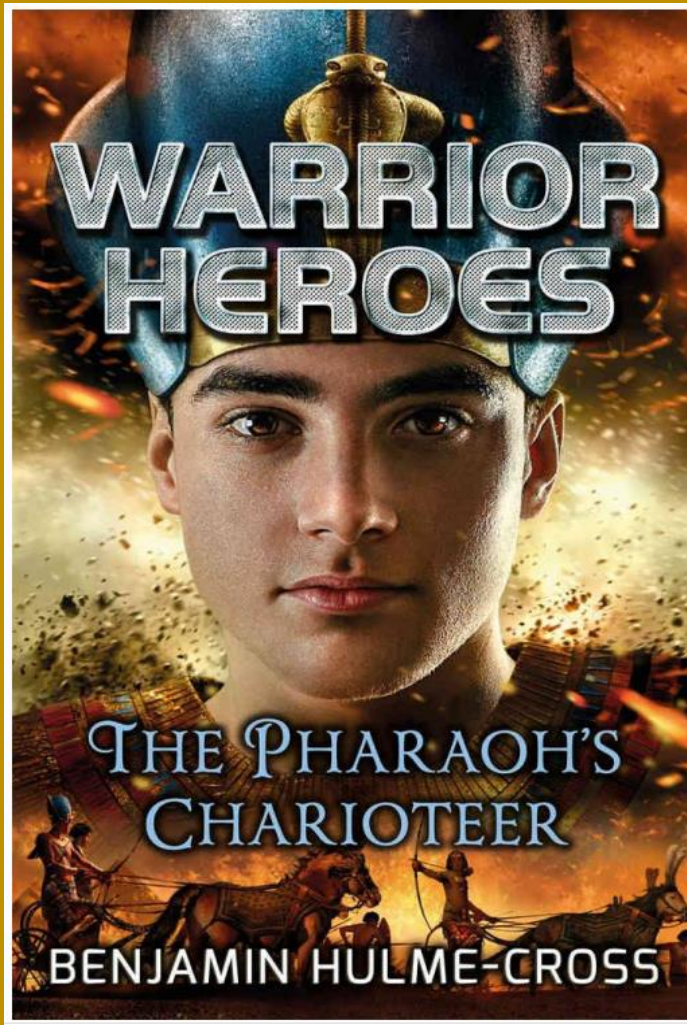


What has happened so far?



Tell someone what you know...





Our target
this half term
is...





Think... is reading
aloud and reading
together helping to
improve your
fluency?





Today, you will be
continuing to
develop your
fluency.

1. Listen to me model
reading the chapter
aloud.

2. Rereading an extract to practise
your fluency for a selected part of the
chapter.





1. Listen to me model reading much of the chapter aloud.

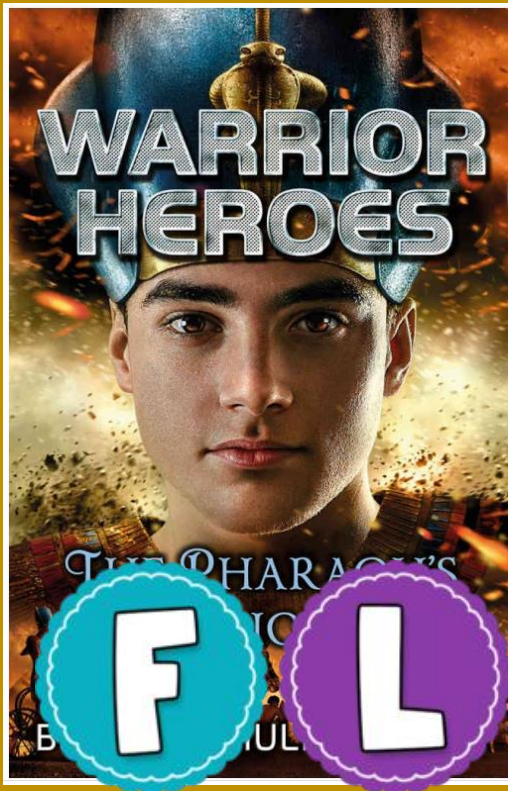
2. Use 'echo reading' to practise your fluency for selected parts of the chapter.

Then, impress me by performing the extract of the chapter!

3. Perform an extract.



1. Listen to me read.



Remember, to follow the text with your finger as I read and keep up. I may be stopping at certain parts of the chapter and asking questions so you need to be listening carefully.

U

E

N

C

Y

1. Listen to me read.

CHAPTER 4



Ahead, the vultures were circling. The antelope carcasses had been carefully placed near a natural watering hole as bait for lions. A scattering of smaller animals was drinking at the hole, but so far there were no signs of larger prey.

