Week 4 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 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?

Has the subject changed throughout the chapter? Why?

“Well,” said Mrs. Corry brightly, “that is very interesting. You don’t know how glad I am to know you keep your stars. I shall remember that. You see, I remember everything — even what Guy Fawkes had for dinner every second Sunday. And now, good-bye. Come again soon. Come again so-o-o-o-n!”

Mrs. Corry’s voice seemed to be growing fainter and fading away, and presently, without being quite aware of what had happened, Jane and Michael found themselves on the pavement, walking behind Mary Poppins, who was again examining her list.

Why do you think her voice is getting fainter and further away?

Vocabulary

Stirring

an initial sign of activity, movement, or emotion.

procession

a number of people or vehicles moving forward in an orderly fashion, especially as part of a ceremony.

stumping

walk stiffly and noisily

Now answer big picture questions (Week 4 day 1) based on Chapter 8 – lines 1660 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.

They turned and looked behind them.
"Why, Jane," said Michael with surprise, "it's not there!"
"So I see," said Jane, staring and staring.
And they were right. The shop was not there. It had entirely disappeared.
"How odd!" said Jane.
"Isn't it?" said Michael. "But the Gingerbread is very good."
And they were so busy biting their Gingerbread into different shapes — a man, a flower, a teapot — that they quite forgot how very odd it was.
They remembered it again at night, however, when the lights were out and they were both supposed to be sound asleep.
"Jane, Jane!" whispered Michael. "I hear someone tip-toeing on the stairs — listen!"
"Sssh!" hissed Jane from her bed, for she, too, had heard the footsteps.
Presently the door opened with a little click and somebody came into the room. It was Mary Poppins, dressed in hat and coat all ready to go out.
She moved about the room softly with quick secret movements. Jane and Michael watched her through half-closed eyes without stirring.
First she went to the chest of drawers, opened a drawer and shut it again after a moment. Then, on tip-toe, she went to the wardrobe, opened it, bent down and put something in or took something out (they couldn't tell which). Snap! The wardrobe door shut quickly and Mary Poppins hurried from the room.
Michael sat up in bed.
"What was she doing?" he said to Jane in a loud whisper.
"I don't know. Perhaps she'd forgotten her gloves or her shoes or—" Jane broke off suddenly. "Michael, listen!"
He listened. From down below — in the garden, it seemed — they could hear several voices whispering together, very earnestly and excitedly.
With a quick movement Jane got out of bed and beckoned Michael. They crept on bare feet to the window and looked down.
There, outside in the Lane, stood a tiny form and two gigantic figures.
"Mrs. Corry and Miss Fannie and Miss Annie," said Jane in a whisper.

And so indeed it was. It was a curious group. Mrs. Corry was looking through the bars of the gate of Number Seventeen, Miss Fannie had two long ladders balanced on one huge shoulder, while Miss Annie appeared to be carrying in one hand a large pail of something that looked like glue and in the other an enormous paint-brush.
From where they stood, hidden by the curtain, Jane and Michael could distinctly hear their voices.
"She's late!" Mrs. Corry was saying crossly and anxiously.
"Perhaps," Miss Fannie began timidly, settling the ladders more firmly on her shoulder, "one of the children is ill and she couldn't—"
"Get away in time," said Miss Annie, nervously completing her sister's sentence.
"Silence!" said Mrs. Corry fiercely, and Jane and Michael distinctly heard her whisper something about "great galumphing giraffes," and they knew she was referring to her unfortunate daughters.
"Hist!" said Mrs. Corry suddenly, listening with her head on one side, like a small bird.
There was the sound of the front door being quietly opened and shut again, and the creak of footsteps on the path. Mrs. Corry smiled and waved her hand as Mary Poppins came to meet them, carrying a market basket on her arm, and in the basket was something that seemed to give out a faint, mysterious light.
"Come along, come along, we must hurry! We haven't much time," said Mrs. Corry, taking Mary Poppins by the arm. "Look lively, you two!" And she moved off, followed by Miss Fannie and Miss Annie, who were obviously trying to look as lively as possible but not succeeding very well. They tramped heavily after their Mother and Mary Poppins, bending under their loads.
Jane and Michael saw all four of them go down Cherry-Tree Lane, and then they turned a little to the left and went up the hill. When they got to the top of the hill, where there were no houses but only grass and clover, they stopped.
Miss Annie put down her pail of glue, and Miss Fannie swung the ladders from her shoulder and steadied them until both stood in an upright position. Then she held one and Miss Annie the other.
"What on earth are they going to do?" said Michael, gaping.
But there was no need for Jane to reply, for he could see for himself what was happening.
As soon as Miss Fannie and Miss Annie had so fixed the ladders that they seemed to be standing with one end on the earth and the other leaning on the sky, Mrs. Corry picked up her skirts and the paint-brush in one hand and the pail of glue in the other. Then she set her foot on the lowest rung of one of the ladders and began to climb it. Mary Poppins, carrying her basket, climbed the other.

