sometimes Grant could really surprise me.

"What, to you two?" Ginny smirked as if the idea of talking to us about her troubles was ridiculous. "You're not exactly the emotional kind, are you? I'm not sure you'd be good listeners."

Grant and I looked at each other. Is that what people think of us? People who keep their emotions all bottled up so much that their own friends can't tell them their problems?

"Come on," I said as I led the way to the roundabout. One of the lads on the footie pitch shouted, "Coming to play, you two?"

"Three," I corrected him. "And no thanks."

There was nobody else on the roundabout, so we sat on it facing outwards, making it turn round slowly with our feet. Ginny told us about how she tried to make her mum feel better



when she was sad. She would tell her jokes and read her stories. Sometimes her mum would smile, but sometimes she would just stare past her as if Ginny wasn't there at all. "When she's in one of those moods," Ginny said, "I go to my bedroom to cry and hope she can't hear me."

"I do that too," Grant suddenly chimed.

"Do you?" I said, looking across at him in surprise. I'd always thought he was just like my dad and Uncle Greg—people who never cried. I thought I was the only one of us who ever cried.

"Yep," he said. "I don't want Grandad to die. But my dad always says, 'Chin up, son,' if he sees me looking sad." Grant's eyes were red and wet, and he wiped them crossly.

"Why did you never tell me though?" I asked.

"Didn't want you thinking I was soft," Grant said a little ashamed.

"We're gonna have to stop that," I said. I had tears in my eyes now too. I had been worried sick about Grandad all day and trying not to show it, but now my sorrow began to seep out. I sniffed. Ginny took hold of my left hand and Grant's right hand. We looked at her and smiled sadly. "We've all been crying and thinking we're the only ones in the world doing it," I said. "I do it too. And then I get really cross, and it comes out as me pushing someone over or being rude to the teachers or tearing up my butterfly picture."

"Well," said Ginny. "Let's all agree that we can all tell each other about our troubles any time."

"Yes," I said. "Good idea."

"And," Grant added, "if we want to cry about them, that's perfectly okay."

"Agreed," Ginny and I said. I think all three of us had that strange feeling of being both happy and sad at the same time.



## Open-Ended Questions

1. Look at the paragraph beginning: *He smiled at...*

**Find** and **copy** one word that is an **antonym** for *insensitive*.

2. Look at the paragraph beginning: *He smiled at...*

Why do you think that Dad didn't want anyone to see that he was crying?

3. Look at the paragraph beginning: *The next day...*

Write down three words to describe Freddie's emotions at school that day.

4. Look at the paragraph beginning: *"There's nothing wrong..."*

Why were Freddie and Grant surprised to hear that Ginny cries all the time?

5. Look at the paragraph beginning: *I wondered how...* to the paragraph ending: *...them their problems?*

# Armed Forces Day – Saturday 27th June

**What do you know about the Armed Forces? Do some research and create a leaflet!**

Research some of the past Armed Forces celebrations! Imagine you are planning your own party. Can you create an invitation?

Imagine you are a pilot in the Royal Air Force – write a postcard home to your loved ones. What have you done? Where have you been?

**Can you do a pencil sketch of an Armed Forces Vehicle? Maybe you could draw a tank? a plane? a ship?**

Using recycled materials or your supplies at home can you get creative making a Union Jack flag collage?

The Red Arrows always perform at Armed Forces Day. Create some art inspired by their displays! Think red, white and blue!

**Choose your favourite section of the Armed Forces! Can you design them a new uniform? Think about colour, style and practicality!**

Write a story where your main character is in the Royal Navy! Send them on an adventure!

Create an advert to encourage people to join the British Army! What skills might recruits need? Do some research if you can!

