

# **Week 3 Day 1**






# 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?

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

Right there



Evaluate



Think and search



Vocabulary

“Mary Poppins, what is it?” demanded Jane, as the perambulator drew up beside them.

Mary Poppins took the little box from Michael’s hand.

“It’s mine,” he said jealously.

“No, mine,” said Mary Poppins. “I saw it first.”

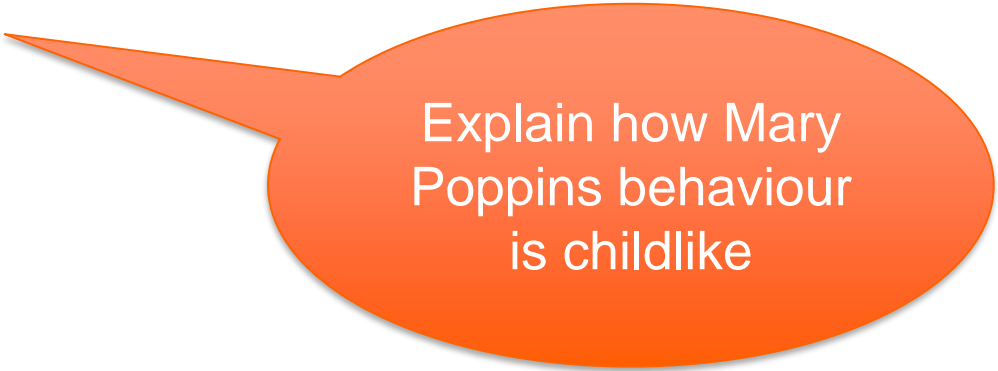
“But I picked it up.” He tried to snatch it from her hand, but she gave him such a look that his hand fell to his side.

She tilted the round thing backwards and forwards, and in the sunlight the disc and its letters went careering madly inside the box.

“What’s it for?” asked Jane.

“To go round the world with,” said Mary Poppins.

“Pooh!” said Michael. “You go round the world in a ship, or an aeroplane. I know that. The box thing wouldn’t take you round the world.”



Explain how Mary Poppins behaviour is childlike

# Vocabulary

Jiffy

a very short time; a moment.

Gadding



go from place to place in the pursuit of pleasure

Gallivanting



go around from one place to another in the pursuit of pleasure or entertainment.

priggish



self-righteously moralistic and superior.

# **Now answer big picture questions (Week 3 day 1) based on Chapter 6– lines 1149 - 1240**

**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.**

Code  
Clues



Locate



Explore



Answer



Re-read



"Oh, indeed — wouldn't it?" said Mary Poppins, with a curious I-know-better-than-you expression on her face. "You just watch!"

And holding the compass in her hand she turned towards the entrance of the Park and said the word "North!"

The letters slid round the arrow, dancing giddily. Suddenly the atmosphere seemed to grow bitterly cold, and the wind became so icy that Jane and Michael shut their eyes against it. When they opened them the Park had entirely disappeared — not a tree nor a green-painted seat nor an asphalt footpath was in sight. Instead, they were surrounded by great boulders of blue ice and beneath their feet snow lay thickly frosted upon the ground.

The compass

"Oh, oh!" cried Jane, shivering with cold and surprise, and she rushed to cover the Twins with their perambulator rug. "What has happened to us?"

Mary Poppins sniffed. She had no time to reply, however, for at that moment a white furry head peered cautiously round a boulder. Then, a huge Polar Bear leapt out and, standing on his hind legs, proceeded to hug Mary Poppins.

"I was afraid you might be trappers," he said. "Welcome to the North Pole, all of you."

He put out a long pink tongue, rough and warm as a bath towel, and gently licked the children's cheeks. They trembled. Did Polar Bears eat children, they wondered?

"You're shivering!" the Bear said kindly. "That's because you need something to eat. Make yourselves comfortable on this iceberg." He waved a paw at a block of ice. "Now, what would you like? Cod? Shrimps? Just something to keep the wolf from the door."

"I'm afraid we can't stay," Mary Poppins broke in. "We're on our way round the world."

"Well, do let me get you a little snack. It won't take me a jiffy."

He sprang into the blue-green water and came up with a herring. "I wish you could have stayed for a chat."

He tucked the fish into Mary Poppins's hand. "I long for a bit of gossip."

"Another time perhaps," she said. "And thank you for the fish."

"South!" she said to the compass.

It seemed to Jane and Michael then that the world was spinning round them. As they felt the air getting soft and warm, they found themselves in a leafy jungle from which came a noisy sound of squawking.

"Welcome!" shrieked a large Hyacinth Macaw who was perched on a branch with outstretched wings.

"You're just the person we need, Mary Poppins. My wife's off gadding, and I'm left to sit on the eggs. Do take a turn, there's a good girl. I need a little rest."

He lifted a spread wing cautiously, disclosing a nest with two white eggs.

"Alas, this is just a passing visit. We're on our way round the world."

"Gracious, what a journey! Well, stay for a little moment so that I can get some sleep. If you can look after all those creatures" — he nodded at the children — "you can keep two small eggs warm. Do, Mary Poppins! And I'll get you some bananas instead of that wriggling fish."

"It was a present," said Mary Poppins.

"Well, well, keep it if you must. But what madness to go gallivanting round the world when you could stay and bring up our nestlings. Why should we spend our time sitting when you could do it as well?"

"Better, you mean!" sniffed Mary Poppins.

Then, to Jane and Michael's disappointment — they would dearly have liked some tropical fruit — she shook her head decisively and said, "East!"

Again the world went spinning round them — or were they spinning round the world? And then, whichever it was ceased.

They found themselves in a grassy clearing surrounded by bamboo trees. Green ~~can~~ like leaves rustled in the breeze. And above that quiet swishing they could hear a steady rhythmic sound — a snore, or was it a purr?

Glancing round, they beheld a large furry shape — black with blotches of white, or was it white with blotches of black? They could not really be sure.

