

First: ***Horrid Henry - Sports Day***

[slides 2- 17]

- watch and discuss
- read and/or listen [read at least 2 slides]
- answer comprehension questions
- identify sound words [onomatopoeia]
- express a personal opinion [writing]

Then: ***Harry Potter – Quidditch***

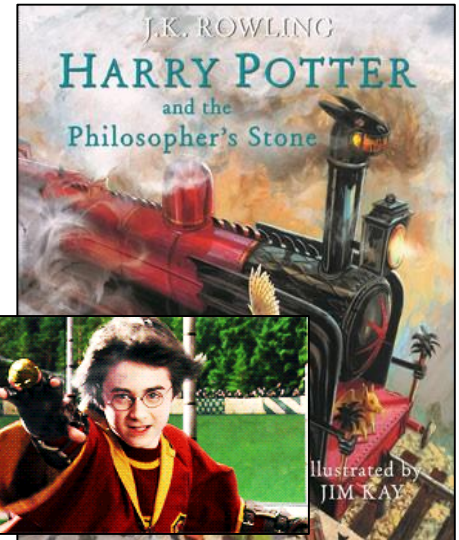
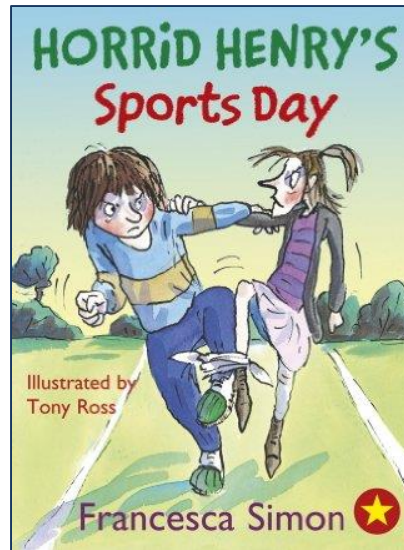
- watch and discuss [slides 18-26]
- read and/or listen [Read at least 1 slide]
- identify action words [verbs]

Challenge Work:

- identifying good description
- explaining Harry's feelings

Finally: **Making a Comparison**

- Similarities and differences
- Which event would you like to take part in? [slides 27-29]



What are we learning this week?

Learning Focus: This week we are focusing on two stories; one whole story with pictures, one scene from a longer novel *without*.

First Reading and Understanding

Text 1: Understanding events in the story *and* writer's use of descriptive language.

- Expressing a personal opinion [writing]

Text 2: [as above] *and*

- Making comparisons [writing]

Next Writing a report on a sporting event

Developing skills using descriptive language.

Finally: Sporting Communication Games

'Horrid Henry's Sports Day' by Francesca Simon

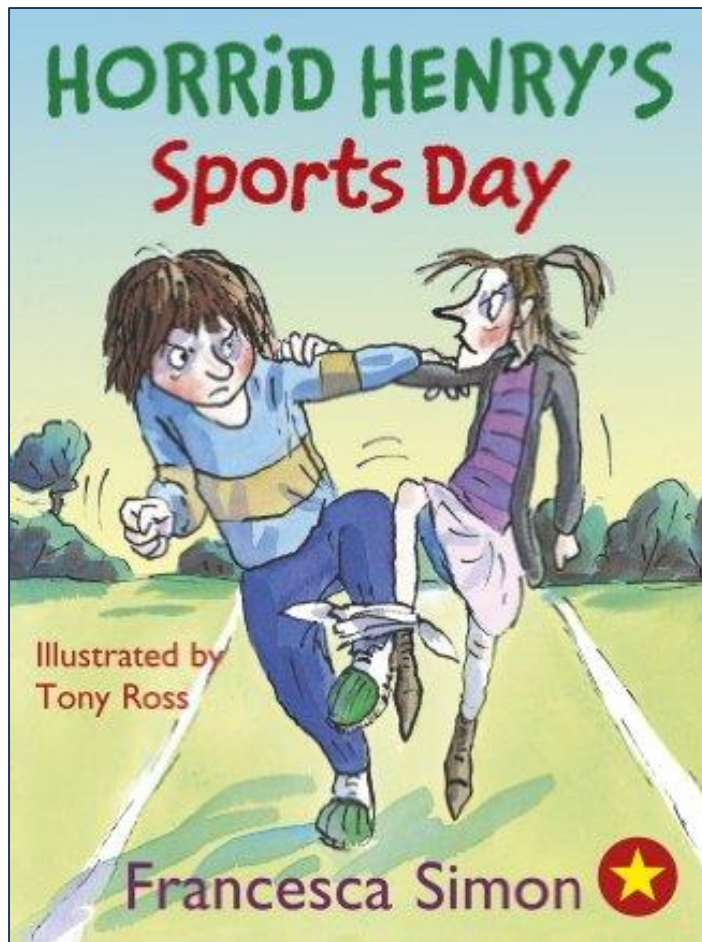
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rBgh6Imfkvs>

