

Year 4 English Week 1

Lessons 1-5

We hope that you are all well and continuing to be happy and healthy. We would have been reading Varjak Paw as our book for this term. Mrs Modha is going to be reading a chapter from the book each day which you will be able to see on youtube at this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC9zzWTBpKA4Y7YNA8EoyijA/>

Go through one lesson each day and try your best.

- Mrs Modha and Miss Beck.

On the front cover of the book it says:

“This cat must learn to fight.”

Talk to another person about what you think this might mean. What do they think this might be all about?

Create a brainstorm of ideas about what you think the book might be all about.

Read the story opening below:

Chapter 1

The Elder Paw was telling a story.

It was a Jalal tale, one of the best. Varjak loved to hear his grandfather’s tales of their famous ancestor: how Jalal fought the fiercest warrior cats, how he was the mightiest hunter, how he came out of Mesopotamia and travelled to the ends of the earth, further than any cat had been before.

But today, the Elder Paw’s tale just made Varjak restless. So what if Jalal had such exciting adventures? Varjak never would. Jalal had ended his days in the Contessa’s house. His family of Mesopotamian Blues had stayed here ever since.

The old place must have been full of light and life in Jalal’s time, generations ago—but now it was full of dust and musty smells. The windows were always closed, the doors locked. There was a garden, but it was surrounded by a high stone wall. Jalal was the last to cross it. In all the years since then, no one had ever left the Contessa’s house.

Now, no one except Varjak was even listening to the tale of Jalal’s adventures. Father, Mother and Aunt Juni were dozing in the late afternoon light that trickled through the thick green windows. His big brother Julius was flexing his muscles; his cousin Jasmine was fiddling with her collar. His litter brothers Jay, Jethro and Jerome were playing one of those kittenish games that Varjak could never see the point of, and wasn’t allowed to join in anyway.

No one was looking at him. This was his chance. He’d been in the garden before, but the family didn’t like it out there, and never let him stay very long.

Write about how this story opening makes you feel.

What do you like or dislike about it?

Does it remind you of anything you have seen or know of in stories or in real life?

Thinking about how it is written, which parts stick in your mind the most?

Which words or phrases do you like best? What do you like about them?

Do they look or sound interesting? Do they help you make a picture in your mind?

Talk to other people about your ideas. What do they think?

Lesson 2

Pick a place either within your house, in your garden or balcony. Use all your senses to find something for each letter of the alphabet.

A		N	
B		O	
C		P	
D		Q	
E		R	
F		S	
G		T	
H		U	
I		V	
J		W	
K		X	
L		Y	
M		Z	

Now sketch out the image of what you saw in as much detail as you can. Try to include all the things you included above.

On the next page, re-do the alphabet activity above but adding more description. For example if you wrote leaves, you could write rustling leaves, floating leaves or damp leaves.

Lesson 2

A	
B	
C	
D	
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F	
G	
H	
I	
J	
K	
L	
M	
N	
O	
P	

Q	
R	
S	
T	
U	
V	
W	
X	
Y	
Z	

Lesson 3

Below are some examples of shape poems.

Use the descriptions you came up with in the last lesson to make your own shape poem. Plan it out on the lines below and then write it in a shape of your choice on some plain paper.

