

# English planning and resources

Planning and Resources

School -

Year group (s) – 5

Teacher –

Text – Seasons of Splendour

Term – Autumn 1

# Overview

English Overview Y5

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Text used	Writing outcome
A1	POR 1 Tell me	POR 2 story mapping	POR 3 similarities and differences	POR 4 acting out story	POR 5 creating trailer with voice over for story	Seasons of Splendour by Madhur Jaffrey	Playscript of story
A2	POR 6 comparing settings art visualisation	POR 7 Have model text of one story as a play script and act out	Tadpole the model text – pick out layout features as well as language SPAG colon to introduce a list of characters	Shared writing – modelling layout of script – converting narrative to playscript SPAG focus present tense - perfect present progressive	Shared writing – adding stage directions to a playscript SPAG focus – brackets		
A3	Shared writing – hot seating characters to get voice and language choices correct for characters show not tell SPAG commas for parenthesis to add detail	Shared writing – hot seating characters to get voice and language choices correct for characters – SPAG focus character show not tell	Innovate model playscript	Innovate model playscript	Innovate model playscript		
A4	Plan own story through story mapping for own play	Use plan to write opening scene for play and then build up scene for play	Use plan to write problem scene	Use plan to write resolution and ending scenes	Perform plays in small groups, edit and review		
A5	Model text of poem In the Bazaars of Hyderabad – tell me	Model text reread – vocab – research the different things being sold and create visual representation of the bazaar	Model text reread – analyse each stanza – compare the joys with sorrows	Model text reread – act out as merchant and buyer – SPAG question and answer tadpole	Model text reread and pick out the different senses used to make the reader feel present		Poetry – Indian poetry – stanzas
A6	Shared writing add own stanza in style from bazaar	Innovate poem based on a market place in the UK	Innovate continued	Perform, edit and review	Write reflection of poetry heard from class in previous lesson		

# Writing outcomes and SPAG focus

## Writing outcomes

- \* **Playscript**
- \* **Poetry in stanzas - Indian**

## SPAG focus

- \* **Perfect progressive present tense**
- \* **Brackets for stage directions and asides**
- \* **Commas for parenthesis**
- \* **Show not tell - characterisation through dialogue**
- \* **Colon to introduce a list**
- \* **Question marks revision**

# NC objectives

## National Curriculum Writing Expectations Y5

Spell some words with 'silent' letters.

Distinguish between homophones by their spelling.

Identify my audience and write with them in mind.

Draft my work developing initial ideas and researching where necessary.

Select and use the correct grammar to enhance meaning.

Use the correct tense throughout.

Ensure subject and verb agreement.

Check for spelling and punctuation errors.

Write cursive text legibly.

Punctuate direct and indirect speech.

Use passive verbs.

Use the perfect form of verbs.

Use expanded noun phrases.

Use modal verbs or adverbs.

Use relative clauses.

Use commas, brackets, and dashes for parenthesis.

Use a colon to introduce a list.

Use a semi-colon to separate a more detailed list.

Punctuate bullet points.

## National Curriculum Writing Expectations Y6

Spell the words I have been taught including the NC lists.

Use a thesaurus to find alternative words with the same meaning.

Use a range of cohesive devices.

Draft my work developing initial ideas and researching where necessary.

Select and use the correct grammar to enhance meaning.

Ensure that the correct tense is used.

Ensure correct subject and verb agreement.

Use font / handwriting for effect.

Punctuate direct and indirect speech.

Use passive verbs.

Use the perfect form of verbs.

Use expanded noun phrases.

Use modal verbs or adverbs.

Use relative clauses.

Use commas, brackets and dashes as appropriate for different types of parenthesis.

Use semi-colons to mark independent clauses (co-ordination).

Use colons to mark dependent clauses (sub-ordination).

Use ellipses.



# Genre objectives

## Imagery / Narrative / Non-sense / Free verse / Classic / Performance

### Poetry Expectations Year 6

Interpret poems, explaining how the poet creates shades of meaning; justify own views and explain underlying themes

Explain the impact of figurative and expressive language, including metaphor

Comment on poems' structures and how these influence meaning

Vary pitch, pace volume, rhythm and expression in relation to the poem's meaning and form

Use actions, sound effects, musical patterns, images and dramatic interpretation, varying presentations by using ICT

Use language imaginatively to create surreal, surprising, amusing and inventive poetry

Use simple metaphors and personification to create poems based on real or imagined experience

Select pattern or form to match meaning and own voice

**Reading poetry** (subject matter and theme / language use / style / pattern)

**Performing poetry** (use of voice / presentation)

**Creating poetry** (original playfulness with language and ideas / detailed recreation of closely observed experience / using different patterns)

## Warning Story Expectations Y6

Use a contrast to hook the reader

Use a flashback or forward

Dismiss the problem or 'bad' character as a hook for the reader

Link back to the beginning with an action to show a characters changed

Use onomatopoeia for description and effect

Use precise detail for description

Put the speaker in front, in the middle or at the end of what is said for effect

Surprise the reader with something unexpected

Reveal a character's thoughts

## Warning Story Expectations Y5

Use a contrast to hook the reader - - either of a character's personality or setting

Create a mood to hook the reader

Use a dilemma, desire or unexpected event to hook the reader

Suggest something dangerous might happen or has happened

Use a character's reaction for description

Use a statement to contrast another for description

Select detail for a purpose

Use speech for characters to reflect on events

Add a listener's reaction to speech

Personify the setting

Suggest something is about to happen

# Madhur Jaffrey

MADHUR JAFFREY was born near Delhi and grew up listening to stories such as these, mainly from the older women in the family. Today she is known throughout the world as a talented actress and, more recently, an author of cookery books. In *Seasons of Splendour* she has returned to the colourful myths and legends she was told as a child, and the result is a dramatic collection for children to read for themselves or have read aloud to them in the traditional Indian way.

# Please read the POR unit plan in full

- \* Link below

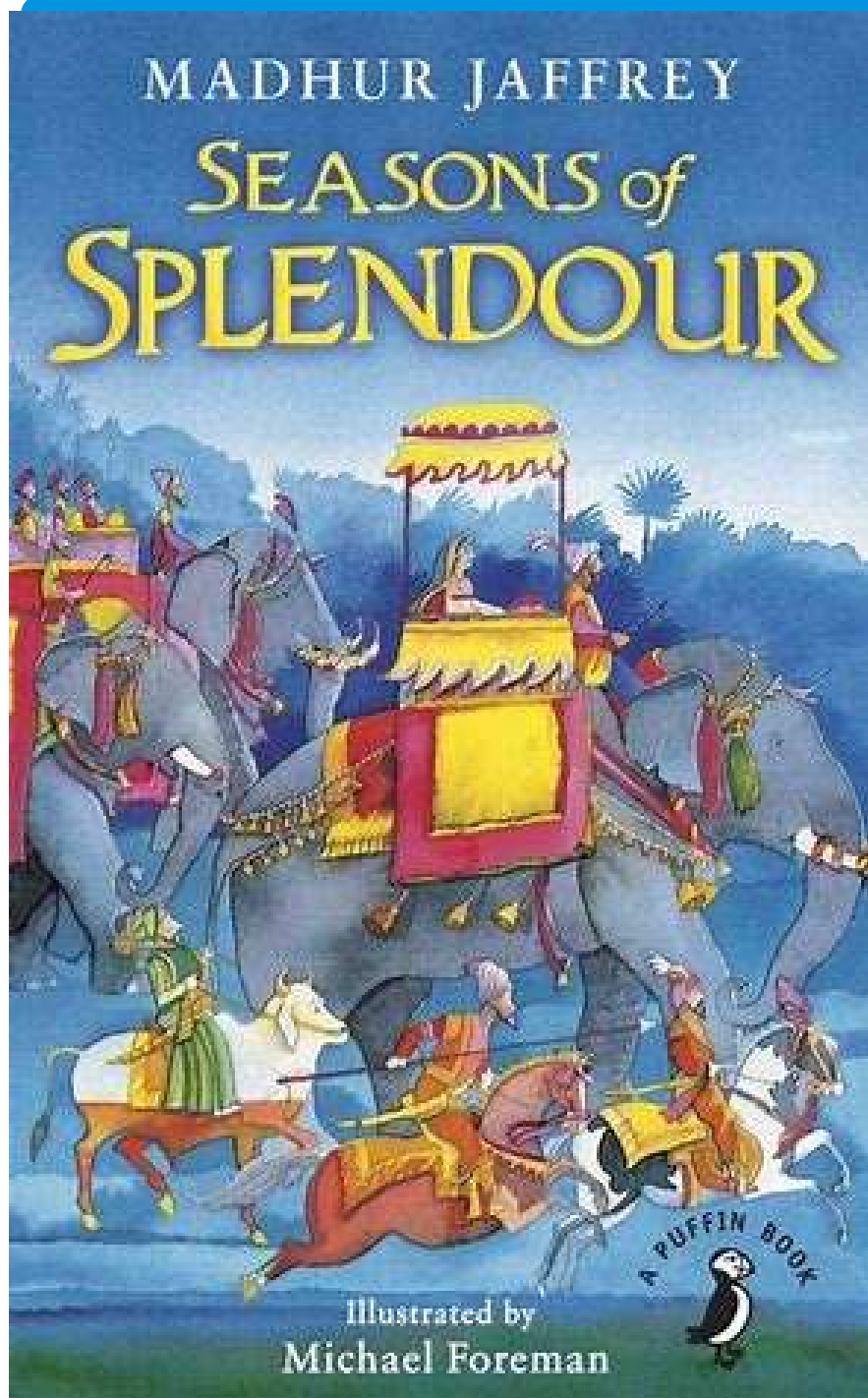
<https://clpe.org.uk/powerofreading/book/seasons-splendour>

# Week 1 Monday

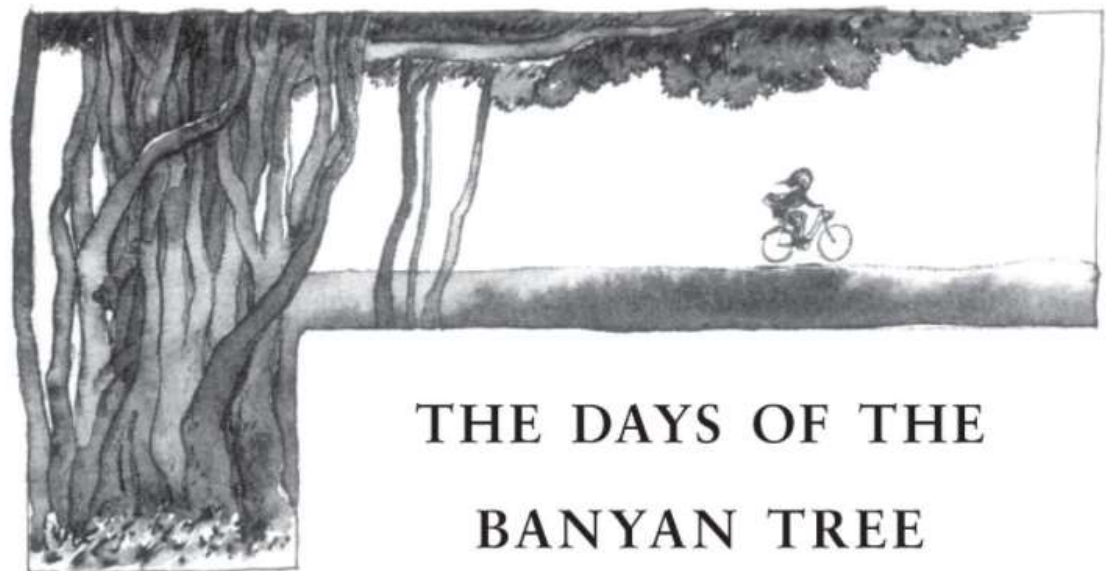
- \* Learning Objectives

- \* I can recognise language from context.
- \* I can respond to an author's choice of words and layout.
- \* I can make predictions of text types based on illustrations.





Look carefully at the illustrations and discuss, in small groups, what the illustrations suggest about the content of the book. Which country do you think these stories come from and what sort of stories they think they might be?

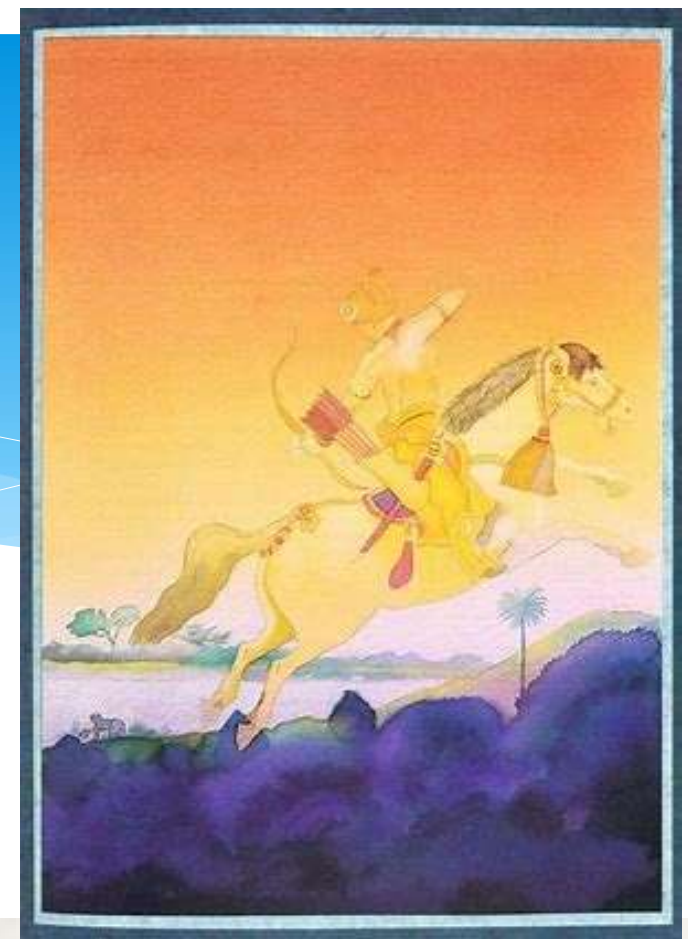


## Tales, myths and legends of India.

A rich and dazzling collection of short stories from a land steeped in folklore and traditions. India - where gods and goddesses rub shoulders with lowly farmers and where animal gods battle with evil demons for the good of mankind. Madhur Jaffrey's folktales and anecdotes are part of a tradition of storytelling. *Seasons of Splendour* is a special and colourful slice of that heritage.

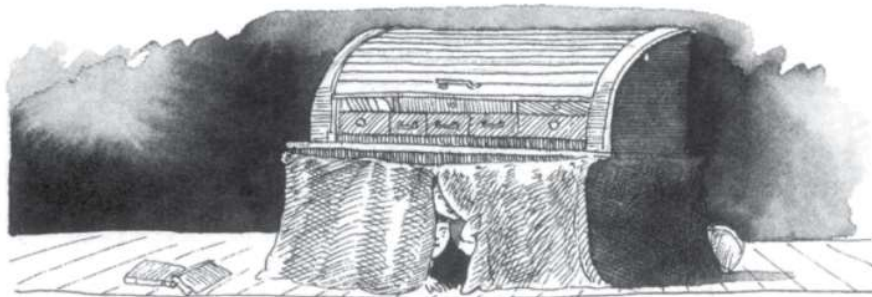
"*Seasons of Splendour* simply and playfully reveals to the western reader the heart and soul of traditional Indian society. . . . The colors are as brilliant as a rain shop." - *New York Times Book Review*

"Michael Foreman's jewel-bright illustrations reflect the spirit of the mythology exactly." - *Children's Books of the Year*



# Tell me...

## likes / dislikes / puzzles / patterns



### Introduction

Dear Reader,

When I was about five years old, there was a roll-top desk in my uncle's study. Between its four legs was a space that seemed enormous and quite perfect for putting on plays. With a few old sheets tacked on as curtains, we had an ideal stage.

We wrote the plays, my cousins and I.

You see, we all lived together in my grandfather's large house in Delhi. There were a good five dozen of us, a strange mix of short, plump women who spent their days pickling, knitting and gossiping, tall shrewd men who went to work every day in gleaming cars and returned to play bridge and drink whisky, old servants who polished the cars, milked the cows, mowed the grass and put up the mosquito nets, and a lot of cheeky children who spent much of their free time either listening to stories told by the elders or else translating them into live theatre. Presiding over this entire brood was my white-bearded, barrister grandfather.

There was no tradition of bedtime stories in our family. Perhaps our parents, aunts and uncles just did not want to yell out stories to twenty bedded-down children.

No. Our family tradition of storytelling consisted more of the family huddle. We would crowd around an aunt on the Big Room divan or around my grandmother on the Prayer Room carpet or, if my mother was telling the story from a drawing-room sofa, we would drape ourselves over its arms and back, even overflowing on



# Tell me...

## likes / dislikes / puzzles / patterns

to the floor, bodies overlapping bodies.

The fund of stories seemed endless. The plump women of the house would no sooner emerge from their baths in freshly starched summer voile saris, their faces smelling of powder and vanishing cream, than we would drag them to a sofa or carpet or divan to tell us a story. They would demur, we would insist. They would give in and settle down languorously with a great rustling of their crisp saris. Pillows would be adjusted. One leg would be tucked under the other. Soon there would be no sound other than the whirring of the fan and the twittering of garden birds.

‘Since Lord Krishna’s birth is about to be celebrated, how about the story of his birth?’

‘Yes, yes, yes,’ we would say in unison.

‘Could you go up to the point when Krishna slays the serpent?’ a cousin would ask.

‘Please make the wicked King Kans really, really wicked,’ I would add. ‘Could we have red bulging eyes?’

Some of the stories we were told were of ancient origin and were drawn from our religious epics. Others, also ancient, had no

recognizable source. They had just been told, in my family, generation after generation for centuries. What all the stories had in common was a clear moral tone. This made it more comfortable for the elders to tell them to us and, strangely enough, it made us children feel secure. What was right and what was wrong was so very clearly defined.

Death, however, was never hidden. As in our lives where those who had died were kept at home until the family could place them on biers and carry them to cremation grounds for the final ceremony, so in our stories death was always treated as part of the cycle of life – as much an open, family matter as birth. Children were born at home and the old died at home. I was born in my grandfather’s house in a back room that overlooked the Yamuna River. Years later my grandfather died in the same house in a front room overlooking the garden. The stories that we were told were designed not only to separate right from wrong but to prepare us, indirectly, for the vagaries of life and the fact of death.

We, as children, did not know all this, of course. To us the stories were just plain fun.



# Tell me...

## likes / dislikes / puzzles / patterns

In the heat of the afternoon when the elders of our house, well stuffed with lunches of pilaf, kormas and pickles, would stretch out on large divans for the afternoon nap, their last words to us as eyelids drooped were, 'Try to sleep. You need rest. Whatever you do, do *not* go out in the sun.'

I am afraid we did go out. But we heeded our elders to the extent that we stayed in the shade of the mango or tamarind tree.

It was here that we told *our* stories. One cousin might tell the story of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that he had seen as a school play, another might regale us with an episode from the adventures of Robin Hood.

The next step was to put together all our new information in the form of a play to be staged under that roll-top desk, for the delight of our adoring and very indulgent parents.

What sort of plays did we make up?

We were children of two completely different cultures. I, for example, had a mother and grandmother who could not speak a word of English and who told me stories that reinforced my ties to my Hindu, Indian past. The schools I went to were either Catholic

convents or Anglican missionary schools where all subjects were taught to us from English textbooks as if we were sitting in a small school in Cumberland. India was still a colony so I was learning 'Little Miss Muffet', 'Half a pound of tuppenny rice' and, many years later, devouring *Jane Eyre* and *Great Expectations*.

I knew vaguely that the poems and stories at school were different from the ones my mother told me. But I did not really know why. Nor did my cousins.

The result was that when, on those summer afternoons we met under shady trees to write our plays, our conversation would go like this:

First cousin: 'Why do we not stage the fight between the good King Ram and the demon King Ravan?'

Me: 'Could I play Ram?'

Second cousin: 'No, you are a girl.'

Me: 'It is only a play.'

Third cousin: 'Why do you not play Ram's wife, the good queen, Sita?'

Me: 'But Sita does not *do* anything. She is only, well, good.'

# Tell me...

## likes / dislikes / puzzles / patterns

Fourth cousin: 'Can you shoot a bow and arrow? I can. I should play Ram.'

Me: 'I could learn. I have almost learned cricket.'