One end on the earth and the other leaning on the sky
Then Jane and Michael saw a most amazing sight. As soon as she arrived at the top of her ladder, Mrs. Corry dipped her brush into the glue and began slapping the sticky substance against the sky. And Mary Poppins, when this had been done, took something shiny from her basket and fixed it to the glue. When she took her hand away they saw that she was sticking the Gingerbread Stars to the sky. As each one was placed in position it began to twinkle furiously, sending out rays of sparkling golden light.
"They're ours!" said Michael breathlessly. "They're our stars. She thought we were asleep and came in and took them!"
But Jane was silent. She was watching Mrs. Corry splashing the glue on the sky and Mary Poppins sticking on the stars and Miss Fannie and Miss Annie moving the ladders to a new position as the spaces in the sky became filled up.
At last it was over. Mary Poppins shook out her basket and showed Mrs. Corry that there was nothing left in it. Then they came down from the ladders and the procession started down the hill again, Miss Fannie shouldering the ladders, Miss Annie jangling her empty pail of glue. At the corner they stood talking for a moment; then Mary Poppins shook hands with them all and hurried up the Lane again. Mrs. Corry, dancing lightly in her elastic-sided boots and holding her skirts daintily with her hands, disappeared in the other direction with her huge daughters stumping noisily behind her.
The garden-gate clicked. Footsteps creaked on the path. The front door opened and shut with a soft clanging sound. Presently they heard Mary Poppins come quietly up the stairs, tip-toe past the nursery and go on into the room where she slept with John and Barbara.
As the sound of her footsteps died away, Jane and Michael looked at each other. Then without a word they went together to the top left-hand drawer and looked.
There was nothing there but a pile of Jane's handkerchiefs.
"I told you so," said Michael.
Next they went to the wardrobe and looked into the shoe-box. It was empty.
"But how? But why?" said Michael, sitting down on the edge of his bed and staring at Jane.
Jane said nothing. She just sat beside him with her arms round her knees and thought and thought and thought. At last she shook back her hair and stretched herself and stood up.

"What I want to know," she said, "is this: Are the stars gold paper or is the gold paper stars?"
There was no reply to her question and she did not expect one. She knew that only somebody very much wiser than Michael could give her the right answer….

Right there
Think and search
Evaluate
Vocabulary

Code
Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 4 Day 2

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?

Use the title to help you. Who are John and Barbra?

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?

Why do you think we would want to know John and Barbara's Story? What does it add to the book?

CHAPTER 9. JOHN AND BARBARA'S STORY

Vocabulary

Starling

a songbird with a straight bill, typically with dark feathers but sometimes brightly coloured.

cocked his head

To tilt a head in a particular direction

sidled

walk in a timid manner or way of not attracting attention, especially sideways

rebuke

To express sharp disapproval or criticism of (someone) because of their behaviour or actions.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 4 day 2) based on chapter 9 line 1755 to 1851

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 had gone off to a party, wearing their best clothes and looking, as Ellen the housemaid said when she saw them, "just like a shop window."

All the afternoon the house was very quiet and still, as though it were thinking its own thoughts, or dreaming perhaps.

Down in the kitchen Mrs. Brill was reading the paper with her spectacles perched on her nose. Robertson was sitting in the garden busily doing nothing. Mrs. Banks was on the drawing-room sofa with her feet up. And the house stood very quietly around them all, dreaming its own dreams, or thinking perhaps.

Upstairs in the nursery Mary Poppins was airing the clothes by the fire, and the sunlight poured in at the window, flickering on the white walls, dancing over the cots where the babies were lying.

"I say, move over! You're right in my eyes," said John in a loud voice.

"Sorry!" said the sunlight. "But I can't help it. I've got to get across this room somehow. Orders is orders. I must move from East to West in a day and my way lies through this Nursery. Sorry! Shut your eyes and you won't notice me."

The gold shaft of sunlight lengthened across the room. It was obviously moving as quickly as it could in order to oblige John.

"How soft, how sweet you are! I love you," said Barbara, holding out her hands to its shining warmth.

"Good girl," said the sunlight approvingly, and moved up over her cheeks and into her hair with a light, caressing movement. "Do you like the feel of me?" it said, as though it loved being praised.

"Dee-licious!" said Barbara, with a happy sigh.

"Chatter, chatter, chatter! I never heard such a place for chatter. There's always somebody talking in this room," said a shrill voice at the window.

John and Barbara looked up.

It was the Starling who lived on the top of the chimney.

"I like that," said Mary Poppins, turning round quickly. "What about yourself? All day long — yes, and half the night, too, on the roofs and telegraph poles. Roaring and screaming and shouting — you'd talk the legs off a chair, you would. Worse than any sparrer, and that's the truth."

The Starling cocked his head on one side and looked down at her from his perch on the window-frame.

"Well," he said, "I have my business to attend to. Consultations, discussions, arguments, bargaining. And that, of course, necessitates a certain amount of — er — quiet conversation—"

"Quiet!" exclaimed John, laughing heartily.

"And I wasn't talking to you, young man," said the Starling, hopping down on to the window-sill.

"And you needn't talk — anyway. I heard you for several hours on end last Saturday week. Goodness, I thought you'd never stop — you kept me awake all night."

"That wasn't talking," said John. "I was—" He paused. "I mean, I had a pain."

"Humph!" said the Starling, and hopped on to the railing of Barbara's cot. He sidled along it until he came to the head of the cot. Then he said in a soft, wheedling voice:

"Well, Barbara B., anything for the old fellow today, eh?"

Barbara pulled herself into a sitting position by holding on to one of the bars of her cot.

"There's the other half of my arrowroot biscuit," she said, and held it out in her round, fat fist.

