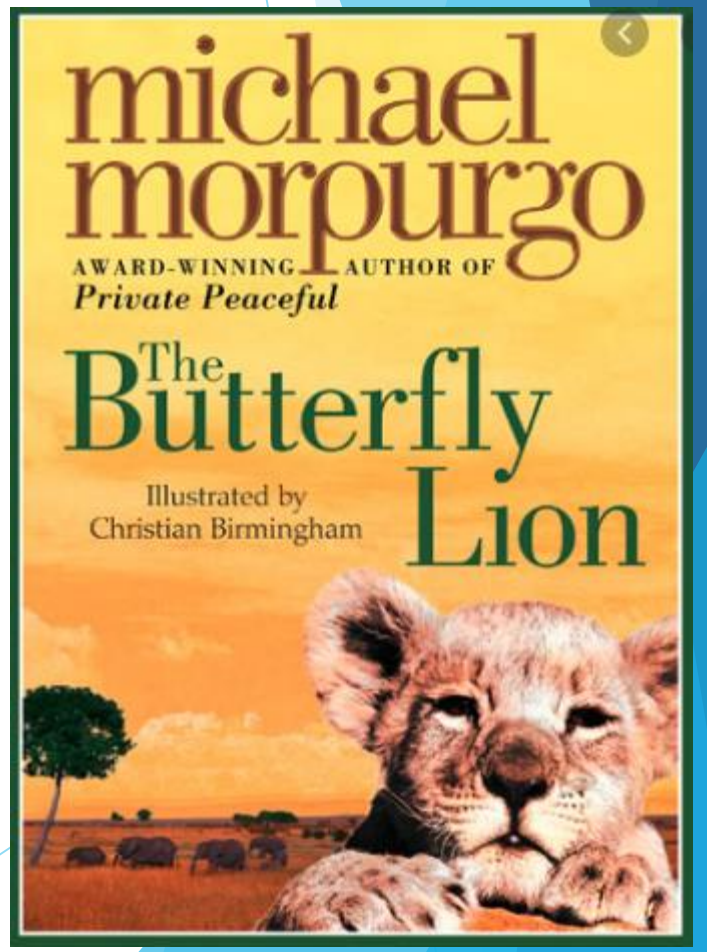
English

Week beginning: Monday 27th April

5 daily English tasks



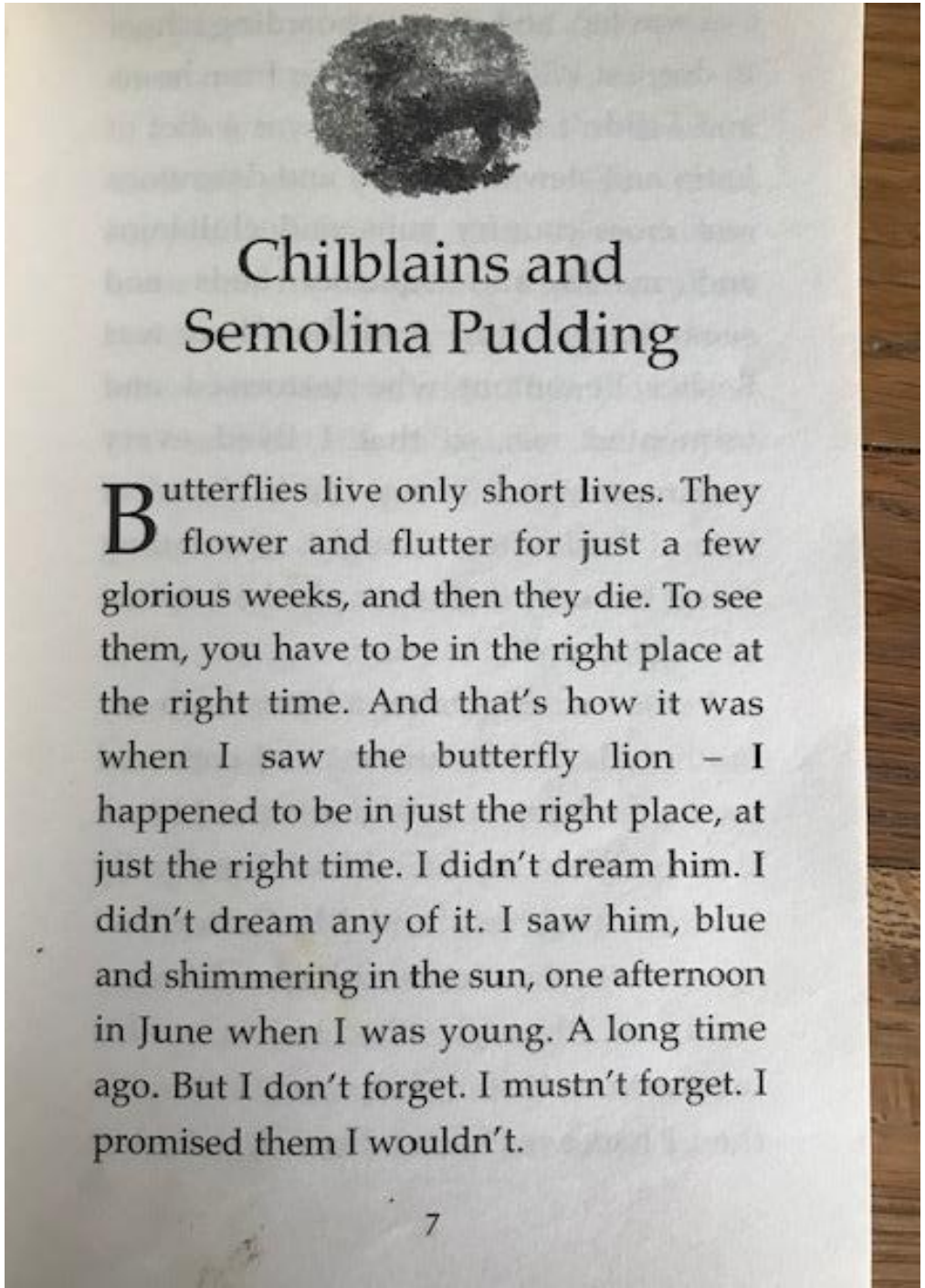
Day 1

As it has been so long since we last looked at the Butterfly Lion, I think we need to revisit parts of the book!

Please read chapter 1 of the "Butterfly Lion".

Why not listen along as you read the chapter on the following pages? Click the link below to access the audio.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RYCTt0SHnYc&t=40s