First cousin: 'Let us get on with it. Up to the time Ram is banished to the forest, events are quite clear. We will follow Grandmother's story. When Ram reaches the forest, why do we not arrange to have him meet Robin Hood and his Merry Men who have also been banished to the forest?'

Me: 'Yes, yes. Then Friar Tuck can assist the monkey god Hanuman in finding the kidnapped Sita. I will play the demon king, Ravan, who kidnaps Sita.'

Fifth cousin: 'No you won't. You are a girl. When Ram meets Robin Hood, could he say "Well met by moonlight, proud Robin Hood"?'

And so it would go. We hardly understood the differences between East and West. We just assumed that Someone's grand plan included all of us in it, with all our differing cultures.

What follow are some of the stories that were told to us by the women of our household. They were always told, not read. I doubt

if a good half of them have ever been written down. Some, like the story of Doda and Dodi, are possibly unknown outside my family.

I have arranged the stories in sequence as they might be told at religious festivals during the course of a Hindu calendar year. We use the lunar calendar and our year starts at the time of the Spring equinox around mid-March.

I hope you enjoy the stories.

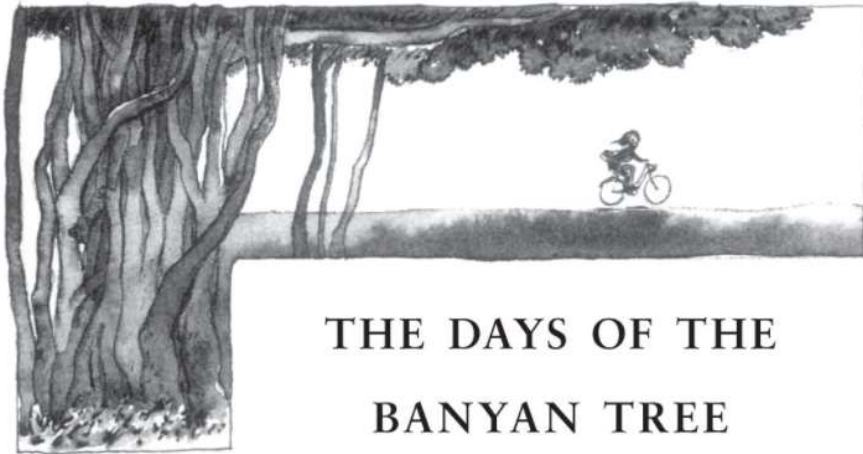
My very best to you,  
Madhur Jaffrey

PS If you are going to read the stories aloud and need help with the pronunciation of proper names, please turn to [here](#).

# Tell me...

- \* Was there anything you particularly liked about the introduction?
- \* Was there anything you particularly disliked about it?
- \* Was there anything puzzling about it?
- \* Why do you think Madhur Jaffrey decided to write this letter to her readers?
- \* What does she tell you about what you can expect from this collection of stories?





## THE DAYS OF THE BANYAN TREE

There was an old banyan tree that grew just outside our house. It was more than a tree, it seemed to be a whole forest, all by itself.

Its trunk went up, up, and up, almost a hundred feet. Some of the branches, instead of rising and spreading like outstretched arms, made nosedives towards the earth, where they burrowed in, took

root, and reappeared as fresh trunks. My nanny – or *aya*, as we called her – said that the roots of a banyan tree went all the way to the Underworld and that when they rose again as fresh trunks, they carried up with them all sorts of ghosts and goblins. She insisted that there never was a banyan tree without a few ghosts lurking in its branches.

I believed her.

My grandmother, on the other hand, said that the banyan tree was a blessed tree because it had the wisdom of its years and because it provided so much shade. In fact, in the burning months of May and June, we prayed to it and offered it the best of the summer's yield – seedless cucumbers, watermelons, aubergines and mangoes.

I saw my grandmother's point. In the summer, scorching winds blasted in from neighbouring deserts carrying with them particles of sand to irritate eyes and parch throats. When the sky overhead felt like an oven with its door left open by some careless cook, the banyan trees offered cool, natural arbours to perspiring travellers.

My grandmother always advised me, 'On your way back from



school, remember to get off your bicycle and rest under the shade of the banyan tree.'

Rest under the banyan tree and bump into a ghost!

Oh dear me, no! I paid no attention to my grandmother. In fact, when I reached the banyan trees, I held my breath and bicycled for my life.

No ghosts were going to catch me!

Here are two stories that were told on the days of the banyan tree. One on a moonless day in May, the other on the seventh day of the waning moon in June.



# Week 1 Tuesday

- \* Learning Objective

I can map a story, identifying key elements and moments that are essential in creating the narrative.

# Tell me...

## likes / dislikes / patterns / puzzles

### **Savitri and Satyavan**

Once upon a time there lived a King and Queen, who after many years of being childless, gave birth to a daughter.

She was the most beautiful baby the parents could have hoped for, and they named her Savitri.

When Savitri grew up and it was time for her to marry, her father said to her, 'Dearest child, we have to part with you. You have given us the greatest joy that humans can ever know. But it is time for you to start a family of your own. Is there any man you wish to marry?'

'No, Father,' replied Savitri, 'I have not yet met a man I would care to spend my life with.'

'Perhaps we should send for pictures of all the nobles in the country. You might come upon a face you like,' said the King and he sent his court painter to bring back portraits of all the nobles and rulers in the country.

Savitri examined the portraits, one after the other, and shook her

head. The men in the portraits all looked so very ordinary, even though they were all emperors, kings and princes.

The King then said to his daughter, 'It might be best if you went to all the big cities of the world to find a husband for yourself. I will provide you with the proper escort of men, elephants, camels and horses. Good luck. I hope you can find a man to love.'

Savitri set out with a large procession of men, elephants, camels and horses. In her effort to visit all the cities of the world, she had to cross many oceans and deserts. She did this fearlessly. But she never found a man she could love.

When she returned home, her father said to her, 'You have looked in all the big cities of the world and have found no man that you wish to marry. Perhaps you should now search through all the forests of the world.'

Savitri set out again with a large procession of men, elephants, camels and horses, and began searching through all the forests of the world. She did this fearlessly.

She had looked through the last forest and was just about to return home when she came upon a young man who was cutting



# What are the key moments in the story so far?

wood.

'What is your name?' she asked.

'Satyavan, your highness,' he replied.

'Please do not address me as "your highness",' she said, 'my name is Savitri. What do you do for a living?'

'I do nothing much,' the young man replied. 'I have very old, blind parents. I live with them in a small, thatched cottage at the edge of the forest. Every morning I go out to cut wood and gather food. In the evening I make a fire for my parents, cook their dinner, and feed them. That is all I do.'

Savitri returned to her father's palace and said, 'Dearest mother and father. I have finally found a man to love and marry. His name is Satyavan and he lives in a cottage by a forest not too far from here.'

'But will you be able to live a simple life in a simple cottage?' asked her father. 'This young man obviously has no money.'

'That makes no difference at all to me,' Savitri said. 'He is capable, honest, good and caring. That is what I respect and love him for.'

The King sent a message to the blind couple's cottage saying that Princess Savitri wished to marry their son, Satyavan. When Satyavan arrived home that evening with his heavy load of wood his parents said, 'There are messengers here from the King. Princess Savitri wishes to marry you.'

'I love the young lady in question,' replied Satyavan, 'but it will be impossible to marry her. She has money, jewels, elephants, camels and servants. What can *I* offer her?'

Tears rolled down the faces of his blind parents. 'Son,' cried the mother, 'we never told you this, but long ago, before you were born, your father too was a ruler with a kingdom of his own. His wicked brother blinded us and stole our birthright. You should have been born a prince and heir to the kingdom, quite worthy of the beautiful Savitri. We have fallen on hard times, but if you two love each other, why should you not marry? Who knows what the future has in store for anybody?'

So a message was sent back to the King saying that Satyavan had agreed to the match.

On the day of the wedding, the King and Queen held a huge



# What other key moments have happened so far?

reception. Everyone of importance was invited.

That is how it happened that the wisest Sage in the kingdom appeared at the scene.

Just before the wedding ceremony, the Sage took the King aside and whispered, 'It is my duty to warn you. The young man your daughter is to marry is decent and of good character, but his stars are crossed. He will die very shortly. This marriage would be a tragic mistake.'

The King felt ill when he heard this. He called his daughter and told her what the Sage had said, adding, 'Perhaps it is best to call the marriage off.'

'No, Father,' Savitri said solemnly, 'I will marry Satyavan, whatever our future may hold.'

Savitri was no fool, however. She had heard that the Sage knew of heavenly remedies for earthly problems.

'O dearest Sage,' Savitri said to him, 'surely there is a way I can prevent my husband from dying. You, in your great wisdom, must offer me some hope. There must be something I can do?'

The Sage thought deeply. 'You can extend your husband's life by

fasting. Eat nothing but fruit, roots and leaves for a year, and Satyavan will live for those twelve months. After that he *must* die.'

With a sense of doom hanging over the bride's family, the wedding did take place. The groom and his parents were told nothing of what the future held for them.

Savitri began to lead a simple life with her husband and parents-in-law. Early each morning, Satyavan set out for the forest to cut wood and to forage for food. When he was gone, Savitri made the beds, swept the house, and shepherded her in-laws around wherever they wished to go. She also prayed and fasted.

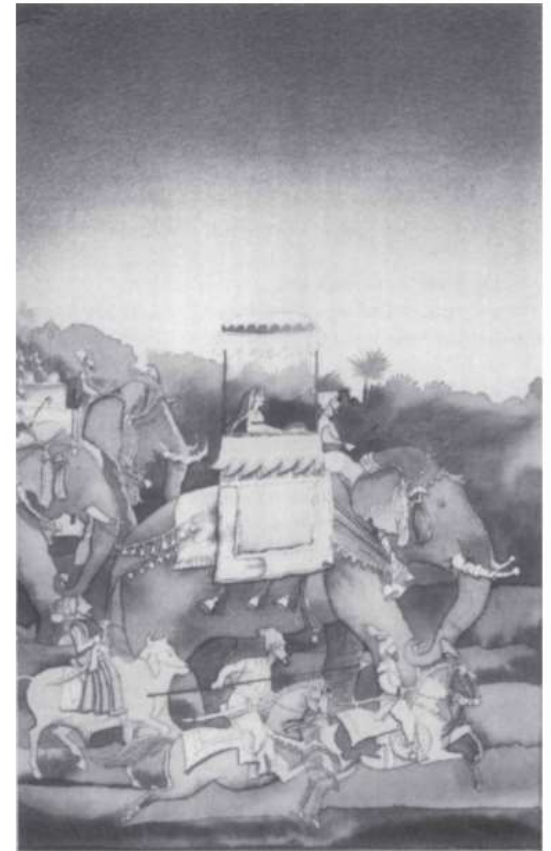
One day Savitri's mother-in-law said to her, 'Child, we know how rich a family you come from. Since we have lost our kingdom, we can offer you no fineries but Satyavan does collect enough food for all of us. We have noticed that you eat just fruit, roots and leaves and never touch any grain. That is not a healthy diet. We are beginning to worry about you.'

'Oh, please do not worry about me,' begged Savitri. 'I love to eat fruit.'


The twelve months were almost over. On the very last day, Savitri

# What do you feel is going to happen next?

got up with her husband and announced that she would accompany him into the forest.







‘Child, what will you do in the forest? The work is hard and there are all kinds of dangerous animals,’ said her mother-in-law.

‘Do stay at home,’ said Satyavan, ‘the forest is not a comfortable place.’

‘I have travelled through all the forests of the world. I was not uncomfortable and I was not frightened. Let me go with you today.’

Satyavan had no answer for his wife. He loved her a lot and trusted her instincts. ‘Come along then, we’d better start quickly. The sun is almost up.’

So they set out towards the heart of the forest.

Once there, Satyavan climbed a tree and began to saw off its dried-up branches.

It was a scorchingly hot day in May. The trees had shed the last withered yellowing leaves. Savitri looked for a cool spot to sit down and just could not find any. Her heart was beating like a two-sided drum. Any moment now the year would end.

‘Ahhh ...’ came a cry from Satyavan.

Savitri ran towards him. ‘Are you all right?’

‘I have a piercing headache.’

‘Come down from the tree. It’s the heat. I will run and find some shade.’ Savitri found a banyan tree and helped Satyavan towards it. Many of the banyan tree’s branches had gone deep into the earth and come up again to form a deliciously cool grove. The leaves rustled gently to fan the couple.

‘Put your head in my lap,’ Savitri said to Satyavan, ‘and rest.’

Satyavan put his head down, gave a low moan, and died.

Savitri looked up. There, in the distance coming towards her was Yamraj, the King of the Underworld. He was riding a male water buffalo, and Savitri knew that he was coming to claim Satyavan’s soul. She turned to the banyan tree and implored, ‘Banyan tree, banyan tree, look after my husband. Shield him and keep him cool. I will return one day to claim him.’

Yamraj took Satyavan’s soul and started to ride away. Savitri followed on foot. She followed for miles and miles. Yamraj finally turned around and said, ‘Why are you following me, woman?’

‘You are taking my husband’s soul away. Why don’t you take me as well? I cannot live without him.’

‘Go back, go back to your home and do not bother me,’ Yamraj

# What will she wish?

said.

But Savitri kept following.

Yamraj turned around again. 'Stop following me, woman,' he cried.

Savitri paid no heed to him.

'Well, woman,' said Yamraj, 'I can see that you are quite determined. I will grant you just one wish. As long as you do not ask for your husband's soul.'



# Think of what we know so far...

## \* Savitri as a character

Wanting to marry for love

brave

Marrying Satyavan even though he would die

determined

head-strong

Eating only fruit for a year

loyal

kind

Has travelled across oceans and forests

clever

# Think of what we know so far...

- \* Other events and characters

In-laws are blind

In-laws come from a kingdom but were usurped

King has no other children

# Finish reading the story

- \* Map out the key events to the story in pairs.
- \* Think about what patterns can be seen and links to other stories.



# Story map

King and Queen have a daughter, Savitri	Daughter grows up happy and needs to marry	Looks for a husband – local nobles, travels oceans and forests	Meets Satyavan in woods cutting trees	Prophecy of short life for Satyavan but marries anyway
Lives on fruit for a year and is happy	Satyavan dies under the banyan tree	Yamraj comes to collect his soul	Savitri chases after Yamraj	Yamraj grants a wish, but not life for Satyanvan
Savitri wishes - children for her father / sight for in-laws / children for Satyavan	Yamraj offers wish again and doesn't say she can't wish for life for Satyanvan	Savitri wishes for Satyanvan to live and her wish comes true	In-laws gain sight and the usurper is killed so they regain kingdom	Savitri and Satyanvan live long and happy life together with children

# Did you know...

In Bihar, Jharkhand, and Odisha, married women observe Savitri Brata on the Amavasya (new moon) day in the month of Jyestha every year. This is performed for the well-being and long life of their husbands. A treatise entitled *Savitri Brata Katha* in the Odia language is read out by women while performing the puja. In Western India, the holy day is observed on the Purnima (full moon) of the month as Vat Purnima. In India, many women are named "Savitri".

It is believed that Savitri got her husband back on the first day of the Tamil month Panguni. So, this day is celebrated as *Karadayan Nonbu* in Tamil Nadu. On this day, married women and young girls wear yellow robes and pray to Hindu goddesses for long lives for their husbands. Girls start this practice at a very young age; they wear a yellow robe on this day from the time they are a year old so they will find a good husband in future.

# Week 1 Wednesday

- \* Learning Objective

I can recognise similarities and differences in key texts.



# Story map of Savitri and Satyanvan

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# Read...

Shravan Kumar and his Wife

# Shravan

In ancient India, there once lived a sage named Shantunu and his wife. Both were very old and blind. The couple had a young son named Shravan. Shravan had devoted his life to serving his blind parents. He took care of each and every wish of his parents. Shravan's whole life centred around serving his parents. Once his parents said to him, "Son, we are old and do not have much time to live. Before we die we wish to go on a pilgrimage to Bharat's holy places." Shravan agreed at once to fulfill their wish. He made a kavad, a special carrier, for his parents. He carried the kavad on his shoulder and they left on the pilgrimage. Shravan was so devoted to his parents that he did not feel their weight. A few months later, they reached the outskirts of Ayodhya, the holy birthplace of Shri Ramchandra Bhagwan.

Shravan's parents were very thirsty. Shravan put the kavad on the ground. He took a waterpot to fill the river Saryu flowing nearby. As he bent down to fill pot, an arrow pierced his chest. King Dashrath had hit him by accident. The king was in the forest hunting for a deer. In the fading light of the dusk he mistook Shravan for a deer because of the gurgling sound from the pot. As soon as the arrow hit him, Shravan cried out in agony. Dashrath realized his mistake and he ran to the young boy. Shravan was lying in a pool of blood. He was hit badly in the chest. Dashrath was immensely pained at the sight and asked forgiveness.

Shravan told him, " My old parents, are very thirsty. Please take this water to them and quench their thirst." After saying this he died. Dashrath took the water to the blind couple. He told them about his mistake and about their dear son's accidental death. The parents were very sad to hear this and wished to be taken to Shravan. Dashrath carried the kavad and took them to the body. The old couple grieved at their son's death. Dashrath bowed at their feet and begged for forgiveness.

Shravan's Father said, "King, we do not want to curse you, as the power to curse is only in God's hands. But we can see your future. As we shall die shortly longing for our son, you too shall die longing for your son." Soon they died, longing for their dear son. The couple's words later turned out to be true for Dashrath. He, too died, longing for his son Shri Ram.





<https://youtu.be/5uZDC9vEWKw>

# Similarities?

- \* Characters
- \* Settings
- \* Use of banyan tree
- \* Life and death
- \* moral

# Differences?

- \* Love for whom
- \* Happy / sad ending

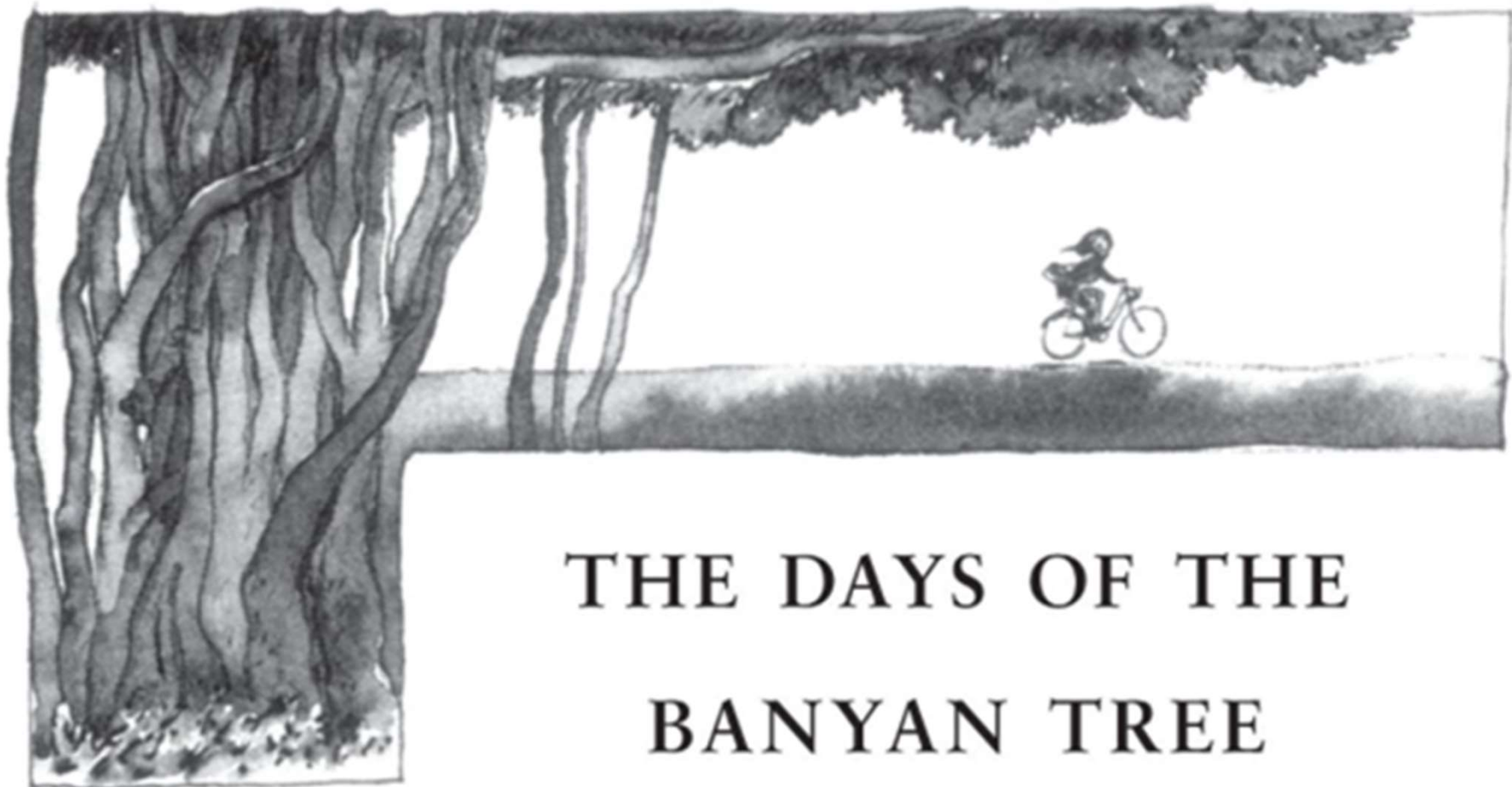
*Savitri and Satyavan and Shraavan Kumar and his Wife*  
Comparison Chart

	Similarities	Differences
Settings		
Characters		
Plot		
Other		

# Comparison



What is the significance of the Banyan Tree in stories shared?