Watch, listen to /read *then* talk about this short story and answer the questions.

Focus: What happens first, next , then, finally?

How do Horrid Henry's feelings change during the story?

[Bonus marks if you can remember the signs for these 'emotions' words.]



Miss Barratt has made a video to help with reading.



Why not read along with her.

HORRID HENRY'S Sports Day



Francesca Simon
Illustrated by Tony Ross

Orion
Children's Books

Chapter 1

"We all want Sports Day to be a great success tomorrow," announced Miss Battle-Axe. "I am here to make sure that *no one*" – she glared at Horrid Henry – "spoils it."



Horrid Henry glared back.
Horrid Henry hated Sports Day.
Last year he hadn't won a single event.



Most sickening of all, Perfect Peter had won both his races.



If only the school had a sensible day, like TV-watching day, or chocolate-eating day, or who could guzzle the most crisps day, Horrid Henry would be sure to win every prize.

He'd dropped his egg in the egg-and-spoon race,



tripped over Rude Ralph in the three-legged race,



and collided with Sour Susan in the sack race.



Henry's team had even lost the tug-of-war.



But no. *He* had to leap and dash
about getting hot and bothered
in front of stupid parents.

When he became king he'd make teachers
run all the races then behead the winners.
King Henry the Horrible grinned happily.



“Pay attention, Henry!” barked Miss
Battle-Axe. “What did I just say?”

Henry had no idea.

“Sports Day is cancelled?” he
suggested hopefully.



Miss Battle-Axe fixed him with
her steely eyes. “I said no one is to
bring any sweets tomorrow.

You’ll all be given a delicious,
refreshing piece of orange.”

Henry slumped in his chair, scowling.
All he could do was hope for rain.



Stop and check your understanding.

Answer the following questions. *[Write the answers in your yellow workbooks.]*

1. How did Horrid Henry feel when Miss Battle-Axe told the class that it was sports day tomorrow? [1 mark] Why did he feel that way? [3 marks]
2. What did Horrid Henry say he would do when he became king? [2 marks]
3. What did Miss Battle-Axe say no one could bring to school on sports day? [2 marks]

Chapter 2

Sports Day dawned bright and sunny.



Rats, thought Henry.

He could, of course, pretend to be sick. But he'd tried that last year and Mum hadn't been fooled.



The year before that he'd complained he'd hurt his leg.

Unfortunately Dad then caught him dancing on the table.



It was no use. He'd just have to take part. If only he could win a race!

Perfect Peter bounced into his room.

"Sports Day today!" beamed Peter.

"And I'm responsible for bringing the hard-boiled eggs for the egg-and-spoon race. Isn't it exciting!"

"NO!" screeched Henry.

"Get out of here!"

"But I only..." began Peter.



Henry leapt at him, roaring. He was a cowboy lassoing a runaway steer.

"Eeeaaargh!" squealed Peter.



"Stop being horrid, Henry!" shouted Dad.

"Or no pocket money this week!"

Henry let Peter go.

"It's so unfair," he muttered, picking up his clothes from the floor and putting them on.

Why did he never win?