Year: 6    Spring: 1    Week: 5  
Focus: Homophones – words that are  
confused

### Dictation

She had to \_\_\_\_\_ with him on selling the car.  
The \_\_\_\_\_ felt much easier than the ascent.  
They managed to \_\_\_\_\_ their stool at the fayre.  
It was lovely to have such a refreshing \_\_\_\_\_.  
His first \_\_\_\_\_ was a brilliant attempt.  
The \_\_\_\_\_ was making the room get colder.  
The \_\_\_\_\_ had a great \_\_\_\_\_ on education.  
Charities are not supposed to make a \_\_\_\_\_.  
They read about the magnificent work of the \_\_\_\_\_.

## No Greater Treasure, by Antony Wootton

### Chapter 6

That night, I awoke in total darkness, thirsty. I threw back the covers and got out of bed. I put my slippers on and went down to the kitchen. Someone was standing there, and I knew straight away who it was. He was tall and slightly stooped with a round tummy and scruffy white hair.

"Grandad!" I exclaimed, and threw my arms around him. He laughed and hugged me back. "What are you doing here?" I said. "Are you better? I thought you had to stay at the hospital."

"I wanted to come and see my Freddie," he said, sitting on one of the kitchen stools. I sat beside him.

"When did you get here?" I asked. It must have been after I'd gone to bed.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I'm always here, kind of."

"You should have woken me."

"You're awake now," he smiled. "I wanted to tell you how much I liked your butterfly picture."

"My... ?" I stopped. I'd torn that picture up and put it in the bin at school. How could Grandad have seen it?

"You've always been a wonderful artist, Freddie. And with a great love of animals, just like me. I think butterflies are like little angels who have popped down from heaven for a look around."

I laughed. Only Grandad would say something like that.

"How do you know about... ?" I was going to ask him how he knew about my picture, but for some reason I felt I would not like the answer.

"Freddie," he said.

"Yes?"

"Please keep an eye on your father for me."

"What? Why?" I didn't understand. If anyone could look after themselves, it was my dad.

"He's not very good at showing his true feelings, you know. He keeps things bottled up. He thinks people will think he's weak if they see him upset."

"What has Dad got be upset about?" I asked.

"Oh, you know. This and that. Adults have all sorts of things on their minds you know." He smiled at me. "Adults don't always have such good friends as children do. Your friend Ginny has been good for you. I like her. She's wise."

"Grandad," I said slowly. "I don't think you've ever met Ginny, have you?"

"People like her are special," Grandad said, ignoring my question. "She understands you. She sees how you bottle up your feelings and then lash out at the world. Here's a bit of advice for you, Freddie. It's not good to bottle your sadness up. There is no greater treasure in this life than a couple of close friends like Ginny and your cousin Grant, friends you can talk to at your saddest times, friends with whom you can cry, to whom you can show your deepest sorrows. You don't need to show your sorrows to the whole world, but do show them to your friends."

And I know you will be there for them too, Freddie. You must all look after each other." I nodded. "Well now, Freddie, it's time for me to go." He stood up.

"But you've only just..."

"It was wonderful to see you, Freddy." He gave me a kiss on the top of my head. "I'm going to pop in on Grant now." Then he went out of the front door and was gone.

I had a drink of water and went back to bed, thinking about how strange it was that Grandad should have been there in the kitchen and then just left. Maybe I'd dreamed it.

But at breakfast the next day, before I had a chance to mention it to Mum and Dad, my mum said, "Freddie, I've got some very sad news for you."

I already knew what was coming.

\*\*\*

At Grandad's funeral, Dad and Uncle Greg didn't cry. Mum and Aunt Sue did, quietly, but Dad and Uncle Greg sat there looking as if they were carved out of stone. They both made short speeches, and I thought I heard my dad's voice crack once, but there were no tears. Not even from Grant. I was desperately sad, but I managed to hide my tears. I knew I would let it all out when I was alone with Ginny and Grant later on. I didn't know where Ginny was though. She hadn't come to the funeral.

At the wake in the pub afterwards, all our aunts and uncles and friends and family were gathered, dressed in black. Many of them had red eyes and looked really sad. But Dad and Uncle Greg—my grandad's two sons—were telling jokes and laughing and larking around. They put some music on the jukebox and danced with their shirts untucked and their hair all messy. They threw pretend insults at each other and wrestled. It was always like this, whether we were at a party or a funeral. Those two men just could not allow anyone to see their feelings.