# Read...

A Special Birthday

The Birth of Krishna the Blue God

Krishna and The Demon Nurse

The Serpent King

How Krishna Killed King Kans

# Week 1 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can sequence key ideas.

I can recognise the importance of expression, tone and pace when story telling.

# The four Krishna Stories

- \* Split into four groups and each select a Krishna story.
- \* In your groups, read the story together again to recap the key points.
- \* Task – create a book trailer for your story



# Book trailers

- \* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p5yQjwqDFXA>
- \* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vyvyGFjLiZY>

How effective are these?

What techniques are being used to persuade you to read the books?

Do they give the complete story away?

How long are they?

# Planning time...

- \* Work in your groups to decide what words and images you are going to use to create your book trailer for your Krishna story.
- \* Think about music, images, sound effects, tone of voice etc.
- \* Have a go at trying bits of the book trailer out.

# Week 1 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can understand the impact of a 'voice over'.

I can mimic tone and expression of a 'voice over' for impact.

I can select words and phrases to create impact and for effect.

# Book trailers

- \* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p5yQjwqDFXA>
- \* <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vyvyGFjLiZY>

Watch again the book trailers from yesterday.  
Using PowerPoint, create your own from your plans.



# Evaluate...

- \* Watch your book trailers created for the four Krishna stories.
- \* Decide which one was most effective at persuading you to read the story and why.

# Read...

- \* the five parts of How Ram Defeated The Demon King Raven

(Either at the end of the day or have copies to take home as homework.)

# Week 2 Monday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise settings and how they add dimensions to stories.

I can compare and contrast settings.

I can recognise how to build settings from small details.

# Gwalior Fort





# The City Palace complex



# Raj Palace



# The Taj Mahal



p65-67

- \* Raven's Palace

Description

- \* Dashrat's Palace

Description

# Similarities...

The image features a blue header bar at the top. Below the text, there are several overlapping, wavy, light blue shapes that create a sense of depth and movement, resembling stylized waves or layers of paper.



# Differences...

# Listen again...

- \* Using pencils or water colours, create pictures of the palaces.
- \* Do a gallery walk of the classroom at the end of the lesson to see how the descriptions have been interpreted.

# Week 2 Tuesday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise text feature differences between a play script and narrative.

I can perform with confidence and understanding of stage directions.

# Narrative

\* <https://youtu.be/-F5tzMBHcFc>

The wonderful tale of Prince Rama and Princess Sita  
defeating King Raven  
(as a narrative)



The story begins long ago in the kingdom of Ayodhya. In that happy land reigned a wise and powerful king called Dasharatha. King Dasharatha had three beautiful and intelligent wives: Kaushalya, Kaikeyi, and Sumitra.

King Dasharatha was beloved by all his subjects and his happiness was complete, except for one thing. The King had no son to take the throne after him, and ensure the continued prosperity and safety of the Kingdom

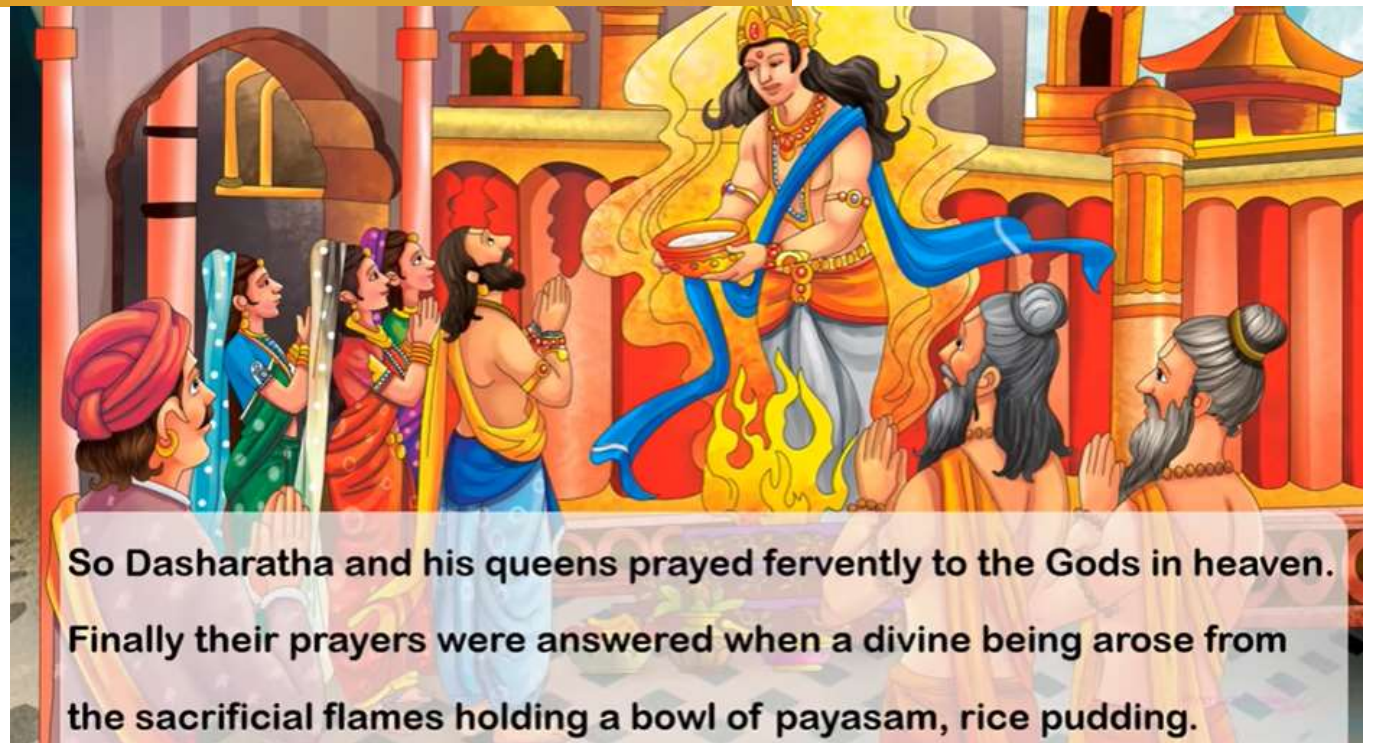






“Let us pray to the Gods,”  
said King Dasharatha to his  
wives.

“Yes,” said Queen Kaushalya,  
“Perhaps they will be kind to  
us and give us children.”



So Dasharatha and his queens prayed fervently to the Gods in heaven.  
Finally their prayers were answered when a divine being arose from  
the sacrificial flames holding a bowl of payasam, rice pudding.



“O King,” said this divine spirit, “The Gods are pleased with your sacrifice. Vishnu himself has decided to be born on earth as your sons. Divide this payasam between these three saintly queens, and in time divine children will be born to you.”

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**King Dasharatha shared the payasam equally between his three wives, but a crow swooped down and took Sumitra’s portion before she could eat. Queen Kaushalya and Queen Kaikeyi immediately shared part of their portions with Queen Sumitra.**

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When the proper time had passed, each of the queens gave birth to a son. Kaushalya gave birth to Rama, Kaikeyi to Bharata, and Sumitra, because she had eaten two portions, gave birth to the twins Lakshmana and Shatrughna.



These four sons of King Dasharatha were God given and were all embodiments of the great Lord Vishnu, hence their beauty, power, skill and strength. But Prince Rama was the bravest and wisest and most handsome of them all.







On the day that the four princes reached the age of manhood, King Dasharatha made an announcement: "I decree that my son, Prince Rama, will succeed to the throne of Ayodhya."

On hearing this, the entire Kingdom erupted in an outpouring of joy.



But there was one person who was not pleased at all. This was old Manthara, a hunchbacked servant of Queen Kaikeyi, mother of Prince Bharata. Manthara craftily poisoned Kaikeyi's mind against Rama with lies.







“When he becomes king, Rama will turn on your son Bharata and exile him. Or worse!” She convinced Kaikeyi to go to the King and demand that her son Bharata be named successor, and that Rama be banished.



King Dasharatha was heart-broken, but many years before, he had made a vow to grant Kaikeyi anything she wished, so he had to agree.





Rama calmly obeyed his father's instruction to stand aside for his brother Bharata. Without a single word of complaint, he prepared to leave Ayodhya for life in the jungle.

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"I will accompany you," said his wife Sita. Rama tried to persuade her to stay in Ayodhya, but she would not hear of it. She exchanged her beautiful clothing, fit for a princess, for rough clothes suitable for a jungle dweller.



Rama's loyal brother  
Lakshmana also vowed to  
join them in their humble  
life far from the comforts  
and luxuries of the royal  
palace.



Bharata, devoted to his  
brother Rama, was shocked at  
his mother's actions.

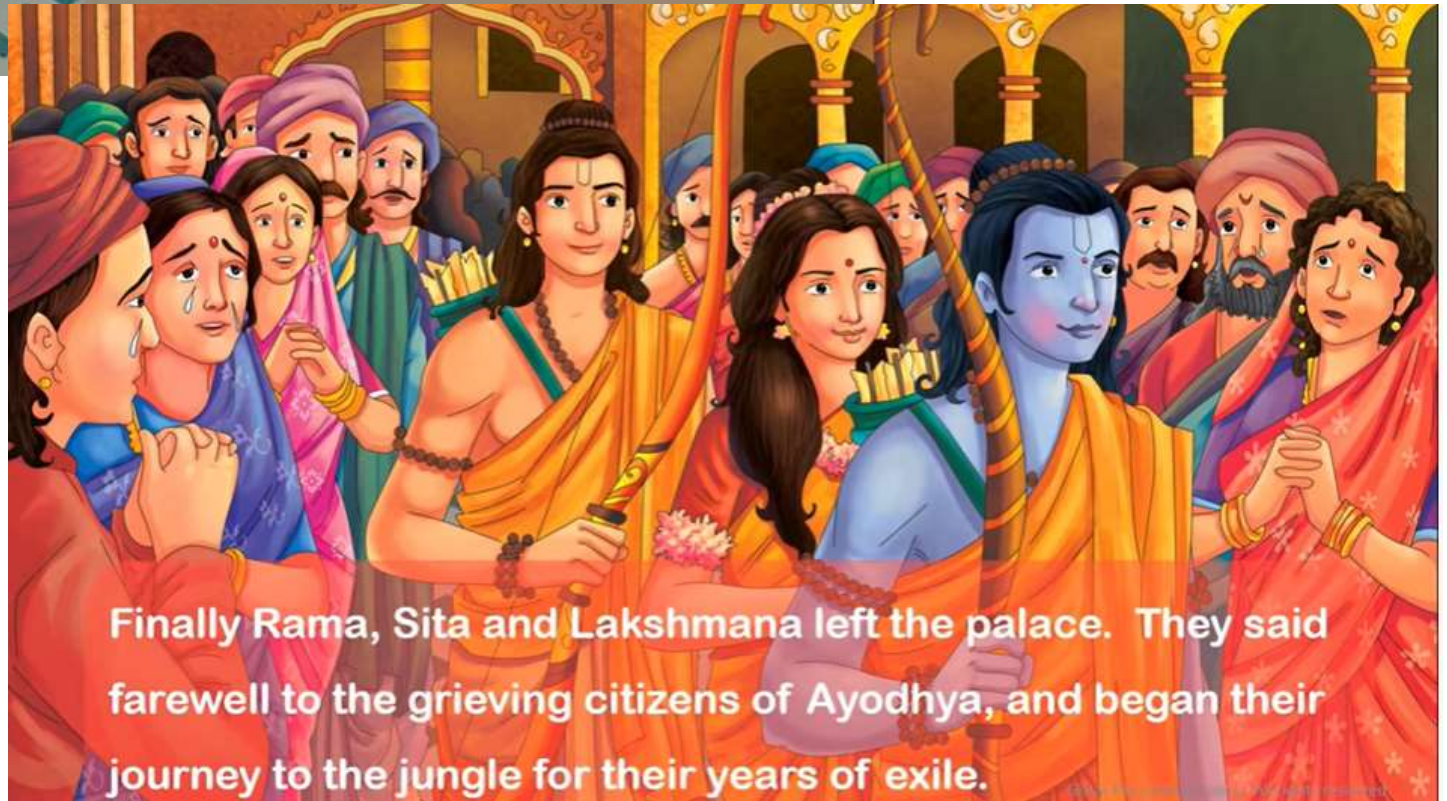
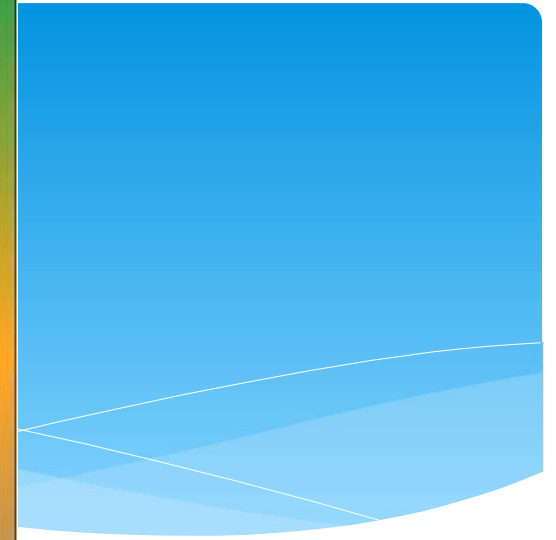
"I will rule in your name while  
you are gone," he said, "And  
when you return the kingdom  
shall be yours again. Please, I  
beg you, give me a pair of  
your sandals."





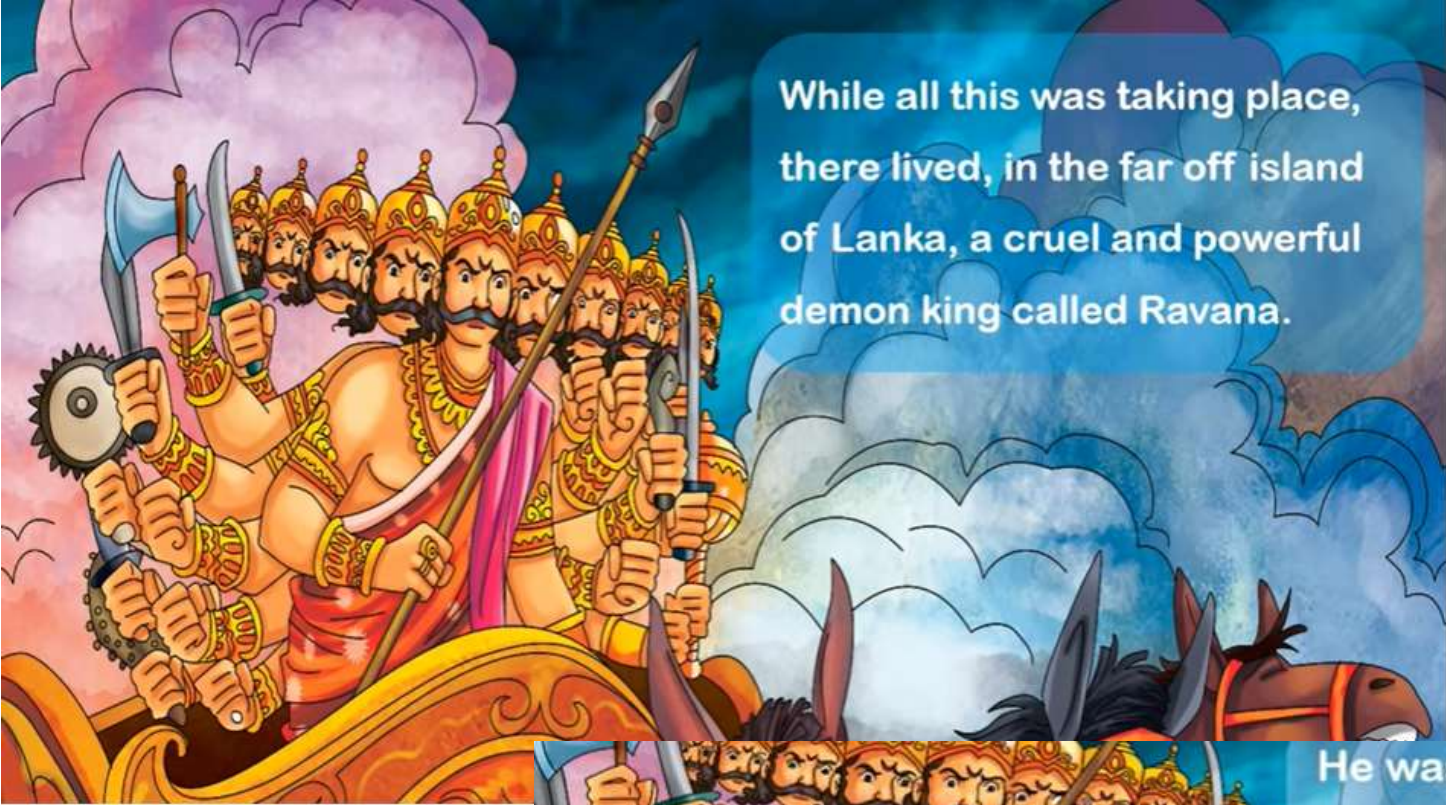


Rama gave Bharata a pair of his sandals, and Bharata immediately placed them on the throne as a symbol of Rama's rule.

