Week 5 Day 1

Remember if you have any questions about your learning please email learning@wembleyprimaryschool.brent.sch.uk

Big Picture lessons

What's the first step when answering written comprehension?

Look at the whole text:

- **Subject:** What is it about? What type of text?
- **Audience**: Who is it written for?
- **Purpose**: Why was it written?

How has SAP changed throuhought the chapter?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write** the answer—to the point!
Re-read	**Re-read** and check—does what you have written match the question?

“Indeed, cousin, it is too kind of you—” began Mary Poppins, but the Hamadryad held up his hood for silence.
“Not at all. Not at all. You know that I change my skin from time to time and that one more or less means little to me. Am I not—?” he paused and looked round him.
“The Lord of the Jungle,” hissed all the snakes in unison, as though the question and the answer were part of a well-known ceremony.

This is a Hamadryad. Why would Mary Poppins call it ‘cousin’?

Vocabulary

union

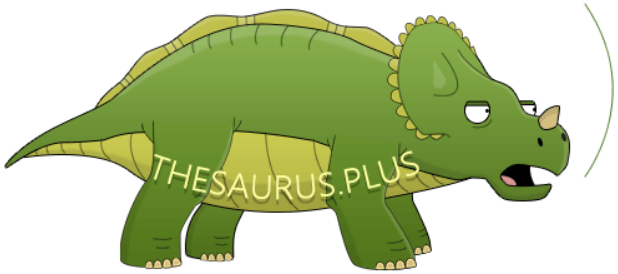
a society or association formed by people with a common interest or purpose.

congregating

gather into a crowd or mass.

emphatically

synonyms for emphatically:
definitely, decidedly, unquestionably, pointedly, absolutely, forcefully, flatly, positively, vigorously, in spades



without doubt; clearly.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 5 day 1) based on chapter 10– lines 2218 to end of chapter

Extract attached on next slide for reference. Please make sure you are using the actual Mary Poppins text in a separate document on the school website.

The Hamadryad nodded. "So," he said, "what seems good to me will seem so to you. It is a small enough gift, dear Mary, but it may serve for a belt or a pair of shoes, even a hat-band — these things always come in useful, you know."

And with that he began to sway gently from side to side, and it seemed to Jane and Michael as they watched that little waves were running up his body from the tail to the head. Suddenly he gave a long, twisting, corkscrew leap and his golden outer skin lay on the floor, and in its place he was wearing a new coat of shining silver.

"Wait!" said the Hamadryad, as Mary Poppins bent to pick up the skin. "I will write a Greeting upon it." And he ran his tail very quickly along his thrown skin, deftly bent the golden sheath into a circle, and diving his head through this as though it were a crown, offered it graciously to Mary Poppins. She took it, bowing.

"I just can't thank you enough—" she began, and paused. She was evidently very pleased, for she kept running the skin backwards and forwards through her fingers and looking at it admiringly.

"Don't try," said the Hamadryad. "Hsst!" he went on, and spread out his hood as though he were listening with it. "Do I not hear the signal for the Grand Chain?"

Everybody listened. A bell was ringing and a deep gruff voice could be heard coming nearer and nearer, crying out:

"Grand Chain, Grand Chain! Everybody to the centre for the Grand Chain and Finale. Come along, come along. Stand ready for the Grand Chain!"

"I thought so," said the Hamadryad, smiling. "You must be off, my dear. They'll be waiting for you to take your place in the centre. Farewell, till your next Birthday." And he raised himself as he had done before and lightly saluted Mary Poppins on both cheeks.

"Hurry away!" said the Hamadryad. "I will take care of your young friends."

Jane and Michael felt the Brown Bear moving under them and they stood up. Past their feet they could feel all the snakes slipping and writhing as they hurried from the Snake House. Mary Poppins bowed towards the Hamadryad very ceremoniously, and without a backward glance at the children went running towards the huge green square in the centre of the Zoo.

"You may leave us," said the Hamadryad to the Brown Bear who, after bowing humbly, ran off with his cap in his hand to where all the other animals were congregating round Mary Poppins.

"Will you go with me?" said the Hamadryad kindly to Jane and Michael. And without waiting for them to reply he slid between them, and with a movement of his hood directed them to walk one on either side of him.

"It has begun," he said, hissing with pleasure.

And from the loud cries that were now coming from the Green, the children could guess that he meant the Grand Chain. As they drew nearer they could hear the animals singing and shouting, and presently they saw leopards and lions, beavers, camels, bears, cranes, antelopes and many others all forming themselves into a ring round Mary Poppins. Then the animals began to move, wildly crying their Jungle songs, prancing in and out of the ring, and exchanging hand and wing as they went as dancers do in the Grand Chain of the Lancers.

A little piping voice rose high above the rest:

"Oh, Mary Mary,
She's my Dearie,
She's my Dear-i-o!"

And they saw the Penguin come dancing by, waving his short wings and singing lustily. He caught sight of them, bowed to the Hamadryad, and called out:

"I got it — did you hear me singing it? It's not perfect, of course. 'Dearie' does not rhyme exactly with Mary. But it'll do, it'll do!" and he skipped off and offered his wing to a leopard.