Grant and I were sitting at a table with our mums, who were busily chatting away.

Grant and I watched our crazy dads. "It's just the way they are," Grant said, sipping his lemonade. I ate a sausage roll and nodded in agreement.

But then I remembered what Grandad had said about looking after my dad. I'd not asked Grant if Grandad had come to see him the night he died. If he hadn't, then maybe I had just dreamed it, and if that was the case, then I didn't want to know. But Grant and I looked at each other, knowingly, as if we could read each other's minds. We put our drinks down and walked over to our wrestling dads. We reached out and touched their shoulders while they were mid-wrestle. It was as if our touch had some magical power. They stopped wrestling; their laughter faded. They straightened up and looked at us. We threw our arms around them, and they began to sob. Both of them. Mum and Aunt Sue came over and joined us, and our dads cried loudly and raucously. All our friends came over and showed their support by squeezing our shoulders or patting our backs.

As I peered out of our huddle beneath my father's arm, I saw my grandad standing at the other end of the pub. He gave me a smile and a wave, and then, silently, he left.

\*\*\*

In the days that followed, it was as if we had all learned a new skill. We cried all the time! Uncle Greg, Aunt Sue and Grant would come round to our house and we'd sit watching old home movies with Grandad in, all of us sobbing and hugging each other and laughing at our happy memories of him.

At football on Saturday, I was charging up the wing with the ball at my toes and passed my dad standing on the sidelines. He looked so sad. I knew he was thinking of Grandad, and so was I. I just left the ball and gave him a hug. He gripped me so tight I thought he was going to crush me. Then he said, "Quick, son, go!" and released me. My eyes were blurred with tears, but I still managed to get to the ball before anyone else did, and I took it down the line, past the defenders, and scored! As everyone cheered, a whole new goal celebration came to me: I flapped my arms like a butterfly. Grant, who was not even on the same team as me today, joined in. Nobody else could have known we were being butterflies, but we knew. And my dad ran onto the pitch and joined us too. So did Uncle Greg, and soon everyone was doing the butterfly! If only Ginny had been there to join in. She'd have understood. But we hadn't seen her since before the funeral, and I was starting to get a bit worried about her.



## No Greater Treasure, by Antony Wootton

### Chapter 7

When Ginny did not turn up to school on Monday or Tuesday, Grant and I were worried. On Tuesday lunchtime we went to our teacher, Mrs Grason, who was on playground duty. We asked her if she knew why Ginny wasn't in school.

"I hear her mum isn't very well," Mrs Grason said. "She's had to go to hospital, and Ginny has gone to stay with her aunt for a while."

"Her auntie Liz?" Greg asked.

"Yes, I think that's her name," Mrs Grason nodded.

Grant and I walked away. We both knew that Ginny hated staying with her auntie Liz and her four smelly dogs.

We decided to go and visit her after school. The only trouble was that we didn't know where her auntie Liz lived. But I had a plan. Ginny's drawer was just above mine, so at the end of the day when Miss Grason sent us to collect our things, I opened Ginny's drawer. All her things were still there, and I took out her homework diary. Once we were outside, Grant and I opened it. All our homework diaries had our addresses in them, and Ginny's also had her auntie Liz's address because sometimes that's where she went after school.

It was too far to Ginny's aunt's house for us to walk there, so we ran home to my house, which was closer than Grant's. My mum and dad were both home.

"Dad!" I cried.

"Woah, soldiers!" he boomed as we charged into the house. "Where's the fire?!"

Normally, because he is a fireman, we'd reply, "You should know," but there was no time for joking around. We explained the situation.

"And you want me to drive you over there?"

"Yes, please!" I said.

"Now?"

"Now."

"Alright, lads. Come on then. Let's get this rescue mission on the road." Soon we were all in the car: Dad driving, Mum in the passenger seat and Grant and I in the back. It wasn't really a rescue mission. We were just going to find out if she was alright.