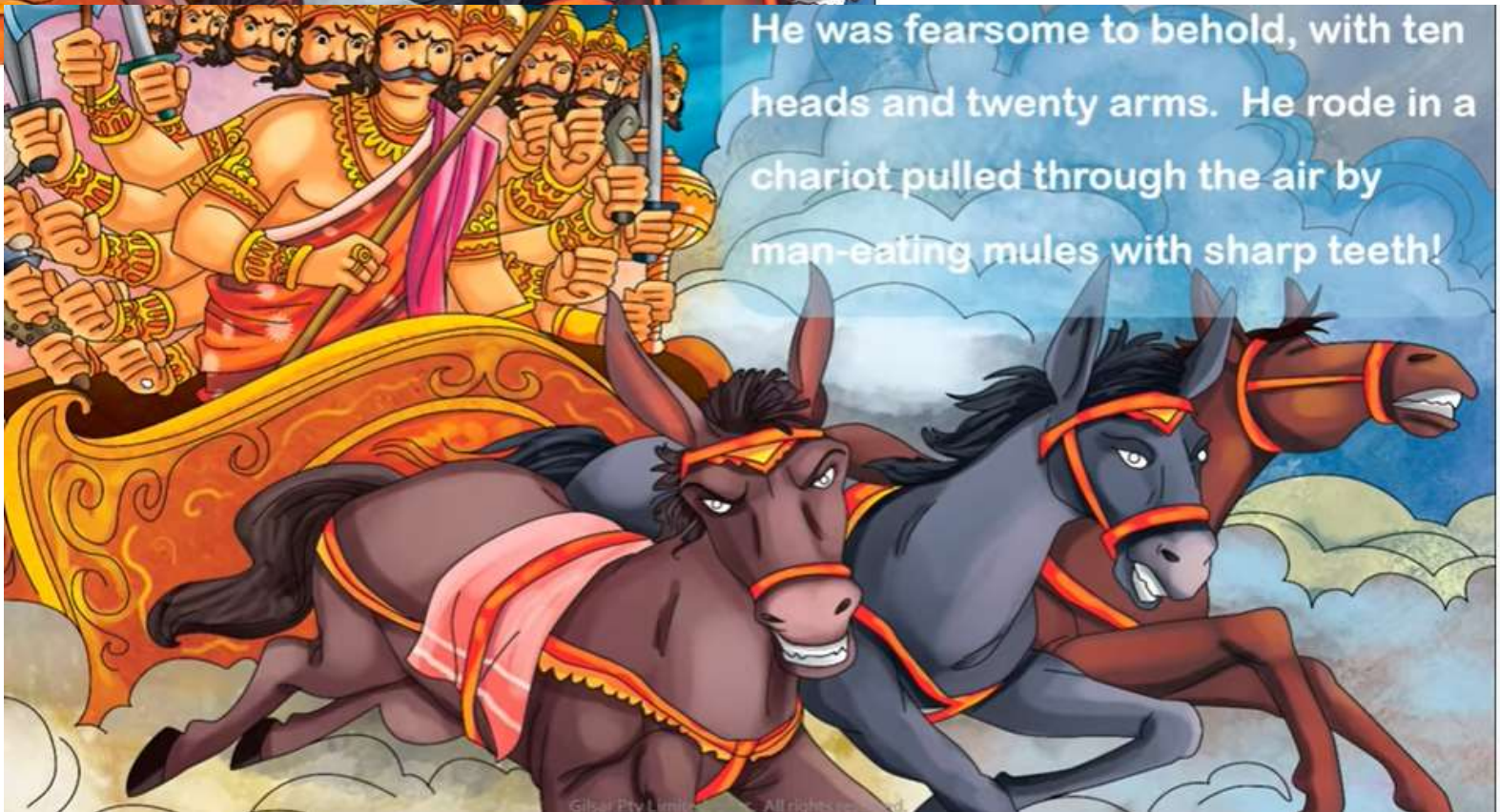


Finally Rama, Sita and Lakshmana left the palace. They said farewell to the grieving citizens of Ayodhya, and began their journey to the jungle for their years of exile.





While all this was taking place,  
there lived, in the far off island  
of Lanka, a cruel and powerful  
demon king called Ravana.

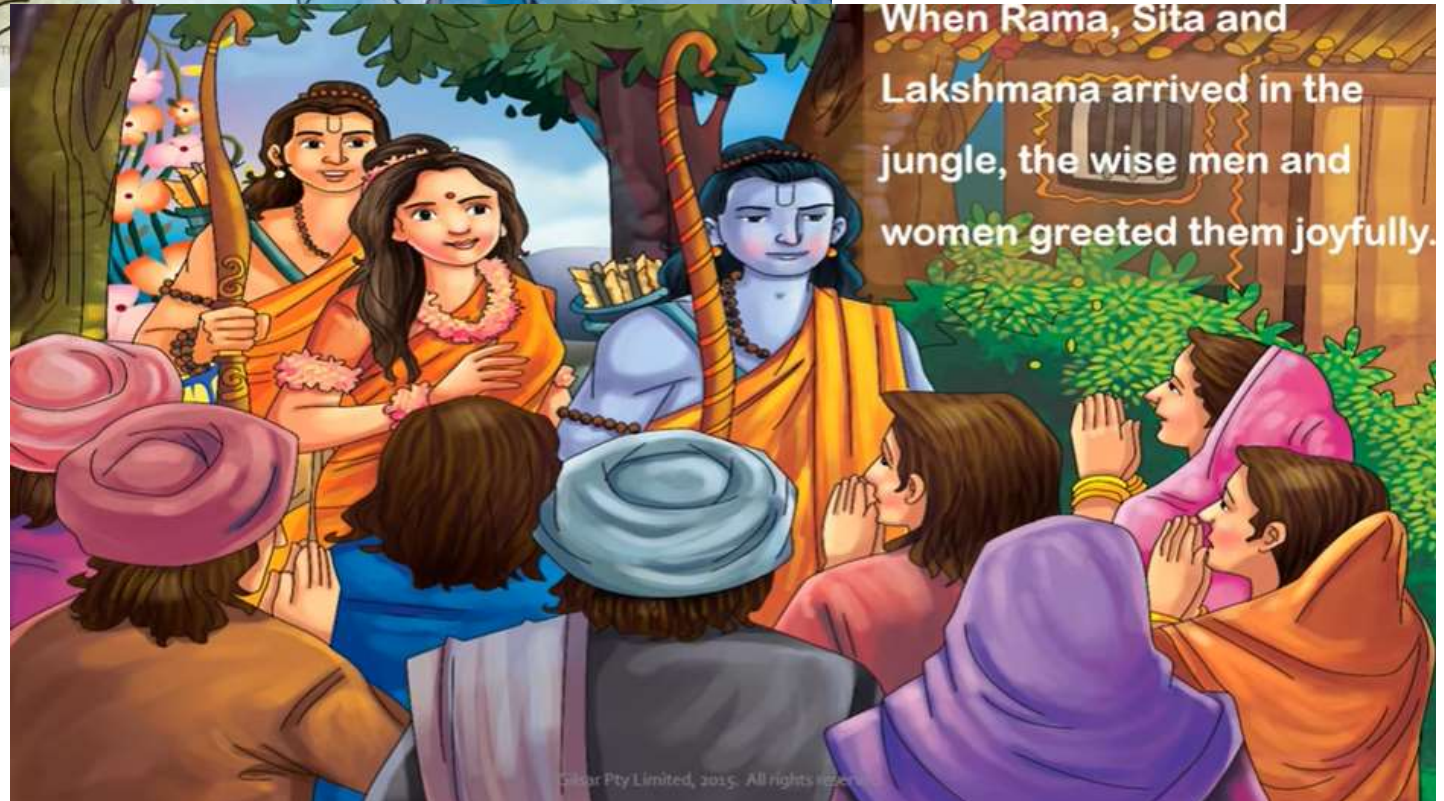


He was fearsome to behold, with ten  
heads and twenty arms. He rode in a  
chariot pulled through the air by  
man-eating mules with sharp teeth!





Evil Ravana sent his demons out from Lanka to oppress the wise men and women of the world, to disrupt their sacrifices to the Gods and Goddesses, and to make the lives of ordinary folk miserable.



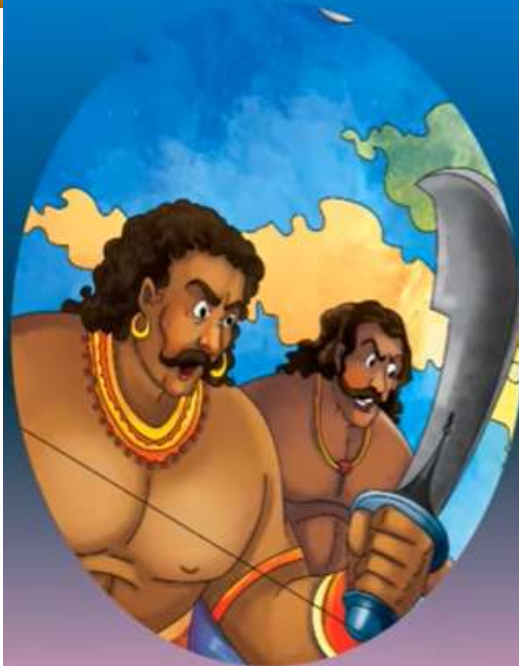
When Rama, Sita and Lakshmana arrived in the jungle, the wise men and women greeted them joyfully.



So Rama and Lakshmana took up their weapons and fought Ravana's demon hordes.



After some time, Ravana's angry demons, brought word to him that two mighty heroes were driving them away from their victims, and were continually defeating them in battle.







Ravana was outraged and decided to take revenge on Rama. He flew in his chariot pulled by flying mules to Rama's jungle home.

Seeing Rama and Lakshmana living a simple life with the beautiful Sita, Ravana devised an evil plan. He decided to kidnap Sita and make her one of his wives in Lanka.



By a trick, he lured both Rama and Lakshmana away from the jungle hut where they lived. Then he disguised himself as a harmless old man.

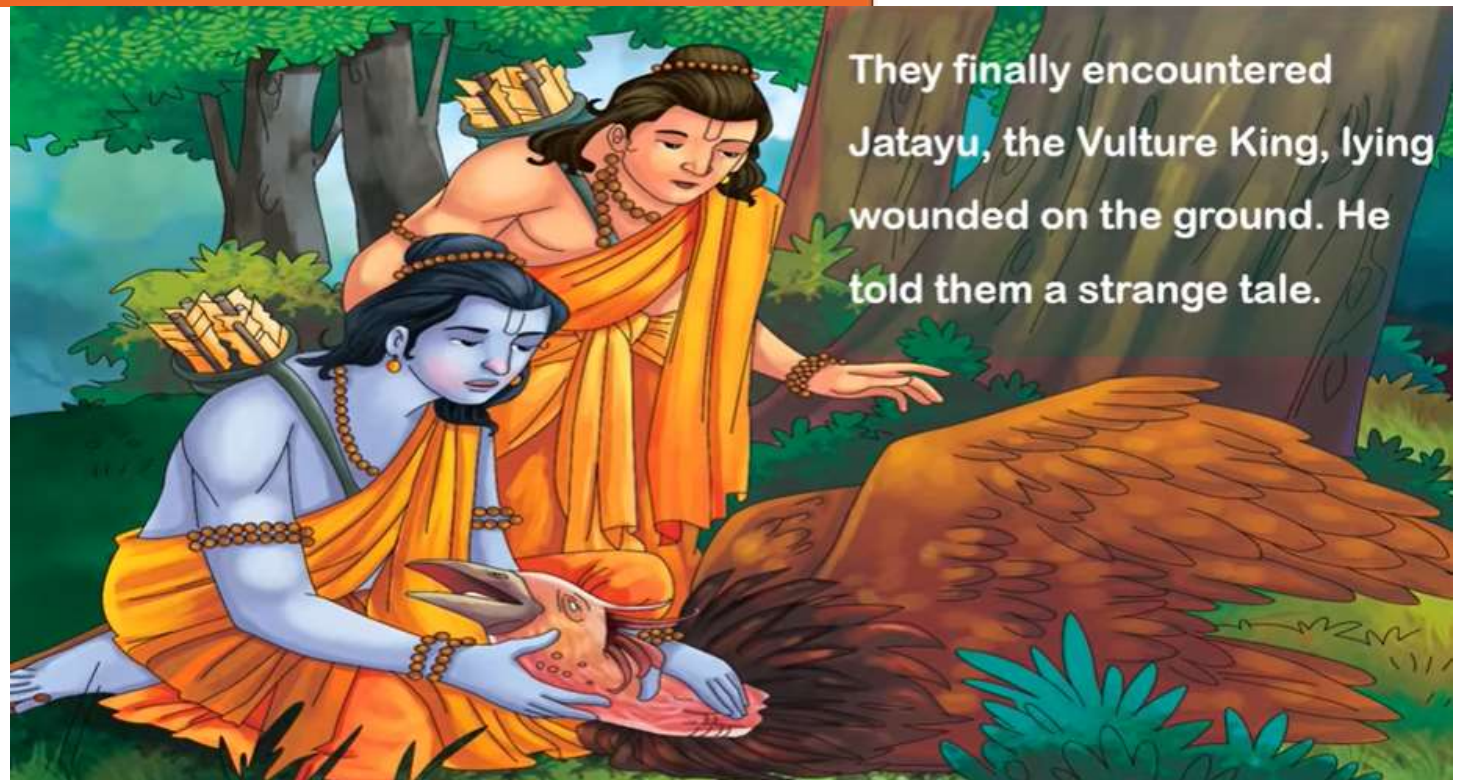
"Please give me something to drink," he said to Sita.

"Certainly, Old Father," said the tender-hearted Sita, inviting him in.



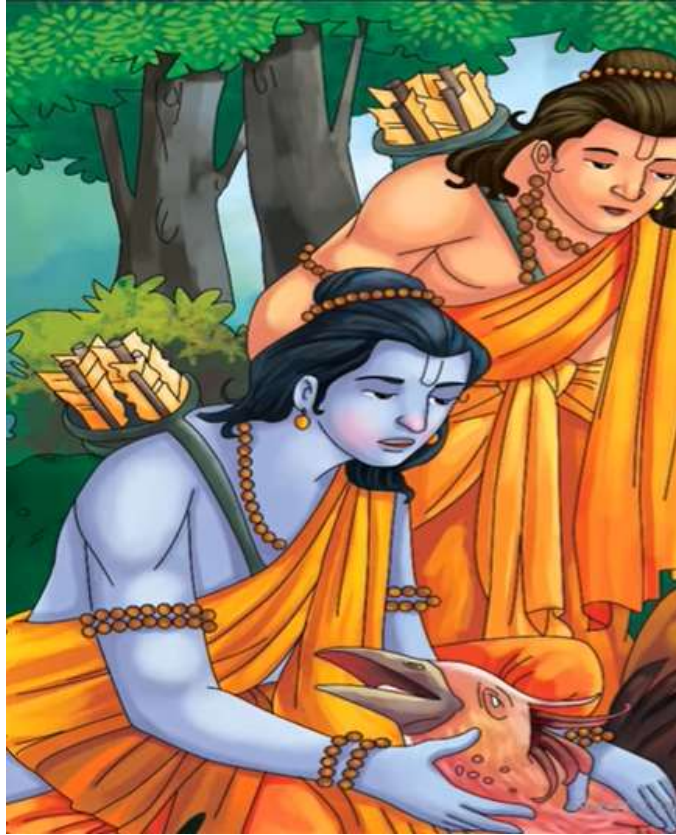
In the blink of an eye he scooped her up in his arms and, despite her angry cries for help, he flew off with her to Lanka.

When Rama and Lakshmana returned to their dwelling place they were dismayed to find that Sita had vanished. Rama was distraught, and he and Lakshmana searched everywhere for her.

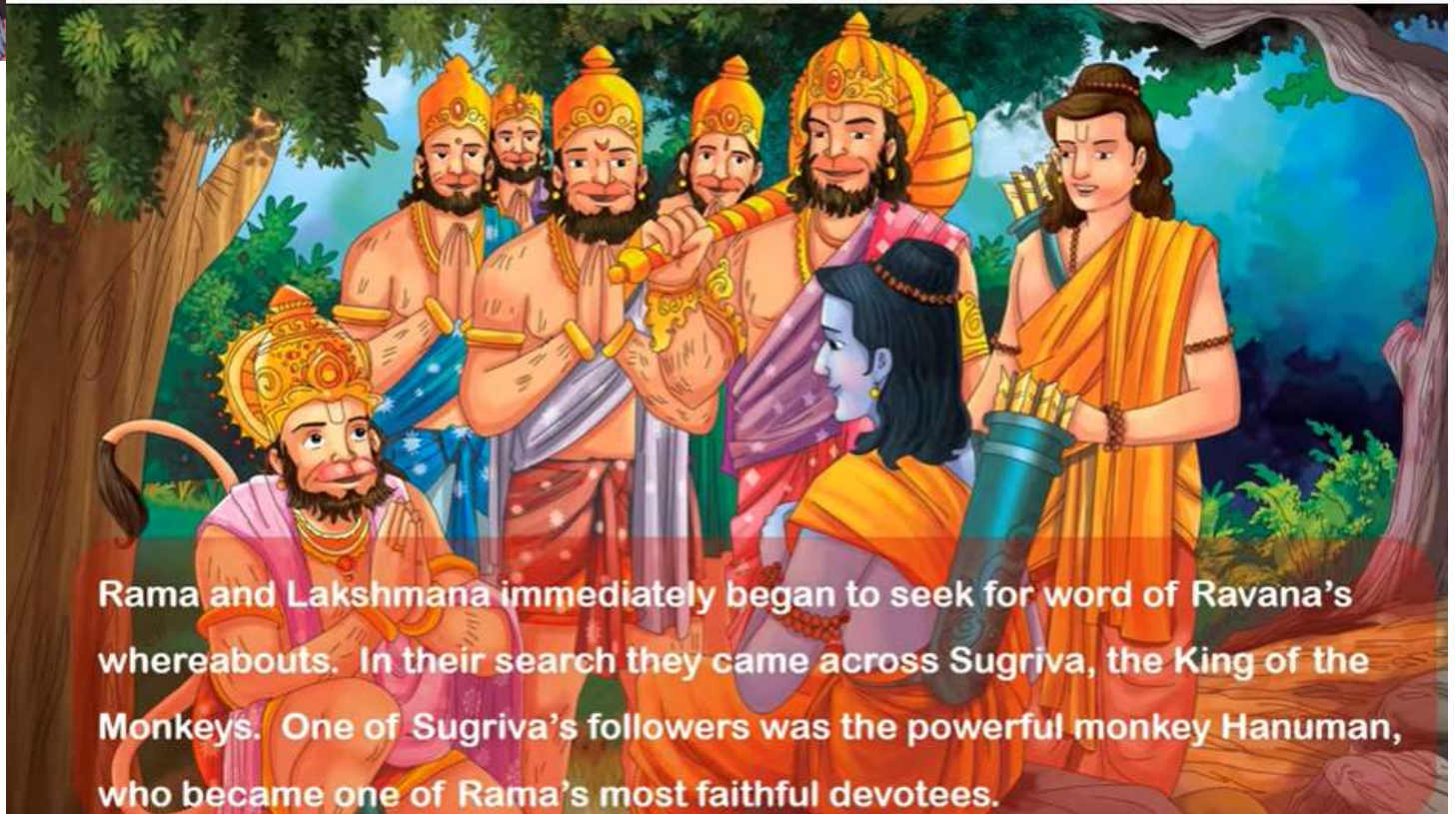


They finally encountered Jatayu, the Vulture King, lying wounded on the ground. He told them a strange tale.





“O Prince,” gasped Jatayu, with his dying breath, “I saw Ravana, the demon king, fleeing in his chariot through the air. In the chariot was a beautiful woman crying out for help. I tried to stop him, but Ravana wounded me grievously.”



Rama and Lakshmana immediately began to seek for word of Ravana's whereabouts. In their search they came across Sugriva, the King of the Monkeys. One of Sugriva's followers was the powerful monkey Hanuman, who became one of Rama's most faithful devotees.





“O Great King,” said Rama, respectfully, “My brother and I are searching for my wife Sita, who has been taken by Ravana the demon king. Help us I beg you to find her.”



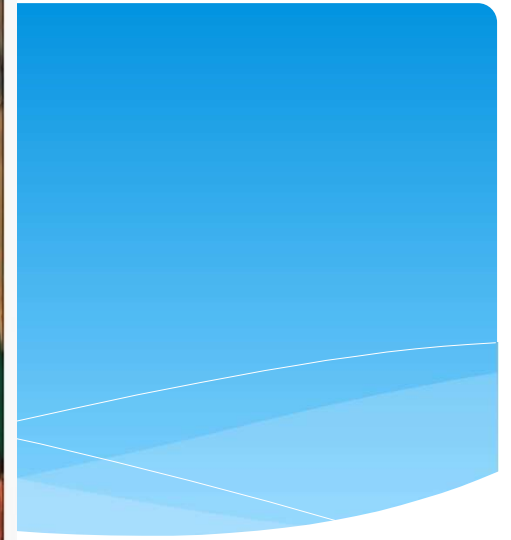
Sugriva, Hanuman and all the monkeys eagerly agreed to help Rama in his search. They fanned out in all directions looking for Sita.

It was Hanuman who flew over the sea to the far off island of Lanka, where he finally located the weeping Sita.