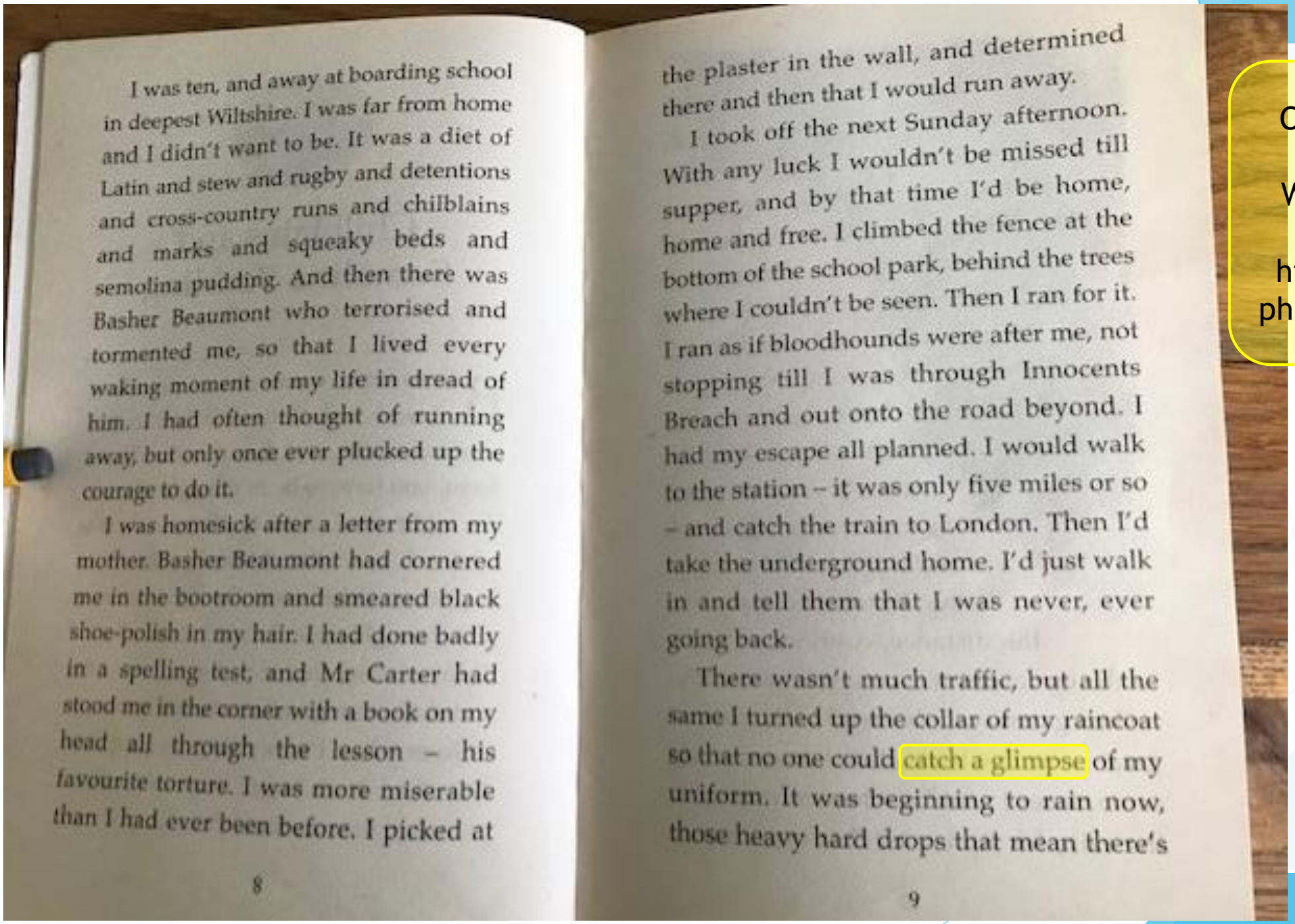


Chilblains and Semolina Pudding

Butterflies live only short lives. They flower and flutter for just a few glorious weeks, and then they die. To see them, you have to be in the right place at the right time. And that's how it was when I saw the butterfly lion – I happened to be in just the right place, at just the right time. I didn't dream him. I didn't dream any of it. I saw him, blue and shimmering in the sun, one afternoon in June when I was young. A long time ago. But I don't forget. I mustn't forget. I promised them I wouldn't.

Top tip:

If you read any words you don't understand, please ask someone, or research online what it means!



I was ten, and away at boarding school in deepest Wiltshire. I was far from home and I didn't want to be. It was a diet of Latin and stew and rugby and detentions and cross-country runs and chilblains and marks and squeaky beds and semolina pudding. And then there was Basher Beaumont who terrorised and tormented me, so that I lived every waking moment of my life in dread of him. I had often thought of running away, but only once ever plucked up the courage to do it.

I was homesick after a letter from my mother. Basher Beaumont had cornered me in the bootroom and smeared black shoe-polish in my hair. I had done badly in a spelling test, and Mr Carter had stood me in the corner with a book on my head all through the lesson – his favourite torture. I was more miserable than I had ever been before. I picked at

