



# English Lesson

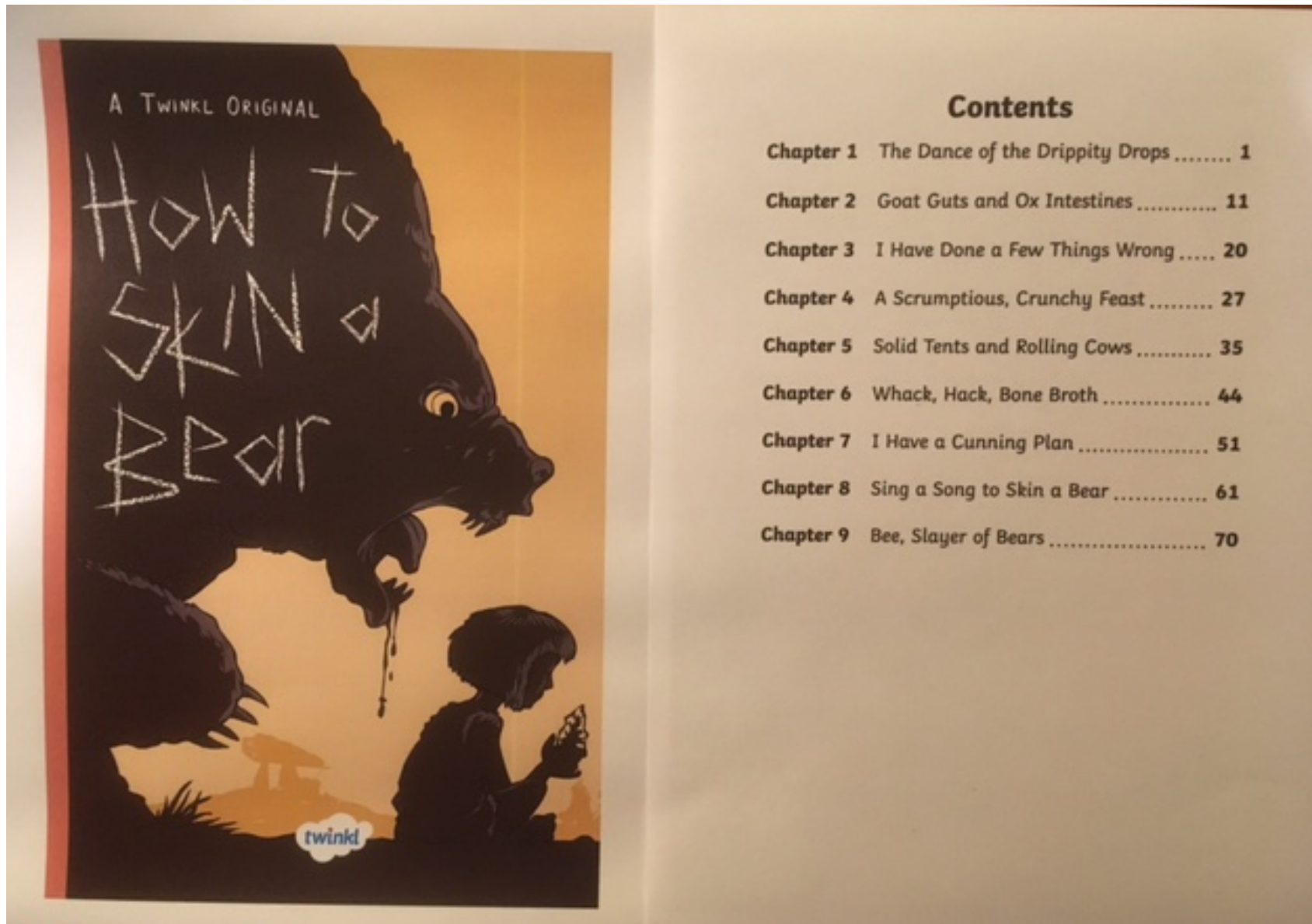
## Year 3

Write your date and title in  
your exercise book.

Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> January

Can I answer questions about a text?

Today we are going to read **chapter 6** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.



Read chapter 6 on the next 4 slides.



This is how the characters record the number 6.

## Whack, Hack, Bone Broth

At last, we reach the Pig Lick River. As we get close to the bank, I grab Dog by his neck scruff and we crouch. We mustn't just walk up to the riverbank; it is crucial that we check the area first. At least, that is what I've heard Vulture say when he talks about his hunts. I peer through the bushes, looking for pigs – I would give anything to suck the marrow from a pig bone right now. The river is deserted.

"Still, there are days of the Pig Lick left to walk," I tell Dog. "We're bound to come across a pig eventually,

and when we do: *whack, hack, bone broth!*"

Upon seeing the deserted riverbank, Dog whines and wriggles in my hands. I let him go and follow him as he bounds from the bushes, straight into the water. Spray soaks me all over. I'm dripping from head to toe. Dog paddles in a circle in the middle of the river, then looks back at me encouragingly.