The Starling swooped down, plucked it out of her hand and flew back to the window-sill. He began nibbling it greedily.

"Thank you!" said Mary Poppins, meaningly, but the Starling was too busy eating to notice the rebuke.

"I said 'Thank you!'" said Mary Poppins a little louder.

The Starling looked up.

"Eh — what? Oh, get along, girl, get along. I've no time for such frills and furbelows." And he gobbled up the last of his biscuit.

The room was very quiet.

John, drowsing in the sunlight, put the toes of his right foot into his mouth and ran them along the place where his teeth were just beginning to come through.

"Why do you bother to do that?" said Barbara, in her soft, amused voice that seemed always to be full of laughter. "There's nobody to see you."

"I know," said John, playing a tune on his toes. "But I like to keep in practice. It does so amuse the Grown-ups. Did you notice that Aunt Flossie nearly went mad with delight when I did it yesterday? 'The Darling, the Clever, the Marvel, the Creature!'—didn't you hear her saying all that?" And John threw his foot from him and roared with laughter as he thought of Aunt Flossie.

"She liked my trick, too," said Barbara complacently. "I took off both my socks and she said I was so sweet she would like to eat me. Isn't it funny — when I say i'd like to eat something I really mean it. Biscuits and Rusks and the knobs of beds and so on. But Grown-ups never mean what they say, it seems to me. She couldn't have really wanted to eat me, could she?"

"No. It's only the idiotic way they have of talking," said John. "I don't believe I'll ever understand Grown-ups. They all seem so stupid. And even Jane and Michael are stupid sometimes."

"Um," agreed Barbara, thoughtfully pulling off her socks and putting them on again.

"For instance," John went on, "they don't understand a single thing we say. But, worse than that, they don't understand what other things say. Why, only last Monday I heard Jane remark that she wished she knew what language the Wind spoke."

"I know," said Barbara. "It's astonishing. And Michael always insists — haven't you heard him? — that the Starling says 'Wee-Twe — ee — ee!' He seems not to know that the Starling says nothing of the kind, but speaks exactly the same language as we do. Of course, one doesn't expect Mother and Father to know about it — they don't know anything, though they are such darlings — but you'd think Jane and Michael would—"

"They did once," said Mary Poppins, folding up one of Jane's nightgowns.

"What?" said John and Barbara together in very surprised voices. "Really? You mean they understood the Starling and the Wind and—"

"And what the trees say and the language of the sunlight and the stars — of course they did! Once," said Mary Poppins.

"But — but how is it that they've forgotten it all?" said John, wrinkling up his forehead and trying to understand.

"Aha!" said the Starling knowingly, looking up from the remains of his biscuit. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Because they've grown older," explained Mary Poppins. "Barbara, put on your socks at once, please."

"That's a silly reason," said John, looking sternly at her.

"It's the true one, then," Mary Poppins said, tying Barbara's socks firmly round her ankles.

"Well, it's Jane and Michael who are silly," John continued. "I know I shan't forget when I get older."

"Nor I," said Barbara, contentedly sucking her finger.

"Yes, you will," said Mary Poppins firmly.

The Twins sat up and looked at her.

"Huh!" said the Starling contemptuously. "Look at 'em! They think they're the World's Wonders. Little miracles — I don't think! Of course you'll forget — same as Jane and Michael."

"We won't," said the Twins, looking at the Starling as if they would like to murder him.

The Starling jeered.

"I say you will," he insisted. "It isn't your fault, of course," he added more kindly. "You'll forget because you just can't help it. There never was a human being that remembered after the age of one — at the very latest — except, of course, Her." And he jerked his head over his shoulder at Mary Poppins.

"But why can she remember and not us?" said John.

"A-a-a-h! She's different. She's the Great Exception. Can't go by her," said the Starling, grinning at them both.

John and Barbara were silent.

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 4 Day 3

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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 is the purpose of this chapter? Why might you want to read this one?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

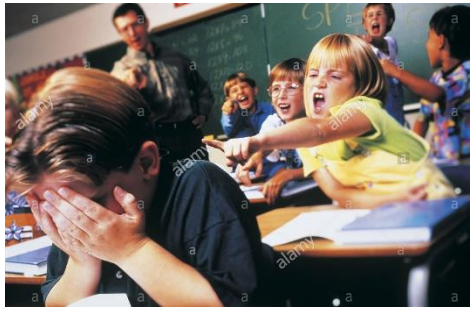
Code Clues	**Look** for clues! Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
Locate	**Find** where the answers might be on the page and in the text. (Skim and scan)
Explore	**Read around**—is the answer before / after that word/ phrase or sentence?
Answer	**Write**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

What does the interaction between Mary Poppins and the starling tell you about their relationship?

Huh!” said the Starling. “Look at ’em!“
“She’s something special, you see. Not in the matter of looks, of course. One of my own day-old chicks is handsomer than Mary P. ever was—”
“Here, you impertinence!” said Mary Poppins crossly, making a dart at him and flicking her apron in his direction. But the Starling leapt aside and flew up to the window-frame, whistling wickedly, well out of reach.
“Thought you had me that time, didn’t you?” he jeered and shook his wing-feathers at her.