Chapter 3

Henry reached under his bed and filled his pockets from the secret sweet tin he kept there.



Horrid Henry was a master at eating sweets in school without being detected.

At least he could scoff something good while the others were stuck eating dried-up old orange pieces.



Then he stomped downstairs.

Perfect Peter was busy packing hard-boiled eggs into a carton.

Horrid Henry sat down scowling and gobbled his breakfast.



“Good luck, boys,” said Mum.

“I’ll be there to cheer for you.”

“Humph,” growled Henry.

“Thanks, Mum,” said Peter.

“I expect I’ll win my egg-and-spoon race again but of course it doesn’t matter if I don’t. It’s how you play that counts.”

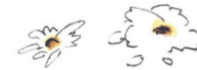


“Shut up, Peter!” snarled Henry.

Egg-and-spoon!

Egg-and-spoon!

If Henry heard that disgusting phrase once more he would start frothing at the mouth.



“Mum! Henry told me to shut up,” wailed Peter, “and he attacked me this morning.”

“Stop being horrid, Henry,” said Mum.

“Peter, come with me and we’ll comb your hair. I want you to look your best when you win that trophy again.”

Henry’s blood boiled. He felt like snatching those eggs and hurling them against the wall.

Then Henry had a wonderful, spectacular idea. It was so wonderful that... Henry heard Mum coming back down the stairs.

There was no time to lose crowing about his brilliance.

Horrid Henry ran to the fridge, grabbed another egg carton and swapped it for the box of hard-boiled ones on the counter.



“Don’t forget your eggs, Peter,” said Mum. She handed the carton to Peter, who tucked it safely in his school bag.

Tee hee, thought Horrid Henry.



Stop and check your understanding.

Answer the following questions. *[Write the answers in your yellow workbooks.]*

4. What trick did Horrid Henry play on his brother, Perfect Peter? [1 mark]
Why do you think he did that? [3 marks]

High Challenge Question:

Explain what the words, ‘Henry’s blood boiled’ mean. [4 marks]

Chapter 4

Henry's class lined up on the playing fields.



Flash!

A small figure wearing gleaming white trainers zipped by.

It was Aerobic Al, the fastest boy in Henry's class.



"Gotta run, gotta run, gotta run," he chanted, gliding into place beside Henry. "I will, of course, win every event," he announced.

"I've been training all year.

My dad's got a special place all ready for my trophies."



"Who wants to race anyway?" sneered Horrid Henry, sneaking a yummy gummy fuzzbball into his mouth.

"Now, teams for the three-legged race," barked Miss Battle-Axe into her megaphone. "This is a race showing how well you co-operate and use teamwork with your partner.



Ralph will race with William,



Josh will race with Clare,



Henry..." She glanced at her list.
"You will race with Margaret."

"NO!"

screamed Horrid Henry.

"NO!"

screamed Moody Margaret.



"Yes," said Miss Battle-Axe.

"But I want to be with Susan,"
said Margaret.



"No fussing," said Miss Battle-Axe.

"Bert, where's your partner?"

"I dunno," said Beefy Bert.



Stop and check your understanding.

Answer the following questions. *[Write the answers in your yellow workbooks.]*

5. Who is the fastest runner in the class? [1 mark]
6. Who will Josh race with? [1 mark]
7. How do Horrid Henry and Moody Margaret feel about racing together? [1 mark]

High Challenge Question:

What words in the story tell you this? [2 marks]

Henry and Margaret stood as far apart as possible while their legs were tied together.

“You’d better do as I say, Henry,”
hissed Margaret.

“I’ll decide how we race.”

“I will, you mean,” hissed Henry.



“Ready ... steady ...GO!”

Miss Battle-Axe blew her whistle.

They were off!



Chapter 5

Henry moved to the left, Margaret moved to the right.



“This way, Henry!” shouted Margaret.
She tried to drag him.



“No, this way!” shouted Henry.
He tried to drag her.



They lurched wildly, left and right, then toppled over.



“It’s all your fault, Margaret!”
shouted Henry, pulling her hair.

