

First: Listening Challenge

Miss Barratt reading *Horrid Henry*
- **listen, make notes, discuss** events in the story linked to character's feeling
THEN write a summary. [slides 2-5]

Next: Reading and Understanding

- **watch** and **discuss** *The Knight Bus*
- **read** and **talk about** [slides 6- 15]

Then: Exploring Character's Feelings

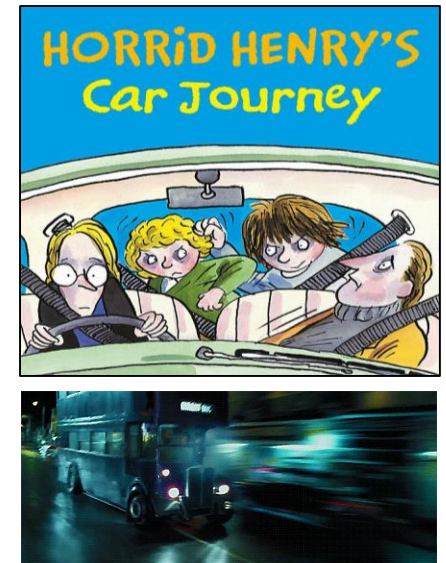
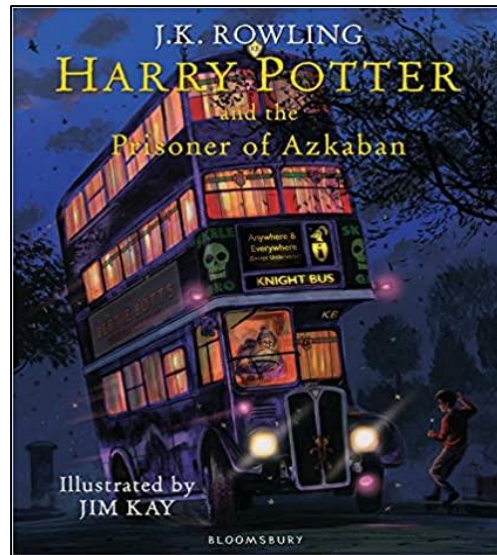
- Close read a section of text
- Explain how Harry is feeling linking it to events in the story. [slides 16-20]

Finally: Extended Narrative Writing

- plan
- sequence events in order
- use descriptive language to entertain your reader.
How is your character feeling? Why?
[slides 21-26]

Signing & Communication:

Feelings + Zones [slides 27-28]



What are we learning this week?

Learning Focus: Building listening and reading comprehension skills linking events in the story to character's feelings *leading to an extended piece of personal writing.*

First Listening and Understanding

Text 1: *Horrid Henry's Car Journey*

Listen and make notes + write a summary

Next: Reading and Understanding

Text 2: *Harry Potter The Knight Bus*

Close reading exercise

Finally: Extended personal writing task

First or third person narrative writing

'Horrid Henry's Car Journey': Listening Challenge!

FIRST read the 'context' for this story below. **THEN** listen and **make notes** as Miss Barratt reads the text from this story. You can pause to let you make notes.

Focus: Identify key events –link to how characters are feeling.

Remember: Notes should be brief words/phrases – make notes of 'emotion' words.

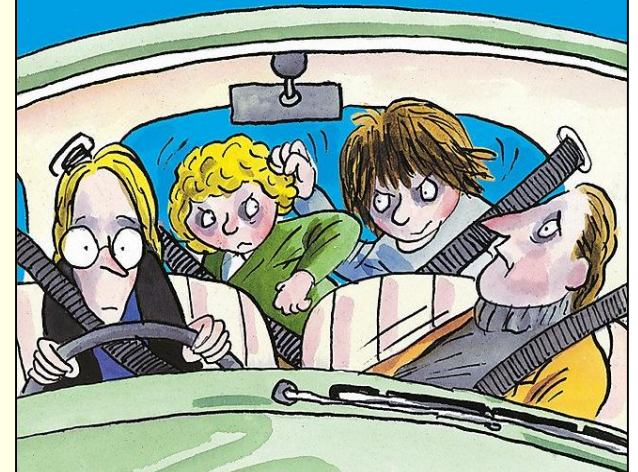
The story so far...

