

Canonbury Home Learning

Year 6 Reading Lesson 4, 9th July 2020 L.O. TBAT summarise the key events in a narrative

Task: This week we have been learning about Katniss's interview before she enters the Hunger Games arena. Below are the excerpts from the interview with Caesar, how do you think Katniss did? Did the advice that Cinna gave her help?

- 1) Read the excerpts carefully and highlight the important things that Katniss reveals.
- 2) Answer the retrieve and record questions carefully but quickly!
- 3) Using the information which you have highlighted and the answers to the retrieve and record questions, write a 6 sentence summary of Katniss's interview- you will need to include reported speech: see the example below.

When asked about her training, Katniss revealed that it was 'a first' but refused to share any more details about how she achieved such a high score.

scored a ten, and it's not hard to imagine he impressed the Gamemakers. He ignores Caesar's attempts at banter and answers with a yes or no or just remains silent.

If only I were his size, I could get away with sullen and hostile and it would be just fine! I bet half the sponsors are at least considering him. If I had any money, I'd bet on him myself.

And then they're calling Katniss Everdeen, and I feel myself, as if in a dream, standing and making my way centre stage. I shake Caesar's outstretched hand, and he has the good grace not to immediately wipe his off on his suit.

"So, Katniss, the Capitol must be quite a change from District Twelve. What's impressed you most since you arrived here?" asks Caesar.

What? What did he say? It's as if the words make no sense.

My mouth has gone as dry as sawdust. I desperately find Cinna in the crowd and lock eyes with him. I imagine the words coming from his lips. "What's impressed you most since you arrived here?" I rack my brain for something that made me happy here. *Be honest, I think. Be honest.*

"The lamb stew," I get out.

Caesar laughs, and vaguely I realize some of the audience has joined in.

"The one with the dried plums?" asks Caesar. I nod. "Oh, I eat it by the bucketful." He turns sideways to the audience in horror, hand on his stomach. "It doesn't show, does it?" They shout reassurances to him and applaud. This is what I mean about Caesar. He tries to help you out.

"Now, Katniss," he says confidentially, "when you came out in the opening ceremonies, my heart actually stopped. What did you think of that costume?"

Cinna raises one eyebrow at me. Be honest. "You mean after I got over my fear of being burned alive?" I ask.

Big laugh. A real one from the audience.

"Yes. Start then," says Caesar.

Cinna, my friend, I should tell him anyway. "I thought Cinna was brilliant and it was the most gorgeous costume I'd ever seen and I couldn't believe I was wearing it. I can't believe I'm wearing this, either." I lift up my skirt to spread it out. "I mean, look at it!"

As the audience *oohs* and *ahs*, I see Cinna make the tiniest circular motion with his finger. But I know what he's saying. *Twirl for me.*

I spin in a circle once and the reaction is immediate.

"Oh, do that again!" says Caesar, and so I lift up

my arms and spin around and around, letting the skirt fly out, letting the dress engulf me in flames. The audience breaks into cheers. When I stop, I clutch Caesar's arm.

"Don't stop!" he says.

"I have to, I'm dizzy!" I'm also giggling, which I think I've done maybe never in my lifetime. But the nerves and the spinning have got to me.

Caesar wraps a protective arm around me. "Don't worry, I've got you. Can't have you following in your mentor's footsteps."

Everyone's hooting as the cameras find Haymitch, who is by now famous for his head dive at the reaping, and he waves them away good-naturedly and points back to me.

"It's all right," Caesar reassures the crowd. "She's safe with me. So, how about that training score. E-le-ven. Give us a hint what happened in there."

I glance at the Gamemakers on the balcony and bite my lip. "Um . . . all I can say is, I think it was a first."

The cameras are right on the Gamemakers, who are chuckling and nodding.

"You're killing us," says Caesar as if in actual pain. "Details. Details."

I address the balcony. "I'm not supposed to talk about it, right?"

The Gamemaker who fell in the punch bowl shouts out, "She's not!"

"Thank you," I say. "Sorry. My lips are sealed."

"Let's go back, then, to the moment they called your sister's name at the reaping," says Caesar. His mood is quieter now. "And you volunteered. Can you tell us about her?"

No. No, not all of you. But maybe Cinna. I don't think I'm imagining the sadness on his face. "Her name's Prim. She's just twelve. And I love her more than anything."

You could hear a pin drop in the City Circle now.

"What did she say to you? After the reaping?" Caesar asks.

Be honest. Be honest. I swallow hard. "She asked me to try really hard to win." The audience is frozen, hanging on my every word.

"And what did you say?" prompts Caesar gently.

But instead of warmth, I feel an icy rigidity take over my body. My muscles tense as they do before a kill. When I speak, my voice seems to have dropped an octave. "I swore I would."

"I bet you did," says Caesar, giving me a squeeze. The buzzer goes off. "Sorry, we're out of time. Best of luck, Katniss Everdeen, tribute from District Twelve."

The applause continues long after I'm seated. I look