It took about forty minutes to get there, and the sun was dipping already. We found the house—a large semi-detached house on an estate—and we parked on the street.

"Do you want us to come with you, lads?" Mum asked.

"Er, no thanks," I said. "I don't think there's any need."

Grant and I got out and ran up the front path. Before we even reached the door, it opened, and a woman in jeans and a T-shirt appeared, looking very cross.

"Who are you?" she snapped at us, stopping us in our tracks. We knew she must be the aunt Ginny did not like.



"We're Ginny's friends," I said nervously.

"Do you know where she is?" the woman demanded, adding, "The little pain in the backside."

"Er, no," I replied. "We thought she was staying here."

"Yes," said the woman, who had now come out of the house and was looking up and down the street. "I thought that too, but she hasn't come home from school yet."

"School?"

"Not your school," she said, seeing our uniforms. "She goes to the school round the corner now—while she's staying here anyway. It's only a five-minute walk away and she hasn't come home. I was about to phone the police. She's such a handful, that one."

Grant and I had been backing away from this scary woman, and now we were on the pavement next to the car.

"Okay," I said. "Thanks. I hope you find her."

"Bye," said Grant, and we both jumped into the car.

"No luck, boys?" Dad asked.

"She's not there," I said. "But I've got an idea where she might be."

"You do?" Grant said, surprised.

"Yes. Remember she said about going camping with her mum and dad when she was tiny?"

"Ah, yes I do," Grant said. "Brambly Woods. Can you take us there, Uncle Trevor?"

"So it really is a rescue mission now then," Dad replied as he revved the engine and pulled away from the house, where Ginny's aunt stood watching us, suspiciously.

It was another fifteen minutes before we drove up the bumpy track into Brambly Wood. We had no idea whether Ginny was here at all, and if she was, we did not know where to find her. Dad switched the engine off and we all got out. Dad had a huge torch in the boot. Dad never did anything by halves. When he switched it on, it hummed and stung my eyes with its dazzling brightness, which turned the trees white and the shadows black. When he swung it from left to right, I swear I heard it buzzing like a light sabre.

"Ginny!" we called. "Ginny!"

We followed the track and then headed off into the trees. An owl screeched and a cold breeze sighed through the branches.

"Ginny!"

Into the forest we went, circling this way and that so that we could cover as much ground as possible. We walked for ages. The twilight faded to darkness.

"Ginny!"

We were about to give up when we heard a voice.

"Freddie? Grant?"

Dad swung his mighty torch beam in the direction of the voice, and we saw a tiny tent—not a real one for camping in, but one a child might have in their bedroom for playing in. The bright beam illuminated it like an X-ray, and we saw the shape of a little girl sitting, all alone, inside it.

"Ginny!" we cried as we ran to her, and she came out of the tent, shielding her eyes from the torch.

"What are you all doing here?" she said. Her eyes were red and her clothes were muddy.

"We came to find you," I said.

"We promised we'd be there for you," Grant reminded her.

Mum said, "Ginny, what on earth are you doing out here all by yourself?"

"I ran away from my aunt's house," she confessed quietly.

"You'd have caught your death of cold, sleeping out here in a thin tent like that," Mum observed.

"Not exactly Bear Grylls, are you?" Dad smiled.

"Can she come back with us?" I said.

"Of course she can," Mum replied. "Can't she Trevor?"

"She's always welcome at ours," Dad agreed, putting his hand on Ginny's shoulder.

"Thanks," said Ginny, taking off her glasses to wipe away her tears.

\*\*\*

So Ginny came to live with us for a while. Her aunt was perfectly happy for us to take her. During that time, we all went to visit Ginny's mum in the hospital every evening. At first, she hardly said anything; she just cried and hugged Ginny. But after a couple of weeks, she began to smile a little when she saw us, and she would listen to Ginny talking about school. I think Ginny's mum began to see us as friends. Her name was Linda, and eventually we all found ourselves chatting to her quite happily.