It was his Ralph's birthday party and he was having a birthday party at Goo-Shooter World. Everyone was going. Henry had been so excited when he got an invitation, he had been longing to go for ages and today would have been his chance, his only chance. But today was also his cousin's christening and his mum and dad told him he had to go.

Henry had a massive tantrum, shouted about how much he hated babies, his cousin and his mum and dad but it made no difference. Then they threatened him with no television for a year ... this was too big a risk and so he had to give in and here he was in the back seat of the car with his irritating young brother Perfect Peter. Henry's mind began to plot and plan – *what could he do to get them to turn around and go back home again?*

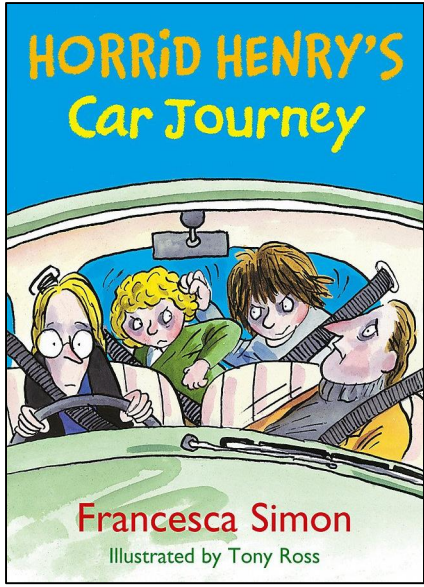
See the link to Miss Barratt's video on our website.

HORRID HENRY'S Car Journey



Francesca Simon

Illustrated by Tony Ross



'Harry Potter & the Prisoner of Azkaban' by J.K. Rowling. **Watch, listen to/ read then talk about this scene.** Focus: Descriptive detail of the Knight Bus including its other passengers and Harry changing feelings.

The massive argument at the Dursley's: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oAH6XX_FjY

The Knight Bus scene: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FArmRa092H0>



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



Ernie the bus driver and Stan the bus conductor.



The Knight Bus – haven't heard of the Knight Bus? See the next slide to find out more.

Setting Context: The Knight Bus was a form of transport invented by J.K. Rowling. She chose the name as it referred to the night buses that travel all over London [homonym – night + knight]. However, ‘knight’ also links with the idea of someone coming to rescue or provide protection ie the knights of the legend of King Arthur. *[These things are worth remembering if you choose to really apply your imagination to this week’s writing task.]*

Knight Buses are for witches and wizards who are Floo-sick or who feel frightened or queasy taking Portkeys. The Knight Bus appears whenever a witch or wizard in urgent need of transportation sticks out their wand arm at the kerb. A purple, triple-decker bus, it has seats during the day and beds at night. It is not particularly comfortable, and I would advise against ordering hot drinks even if offered, because the bus’s habit of leaping from one destination to another at a moment’s notice.

The Knight Bus is a relatively modern invention in wizarding society, which sometimes (though it will rarely admit it) takes ideas from the Muggle world. The need for some form of transportation that could be used safely and discreetly by the underage or the infirm had been felt for a while and many suggestions had been made. Finally, Minister for Magic hit upon the idea of imitating the Muggles’ relatively new ‘bus service’, the Knight Bus hit the streets.

While some wizards (mainly pureblood fanatics) were enraged, none-the-less the Knight Bus has proved hugely popular with most of the community and remains busy to this day.

Harry Potter is in need of this help in Chapter 2 of *Harry Potter & the Prisoner of Azakaban*. After getting into a massive argument with his horrible relatives, the Dursley’s, he storms out of their house taking Hedwig and his Hogwarts’ belongings with him.



Floo-sick = like car sick – people who can’t travel using the magical network linking fireplaces

Portkeys = a magical object enchanted to instantly bring anyone touching it to a specific location

Harry was several streets away before he collapsed onto a low wall in Magnolia Crescent, panting from the effort of dragging his trunk. He sat quite still, anger still surging through him, listening to the frantic thumping of his heart. But after ten minutes alone in the dark street, a new emotion overtook him: panic. Whichever way he looked at it, he had never been in a worse fix. He was stranded, quite alone, in the dark Muggle world, with absolutely nowhere to go. And the worst of it was, he had just done serious magic, which meant that he was almost certainly expelled from Hogwarts. He had broken the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Wizardry so badly, he was surprised Ministry of Magic representatives weren't swooping down on him where he sat.