Jane and Michael watched the dance, the Hamadryad secret and still between them. As their friend

Forming themselves into a ring round Mary Poppins

the Lion, dancing past, bent down to take the wing of a Brazilian Pheasant in his paw, Jane shyly tried to put her feelings into words.

"I thought, Sir—" she began and stopped, feeling confused, and not sure whether she ought to say it or not.

"Speak, my child!" said the Hamadryad. "You thought?"

"Well — that lions and birds, and tigers and little animals—"

The Hamadryad helped her. "You thought that they were natural enemies, that the lion could not meet a bird without eating it, nor the tiger the hare — eh?"

Jane blushed and nodded.

"Ah — you may be right. It is possible. But not on the Birthday," said the Hamadryad. "Tonight the small are free from the great and the great protect the small. Even I—" he paused and seemed to be thinking deeply, "even I can meet a Barnacle Goose without any thought of dinner — on this occasion. And after all," he went on, flicking his terrible little forked tongue in and out as he spoke, "it may be that to eat and be eaten are the same thing in the end. My wisdom tells me that this is probably so. We are all made of the same stuff, remember, we of the Jungle, you of the City. The same substance composes us — the tree overhead, the stone beneath us, the bird, the beast, the star — we are all one, all moving to the same end. Remember that when you no longer remember me, my child."

"But how can tree be stone? A bird is not me. Jane is not a tiger," said Michael stoutly.

"You think not?" said the Hamadryad's hissing voice. "Look!" and he nodded his head towards the moving mass of creatures before them. Birds and animals were now swaying together, closely encircling Mary Poppins, who was rocking lightly from side to side. Backwards and forwards went the swaying crowd, keeping time together, swinging like the pendulum of a clock. Even the trees were bending and lifting gently, and the moon seemed to be rocking in the sky as a ship rocks on the sea.

"Bird and beast and stone and star — we are all one, all one—" murmured the Hamadryad, softly folding his hood about him as he himself swayed between the children.

"Child and serpent, star and stone — all one."

The hissing voice grew softer. The cries of the swaying animals dwindled and became fainter. Jane and Michael, as they listened, felt themselves gently rocking too, or as if they were being rocked....

Soft, shaded light fell on their faces.

"Asleep and dreaming — both of them," said a whispering voice. Was it the voice of the Hamadryad, or their Mother's voice as she tucked them in, on her usual nightly round of the Nursery?

"Good." Was that the Brown Bear gruffly speaking, or Mr. Banks?

Jane and Michael, rocking and swaying, could not tell... could not tell....

"I had such a strange dream last night," said Jane, as she sprinkled sugar over her porridge at breakfast. "I dreamed we were at the Zoo and it was Mary Poppins's birthday, and instead of animals in the cages there were human beings, and all the animals were outside—"

"Why, that's my dream. I dreamed that, too," said Michael, looking very surprised.

"We can't both have dreamed the same thing," said Jane. "Are you sure? Do you remember the Lion who curled his mane and the Seal who wanted us to—"

"Dive for orange-peel?" said Michael. "Of course I do! And the babies inside the cage, and the Penguin who couldn't find a rhyme and the Hamadryad—"

"Then it couldn't have been a dream at all," said Jane emphatically. "It must have been true. And if it was—"

She looked curiously at Mary Poppins, who was boiling the milk.

"Mary Poppins," she said, "could Michael and I have dreamed the same dream?"

"You and your dreams!" said Mary Poppins, sniffing. "Eat your porridge, please, or you will have no buttered toast."

But Jane would not be put off. She had to know.

"Mary Poppins," she said, looking very hard at her, "were you at the Zoo last night?"

Mary Poppins's eyes popped.

"At the Zoo? In the middle of the night? Me? A quiet, orderly person who knows that early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise?"

"But were you?" Jane persisted.

"I have all I need of Zoos in this nursery, thank you," said Mary Poppins, uppishly. "Hyenas, orangoutangs, all of you. Sit up straight, and no more nonsense."

Jane poured out her milk.

"Then it must have been a dream," she said, "after all."

But Michael was staring, open-mouthed, at Mary Poppins, who was now making toast at the fire.

"Jane," he said in a shrill whisper, "Jane, look!" He pointed, and Jane, too, saw what he was looking at. Round her waist Mary Poppins was wearing a belt made of golden scaly snake-skin, and on it was written in curving, snaky writing: "A Present From the Zoo."

Right there
Think and search
Evaluate
Vocabulary

Code
Clues
Locate
Explore
Answer
Re-read

Week 5 Day 2

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Big Picture lessons

What's the first step when answering written comprehension?

Look at the whole text:

- **Subject:** What is it about? What type of text?
- **Audience**: Who is it written for?
- **Purpose**: Why was it written?

What does the title tell you about the passage of time? How does that change the SAP?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

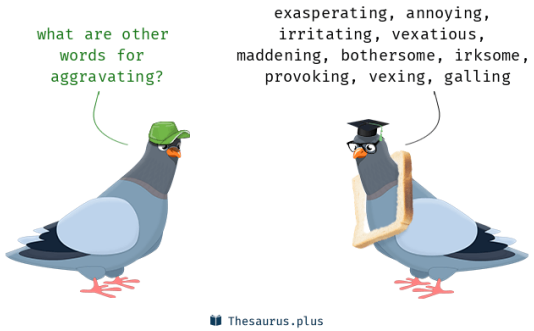
Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write** the answer—to the point!
Re-read	**Re-read** and check—does what you have written match the question?