“No, yours,” shouted Margaret,
pulling his harder.

Miss Battle-Axe blew her whistle
frantically.

“Stop! Stop!” she ordered.
“Henry! Margaret! What an example

CRASH!

Aerobic Al and Lazy Linda tripped over
the screaming Henry and Margaret.



SMASH!

Rude Ralph and Weepy William
fell over Al and Linda.

BUMP!

Dizzy Dave and Beefy Bert collided
with Ralph and William.

“Waaa!” wailed Weepy William.



to set for the younger ones.
Any more nonsense like that and
you’ll be severely punished.



Everyone, get ready for the egg-and-spoon race!”

This was it!

The moment Henry had been waiting for.



The children lined up in their teams.
Moody Margaret, Sour Susan and Anxious Andrew were going first in Henry’s class.



Henry glanced at Peter.

Yes, there he was, smiling proudly,
next to Goody-Goody Gordon,
Spotless Sam, and Tidy Ted.

The eggs lay still on their spoons.



Horrid Henry held his breath.

“Ready ... steady ... GO!”

shouted Miss Battle-Axe.

They were off!

Stop and check your understanding.

Answer the following questions. *[Write the answers in your yellow workbooks.]*

8. Are Horrid Henry and Moody Margaret a good team in the race? [1 mark]
Explain your reasons why? [3 marks]
9. Make a prediction. What do you think will happen next? [2 marks]

Chapter 6

“Go, Peter, go!” shouted Mum.



Peter walked faster and faster and faster.

He was in the lead.

He was pulling away from the field.



Then ...

wobble ...

wobble ...

SPLAT!



“Aaaaagh!” yelled Peter.

Moody Margaret's egg wobbled.

SPLAT!



Then Susan's.

SPLAT!



Then everybody's.

SPLAT!



SPLAT!



SPLAT!



“I've got egg on my shoes!”
wailed Margaret.

“I've ruined my new dress!”
shrieked Susan.

“I've got egg all over me!”
squealed Tidy Ted.



Stop and Check:

10. Why are Margaret,
Susan and Ted
feeling upset?

[3 marks]

“Help!” squeaked Perfect Peter.
Egg dripped down his trousers.



Parents surged forward, screaming and waving handkerchiefs and towels.

Rude Ralph and Horrid Henry shrieked with laughter.



Miss Battle-Axe blew her whistle.
“Who brought the eggs?” asked Miss Battle-Axe. Her voice was like ice.

“I did,” said Perfect Peter.
“But I brought hard-boiled ones.”



“OUT!” shouted Miss Battle-Axe.
“Out of the games!”

“But ... but ...” gasped Perfect Peter.

“No buts, out!” she glared.

“Go straight to the Head.”

Perfect Peter burst into tears
and crept away.



Horrid Henry could hardly contain himself. This was the best Sports Day he'd ever been to.



“The rest of you stop laughing at once. Parents, get back to your seats! Time for the next race!” ordered Miss Battle-Axe.



Stop and Check:

11. Why is Horrid Henry feeling so happy?

[3 marks]

Chapter 7

All things considered, thought Horrid Henry, lining up with his class, it hadn't been too terrible a day.



He'd loved the egg-and-spoon race, of course. And he'd had fun pulling the other team into a muddy puddle in the tug-of-war, knocking over the obstacles in the obstacle race, and crashing into Aerobic Al in the sack race.



But, oh, to actually win something!

There was just one race left before Sports Day was over. The cross-country run. The event Henry hated more than any other. One long, sweaty, exhausting lap round the whole field.



Henry heaved his heavy bones to the starting line. His final chance to win ... yet he knew there was no hope.

If he beat Weepy William he'd be doing well.

Suddenly Henry had a wonderful, spectacular idea. Why had he never thought of this before? Truly, he was a genius.



Wasn't there some ancient Greek who'd won a race by throwing down golden apples which his rival kept stopping to pick up?



Couldn't he, Henry, learn something from those old Greeks?

"Ready ... steady ... GO!" shrieked Miss Battle-Axe.