Vocabulary

Jeered



make rude and mocking remarks, typically in a loud voice

mirth

amusement, especially as expressed in laughter.

dejectedly

In a sad or depressed manor, dispirited

wheedling

using flattery or coaxing in order to persuade someone to do something or give one something

Now answer big picture questions (Week 4 day 3) based on Chapter 9 lines 1859 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.

Mary Poppins snorted.
The sunlight moved on through the room, drawing its long gold shaft after it. Outside a light wind had sprung up and was whispering gently to the cherry-trees in the Lane.
"Listen, listen, the wind's talking," said John, tilting his head on one side. "Do you really mean we won't be able to hear that when we're older, Mary Poppins?"
"You'll hear all right," said Mary Poppins, "but you won't understand." At that Barbara began to weep gently. There were tears in John's eyes, too. "Well, it can't be helped. It's how things happen," said Mary Poppins sensibly.
"Look at them, just look at them!" jeered the Starling. "Crying fit to kill themselves! Why, a starling in the egg's got more sense. Look at them!"
For John and Barbara were now crying piteously in their cots — long-drawn sobs of deep unhappiness.

Suddenly the door opened and in came Mrs. Banks.
"I thought I heard the babies," she said. Then she ran to the Twins. "What is it, my darlings? Oh, my Treasures, my Sweets, my Love-birds, what is it? Why are they crying so, Mary Poppins? They've been so quiet all the afternoon — not a sound out of them. What can be the matter?"
"Yes, ma'am. No, ma'am. I expect they're getting their teeth, ma'am," said Mary Poppins, deliberately not looking in the direction of the Starling.
"Oh, of course — that must be it," said Mrs. Banks brightly.
"I don't want teeth if they make me forget all the things I like best," wailed John, tossing about in his cot.
"Neither do I," wept Barbara, burying her face in her pillow.
"My poor ones, my pets — it will be all right when the naughty old teeth come through," said Mrs. Banks soothingly, going from one cot to another.
"You don't understand!" roared John furiously. "I don't want teeth."
"It won't be all right, it will be all wrong]" wailed Barbara to her pillow.
"Yes — yes. There — there. Mother knows — Mother understands. It will be all right when the teeth come through," crooned Mrs. Banks tenderly.
A faint noise came from the window. It was the Starling hurriedly swallowing a laugh. Mary Poppins gave him one look. That sobered him, and he continued to regard the scene without the hint of a smile.
Mrs. Banks was patting her children gently, first one and then the other, and murmuring words that were meant to be reassuring. Suddenly John stopped crying. He had very good manners, and he was fond of his Mother and remembered what was due to her. It was not her fault, poor woman, that she always said the wrong thing. It was just, he reflected, that she did not understand. So, to show that he forgave her, he turned over on his back, and very dolefully, sniffing back his tears, he picked up his right foot in both hands and ran his toes along his open mouth.
"Clever One, oh, Clever One," said his Mother admiringly. He did it again and she was very pleased.
Then Barbara, not to be outdone in courtesy, came out of her pillow and with her tears still wet on her face, sat up and plucked off both her socks.
"Wonderful Girl," said Mrs. Banks proudly, and kissed her.
"There, you see, Mary Poppins! They're quite good again. I can always comfort them. Quite good, quite good," said Mrs. Banks, as though she were singing a lullaby. "And the teeth will soon be through."
"Yes, ma'am," said Mary Poppins quietly; and smiling to the Twins, Mrs. Banks went out and closed the door.
The moment she had disappeared the Starling burst into a peal of rude laughter.
"Excuse me smiling!" he cried. "But really — I can't help it. What a scene! What a scene!"
John took no notice of him. He pushed his face through the bars of his cot and called softly and fiercely to Barbara: "I won't be like the others. I tell you I won't. They," he jerked his head towards the Starling and Mary Poppins, "can say what they like. I'll never forget, never]"
Mary Poppins smiled, a secret, I-know-better-than-you sort of smile, all to herself.
"Nor I," answered Barbara. "Ever."
"Bless my tail-feathers — listen to them!" shrieked the Starling, as he put his wings on his hips and roared with mirth. "As if they could help forgetting! Why, in a month or two — three at the most—they won't even know what my name is — silly cuckoos! Silly, half-grown, featherless cuckoos! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And with another loud peal of laughter he spread his speckled wings and flew out of the window....
It was not very long afterwards that the teeth, after much trouble, came through as all teeth must, and the Twins had their first birthday.
The day after the birthday party the Starling, who had been away on holiday at Bournemouth, came back to Number Seventeen, Cherry-Tree Lane.
"Hullo, hullo, hullo! Here we are again!" he screamed joyfully, landing with a little wobble upon the window-sill.
"Well, how's the girl?" he enquired cheekily of Mary Poppins, cocking his little head on one side and regarding her with bright, amused, twinkling eyes.
"None the better for your asking," said Mary Poppins, tossing her head.
The Starling laughed.
"Same old Mary P.," he said. "No change out of you\ How are the other ones — the cuckoos?" he asked, and looked across at Barbara's cot.
"Well, Barbarina," he began in his soft, wheedling voice, "anything for the old fellow today?"
"Be-lah-belah-belah-belah!" said Barbara, crooning gently as she continued to eat her arrowroot biscuit.
The Starling, with a start of surprise, hopped a little nearer.
"I said," he repeated more distinctly, "is there anything for the old fellow today, Barbie dear?"
"Ba-loo — ba-loo — ba-loo," murmured Barbara, staring at the ceiling as she swallowed the last sweet

The Starling stared at her.
"Ha!" he said suddenly, and turned and looked enquiringly at Mary Poppins. Her quiet glance met his in a long look.
Then with a darting movement the Starling flew over to John's cot and alighted on the rail. John had a large woolly lamb hugged close in his arms.
"What's my name? What's my name? What's my name?" cried the Starling in a shrill anxious voice.
"Er-umph!" said John, opening his mouth and putting the leg of the woolly lamb into it.