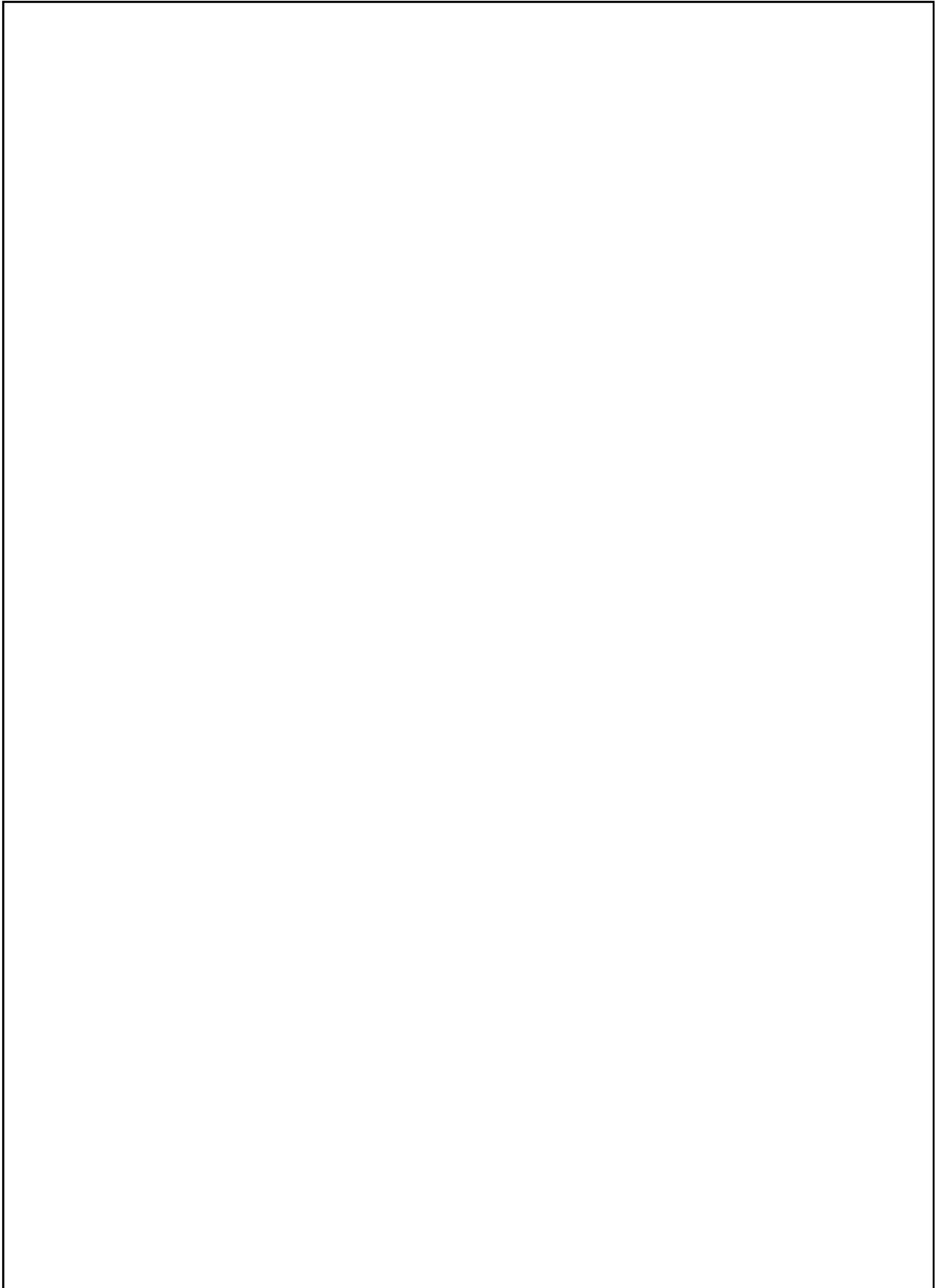
<p>Yes, I know it's a bit trite, but I love the spring. All of the expected things: the hotgreen buds, the fuzz of catkins, the new taste of the air, that makes you want to drink it. The return of the pair of ducks to our yard. It's all coming alive. Everything is coming alive, bit by bit by bit. It's <u>heaven</u>. I don't even care that it snowed today -- okay just a bit. But the sun has punched through, trailing blue banner sky, and the light in my studio is buttery and clean. I should be painting, not writing, but it's just so charging to see the long great grey gone for another year. I can breathe again. You would think I wouldn't mind winter so much, or why would I live in a place so cold? And you're right; I love the seasons.</p>	<p>Winter's over at last and it's about time It's spring spring spring Spring</p>	<p>And then there are the exhilarating storms, just nature's way of humbling you: Wait for it ... And the thunderstorms are the best, lightening sparking and fizzing through the ozone, then drips, drops, the deluge ... all fresh, all new, all ready to leap. I wouldn't want to live in a place where nothing ever Changed, and the best thing is how the grey, bundled days make the rest so precious.</p>
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A spider spins a web so neatly. Rests a while on the web which from food to land on the web that's sticky. Escape from food to land on the web that's sticky. Escape from food to land on the web that's sticky. Rests a while on the web which from food to land on the web that's sticky. Escape from food to land on the web that's sticky.

warm chewy
gingerbread man,
made in some oven
while lying in a pan.
people are waiting
to eat his hand.
why is it they will
mostly nibble on his limbs?
leaving him (if he could) pondering,
wondering just what he'd done to them?
this punishment is a bit harsh it seems
only just for giving them oh,
such tasty dreams.
children all begging
they want to taste too,
be sure there's enough
if it's the last thing that you do.
more are waiting cut them out fast,
although we try I'm pretty sure
they're not going to last.