Jane and Michael gazed at each other. Was it a dream from which they would wake? Or were they seeing, of all things, a Panda! And a Panda in its own home and not behind bars in a zoo.

The dream, if it was a dream, drew a long breath.

"Whoever it is, please go away. I rest in the afternoon."

The voice was as furry as the rest of him.

"Very well, then, we will go away. And then perhaps" — Mary Poppins's voice was at its most priggish — "you'll be sorry you missed us."

The Panda opened one black eye. "Oh, it's you, my dear girl," he said sleepily. "Why not have let me know you were coming? Difficult though it would have been, for you I would have stayed awake." The furry shape yawned and stretched itself. "Ah well, I'll have to make a home for you all. There wouldn't be enough room in mine." He nodded at a neat shelter made of leaves and bamboo sticks. "But," he added, eyeing the herring, "I will not allow that scaly ~~scaly~~ ~~scaly~~ under any roof of mine. Fishes are far too fishy for me."

"We shall not be staying," Mary Poppins assured him. "We're taking a little trip round the world and just looked in for a moment."

"What nonsense!" The Panda gave an enormous yawn. "Traipsing wildly round the world when you could stay here with me. Never mind, my dear Mary, you always do what you want to do, however absurd and foolish. Pluck a few young bamboo shoots. They'll sustain you till you get home. And you two" — he nodded at Jane and Michael — "tickle me gently behind the ears. That always sends me to sleep."

Eagerly they sat down beside him and stroked the silky fur. Never again — they were sure of it — would they have the chance of stroking a Panda.

The furry shape settled itself, and as they stroked, the snore — or the purr — began its rhythm.

"He's asleep," said Mary Poppins softly. "We mustn't wake him again." She beckoned to the children, and as they came on tip-toe towards her, she gave a flick of her wrist. And the compass, apparently, understood, for the spinning began again.

Hills and lakes, mountains and forests went waltzing round them to unheard music. Then again the world was still, as if it had never moved.

This time they found themselves on a long white shore, with wavelets lapping and curling against it. And immediately before them was a cloud of whirling, swirling sand from which came a series of grunts.

Then slowly the cloud settled, disclosing a large black and grey Dolphin with a young one at her side.

"Is that you, Amelia?" called Mary Poppins.

The Dolphin blew some sand from her nose and gave a start of surprise. "Well, of all people, it's Mary Poppins! You're just in time to share our sand-bath. Nothing like a sand-bath for cleansing the fins and the tail."

"I had a bath this morning, thank you!"

"Well, what about those young ones, dear? Couldn't they do with a bit of scouring?"

"They have no fins and tails," said Mary Poppins, much to the children's disappointment. They would have liked a roll in the sand.

"Well, what on earth or sea are you doing here?" Amelia demanded briskly.

# Week 3 Day 2

# 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?

As we moved towards the end of the chapter, think about the purpose and impact on the reader.

## How can we help ourselves answer questions?

<b>Code</b> <b>Clues</b>		<b>Look for clues!</b> Circle words, think what phrases could mean, look for question words / instructions
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Right there



Evaluate

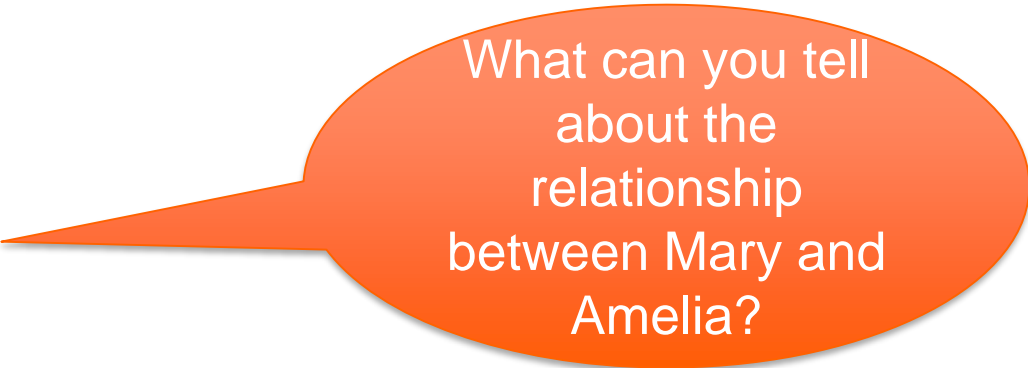


Think and search



Vocabulary





What can you tell  
about the  
relationship  
between Mary and  
Amelia?

“Oh, just going round the world, you know,” Mary Poppins said airily, as though going round the world was a thing you did every day.

“Well, it’s a treat for Froggie and me — isn’t it, Froggie?” Amelia butted him with her nose, and the young Dolphin gave a friendly squeak.

“I call him Froggie because he so often strays away — just like the Frog that would a-wooing go, whether his mother would let him or no. Don’t you, Froggie?” His answer was another squeak.

“Well, now for a meal. What would you like?” Amelia grinned at Jane and Michael, displaying a splendid array of teeth. “There’s cockles and mussels alive, alive-O. And the seaweed here is excellent.”

# Vocabulary

aloft



up in or into the air;  
overhead.

striving



make great efforts to achieve  
or obtain something.

nuisance



a person or thing causing  
inconvenience or annoyance.

