Live Lessons

THE DAY THE WHOLE COUNTRY **SHARED A STORY!**

with schools everywhere. Top authors Malorie Blackman, Rob Biddulph and Cressida Cowell will be sharing their stories On the 7th of March 2019 there will be a very special

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with words? Why bother

Anti-Word League Lord No Words,

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books everywhere! Down with

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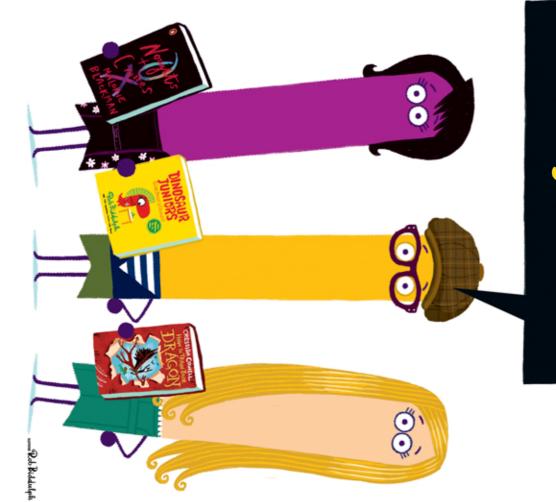
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BOOK

WORLD

7 MARCH 2019 DAY

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Cloud Busting by Malorie Blackman

Extract from Chapter 2 - 'What's In A Name?'

Mrs Spencer, the head, Was droning on And on And on ...

I was sleeping With my eyes open When it happened. Waking us all up. Davey jumped up. Fell sideways. And started rubbing his legs Saying, 'Fizzy feet! I've got fizzy feet!'

We didn't have a clue What he was talking about. Mr Mackie ran over To sort him out. 'Dave, what's the matter? What's wrong? What's going on?' Mr Mackie was all concern. 'Fizzy feet! I've got fizzy feet!' Davey pulled off his shoes And rubbed his toes. (What a pong!)

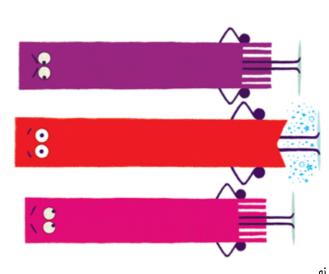
'What're you talking about?'
Mr Mackie began to frown.
'D'you mean you've got
Pins and needles?'

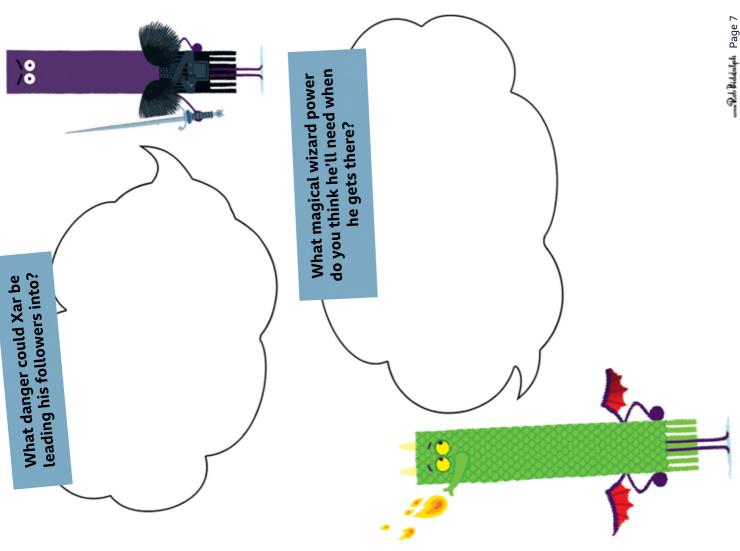
'Ow! Yes, that's what I said, sir! Fizzy feet!'

A moment's stunned silence. Then we all roared like we had toothache.

Mr Mackie ranted Mr Mackie raved Mr Mackie was not happy As he escorted Davey from the hall.

Fizzy feet, Dizzy, fizzy feet Busy, dizzy, fizzy feet What a dork! Davey hated the name Fizzy Feet But what could he do about it? Not much. Nothing. The class bully wouldn't let him.





The Wizards of Once by Cressida Cowell

Extract from Chapter 1

Xar was the most disobedient boy in the Wizard kingdom in about four generations, and forbidding things only encouraged him.

In the past week, for instance, Xar had tied the beards of two of the Eldest and most respectable Wizards together when they were sleeping at a banquet. He had poured a Love Potion into the pigs' feeding trough, so the pigs developed mad passionate crushes on Xar's least-favourite teacher, and followed him around wherever he went, making loud enthusiastic squealing and kissing noises.

He had accidentally burned down the West wing of the Castle.

Most of these things hadn't been entirely intentional exactly. Xar had just got carried away in the heat of the moment.

And yet none of these disobedient things was half as bad as what Xar was doing right now.

There was a large black raven, flying above Xar's head

'This is a Very Bad Idea Indeed, Xar,' said the raven. The talking raven was called Caliburn, and he would have been a handsome bird, but unfortunately it was his job to keep Xar out of trouble, and the worry of this impossible mission meant his feathers kept falling out. 'It isn't really fair to lead your animals and sprites and young fellow Wizards into all this danger...'

As the son of the King Enchanter, and a boy with a great deal of personal charisma, Xar had a lot of followers. A pack of five wolves, three Snowcats, a Bear, eight sprites, an enormous Giant called Crusher, and a small crowd of other Wizard youngsters, all following Xar as if hypnotised, all shivering and scared, and pretending not to be.

Imagine you are Davey. Write a text to your mum telling her about the 'Fizzy Feet' incident.

How is it going today, Davey?

Imagine you are one of the children doing the name-calling. Write a text to a friend telling them about the incident.

So what happened?

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Give Peas A Chance by Rob Biddulph