How does Mary's response compare to the children's?

I SMELL SNOW," said Jane, as they got out of the Bus.
"I smell Christmas trees," said Michael.
"I smell fried fish," said Mary Poppins.

Vocabulary

aggravating

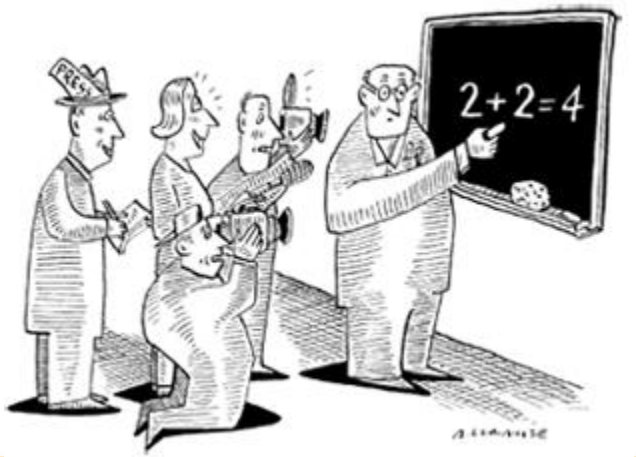


making a problem or offence worse or more serious.

wilily

skilled at gaining an advantage, especially deceitfully

evident



clearly seen or understood; obvious.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 5 day 2) based on chapter 11 line 2232 - 2434

Extract attached on next slide for reference. Please make sure you are using the actual Mary Poppins text in a separate document on the school website.

And then there was no time to smell anything else, for the Bus had stopped outside the Largest Shop in the World, and they were all going into it to do their Christmas shopping.

"May we look at the windows first?" said Michael, hopping excitedly on one leg.

"I don't mind," said Mary Poppins with surprising mildness. Not that Jane and Michael were really very surprised, for they knew that the thing Mary Poppins liked doing best of all was looking in shop windows. They knew, too, that while they saw toys and books and holly-boughs and plum cakes, Mary Poppins saw nothing but herself reflected there.

"Look, aeroplanes!" said Michael, as they stopped before a window in which toy aeroplanes were careering through the air on wires.

"And look there!" said Jane. "Two tiny black babies in one cradle — are they chocolate, do you think, or china?"

"Just look at you!" said Mary Poppins to herself, particularly noticing how nice her new gloves with the fur tops looked. They were the first pair she had ever had, and she thought she would never grow tired of looking at them in the shop windows with her hands inside them. And having examined the reflection of the gloves she went carefully over her whole person — coat, hat, scarf and shoes, with herself inside — and she thought that, on the whole, she had never seen anybody looking quite so smart and distinguished.

But the winter afternoons, she knew, were short, and they had to be home by tea-time. So with a sigh she wrenched herself away from her glorious reflection.

"Now we will go in," she said, and annoyed Jane and Michael very much by lingering at the Haberdashery counter and taking great trouble over the choice of a reel of black cotton.

"The Toy Department," Michael reminded her, "is in that direction."

"I know, thank you. Don't point," she said, and paid her bill with aggravating slowness.

But at last they found themselves alongside Father Christmas, who went to the greatest trouble in helping them choose their presents.

"That will do nicely for Daddy," said Michael, selecting a clockwork train with special signals. "I will take care of it for him when he goes to the City."

"I think I will get this for Mother," said Jane, pushing a small doll's perambulator which, she felt sure, her Mother had always wanted. "Perhaps she will lend it to me sometimes."

After that, Michael chose a packet of hairpins for each of the Twins and a Meccano set for his Mother, a mechanical beetle for Robertson Ay, a pair of spectacles for Ellen whose eyesight was perfectly good, and some bootlaces for Mrs. Brill who always wore slippers.

Jane, after some hesitation, eventually decided that a white dickey would be just the thing for Mr. Banks, and she bought Robinson Crusoe for the Twins to read when they grew up.

"Until they are old enough, I can read it myself," she said. "I am sure they will lend it to me."

Mary Poppins then had a great argument with Father Christmas over a cake of soap.

"Why not Lifebuoy?" said Father Christmas, trying to be helpful and looking anxiously at Mary Poppins, for she was being rather snappy.

"I prefer Vinolia," she said haughtily, and she bought a cake of that.

"My goodness," she said, smoothing the fur on her right-hand glove. "I wouldn't half like a cup of tea!"

"Would you quarter like it, though?" asked Michael.

"There is no call for you to be funny," said Mary Poppins, in such a voice that Michael felt that, indeed, there wasn't.

"And it is time to go home."

There! She had said the very words they had been hoping she wouldn't say. That was so like Mary Poppins.

"Just five minutes longer," pleaded Jane.

"Ah do, Mary Poppins! You look so nice in your new gloves," said Michael wilily.

But Mary Poppins, though she appreciated the remark, was not taken in by it.

"No," she said, and closed her mouth with a snap and stalked towards the doorway.

"Oh, dear!" said Michael to himself, as he followed her, staggering under the weight of his parcels. "If only she would say 'Yes' for once!"