**Now answer big picture questions  
(Week 3 day 2) based on chapter 6  
line 1249 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.**

1249 "Thank you kindly, I'm sure, Amelia. But we have to be home in half a minute." Mary Poppins laid a firm  
1250 hand on the handle of the perambulator.  
1251 Amelia was clearly disappointed.  
1252 "Whatever kind of visit is that? Hullo and good-bye in the same breath. Next time you must stay for tea, and  
1253 we'll all sit together on a rock and sing a song to the moon. Eh, **Frozzie**?"  
1254 **Frozzie** squeaked.  
1255 "That will be lovely," said Mary Poppins, and Jane and Michael echoed her words. They had never yet sat on  
1256 a rock and sung a song to the moon.  
1257 "Well, au revoir, one and all. By the way, Mary, my dear, were you going to take that herring with you?"  
1258 Amelia greedily eyed the fish, which, fearing the worst was about to happen, made itself as limp as it could in  
1259 Mary Poppins's hand.  
1260 "No. I am planning to throw it back to the sea!" The herring gasped with relief.  
1261 "A very proper decision, Mary," Amelia toothily smiled. "We get so few of them in these parts, and they  
1262 make a delicious meal. Why don't we race for it, **Frozzie** and me? When you say 'Go!', we'll start swimming  
1263 and see who gets it first."  
1264 Mary Poppins held the fish aloft.  
1265 "Ready! Steady! Go!" she cried.

1266 And as if it were bird rather than fish, the herring swooped up and splashed into the sea.  
1267 The Dolphins were after it in a second, two dark striving shapes rippling through the water.  
1268 Jane and Michael could hardly breathe. Which would win the prize? Or would the prize escape?  
1269 "**Frozzie! Frozzie! Frozzie!**" yelled Michael. If the herring had to be caught and eaten, he wanted **Frozzie**  
1270 to win.  
1271 "F-r-o-g-g-i-e!" The wind and sea both cried the name, but Michael's voice was the stronger.  
1272 "What do you think you're doing, Michael?" Mary Poppins sounded ferocious.  
1273 He glanced at her for a moment and turned again to the sea.  
1274 But the sea was not there. Nothing but a neat green lawn; Jane, agog, beside him; the Twins in the  
1275 perambulator; and Mary Poppins pushing it in the middle of the Park.  
1276 "Jumping up and down and shouting! Making a nuisance of yourself. One would think you had done enough  
1277 for one day. Step along at once, please!"  
1278 "Round the world and back in a minute — what a wonderful box!" said Jane.  
1279 "It's a compass. Not a box. And it's mine," said Michael. "I found it. Give it to me!"  
1280 "My compass, thank you," said Mary Poppins, as she slipped it into her pocket.  
1281 He looked as if he would like to kill her. But he shrugged his shoulders and stalked off taking no notice of  
1282 anyone.  
1283 The burning weight still hung heavily within him. After the adventure with the compass it seemed to grow  
1284 worse, and towards the evening he grew naughtier and naughtier. He pinched the Twins when Mary Poppins  
1285 was not looking, and when they cried he said in a falsely kind voice: "Why, darlings, what is the matter?"  
1286 But Mary Poppins was not deceived by it.  
1287 "You've got something coming to you!" she said significantly. But the burning thing inside him would not let  
1288 him care. He just shrugged his shoulders and pulled Jane's hair. And after that he went to the supper table  
1289 and upset his bread-and-milk.  
1290 "And that," said Mary Poppins, "is the end. Such deliberate naughtiness I never saw. In all my born days I  
1291 never did, and that's a fact. Off you go! Straight into bed with you and not another word!" He had never seen  
1292 her look so terrible.  
1293  
1294 But still he didn't care.  
1295 He went into the Night-nursery and undressed. No, he didn't care. He was bad, and if they didn't look out  
1296 he'd be worse. He didn't care. He hated everybody. If they weren't careful he would run away and join a  
1297 circus. There! Off went a button. Good — there would be fewer to do up in the morning. And another! All  
1298 the better. Nothing in all the world could ever make him feel sorry. He would get into bed without brushing  
1299 his hair or his teeth — certainly without saying his prayers.  
1300 He was just about to get into bed and, indeed, had one foot already in it, when he noticed the compass lying  
1301 on the top of the chest of drawers.  
1302 Very slowly he withdrew his foot and tip-toed across the room. He knew now what he would do. He would  
1303 take the compass and spin it and go round the world. And they'd never find him again. And it would serve  
1304 them right. Without making a sound he lifted a chair and put it against the chest of drawers. Then he climbed  
1305 up on it and took the compass in his hand.  
1306 He moved it.  
1307 "North, South, East, West!" he said very quickly, in case anybody should come in before he got well away.  
1308 A noise behind the chair startled him and he turned round guiltily, expecting to see Mary Poppins. But  
1309 instead, there were four gigantic figures bearing down upon him — the bear with his fangs showing, the  
1310 Macaw fiercely flapping his wings, the Panda with his fur on end, the Dolphin thrusting out her snout. From  
1311 all quarters of the room they were rushing upon him, their shadows huge on the ceiling. No longer kind and  
1312 friendly, they were now full of revenge. Their terrible angry faces loomed nearer. He could feel their hot  
1313 breath on his face.  
1314 "Oh! Oh!" Michael dropped the compass. "Mary Poppins, help me!" he screamed and shut his eyes in terror.  
1315 And then something enveloped him. The great creatures and their greater shadows, with a mingled roar or  
1316 squawk of triumph, flung themselves upon him. What was it that held him, soft and warm, in its smothering  
1317 embrace? The Polar Bear's fur coat? The Macaw's feathers? The Panda's fur he had stroked so gently? The  
1318 mother Dolphin's flipper? And what was he — or it might be she — planning to do to him? If only he had  
1319 been good — if only!  
1320 "Mary Poppins!" he wailed, as he felt himself carried through the air and set down in something still softer.  
1321 "Oh, dear Mary Poppins!"  
1322 "All right, all right. I'm not deaf, I'm thankful to say — no need to shout," he heard her