Well, I'm wet and muddy anyway... and I suppose I should try to get the mud and splinters out of my skin... I run, jump, tuck my knees up and – *SPLASH!*

Dog and I play lots of games in the river. First, we play 'Who can catch a fish first?'. As neither one of us catches even one fish, we move on to play 'Who looks more like a frog?'. Despite my best efforts, Dog wins easily by making his eyes boggle and his mouth squelch out sideways. After that, we play 'Who is the scariest bog monster?'. It's a close thing, because Dog decides to roll in the mud. I give myself green pondweed hair and creepy stone eyes and I roar so loudly that Dog splashes all the way to the bank, so in the end I'm the winner. I throw my pebble eyes into the river and Dog chases after them.

"Hey, Dog, bet you can't do this," I say. I pull my



knees up to my chest and flip forwards like a mushroom, holding my breath for as long as I can.

I need to breathe, so I flip my head up. Dog gives me a look as if to say, "So what? Bet you can't do this." He dives down into the water. The last thing I see is his flicking tail.

I wait. And wait. And wait.

Dog bursts out carrying a huge stone in his mouth.

"Clever Dog," I say, taking the stone from his mouth. This looks like the sort that Dad would use to make spearheads and scrapers. That gives me an idea!

We swim to the riverbank and I fling myself down. Since the tribe do not seem to be showing up any time soon, I might as well prepare myself a little more. Dog spits the stone onto the mossy ground and nudges it towards me. "I'm going to make a hand axe." I grab the stone. Dog yips and bounces around. If I'm excited, he's excited.

I pick up a rock, rest the stone retrieved by Dog on my knee, and *WHACK*. A flake chips off. Preparing myself for a long, possibly painful process, I cover

my knees with my pelt. *Whack, whack, whack*. Flakes fly in all directions. This is much more fun than plucking feathers.

No one ever showed me how to make an axe. I learnt just by watching. Time and time again, when I saw my dad crafting tools for the tribe, I would watch over his shoulder and try to mimic what he did. That makes me pretty smart.

Dog chases the flying flakes, then he leaps back into the water. He dives and soon swims back with another stone. By the time I've shaped my axe into a teardrop with a sharp edge all the way round, Dog has collected a whole pile of stones.

"Thanks, Dog," I say, scratching his ears, "but I don't have time to make another axe. We have to get ready to go hunting." I know that a hand axe probably isn't the best choice of hunting tool, but all of the older tribe members have one. If I have a hand axe, I can just about do or make anything that I need. Grabbing my new tool and my dry deerskins, I stand up and scan the horizon.

"Come on. Let's hunt a tasty pig."

I tuck my new, slightly wonky axe into my goatskin leggings and leap back into the river, keeping my head above the water. The sun is lower now, and the water is skin-bumpy cold, but I swim hard to the other side.

The bank is muddy and churned up from passing pigs. I walk around with my nose to the ground, just like Dog, until I spot large trotter prints in the mud. "This way," I whisper. Dog follows me, sniffing and wagging his tail.

I fish out my hand axe and lead Dog stealthily through the bushes and into the darkness of the forest. We trek with silent footsteps, following clues: muddy tracks here, droppings there; tufty, half-eaten plants all over the place... but no pigs. We walk and walk until we realise that we are going round in circles. I yawn and my belly gurgles. I can't decide whether I'm more tired or more hungry.

Suddenly, Dog smells something interesting and scampers off. I follow. Maybe this is it – pig for dinner! When we finally reach the clearing, I see a rat scuttle into a hole beneath a tree, too fast to catch.

"It's not as tasty as pig, but it would have been something," I sigh. The sky has transformed into a

dusky orange – the sun is going to set soon. "Let's find somewhere to sleep for the night, Dog. We might have to sleep up a tree, like some elders in the tribe do when they go on long hunts."

Then, we hear it: a snuffling, rustling, scratching sound. It's coming from the bushes nearby.

"What's that, Dog?" I whisper. "Tasty pig?" His ears twitch and swivel. Then, he howls.

"No, be quiet, Dog," I hiss. "You'll scare it off." I crouch down and rub Dog's ears until he's quiet. "We have to follow the sound." Just then, I hear a rustle again. "This way." I creep towards the noise. Dog looks at me worriedly, his tail hanging between his legs.

"What is there to be scared of? You're the best hunter in the pack, Dog. Now, come on." I drag him by the scruff of his neck into the shadowy bushes.

