

Text: Into the Forest

Look at the activities and choose the one that is best for you.



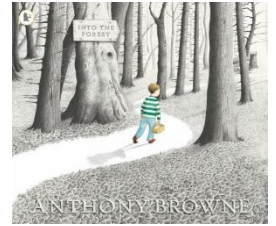
Red hot is for people who want extra challenge.



Spicy is suitable for most.



Mild is good for children who need to build confidence, or have no one to help.



(Day 3)

Reading Skill: Making Links / Inference



“But that day, for the first time, I chose the quick way. I wanted to be home in case Dad came back.”



After a short while I saw a boy.

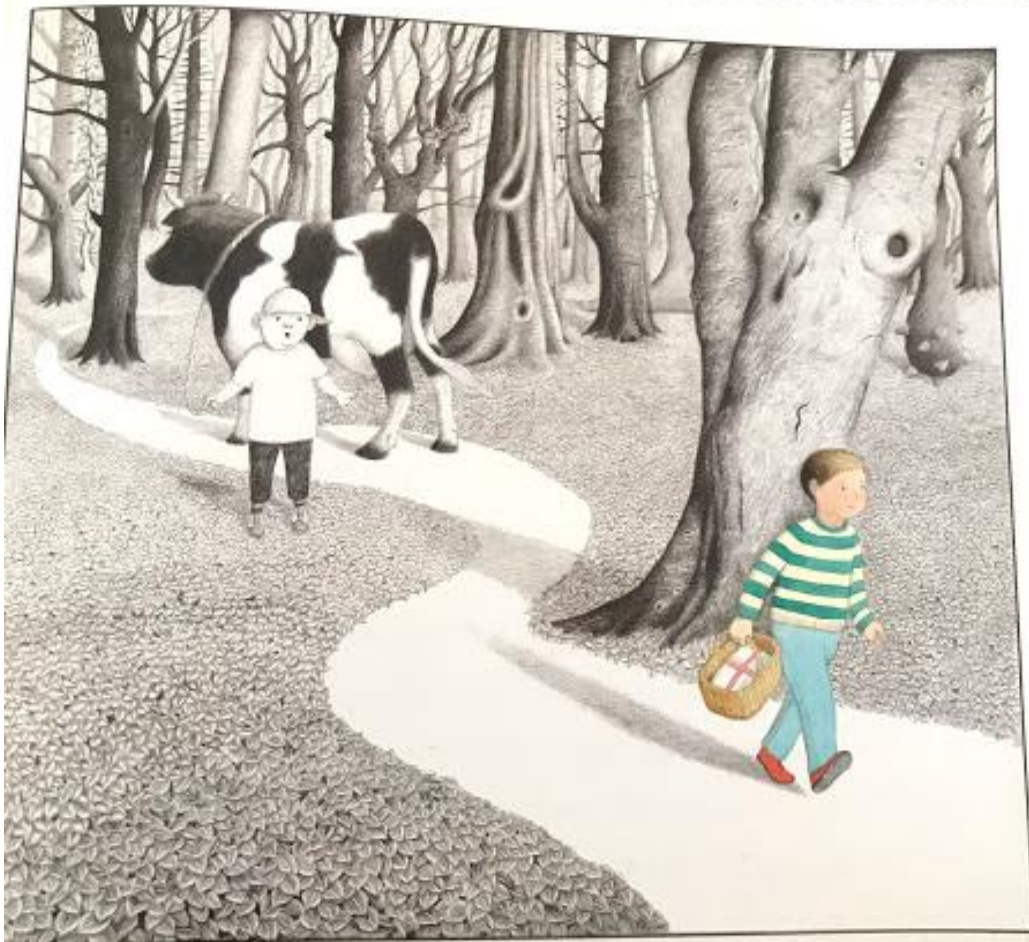
“Do you want to buy a nice milky moo-cow?” he asked.

“No,” I said. (Why would I want a cow?)

“I’ll swap it for that sweet fruity-cake in your basket,” he said.

“No, it’s for my poorly grandma,” I said, and walked on.

“I’m poorly,” I heard him saying, “I’m poorly...”





Red Hot

Task : Read the pages from the book and look closely at the illustrations.

Throughout our story, there are many different links to traditional fairy tale characters.

Make a log of the different fairy tale characters or clues you think you have spotted throughout our story. You can add to your log as you go along.

DON'T SCROLL DOWN TO THE MILD ACTIVITY AS IT MAY GIVE AWAY SOME ANSWERS! 😊

1. **Book talk (you can write your thinking down if you like)**- Why do you think the little boy has disobeyed his mum and has chosen the quick way through the forest? Do you think he's made a good decision? Why or Why not? What could happen?
2. **Book talk (you can write your thinking down if you like)** - What would you say to the boy if you were talking to him: would you tell him to turn around and go home? Would you recommend he goes the quickest way because his grandma is poorly? Give reasons for your thinking.
3. Do you know of a fairytale that has a boy trying to sell a cow? Which story could this be?
4. On the last page, can you see any clues that may be from a fairy tale that you know?