One day, Ginny, Grant and I were sitting on the grassy hill behind our house when a brightly coloured butterfly came and settled on my knee. We all watched it, mesmerised by its beautiful wings. We didn't want to move or speak in case we scared it away.

I whispered, "Grandad said that butterflies are like angels come down from heaven for a look around." Then I realised that was the only time I'd ever mentioned seeing him the night he died.

"Yeah," whispered Grant. "He said that to me too." I wondered if Grant meant that Grandad had come to see him that same night, but I decided not to ask.

"You lot were like angels when you found me in the forest," Ginny said quietly.

The butterfly flapped away and we watched it go.

"Well," said Grant, "we can all be each other's angels now—always there to help each other out, no matter what."

A few weeks ago, I would have said something like, "You soppy girl." But now I knew that he was right.

Just then, someone came towards us from the house. We turned and saw that it was Ginny's mum, Linda. We all jumped up, and Ginny rushed over and hugged her.

"Ginny, my love," Linda said.

"Mum!" Ginny cried.

"Hi you two," Linda greeted me and Grant. Linda told us that the doctors had really helped her to feel better. "And," Linda said, "your mum and dad, Freddie, have said that Ginny and I can stay here in your house for a while."

"Yes!" I said as I high-fived Ginny and Grant.

"Listen," Linda said. "You have all been such wonderful friends to both Ginny and I. You know, I had been keeping my sadness to myself all this time. I didn't want to burden Ginny with it, but I know I made Ginny's life a misery by blocking her out. Ginny, I'm so sorry." Ginny hugged her to show she was forgiven. "I would never have started to feel better if I hadn't had all of you to talk to. You just seemed to understand and to care. I am so grateful to you all."

Then, out of the house came mine and Grant's parents, grinning and bringing with them everything that was needed for a summer's evening picnic.



## Chapter 7

## Chapter Sequencing

Put these events in the order in which they happened in the story, numbering them from 1 to 5. The first one has been done for you.

Freddie and Grant were given a hostile welcome by Ginny's aunt.

Freddie and Grant decided to try and find Ginny.

Freddie's parents agreed that Ginny could stay at their house for a while.

Freddie and Grant found Ginny trying to fend for herself in the woods.

Dad agreed to drive Freddie and Grant to Ginny's aunt's house.

1



# Qu'est-ce qu'il y a dans ta trousse ?

What's in your Pencil Case?

## Aim

- I can use simple sentences in French connected to the theme.
- I can choose the appropriate indefinite article (*un/une*).

## Success Criteria

- I can say the names of objects in a pencil case.
- I can use the sentence J'ai un or une ... dans ma trousse.
- I can convert le to un and la to une.
- I can write sentences converting le/la to un/une.

La trousse



la trousse

Pronounced: Tr-u-sse



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La trousse



le crayon

Pronounced: Cray - on



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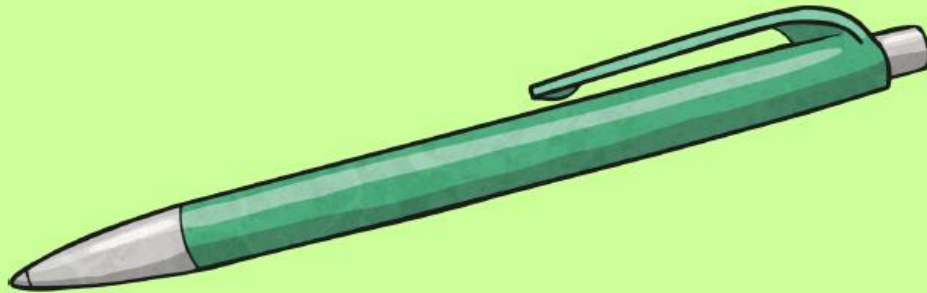