Harry shivered and looked up and down Magnolia Crescent. What was going to happen to him? Would he be arrested, or would he simply be outlawed from the wizarding world? He thought of Ron and Hermione, and his heart sank even lower. Harry was sure that, criminal or not, Ron and Hermione would want to help him now, but they were both abroad, and with Hedwig gone, he had no means of contacting them. He didn't have any Muggle money, either. There was a little wizard gold in the moneybag at the bottom of his trunk, but the rest of the fortune his parents had left him was stored in a vault at Gringotts Wizarding Bank in London. He'd never be able to drag his trunk all the way to London.



Unless ... He looked down at his wand, which he was still clutching in his hand. If he was already expelled (his heart was now thumping painfully fast), a bit more magic couldn't hurt. He had the Invisibility Cloak he had inherited from his father – what if he bewitched the trunk to make it feather-light, tied it to his broomstick, covered himself in the Cloak and flew to London? Then he could get the rest of his money out of his vault and ... begin his life as an outcast.

It was a horrible prospect, but he couldn't sit on this wall for ever or he'd find himself trying to explain to Muggle police why he was out in the dead of night with a trunk full of spell books and a broomstick...

Harry opened his trunk again and pushed the contents aside, looking for the Invisibility Cloak – but before he had found it, he straightened up suddenly, looking around him once more. A funny prickling on the back of his neck had made Harry feel he was being watched, but the street appeared to be deserted, and no lights shone from any of the large square houses. He bent over his trunk again, but almost immediately stood up once more, his hand clenched on his wand. He had sensed rather than heard it: someone or something was standing in the narrow gap between the garage and the fence behind him. Harry squinted at the black alleyway. If only it would move, then he'd know whether it was just a stray cat or – something else. 'Lumos,' Harry muttered, and a light appeared at the end of his wand, almost dazzling him.



He held it high over his head, and the pebble-dashed walls of number two suddenly sparkled; the garage door gleamed, and between them, Harry saw, quite distinctly, the hulking outline of something very big, with wide, gleaming eyes. Harry stepped backwards. His legs hit his trunk and he tripped. His wand flew out of his hand as he flung out an arm to break his fall, and he landed, hard, in the gutter.

There was a deafening BANG and Harry threw up his hands to shield his eyes against a sudden blinding light ... With a yell, he rolled back onto the pavement, just in time. A second later, a gigantic pair of wheels and headlights had screeched to a halt exactly where Harry had just been lying. They belonged, as Harry saw when he raised his head, to a triple-decker, violently purple bus, which had appeared out of thin air. Gold lettering over the windscreen spelled The Knight Bus. For a split second, Harry wondered if he had been knocked silly by his fall.

Then a conductor in a purple uniform leapt out of the bus and began to speak loudly to the night.

‘Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. Just stick out your wand hand, step on board and we can take you anywhere you want to go. My name is Stan Shunpike, and I will be your conductor this eve — ’



The conductor stopped abruptly. He had just caught sight of Harry, who was still sitting on the ground. Harry snatched up his wand again and scrambled to his feet. Close to, he saw that Stan Shunpike was only a few years older than he was; eighteen or nineteen at most, with large, protruding ears and a fair few pimples.

‘What were you doin’ down there?’ said Stan, dropping his professional manner.

‘Fell over,’ said Harry. ‘ ‘Choo fall over for?’ sniggered Stan .

‘I didn’t do it on purpose,’ said Harry, annoyed. One of the knees in his jeans was torn, and the hand he had thrown out to break his fall was bleeding. He suddenly remembered why he had fallen over, and turned around quickly to stare at the alleyway between the garage and fence. The Knight Bus’s headlamps were flooding it with light, and it was empty.

‘Choo lookin’ at?’ said Stan

'There was a big black thing,' said Harry, pointing uncertainly into the gap.

'Like a dog ... but massive ...'

He looked around at Stan, whose mouth was slightly open. With a feeling of unease, Harry saw Stan's eyes move to the scar on Harry's forehead.

'Woss that on your 'ead?' said Stan abruptly.

