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The Tale of Two Cooking Pots

Narrative

Deductive

Warm up Questions:

- What does the word 'tale' in the title of the text suggest to you? (this is a story)

Read paragraph 1.

- Who is the main character of this tale? (Kisimba) Where is she going? What do you think she is going to do when she gets there? (she is going to the river to fetch some water)
- Does this opening paragraph suggest this tale will be set in Britain? Why? (no, the Molopo river is in Africa)

Main Questions:

1. The Tale of Two Cooking Pots is from Africa. Highlight evidence to prove this on your sheet. (Kalahari Desert, Molopo River)
2. Is Kisimba rich or poor? How do you know? (poor because she has to go a long way to fetch water and she lives in a tin shack)
3. When Kisimba sets off to the river, is it light or dark? How do you know? (dark – 'before the sun started to rise') Why do you think she sets off so early? (it will be cool then and she has a long way to go)
4. On a scale of 1 – 10, how strong do you think Kisimba is? Why do you think this? (8 – 'as strong as an ox', but she is old)
5. Can you think of an adjective to describe Kisimba's character? (hard-working, determined, kind, resourceful) Write it on your wipe board. Now show it to your group and say why you have chosen this word. Do they agree or disagree with you? Why?
6. Is the cracked pot upset by what the perfect pot says? How do you know? (yes, because a last drop of water runs down, like a tear)

Essential Vocabulary:

- Underline the word 'frail'. Pretend to be somebody who is frail. Show your teacher. What does this word mean? (weak, delicate)
- Highlight the word 'barren'. Do you think this is a positive or negative word? Why? (negative because nothing grows)
- Find the word 'perfect' and circle it. What do you think the opposite of this word will be? Write it on your wipe board.
unperfect disperfect imperfect (imperfect)
- Add the 'im' prefix to the following words. What do you think they mean?
possible polite patient personal
- Are these positive or negative words? (negative; they mean the opposite of the original words)
- Can you find an 'im' word in this tale that means 'not perfect'? (imperfection)
- Circle the words 'splashes' and 'speckling' in the penultimate paragraph. Does the writer use these words to show:
(a) the colourful flowers cover all the earth?
(b) the colourful flowers cover the earth here and there? (b). Draw your answer.

Evaluative Questions:

- How might a person be 'cracked' or 'imperfect'? (if they are disabled in any way, none of us is perfect)
- What do you think the moral of this tale is? (that even if we think people are imperfect, they can still be valuable)
- What does this tale teach us about how we should view disabled people? (we should look for what they can do, rather than what they can't do)
- Do you think this moral applies only to African people? Why? (no, it applies to people all over the world in different situations)
- How can this moral apply to British people? Can you think of a real example?



THE TALE OF TWO COOKING POTS

Each day, before the sun began to rise and the birds began their morning chorus, Kisimba would begin her long journey down to the banks of the Molopo River.

Although the years had made her look frail and helpless, Kisimba was, in fact, as strong as an ox and as wise as a kilio bird. She thought nothing of travelling the great distance for her daily water - life in the Kalahari had made her that way.

Over her shoulders, on each end of a long wooden pole, she would carry two cooking pots; and while at the river fill them both to their brims. And as dawn began to break she would return to the tin shack she called home.

Yet despite all this hard work, when she finally arrived at her doorstep she had only one and a half pots of water for her effort. Why? Because one of the two cooking pots was cracked and was unable to contain all the water that it had been given.

"Just look at the state of you," moaned the perfect pot. "You're leaking everywhere! Perhaps we should replace you with a pot that can fulfil its duties".

The cracked pot sighed and one last drop of water ran down its side and dripped onto the dry African soil.

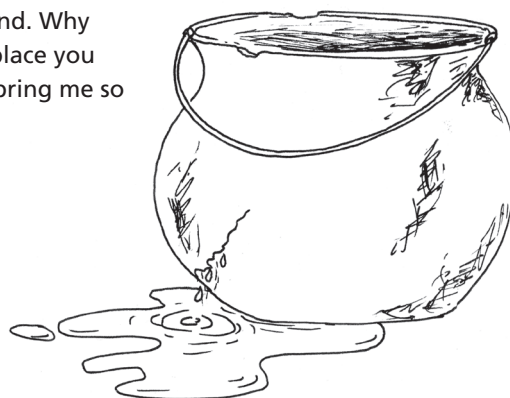
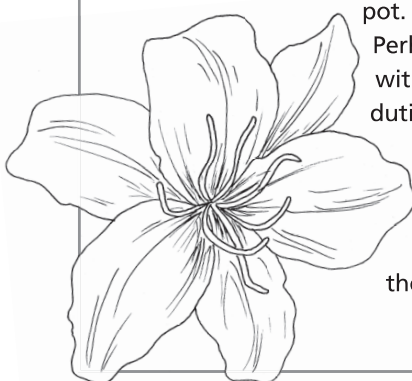
"Perhaps he is right. Perhaps you should replace me with a better pot".