I can see at least two hiding between the trees. Write down what you see and what story these could be from.

5. **RED HOT READING CHALLENGE: Read the extract from a well know fairytale at the bottom of this document and consider these key questions:**

- **Do you know the name of this fairytale?**
- **Are there any links to this part of our book?**



Spicy

Task : Read the pages from the book and look closely at the illustrations.

Throughout our story, there are many different links to traditional fairy tale characters.

Make a log of the different fairy tale characters or clues you think you have spotted throughout our story. You can add to your log as you go along.

DON'T SCROLL DOWN TO THE MILD ACTIVITY AS IT MAY GIVE AWAY SOME ANSWERS! 😊

1. Do you know of a fairytale that has a boy trying to sell a cow? Which story could this be?
2. On the last page, can you see any clues that may be from a fairy tale that you know?

I can see at least two hiding between the trees. Write down what you see and what story these are from.

Challenge question: Do you think the little boy has made the right decision to take the short way and walk through the forest? Explain your thinking.



Mild

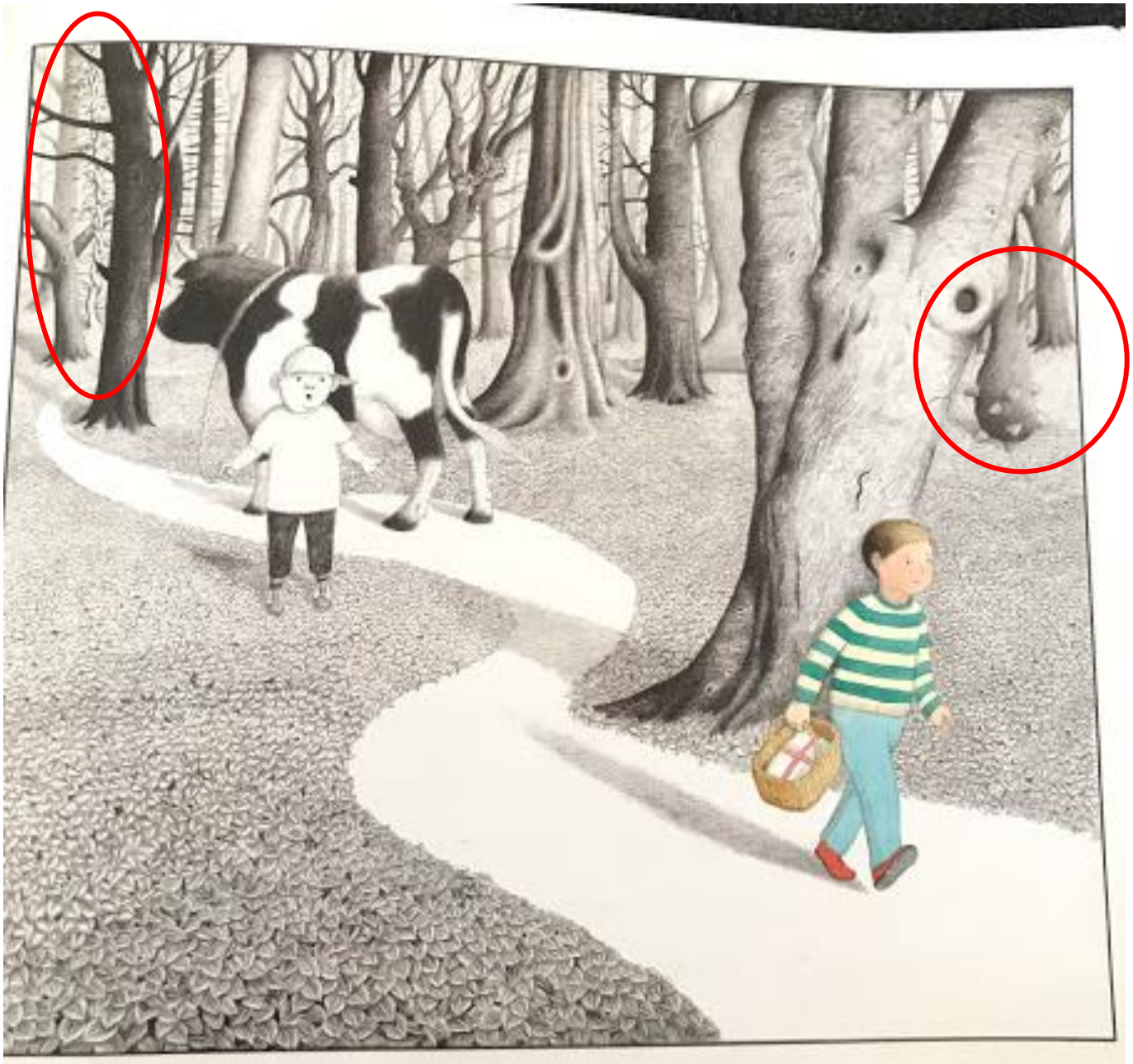
READ.LOOK.THINK.