With a little shake of the head the Starling turned away.
"So — it's happened," he said quietly to Mary Poppins.
She nodded.
The Starling gazed dejectedly for a moment at the Twins. Then he shrugged his speckled shoulders.
"Oh, well — I knew it would. Always told 'em so. But they wouldn't believe it." He remained silent for a little while, staring into the cots. Then he shook himself vigorously.
"Well, well. I must be off. Back to my chimney. It will need a spring-cleaning, I'll be bound." He flew on to the window-sill and paused, looking back over his shoulder.
"It'll seem funny without them, though. Always liked talking to them — so I did. I shall miss them."
He brushed his wing quickly across his eyes.
"Crying?" jeered Mary Poppins. The Starling drew himself up.
"Crying? Certainly not. I have — er — a slight cold, caught on my return journey — that's all. Yes, a slight cold. Nothing serious." He darted up to the windowpane, brushed down his breast-feathers with his beak and then, "Cheerio!" he said perkily, and spread his wings and was gone....

Right there
Think and search
Evaluate
Vocabulary

Code
Clues
Locate
Explore
Answer
Re-read

Week 4 Day 4

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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 do you know about full moons? How might this help you work out 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?

ALL DAY LONG Mary Poppins had been in a hurry, and when she was in a hurry she was always cross.
Everything Jane did was bad, everything Michael did was worse. She even snapped at the Twins.
Jane and Michael kept out of her way as much as possible, for they knew that there were times when it was better not to be seen or heard by Mary Poppins.
“I wish we were invisible,” said Michael, when Mary Poppins had told him that the very sight of him was more than any self-respecting person could be expected to stand.

Why do the children wish they were invisible?

Vocabulary

reproachfully

expressing disapproval or disappointment.

turnstile

a mechanical gate consisting of revolving horizontal arms fixed to a vertical post, allowing only one person at a time to pass through.

Mincing

(of a man) affectedly dainty in manner

ushered

how or guide (someone) somewhere.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 4 day 4) based on chapter 10 lines 1961 – 2079

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.

"We shall be," said Jane, "if we go behind the sofa. We can count the money in our money-boxes, and she may be better after she's had her supper."

So they did that.

"Sixpence and four pennies — that's tenpence, and a halfpenny and a threepenny-bit," said Jane, counting up quickly.

"Four pennies and three farthings and — and that's all," sighed Michael, putting his money in a little heap.

"That'll do nicely for the poor-box," said Mary Poppins, looking over the arm of the sofa and sniffing.

"Oh no," said Michael reproachfully. "It's for myself. I'm saving."

"Huh — for one of those aeroplanes, I suppose!" said Mary Poppins scornfully.

"No, for an elephant — a private one for myself, like Lizzie at the Zoo. I could take you for rides then," said Michael, half-looking and half-not-looking at her to see how she would take it.

"Humph," said Mary Poppins, "what an idea!" But they could see she was not quite so cross as before.

"I wonder," said Michael thoughtfully, "what happens in the Zoo at night, when everybody's gone home?"

"Care killed a cat," snapped Mary Poppins.

"I wasn't caring, I was only wondering," corrected Michael. "Do you know?" he enquired of Mary Poppins, who was whisking the crumbs off the table in double-quick time.

"One more question from you — and spit-spot, to bed you go!" she said, and began to tidy the Nursery so busily that she looked more like a whirlwind in a cap and apron than a human being.

"It's no good asking her. She knows everything, but she never tells," said Jane.

"What's the good of knowing if you don't tell anyone?" grumbled Michael, but he said it under his breath so that Mary Poppins couldn't hear....

Jane and Michael could never remember having been put to bed so quickly as they were that night. Mary Poppins blew out the light very early, and went away as hurriedly as though all the winds of the world were blowing behind her.

It seemed to them that they had been there no time, however, when they heard a low voice whispering at the door.

"Hurry, Jane and Michael!" said the voice. "Get some things on and hurry!"

They jumped out of their beds, surprised and startled.

"Come on," said Jane. "Something's happening." And she began to rummage for some clothes in the darkness.

"Hurry!" called the voice again.

"Oh dear, all I can find is my sailor hat and a pair of gloves!" said Michael, running round the room pulling at drawers and feeling along shelves.

"Those'll do. Put them on. It isn't cold. Come on."

Jane herself had only been able to find a little coat of John's, but she squeezed her arms into it and opened the door. There was nobody there, but they seemed to hear something hurrying away down the stairs. Jane and Michael followed. Whatever it was, or whoever it was, kept continually in front of them. They never saw it, but they had the distinct sensation of being led on and on by something that constantly beckoned them to follow. Presently they were in the Lane, their slippers making a soft hissing noise on the pavement as they scurried along.