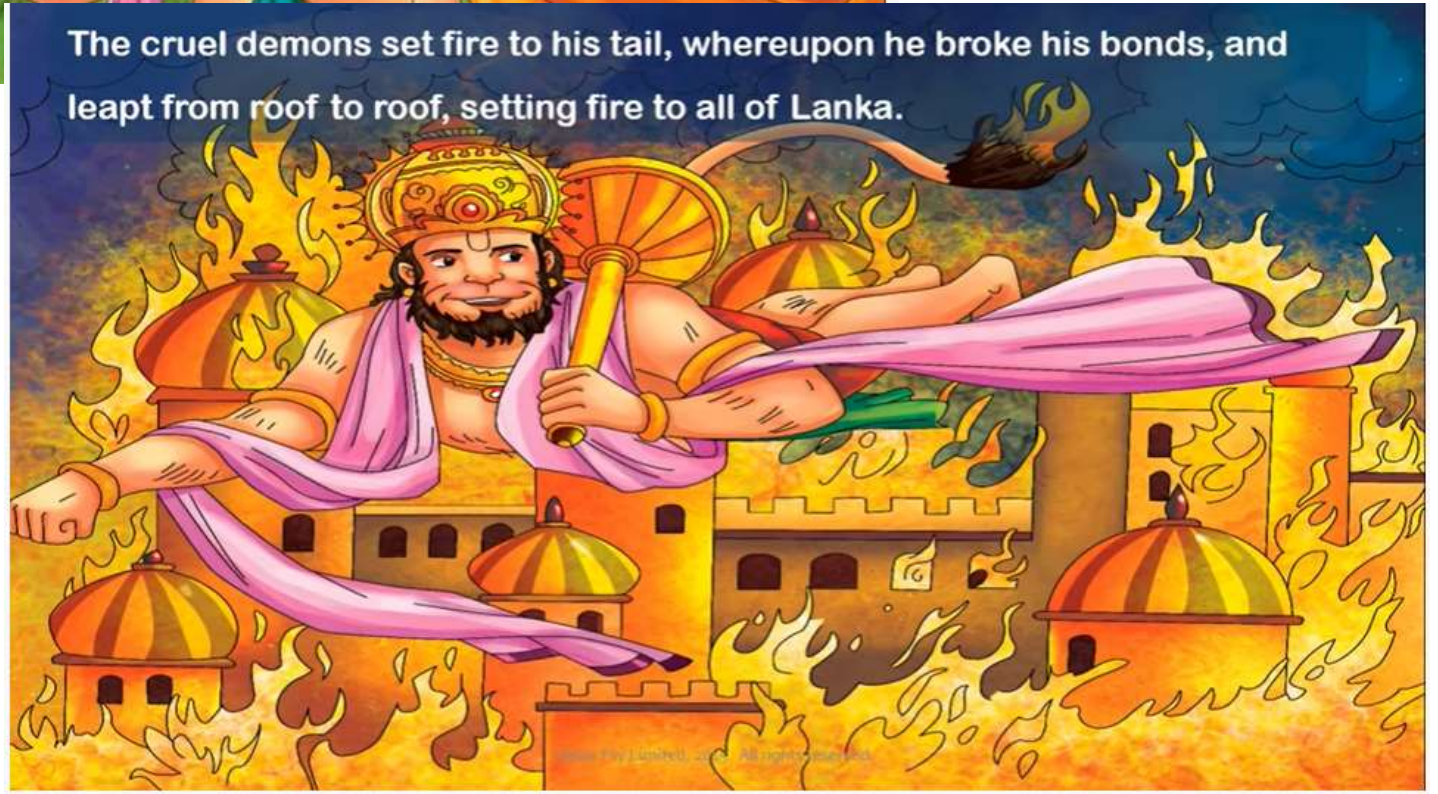


“O beautiful Lady,” said Hanuman, “Dry your tears. Your brave husband Rama is coming to rescue you.”

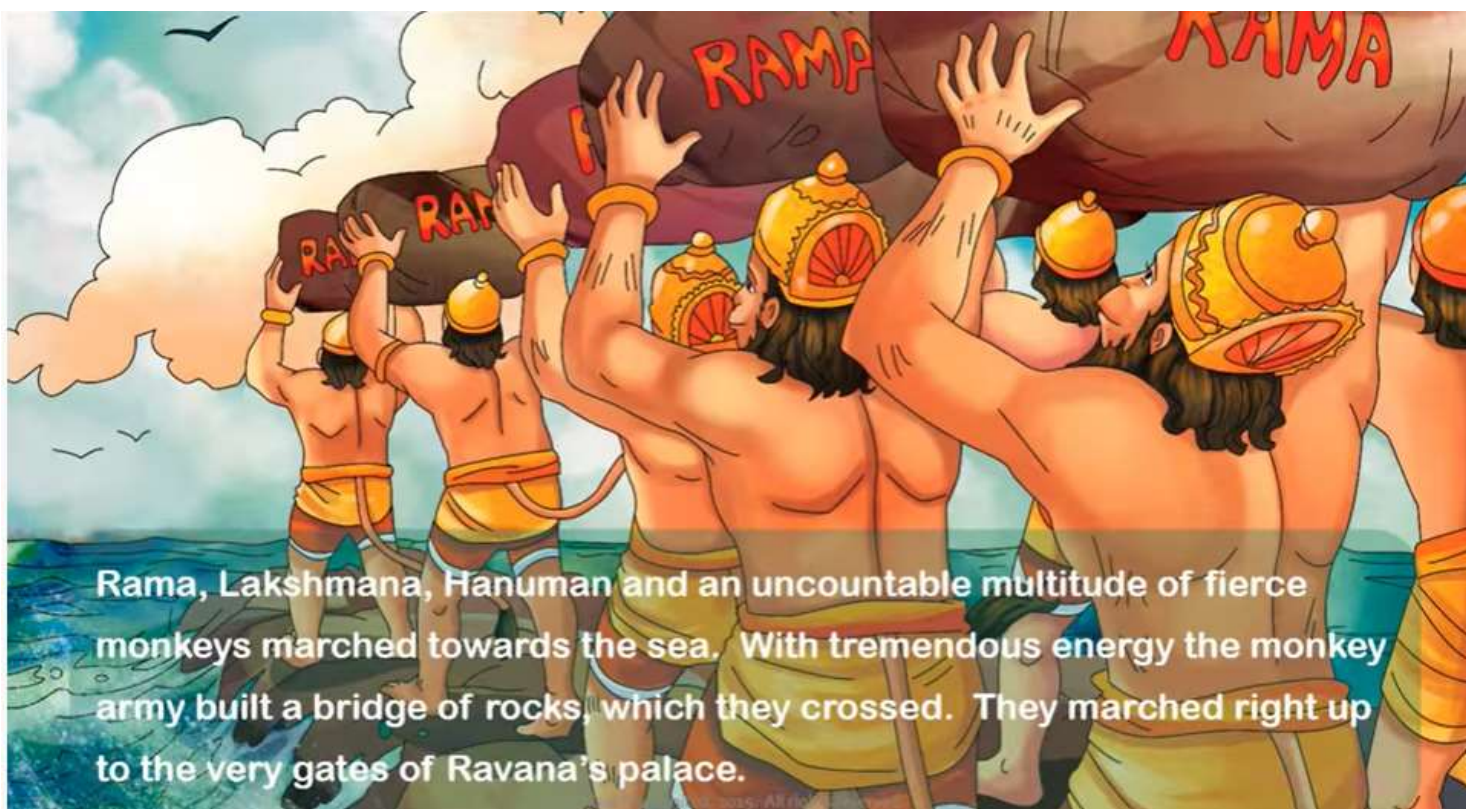
Then Hanuman played a trick on Ravana and the demons. He allowed himself to be captured and bound with ropes.



The cruel demons set fire to his tail, whereupon he broke his bonds, and leapt from roof to roof, setting fire to all of Lanka.







Rama, Lakshmana, Hanuman and an uncountable multitude of fierce monkeys marched towards the sea. With tremendous energy the monkey army built a bridge of rocks, which they crossed. They marched right up to the very gates of Ravana's palace.



"Who dares invade my kingdom!" shouted the enraged Ravana. He sent out his demon army to attack the monkeys.



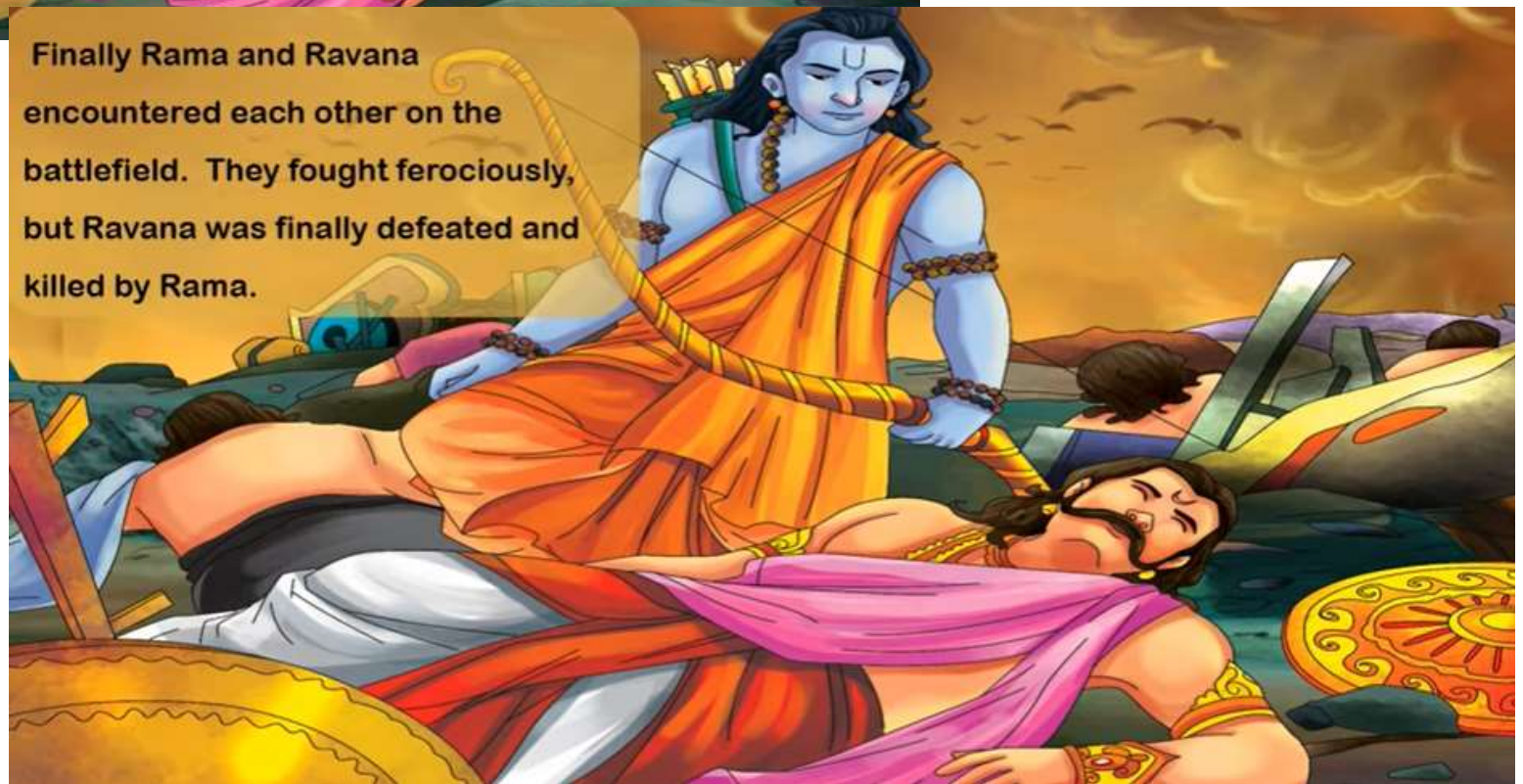


For many days Rama and Lakshmana and the courageous monkey army fought off the ferocious attacks of the demons.

Ravana used all the deceitful and cunning tricks he could think of, but Rama and his allies were able to defeat each one and drive the demons back.



Finally Rama and Ravana encountered each other on the battlefield. They fought ferociously, but Ravana was finally defeated and killed by Rama.







Imagine the joyful reunion of husband and wife! Rama and Sita were reunited to the loud cheers of Lakshmana, Sugriva, Hanuman and all the monkey army.

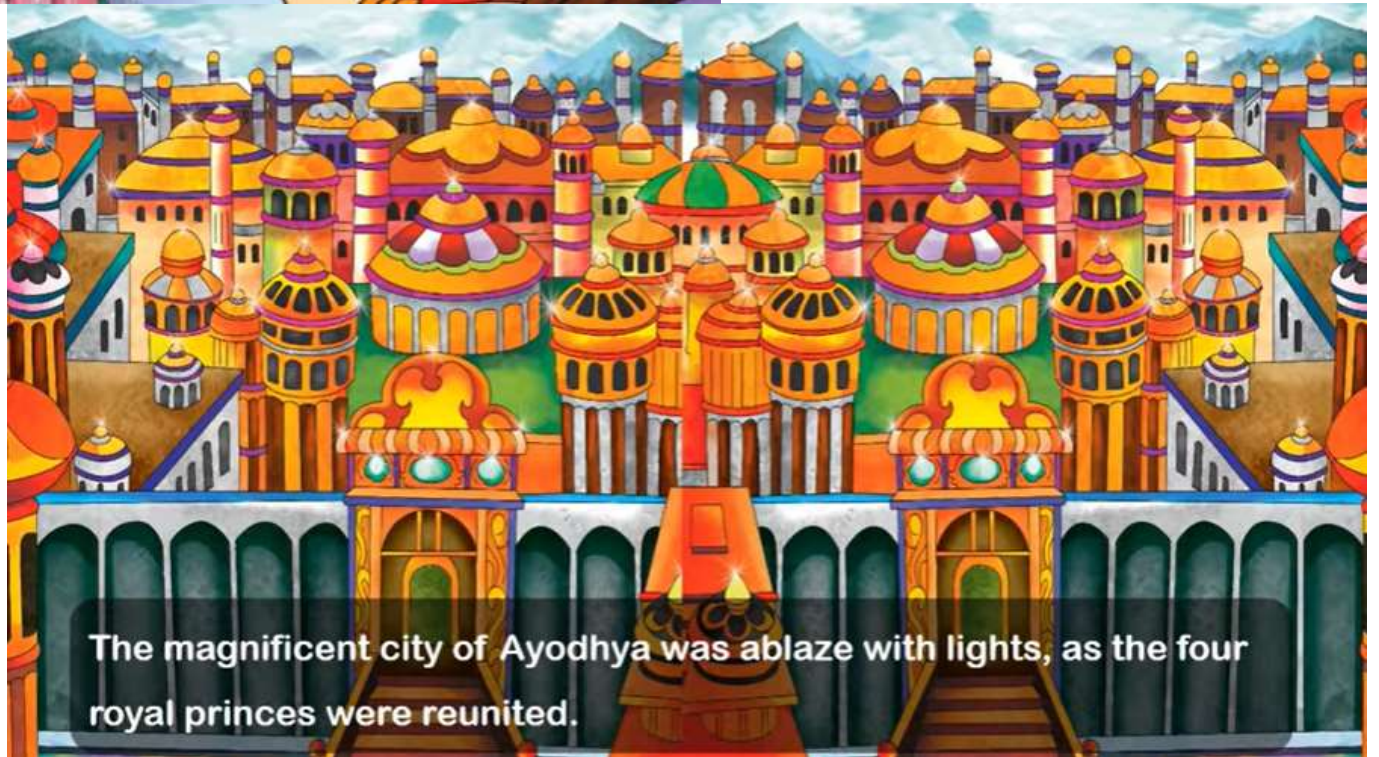


Rama, Sita and Lakshmana bade a fond farewell to their monkey friends, and then made their way back to the royal palace of Ayodhya. All along the way the joyful people lit lamps to celebrate their triumphant progress.





Rama and Sita ascended the throne to rule wisely for many a long year.

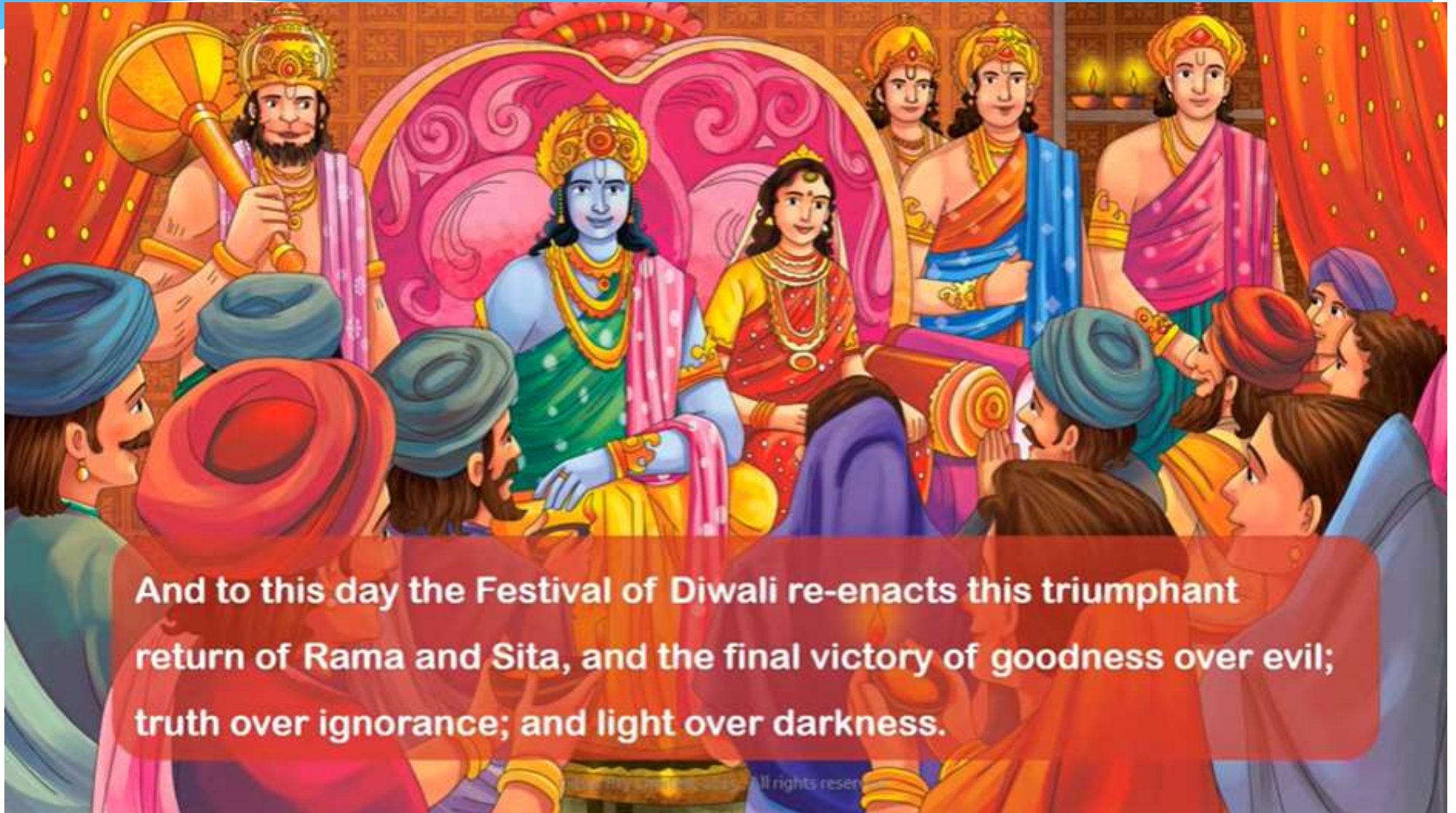


The magnificent city of Ayodhya was ablaze with lights, as the four royal princes were reunited.



# Tell me...

## Likes / dislikes / patterns / puzzles



And to this day the Festival of Diwali re-enacts this triumphant return of Rama and Sita, and the final victory of goodness over evil; truth over ignorance; and light over darkness.

# Now as a play script....

Decide on characters and act out the play as you read.

# The Story of Rama and Sita

## Play Script

### Cast:



**Rama**  
The King's Son  
and rightful heir  
to the throne



**Sita**  
Rama's Wife



**King**  
An old,  
tired man



**Rama's stepmother**  
The king's wife who  
wants her own son  
to be the next king



**Lakshmana**  
Rama's brother



**Ravana**  
The demon-king  
with ten heads



**Hanuman**  
The monkey king



## Cast continued:

Fawn	<u>Monkey Army</u>
Narrator 1	Monkey 1
Narrator 2	Monkey 2
Narrator 3	Monkey 3
Narrator 4	Monkey 4
	Monkey 5



## Prop Ideas:

Character Masks

Throne

Cloak

Gold Bracelets

Walking Stick

Bow and Arrow

Diva Lamps (Health and Safety  
Note-candles should not be used)



## Audio Ideas:

Bird Song

Forest Animal Noises

## Scene 1

Lights up. The palace gardens. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They walk around, talking and laughing as the narrator speaks. Birds can be heard in the background.

Narrator 1:

Once upon a time, there was a great warrior, Prince Rama, who had a beautiful wife named Sita.