1323 He opened one eye. He could see no sign of the four gigantic figures of the compass. He opened the other  
1324 eye to make sure. No — not a glint of any of them. He sat up. He looked round the room. There was nothing  
1325 there.  
1326 Then he discovered that the soft thing that was round him was his own blanket, and the soft thing he was  
1327 lying on was his own bed. And oh, the heavy burning thing that had been inside him all day had melted and  
1328 disappeared. He felt peaceful and happy, and as if he would like to give everybody he knew a birthday  
1329 present.  
1330 "What — what happened?" he said rather anxiously to Mary Poppins.  
1331 "I told you that was my compass, didn't I? Be kind enough not to touch my things, if you please," was all she  
1332 said as she stooped and picked up the compass and put it in her pocket. Then she began to fold the clothes  
1333 that he had thrown down on the floor.  
1334 "Shall I do it?" he said.  
1335 "No, thank you."  
1336 He watched her go into the next room, and presently she returned and put something warm into his hands.  
1337 It was a cup of milk.  
1338 Michael sipped it, tasting every drop several times with his tongue, making it last as long as possible so that  
1339 Mary Poppins should stay beside him.  
1340 She stood there without saying a word, watching the milk slowly disappear. He could smell her crackling  
1341 white apron and the faint flavour of toast that always hung about her so deliriously. But try as he would, he  
1342 could not make the milk last for ever, and presently, with a sigh of regret, he handed her the empty cup and  
1343 slipped down into the bed. He had never known it to be so comfortable, he thought. And he thought, too,  
1344 how warm he was and how happy he felt and how lucky he was to be alive.  
1345 "Isn't it a funny thing, Mary Poppins," he said drowsily. "I've been so very naughty and I feel so very good."  
1346 "Humph!" said Mary Poppins as she tucked him in and went away to wash up the supper things....  
1347

Right there 

Think and search 

Evaluate 

Vocabulary 

Code  
Clues



Locate



Explore



Answer



Re-read



# Week 3 Day 3

# 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?
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- **Purpose:** Why was it written?

Use the title of chapter 7 to help you

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

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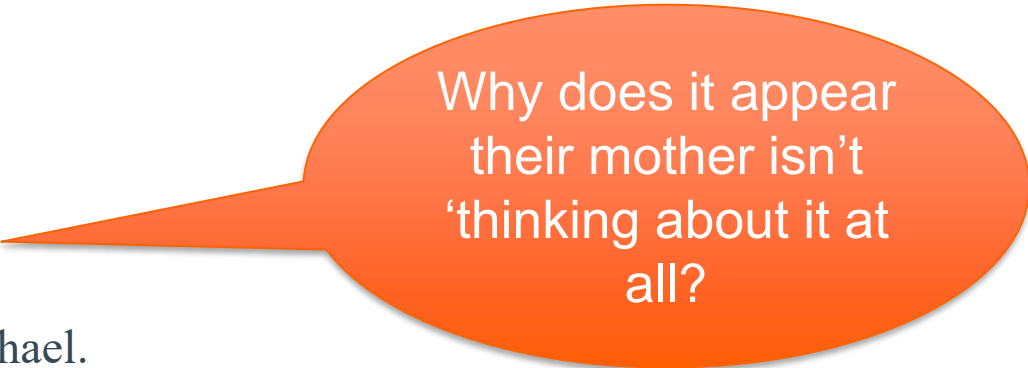
Evaluate



Think and search



Vocabulary



Why does it appear  
their mother isn't  
'thinking about it at  
all?

PERHAPS SHE WON'T be there," said Michael.

"Yes, she will," said Jane. "She's always there for ever and ever."

They were walking up Ludgate Hill on the way to pay a visit to Mr. Banks in the City. For he had said that morning to Mrs. Banks:

"My dear, if it doesn't rain I think Jane and Michael might call for me at the Office today — that is, if you are agreeable. I have a feeling I should like to be taken out to Tea and Shortbread Fingers and it's not often I have a Treat."

And Mrs. Banks had said she would think about it.

But all day long, though Jane and Michael had watched her anxiously, she had not seemed to be thinking about it at all. From the things she said, she was thinking about the Laundry Bill and Michael's new overcoat and where was Aunt Flossie's address, and why did that wretched Mrs. Jackson ask her to tea on the second Thursday of the month when she knew that was the very day Mrs. Banks had to go to the Dentist's?

Suddenly, when they felt quite sure she would never think about Mr. Banks's treat, she said: "Now, children, don't stand staring at me like that. Get your things on. You are going to the City to have tea with your Father. Had you forgotten?"



# Vocabulary

distinguished



dignified and noble in appearance or manner.

conceitedly



excessively proud of oneself; vain.

brooding



(of a bird) sit on (eggs) to hatch them.



**Now answer big picture questions  
(Week 3 day 3) based on chapter 7  
line 1366 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.**

