

What to do today

IMPORTANT Parent or Carer – Read this page with your child and check that you are happy with what they have to do and any weblinks or use of internet.

1. Read a poem

- Read *Jack's Tale* by Judith Nicholls.
- Read the *Poetry Questions*. Think about your answers and then write them as clear sentences.

2. Learn about performing a poem

- Watch Michael Rosen's tips about performing a poem.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RvV23xoZRkl>
- Use *Performing Notes* to make notes about what he says.

3. Prepare a performance

- Read *Jack and the Beanstalk* by Roald Dahl.
- Pick either of the poems and prepare a performance. Try to think about all of Michael Rosen's tips.
- Give your performance to somebody else. Ask them to give you feedback using the *Evaluation Sheet*.

Try the Fun-Time Extras

- Film your performance and share it with somebody else.
- Find some more poetry by Judith Nicholls, Roald Dahl or Michael Rosen.
You could start looking here:

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poet/judith-nicholls/>

<https://www.michaelrosen.co.uk/videos/>

<https://www.michaelrosen.co.uk/hypnotiser/>

<https://allpoetry.com/Roald-Dahl>

Jack's Tale

Judith Nicholls

Sun rises before me,
dazzles pathless flight.
In the corner of each eye
mists drift and fade,
dissolve against a lightening sky;
the tops of oaks sprawl
like giant undergrowth below.
*I dare not pause to gaze,
I dare not fall!*

Behind, as if in smoke,
the castle disappears.
My life is ruled by noise:
heart drums inside my chest,
the giant thud of angry steps
invades my ears.

Beneath one arm
a squirming weight of feathers,
crooked between waist and elbow,
squawks our whereabouts into the dawn,
scratches tales of panic into flesh.
*All thoughts are on escape;
all golden dreams have flown!*

Ahead, at last,
green stalks emerge from cloud
then cobwebs downwards,
stitching earth to sky.
I leap, grasp branches urgently
with outstretched hand;
half-slide, half fall
to blessed earth below,
to blessed land.



Poetry Questions

What do you **like** about this poem?
Is there anything you **dislike** about this poem?

What does this poem **remind** you of? Another poem? A different piece of writing? A person?

What **patterns** can you find in this poem?

What **puzzles** or questions does this poem raise?

Performing Notes

Roleplay Character and Stories	Tone and Emphasis	Speed and Pacing
Sound Effects	Expression and movements	Enthusiasm -
Rhyme and Repetition	Be silly	Perform the Story

Titles taken from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RvV23xoZRkl>

Jack and the Beanstalk

Roald Dahl

Jack's mother said, 'We're *stony broke!*

Go out and find some wealthy bloke

Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's sound

And worth at least a hundred pound.

But don't you dare to let him know

That she's as old as billy-o.'

Jack led the old brown cow away,

And came back later in the day,

And said, 'Oh Mumsie dear, guess what

Your clever little boy has got.

I got, I really don't know how,

A super trade-in for our cow.'

The mother said, 'You little creep,

I'll bet you sold her much too cheap.'

When Jack produced one lousy bean,

His startled mother, turning green,

Leaped high up in the air and cried,

'I'm *absolutely stupefied!*

You crazy boy! D'you really mean

You sold our Daisy for a bean?'

She snatched the bean. She yelled, 'You chump!'

And flung it on the rubbish-dump.

Then summoning up all her power,

She beat the boy for half an hour,

Using (and nothing could be meaner)

The handle of a vacuum-cleaner.

At ten p.m. or thereabout,

The little bean began to sprout.

By morning it had grown so tall

You couldn't see the top at all.

Young Jack cried, 'Mum, admit it now!

It's better than a rotten cow!'

The mother said, 'You lunatic!

Where are the beans that I can pick?

There's not *one bean!* It's bare as bare!'

'No, no!' cried Jack. 'You look up there!

Look very high and you'll behold

Each single leaf is solid gold!'

By gollikins, the boy was right!

Now, glistening in the morning light,

The mother actually perceives

A mass of lovely golden leaves!