**Rama and Sita stop walking and stand in the middle of the stage.**

Sita:

**(looking up to the sky)** What a beautiful day.

Rama:

**(looking at Sita)** Nothing compares to your beauty.

Sita:

**(smiling)** Come, let's continue.

**Rama and Sita continue to walk around the stage, talking and laughing as the narrator continues.**

Narrator 1:

Rama was the eldest son of the king. He was a good man and popular with the people of the land. He would become king one day, however his stepmother wanted her son to inherit the throne instead.

**Rama's stepmother enters the stage.**

Rama's  
stepmother:

**(grumpy)** What are you both so happy about?

Rama:

We are enjoying this beautiful morning. Stepmother, how are you today?

Rama's  
stepmother:

Why do you care Rama?

**(Under her breath as she leaves the stage)** I won't be happy until that boy is gone.

Rama:

I hope I didn't upset her?

Sita:

You are a kind man and would never upset anyone on purpose.

**Rama and Sita leave the stage and lights down.**

## Scene 2

**Lights Up.** Inside the palace. The king is sitting on his throne with his wife standing beside him.

Rama's  
stepmother:

My dear, I've just come from the gardens.

King:

Did you enjoy your walk?

Rama's  
stepmother:

Unfortunately not as your son was very rude to me ...again. He gloated about how he will become king one day and threatened to have me banished to the forest.

King:

Rama said that? No, he couldn't have done.

Rama's  
stepmother:

Are you saying that you don't believe your beloved wife?

King:

I'm sorry my dear, I'm getting too old and tired for this. What has got into that boy? For weeks, you have told me about how boastful and mean he has become. Perhaps he won't make a good king after all?

Rama's  
stepmother:

I fear the same.

**Rama and Sita enter.**

Rama:

**(cheerful and bowing)** Good morning father!

Sita:

**(curtseying)** Good morning your majesty.

King:

Rama, I must ask why you have become so boastful lately? You gloat about how you will become king one day. This is not how a future king should behave!

Rama:

What? I don't understand.



King: I thought you would make a kind, understanding king but I fear you will not. I think there is somebody better to continue this important role.

Rama: But...

Rama's stepmother: **(interrupting Rama)** Not everyone is cut out to be king, Rama.

Rama: It's you! You have been putting ideas into my father's head. You horrible woman!

King: **(angrily)** ) ENOUGH! I've heard enough. Rama, that is no way to speak to my wife. I banish you to the forest for 14 years. By then, I will be gone and a new king will rule. Leave immediately! **(storms off the stage)**

**Rama falls down to his knees with his head in his hands. Sita tries to comfort him. Having seen this, Rama's stepmother laughs and leaves the stage.**

**Lights down**

### Scene 3

Lights up. Rama and Sita are walking cautiously through the forest, looking around as they go. Rama's brother, Lakshmana, is leading the way. Forest noises can be heard in the background.

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| Rama:      | Brother, it is kind of you to travel with us.   |
| Lakshmana: | Father has made a terrible mistake. His thoughts have been poisoned by that woman. I know this forest well and I can help you build a home. |
| Sita:      | <b>(putting her hand on his shoulder)</b> We are forever grateful for your kindness, Lakshmana.   |
| Lakshmana: | The forest is a wild and dangerous place, watch your step.  |

**Rama, Sita and Lakshmana exit the stage and lights down.**

### Scene 4

Lights up. Ravana's palace on the island of Lanka. Ravana is sitting on his throne.

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| Narrator 2: | On the island of Lanka, there was a grand palace. In the palace lived a ten-headed demon-king called Ravana. Ravana was feared throughout the land.   |
| Ravana:     | <b>(standing up from his throne)</b> I must find Sita and see her beauty for myself. She should be my wife as I am most powerful. As people fear me so much, and rightfully so, I can't appear to her as my true self. I need a cunning plan. |
| Narrator 2: | Ravana thought some more.   |
| Ravana:     | <b>(rubbing his hands together/cunning voice)</b> Yes, that's it! I'll disguise myself and capture her. She'll be mine forever!   |

**Ravana exits the stage and lights down.**

## Scene 5

Lights up. Sita and Rama are walking in the forest. A golden fawn appears in their path.

Sita: (whispering and pointing) Rama, look there's a fawn over there, let's not scare it.

Rama: (whispering) What a beautiful creature. This forest is filled with so much life.

**The fawn runs away, exiting the stage.**

Sita: Rama, please bring it back to me. I must take another look at its beauty.

Rama: Anything for my wife.

**Rama exits the stage and Sita happily walks around the forest clearing, taking in her surroundings. Ravana enters the stage, limping and dressed in disguise as an old man.**

Ravana: Excuse me my dear, I'm a tired, old man who has lost his way. Can you help me?

Sita: Yes, of course I will help you.

Ravana: I don't think I can walk much further.

Sita: Come and rest with me a while, and then I'll help you find your way. Don't worry.

**Sita walks towards him, Ravana removes his cloak, using it to capture Sita. She screams and struggles as Ravana takes her away. She throws down one of her bracelets. Both exit the stage.**





**Rama runs onto the stage, huffing and puffing.**

Rama:

Sita, where are you? Sita? The fawn disappeared into the trees. **(Rama looks down and notices her bracelet)** There was a struggle here. **(Rama looks at the ground in desperation)** Sita, where are you? Wait, what's that I see sparkling in the distance?

**Rama exits the stage and lights down.**

## Scene 6

Lights up. Rama and Lakshmana are in the forest, following a trail of Sita's jewellery.

Rama: Thank you for helping me with my search brother.

Lakshmana: Here's another piece Rama. She must have left a trail.

Rama: Yes, that's definitely Sita's bracelet. Keep looking.

**Hanuman enters.**

Hanuman: Rama, are you alright? You look very worried.

Rama: Hanuman, I am. Something is wrong. Sita has been taken from me.

Hanuman: Oh no! Do not worry, I will help you. You're not on your own Rama.

**Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman exit the stage.**

Narrator 3: Hanuman flew off in search of Sita. He saw her trail of jewellery and followed it, hoping it would lead to the princess. The trail led him to Ravana's palace on the island of Lanka, across the stormy sea. Hanuman found Sita and reassured her that she would be saved.

**Rama and Lakshmana back on stage, searching for Sita.**

Rama/  
Lakshmana: Sita! Sita! Where are you? Sita! Sita! **(in desperation)**

**Hanuman enters**

Rama:

Hanuman, do you have news?

Hanuman:

Yes, Sita has been captured by Ravana and is being held at his palace on the island of Lanka, across the wild sea.

Rama:

Ravana, the demon-king? Oh no, is she alright? Please tell me no harm has come to her.

Hanuman:

She is well, but we must hurry. I reassured her that we would return. Quickly, follow me.

**Rama, Hanuman and Lakshmana exit the stage and lights down.**



## Scene 7

Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman are standing at the water's edge. Ravana's palace is at the other side.

Rama: **(frustrated)** I can't make it across there. It's too far. What are we going to do?

Lakshmana: I would go ahead, but the water is too deep and the tide is too strong. I would drown brother.

Hanuman: **(whistles)**

**Monkeys arrive, creating a bridge over the water for Rama and Lakshmana.**

Hanuman: Now you can cross safely. Go, there isn't a second to lose. We are all with you.

Lakshmana: Rama, we must hurry.

Rama: Thank you Hanuman, how will I ever repay you?

**Rama, Lakshmana and Hanuman start to make their way over the bridge. They exit the stage once they reach the other side.**

Narrator 3: Ravana heard the intruders and a fierce battle began. Rama and his army fought against the demon for days until Rama fired an arrow which killed Ravana. At last, Rama and Sita were reunited. Good had overcome evil.

**Lights down**

## Scene 8

**Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.**

Sita: 14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.

Rama: Which way do we go?

Sita: We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.

Rama: There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

Narrator 4: The people of their homeland had also realised that the 14 years had passed. It was a dark night, so they lit diya lamps to show Rama and Sita the way back home. On their return, there were huge celebrations and Rama and Sita were crowned the rightful king and queen. Hindus celebrate Diwali every year, remembering this story of love and how good triumphed over evil.

**The End**

# What do you notice about a play script?

- \* Similarities to narrative

Same plot and characters

- \* Differences to narrative

Narrators used

Stage directions given

Names of characters on the left

No speech marks



# Week 2 Wednesday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise and understand the effect of a colon.

I can use a colon in my own writing to introduce a list.

# The Story of Rama and Sita

## Play Script

Cast:



**Rama**  
The King's Son  
and rightful heir  
to the throne



**Sita**  
Rama's Wife



**King**  
An old,  
tired man



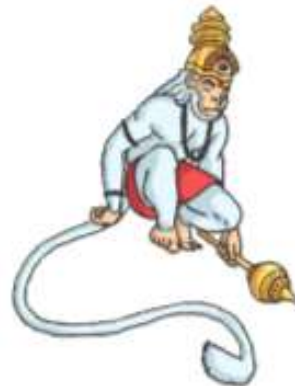
**Rama's stepmother**  
The king's wife who  
wants her own son  
to be the next king



**Lakshmana**  
Rama's brother



**Ravana**  
The demon-king  
with ten heads



**Hanuman**  
The monkey king

## Colon

The colon     •  
•  
a punctuation mark  
consisting of two  
equally sized dots  
centred on the same  
vertical line.

A colon precedes an  
explanation or an  
enumeration, or list.

# How is a colon used in a playscript?

## **Scene 8**

**Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.**

Sita: | 14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.

Rama: | Which way do we go?

Sita: | We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.

Rama: | There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

Narrator 4: | The people of their homeland had also realised that the 14 years had passed. It was a dark night, so they lit diva lamps to show Rama and Sita the way back home. On their return, there were huge celebrations and Rama and Sita were crowned the rightful king and queen. Hindus celebrate Diwali every year, remembering this story of love and how good triumphed over evil.

**The End**



# Continue this script...

## Scene 1

**Lights up on a classroom. Pupils sit at desks.**

Teacher: Today class we will be learning about a piece of punctuation called a colon.

Pupil 1: What is a colon sir?

# It could have continued like this...

## Scene 1

Lights up on a classroom. Pupils sit at desks.

Teacher: Today class we will be learning about a piece of punctuation called a colon.

Pupil 1: What is a colon sir?

Teacher: A colon is a two equally sized dots on a vertical line.

Pupil 2: **(holds up a whiteboard)** Like this sir?

Teacher: **(smiling)** Yes, just like that.

# Colons to introduce a list...

Colons are also used in writing to introduce a list.

It could be a list of things or a list of actions.

To create a play you need: actors, a stage, a script and an audience.

To bring plays to life, actors: enunciate, project their voice, use expression and become a character through their body language.

*Have a go at writing your own list of things and then list of actions with a colon to introduce it.*



# Week 2 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise perfect progressive present tense.

I can understand the difference between tenses.

I can effectively use the perfect progressive present tense.

# Reread this scene and act out.

## Scene 8

**Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.**

Sita: 14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.

Rama: Which way do we go?

Sita: We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.

Rama: There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

Narrator 4: The people of their homeland had also realised that the 14 years had passed. It was a dark night, so they lit diva lamps to show Rama and Sita the way back home. On their return, there were huge celebrations and Rama and Sita were crowned the rightful king and queen. Hindus celebrate Diwali every year, remembering this story of love and how good triumphed over evil.

**The End**

# Look closely at the tenses used.

## Can you see evidence of different tenses?

### **Scene 8**

**Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.**

Sita: 14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.

Rama: Which way do we go?

Sita: We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.

Rama: There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

Narrator 4: The people of their homeland had also realised that the 14 years had passed. It was a dark night, so they lit diva lamps to show Rama and Sita the way back home. On their return, there were huge celebrations and Rama and Sita were crowned the rightful king and queen. Hindus celebrate Diwali every year, remembering this story of love and how good triumphed over evil.

**The End**



# What tense are the stage directions at the start in?

## Scene 8

Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.

Stage directions are in present tense.

Lights  
enter  
are standing  
can see

Why is this?

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

# What about the speech?

## What tense is this in?

Sita:	14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.
Rama:	Which way do we go?
Sita:	We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.
Rama:	There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

This depends on the conversation being spoken.

Within this section we have:

- \* have passed
- \* must follow
- \* will show
- \* there are

# Recap on tenses...

- \* **Simple past** (it has happened)

It was cold.

Yesterday, it was cold.

- \* **Simple present** (it is happening)

It is cold.

Today, it is cold.

- \* **Simple future** ( it will happen)

It will be cold.

Tomorrow, it will be cold.



# Which of these do you know about?

\* Discuss what you know about these with a partner.

Do you know past progressive?

Do you know about present progressive?

Do you know future progressive?

# Progressive (or continuous) meaning it is still happening.

We usually add was / were and 'ing' to verbs for this to be shown.

I watched a movie. (Past)

I **was watching** a movie when... (Past progressive)

# Progressive (or continuous) meaning it is still happening.

We usually add am / are / is and 'ing' to verbs for this to be shown.

I play with sand. (Present)

I **am playing** with sand... (Present progressive)

# Progressive (or continuous) meaning it is still happening.

We usually add will be and 'ing' to verbs for this to be shown.

I will go to the circus. (Future)

I **will be going** to the circus. (Future progressive)



# Past Progressive

## Interrupted Continuous Past Action

I was walking home when it started to rain.

I was watching a movie when she called.

## Parallel Actions

I was studying while my brother was watching TV.

## To Start a Story / Create an Atmosphere

While I was driving to work yesterday...

The sun was shining, and birds were singing...

## was/were + verb-ing

.....  
Remember: usually STATIVE VERBS are NOT used in the progressive (-ing) form.

## Repeated Action

*often with "always"*

They were always fighting.

She was always complaining about her job.

## Action Before & After a Specific Time

Last night at 6 p.m., I was eating dinner.

In August, she was working at a summer camp.

# Present Progressive

**am/is/are + verb-ing**

Remember: usually STATIVE VERBS  
are NOT used in the progressive (-ing) form.

## When do we use the present progressive?

### Happening Now

It is snowing.  
She is eating lunch now.  
I'm driving my new car.

### Temporary Actions

I'm working in New York  
this week.  
I'm staying here temporarily.

### Fixed Plans

(often in the near future)  
I'm going out after work today.  
We're leaving early today.

### Trends

More and more people  
are using their phones  
to access Facebook.

### Longer Actions in Progress Now

She's studying to be a lawyer.  
He's training for the Olympics.

# Future Progressive

## Action in Progress at a Time in the Future

She will be taking an exam at 2 p.m. tomorrow, so don't call her then.

## Interrupted Action in the Future

I will be waiting for you when you arrive tonight.

## Atmosphere in the Future

When I arrive to class, the teacher will be talking, some students will be taking notes, and my best friend will be trying to stay awake.

## will be + verb-ing

.....  
Remember: usually STATIVE VERBS are NOT used in the progressive (-ing) form.

## Parallel Actions in the Future

She will be watching TV, and he will be cooking dinner.

\* While he is cooking dinner, she will be watching TV.

## Emphasis of Future Plans and Intentions

They'll be coming to visit us next week.

# Discuss what you know about...

- \* Past perfect
- \* Present perfect
- \* Future perfect



# Perfect

- \* Past = had

When I arrived, the class **had begun**.

- \* Present = has or have

My niece **has grown**.

- \* Future = will have

I **will have completed** it by tonight.

# Past Perfect

**had + past participle**

.....

## **A Completed Action before a Different Past Action**

When we arrived, the class  
had already begun.

By the time we got to the theater,  
the movie had already started.

## **Reported Speech**

My student said that he hadn't  
done his homework.

She told me that she had never  
been to the beach before.

## **A Period of Time before an Event in the Past\***

We had owned our house for  
twenty years before we sold it.

I'd had that car for fifteen years  
before it broke down.

## **In the "if" clause of the Third Conditional**

If it had rained, I would have  
bought an umbrella.

If you had studied for the test,  
you wouldn't have failed.

# Present Perfect

## **Duration from the Past Until Now \***

He has been a teacher since 2002.

I have had a cold for a week.

## **Event in the Past at an Unspecified Time**

She has been to Paris.

I've seen that movie.

## **Repeated Events in the Past Until Now**

We have had four exams so far this semester.

I've been to this restaurant many times since I moved next door.

## **has/have + past participle**

.....

## **Change Over Time**

Your English has improved since the last time we met.

My niece has grown a lot in the past year.

## **Uncompleted Action that is Expected to Happen**

She hasn't finished her homework yet.

They still haven't arrived.

# Future Perfect Tense

**S + will + have + past participle + ...**

**He will have done it by this evening.**

**S + will + not + have + past participle + ...**

**He will not have done it by this evening.**

**Will + S + have + past participle + ...**

**Will he have done it by this evening?**



# What are your thoughts then on Present Perfect Progressive?

\* Think...

present = now

perfect = have been

progressive = ing verb

# So combining gives...

## **Present Perfect Progressive (continuous)**

- this puts emphasis on the duration or course of an action (not the result)

*She **has been writing** for two hours.*

- action that recently stopped or is still going on

*I **have been living** here since 2001.*

- finished action that influenced the present

*I **have been working** all afternoon.*

# Present Perfect Progressive

**has/have + been + verb-ing**

## **Duration from the Past until Now**

He has been teaching for ten years.

They have been living in Cairo for twenty years.

## **Actions Happening Recently (Lately)**

She has been exercising a lot recently.

I haven't been studying English lately.

## **Actions that Recently Stopped**

I've been working all day. I'm tired, so I'm going to take a nap.

It has been raining.  
The sidewalk is wet.

## **Temporary Actions**

They've been visiting their grandmother for the past week.

I've been filling in for my boss for the past two days.

# Reread the scene again. Can you spot the tenses used?

## **Scene 8**

**Lights up. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They are standing at the edge of the forest and can see their home land in the distance. The path has been lit.**

Sita: 14 years have passed, now let us return to our rightful home.

Rama: Which way do we go?

Sita: We must follow the lights. The light will show us the way.

Rama: There are more lights along this path than there are in the sky.

**Rama and Sita walk along the path then exit the stage.**

Narrator 4: The people of their homeland had also realised that the 14 years had passed. It was a dark night, so they lit diva lamps to show Rama and Sita the way back home. On their return, there were huge celebrations and Rama and Sita were crowned the rightful king and queen. Hindus celebrate Diwali every year, remembering this story of love and how good triumphed over evil.

**The End**



# Week 2 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise and understand the effect of brackets.

I can effectively use brackets to add stage directions.

### Scene 3

Lights up. Rama and Sita are walking cautiously through the forest, looking around as they go. Rama's brother, Lakshmana, is leading the way. Forest noises can be heard in the background.

- |            |   |
|------------|---|
| Rama:      | Brother, it is kind of you to travel with us.   |
| Lakshmana: | Father has made a terrible mistake. His thoughts have been poisoned by that woman. I know this forest well and I can help you build a home. |
| Sita:      | <b>(putting her hand on his shoulder)</b> We are forever grateful for your kindness, Lakshmana.   |
| Lakshmana: | The forest is a wild and dangerous place, watch your step.  |

**Rama, Sita and Lakshmana exit the stage and lights down.**

### Scene 4

Lights up. Ravana's palace on the island of Lanka. Ravana is sitting on his throne.

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| Narrator 2: | On the island of Lanka, there was a grand palace. In the palace lived a ten-headed demon-king called Ravana. Ravana was feared throughout the land.   |
| Ravana:     | <b>(standing up from his throne)</b> I must find Sita and see her beauty for myself. She should be my wife as I am most powerful. As people fear me so much, and rightfully so, I can't appear to her as my true self. I need a cunning plan. |
| Narrator 2: | Ravana thought some more.   |
| Ravana:     | <b>(rubbing his hands together/cunning voice)</b> Yes, that's it! I'll disguise myself and capture her. She'll be mine forever!   |

**Ravana exits the stage and lights down.**

# What helped you know how to perform your lines?

## Scene 3

**Lights up. Rama and Sita are walking cautiously through the forest, looking around as they go. Rama's brother, Lakshmana, is leading the way. Forest noises can be heard in the background.**

Rama: Brother, it is kind of you to travel with us.

Lakshmana: Father has made a terrible mistake. His thoughts have been poisoned by that woman. I know this forest well and I can help you build a home.

Sita: **(putting her hand on his shoulder)** We are forever grateful for your kindness, Lakshmana.

Lakshmana: The forest is a wild and dangerous place, watch your step.

**Rama, Sita and Lakshmana exit the stage and lights down.**

## Scene 4

**Lights up. Ravana's palace on the island of Lanka. Ravana is sitting on his throne.**

Narrator 2: On the island of Lanka, there was a grand palace. In the palace lived a ten-headed demon-king called Ravana. Ravana was feared throughout the land.