But Mary Poppins hurried on and they had to go with her. Behind them Father Christmas was waving his hand, and the Fairy Queen on the Christmas tree and all the other dolls were smiling sadly and saying, "Take me home, somebody!" and the aeroplanes were all beating their wings and saying in bird-like voices, "Let me fly! Ah, do let me fly!"

Jane and Michael hurried away, closing their ears to those enchanting voices, and feeling that the time in the Toy Department had been unreasonably and cruelly short.

And then, just as they came towards the shop entrance, the adventure happened.

They were just about to spin the glass door and go out, when they saw coming towards it from the pavement the running, flickering figure of a child.

"Look!" said Jane and Michael both together.

"My gracious, goodness, glory me!" exclaimed Mary Poppins, and stood still.

And well she might, for the child had practically no clothes on, only a light wispy strip of blue stuff that looked as though she had torn it from the sky to wrap round her naked body.

It was evident that she did not know much about spinning doors, for she went round and round inside it, pushing it so that it should spin faster and laughing as it caught her and sent her whirling round and round.

Then suddenly, with a quick little movement she freed herself, sprang away from it and landed inside the shop.

She paused on tip-toe, turning her head this way and that as though she were looking for someone. Then, with a start of pleasure, she caught sight of Jane and Michael and Mary Poppins as they stood, half-hidden behind an enormous fir-tree, and ran towards them joyously.

"Ah, there you are! Thank you for waiting. I'm afraid I'm a little late," said the child, stretching out her bright arms to Jane and Michael. "Now," she cocked her head on one side, "aren't you glad to see me? Say yes, say yes!"

"Yes," said Jane smiling, for nobody, she felt, could help being glad to see anyone so bright and happy. "But who are you?" she enquired curiously.

"What is your name?" said Michael, gazing at her.

"Who am I? What is my name? Don't say you don't know me? Oh, surely, surely—" The child seemed very surprised and a little disappointed. She turned suddenly to Mary Poppins and pointed her finger.

"She knows me. Don't you? I'm sure you know me!"

There was a curious look on Mary Poppins's face. Jane and Michael could see blue fires in her eyes as though they reflected the blue of the child's dress and her brightness.

"Does it — does it," she whispered, "begin with an M?"

The child hopped on one leg delightedly.

"Of course it does — and you know it. M-A-I-A. I'm Maia." She turned to Jane and Michael.

"Now you recognise me, don't you? I'm the second of the Pleiades. Electra — she's the eldest — couldn't come because she's minding Merope. Merope's the baby, and the other five of us come in between — all girls. Our Mother was very disappointed at first not to have a boy, but now she doesn't mind."

The child danced a few steps and burst out again in her excited little voice:

"Oh, Jane! Oh, Michael — I've often watched you from the sky, and now I'm actually talking to you. There is nothing about you I don't know. Michael doesn't like having his hair brushed, and Jane has a thrush's egg in a jam-jar on the mantelpiece. And your Father is going bald on the top. I like him. It was he who first introduced us — don't you remember? He said one evening last summer:

'"Look, there are the Pleiades. Seven stars all together, the smallest in the sky. But there is one of them you can't see.'

"He meant Merope, of course. She's still too young to stay up all night. She's such a baby that she has to go to bed very early. Some of them up there call us the Little Sisters, and sometimes we are called the Seven Doves, but Orion calls us 'You girls' and takes us hunting with him."

"But what are you doing here?" demanded Michael, still very surprised.

Maia laughed. "Ask Mary Poppins. I am sure she knows."

"Tell us, Mary Poppins," said Jane.

"Well," said Mary Poppins snappily, "I suppose you two aren't the only ones in the world that want to go shopping at Christmas—"

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 5 Day 3

Remember if you have any questions about your learning please email learning@wembleyprimaryschool.brent.sch.uk

Big Picture lessons

What's the first step when answering written comprehension?

Look at the whole text:

- **Subject:** What is it about? What type of text?
- **Audience**: Who is it written for?
- **Purpose**: Why was it written?

Now you've read some of this chapter, what is the SAP now?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write** the answer—to the point!
Re-read	**Re-read** and check—does what you have written match the question?

Who is Maia? Where does she come from? Why is she here?

"That's it," squealed Maia delightedly. "She's quite right. I've come down to buy toys for them all. We can't get away very often, you know, because we're so busy making and storing up the Spring Rains. That's the special job of the Pleiades. However, we drew lots and I won. Wasn't it lucky?"

She hugged herself happily.

"Now, come on. I can't stay very long. And you must come back and help me choose."

Vocabulary

shepherded

guide or direct in a particular direction.

Astonishment

great surprise.

fluttered

To move with a light irregular or trembling motion.

preposterous

contrary to reason or common sense; utterly absurd or ridiculous

Now answer big picture questions (Week 5 day 3) based on chapter 11 line 2440 – end of chapter

Extract attached on next slide for reference. Please make sure you are using the actual Mary Poppins text in a separate document on the school website.

And dancing about them, running now to one and now to another, she shepherded them back to the Toy Department. As they went the crowds of shoppers stood and stared at them and dropped their parcels with astonishment.

"So cold for her. What can her parents be thinking of!" said the Mothers, with voices that were suddenly soft and gentle.

"I mean to say—!" said the Fathers. "It shouldn't be allowed. Must write to The Times about it." And their voices were unnaturally gruff and gritty.