Lesson 3

In the space below write out your shape poem. Make sure to include a title for your poem.

A large, empty rectangular box with a thin black border, intended for the student to write their shape poem. The box is oriented vertically and occupies most of the lower half of the page.

An Incredible Mistake

There has been a huge mix-up at the airport and all of these belongings have fallen out of their suitcases. Can you help by drawing lines to match the root words to the correct prefix?



Write three sentences below which each contain two words beginning with the prefixes dis-, mis- or un-.

Lesson 5

Read the extract from 'The adventures of Varjak Paw' below and answer the questions in full sentences.

A shrill shriek pierced the silent night. Varjak stopped dead in his tracks. Shuddering, his ears vibrated then flattened out against his matted fur. He knew that scream. A distant memory tried to surface. Blocking all thoughts, he padded across the glossy road, which reflected the dim yellow street-lights lining the path Varjak should take. Reaching an old, derelict building, he sprang stealthily onto a tall, arched window. The empty, gaping window frame seemed to swallow his slender body.

Miaaaaaooooowww. There it was again. Hanging on the air like an alarm, the cry was more frantic now, desperate even. A shudder ran through his body: from the end of his whiskers to the tip of his tail. Varjak edged closer to the alley's entrance, balancing like an acrobat on a tightrope, arching his body towards the noise, which was coming from deep, down in the darkness. Heart racing, Varjak sprang into the rotting rubbish and broken glass beneath him. Treading carefully, he let his awareness flow out: reaching into the darkness beyond him becoming his eyes. As his breathing slowed, his body shimmered in the moonlight. Shadow Walking: Jalal's third skill. Varjak smiled to himself as he remembered how hard it had been to master. Breathing, concentration, belief- there were so many things to remember to be an effective shadow-walker. Before he'd learnt The Way- The Way of Jalal- he had been such an unsuccessful shadow-walker (now, however, this was his greatest strength.)

Under the invisibility cloak of darkness, Varjak moved quickly forwards into the endless void of the alley. Nobody would be able to see him whilst he walked in the shadows. Just at that moment, his heightened senses detected a smell: a rancid, putrid smell like nothing he'd ever smelt before. His whiskers shook as he sucked in the air lined with this foul stench. Being unable to see, he could only use his awareness now. The light from the street lights behind him was not much more than a twinkle and the moonless sky had long been covered by the buildings, which loomed up high above him.

CRASH! In the darkness, Varjak hadn't seen the rubbish bags camouflaged by the lightless alley. *The smell must be coming from these bags!* Pulling and tearing, scratching and ripping, Varjak dug his claws deep into the soft, black material. The bags released their contents over his rear paws: food scraps, empty containers and an illuminous green slime melted into the floor around him.

Digging, he held his breath and continued to search deep down into the depths of the sacks. Varjak froze. A cold, metallic object brushed his paw. There they lay: the bodies of the Gentleman's cats. Their fur was knotted with a lime green liquid, gushing from a large, mangled hole where an ear once sat. Their limbs were twisted into unnatural positions and their eyes....their eyes were like something Varjak could not forget. Two marble blue eyes, stuck staring right into his soul- with a look of horror glazed across them. *How could they be scared?* Varjak scoffed to himself. They weren't even alive. Their bodies had been, once. They'd been stolen during the vanishings and turned into machines: killing machines. Varjak shivered as he remembered, his fur stood on end and he felt a sharp pain shoot across his forehead. He'd learnt the hard way just how well trained these cats were. If Varjak hadn't known The Way, he'd never have been able to face these monsters alone.