Ravana: **(standing up from his throne)** I must find Sita and see her beauty for myself. She should be my wife as I am most powerful. As people fear me so much, and rightfully so, I can't appear to her as my true self. I need a cunning plan.

Narrator 2: Ravana thought some more.

Ravana: **(rubbing his hands together/cunning voice)** Yes, that's it! I'll disguise myself and capture her. She'll be mine forever!

**Ravana exits the stage and lights down.**

Stage directions are given in bold.

They are used at the start and end of scenes to give support on how to perform or set up the stage.

They are also used in brackets during speeches to support actors with the way they read the lines.

# Features of a Play Script

## Key

Character names	Speech
Setting the scene	Character directions within speech
Stage directions	

No inverted commas are needed!

*The Mad Hatter, Dormouse and Hare are sitting at a table having afternoon tea.*

*Alice enters the scene, stage left.*

**Mad Hatter:** *(starts for a moment, pauses and a broad grin appears across his face. He gets up out of his chair and walks across the table towards Alice)*  
*It's you.*

**Dormouse:** *(exasperated)* No it's not! Hare brought us the wrong Alice!

**Hare:** *(gasps and throws his hands against his head)* It's the wrong Alice!

**Mad Hatter:** You're absolutely Alice, I'd know you anywhere!  
*(to the rest of the characters at the table)*  
I'd know her anywhere!

*Dormouse and Hare laugh maniacally.*

*Well, as you can see we're still having tea. You're terribly late you know... naughty.*

**Alice:** I'm incredibly intrigued.

**Mad Hatter:** Yes yes of course, but now we must get onto the Frabjous Day!

**Dormouse & Hare together:** FRABJOUS DAY!!

**Mad Hatter:** We're investigating things that begin with the letter M.  
*(whispers)* Have you any idea why a raven is like a writing desk?



## Brackets

Brackets are used in playscripts to clearly show how to say something.

*(exasperated)*

*(whispers)*



# Brackets

Look at this script that is devoid of stage directions.

Support the actors by using brackets to add direction to their speech.

For playscripts the brackets do not need to have any internal punctuation – words are not capitalised and full stops / question marks / commas are not necessary

## Scene 3 *Inside the Cave*

Narrator	<i>Night fell before they had finished eating. The cave was a very gloomy place. The only light was coming from the glowing embers of the fire in the middle of the floor. Nik and Andreas kept watch at the doorway. Suddenly the ground began to tremble and shake. They could hear boulders crunching and stones crashing down the cliffs into the sea below.</i>	
Alex	(	) It's an earthquake!
Odysseus	It sounds more like the footsteps of a giant.	
Nik	(	) Look out, look out!
Andreas	(	) There is a giant coming!
Nik	He's as big as twenty men.	
Alex	(	) That's big!
Andreas	(	) He's so big that he's using a tree for a walking stick.
Alex	That's really big!	
Nik	His face is hairy and dirty and as big as the moon.	
Andreas	His teeth are like mouldy tree stumps. (	)

Nik And he's only got one eye.

Odysseus ( ) Only one eye?

Nik One massive round eye in the middle of his huge dirty forehead.

Narrator *At that moment they all heard the great rumbling voice of Polyphemus the Cyclops. The ground shook as he spoke to his sheep and goats.*

Polyphemus ( ) Here we are my beauties! Home at last! I'm ready for my supper now. I'm sure I could eat a dozen men and still not be full!

Nik ( ) Hear that? What are we going to do, Odysseus?

Odysseus ( ) Ssh! Quietly now. We must run and hide at the back of the cave.  
Quick!

Narrator *As Odysseus and his friends watched from the shadows, the huge and terrible Cyclops milked all his goats and his sheep. Then he pulled a great lump of stone across the doorway of the cave. Odysseus whispered to his friends...*

Odysseus ( ) Now we are trapped. Even if we could get past the giant it would take more than twenty men to move that stone.

Polyphemus ( ) What's that? Somebody's whispering? Somebody in my cave? Who's there?

Alex ( ) He's heard us with those great hairy ears of his.

( )

Nik He's putting wood on the fire.

Andreas The flames will light up the cave. Oh no, he'll see us!

# Week 3 Monday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise the effect of commas to add detail using parenthesis.

I can use commas effectively for parenthesis.

# Parenthesis

## NOUN

1. a word, clause, or sentence inserted as an explanation or afterthought into a passage that is grammatically complete without it, in writing usually marked off by curved brackets, dashes, or commas.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/zhpt7yc>



# Can you spot the parenthesis?

Ravana:

**(standing up from his throne)** I must find Sita and see her beauty for myself. She should be my wife as I am most powerful. As people fear me so much, and rightfully so, I can't appear to her as my true self. I need a cunning plan.

Narrator 1:

Once upon a time, there was a great warrior, Prince Rama, who had a beautiful wife named Sita.

# Did you spot it?

As people fear me so much, and rightfully so, I can not appear to her as my true self.

As people fear me so much I can not appear to her as my true self.

- \* this makes sense without the parenthesis
- \* the parenthesis is marked with commas

# Did you spot it?

Once upon a time there was a great warrior, Prince Rama, who had a beautiful wife named Sita.

Once upon a time there was a great warrior who had a beautiful wife named Sita.

- \* this makes sense without the parenthesis
- \* the parenthesis is marked with commas

## Commas to Indicate Parenthesis Test

---

1. Look at the sentences below. Re-write them with commas added into the correct places.

I passed my driving test which was very scary first time!

---

Jackie had a new haircut which was very short on Monday morning.

---

The children's party which was extremely noisy was great fun!

---



2. Tick the statements which are correct:

Two commas can mark out extra information inserted into a sentence.

☐

We use commas when information is of (roughly) equal priority to other information in the sentence.

☐

We use paired commas for non-essential information.

☐

**3.** Tick the sentence which correctly uses commas for parenthesis:

Her mum, who was always well-dressed, drove her daughter to school.

☐

Her mum, who was always well-dressed drove her daughter to school.

☐

Her mum who was always well-dressed , drove her daughter to school.

☐

# Hot seating / Freeze Framing

- \* Adding a scene...

Imagine there is a scene where Sita and Raven discuss the future before she is rescued.

Act out a scene and then hot seat Sita to have a short speech that she says out loud to herself about being rescued. Remember to include parenthesis.

# Week 3 Tuesday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise sentences that show characterisation through action.

I can effectively write sentences that show characterisation through action.



## Scene 1

Lights up. The palace gardens. Rama and Sita enter the stage. They walk around, talking and laughing as the narrator speaks. Birds can be heard in the background.

Narrator 1:

Once upon a time, there was a great warrior, Prince Rama, who had a beautiful wife named Sita.

**Rama and Sita stop walking and stand in the middle of the stage.**

Sita:

**(looking up to the sky)** What a beautiful day.

Rama:

**(looking at Sita)** Nothing compares to your beauty.

Sita:

**(smiling)** Come, let's continue.

**Rama and Sita continue to walk around the stage, talking and laughing as the narrator continues.**

Narrator 1:

Rama was the eldest son of the king. He was a good man and popular with the people of the land. He would become king one day, however his stepmother wanted her son to inherit the throne instead.

**Rama's stepmother enters the stage.**

Rama's  
stepmother:

**(grumpy)** What are you both so happy about?

Rama:

We are enjoying this beautiful morning. Stepmother, how are you today?

Rama's  
stepmother:

Why do you care Rama?

**(Under her breath as she leaves the stage)** I won't be happy until that boy is gone.

Rama:

I hope I didn't upset her?

Sita:

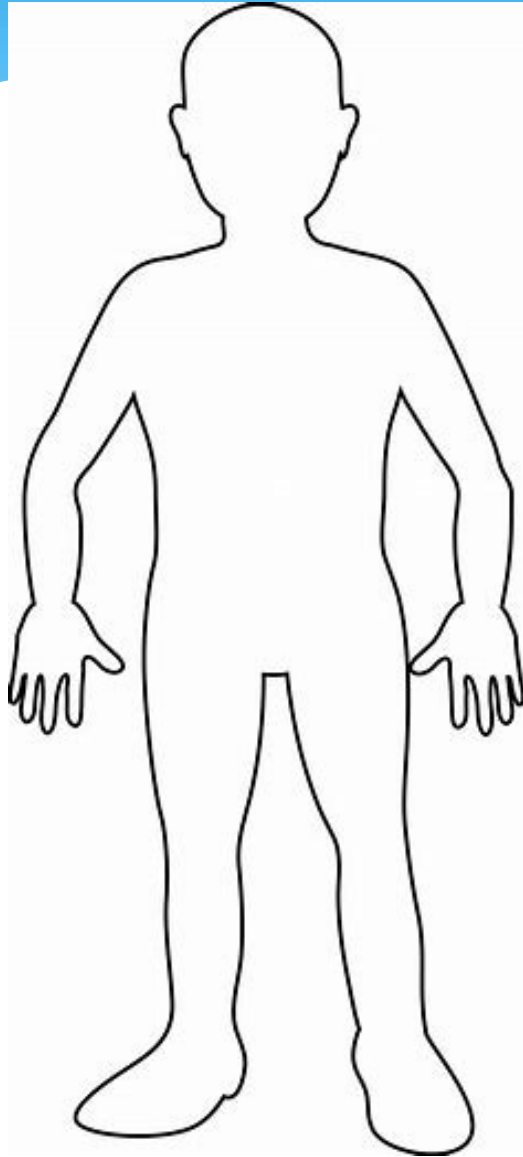
You are a kind man and would never upset anyone on purpose.

**Rama and Sita leave the stage and lights down.**

What type of character is Rama?  
What type of character is Sita?  
What type of character is the step mother?

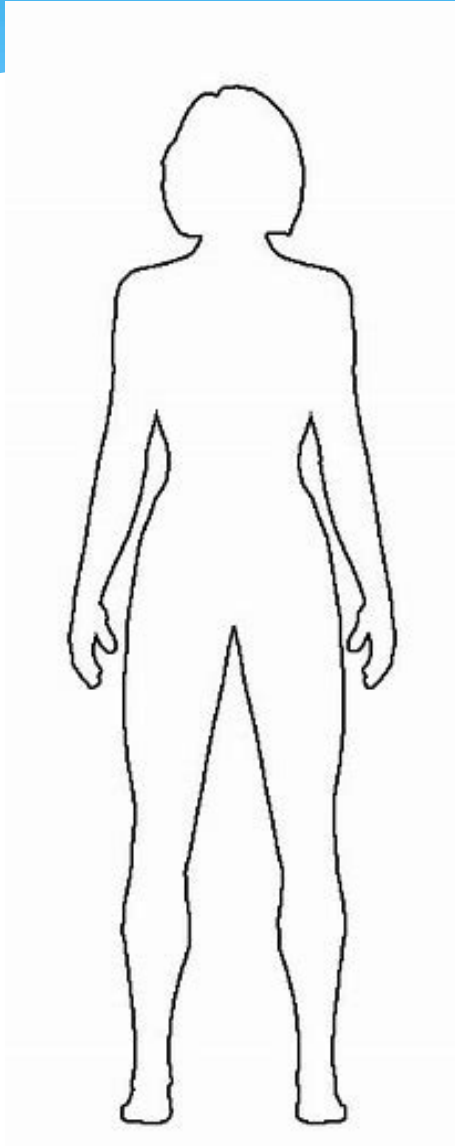
- \* How do you know?
- \* What is conveyed in their actions and speech to each other to show their characters?

# Role on the wall



\* Rama

# Role on the wall



\* Sita



# Role on the wall



\* Step mother

# Rama's brother

- \* When Rama and Sita leave, Rama's brother goes with them.
- \* Write a short scene between Lakshmana and his wife where he tells her he is leaving with Rama. Show how the characters are in personality through what they say and how they say it.

# Week 3 Wednesday

## Learning Objective

I can use a model text to write a new playscript.

## Success Criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.

# Lakshmi and the Clever Washerwoman

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/school-radio/english-ks1-lakshmi-and-the-clever-washwoman-part-1/zmhgvk7>

Long, long ago a King lived with his wife, the Queen, in a huge palace at the heart of a great city.

The palace was built of pink stone and stood in magnificent gardens, where palm trees swayed and peacocks roamed the perfect lawns.

The King and Queen were getting ready to celebrate, for it was a special time of year. Tomorrow it would be Diwali: the festival to honour Lakshmi, the gentle goddess of wealth and good fortune.

Each year at Diwali people would put little lamps in their windows and place lanterns outside, hoping that Lakshmi would see their homes in the darkness of night, and bless them with good luck.

Every year, on the day before Diwali, the King would buy the Queen an expensive present. One year he had given her an elephant to ride around the palace gardens. Another year he had given her a sari covered in jewels. And this year the King's present to the Queen was no less grand: a beautiful necklace made of pearls!

'I can't wait to show it off to everyone!' said the Queen, as she took her husband's present without a word of thanks, for - in truth - she was rather rude and ungrateful.

Each morning the Queen would go for a swim in a nearby river. Of course, she couldn't risk damaging her valuable necklace, so this morning when she arrived at the river, she took it off and left it on the riverbank under a bamboo tree.

'It will be perfectly safe there,' thought the Queen. 'After all, no-one would ever dare to steal from the Queen!' And with that she stepped into the cool water to swim.

The Queen was quite right of course. No person would ever dare to steal from the Queen. But a crow isn't a person and on this day a crow, perched on a branch in the bamboo tree, looked down and spied the necklace glinting in the sun. In a flash, it swooped down, grabbed the precious treasure in its beak and flew away.

'Stop! Stop!' cried the Queen - but it was too late! Away flew the crow, further and further, until it was gone from the Queen's sight.

Some distance away, another woman was also by the river. Like the Queen, this woman came to the river every morning but, apart from that, she couldn't have been more different to the Queen. She was a washerwoman and every day she came from her home in the poorest part of the city to crouch down on the bank and wash clothes for the people who paid her.

The washerwoman was scrubbing a sari when she looked up and saw a crow overhead. The crow had something glinting in its beak, something which the crow dropped, something which landed on the riverbank.

The washerwoman could hardly believe it! There, right beside her, glinting in the sunlight, was a necklace!

She picked it up, to look at it more closely. It was very precious - she was sure of that - why, it looked like it was made from real pearls!

'Who could such a valuable necklace belong to?' she wondered. 'And what should I do with it? If I sell it I'd be rich. I'd never need to scrub another sari for as long as I live!'

Then the washerwoman shook her head. 'But the necklace isn't mine to sell. One thing I do know. It needs to be kept safe. I shall take it home with me, until I can decide what to do with it.'



The washerwoman carefully hid the pearl necklace at the bottom of her clothes basket and set off for home.

The washerwoman lived in a small hut in the poorest part of the city. It was a crowded, noisy place, where everyone knew everyone else. Keeping the necklace a secret wouldn't be easy.

As the washerwoman made her way to her door she could hear her neighbours gossiping.

'Have you heard?' said one. 'The Queen has lost a necklace made of pearls!'

'She's so upset!' said another.

'The King has offered a huge reward to anyone who finds the necklace and returns it!' announced a third.

The washerwoman quietly slipped inside her home and shut the door. She didn't want her neighbours knowing she had the very same necklace in her basket! But now she knew who the necklace belonged to and she knew what she had to do.

The washerwoman waited for her neighbours to go inside, then she slipped out and made her way to the palace.

How grand the palace was with its pink stone walls, swaying palms, peacocks and perfect lawns! She knocked on the door and it was opened by a servant, who frowned at the washerwoman and was about to close it on her again, when she showed him the necklace.

His eyes lit up. 'The necklace!'

Immediately the washerwoman was taken to see the King and Queen.

'You found my necklace!' cried the Queen, as the washerwoman bowed her head and offered it to her.

'And now for your reward!' said the King.

He clicked his fingers, and a servant entered with a pot full of gold coins. More money than the washerwoman had ever seen in her life!

But the washerwoman said simply: 'Forgive me, but I do not wish to accept your reward.'

The King looked surprised. 'Is the pot is not big enough? I will double the size - and the number of coins!'

'No, I don't want your gold coins.'

'Then what do you want?'

'Grant me a simple request. Tomorrow is Diwali. For my reward, issue an order: no-one in the entire city will be allowed to light a lamp in honour of Lakshmi, except me.'

The King looked surprised. What a strange request! But he said: 'Of course, I am happy to grant your wish. I shall issue the order straight away.'

That evening the washerwoman looked out of her window. The next day would be Diwali, but the entire city was in darkness. Just as she had asked, there wasn't a lamp or light to be seen, except one. The washerwoman lit a small candle, placed it on her door step - and waited.

When the goddess Lakshmi arrived in the city, all she could see was darkness. She felt shocked that her arrival had been ignored. 'Where are my people?' she wondered. 'I thought they'd welcome me tonight. Have they forgotten it's Diwali? Where are my lanterns? Where are my lights?'

Lakshmi was just about to leave when she spotted a single light shining in the poorest part of town.

Lakshmi went to the door and knocked.

The door slowly opened. 'Welcome, Lakshmi!' said the washerwoman.

'May I come in?' asked the goddess.

'You may, but only if you grant my family and I blessings for many years to come.'

Lakshmi looked at the washerwoman. In the entire city she was the only one to have lit a lamp in her honour.

'I shall grant you your wish,' she said with a smile.

Lakshmi was true to her word. From that night onwards, the washerwoman and her family were blessed with good health, good luck and happiness for many years to come.

# Use the copy of the narrative to find the speech.

- \* Act out the story in small groups.
- \* Think about the cast needed.
- \* Think about the scenes needed – where do the settings change?
- \* Think about the stage directions.
- \* Think about the tone and expression of characters to show their personality.
- \* Think about planning each section in detail.

# Planning

\* Cast

King

Queen

Washerwoman

Crow

Neighbours

Laksmi

# Planning

- \* Scenes

1 – palace

2 – river

3 – river

4 – market streets

5 – palace

6 – washerwoman's home



# Shared write

## Scene 1

**In the palace. King and queen happy and seated on thrones.**

King: (proudly) It is with love and honour, my dear, that I present you with this beautiful necklace made of pearls.

Queen: Thank you my love. It is not quite as expensive as the elephant from last year, but I do find it sparkles nicely in the sunlight.

King: (unaware of the queen's rudeness) Please be careful my love, we do not want it to be lost or stolen.

Queen: (dismissively) Of course not! I am off now as I will take a swim in the river before breakfast.

The queen leaves and scene ends.

## Scene 2

**At the river.**

# Week 3 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can use a model text to write a new playscript.

## Success Criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.

# Week 3 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can write a new playscript.

## Success Criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.

# Week 4 Monday

## Learning Objectives

I can plan a story using a story map.

I can recognise significant events and their impact on the story line.

I can map out where key features would be best used within a story.



# Brainstorming

- \* Work in pairs, threes or fours to think of a short story in the style of stories from Seasons of Splendour.
- \* You can use characters from stories already read.
- \* Think about the myth aspect of these stories and the need to teach behaviours through the characters.
- \* Draw pictures of the 5 parts to your stories.

# Week 4 Tuesday

## Learning Objectives

I can write a playscript.

## Success criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.

# Story maps to playscripts

- \* Use your story maps as plans to write the 1<sup>st</sup> scene for your playscript.
- \* Think about what will make your play successful.

# Week 4 Wednesday

## Learning Objectives

I can write a playscript.

## Success criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.



# Use your plans to continue your playscripts.

- \* Don't forget what makes a successful play.

# Week 4 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can write a playscript.

## Success criteria

I can use brackets for stage directions.

I can use commas for parenthesis.

I can use a colon to introduce a list.

I can use actions to develop character.

I can use perfect progressive present tense.

Complete your playscript and read through to ensure it meets your success criteria.

# Week 4 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can direct my play.

I can adapt and improve my play through rehearsals.

I can use success criteria to ensure it is fit for purpose.

I can evaluate the effectiveness of my play during performance.

# Work in groups to each perform the plays written.

- \* For your own play, act as director.
  - \* Ensure your scripts are followed and any corrections, edits or improvements needed are made.
  - \* Film your performances for watching back and evaluating.
- 
- \* Do your scripts work when given to others?
  - \* Are they performing how you imagined it being performed?
  - \* What could you have done to improve your scripts?



# Week 5 Monday

## Learning Objectives

I can offer personal opinions based on evidence from a poem.

I can respond to the opinions of others and build on their comments.

# In The Bazaars of Hyderabad

\* <https://youtu.be/d1moR-uQe2g>

Hide the video and just listen.

\* Listen to the poem again and use coloured pencils to create images formed in your mind.