'Nothing,' said Harry quickly, flattening his hair over his scar.

If the Ministry of Magic was looking for him, he didn't want to make it too easy for them.

'Woss your name?' Stan persisted.

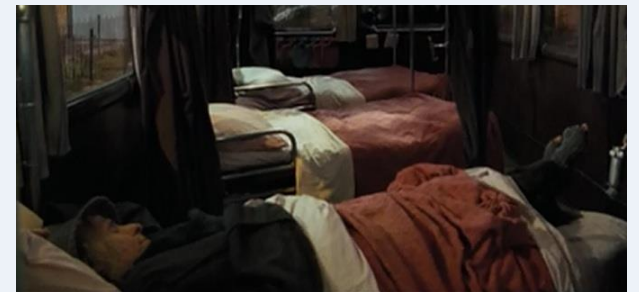
'Neville Longbottom,' said Harry, saying the first name that came into his head. 'So – so this bus,' he went on quickly, hoping to distract Stan, 'did you say it goes anywhere?'

'Yep,' said Stan proudly, 'anywhere you like, long's it's on land. Can't do nuffink underwater. 'Ere,' he said, looking suspicious again, 'you did flag us down, dincha? Stuck out your wand 'and, dincha?'

'Yes,' said Harry quickly. 'Listen, how much would it be to get to London?'

'Eleven Sickles,' said Stan, 'but for firteen you get 'ot chocolate, and for fifteen you get an 'ot-water bottle an' a toofbrush of your choice.'

Harry rummaged once more in his trunk, extracted his money bag and shoved some silver into Stan's hand. He and Stan then lifted his trunk, with Hedwig's cage balanced on top, up the steps of the bus. There were no seats; instead, half-a-dozen brass bedsteads stood beside the curtained windows. Candles were burning in brackets beside each bed, illuminating the wood-panelled walls. A tiny wizard in a nightcap at the rear of the bus muttered, 'Not now, thanks, I'm pickling some slugs,' and rolled over in his sleep.



You 'ave this one,' Stan whispered, shoving Harry's trunk under the bed right behind the driver, who was sitting in an armchair in front of the steering wheel.

'This is our driver, Ernie Prang. This is Neville Longbottom, Ern.'

Ernie Prang, an elderly wizard wearing very thick glasses, nodded to Harry, who nervously flattened his fringe again and sat down on his bed.



'Take 'er away, Ern,' said Stan, sitting down in the armchair next to Ernie's. There was another tremendous BANG, and next moment Harry found himself flat on his bed, thrown backwards by the speed of the Knight Bus. Pulling himself up, Harry stared out of the dark window and saw that they were now bowling along a completely different street.

Stan was watching Harry's stunned face with great enjoyment.

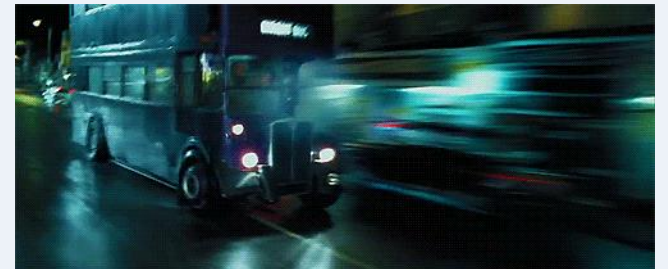
'This is where we was before you flagged us down,' he said.

'Where are we, Ern? Somewhere in Wales?'" 'Ar,' said Ernie.

'How come the Muggles don't hear the bus?'" said Harry

'Them!'" said Stan contemptuously 'Don' listen properly, do they. Don' look properly either. Never notice nuffink, they don'.

'Best go wake up Madam Marsh, Stan,' said Ern. 'We'll be in Abergavenny in a minute.'



Stan passed Harry's bed and disappeared up a narrow wooden staircase. Harry was still looking out of the window, feeling increasingly nervous. Ernie didn't seem to have mastered the use of a steering wheel. The Knight Bus kept mounting the pavement, but it didn't hit anything; lines of lamp posts, letter-boxes and bins jumped out of its way as it approached and back into position once it had passed. Stan came back downstairs, followed by a faintly green witch wrapped in a travelling cloak.