The shop-walkers behaved curiously, too. As the little group passed they bowed to Maia as though she were a Queen.

But none of them — not Jane, nor Michael, nor Mary Poppins, nor Maia — noticed nor heard anything extraordinary. They were too busy with their own extraordinary adventure.

"Here we are!" said Maia, as she pranced into the Toy Department. "Now, what shall we choose?"

An Assistant, with a start, bowed respectfully as soon as he saw her.

"I want something for each of my sisters — six of them. You must help me, please," said Maia, smiling at him.

"Certainly, madam," said the Assistant agreeably.

"First — my eldest sister," said Maia. "She's very domestic. What about that little stove with the silver saucepans? Yes. And that striped broom. We are so troubled with star-dust, and she will love having that to sweep it up with."

The Assistant began wrapping the things in coloured paper.

"Now for Taygete. She likes dancing. Don't you think, Jane, a skipping-rope would be just the thing for her? You'll tie them carefully, won't you?" she said to the Assistant. "I have a long way to go."

She fluttered on among the toys, never standing still for a moment, but walking with a light quicksilver step, as though she were still twinkling in the sky.

Mary Poppins and Jane and Michael could not take their eyes off her as she flickered from one of them to another asking their advice.

"Then there's Alcyone. She's difficult. She's so quiet and thoughtful and never seems to want anything. A book, do you think, Mary Poppins? What is this Family — the Swiss-Robinsons? I think she would like that. And if she doesn't, she can look at the pictures. Wrap it up!"

She handed the book to the Assistant.

"I know what Celaeno wants," she went on. "A hoop. She can bowl it across the sky in the day-time and make a circle of it to spin about her at night. She'll love that red and blue one." The Assistant bowed again and began to wrap up the hoop.

"Now there are only the two little ones left. Michael, what would you advise for Sterope?"

"What about a top?" said Michael, giving the question his earnest consideration.

"A humming-top? What a good idea! She will love to watch it go waltzing and singing down the sky. And what do you think for Merope, the baby, Jane?"

"John and Barbara," said Jane shyly, "have rubber ducks!"

Maia gave a delighted squeak and hugged herself.

"Oh, Jane, how wise you are! I should never have thought of that. A rubber duck for Merope, please — a blue one with yellow eyes."

The Assistant tied up the parcels, while Maia ran round him, pushing at the paper, giving a tug to the string to make sure that it was firmly knotted.

"That's right," she said. "You see, I mustn't drop anything."

Michael, who had been staring steadily at her ever since she first appeared, turned and said in a loud whisper to Mary Poppins:

"But she has no purse. Who will pay for the toys?"

"None of your business," snapped Mary Poppins. "And it's rude to whisper." But she began to fumble busily in her pocket.

"What did you say?" demanded Maia with round, surprised eyes. "Pay? Nobody will pay. There is nothing to pay — is there?"

She turned her shining gaze upon the Assistant.

"Nothing at all, madam," he assured her, as he put the parcels into her arms and bowed again.

"I thought not. You see," she said, turning to Michael, "the whole point of Christmas is that things should be given away, isn't it? Besides, what could I pay with? We have no money up there." And she laughed at the mere suggestion of such a thing.

"Now we must go," she went on, taking Michael's arm. "We must all go home. It's very late, and I heard your Mother telling you that you must be home in time for tea. Besides, I must get back, too. Come." And drawing Michael and Jane and Mary Poppins after her, she led the way through the shop and out by the spinning door.

Outside the entrance Jane suddenly said: "But there's no present for her. She's bought something for all the others and nothing for herself. Maia has no Christmas present." And she began to search hurriedly through the parcels she was carrying, to see what she could spare for Maia.

Mary Poppins gave a quick glance into the window beside her. She saw herself shining back at her, very smart, very interesting, her hat on straight, her coat nicely pressed and her new gloves just completing the whole effect.

"You be quiet," she said to Jane in her snappiest voice. At the same time she whipped off her new gloves and thrust one on to each of Maia's hands.

"There!" she said gruffly. "It's cold today. You'll be glad of them."

Maia looked at the gloves, hanging very large and almost empty upon her hands. She said nothing, but moving close to Mary Poppins she reached up her spare arm and put it round Mary Poppins's neck and kissed her. A long look passed between them, and they smiled as people smile who understand each other. Maia turned then, and with her hand lightly touched the cheeks of Jane and Michael. And for a moment they all stood in a ring at the windy corner gazing at each other as though they were enchanted.

"I've been so happy," said Maia softly, breaking the silence. "Don't forget me, will you?"

"'Ere! Come down! We can't 'ave this kind of thing!"

They shook their heads.

"Good-bye," said Maia.

"Good-bye," said the others, though it was the last thing they wanted to say.

Then Maia, standing poised on tip-toe, lifted up her arms and sprang into the air. She began to walk up it, step by step, climbing ever higher, as though there were invisible stairs cut into the grey sky. She waved to them as she went, and the three of them waved back.

"What on earth is happening?" somebody said close by.

"But it's not possible!" said another voice.

"Preposterous!" cried a third. For a crowd was gathering to witness the extraordinary sight of Maia returning home.

A Policeman pushed his way through the throng, scattering the people with his truncheon.

"Naow, naow. Wot's all this? A Nacrident or wot?"