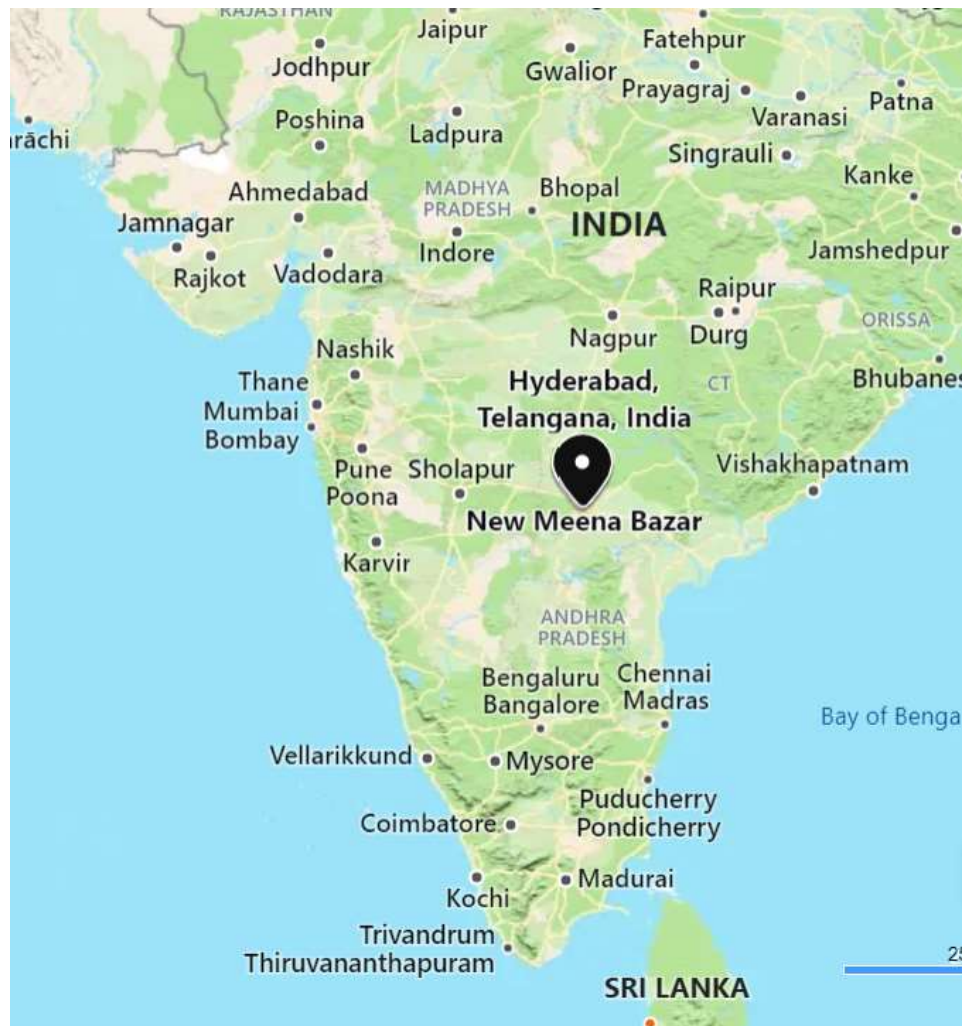


What do you weigh, O ye vendors





# Hyderabad, India



# Hyderabad





# In The Bazaars of Hyderabad

In The Bazaars of Hyderabad " is an early 20th-century English poem written by **Sarojini Naidu** (1879–1949)

Saronjini was known as The Nightingale of India.

Saronjini was an Indian independence activist and a poet from Hyderabad, India.

The poem is written in five stanzas and was first published in the year 1912.

# Context

- \* This poem was written at a time when India was going through its independence.
- \* The desire to portray the bazaar as important is clear and the want to keep traditions alive.

## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?

Saffron and lentil and rice.  
What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,

Bells for the feet of blue pigeons  
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,  
Girdles of gold for dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king.

What do you cry,O ye fruitmen?  
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play ,O musicians?

Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.

Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

*Sarojini Naidu*

# Tell me...

- \* What did you like about the poem? Why?
- \* What did you dislike about the poem? Why?
- \* What patterns did you notice?
- \* What puzzled you?

# Week 5 Tuesday

## Learning Objectives

I can research effectively recognising bias.

I can verify information.

I can understand new vocabulary through context.



## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

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Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.**

**What do you weigh, O ye vendors?**

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What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.**

**What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,**

**Bells for the feet of blue pigeons  
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,  
Girdles of gold for dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king.**

**What do you cry,O ye fruitmen?  
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play ,O musicians?**

**Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.**

**What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.**

**Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.**

***Sarojini Naidu***

# Vocabulary

- \* merchants / pedlars / vendors
- \* brocade
- \* wares
- \* turbans
- \* tunics
- \* jade
- \* saffron
- \* lentil
- \* sandalwood
- \* henna
- \* girdle
- \* scabbard
- \* pomegranate
- \* cithar
- \* sarangi
- \* aeons
- \* azure
- \* chaplets

# Vocabulary

\* Merchant

NOUN

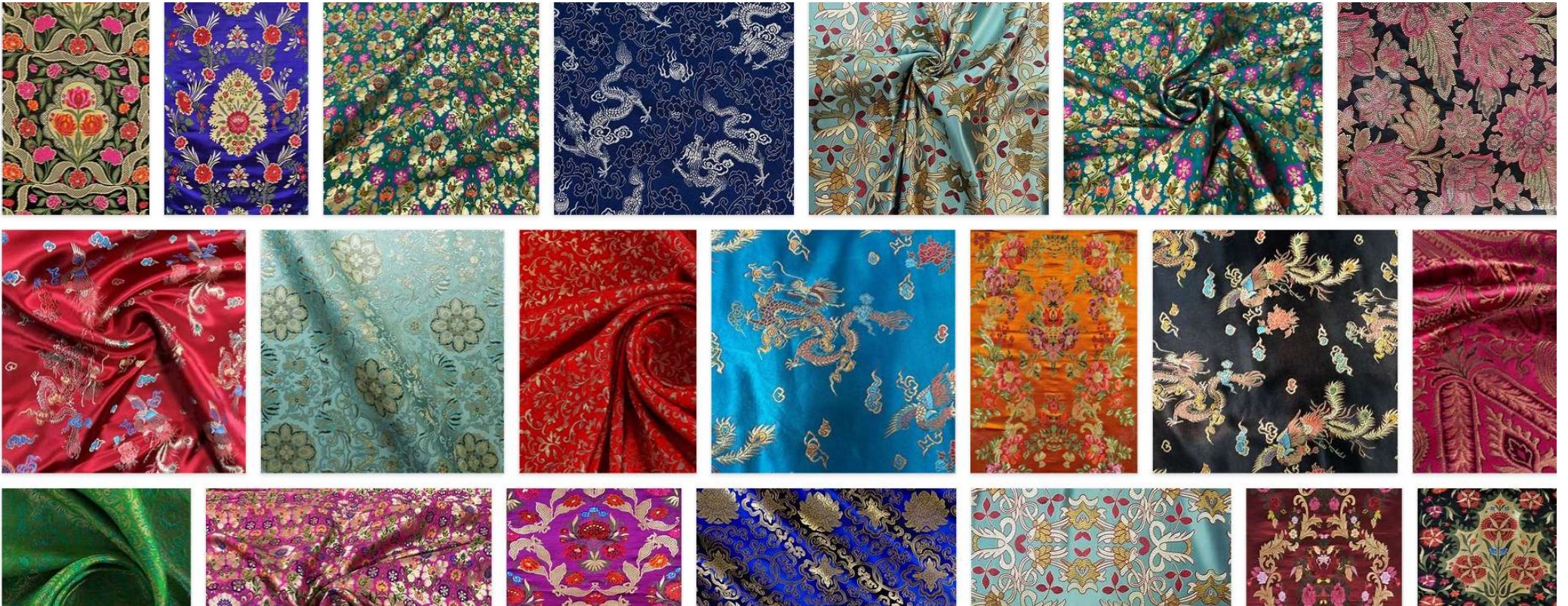
1. a person or company involved in wholesale trade, especially one dealing with foreign countries or supplying merchandise to a particular trade.





# Vocabulary

- \* Brocade refers to a fabric made of multi-colored silk threads with metallic additions.



# Vocabulary

## \* Wares

NOUN

**wares** (*plural noun*)

pottery, typically that of a specified type.

"blue-and-white majolica ware" ·

manufactured articles of a specified type.

"crystal ware" ·

articles offered for sale.





# Vocabulary

## \* Turbans

### NOUN

**turbans** (*plural noun*)

1. a man's headdress, consisting of a long length of cotton or silk wound around a cap or the head, worn especially by Muslims and Sikhs.
2. a woman's hat designed to resemble a turban.



# Vocabulary

## \* Tunics

### NOUN

***tunics*** (*plural noun*)

1. a loose garment, typically sleeveless and reaching to the wearer's knees, as worn in ancient Greece and Rome.
2. a loose, thigh-length garment, worn typically by women over a skirt or trousers.



# Vocabulary

\* Jade

NOUN

1. a hard, typically green stone used for ornaments and implements and consisting of the minerals jadeite or nephrite.



# Vocabulary

## \* Saffron

### NOUN

an orange-yellow flavouring, food colouring, and dye made from the dried stigmas of a crocus.

"saffron buns"

the orange-yellow colour of saffron.





# Vocabulary

\* Lentil

NOUN

1. a high-protein pulse that is dried and then soaked and cooked before eating. There are several varieties of lentils, including green ones and smaller orange ones, which are typically sold split.



# Vocabulary

## \* Sandalwood

### NOUN

1. a widely cultivated Indian tree that yields fragrant timber and oil.
2. a perfume or incense derived from the sandalwood.
3. used in names of trees which yield timber similar to that of the sandalwood, e.g. red sandalwood.



# Vocabulary

\* henna

NOUN

1. the powdered leaves of a tropical shrub, used as a dye to colour the hair and decorate the body.



# Vocabulary

\* girdle

NOUN

1. a belt or cord worn around the waist.

VERB

1. encircle (the body) with or as a girdle or belt.





# Vocabulary

\* Scabbard

NOUN

1. a sheath for the blade of a sword or dagger, typically made of leather or metal.



# Vocabulary

\* Pomegranate

NOUN

1. an orange-sized fruit with a tough reddish outer skin and sweet red gelatinous flesh containing many seeds.
2. the tree that bears the pomegranate, which is native to North Africa and western Asia and has long been cultivated.



# Vocabulary

\* Cithar

NOUN

1. an ancient Greek and Roman stringed musical instrument similar to the lyre.



# Vocabulary

\* Sarangi

NOUN

1. an Indian bowed musical instrument about two feet high, with three or four main strings and up to thirty-five sympathetic strings.



# Vocabulary

\* Aeons

NOUN

1. an indefinite and very long period of time.
2. a unit of time equal to a thousand million years.



# Vocabulary

\* Azure

ADJECTIVE

1. bright blue in colour like a cloudless sky.



# Vocabulary

## \* Chaplets

### NOUN

1. a garland or wreath for a person's head.
2. a string of 55 beads (one third of the rosary number) for counting prayers, or as a necklace.



# Research

- \* Use the internet to find out more about markets in India.
- \* Fact check your ideas by cross referencing with other websites.
- \* Print off key phrases and pictures to build a collage.
- \* Share your art work with others and see what aspects they have found out about that you might have missed.

# Week 5 Wednesday

## Learning Objectives

- \* I can understand and recognise a stanza.
- \* I can identify themes of joy and sorrow in lines of poetry.
- \* I can begin to understand the language to critique poetry.



## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?

Saffron and lentil and rice.  
What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,

Bells for the feet of blue pigeons  
Frail as a dragon-fly's wing,  
Girdles of gold for dancers,  
Scabbards of gold for the king.

What do you cry,O ye fruitmen?  
Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play ,O musicians?

Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.

Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

*Sarojini Naidu*



# Analysis of the poem

*'In The Bazaars of Hyderabad'* by Sarojini Naidu is a five stanza poem that is separated into sets of six lines, or sestets.

The poem details social life in the city of Hyderabad, India, where Naidu was from. The lines are structured as conversations between vendors and their prospective buyers in a “bazaar” or marketplace.

These lines are often in the form of questions.

There is at least one question in each stanza and the first line is a refrain of one particular question. While the objects and vendors change, the question does not.

Each stanza begins with the speaker asking the “merchant” what they sell. It is this back and forth conversation that gives the poem a musical quality.

The relatively straightforward questioning, as well as the vibrant images, make it seem as though the reader is active within the marketplace itself. It is possible to imagine the lives of those who are buying and selling and project onto the poem possible reasons for their sales and purchases.

# What senses did Saronjini use and how?

- \* Find lines in the poem that evoke emotions of the senses.
- \* What effect is she trying to create?

# Senses activated

The poet utilises the senses in order to make a scene more believable.

This is seen through the depiction of a variety of colours, such as “silver” and “azure.”

Auditory sense is stimulated by the music playing in the background and the words of the vendors and customers. While the descriptions of stalls may vary, they have been crafted in order to make one see the value in their existence. Taste is emphasised through the moments in which food, such as lemons, lentils, and rice are mentioned. Certain foods also conjure experienced smells to entice e.g. lemons.

Texture is offered through the choices of wares sold from Jade (precious smooth gems) to tassels.

# How do you think the poet feels about the Bazaar?

- \* How do you know?

# Poet pride

- \* From the first stanza, it is clear that the poet feels proud of the world she is describing. She was from this particular area of India and presumably knew the markets well. This comes through clearly in the excited way she glorifies each stall and its wares.



# What does the poet use to tie the start and end of the poem together?

- \* Do you think this is effective?

# Using colours to connect the first and last stanzas.

- \* The poet has returned to the colours seen in the first stanza. The connection between the colours creates a feeling of unity between the first stanza and the last. It also helps to cast the entire market in vibrant and beautiful light. No matter where one turns they see something intriguing.

# What two ways is gold used?

- \* Explain the contrast created.

# Bells and girdles.

- \* The gold used in the bells must be “Frail” and light, like the wings of a dragonfly.
- \* The gold used in the girdles must be heavy as it is being used as jewellery for royalty.

# How does the poet connect life and death?

- \* Which stanza does this?
- \* What effect does this have?



# Stanza 5

The girls are working on “Crowns” for a “bridegroom”.  
As well as “Chaplets,” a type of rosary, to cover his bed.  
This is the first and only look the reader gets into what the items in the market will really be used for.  
It is expanded when the “flower-girls” describe how they are also making shrouds for the dead. These items, just as those for the living, are made with care.  
They are still related to the natural beauty of the world and with their addition create a connection between life and death.  
The poet is trying to show that there is something for everyone, and for any occasion, in the bazaars.

# Week 5 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can identify and understand rhetorical questions.

I can effectively use questions to engage readers and offer information without being obvious.

## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
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Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?

Saffron and lentil and rice.  
What do you grind, O ye maidens?  
Sandalwood, henna, and spice.  
What do you call , O ye pedlars?  
Chessmen and ivory dice.

What do you make,O ye goldsmiths?  
Wristlet and anklet and ring,

Bells for the feet of blue pigeons  
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Citron, pomegranate, and plum.  
What do you play ,O musicians?

Cithar, sarangi and drum.  
what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.

Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

*Sarojini Naidu*

# Recreate this market place

Use clues from the poem to act out being a merchant of this market.

Decide what you are going to sell.

Set up the classroom as a market place.

Have half the class walk around the market as buyers and half as sellers.

What could you call to the buyers as they walk around?  
How could you interest them in your wares?



# Look at the structure of the poem.

\* What questions are asked? When? How?

What do you sell O ye merchants ?

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?

What do you play ,O musicians?

What do you grind, O ye maidens?

what do you chant, O magicians?

What do you call , O ye pedlars?

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?



Notice the comma and the 'O ye'.  
Notice the change of verb to suit the seller.

- \* sell for merchants / call for pedlars / make for goldsmiths / play for musicians

What do you sell O ye merchants ?

What do you cry, O ye fruitmen?

What do you weigh, O ye vendors?

What do you play ,O musicians?

What do you grind, O ye maidens?

what do you chant, O magicians?

What do you call , O ye pedlars?

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls

What do you make, O ye goldsmiths?

# Imagine adapting this poem for a market place in the UK.



What questions could be called to start each verse?

What verb could be used?

What is your catch, O ye fishmonger?

# Remember to use a question mark to mark your question.

- \* Think carefully about the wares on sale and the calls being made by the market vendors.



# Week 5 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can identify effective ways to immerse readers into a setting or scene.

I can write short descriptions based on senses to create a setting of quality.



## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
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what do you chant, O magicians?  
Spells for aeons to come.

What do you weave, O ye flower-girls  
With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.

Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

*Sarojini Naidu*



# What senses are stirred in this poem?

- \* Think about your own experience of walking through a market place.
- \* What can you see?
- \* What can you smell?
- \* What can you taste?
- \* What can you touch?
- \* What can you hear?

Write down some phrases to capture your ideas.

# Capturing the right senses

Decide what you are wanting to create with your senses descriptions.

Naidu was celebrating the wonders of Hyderabad.

If we are thinking of smell, we could mention the fish stalls as this is quite pungent. However, would this be celebrating or perhaps off-putting?

Create two short verses of a poem for a market place: one enticing and one revolting. Think creatively and experiment with your ideas and language. Immerse your reader in the experience.

# Week 6 Monday

## Learning Objectives

I can recognise tone and style of a poet.

I can write a stanza in the style of a poet.

## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

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Chessmen and ivory dice.

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what do you chant, O magicians?  
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With tassels of azure and red?  
Crowns for the brow of a bridegroom,  
Chaplets to garland his bed.

Sheets of white blossoms new-garnered  
To perfume the sleep of the dead.

*Sarojini Naidu*



# Look closely at the first stanza.

## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

**What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.**

This stanza engages our sense of sight.

The colours are vividly described with objects.

‘Richly’ entices you from the start.



# Pick a vendor / stall for your UK market to create a stanza for.

Think about how it is celebratory in tone.

Senses are used to entice and excite.

Stick with the original pattern and phrasing.

Keep editing and improving until you are happy with it.

# Think of your ideas for a UK market.

## **In The Bazaars of Hyderabad**

What do you sell O ye merchants ?  
Richly your wares are displayed.  
Turbans of crimson and silver,  
Tunics of purple brocade,  
Mirrors with panels of amber,  
Daggers with handles of jade.

## In The Markets of Norwich

What do you sell O ye jeweller?  
Glimmering your gems are shared.  
Necklaces of pearls and sapphires,  
Earrings of bright red rubies,  
Watches with straps of gold,  
Rings with clusters of diamonds.

# Week 6 Tuesday

## Learning Objectives

I can plan a poem.

I can write a poem in stanzas.

## Success criteria

# UK market place or another place of your choice.

- \* You have already written your first stanza for a poem based on a UK market place to contrast with the bazaars of Hyderabad.
- \* You can either continue your poem or choose to begin again with a different stimulus that you are familiar with – e.g. a foreign market place you have visited / beach markets / large shopping centres here or abroad.
- \* Spend this session planning your ideas – think of the tone wanting to be conveyed and the senses that need to be mentioned.

# Week 6 Wednesday

## Learning Objectives

- \* I can write a poem in stanzas.



# Use your plan to write your poem.

- \* Try keeping to the style, tone and voice of Naidu.
- \* Make sure stanzas start with questions.
- \* Try for around 5 stanzas.
- \* Try to link the last stanza back to the first.

# Week 6 Thursday

## Learning Objectives

I can perform a poem effectively using pace, tone and expression to support understanding and enjoyment.

# Edit, improve and review your poem so far.

- \* Read your poem aloud.
- \* Does it create the rhythm and pace that you had hoped?
- \* Are you able to say it without just reading it from the page?
- \* Is it enticing and creating enthusiasm for visiting this place?

# Performing

- \* Think about your tone of voice.
- \* How does it change throughout your poem?
- \* What expression are you adding and to which points?
- \* Do you need to think about your intonation for your questions?
- \* What dynamics (loud and quiet) have you added?

# Week 6 Friday

## Learning Objectives

I can evaluate the effectiveness of poems and performances based on personal response and success criteria.



# Evaluating

- \* Think back to the first time you heard The Bazaars of Hyderabad. What did it make you feel?
- \* Listen to your poems from the class and discuss the effect each has on the listener?
- \* What did you like?
- \* What did you dislike?
- \* What patterns could you hear?
- \* What puzzled you?