"Hurry!" urged the voice again from a near-by corner, but when they turned it they could still see nothing. They began to run, hand in hand, following the voice down streets, through alley-ways, under arches and across Parks until, panting and breathless, they were brought to a standstill beside a large turnstile in a wall.

"Here you are!" said the voice.

"Where?" called Michael to it. But there was no reply. Jane moved towards the turnstile, dragging Michael by the hand.

"Look!" she said. "Don't you see where we are? It's the Zoo!"

A very bright full moon was shining in the sky and by its light Michael examined the iron grating and looked through the bars. Of course! How silly of him not to have known it was the Zoo!

"But how shall we get in?" he said. "We've no money."

"That's all right!" said a deep, gruff voice from within. "Special Visitors allowed in free tonight. Push the wheel, please!"

Jane and Michael pushed and were through the turnstile in a second.

"Here's your ticket," the gruff voice said, and looking up, they found that it came from a huge Brown Bear who was wearing a coat with brass buttons and a peaked cap on his head. In his paw were two pink tickets which he held out to the children.

"But we usually give tickets," said Jane.

"Usual is as usual does. Tonight you receive them," said the Bear, smiling.

Michael had been regarding him closely.

"I remember you," he said to the Bear. "I once gave you a tin of golden syrup."

"You did," said the Bear. "And you forgot to take the lid off. Do you know, I was more than ten days working at that lid? Be more careful in the future."

"But why aren't you in your cage? Are you always out at night?" said Michael.

"No — only when the Birthday falls on a Full Moon. But — you must excuse me. I must attend to the gate."

And the Bear turned away and began to spin the handle of the turnstile again.

Jane and Michael, holding their tickets, walked on into the Zoo grounds. In the light of the full moon every tree and flower and shrub was visible, and they could see the houses and cages quite clearly.

"There seems to be a lot going on," observed Michael.

And, indeed, there was. Animals were running about in all the paths, sometimes accompanied by birds and sometimes alone. Two wolves ran past the children, talking eagerly to a very tall stork who was tip-toeing between them with dainty, delicate movements. Jane and Michael distinctly caught the words "Birthday" and "Full Moon" as they went by.

In the distance three camels were strolling along side by side, and not far away a beaver and an American vulture were deep in conversation. And they all seemed to the children to be discussing the same subject.

"Whose Birthday is it, I wonder?" said Michael, but Jane was moving ahead, gazing at a curious sight.

Just by the Elephant Stand a very large, very fat old gentleman was walking up and down on all fours, and on his back, on two small parallel seats, were eight monkeys going for a ride.

"Why, it's all upside down!" exclaimed Jane.

The old gentleman gave her an angry look as he went past.

"Upside down!" he snorted. "Me! Upside down? Certainly not. Gross insult!" The eight monkeys laughed rudely.

"Oh, please — I didn't mean you — but the whole thing," explained Jane, hurrying after him to apologise.

"On ordinary days the animals carry human beings and now there's a human being carrying the animals. That's what I meant."

But the old gentleman, shuffling and panting, insisted that he had been insulted, and hurried away with the monkeys screaming on his back.

Jane saw it was no good following him, so she took Michael's hand and moved onwards. They were startled when a voice, almost at their feet, hailed them.

"Come on, you two! In you come. Let's see you dive for a bit of orange-peel you don't want." It was a bitter, angry voice, and looking down they saw that it came from a small black Seal who was leering at them from a moonlit pool of water.

"Come on, now — and see how you like it!" he said.

"But — but we can't swim!" said Michael.

"Can't help that!" said the Seal. "You should have thought of that before. Nobody ever bothers to find out whether I can swim or not. Eh, what? What's that?"

He spoke the last question to another Seal who had emerged from the water and was whispering in his ear.

"Who?" said the first Seal. "Speak up!"

The second Seal whispered again. Jane caught the words "Special Visitors — Friends of—" and then no more.

The first Seal seemed disappointed, but he said politely enough to Jane and Michael:

"Oh, beg pardon. Pleased to meet you. Beg pardon." And he held out his flipper and shook hands limply with them both.

"Look where you're going, can't you?" he shouted, as something bumped into Jane. She turned quickly and gave a little frightened start as she beheld an enormous Lion. The eyes of the Lion brightened as he saw her.

"Oh, I say—" he began. "I didn't know it was you! This place is so crowded tonight and I'm in such a hurry to see the humans fed I'm afraid I didn't look where I was going. Coming along? You oughtn't to miss it, you know—"

"Perhaps," said Jane politely, "you'd show us the way." She was a little uncertain of the Lion, but he seemed kindly enough. "And after all," she thought, "everything is topsy-turvy tonight."

"Dee-lighted!" said the Lion in rather a mincing voice, and he offered her his arm. She took it, but to be on the safe side she kept Michael beside her. He was such a round, fat little boy, and after all, she thought, lions are lions—

"Does my mane look nice?" asked the Lion as they moved off. "I had it curled for the occasion."

Jane looked at it. She could see that it had been carefully oiled and combed into ringlets.

"Very," she said. "But — isn't it rather odd for a lion to care about such things? I thought—"

"What! My dear young lady, the Lion, as you know, is the King of the Beasts. He has to remember his position. And I, personally, am not likely to forget it. I believe a lion should always look his best no matter where he is. This way."

And with a graceful wave of his forepaw he pointed towards the Big Cat House and ushered them in at the entrance.