Off they dashed.

"Go, Al, go!" yelled his father.

"Do your best, Henry," said Mum.



Horrid Henry reached into his pocket and hurled some sweets.

They thudded to the ground in front of the runners.

“Look, sweets!” shouted Henry.



Al checked behind him.

He was well in the lead. He paused and scooped up one sweet, and then another. He glanced behind again, then started unwrapping the yummy gummy fuzzball.

“Sweets!” yelped Greedy Graham.

He stopped to pick up as many as he could find then stuffed them in his mouth.

“Yummy!” screamed Graham.



“Sweets! Where?” chanted the others. Then they stopped to look.

“Over there!” yelled Henry, throwing another handful.

The racers paused to pounce on the treats.



While the others munched and crunched, Henry made a frantic dash for the lead.

He was out in front!



Henry’s legs moved as they had never moved before, pounding round the field. And there was the finishing line!

THUD!

THUD!

THUD!

Henry glanced back.

Oh no! Aerobic Al was catching up!

“The winner is ... Henry?” squeaked Miss Battle-Axe.

“I’ve been robbed!” screamed Aerobic Al.

“Hurray!” yelled Henry.



Wow, what a great day, thought Horrid Henry, proudly carrying home his trophy. Al's dad shouting at Miss Battle-Axe. Miss Battle-Axe and Mum shouting back.

Peter sent off in disgrace.
And he, Henry, the big winner.



"I can't think how you got those eggs muddled up," said Mum.

"Me neither," said Perfect Peter, sniffing.

"Never mind, Peter," said Henry brightly. "It's not winning, it's *how you play that counts.*"



List the sounds words the writer has used in this story [onomatopoeia]:

e.g. **splat**

and finally... Short Writing Task [5 marks]
Who is your favourite character in this story? Explain why.

Onomatopoeia – are words that sound like the sound they are describing.

'Harry Potter & the Philosopher's Stone' by J.K. Rowling. **Watch, listen to/ read then talk about this scene.** Focus: What happens first, next, then, finally – and words describing the action.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7mFyxsHIThM> <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-uK5LDkET-Q>

Quidditch – it's a very **fast** and **dangerous** sport! 7 players 3 different types of balls



1 SEEKER

chases and catches the snitch to score points and end the game



2 BEATERS

use the bludgers to disrupt other players



1 KEEPER

guards the hoops from opposing chasers and keepers



3 CHASERS

score goals by throwing the quaffle into the hoops



MAKE GIFS AT GIFSOUP.COM



Mr. Brady has recorded this section of the story if you want to read along.



The morning of the match dawned bright and cold. Harry was so nervous, he couldn't eat any breakfast. Madam Hooch was refereeing. At precisely 11:00am she stood in the middle of the field waiting for the two teams, her broom in her hand.



"Now, I want a nice fair game, all of you," she said. Harry noticed that she seemed to be speaking particularly to the Slytherin Captain, Marcus Flint, a sixth year. Harry thought Flint looked as if he had some troll blood in him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the banner his friends had made fluttering high above, flashing *Potter for President* over the crowd. His heart skipped. He felt braver.

"Mount your brooms, please."

Harry clambered onto his Nimbus Two Thousand. Madam Hooch gave a loud blast on her silver whistle. Fifteen brooms rose up, high, high into the air. They were off.

"And the Quaffle is taken immediately by Angelina Johnson of Gryffindor -- what an excellent Chaser that girl is, and rather attractive, too--"

"JORDAN!"

"Sorry, Professor."

The Weasley twins' friend, Lee Jordan, was doing the commentary for the match, closely watched by Professor McGonagall.