Kisimba's smile glowed as she gently stroked the pot. Her words were warm and kind, like the butterflies that were beginning to visit the morning's garden.

"Why do you think the air smells so sweet and the birds and the bees and the butterflies all sing and dance around us? I'll tell you why. I always knew you were a leaky cooking pot, so down one side of the lane I planted many flowers. And as we passed, your imperfection gave way to a most wonderful picture. Look...."

And as the old cooking pot turned around he saw before him splashes of colour speckling the red earth that surrounded them.

"It was you who helped me to bring colour and life, laughter and love into such a barren land. Why would I replace you when you bring me so much joy?"





THE TALE OF TWO COOKING POTS

Every morning, before the sun started to rise and the birds started to sing, Kisimba would begin her long journey down to the Molopo River.

The years had made Kisimba look frail and helpless, but this was not so. She was, in fact, as strong as an ox and as wise as a kilio bird. She found it easy to walk the great distance for her water each day - life in the Kalahari had made her that way.

Over her shoulders, on the ends of a long wooden pole, she would carry two cooking pots. And at the river she would fill both of them to their brims. She would then return to the tin shack she called home just as dawn began to break.

However, when she at last got home, she found she only had one and a half pots of water for all her hard work. Why? Because one of the two cooking pots was cracked and could not hold all the water it had been given.

"Just look at you," moaned the perfect pot. "You're leaking everywhere! Perhaps we should replace you with a pot that can do its job properly".

The cracked pot sighed and one last drop of water ran down its side and dripped onto the dry African soil.

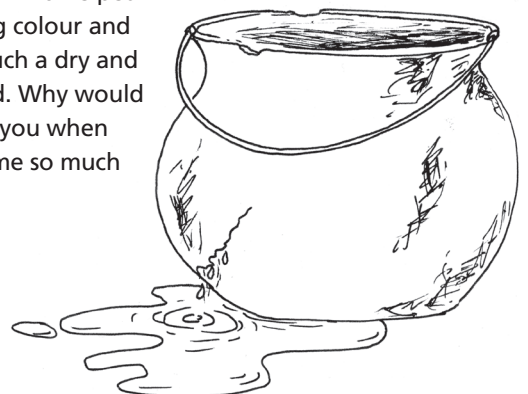
"Perhaps he is right. Perhaps you should replace me with a new pot".

Kisimba's smile glowed as she gently stroked the pot. Her words were warm and kind, like the butterflies that were starting to visit the morning's garden.

"Why do you think the air smells so sweet and the birds and the bees and the butterflies all sing and dance around us? I will tell you why. I always knew you were a leaky cooking pot, so down one side of the lane I planted many flowers. And as we passed, your imperfection gave way to a most wonderful picture. Look...."

And as the old cooking pot turned around he saw splashes of colour speckling the red African earth all around them.

"It was you who helped me to bring colour and love into such a dry and barren land. Why would I get rid of you when you bring me so much joy?"





THE TALE OF TWO COOKING POTS

Each day, before the crack of dawn and the burst of the morning chorus, Kisimba would begin her long trek down to the banks of the Molopo River.

Although the many years had made this woman look frail and helpless, nothing could be further from the truth. For Kisimba was, in fact, as strong as an ox and as wise as a kilio bird and thought nothing of covering the great distance for her daily water - life in the Kalahari had made her that way.

Over her shoulders, on each end of a long wooden pole, she would faithfully carry two earthenware cooking pots; and while at the river fill each to its brim. And as dawn began to break she would return to the corrugated tin shack she affectionately called home.

Yet, despite all her efforts, when she finally arrived at her doorstep she possessed only one and a half pots of water. For one of the two cooking pots was cracked and was unable to contain all that it had been given.

"Just look at the state of you, how pathetic!" moaned the perfect pot. "You're leaking everywhere! Perhaps we should replace you with a pot that can fulfil its duties. You're fit for nothing but the scrap heap".

The cracked pot sighed and one last drop of water ran down its side and dripped onto the dry African soil.

"Perhaps he's right. Perhaps you should replace me with a newer pot".

Kisimba's smile glowed radiantly as she gently stroked the pot. Her words were warm and kind, like the butterflies that were beginning to visit the morning's garden.

"Why do you think the air smells so sweet and the birds and the bees and the butterflies all sing and dance around us? I'll tell you why. You see I always knew you were a leaky cooking pot, so down one side of the lane I decided to plant many flowers. And as we passed, your imperfection gave way to a most wonderful canvas. Look...."

And as the old cooking pot turned around he saw before him splashes of colour speckling the red earth that surrounded them.

"Don't you see? It was you and you alone who helped me to bring colour and life, laughter and love into an otherwise barren land. Do you really think I would consider replacing you when you bring me so much joy?"