"I still can't believe you hunt lions," said Arthur. He was standing beside Thami in a two-horse chariot.

"Why not?" Thami frowned. "How better to prove you are a man?"



Arthur looked over at Finn, who was standing with Nefi in the next chariot. Neither of them was comfortable with the idea of hunting animals for sport, and since Finn and Nefi had relayed what they'd heard in the temple, neither of them was comfortable with the idea of Thami being out in the middle of the desert. Whoever the priest had been speaking to had said he was going to 'make sure the Nubians can take him easily'. It didn't seem too much of a leap to imagine that 'he' was Thami, given what they knew from their briefing in the Hall of Heroes.

At first, when Thami had invited Finn and Arthur to come on a lion hunt, they had tried to dissuade him, but when they saw he was determined to go they had agreed to come as his guests. They were all too aware that, away from Thebes, accompanied only by a small group of the high priest's guards, Thami would be extremely vulnerable. It seemed highly likely that this was how he was destined to fall into Nubian hands, and if they could not stop him from going then they should go with him and try to limit the damage. Since overhearing the high priest's conversation in the temple, Nefi thought the same.

“There!” Thami hissed. The smaller animals at the watering hole were scattering with shrieks and grunts. A patch of sand seemed to detach itself from the floor, and a lioness darted towards the watering hole, making sure the other animals were well and truly driven away. She was followed by three other lionesses, and by one huge, dark-maned lion. He strolled boldly towards one of the antelope carcasses and lay down to eat while his pride kept watch and waited for their turn.

“So how do we kill them?” Arthur wondered out loud.

“First we try from here with arrows,” said Thami. “Then if they escape, we give chase. They are fast, but cannot run for long. We chase them until they are exhausted, and then we strike.”

Thami called over to Nefi, who relayed the message along a line of four more chariots, each of them manned by two temple guards. Slowly they began to advance. The lions looked up, alert to every strange sound, but they were not alarmed. They knew they were the kings of the desert.



ECHO!

Thami came to a halt and reached for one of the bows that were clamped to the side of his chariot, motioning Arthur to do the same. They were still at least fifty metres away, and hitting an animal from that distance seemed unlikely to Arthur, but along the line the hunters strung their bows, nocked their arrows and took aim. The first thing Arthur noticed was how powerful the bow felt, and it took all his strength to pull the string back to his shoulder. Aiming carefully wide of the lions, whom he had no wish to injure, Arthur waited for the instruction to shoot and then let his arrow fly safely to the side of one of the lionesses.

Despite a shower of arrows from the other hunters, not one lion was hit, but with angry snarls the lionesses darted away. The male, alone now, stood up from behind the antelope and faced the hunters, issuing an ear-splitting roar at the same time. Thami and the others were nocking their second arrows by this time, and the lion seemed suddenly alert to the danger, for he turned quickly and ran in the opposite direction.

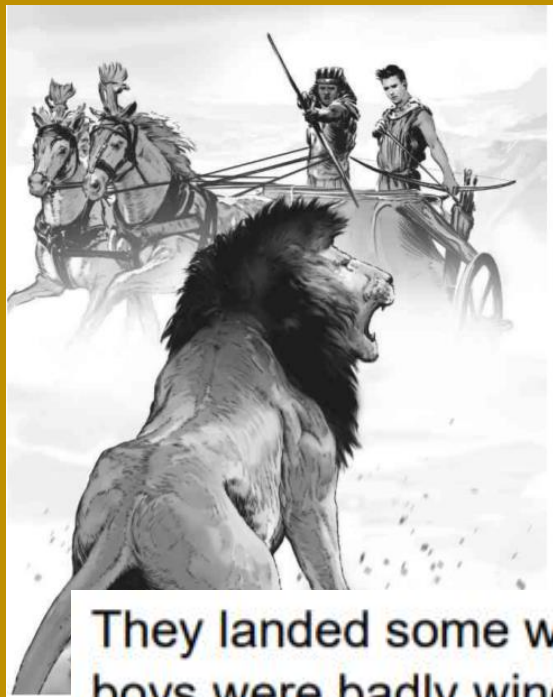
Thami thrust his bow into Arthur's hands and urged his horses into action. The chariot lurched forward, almost throwing Arthur out of its open back. The other hunters did the same, and the hunt was on. Thami and Arthur led the chase, speeding across the desert as the lion sprinted towards a long line of rocky hills that seemed to sweep up out of the sand like an enormous wave-crest.



“If he reaches the hills our chariots will be useless!” Thami shouted.