La trousse



le stylo

Pronounced: Ste - lo



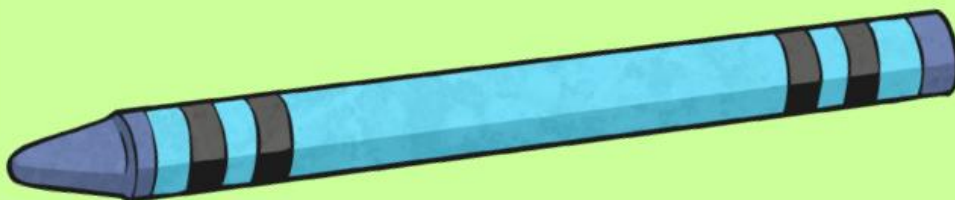
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La trousse



le crayon de couleur

Pronounced: Cray - on de coo - ler



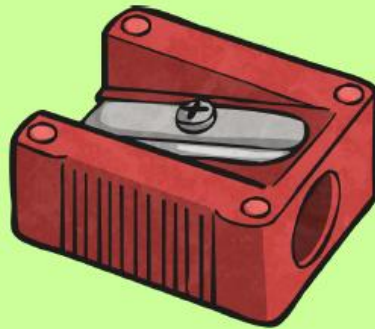
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La trousse



# le taille-crayon

Pronounced: Tie Cray - on



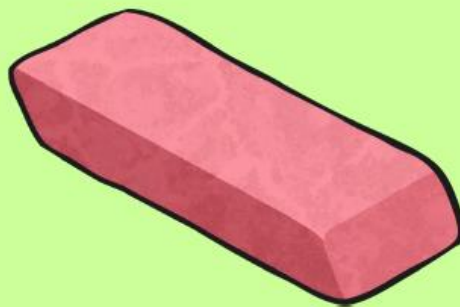
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La trousse



# la gomme

Pronounced: Gom - e



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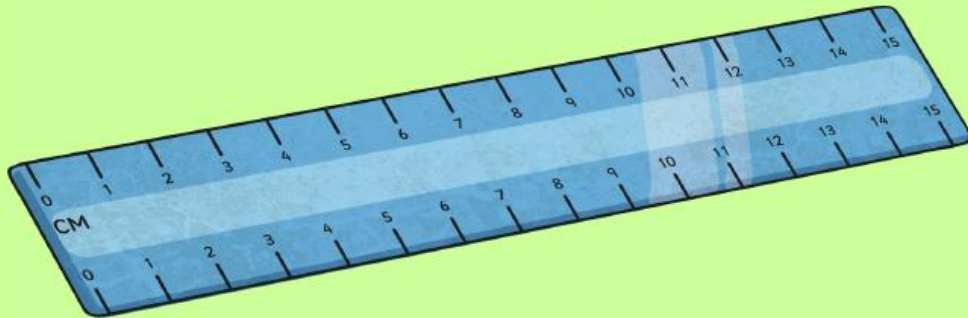


# La trousse



## la règle

Pronounced: Reg - la



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# La trousse



Look at the words:

- le crayon ▶
- le stylo ▶
- le crayon de couleur ▶
- le taille-crayon ▶
- la trousse ▶
- la gomme ▶
- la règle ▶



Each word has either le or la before it, this means 'the'. La is feminine and le is masculine.

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# La trousse



Can you remember....is it **le** or **la**? Click on the boxes to reveal the answers.

stylo



trousse



gomme



taille-crayon



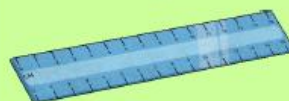
crayon de couleur



crayon



règle



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# La trousse



If you to want to say 'a' instead of 'the' you need to swap **le** for **un** or **la** for **une**.