Task:

Read the pages from the book and look closely at the illustrations.

1. There is a picture of a little boy trying to sell a cow. Do you know of another story where there is a boy selling a cow? Look at the illustration and the the clues to help you with your thinking:



There was once upon a time a poor widow who had an only son named Jack and a cow named Milky-white. And all they had to live on was the milk the cow gave every morning, which they carried to the market and sold. But one morning Milky-white gave no milk, and they didn't know what to do.

"What shall we do, what shall we do?" said the widow, wringing her hands.

"Cheer up, Mother, I'll go and get work somewhere," said Jack.

"We've tried that before, and nobody would take you," said his mother. "We must sell Milky-white and with the money start a shop or something."

"All right, Mother," says Jack. "It's market day today, and I'll soon sell Milky-white, and then we'll see what we can do."

So he took the cow's halter in his hand, and off he started. He hadn't gone far when he met a funny-looking old man who said to him, "Good morning, Jack."

“Good morning to you,” said Jack, and wondered how he knew his name.

“Well, Jack, and where are you off to?” said the man.

“I’m going to market to sell our cow here.”

“Oh, you look the proper sort of chap to sell cows,” said the man. “I wonder if you know how many beans make five.”

“Two in each hand and one in your mouth,” says Jack, as sharp as a needle.

“Right you are,” says the man. “And here they are, the very beans themselves,” he went on, pulling out of his pocket a number of strange-looking beans. “As you are so sharp,” says he, “I don’t mind doing a swap with you—your cow for these beans.”

“Go along,” says Jack. “Wouldn’t you like it?”

“Ah! You don’t know what these beans are,” said the man. “If you plant them overnight, by morning they grow right up to the sky.”

“Really?” says Jack. “You don’t say so.”

“Yes, that is so, and if it doesn’t turn out to be true you can have your cow back.”

“Right,” says Jack, and hands him over Milky-white’s halter and pockets the beans.

Back goes Jack home, and as he hadn’t gone very far, it wasn’t dusk by the time he got to his door.

“Back already, Jack?” said his mother. “I see you haven’t got Milky-white, so you’ve sold her. How much did you get for her?”

“You’ll never guess, Mother,” says Jack.

“No, you don’t say so. Good boy! Five pounds, ten, fifteen, no, it can’t be twenty.”

“I told you you couldn’t guess. What do you say to these beans; they’re magical, plant them overnight and—”

“What!” says Jack’s mother. “Have you been such a fool, such a dolt, such an idiot, as to give away my Milky-white, the best milker in the parish, and prime beef to boot, for a set of paltry beans? Take that! Take that! Take that! And as for your precious beans, here they go out of the window. And now off with you to bed. Not a sip shall you drink, and not a bit shall you swallow this very night.”

So Jack went upstairs to his little room in the attic, and sad and sorry he was, to be sure, as much for his mother’s sake as for the loss of his supper.

At last he dropped off to sleep.

When he woke up, the room looked so funny. The sun was shining into part of it, and yet all the rest was quite dark and shady. So Jack jumped up and dressed himself and went to the window. And what do you think he saw? Why, the beans his mother had thrown out of the window into the garden had sprung up into a big beanstalk which went up and up and up till it reached the sky. So the man spoke truth after all.

The beanstalk grew up quite close past Jack’s window, so all he had to do was to open it and give a jump onto the beanstalk, which ran up just like a big ladder. So Jack climbed, and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed and he climbed till at last he reached the sky. And when he got there he found a long broad

road going as straight as a dart. So he walked along and he walked along and he walked along till he came to a great big tall house, and on the doorstep there was a great big tall woman.

“Good morning, mum,” says Jack, quite polite-like. “Could you be so kind as to give me some breakfast?” For he hadn’t had anything to eat, you know, the night before and was as hungry as a hunter.

“It’s breakfast you want, is it?” says the great big tall woman. “It’s breakfast you’ll be if you don’t move off from here. My man is an ogre and there’s nothing he likes better than boys broiled on toast. You’d better be moving on or he’ll soon be coming.”

“Oh! Please mum, do give me something to eat, mum. I’ve had nothing to eat since yesterday morning, really and truly, mum,” says Jack. “I may as well be broiled as die of hunger.”

Well, the ogre’s wife was not half so bad after all. So she took Jack into the kitchen and gave him a chunk of bread and cheese and a jug of milk. But Jack hadn’t half finished these when thump! thump! thump! the whole house began to tremble with the noise of someone coming.

“Goodness gracious me! It’s my old man,” said the ogre’s wife. “What on earth shall I do? Come along quick and jump in here.” And she bundled Jack into the oven just as the ogre came in.

He was a big one, to be sure. At his belt he had three calves strung up by the heels, and he unhooked them and threw them down on the table and said, “Here, wife, broil me a couple of these for breakfast. Ah! What’s this I smell?”