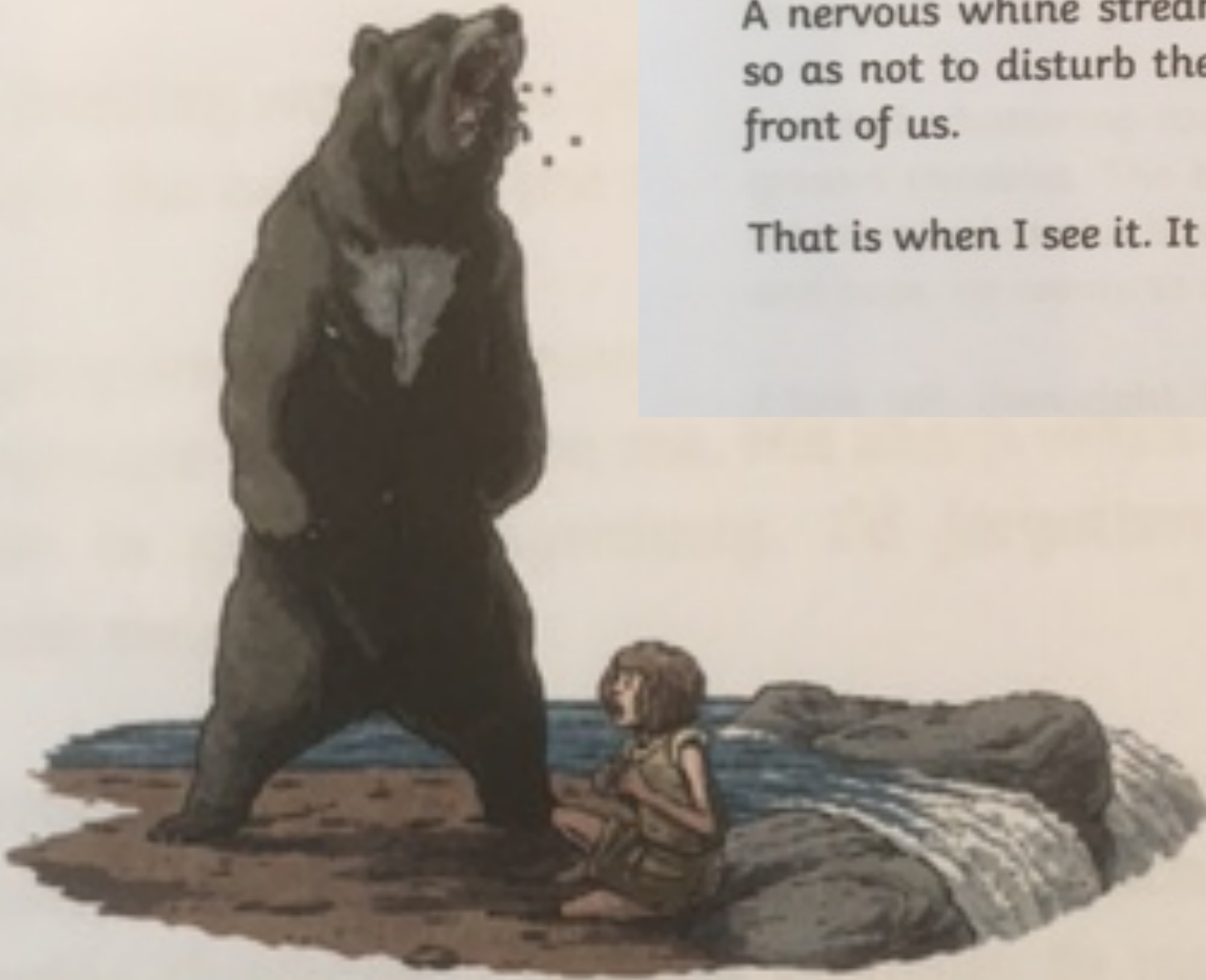
*Snuffle, snuffle, crack.* We tiptoe after the noisy pig. *Snap, snap, crunch.* It's getting louder and louder. This sounds like a big one. *Snap, snap, crunch.* Closer and closer. *Sniff, crackle, snap, crunch.*

I raise my hand axe. A shiver zig-zags down my spine.



A nervous whine streams from Dog's mouth. Slowly, so as not to disturb the pig, I push aside the ferns in front of us.

That is when I see it. It is not a pig at all – it is a bear!



What do you think is going to happen next?



Task: Answer these questions in sentences in your book.

1. What does Bee do when she arrives at the river?
2. Who jumps into the river first?
3. Name three of the games that they play in the river.
4. Who finds the stone that Bee turns into a hand axe?
5. How did Bee learn to make a hand axe?
6. What shape is the hand axe? (Page 47)
7. What animal does Bee want to catch?
8. How does Bee know which way to go? (Page 48)
9. Which animal does Bee see run into a hole?
10. How does Dog behave when he smells the bear?
11. Describe the noises that the bear made.
12. Write some sentences describing what you think is going to happen next.



# How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



Don't forget to put your  
finished work on Class  
Dojo!