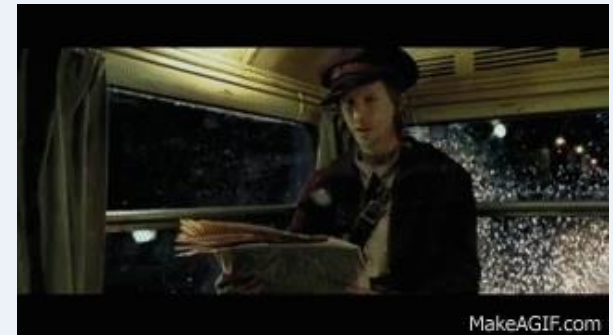
'Ere you go, Madam Marsh,' said Stan happily, as Ern stamped on the brake and the beds slid a foot or so towards the front of the bus. Madam Marsh clamped a handkerchief to her mouth and tottered down the steps. Stan threw her bag out after her and rammed the doors shut; there was another loud BANG, and they were thundering down a narrow country lane, trees leaping out of the way.

Harry wouldn't have been able to sleep even if he had been travelling on a bus that didn't keep banging loudly and jumping a hundred miles at a time. His stomach churned as he fell back to wondering what was going to happen to him, and whether the Dursley's had managed to get Aunt Marge off the ceiling yet. Stan had unfurled a copy of the Daily Prophet and was now reading with his tongue between his teeth. A large photograph of a sunken-faced man with long, matted hair blinked slowly at Harry from the front page. He looked strangely familiar.

'That man!' Harry said, forgetting his troubles for a moment. 'He was on the Muggle news' Stanley turned to the front page and chuckled. 'Sirius Black,' he said, nodding. 'Course 'e was on the Muggle news, Neville. Where you been?' He gave a superior sort of chuckle at the blank look on Harry's face, removed the front page and handed it to Harry. 'You oughta read the papers more, Neville.'

Harry held the paper up to the candlelight and read, 'BLACK STILL AT LARGE Sirius Black, possibly the most infamous prisoner ever to be held in Azkaban fortress, is still eluding capture, the Ministry of Magic confirmed today.'

'We are doing all we can to recapture Black,' said the Minister for Magic, Cornelius Fudge, this morning, 'and we beg the magical community to remain calm.' 'Black is mad. He's a danger to anyone who crosses him, magic or Muggle.'



Harry looked into the shadowed eyes of Sirius Black, the only part of the sunken face that seemed alive. Harry had never met a vampire, but he had seen pictures of them in his Defence Against the Dark Arts classes, and Black, with his waxy white skin, looked just like one.

‘Scary-lookin’ fing, inee?’ said Stan, who had been watching Harry read ‘He murdered thirteen people?’ said Harry, handing the page back to Stan, ‘with one curse’ ‘Yep,’ said Stan. ‘In front of witnesses an’ all. Broad daylight. Black woz a big supporter of You-Know-’Oo,’ he said.

‘What, Voldemort?’ said Harry, without thinking Even Stan’s pimples went white;

‘You outta your tree?’ yelled Stan ‘‘Choo say ’is name for?!’

‘Sorry,’ said Harry hastily. ‘Sorry, I – I forgot –’

‘Forgot!’ said Stan weakly ‘Blimey, my ’ear’s goin’ that fast ..’

‘So – so Black was a supporter of You-Know-Who?’ Harry prompted .

‘Yeah,’ said Stan, still rubbing his chest. ‘Yeah, that’s right. Very close to You-Know- ... anyway, when little ’Arry Potter put paid to You-Know-’Oo’.

Harry nervously flattened his fringe down again –

‘All You-Know-’Oo’s supporters was tracked down, wasn’t they, Ern? Most of ’em knew it was all over and they came quiet. But not Sirius Black. Anyway, they cornered Black in the middle of a street full of Muggles an’ Black took out ’is wand and ’e blasted ’alf the street apart, an’ a wizard got it, an’ so did a dozen Muggles what got in the way. ‘Orrible, eh? An’ you know what Black did then?’ Stan continued in a dramatic whisper.

‘What?’ said Harry

‘Laughed,’ said Stan. ‘Jus’ stood there an’ laughed. An’ when reinforcements from the Ministry of Magic got there, ’e went wiv ’em quiet as anyfink, still laughing ’is ’ead off. ‘Cos ’e’s mad, inee, Ern?