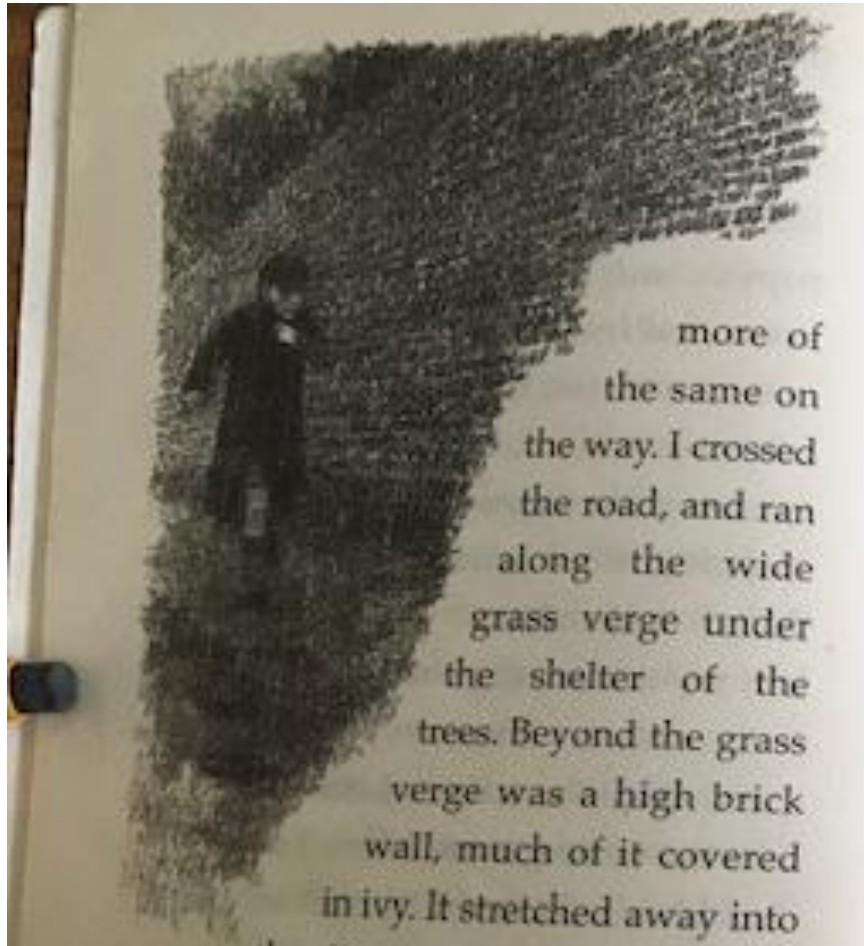
the plaster in the wall, and determined there and then that I would run away.

I took off the next Sunday afternoon. With any luck I wouldn't be missed till supper, and by that time I'd be home, home and free. I climbed the fence at the bottom of the school park, behind the trees where I couldn't be seen. Then I ran for it. I ran as if bloodhounds were after me, not stopping till I was through Innocents Breach and out onto the road beyond. I had my escape all planned. I would walk to the station – it was only five miles or so – and catch the train to London. Then I'd take the underground home. I'd just walk in and tell them that I was never, ever going back.

There wasn't much traffic, but all the same I turned up the collar of my raincoat so that no one could catch a glimpse of my uniform. It was beginning to rain now, those heavy hard drops that mean there's

Challenge:

What does the highlighted phrase mean?



more of the same on the way. I crossed the road, and ran along the wide grass verge under the shelter of the trees. Beyond the grass verge was a high brick wall, much of it covered in ivy. It stretched away into the distance, continuous as far as the eye could see, except for a massive arched gateway at the bend of the road. A great stone lion bestrode the gateway. As I came closer I could see he was roaring in the rain, his lip curled, his teeth bared.

I stopped and stared up at him for a moment. That was when I heard a car slowing down behind me. I did not think twice. I pushed open the iron gate, darted through, and flattened myself behind the stone pillar. I watched the car until it disappeared round the bend.

To be caught would mean a caning, four strokes, maybe six, across the back of the knees. Worse, I would be back at school, back to detentions, back to Basher Beaumont. To go along the road was dangerous, too dangerous. I would try to cut across country to the station. It would be longer that way, but far safer.

Day 1

Task

Answer the questions about the first chapter and record this into your books. Don't forget to look back through the text to help with your answers.

1. How old is the boy when he decides to run away from boarding school?
2. Give two reasons why the boy may be miserable at boarding school.
3. **On page 9,** why do you think the boy "turned up the collar of my raincoat so that no one could catch a glimpse of my uniform?"

Challenge

How do you think life in a boarding school compares to life in other schools?

Day 2

Please read chapter 2 of the "Butterfly Lion".

Why not listen along as you read the chapter on the following pages? Click the link below to access the audio.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iullOE9rGVI



Strange Meeting

I was still deciding which direction to take when I heard a voice from behind me.

"Who are you? What do you want?"

I turned.

"Who are you?" she asked again. The old lady who stood before me was no bigger than I was. She scrutinised me from under the shadow of her dripping straw hat. She had piercing dark eyes that I did not want to look into.

"I didn't think it would rain," she said, her voice gentler. "Lost, are you?"

I said nothing. She had a dog on a leash at her side, a big dog. There was an

ominous growl in his throat, and his hackles were up all along his back.