Right there

Think and search

Evaluate

Vocabulary

Code

Clues

Locate

Explore

Answer

Re-read

Week 4 Day 5

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?

Chapter 10 is developing. At this point write out what you think the subject is? What is the purpose of this chapter so far?

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?

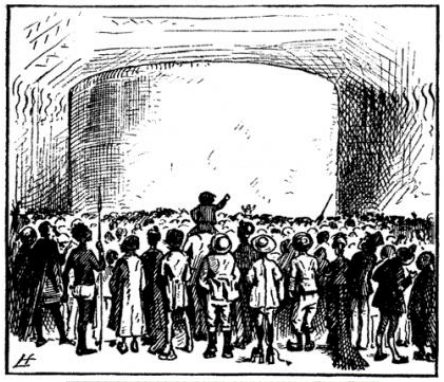
What made Jane and Michael catch their breaths?

Jane and Michael caught their breaths at the sight that met their eyes. The great hall was thronged with animals. Some were leaning over the long bar that separated them from the cages, some were standing on the seats that rose in tiers opposite. There were panthers and leopards, wolves, tigers and antelopes; monkeys and hedgehogs, wombats, mountain goats and giraffes; and an enormous group composed entirely of kittiwakes and vultures.

“Splendid, isn’t it?” said the Lion proudly. “Just like the dear old jungle days. But come along — we must get good places.”

Vocabulary

thronged



flock or be present in great numbers.

galoshes

a waterproof overshoe, typically made of rubber.

hamadryad

another term for king cobra

Reverently

with deep and solemn respect.

Now answer big picture questions (Week 4 day 5) based on chapter 10 lines 2087 -2211

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 he pushed his way through the crowd crying, "Gangway, gangway!" and dragging Jane and Michael after him. Presently, through a little clearing in the middle of the hall, they were able to get a glimpse of the cages.
"Why," said Michael, opening his mouth very wide, "they're full of human beings!"
And they were.
In one cage two large, middle-aged gentlemen in top-hats and striped trousers were prowling up and down, anxiously gazing through the bars as though they were waiting for something.
Children of all shapes and sizes, from babies in long clothes upwards, were scrambling about in another cage. The animals outside regarded these with great interest and some of them tried to make the babies laugh by thrusting their paws or their tails in through the bars. A giraffe stretched his long neck out over the heads of the other animals and let a little boy in a sailor-suit tickle its nose.
In a third cage three elderly ladies in raincoats and galoshes were imprisoned. One of them was knitting, but the other two were standing near the bars shouting at the animals and poking at them with their umbrellas.
"Nasty brutes. Go away. I want my tea!" screamed one of them.
"Isn't she funny?" said several of the animals, and they laughed loudly at her.
"Jane — look!" said Michael, pointing to the cage at the end of the row. "Isn't that—?"
"Admiral Boom!" said Jane, looking very surprised.
And Admiral Boom it was. He was ramping up and down in his cage, coughing, and blowing his nose, and spluttering with rage.

"Blast my gizzard! All hands to the Pump! Land, ho! Heave away there! Blast my gizzard!" shouted the Admiral. Every time he came near the bars a tiger prodded him gently with a stick and this made Admiral Boom swear dreadfully.
"But how did they all get in there?" Jane asked the Lion.
"Lost," said the Lion. "Or rather, left behind. These are the people who've dawdled and been left inside when the gates were shut. Got to put 'em somewhere, so we keep 'em here. He's dangerous — that one there! Nearly did for his keeper not long ago. Don't go near him!" And he pointed at Admiral Boom.
"Stand back, please, stand back! Don't crush! Make way, please!" Jane and Michael could hear several voices crying these words loudly.
"Ah — now they're going to be fed!" said the Lion, excitedly pressing forward into the crowd. "Here come the keepers."
Four Brown Bears, each wearing a peaked cap, were trundling trolleys of food along the little corridor that separated the animals from the cages.
"Stand back, there!" they said, whenever an animal got in the way. Then they opened a small door in each cage and thrust the food through on pronged forks.
Jane and Michael had a good view of what was happening, through a gap between a panther and a dingo. Bottles of milk were being thrown in to the babies, who made soft little grabs with their hands and clutched them greedily. The older children snatched sponge-cakes and dough-nuts from the forks and began to eat ravenously. Plates of thin bread-and-butter and wholemeal scones were provided for the ladies in galoshes, and the gentlemen in top-hats had lamb cutlets and custard in glasses. These, as they received their food, took it away into a corner, spread handkerchiefs over their striped trousers and began to eat.
Presently, as the keepers passed down the line of cages, a great commotion was heard.