‘If he weren’t when he went to Azkaban, he will be now,’ said Ern in his slow voice. ‘Serves him right, mind ... after what he did ...’.



Talk about summat else, Stan, there's a good lad. Them Azkaban guards give me the collywobbles." Stan put the paper away reluctantly and Harry leant against the window of the Knight Bus, feeling worse than ever. What if he got sent to Azkaban for blowing up his aunt?

The Knight Bus rolled through the darkness, scattering bushes and bollards, telephone boxes and trees, and Harry lay, restless and miserable, on his feather bed. One by one, wizards and witches in dressing-gowns and slippers descended from the upper floors to leave the bus. They all looked very pleased to go. Finally, Harry was the only passenger left.

'Clapping his hands, Stan said, 'whereabouts in London?'

'Diagon Alley,' said Harry.

'Righto,' said Stan, ' 'old tight, then ...''

BANG! They were thundering along Charing Cross Road.

Harry sat up and watched buildings squeezing themselves out of the Knight Bus's way. The sky was getting a lighter. He would lie low for a couple of hours, go to Gringotts the moment it opened, then set off – where, he didn't know.

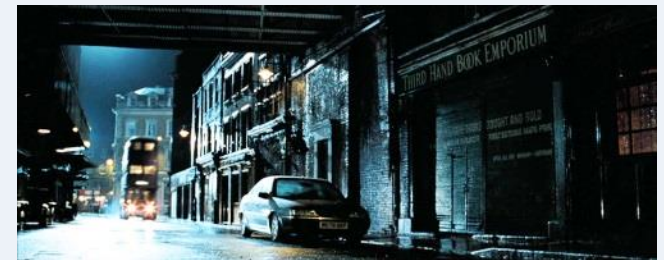
Ern slammed on the brakes and the Knight Bus skidded to a halt in front of a small and shabby-looking pub, the Leaky Cauldron.

'Thanks,' Harry said to Ern. He jumped down the steps and helped Stan lower his trunk and Hedwig's cage onto the pavement. 'Well,' said Harry, ' 'bye then!''

But Stan wasn't paying attention, he was goggling at the shadowy entrance to the Leaky Cauldron.

'There you are, Harry,' said a voice. Before Harry could turn, he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Harry looked up at the owner of the hand on his shoulder and felt a bucketful of ice cascade into his stomach – he had walked right into Cornelius Fudge, the Minister for Magic himself.



Explain how Harry is feeling. Give reasons why using information from the text.

Remember: Read the sub-text [*hidden meaning*] as well as the obvious meaning of the words.

Harry shivered and looked up and down Magnolia Crescent. What was going to happen to him? Would he be arrested, or would he simply be outlawed from the wizarding world?

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[slide 4]

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[slide 11]

Now it's your turn. Choose ONE of the following tasks.

Write about a journey you have been on. *[writing based on REAL events]*

OR

Write about a fantastical journey you have been on. *[writing based on imagined events]*

Where were you going? Who with? Why were you going there?

Remember to include descriptive detail to entertain your reader. [see Help Box below]

How did you feel before, during and after.

Think about:

- Like Horrid Henry, was it a journey you didn't want to make OR were you looking forward to it? OR, like Harry, were you grateful for the ride but find yourself on strange transport heading to somewhere you have never stayed before? Where will your journey take you?
- You can write in either first person [I ran quickly ...] or third person [he/she jumped aboard].
- You can write as yourself or as a character you have invented.



Story Planning Sheet: [You can also use your yellow workbook.]

Talk your ideas through *then* complete your plan
Focus: Building planning skills. [Just brief notes – not sentences]

Finally: the climax to the story and ending...