She smiled. "The dog says you're on private property," she went on, pointing her stick at me accusingly. She edged aside my raincoat with the end of her stick. "Run away from that school, did you? Well, if it's anything like it used to be, I can't say I blame you. But we can't just stand here in the rain, can we? You'd better come inside. We'll give him some tea, shall we, Jack? Don't you worry about Jack. He's all bark and no bite." Looking at Jack, I found that hard to believe.

I don't know why, but I never for one moment thought of running off. I often wondered later why I went with her so readily. I think it was because she expected me to, willed me to somehow. I followed the old lady and her dog up to the house, which was huge, as huge as my school. It looked as if it had grown out of the ground.

Top tip:

If you read any words you don't understand, please ask someone, or research online what it means!

Challenge:

What do the highlighted words mean?



There was hardly a brick or a stone or a tile to be seen. The entire building was smothered in red creeper, and there were a dozen ivy-clad chimneys sprouting skywards from the roof.

We sat down close to the stove in a vast vaulted kitchen. "The kitchen's always the warmest place," she said, opening the oven door. "We'll have you dry in no time. Scones?" she went on, bending down with some difficulty and reaching inside. "I always have scones on a Sunday. And tea to wash it down. All right for you?" She went on chatting away as she busied herself with the kettle and the teapot. The dog eyed me all the while from his basket, unblinking. "I was just thinking," she said. "You'll be the first young man I've had inside this house since Bertie." She was silent for a while.

The smell of the scones wafted through the kitchen. I ate three before I even touched my tea. They were sweet and crumbly,



and succulent with melting butter. She talked on merrily again, to me, to the dog – I wasn't sure which. I wasn't really listening. I was looking out of the window behind her. The sun was bursting through the clouds and lighting the hillside. A perfect rainbow arched through the sky. But miraculous though it was, it wasn't the rainbow that fascinated me. Somehow, the clouds were casting a strange shadow over the hillside, a

shadow the shape of a lion, roaring like the one over the archway.

"Sun's come out," said the old lady, offering me another scone. I took it eagerly. "Always does, you know. It may be difficult to remember sometimes, but there's always sun behind the clouds, and the clouds do go in the end. Honestly."

She watched me eat, a smile on her face that warmed me to the bone.

"Don't think I want you to go, because I don't. Nice to see a boy eat so well, nice to have the company; but all the same, I'd better get you back to school after you've had your tea, hadn't I? You'll only be in trouble otherwise. Mustn't run off, you know. You've got to stick it out, see things through, do what's got to be done, no matter what." She was looking out of the window as she spoke. "My Bertie taught me that, bless him, or maybe I taught him. I can't remember now." And

she went on talking and talking, but my mind was elsewhere again.

The lion on the hillside was still there, but now he was blue and shimmering in the sunlight. It was as if he were breathing, as if he were alive. It wasn't a shadow any more. No shadow is blue. "No, you're not seeing things," the old lady whispered. "It's not magic. He's real enough. He's our lion, Bertie's and mine. He's our butterfly lion."

"What d'you mean?" I asked.



She looked at me long and hard. "I'll tell you if you like," she said. "Would you like to know? Would you really like to know?"

I nodded.

"Have another scone first and another cup of tea. Then I'll take you to Africa where our lion came from, where my Bertie came from too. Bit of a story, I can tell you. You ever been to Africa?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, you're going," she said. "We're both going."

Suddenly I wasn't hungry any more. All I wanted now was to hear her story. She sat back in her chair, gazing out of the window. She told it slowly, thinking before each sentence; and all the while she never took her eyes off the butterfly lion. And neither did I.

Day 2

Task

Answer the questions about the second chapter and record this into your books. Don't forget to look back through the text to help with your answers.

1. Record 3 things the boy notices about the old lady when he first meets her.
2. How does the old lady describe her dog, Jack, so she doesn't worry the boy?
3. Why does the old lady's house look as if it has 'grown out of the ground'?

Challenge

Inference: How do you think the boy is feeling as he sits in Millie's kitchen? Find evidence from the text to support your answer.

Day 3

Today, we will be focusing on an interesting setting from chapter 3. First of all, read pages 20-24.

As you read, focus your attention on the "watering hole".

What else do you think you would be able to see?
What sounds could you hear?

Using this, we can generate ideas to create a setting description.