"And she's really belting along up there, a neat pass to Alicia Spinnet -- back to Johnson and -- no, the Slytherins have taken the Quaffle. Slytherin Captain Marcus Flint gains the Quaffle and off he goes -- Flint flying like an eagle up there -- he's going to sc -- no, stopped by an excellent move by Gryffindor Keeper Wood and the Gryffindors take the Quaffle -- that's Chaser Katie Bell of Gryffindor there, nice dive around Flint, off up the field and -- OUCH -- that must have hurt, hit in the back of the head by a Bludger -- Quaffle taken by the Slytherins -- that's Adrian Pucey speeding off toward the goal posts, but

he's blocked by a second Bludger -- sent his way by Fred or George Weasley, can't tell which -- nice play by the Gryffindor Beater, anyway, and Johnson back in possession of the Quaffle, a clear field ahead and off she goes -- she's really flying -- dodges a speeding Bludger -- the goal posts are ahead -- come on, now, Angelina -- Keeper Bletchley dives -- misses -- GRYFFINDORS SCORE!" Gryffindor cheers filled the cold air, with groans from the Slytherins.



"Budge up there, move along."

"Hagrid!" Hermione shouted.

Ron and Hermione squeezed together to give Hagrid enough space to join them.

"Bin watchin' from me hut," said Hagrid, patting a large pair of binoculars around his neck, "But it isn't the same as bein' in the crowd. No sign of the Snitch yet, eh?"

"Nope," said Ron. "Harry hasn't had much to do yet."

"Kept outta trouble, though, that's somethin'," said Hagrid, raising his binoculars and peering skyward at the speck that was Harry.



Way up above them, Harry was gliding over the game, squinting about for some sign of the Snitch. This was part of his and Wood's game plan.

"Keep out of the way until you catch sight of the Snitch," Wood had said. "We don't want you attacked before you have to be."

When Angelina had scored, Harry had done a couple of loop-the-loops to let off his feelings. Now he was back to staring around for the Snitch. Once he caught sight of a flash of gold, but it was just a reflection from one of the Weasleys' wristwatches, and once a Bludger decided to come pelting his way, more like a cannonball than anything, but Harry dodged it and Fred Weasley came chasing after it.

"All right there, Harry?" he had time to yell, as he beat the Bludger furiously toward Marcus Flint.

"Slytherin in possession," Lee Jordan was saying, " -- wait a moment -- was that the Snitch?"

A murmur ran through the crowd as Adrian Pucey dropped the Quaffle, too busy looking over his shoulder at the flash of gold that had passed his left ear.

Harry saw it. In a great rush of excitement he dived downward after the streak of gold. Slytherin Seeker Terence Higgs had seen it, too. Neck and neck they hurtled toward the Snitch -- all the Chasers seemed to have forgotten what they were supposed to be doing as they hung in midair to watch. Harry was faster than Higgs -- he could see the little round ball, wings fluttering, darting up ahead -- he put on an extra spurt of speed --

WHAM! A roar of rage echoed from the Gryffindors below -- Marcus Flint had blocked Harry on purpose, and Harry's broom spun off course, Harry holding on for dear life.



"Foul!" screamed the Gryffindors.

Madam Hooch spoke angrily to Flint and then ordered a free shot at the goal posts for Gryffindor. But in all the confusion, of course, the Golden Snitch had disappeared from sight again. Down in the stands, Dean Thomas was yelling, "Send him off, ref! Red card!"

"What are you talking about, Dean?" said Ron.

"Red card!" said Dean furiously. "In football you get shown the red card and you're out of the game!"

"But this isn't soccer, Dean," Ron reminded him.

Hagrid, however, was on Dean's side.

"They oughta change the rules. Flint coulda knocked Harry outta the air."

Lee Jordan was finding it difficult not to take sides.

"So -- after that obvious and disgusting bit of cheating--"

"Jordan!" growled Professor McGonagall.



"All right, all right. Flint nearly kills the Gryffindor Seeker, which could happen to anyone, I'm sure, so a penalty to Gryffindor, taken by Spinner, who puts it away, no trouble, and we continue play, Gryffindor still in possession."

It was as Harry dodged another Bludger, which went spinning dangerously past his head, that it happened. His broom gave a sudden, frightening lurch. For a split second, he thought he was going to fall. He gripped the broom tightly with both his hands and knees. He'd never felt anything like that. It happened again. It was as though the broom was trying to buck him off. Harry tried to turn back toward the Gryffindor goal-posts -- and then he realized that his broom was completely out of his control. He couldn't direct it at all. It was zigzagging through the air, and every now and then making violent swishing movements, carrying him slowly higher, away from the game.