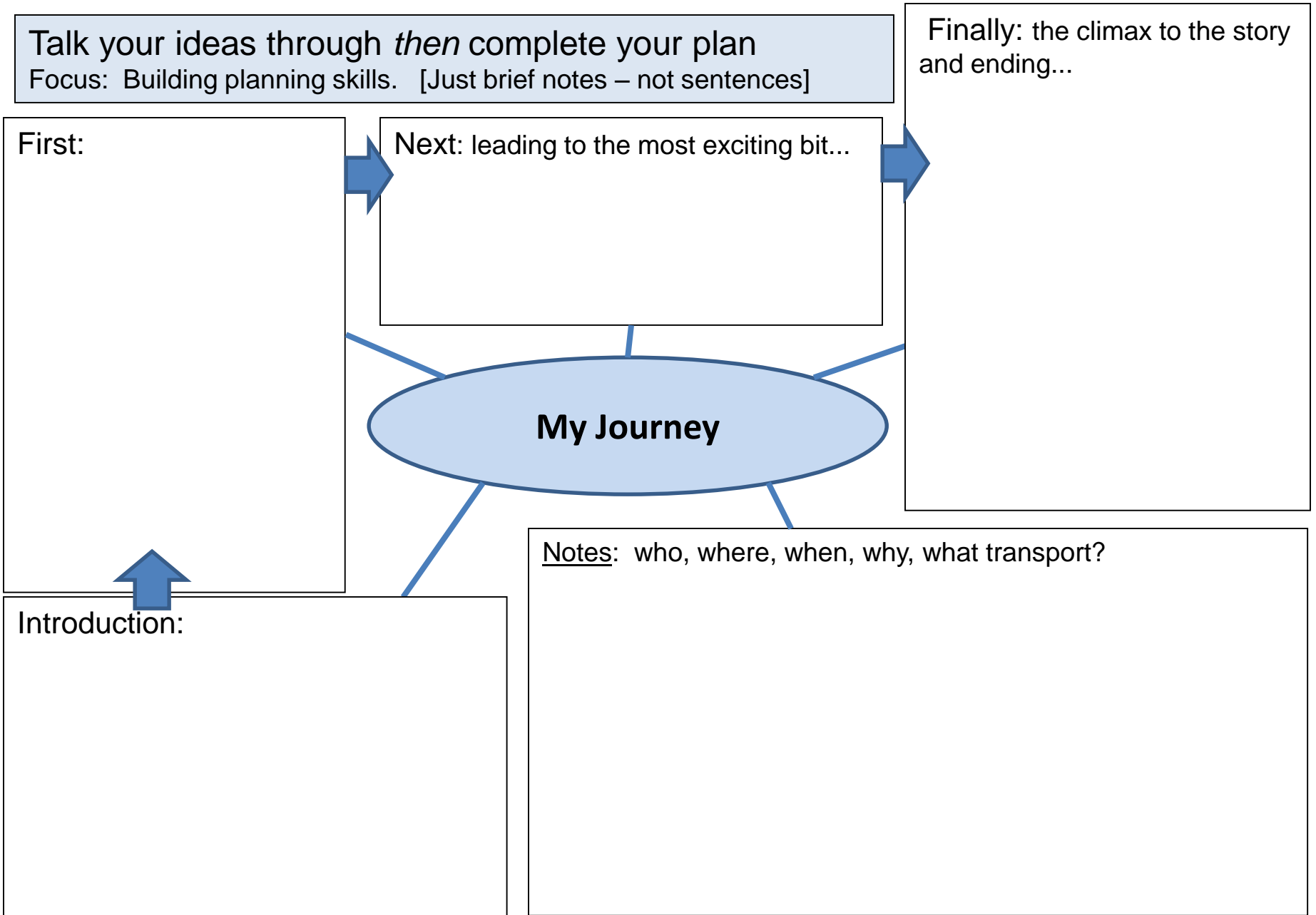
First:

Next: leading to the most exciting bit...

My Journey

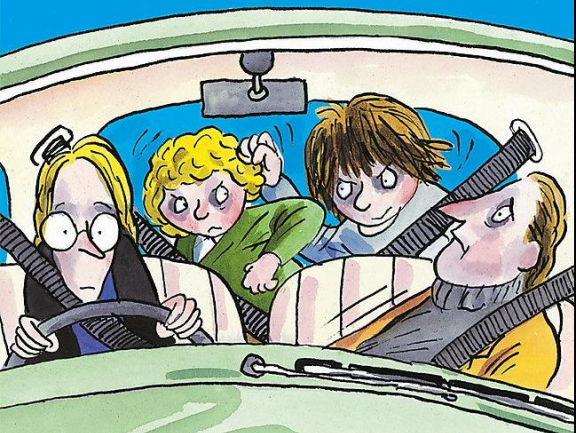
Introduction:

Notes: who, where, when, why, what transport?