## Code Clues



## Locate



## Explore



## Answer



## Re-read



As if they could have forgotten! For it was not as though it were only the Tea that mattered. There was also the Bird Woman, and she herself was the best of all Treats. That is why they were walking up Ludgate Hill and feeling very excited. Mary Poppins walked between them, wearing her new hat and looking very distinguished. Every now and then she would look into the shop window just to make sure the hat was still there and that the pink roses on it had not turned into common flowers like marigolds. Every time she stopped to make sure, Jane and Michael would sigh, but they did not dare say anything for fear she would spend even longer looking at herself in the windows, and turning this way and that to see which attitude was the most becoming. But at last they came to St. Paul's Cathedral, which was built a long time ago by a man with a bird's name. Sir Christopher Wren's Cathedral, Wren it was, but he was no relation to Jenny. That is why so many birds live near Sir Christopher Wren's Cathedral, which also belongs to St. Paul, and that is why the Bird Woman lives there, too. "There she is!" cried Michael suddenly, and he danced on his toes with excitement. "Don't point," said Mary Poppins, giving a last glance at the pink roses in the window of a carpet-shop. "She's saying it! She's saying it!" cried Jane, holding tight to herself for fear she would break in two with delight. And she was saying it. The Bird Woman was there and she was saying it. "Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag! Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag! Feed the Birds, Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag, Tuppence a Bag!" Over and over again, the same thing, in a high chanting voice that made the words seem like a song. And as she said it she held out little bags of breadcrumbs to the passers-by. All round her flew the birds, circling and leaping and swooping and rising. Mary Poppins always called them "sparrows," because, she said conceitedly, all birds were alike to her. But Jane and Michael knew that they were not sparrows, but doves and pigeons. There were fussy and chatty grey doves like Grandmothers; and brown, rough-voiced pigeons like Uncles; and green, cackling, no-I've-no-money-today pigeons like Fathers. And the silly, anxious, soft blue doves were like Mothers. That's what Jane and Michael thought, anyway. They flew round and round the head of the Bird Woman as the children approached, and then, as though to tease her, they suddenly rushed away through the air and sat on the top of St. Paul's, laughing and turning their heads away and pretending they didn't know her. It was Michael's turn to buy a bag. Jane had bought one last time. He walked up to the Bird Woman and held out four halfpennies. "Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag!" said the Bird Woman, as she put a bag of crumbs into his hand and tucked the money away into the folds of her huge black skirt. "Why don't you have penny bags?" said Michael. "Then I could buy two." "Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag!" said the Bird Woman, and Michael knew it was no good asking her any more questions. He and Jane had often tried, but all she could say, and all she had ever been able to say was, "Feed the Birds, Tuppence a Bag!" Just as a cuckoo can only say "Cuckoo," no matter what questions you ask him. Jane and Michael and Mary Poppins spread the crumbs in a circle on the ground, and presently, one by one at first, and then in twos and threes, the birds came down from St. Paul's.

"Dainty David," said Mary Poppins with a sniff, as one bird picked up a crumb and dropped it again from its beak. But the other birds swarmed upon the food, pushing and scrambling and shouting. At last there wasn't a crumb left, for it is not really polite for a pigeon or a dove to leave anything on the plate. When they were quite certain that the meal was finished the birds rose with one grand, fluttering movement and flew round the Bird Woman's head, copying in their own language the words she said. One of them sat on her hat and pretended he was a decoration for the crown. And another of them mistook Mary Poppins's new hat for a rose garden and pecked off a flower. "You sparrer!" cried Mary Poppins, and shook her umbrella at him. The pigeon, very offended, flew back to the Bird Woman and, to pay out Mary Poppins, stuck the rose in the ribbon of the Bird Woman's hat. "You ought to be in a pie — that's where you ought to be," said Mary Poppins to him very angrily. Then she called to Jane and Michael. "Time to go," she said, and flung a parting glance of fury at the pigeon. But he only laughed and flicked his tail and turned his back on her. "Good-bye," said Michael to the Bird Woman. "Feed the Birds," she replied, smiling. "Good-bye," said Jane. "Tuppence a Bag!" said the Bird Woman and waved her hand. They left her then, walking one on either side of Mary Poppins. "What happens when everybody goes away — like us?" said Michael to Jane. He knew quite well what happened, but it was the proper thing to ask Jane because the story was really hers. So Jane told him and he added the bits she had forgotten. "At night when everybody goes to bed—" began Jane. "And the stars come out," added Michael. "Yes, and even if they don't — all the birds come down from the top of St. Paul's and run very carefully all over the ground just to see there are no crumbs left, and to tidy it up for the morning. And when they have done that—" "You've forgotten the baths." "Oh, yes — they bath themselves and comb their wings with their claws. And when they have done that they fly three times round the head of the Bird Woman and then they settle." "Do they sit on her shoulders?" "Yes, and on her hat." "And on her basket with the bags in it?" "Yes, and some on her knee. Then she smooths down the head-feathers of each one in turn and tells it to be a good bird—" "In the bird language?" "Yes. And when they are all sleepy and don't want to stay awake any longer, she spreads out her skirts, as a mother hen spreads out her wings, and the birds go creep, creep, creeping underneath. And as soon as the last one is under she settles down over them, making little brooding, nesting noises and they sleep there till the morning." Michael sighed happily. He loved the story and was never tired of hearing it. "And it's all quite true, isn't it?" he said, just as he always did. "No," said Mary Poppins, who always said "No." "Yes," said Jane, who always knew everything...

# Week 3 Day 4

# 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?

Look at the title, why do you think it's just a name? What is the purpose of that?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

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

Right there



Evaluate

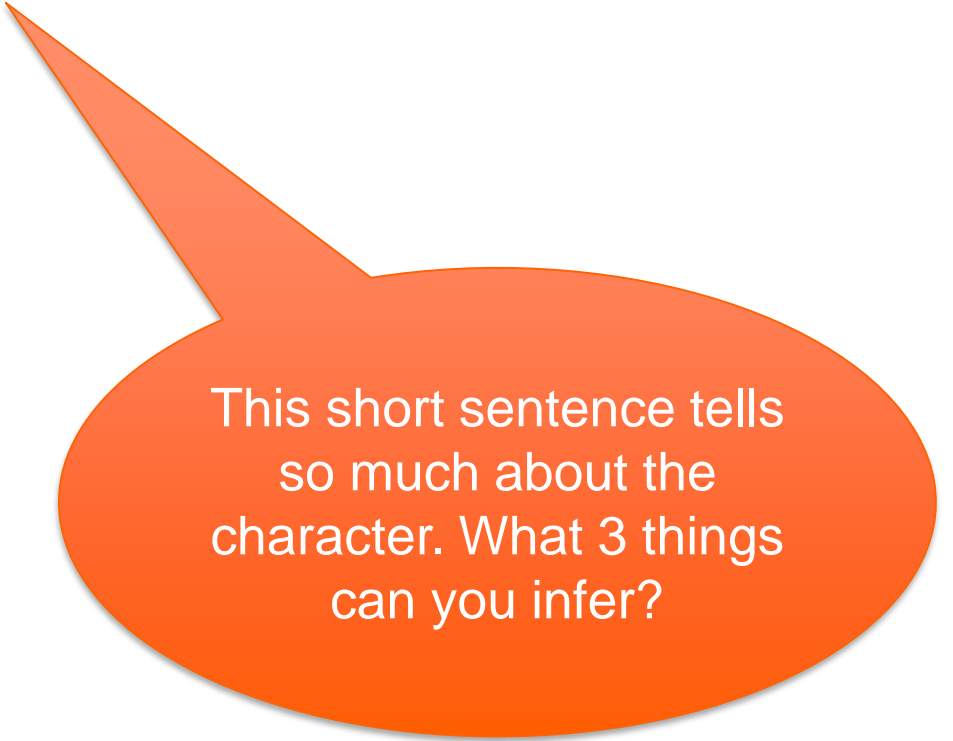


Think and search



Vocabulary

TWO POUNDS OF sausages — Best Pork,” said Mary Poppins. “And at once, please. We’re in a hurry.”