le crayon

un crayon

la trousse

une trousse

le stylo

un stylo

le crayon de couleur

un crayon de couleur

la gomme

une gomme

le taille-crayon

un taille-crayon

la règle

une règle


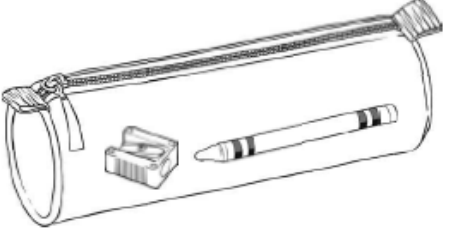
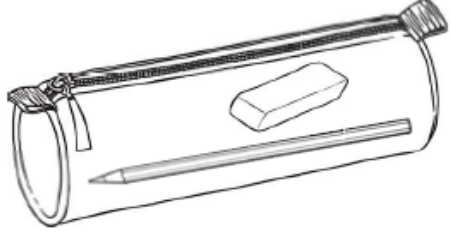
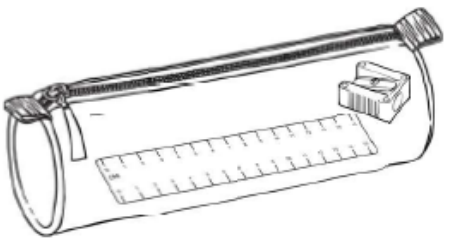
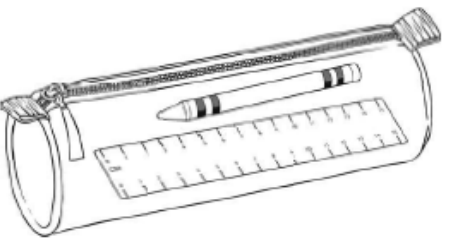
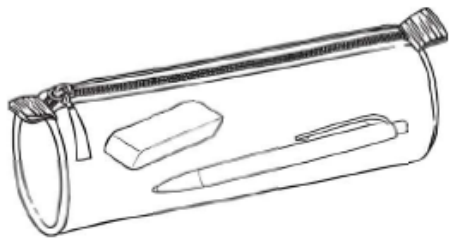
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# Qu'est-ce qu'il y a dans ta trousse ?

I can choose the appropriate indefinite article (un/une).

Complete the sentences to say what is inside your pencil case, The first one is done for you:

 <p>I have a pen and a pencil in my pencil case. J'ai un stylo et un crayon dans ma trousse.</p>	 <p>J'ai _____</p>	 <p>J'ai _____</p>	<p>Word Bank</p> <p>le stylo</p> <p>le crayon</p> <p>la gomme</p> <p>le crayon de couleur</p> <p>le taille-crayon</p> <p>la règle</p>
 <p>J'ai _____</p>	 <p>J'ai _____</p>	 <p>J'ai _____</p>	



# Classroom Instructions



Can you match the instruction picture with the correct phrase from the word bank? Remember to copy the French spellings carefully!



R\_\_\_\_\_ -m\_\_\_\_\_.



L\_\_\_\_\_ -v\_\_\_\_\_.



R\_\_\_\_\_.



A\_\_\_\_\_ -y.



R\_\_\_\_\_ v\_\_\_\_\_.



É\_\_\_\_\_.



R\_\_\_\_\_.



A\_\_\_\_\_ -v\_\_\_\_\_.



V\_\_\_\_\_ a\_ t\_\_\_\_\_.



T\_\_\_\_\_ -v\_\_\_\_\_.



R\_\_\_\_\_ v\_\_\_\_\_ c\_\_\_\_\_.

## Word Bank

Asseyez-vous.

Levez-vous.

Rangez vos chaises.

Taisez-vous.

Écoutez.

Regardez.

Venez au tapis.

Répétez.

Regardez-moi.

Allez-y.

Rangez vos affaires.

# Classroom Instructions

## Answers



Regardez-moi.



Levez-vous.



Répétez.



Allez-y.



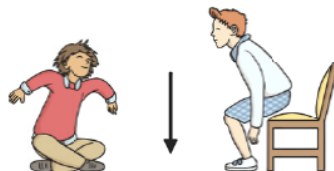
Rangez vos affaires.



Écoutez.



Regardez.



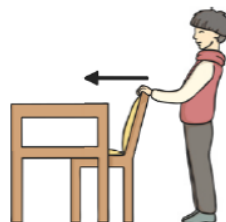
Asseyez-vous.



Venez au tapis.



Taisez-vous.



Rangez vos chaises.