Reminder to Review: Vary your use of **punctuation** [? ! , . “...”], remember to **paragraph** and use **descriptive writing techniques** – see the help box below.

HORRID HENRY'S Car Journey



Francesca Simon

Illustrated by Tony Ross

"Henry's kicking me."

"Are you kicking him, Henry?"

"Not yet," muttered Henry.



"I'm going to be sick!" whimpered Peter.



Help Box: Extended Personal Writing [Revision]

narrative writing = is a form of writing that tells a story.

verb = doing word *e.g. opened, dragged, clutched, flew.*

adjective = describing word *e.g. **wide, gleaming** eyes*

[The words 'wide, gleaming' describe the eyes Harry sees in dark alleyway.]

onomatopoeia = are words that sound like the sound they are describing
e.g. bang, screeching, thundering

simile = describing something by comparing it to something else ie 'as' or 'like'. *Harry's heart pounded **like** a drum OR Harry's heart pounded **as fast as** galloping hooves.*

adverb = tells you more about the verb *e.g. Harry landed **hard** in the gutter.*

colloquial language = informal or slang language – can be used to help establish a character *OR...*

naturalistic dialogue = informal language that mirrors the way a person like that character would talk *e.g. 'anywhere you like, long's it's on land. Can't do nuffink underwater'* [Stan Shunpike]

Signing & Communication – Feelings & Emotions

Getting ready for/or being on a **journey** can make us feel **strong emotions** – *good and not so good* – that can be hard to explain to others.

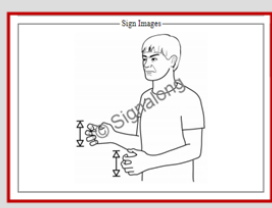
Signing can really help communicate our feelings when words are harder to say. *See the video on our website to practise feelings signs – maybe try and teach them to someone else. [Zones of Regulation chart on next slide.]*



Excited

As in Excited

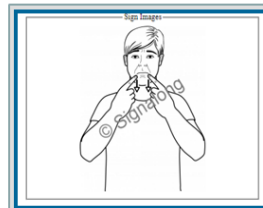
Clawed hands (palms back, pointing in) against upper chest, alternatively move rapidly up and down while maintaining contact with chest.



Angry

Angry/Cross

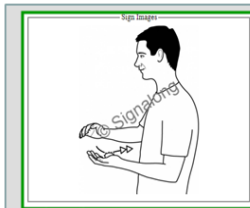
Clawed hands (palms in, pointing forward) at waist height, move up and down alternatively with emphasis.



Sad

Sad/Miserable/Unhappy

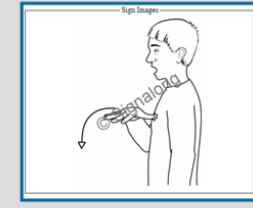
Index hands (palms back, pointing in/up) at sides of lips make a short downward movement.



Happy

Happy/Glad

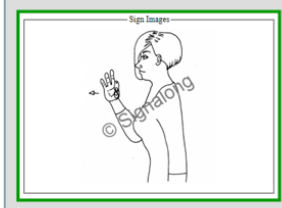
Working **cupped hand** strikes twice across supporting palm moving towards heel of the hand.



Tired

As in tired

Working **open hand** (palm down, pointing forward/in) with thumb resting against upper chest, **arcs over** to palm up, pointing forward/in at waist height, shoulders slump.







Okay

OK/Okay

Working **'O' hand** (palm in, pointing forward) moves forward.



The **ZONES** of Regulation®

			
<p>BLUE ZONE</p> <p>Sad Sick Tired Bored Moving Slowly</p>	<p>GREEN ZONE</p> <p>Happy Calm Feeling Okay Focused Ready to Learn</p>	<p>YELLOW ZONE</p> <p>Frustrated Worried Silly/Wiggly Excited Loss of Some Control</p>	<p>RED ZONE</p> <p>Mad/Angry Terrified Yelling/Hitting Elated Out of Control</p>