This short sentence tells so much about the character. What 3 things can you infer?

# Vocabulary

festooned



adorn (a place) with chains, garlands, or other decorations

Not looking too blooming



A person who is not looking healthy, energetic or attractive in appearance

relented

become less severe or intense.

dingy



gloomy and drab.

**Now answer big picture questions  
(Week 3 day 4) based on chapter 8  
lines 1456 – 1554**

**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.**



Right there



Think and search



Evaluate



Vocabulary



Code

Clues



Locate



Explore



Answer



Re-read



The Butcher, who wore a large blue-and-white striped apron, was a fat and friendly man. He was also large and red and rather like one of his own sausages. He leant upon his chopping-block and gazed admiringly at Mary Poppins. Then he winked pleasantly at Jane and Michael.

"In a hurry?" he said to Mary Poppins. "Well, that's a pity. I'd hoped you'd dropped in for a bit of a chat. We Butchers, you know, like a bit of company. And we don't often get the chance of talking to a nice, handsome young lady like you—" He broke off suddenly, for he had caught sight of Mary Poppins's face. The expression on it was awful. And the Butcher found himself wishing there was a trapdoor in the floor of his shop that would open and swallow him up.

"Oh, well—" he said, blushing even redder than usual. "If you're in a hurry, of course. Two pounds, did you say? Best Pork? Right you are!"

And he hurriedly hooked down a long string of the sausages that were festooned across the shop. He cut off a length — about three-quarters of a yard — wound it into a sort of garland, and wrapped it up first in white and then in brown paper. He pushed the parcel across the chopping-block.

"AND the next?" he said hopefully, still blushing.

"There will be no next," said Mary Poppins, with a haughty sniff. And she took the sausages and turned the perambulator round very quickly, and wheeled it out of the shop in such a way that the Butcher knew he had mortally offended her. But she glanced at the window as she went so that she could see how her new shoes looked reflected in it. They were bright brown kid with two buttons, very smart.

Jane and Michael trailed after her, wondering when she would have come to the end of her shopping-list but, because of the look on her face, not daring to ask her.

Mary Poppins gazed up and down the street as if deep in thought, and then, suddenly making up her mind, she snapped:

"Fishmonger!" and turned the perambulator in at the shop next to the Butcher's.

"One Dover Sole, pound and a half of Halibut, pint of Prawns and a Lobster," said Mary Poppins, talking so quickly that only somebody used to taking such orders could possibly have understood her.

The Fishmonger, unlike the Butcher, was a long thin man, so thin that he seemed to have no front to him but only two sides. And he looked so sad that you felt he had either just been weeping or was just going to. Jane said that this was due to some secret sorrow that had haunted him since his youth, and Michael thought that the Fishmonger's Mother must have fed him entirely on bread and water when he was a baby, and that he had never forgotten it.

"Anything else?" said the Fishmonger hopelessly, in a voice that suggested he was quite sure there wouldn't be.

"Not today," said Mary Poppins.

The Fishmonger shook his head sadly and did not look at all surprised. He had known all along there would be nothing else.

Sniffing gently, he tied up the parcel and dropped it into the perambulator.

"Bad weather," he observed, wiping his eye with his hand. "Don't believe we're going to get any summer at all — not that we ever did, of course. You don't look too blooming," he said to Mary Poppins. "But then, nobody does—"

Mary Poppins tossed her head.

"Speak for yourself," she said crossly, and flounced to the door, pushing the perambulator so fiercely that it bumped into a bag of oysters.

"The idea!" Jane and Michael heard her say as she glanced down at her shoes. Not looking too blooming in her new brown kid shoes with two buttons — the idea! That was what they heard her thinking.

Outside on the pavement she paused, looking at her list and ticking off what she had bought. Michael stood first on one leg and then on the other.

"Mary Poppins, are we never going home?" he said crossly.

Mary Poppins turned and regarded him with something like disgust.

"That," she said briefly, "is as it may be." And Michael, watching her fold up her list, wished he had not spoken.

"You can go home, if you like," she said haughtily. "We are going to buy the gingerbread."

Michael's face fell. If only he had managed to say nothing! He hadn't known that Gingerbread was at the end of the list.

"That's your way," said Mary Poppins shortly, pointing in the direction of Cherry-Tree Lane. "If you don't get lost," she added as an afterthought.

"Oh no, Mary Poppins, please, no! I didn't mean it, really. I — oh — Mary Poppins, please—" cried Michael.

"Do let him come, Mary Poppins!" said Jane. "I'll push the perambulator if only you'll let him come."

Mary Poppins sniffed. "If it wasn't Friday," she said darkly to Michael, "you'd go home in a twink — an absolute twink!"

She moved onwards, pushing John and Barbara. Jane and Michael knew that she had relented, and followed wondering what a twink was. Suddenly Jane noticed that they were going in the wrong direction.

"But, Mary Poppins, I thought you said gingerbread — this isn't the way to Green, Brown and Johnson's, where we always get it—" she began, and stopped because of Mary Poppins's face.

"Am I doing the shopping or are you?" Mary Poppins enquired.

"You," said Jane, in a very small voice.