Timbavati

Bertie was born in South Africa, in a remote farmhouse near a place called Timbavati. It was shortly after Bertie first started to walk that his mother and father decided a fence must be put around the farmhouse to make a compound where Bertie could play in safety. It wouldn't keep the snakes out – nothing could do that – but at least Bertie would be safe now from the leopards, and the lions and the spotted hyenas. Enclosed within the compound were the lawn and gardens at the front of the house, and the stables and barns at the back – all the room a child would need or want, you might think. But not Bertie.

The farm stretched as far as the eye could see in all directions, twenty thousand acres of veld. Bertie's father farmed cattle, but times were hard. The rains had failed too often, and many of the rivers and waterholes had all but dried up. With fewer wildebeest and impala to prey on, the lions and leopards would sneak up on the cattle whenever they could. So Bertie's father was more often than not away from home with his men, guarding the cattle. Every time he left, he'd say the same thing: "Don't you ever open that gate, Bertie, you hear me? There's lions out there, leopards, elephants, hyenas. You stay put, you hear?" Bertie would stand at the fence and watch him ride out, and he would be left behind with his mother, who was also his teacher. There were no schools for a hundred miles. And his mother too was always warning him to stay inside

the fence. "Look what happened in *Peter and the Wolf*," she would say.

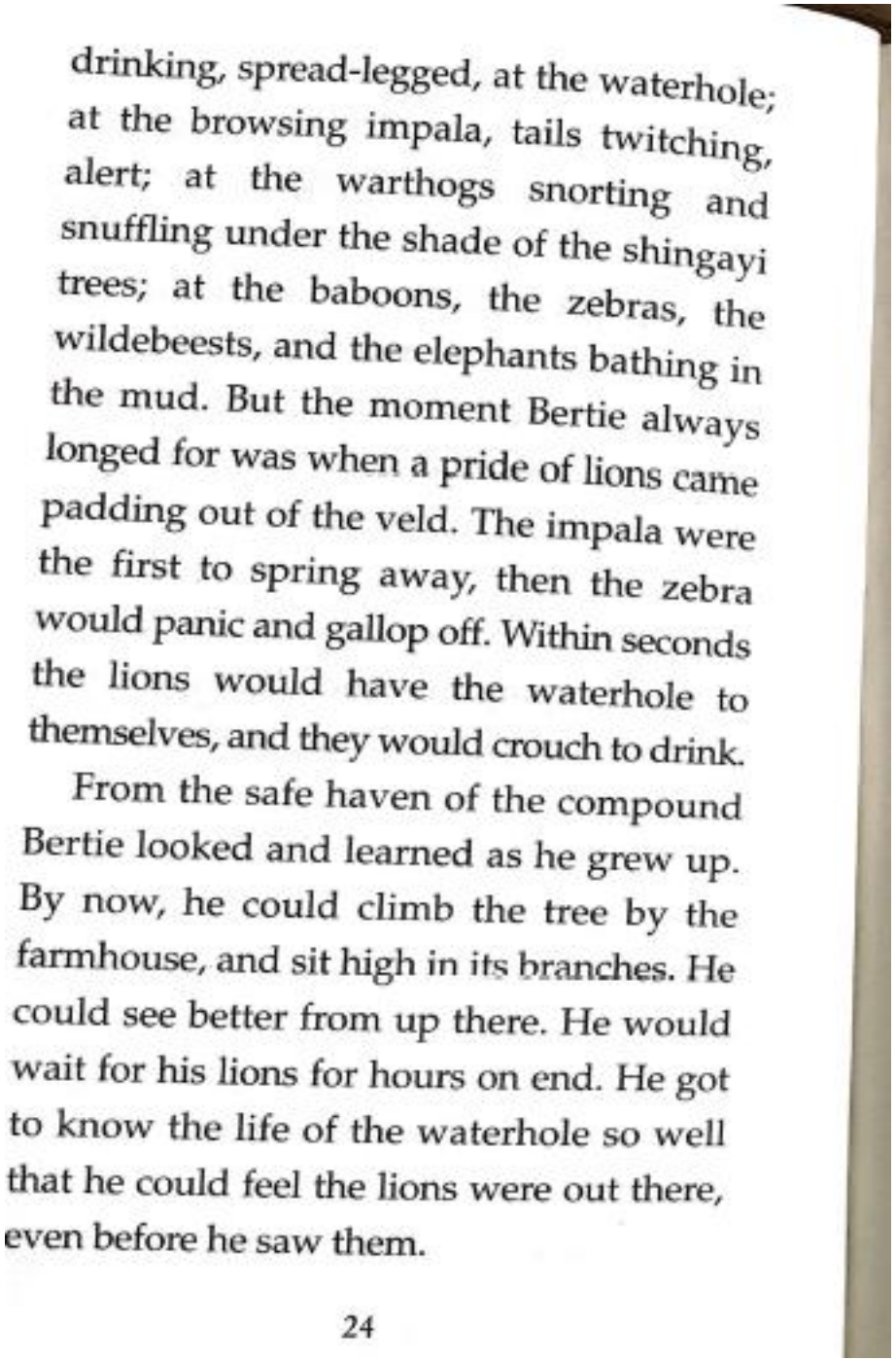
His mother was often sick with malaria, and even when she wasn't sick she would be listless and sad. There were good days, days when she would play the piano for him and play hide-and-seek around the compound. Or he'd sit on her lap on the sofa out on the veranda and she'd just talk and talk, all about her home in England, about how much she hated the wildness and the loneliness of Africa, and about how Bertie was everything to her.