He looked up, his gaze following that of the rest of the crowd.

"'Ere!" he called angrily, shaking his fist at Maia. "Come down! Wot you doing up there? 'Olding up the traffic and all. Come down! We can't 'ave this kind of thing — not in a public place. 'Tisn't natural!"

Far away they heard Maia laughing and saw something bright dangling from her arm. It was the skipping-rope. After all, the parcel had come undone.

For a moment longer they saw her prancing up the airy stair, and then a bank of cloud hid her from their eyes. They knew she was behind it, though, because of the brightness that shone about its thick dark edge.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said the Policeman, staring upwards, and scratching his head under its helmet.

"And well you might be!" said Mary Poppins, with such a ferocious snap that anyone else might have thought she was really cross with the Policeman. But Jane and Michael were not taken in by that snap. For they could see in Mary Poppins's eyes something that, if she were anybody else but Mary Poppins, might have been described as tears....

"Could we have imagined it?" said Michael, when they got home and told the story to their Mother.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Banks. "We imagine strange and lovely things, my darling."

"But what about Mary Poppins's gloves?" said Jane. "We saw her give them away to Maia. And she's not wearing them now. So it must be true!"

"What, Mary Poppins!" exclaimed Mrs. Banks. "Your best fur-topped gloves! You gave them away!"

Mary Poppins sniffed.

"My gloves are my gloves and I do what I like with them!" she said haughtily.

And she straightened her hat and went down to the Kitchen to have her tea....

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 5 Day 4

Remember if you have any questions about your learning please email learning@wembleyprimaryschool.brent.sch.uk

Big Picture lessons

What's the first step when answering written comprehension?

Look at the whole text:

- **Subject:** What is it about? What type of text?
- **Audience**: Who is it written for?
- **Purpose**: Why was it written?

This chapter is called West Wind. We've also seen East Wind…

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write** the answer—to the point!
Re-read	**Re-read** and check—does what you have written match the question?

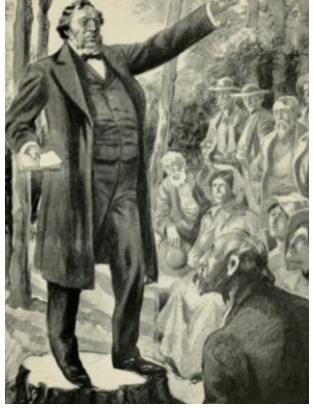
CHAPTER 12. WEST WIND

IT WAS THE first day of Spring.

Where have we seen a chapter about Wind before? What connections can you make?

Vocabulary

Delivering a sermon

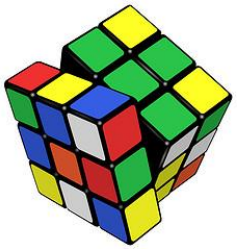


To describe a lengthy or pointless speech **delivered** with great passion, by any person, to an uninterested audience.

tactless

having or showing a lack of skill and sensitivity in dealing with others or with difficult issues.

methodically



done according to a systematic or established procedure.

rakishly

having or displaying a dashing, jaunty, or slightly disreputable quality or appearance.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 5 day 4) based on chapter 12 lines 2554 – 2632

Extract attached on next slide for reference. Please make sure you are using the actual Mary Poppins text in a separate document on the school website.

Jane and Michael knew this at once, because they heard Mr. Banks singing in his bath, and there was only one day in the year when he did that.

They always remembered that particular morning. For one thing, it was the first time they were allowed to come downstairs for breakfast, and for another Mr. Banks lost his black bag. So that the day began with two extraordinary happenings.

"Where is my BAG?" shouted Mr. Banks, turning round and round in the hall like a dog chasing its tail.

And everybody else began running round and round too — Ellen and Mrs. Brill and the children. Even Robertson Ay made a special effort and turned round twice. At last Mr. Banks discovered the bag himself in his study, and he rushed into the hall with it, holding it aloft.

"Now," he said, as though he were delivering a sermon, "my bag is always kept in one place. Here. On the umbrella-stand. Who put it in the study?" he roared.

"You did, my dear, when you took the Income Tax papers out of it last night," said Mrs. Banks.

Mr. Banks gave her such a hurt look that she wished she had been less tactless and had said she had put it there herself.

"Humph — Urrumph!" he said, blowing his nose very hard and taking his overcoat from its peg. He walked with it to the front door.

"Hullo," he said more cheerfully, "the Parrot Tulips are in bud!" He went into the garden and sniffed the air.

"H'm, wind's in the West, I think." He looked down towards Admiral Boom's house where the telescope weathercock swung. "I thought so," he said. "Westerly weather. Bright and balmy. I won't take an overcoat."

And with that he picked up his bag and his bowler hat and hurried away to the City.

"Did you hear what he said?" Michael grabbed Jane's arm.

She nodded. "The wind's in the West," she said slowly.

Neither of them said any more, but there was a thought in each of their minds that they wished was not there.

They forgot it soon, however, for everything seemed to be as it always was, and the Spring sunlight lit up the house so beautifully that nobody remembered it needed a coat of paint and new wall-papers. On the contrary, they all found themselves thinking that it was the best house in Cherry-Tree Lane.

But trouble began after luncheon.