"Oh, really? I thought it was the other way round," said Mary Poppins with a scornful laugh.

She gave the perambulator a little twist with her hand and it turned a corner and drew up suddenly Jane and Michael, stopping abruptly behind it, found themselves outside the most curious shop they had ever seen. It was very small and very dingy. Faded loops of coloured paper hung in the windows, and on the shelves were shabby little boxes of Sherbet, old Liquorice Sticks, and very withered, very hard Apples-on-a-stick. There was a small dark doorway between the windows, and through this Mary Poppins propelled the perambulator while Jane and Michael followed at her heels.

Inside the shop they could dimly see the glass-topped counter that ran round three sides of it. And in a case under the glass were rows and rows of dark, dry gingerbread, each slab so studded with gilt stars that the shop itself seemed to be faintly lit by them. Jane and Michael glanced round to find out what kind of a person was to serve them, and were very surprised when Mary Poppins called out:

"Fannie! Annie! Where are you?" Her voice seemed to echo back to them from each dark wall of the shop.

And as she called, two of the largest people the children had ever seen rose from behind the counter and shook hands with Mary Poppins. The huge women then leant down over the counter and said, "How do do?" in voices as large as themselves, and shook hands with Jane and Michael.

"How do you do, Miss—?" Michael paused, wondering which of the large ladies was which.

"Fannie's my name," said one of them. "My rheumatism is about the same; thank you for asking." She spoke very mournfully, as though she were unused to such a courteous greeting.

"It's a lovely day—" began Jane politely to the other sister, who kept Jane's hand imprisoned for almost a minute in her huge clasp.

"I'm Annie," she informed them miserably. "And handsome is as handsome does."

Jane and Michael thought that both the sisters had a very odd way of expressing themselves, but they had not time to be surprised for long, for Miss Fannie and Miss Annie were reaching out their long arms to the perambulator. Each shook hands solemnly with one of the Twins, who were so astonished that they began to cry.

"Now, now, now, now! What's this, what's this?" A high, thin, crackly little voice came from the back of the shop. At the sound of it the expression on the faces of Miss Fannie and Miss Annie, sad before, became even sadder. They seemed frightened and ill at ease, and somehow Jane and Michael realised that the two huge sisters were wishing that they were much smaller and less conspicuous.

"What's all this I hear?" cried the curious high little voice, coming nearer. And presently, round the corner of the glass case the owner of it appeared. She was as small as her voice and as crackly, and to the children she seemed to be older than anything in the world, with her wispy hair and her sticklike legs and her wizened, wrinkled little face. But in spite of this she ran towards them as lightly and as gaily as though she were still a young girl.



# Week 3 Day 5

# 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 is it different from other chapters?

How can we help ourselves answer questions?

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

Right there



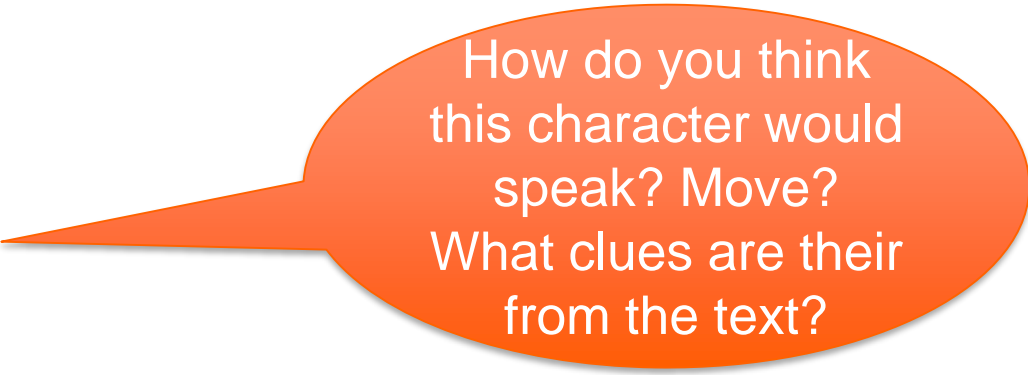
Evaluate



Think and search



Vocabulary



How do you think  
this character would  
speak? Move?  
What clues are their  
from the text?

“Now, now, now — well, I do declare! Bless me if it isn’t Mary Poppins, with John and Barbara Banks. What — Jane and Michael, too? Well, isn’t this a nice surprise for me? I assure you I haven’t been so surprised since Christopher Columbus discovered America — truly I haven’t!”

# Vocabulary

gaily



in a cheerful or light-hearted way.

contemptuously



disregard for something that should be considered.

mournful



feeling, expressing, or inducing sadness, regret, or grief.

# **Now answer big picture questions (Week 3 day 5) based on chapter 8 lines 1558 -1653**

**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 smiled delightedly as she came to greet them, and her feet made little dancing movements inside the tiny elastic-sided boots. She ran to the perambulator and rocked it gently, crooking her thin, twisted, old fingers at John and Barbara until they stopped crying and began to laugh.

"That's better!" she said, cackling gaily. Then she did a very odd thing. She broke off two of her fingers and gave one each to John and Barbara. And the oddest part of it was that in the space left by the broken-off fingers two new ones grew at once. Jane and Michael clearly saw it happen.

"Only Barley-Sugar — can't possibly hurt 'em," the old lady said to Mary Poppins.

"Anything you give them, Mrs. Corry, could only do them good," said Mary Poppins with most surprising courtesy.

"What a pity," Michael couldn't help saying, "they weren't Peppermint Bars."

"Well, they are, sometimes," said Mrs. Corry gleefully, "and very good they taste, too. I often nibble 'em myself, if I can't sleep at night. Splendid for the digestion."

"What will they be next time?" asked Jane, looking at Mrs. Corry's fingers with interest.

"Aha!" said Mrs. Corry. "That's just the question. I never know from day to day what they will be. I take the chance, my dear, as I heard William the Conqueror say to his Mother when she advised him not to go conquering England."