She yells out loud, 'My sainted souls!

I'll sell the Mini, buy a Rolls!

Don't stand and gape, you little clot!

Get up there quick and grab the lot!'

Jack was nimble, Jack was keen.

He scrambled up the mighty bean.

Up up he went without a stop,

But just as he was near the top,

A ghastly frightening thing occurred –

Not far above his head he heard

A big deep voice, a rumbling thing

That made the very heavens ring.

It shouted loud, 'FEE FI FO FUM

I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN ENGLISHMAN!'

Jack was frightened, Jack was quick,

And down he climbed in half a tick.
'Oh mum!' he gasped. 'Believe you
me,
There's something nasty up our tree!
I saw him mum! My gizzard froze!
A Giant with a clever nose!
'A *clever nose!*' his mother hissed.
'You must be going round the twist!'
'He smelled me out, I swear it, mum!
He said he *smelled* an Englishman!
The mother said, 'And well he might!
I've told you every single night
To take a bath because you smell,
But would you do it? Would you hell!
You even make your mother shrink
Because of your unholy stink!
Jack answered, 'Well, if you're so
clean
Why don't *you* climb the crazy bean.'
The mother cried, 'By gad, I will!
There's life within the old dog still!
She hitched her skirts above her knee

And disappeared right up the tree.
Now would the Giant smell his mum?
Jack listened for the *fee-fo-fum*.
He gazed aloft. He wondered when
The dreaded words would come . . .
And then . . .
From somewhere high above the
ground
There came a frightful crunching
sound.
He heard the Giant mutter twice,
'By gosh, that tasted very nice.
Although' (and this in grumpy tones)
'I wish there weren't so many bones.'
'By Christopher!' Jack cried. 'By gum!
The Giant's eaten up my mum!
He smelled her out! She's in his belly!
I had a hunch that she was smelly.'
Jack stood there gazing longingly
Upon the huge and golden tree.
He murmured softly, 'Golly-gosh,
I guess I'll *have* to take a wash

If I am going to climb this tree
Without the Giant smelling me.
In fact, a bath's my only hope . . .'
He rushed indoors and grabbed the
soap
He scrubbed his body everywhere.
He even washed and rinsed his hair.
He did his teeth, he blew his nose
And went out smelling like a rose.
Once more he climbed the mighty
bean.
The Giant sat there, gross, obscene,
Muttering through his vicious teeth
(While Jack sat tensely just beneath),
Muttering loud, 'FEE FI FO FUM,
RIGHT NOW I CAN'T SMELL ANYONE.'
Jack waited till the Giant slept,
Then out along the boughs he crept
And gathered so much gold, I swear
He was an instant millionaire.
'A bath,' he said, 'does seem to pay.
I'm going to have one every day.'

Evaluation Sheet

Roleplay Character and Stories	Tone and Emphasis	Speed and Pacing
Sound Effects	Expression and movements	Enthusiasm -
Rhyme and Repetition	Be silly	Perform the Story

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Michael Rosen's Tips for Performing Poetry - POSSIBLE ANSWERS

Roleplay Character and Stories <ul style="list-style-type: none">- do different voices- show different facial expressions for each character	Tone and Emphasis <ul style="list-style-type: none">- vary volume- use high & low tones- emphasise certain words	Speed and Pacing <ul style="list-style-type: none">- change the speed- build tension by slowing down- show excitement or danger by speeding up
Sound Effects <ul style="list-style-type: none">- use non-word utterances – <i>mmm</i>, <i>aargh!</i>- use sound effects- make noises	Expression and movements <ul style="list-style-type: none">- use your face, hands and whole bodies to tell the story	Enthusiasm <ul style="list-style-type: none">- show you are enjoying it- show that you are interested, and the audience will be too
Rhyme and Repetition <ul style="list-style-type: none">- say repeating words/phrases differently each time to build up and engage the audience	Be silly <ul style="list-style-type: none">- be confident- forget that it is you	Perform the Story <ul style="list-style-type: none">- lose yourself in the poem- do a show- be the narrator or the character- try not to be self-conscious