"Blast my vitals — call that a meal? A skimpy little round of beef and a couple of cabbages! What — no Yorkshire pudding? Outrageous! Up with the anchor! And where's my port? Port, I say! Heave her over! Below there, where's the Admiral's port?"
"Listen to him! He's turned nasty. I tell you, he's not safe — that one," said the Lion.
Jane and Michael did not need to be told whom he meant. They knew Admiral Boom's language too well.
"Well," said the Lion, as the noise in the hall grew less uproarious. "That appears to be the end. And I'm afraid, if you'll excuse me, I must be getting along. See you later at the Grand Chain, I hope. I'll look out for you." And, leading them to the door, he took his leave of them, sidling away, swinging his curled mane, his golden body dappled with moonlight and shadow.
"Oh, please—" Jane called after him. But he was out of hearing.
"I wanted to ask him if they'd ever get out. The poor humans! Why, it might have been John and Barbara — or any of us." She turned to Michael, but found that he was no longer by her side. He had moved away along one of the paths and, running after him, she found him talking to a Penguin who was standing in the middle of the path with a large copybook under one wing and an enormous pencil under the other. He was biting the end of it thoughtfully as she approached.
"I can't think," she heard Michael saying, apparently in answer to a question.
The Penguin turned to Jane. "Perhaps you can tell me," he said. "Now, what rhymes with Mary? I can't use 'contrary' because that has been done before and one must be original. If you're going to say 'fairy,' don't. I've thought of that already, but as it's not a bit like her, it won't do."
"Hairy," said Michael brightly.
"H'm. Not poetic enough," observed the Penguin.
"What about 'wary'?" said Jane.
"Well—" The Penguin appeared to be considering it. "It's not very good, is it?" he said forlornly. "I'm afraid I'll have to give it up. You see, I was trying to write a poem for the Birthday. I thought it would be so nice if I began: "O Mary, Mary—" and then I couldn't get any further. It's very annoying. They expect something learned from a penguin, and I don't want to disappoint them. Well, well — you mustn't keep me. I must get on with it." And with that he hurried away, biting his pencil and bending over his copy-book.
"This is all very confusing," said Jane. "Whose birthday is it, I wonder?"
"Now, come along, you two, come along. You want to pay your respects, I suppose, it being the Birthday and all!" said a voice behind them, and turning, they saw the Brown Bear who had given them their tickets at the gate.
"Oh, of course!" said Jane, thinking that was the safest thing to say, but not knowing in the least whom they were to pay their respects to.
The Brown Bear put an arm round each of them and propelled them along the path. They could feel his warm soft fur brushing against their bodies and hear the rumblings his voice made in his stomach as he talked.
"Here we are, here we are!" said the Brown Bear, stopping before a small house whose windows were all so brightly lit that if it hadn't been a moonlight night you would have thought the sun was shining. The Bear opened the door and gently pushed the two children through it.
The light dazzled them at first, but their eyes soon became accustomed to it and they saw that they were in the Snake House. All the cages were open and the snakes were out — some curled lazily into great scaly knots, others slipping gently about the floor. And in the middle of the snakes, on a log that had evidently been brought from one of the cages, sat Mary Poppins. Jane and Michael could hardly believe their eyes.
"Couple birthday guests, ma'am," announced the Brown Bear respectfully. The snakes turned their heads enquiringly towards the children. Mary Poppins did not move. But she spoke.
"And where's your overcoat, may I ask?" she demanded, looking crossly but without surprise at Michael.
"And your hat and gloves?" she snapped, turning to Jane.
But before either of them had time to reply there was a stir in the Snake House.
"Hsssst! Hsssst!" The snakes, with a soft hissing sound, were rising up on end and bowing to something behind Jane and Michael. The Brown Bear took off his peaked cap. And slowly Mary Poppins, too, stood up.
"My dear child. My very dear child!" said a small, delicate, hissing voice. And out from the largest of the cages there came, with slow, soft, winding movements, a Hamadryad. He slid in graceful curves past t bowing snakes and the Brown Bear, towards Mary Poppins. And when he reached her, he raised the f half of his long golden body, and, thrusting upwards his scaly golden hood, daintily kissed her, first on cheek and then on the other.
"So!" he hissed softly. "This is very pleasant — very pleasant, indeed. It is long since your Birthday fell Full Moon, my dear." He turned his head.

The Hamadryad turned then to Jane and Michael, and with a little shiver they saw that his face was smaller and more wizened than anything they had ever seen. They took a step forward, for his curious deep eyes seemed to draw them towards him. Long and narrow they were, with a dark sleepy look in them, and in the middle of that dark sleepiness a wakeful light glittered like a jewel.
"And who, may I ask, are these?" he said in his soft, terrifying voice, looking at the children enquiringly.
"Miss Jane Banks and Master Michael Banks, at your service," said the Brown Bear gruffly, as though he were half afraid. "Her friends."
"Ah, her friends. Then they are welcome. My dears, pray be seated."
Jane and Michael, feeling somehow that they were in the presence of a King — as they had not felt when they met the Lion — with difficulty drew their eyes from that compelling gaze and looked round for something to sit on. The Brown Bear provided this by squatting down himself and offering them each a furry knee.
Jane said, in a whisper: "He talks as though he were a great lord."
"He is. He's the lord of our world — the wisest and most terrible of us all," said the Brown Bear softly and reverently.
The Hamadryad smiled, a long, slow, secret smile, and turned to Mary Poppins.
"Cousin," he began, gently hissing.
"Is she really his cousin?" whispered Michael.
"First cousin once removed — on the mother's side," returned the Brown Bear, whispering the information behind his paw. "But, listen now. He's going to give the Birthday Present."
"Cousin," repeated the Hamadryad, "it is long since your Birthday fell on the Full Moon and long since we have been able to celebrate the event as we celebrate it tonight. I have, therefore, had time to give the question of your Birthday Present some consideration. And I have decided" — he paused, and there was no sound in the Snake House but the sound of many creatures all holding their breath—"that I cannot do better than give you one of my own skins."

Right there
Think and search
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Vocabulary

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Answer

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