Flexing his claws, he dug his nails deep into the two carcasses and began to drag them into the alleyway so he could take a closer look. *Why had they been left for dead? Where was the Gentleman? was he near? gone? dead?*

BANG! A door slammed open further up the alley. Blood pumping, mind reeling, senses spinning – Varjak stumbled backwards into the gloom. His awareness tingled as he regained control of his sense. Breathe, in one, two, out one, two. Exhaling deeply, Varjak cleared his mind to a blank canvas. He allowed his instinct to take over. Back amongst the shadows-in between what can be seen and what can't be seen- Varjak headed towards the open door. Reflected in the dim light of the distant street, a figure was silhouetted against the crumbling walls. The Gentleman! Under each arm he held two boxes like loaded guns ready to fire. Carefully lowering them to the ground, he closed the huge metal door with a slam. He turned the key in the lock, slid a blot across the top and finally forced a huge, sturdy slab of metal across the whole door.

Security conscious! Varjak thought to himself.

In one swift movement, the Gentleman snatched up the boxes and opened the boot of his car, depositing both boxes neatly inside. Bemused, Varjak watched from his hiding place. Just at that moment, the man stood still. Varjak held his breath. *Had the Gentleman heard him?* Patting his pocket, the old man snorted with disgust. Grumbling to himself, he walked heavily towards the locked door. After what seemed like an eternity, he banged the door open again.

This was Varjak's chance! Like a thief in the night he sprang into action. Swiftly, he leapt onto the car's plastic bumper- landing with precision and without a sound. Moving quickly into the boot, he felt the rough, bedraggled carpet beneath his paws. Knife like claws dug into the soft cardboard, pulling the lid towards him and revealing the contents. There lay a doll, which was so accurately crafted; it could almost have been a real child. Two snow boots adorned its feet; a pink gilet hugged its small body and two baby pink mittens hung from the limp arms. But the eyes haunted Varjak. Frozen in a look of disbelief they gazed at him. A sudden horror filled him. It tore up from his stomach and grabbed at his throat. He struggled to breathe.

Slam! The boot of the car slammed shut above him, trapping him like a prisoner. Everything went in slow motion, a buzzing rang in his ears and the air around him seemed to become thick and suffocating, like he had fallen under water. Through the fuzziness a high pitched noise erupted. It seemed to be coming from the doll. It was a frequency so high pitched only a cat's ears could hear it. Varjak couldn't make out the noise; it sounded like the noises the human's make to each other. 'HEEEEELLLLLLP!' The sound echoed in his ears.

Varjak didn't know what the word meant, but he knew the tone. That tone meant he was in danger- imminent danger.

1. **Find and copy a group of words** that means the same as 'a high pitched scream'.
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2. Look at the sentence: ***Treading carefully, he let his awareness flow out***

Which word most closely matches awareness in this sentence? Tick 1 box.

information

senses

understanding

familiarity

3. According to the text, what was the alley like where Varjak heard the scream?
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-
-
-

4. What is the third skill of The Way?

5 ...**he padded across the glossy road...** Give two impressions the word **glossy** gives you of the road?

6. Why was the alleyway so dark?

7. Complete the following table about Varjak's adventure.

What time of day is the story set?	
What made Varjak go into the alley?	
What was making the awful smell in the alley?	

8. **Find** and **copy** a word that shows that Varjak didn't like the two cats he had found.

9. Look at the paragraph beginning "**Digging, he held....**" Why did Varjak freeze?

10. Tick whether the statement is true or false.

	True	False
Varjak was afraid of the Gentleman		
Varjak had always been good at shadow-walking		
Varjak had fought the machine cats before		
The Gentleman heard Varjak that's why he went back in the building		

11. What evidence is there to suggest that Varjak is determined? Explain using quotes from the text.

12. Draw lines to match each part of the story with the correct quotation from the text.

Setting	He'd learnt the hard way just how well trained these cats were
Action	ears vibrated and then flattened out against his fur
Past events	into the rotting rubbish and broken glass beneath him
Character	landing with precision and without a sound

13. Look at the paragraph beginning '***This was Varjak's chance!***' Why do you think a sudden horror filled Varjak?

14. Do you think Varjak will survive? Make references to the whole text.