But they were rare days. Every morning he'd climb into her bed and snuggle up to her, hoping against hope that today she'd be well and happy; but so often she wasn't, and Bertie would be left on his own again, to his own devices.

There was a waterhole downhill from the farmhouse, and some distance away. That waterhole, when there was water in it, became Bertie's whole world. He would spend hours in the dusty compound, his hands gripping the fence, looking out at the wonders of the veld, at the giraffes





drinking, spread-legged, at the waterhole; at the browsing impala, tails twitching, alert; at the warthogs snorting and snuffling under the shade of the shingayi trees; at the baboons, the zebras, the wildebeests, and the elephants bathing in the mud. But the moment Bertie always longed for was when a pride of lions came padding out of the veld. The impala were the first to spring away, then the zebra would panic and gallop off. Within seconds the lions would have the waterhole to themselves, and they would crouch to drink.

From the safe haven of the compound Bertie looked and learned as he grew up. By now, he could climb the tree by the farmhouse, and sit high in its branches. He could see better from up there. He would wait for his lions for hours on end. He got to know the life of the waterhole so well that he could feel the lions were out there, even before he saw them.

24

Top tip:

Focus less on the animals…

- What else could you see, hear, smell or feel?

- What time of day might it be?

- What is the temperature like?



What could we describe at the watering hole?

Ideas to focus on:

- Clouds
- Sun
- Water
- Dry earth

- What can you hear?
- Feelings? Think temperature?

Task:

- Plan out your setting description by creating your own mind map into your book. Around the edge, add nouns (things) that you would describe into the boxes.
- Include adjectives to describe each noun (see my examples).
- See next page for some more support

Cloudless sky

Sound?



Sight?

Sunlight reflected off surface of the water

Cool, calm water



Ground
Dry / Scorched

Trees
Bare / lifeless / gnarled

Sounds
Birds / animals roaring

temperature
Humid / boiling

Day 4

Look back at your plan for your setting description (the mind map you did yesterday).

Today, you will be writing a paragraph to describe your watering hole!

On the next page, you can see an example I wrote to help! But please, don't just copy it ☺

Day 4 – Mr P's example

If it helps, use my first sentence to help get started! ☺

From the safety of our compound, I gazed out towards the watering hole. Scorching rays of sunlight reflected off the surface of the water. Slowly, a single rhino approached the cool, clear water. I could hear a flock of birds tweeting nearby. Along one side stood a number of bare and lifeless trees. I felt a bead of sweat trickle down my forehead. Carefully, I leapt out of the tree and pressed my head against the perimeter fence.

Day 4

Task:

Write a paragraph into your books to describe the watering hole.

Make sure you include:

- What can you see?
- What can you hear?
- Powerful adjectives to make your writing more interesting.
- Don't forget to use your plan!

Sentence openers:

In the distance, _____

All around me were _____

Up ahead, _____

I could see _____

I could hear _____

CHALLENGE:

1. Use a powerful simile
2. Start with the word "Although"

Day 5

Today, we will be focusing on using empathy to try and understand how Bertie may be feeling.