"You must be very old!" said Jane, sighing enviously, and wondering if she would ever be able to remember what Mrs. Corry remembered.

Mrs. Corry flung back her wispy little head and shrieked with laughter.

"Old!" she said. "Why, I'm quite a chicken compared to my Grandmother. Now, there's an old woman if you like. Still, I go back a good way. I remember the time when they were making this world, anyway, and I was well out of my teens then. My goodness, that was a to-do, I can tell you!"

She broke off suddenly, screwing up her little eyes at the children.

"But, dear me — here am I running on and on and you not being served! I suppose, my dear — she turned to Mary Poppins, whom she appeared to know very well — "I suppose you've all come for some Gingerbread?"

"That's right, Mrs. Corry," said Mary Poppins politely.

"Good. Have Fannie and Annie given you any?" She looked at Jane and Michael as she said this. Jane shook her head. Two hushed voices came from behind the counter.

"No, Mother," said Miss Fannie meekly.

"We were just going to, Mother —" began Miss Annie in a frightened whisper.

At that Mrs. Corry drew herself up to her full height and regarded her gigantic daughters furiously. Then she said in a soft, fierce, terrifying voice:

"Just going to? Oh, indeed! That is very interesting. And who, may I ask, Annie, gave you permission to give away my gingerbread?"

"Nobody, Mother. And I didn't give it away. I only thought —"

"You only thought! That is very kind of you. But I will thank you not to think. I can do all the thinking that is necessary here!" said Mrs. Corry in her soft, terrible voice. Then she burst into a harsh cackle of laughter.

"Look at her! Just look at her! Cowardy-custard! Cry-baby!" she shrieked, pointing her knotty finger at her daughter.

Jane and Michael turned and saw a large tear coursing down Miss Annie's huge, sad face, but they did not like to say anything, for, in spite of her tininess, Mrs. Corry made them feel rather small and frightened. But as soon as Mrs. Corry looked the other way Jane seized the opportunity to offer Miss Annie her handkerchief. The huge tear completely drenched it, and Miss Annie, with a grateful look, wrung it out before she returned it to Jane.

"And you, Fannie — did you think, too, I wonder?" The high little voice was now directed at the other daughter.

"No, Mother," said Miss Fannie trembling.

"Humph! Just as well for you! Open that case!"

With frightened, fumbling fingers, Miss Fannie opened the glass case.

"Now, my darlings," said Mrs. Corry in quite a different voice. She smiled and beckoned so sweetly to Jane and Michael that they were ashamed of having been frightened of her, and felt that she must be very nice after all. "Won't you come and take your pick, my lambs? It's a special recipe today — one I got from Alfred the Great. He was a very good cook, I remember, though he did once burn the cakes. How many?"

Jane and Michael looked at Mary Poppins.

"Four each," she said. "That's twelve. One dozen."

"I'll make it a Baker's Dozen — take thirteen," said Mrs. Corry cheerfully.

So Jane and Michael chose thirteen slabs of gingerbread, each with its gilt paper star. Their arms were piled up with the delicious dark cakes. Michael could not resist nibbling a corner of one of them.

"Good?" squeaked Mrs. Corry, and when he nodded she picked up her skirts and did a few steps of the Highland fling for pure pleasure.

"Hooray, hooray, splendid, hooray!" she cried in her shrill little voice. Then she came to a standstill and her face grew serious.

"But remember — I'm not giving them away. I must be paid. The price is threepence for each of you."

Mary Poppins opened her purse and took out three threepenny-bits. She gave one each to Jane and Michael.

"Now," said Mrs. Corry. "Stick 'em on my coat! That's where they all go."

They looked closely at her long black coat. And sure enough they found it was studded with threepenny-bits as a ~~Coster's~~ coat is with pearl buttons.

"Come along. Stick 'em on!" repeated Mrs. Corry, rubbing her hands with pleasant expectation. "You'll find they won't drop off."

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1651  
1652  
1653

To the surprise of Jane and Michael, it stuck.

Then they put theirs on — Jane's on the right shoulder and Michael's on the front hem. Theirs stuck, too.

"How very extraordinary," said Jane.

"Not at all, my dear," said Mrs. Corry chuckling. "Or rather, not so extraordinary as other things I could mention." And she winked largely at Mary Poppins.

"I'm afraid we must be off now, Mrs. Corry," said Mary Poppins. "There is Baked Custard for lunch, and I must be home in time to make it. That Mrs. Brill —"

"A poor cook?" enquired Mrs. Corry interrupting.

"Poor!" said Mary Poppins contemptuously. "That's not the word."

"Ah!" Mrs. Corry put her finger alongside her nose and looked very wise. Then she said:

"Well, my dear Miss Poppins, it has been a very pleasant visit and I am sure my girls have enjoyed it as much as I have." She nodded in the direction of her two large mournful daughters. "And you'll come again soon, won't you, with Jane and Michael and the Babies? Now, are you sure you can carry the Gingerbread?" she continued, turning to Michael and Jane.

They nodded. Mrs. Corry drew closer to them, with a curious, important, inquisitive look on her face.

"I wonder," she said dreamily, "what you will do with the paper stars?"

"Oh, we'll keep them," said Jane. "We always do."

"Ah — you keep them! And I wonder where you keep them?" Mrs. Corry's eyes were half closed and she looked more inquisitive than ever.

"Well," Jane began. "Mine are all under my handkerchiefs in the top left-hand drawer and —"

"Mine are in a shoe-box on the bottom shelf of the wardrobe," said Michael.

"Top left-hand drawer and shoe-box in the wardrobe," said Mrs. Corry thoughtfully, as though she were committing the words to memory. Then she gave Mary Poppins a long look and nodded her head slightly.

Mary Poppins nodded slightly in return. It seemed as if some secret had passed between them.

Right there



Think and search



Evaluate



Vocabulary



Code

Clues



Locate



Explore



Answer



Re-read