"Dunno what Harry thinks he's doing," Hagrid mumbled. He stared through his binoculars. "If I didn' know better I'd say he'd lost control of his broom..."



Suddenly, people were pointing up at Harry all over the stands. His broom had started to roll over and over, with him only just managing to hold on. Then the whole crowd gasped. Harry's broom had given a wild jerk and Harry swung off it. He was now dangling from it, holding on with only one hand.

"Did something happen to it when Flint blocked him?" Seamus whispered.

"Can't have," Hagrid said, his voice shaking. "Can't nothing interfere with a broomstick except powerful Dark magic -- no kid could do that to a Nimbus Two Thousand."

At these words, Hermione seized Hagrid's binoculars, but instead of looking up at Harry, she started looking frantically at the crowd. "I knew it," Hermione gasped, "Snape -- look."

Ron grabbed the binoculars. Snape was in the middle of the stands opposite them. He had his eyes fixed on Harry and was muttering nonstop under his breath.

Ron turned the binoculars back on Harry. His broom was vibrating so hard, it was almost impossible for him to hang on much longer. The whole crowd was on its feet, watching, terrified, as the Weasleys flew up to try and pull Harry safely onto one of their brooms, but it was no good - every time they got near him, the broom would jump higher still. They dropped lower and circled beneath him, obviously hoping to catch him if he fell. Marcus Flint seized the Quaffle and scored five times without anyone noticing.



"Come on, Hermione," Ron muttered desperately.

Hermione had fought her way across to the stand where Snape stood.

She crouched down, pulled out her wand, and whispered a few, well-chosen words. Bright flames shot from her wand onto the hem of Snape's robes. It took perhaps thirty seconds for Snape to realize that he was on fire. A sudden yelp told her she had done her job. Scooping the fire off him into a little jar in her pocket, she scrambled back along the row.

It was enough. Up in the air, Harry was suddenly able to clamber back on to his broom. Harry was speeding toward the ground when the crowd saw him clap his hand to his mouth as though he was about to be sick -- he hit the field on all fours -- coughed -- and something gold fell into his hand.

"I've got the Snitch!" he shouted, waving it above his head.

"He didn't catch it, he nearly swallowed it," Flint was still howling twenty minutes later, but it made no difference -- Harry hadn't broken any rules and Lee Jordan was still happily shouting the results --



Gryffindor had won by one hundred and seventy points to sixty. Harry heard none of this, though. He was being made a cup of strong tea back in Hagrid's hut, with Ron and Hermione.



List some of the **action words** the writer has used in this story [verbs]:

List some **examples** of the good **descriptive language** the writer has used in this story [eg adverbs, adjectives, onomatopoeia or just words you think are good.]

See the 'help box' for a reminder about what these descriptive terms mean.

Complete these sentences linked to Harry's feelings. Did you know – there are 3,000 words in the English language to help us talk about how we feel. [adjectives]

Harry felt **nervous** when _____

because _____

Harry felt **brave** when _____

because _____

Harry felt **excited** when _____

because _____

Help Box

This is revision of the work we did in Week 4 and Week 6. This is tricky work so don't worry if you still need to check – *most adults do too!*

verb = doing word *e.g. dive, flying, dodged*

adjective = describing word *e.g. strong, black tea* [The words 'strong, black' describe the tea]

onomatopoeia = are words that sound like the sound they are describing *e.g. gasp, blast*

Challenge Word:

adverb = tells you more about the verb
e.g. the bludger was spinning dangerously...

Sports Day dawned bright and sunny.



"The winner is ... Henry?" squeaked Miss Battle-Axe.

"I've been robbed!" screamed Aerobic Al.

"Hurray!" yelled Henry.



Henry..." She glanced at her list.

"You will race with Margaret."

"NO!"

screamed Horrid Henry.

"NO!"

screamed Moody Margaret.