Jane had gone down to dig in the garden with Robertson Ay. She had just sown a row of radish-seed when she heard a great commotion in the Nursery and the sound of hurrying footsteps on the stairs. Presently Michael appeared, very red in the face and panting loudly.

"Look, Jane, look!" he cried, and held out his hand. Within it lay Mary Poppins's compass, with the disc frantically swinging round the arrow as it trembled in Michael's shaking hand.

"The compass?" said Jane, and looked at him questioningly.

Michael suddenly burst into tears.

"She gave it to me," he wept. "She said I could have it all for myself now. Oh, oh, there must be something wrong! What is going to happen? She has never given me anything before."

"Perhaps she was only being nice," said Jane to soothe him, but in her heart she felt as disturbed as Michael was. She knew very well that Mary Poppins never wasted time in being nice.

And yet, strange to say, during that afternoon Mary Poppins never said a cross word. Indeed, she hardly said a word at all. She seemed to be thinking very deeply, and when they asked questions she answered them in a far-away voice. At last Michael could bear it no longer.

"Oh, do be cross, Mary Poppins! Do be cross again! It is not like you. Oh, I feel so anxious." And indeed, his heart felt heavy with the thought that something, he did not quite know what, was about to happen at Number Seventeen, Cherry-Tree Lane.

"Trouble trouble and it will trouble you!" retorted Mary Poppins crossly, in her usual voice.

And immediately he felt a little better.

"Perhaps it's only a feeling," he said to Jane. "Perhaps everything is all right and I'm just imagining — don't you think so, Jane?"

"Probably," said Jane slowly. But she was thinking hard and her heart felt tight in her body.

The wind grew wilder towards evening, and blew in little gusts about the house. It went puffing and whistling down the chimneys, slipping in through the cracks under the windows, turning the Nursery carpet up at the corners.

Mary Poppins gave them their supper and cleared away the things, stacking them neatly and methodically. Then she tidied up the Nursery and put the kettle on the hob.

"There!" she said, glancing round the room to see that everything was all right. She was silent for a minute. Then she put one hand lightly on Michael's head and the other on Jane's shoulder.

"Now," she said, "I am just going to take the shoes down for Robertson Ay to clean. Behave yourselves, please, till I come back." She went out and shut the door quietly behind her.

Suddenly, as she went, they both felt they must run after her, but something seemed to stop them. They remained quiet, with their elbows on the table waiting for her to come back. Each was trying to reassure the other without saying anything.

"How silly we are," said Jane presently. "Everything's all right." But she knew that she said it more to comfort Michael than because she thought it was true.

The Nursery clock ticked loudly from the mantelpiece. The fire flickered and crackled and slowly died down. They still sat there at the table, waiting.

At last Michael said uneasily: "She's been gone a very long time, hasn't she?"

The wind whistled and cried about the house as if in reply. The clock went on ticking its solemn double note.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sound of the front door shutting with a loud bang.

"Michael!" said Jane, starting up.

"Jane!" said Michael, with a white, anxious look on his face.

They listened. Then they ran quickly to the window and looked out.

Down below, just outside the front door, stood Mary Poppins, dressed in her coat and hat, with her carpet bag in one hand and her umbrella in the other. The wind was blowing wildly about her, tugging at her skirt, tilting her hat rakishly to one side. But it seemed to Jane and Michael that she did not mind, for she smiled as though she and the wind understood each other.

She paused for a moment on the step and glanced back towards the front door. Then with a quick movement she opened the umbrella, though it was not raining, and thrust it over her head.

The wind, with a wild cry, slipped under the umbrella, pressing it upwards as though trying to force it out of Mary Poppins's hand. But she held on tightly, and that, apparently, was what the wind wanted her to do, for presently it lifted the umbrella higher into the air and Mary Poppins from the ground. It carried her lightly so that her toes just grazed along the garden path. Then it lifted her over the front gate and swept her upwards towards the branches of the cherry-trees in the Lane.

"She's going, Jane, she's going!" cried Michael, weeping.

"Quick!" cried Jane. "Let us get the Twins. They must see the last of her." She had no doubt now, nor had Michael, that Mary Poppins had gone for good because the wind had changed.

They each seized a Twin and rushed back to the window.

Mary Poppins was in the upper air now, floating away over the cherry-trees and the roofs of the houses, holding tightly to the umbrella with one hand and to the carpet bag with the other.

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 5 Day 5

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Big Picture lessons

What's the first step when answering written comprehension?

Look at the whole text:

- **Subject:** What is it about? What type of text?
- **Audience**: Who is it written for?
- **Purpose**: Why was it written?

We're almost at the end of the book! How does this impact SAP?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write** the answer—to the point!
Re-read	**Re-read** and check—does what you have written match the question?

The wind plays an important part for Mary Poppins. How does this link back to the first chapter?

The wind, with a wild cry, slipped under the umbrella, pressing it upwards as though trying to force it out of Mary Poppins's hand. But she held on tightly, and that, apparently, was what the wind wanted her to do, for presently it lifted the umbrella higher into the air and Mary Poppins from the ground. It carried her lightly so that her toes just grazed along the garden path. Then it lifted her over the front gate and swept her upwards towards the branches of the cherry-trees in the Lane.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 5 day 5) based on chapter 12 lines 2638 to end of book

Extract attached on next slide for reference. Please make sure you are using the actual Mary Poppins text in a separate document on the school website.