First of all, read pages 25-28.

As we read, think about what might be happening, and how it might be making him feel.

Bertie had no friends to play with, but he always said he was never lonely as a child. At night he loved reading his books and losing himself in the stories, and by day his heart was out in the veld with the animals. That was where he yearned to be. Whenever his mother was well enough, he would beg her to take him outside the compound, but her answer was always the same.

"I can't, Bertie. Your father has forbidden it," she'd say. And that was that.

The men would come home with their stories of the veld, of the family of cheetahs sitting like sentinels on their kopje, of the leopard they had spotted high in his tree larder watching over his kill, of the hyenas they had driven off, of the herd of elephants which had stampeded the cattle. And Bertie would listen wide-eyed, agog. Again and again he asked his father if he could go with him to help guard the cattle. His father

What does this tell us about how Bertie might be feeling?

just laughed, patted his head, and said it was man's work. He did teach Bertie how to ride, and how to shoot too, but always within the confines of the compound.

Week in, week out, Bertie had to stay behind his fence. He made up his mind though, that if no one would take him out into the veld, then one day he would go by himself. But something always held him back. Perhaps it was one of those tales he'd been told of black mamba snakes whose bite would kill you within ten minutes, of hyenas whose jaws would crunch you to bits, of vultures who would finish off anything that was left so that no one would ever find even the bits. For the time being he stayed behind the fence. But the more he grew up, the more his compound became a prison to him.

One evening – Bertie must have been about six years old by now – he was sitting high up in the branches of his tree, hoping

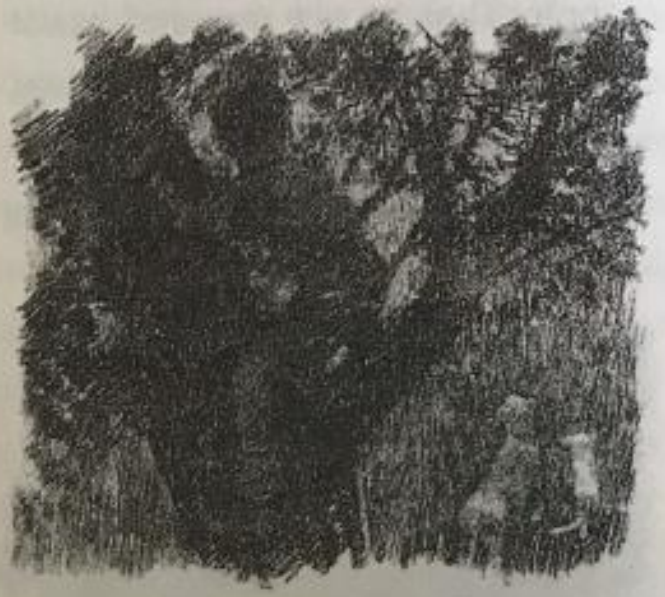
against hope the lions might come down for their sunset drink as they often did. He was thinking of giving up, for it would soon be too dark to see much now, when he saw a solitary lioness come down to the waterhole. Then he saw that she was not alone. Behind her, and on unsteady legs, came what looked like a lion cub – but it was white, glowing white in the gathering gloom of dusk.



Challenge:

Can you find any reasons why Bertie might not want to leave the safety of the compound?

While the lioness drank, the cub played at catching her tail; and then, when she had had her fill, the two of them slipped away into the long grass and were gone.



Bertie ran inside, screaming with excitement. He had to tell someone, anyone. He found his father working at his desk.

"Impossible," said his father. "You're seeing things that aren't there, or you're telling fibs – one of the two."

Day 5

Task:

Based on what we have read so far, do you think Bertie wanted to leave the compound?

Clouds

Write a few sentences to answer the question:

Should Bertie leave the compound?
Explain why.

I think Bertie shouldn't leave because _____

Moons

In your books, complete a table to show reasons why Bertie:

- SHOULD leave the compound (3 reasons)
- SHOULDN'T leave the compound (3 reasons)

See example layout on the next page.

Reasons to leave	Reasons to stay

Challenge

Write a letter to Bertie to convince him on whether he should stay or leave the compound.

Now it's time to enjoy the weekend! ☺

We are so proud of all of the hard work you are putting in at home. We are looking forward to seeing some of your work.

Keep working hard. We believe in you!