From time to time the lion would stop to recover his breath and turn to look at his pursuers. The hunters shot a few arrows at him in those moments, though none found its mark. However each time the lion stopped the hunters were a little closer than the last time, and the arrows fell a little closer to their target. The lion was tiring and the hunters were closing in, but they were now so near to the hills that one more burst would take him onto the higher ground. The lion bounded on but was now clearly near exhaustion, and suddenly Thami and Arthur found themselves gaining on him rapidly.

Thami tied the reins together and slipped them over his back so that he wore them like a harness. "My bow!" he called, and Arthur handed it over. Steering the horses now with his body, his hands free, Thami nocked an arrow and took aim. The lion stopped once more and turned, roaring with rage, making the horses suddenly veer wildly to the right. Thami's arrow flew harmlessly away as he dropped his bow and tried to regain control of the horses. But before he could do so, a wheel of the chariot hit a rock, the cart flew up in the air and the boys were hurled to the ground.



They landed some way apart, skidding to a painful stop in the dust. Both boys were badly winded and rolled around in pain. Blinking away tears, Arthur looked over to see that his friend was trying to stagger to his feet, clutching at a dagger he had withdrawn from his belt. Just a few metres away, the lion crouched, snarling, poised to spring at the prince.

Behind Thami, two chariots were racing to his aid. Nefi was in the lead, and she swerved with more control than Thami had done, while Finn stood poised to shoot an arrow at the lion. They swept past the scene of the crash and Finn let fly, his arrow fizzing over the lion's head. The beast roared again but did not flinch. Then came the second chariot. One of the guards held a spear poised and was shouting at the lion. But at the last moment, the lion finally turned and bounded towards safety at the boulder-strewn base of the hill.

The other chariots drew up, the guard lowered his spear, Thami slumped to the ground, and the danger was past.

* * *

“For as long as I can remember it has been Thami’s desire to become a charioteer in my father’s army. He takes any opportunity to hunt so he can practise his skills.” Finn and Nefi were sitting by the campfire, going over the events of the day. The afternoon had passed uneventfully enough since the failed lion hunt, and the hunting party had set up camp in the open desert. The group had seemed subdued after Thami’s near miss, and after an evening dinner around the campfire all but two temple guards, who were posted as sentries, and Finn and Nefi, who wanted to talk, had retired to their tents.



ECHO!

“‘We will make sure the Nubians can take him easily’,” said Nefi quietly. “What if they mean Thami, Finn?” Finn said nothing. He wanted to reassure her but in truth he shared her fear. He and Arthur had discussed the same thing earlier that evening while the temple guards were making camp. They had agreed that Arthur would do his best to stay with Thami at all times so they had some chance of influencing events.

“If the Nubians were to capture Thami,” Nefi went on, “it would force my father to do what so many of his advisers want – to make war against Nubia. I just know that the high priest is planning something awful.”

Finn had to agree, although there was still much that didn’t make sense. For one thing, he wondered, if the plan was to stage a kidnap, and assuming that the temple guards were part of the plot, why would they let Thami risk his life hunting lions? He would be no use to them dead.



ECHO!

“Another reason why that guard was so determined to drive the lion away!” said Nefi, keeping her voice low.



“I don’t want to tempt fate,” said Finn, “but if we’re right about this plot then where better...”

He was interrupted by muffled shouts coming from the direction of the tent they were supposed to be sharing with Thami and Arthur. They scrambled to their feet and rushed back to it, both fearing the worst. Somewhere beyond the torches that ringed the camp they could hear horses’ hooves disappearing into the distance.

Finn lifted back a flap of the tent and they both rushed inside. Nefi wailed. The tent was completely empty.



PLOT

Let's discuss what we have read.

Jot down a story map or tell someone what has happened in this chapter.

Themes



Characters

Ear-splitting

Subdued

Dissuade

Poised

Hurled

Lurched

What new words have we
heard today?

What **impact** do they have
on our **understanding** of
the text?

How do they create
meaning?

Strewn

Flinch

Poised

2. Rereading an extract to practise your fluency for a selected part of the chapter.

ECHO!

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The other chariots drew up, the guard lowered his spear, Thami slumped to the ground, and the danger was past.

* * *

Now reread the extract 3 times, each time thinking carefully about how to improve your fluency...

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* * *



Think
about..



Pacing

Work on your pacing by reading the passage three times.

- Decode unfamiliar words.
- Ask questions to clarify the meaning of the story.
- Read the words correctly.
- Improve your pace each time.

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The other chariots drew up, the guard lowered his spear, Thami slumped to the ground, and the danger was past.

3. Perform an extract from the chapter.



It's time to perform!

Perform the extract to someone or to the class.
Remember to use the strategies we have been thinking about over the last two weeks.