"She's going, Jane, she's going!" cried Michael, weeping.

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They each seized a Twin and rushed back to the window.

Mary Poppins was in the upper air now, floating away over the cherry-trees and the roofs of the houses, holding tightly to the umbrella with one hand and to the carpet bag with the other.

The Twins began to cry quietly.

With their free hands Jane and Michael opened the window and made one last effort to stay Mary Poppins's flight.

"Mary Poppins!" they cried. "Mary Poppins, come back!"

But she either did not hear or deliberately took no notice. For she went sailing on and on, up into the cloudy, whistling air, till at last she was wafted away over the hill and the children could see nothing but the trees bending and moaning under the wild west wind....

"She did what she said she would, anyway. She stayed till the wind changed," said Jane, sighing and turning sadly from the window. She took John to his cot and put him into it. Michael said nothing, but as he brought Barbara back and tucked her into bed he was sniffing uncomfortably.

Floating away over the roofs of the houses

"I wonder," said Jane, "if we'll ever see her again?"

Suddenly they heard voices on the stairs.

"Children, children!" Mrs. Banks was calling as she opened the door. "Children — I am very cross. Mary Poppins has left us—"

"Yes," said Jane and Michael.

"You knew, then?" said Mrs. Banks, rather surprised. "Did she tell you she was going?"

They shook their heads, and Mrs. Banks went on: "It's outrageous. One minute here and gone the next. Not even an apology. Simply said, 'I'm going!' and off she went. Anything more preposterous, more thoughtless, more discourteous — What is it, Michael?" She broke off crossly, for Michael had grasped her skirt in his hands and was shaking her. "What is it, child?"

"Did she say she'd come back?" he cried, nearly knocking his Mother over. "Tell me — did she?"

"You will not behave like a Red Indian, Michael," she said, loosening his hold. "I don't remember what she said, except that she was going. But I certainly shan't have her back if she does want to come. Leaving me high and dry with nobody to help me and without a word of notice."

"Oh, Mother!" said Jane reproachfully.

"You are a very cruel woman," said Michael, clenching his fist, as though at any minute he would have to strike her.

"Children! I'm ashamed of you — really I am! To want back anybody who has treated your Mother so badly. I'm utterly shocked."

Jane burst into tears.

"Mary Poppins is the only person I want in the world!" Michael wailed, and flung himself on to the floor.

"Really, children, really! I don't understand you. Do be good, I beg of you. There's nobody to look after you tonight. I have to go out to dinner and it's Ellen's Day Off. I shall have to send Mrs. Brill up." And she kissed them absentmindedly, and went away with an anxious little line on her forehead....

"Well, if I ever did! Her going away and leaving you poor dear children in the lurch like that," said Mrs. Brill, a moment later, bustling in and setting to work on them.

"A heart of stone, that's what that girl had and no mistake, or my name's not Clara Brill. Always keeping herself to herself, too, and not even a lace handkerchief or a hatpin to remember her by. Get up, will you please, Master Michael!" Mrs. Brill went on, panting heavily.

"How we stood her so long, I don't know — with her airs and graces and all. What a lot of buttons, Miss Jane! Stand still, do now, and let me undress you, Master Michael. Plain she was, too, nothing much to look at. Indeed, all things considered, I don't know that we won't be better off, after all. Now, Miss Jane, where's your nightgown — why, what's this under your pillow—?"

Mrs. Brill had drawn out a small nobbly parcel.

"What is it? Give it to me — give it," said Jane, trembling with excitement, and she took it from Mrs. Brill's hands very quickly. Michael came and stood near her and watched her undo the string and tear away the brown paper. Mrs. Brill, without waiting to see what emerged from the package, went in to the Twins.

The last wrapping fell to the floor and the thing that was in the parcel lay in Jane's hand.

"It's her picture," she said in a whisper, looking closely at it.

And it was!

Inside a little curly frame was a painting of Mary Poppins, and underneath it was written, "Mary Poppins by Bert."

"That's the Match-Man — he did it," said Michael, and took it in his hand so that he could have a better look.

Jane found suddenly that there was a letter attached to the painting. She unfolded it carefully. It ran:

DEAR JANE,

Michael had the compass so the picture is for you. Au revoir.

MARY POPPINS

She read it out loud till she came to the words she couldn't understand.

"Mrs. Brill!" she called. "What does 'au revoir' mean?"

"Au revoire, dearie?" shrieked Mrs. Brill from the next room. "Why, doesn't it mean — let me see, I'm not up in these foreign tongues — doesn't it mean 'God bless you'? No. No, I'm wrong. I think, Miss Jane dear, it means To Meet Again."

Jane and Michael looked at each other. Joy and understanding shone in their eyes. They knew what Mary Poppins meant.

Michael gave a long sigh of relief. "That's all right," he said shakily. "She always does what she says she will."

He turned away.

"Michael, are you crying?" Jane asked.

He twisted his head and tried to smile at her.

"No, I am not," he said. "It is only my eyes."

She pushed him gently towards his bed, and as he got in she slipped the portrait of Mary Poppins into his hand — hurriedly, in case she should regret it.

"You have it for tonight, darling," whispered Jane, and she tucked him in just as Mary Poppins used to do....

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read