

A white dragon-like creature with horns and spikes, standing in a forest near a pond. The creature is the central focus, with its head lowered towards the water. The background is a dense forest with sunlight filtering through the trees, creating a dappled light effect on the water and foliage.

English for Fun

The Middle School Syllabus

Madhubhashini Disanayake Ratnayake
(THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR SALE)

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Contents Page

Introduction

Rhymes

1. Ten Green Bottles
 - Vocabulary: Numbers
2. This Old Man
 - Vocabulary: Numbers/Pronouns - possessive
3. Yankee Doodle
 - Vocabulary: Animals
4. The Farmer in the Dell
 - Vocabulary: Wild animals vs farm animals, place names/Asking questions with 'who?'
5. Three Little Kittens
 - Vocabulary: Pets, winter clothing/learning to categorize
6. Here We go Looby Loo
 - Vocabulary: Parts of the Body
 - Prepositions
7. Cobbler, Cobbler Mend My Shoe
 - Requests and commands/professions and the present simple tense/telling the time
8. Wee Willie Winkie
 - Vocabulary: Parts of a house, furniture, kinds of dress/Social Knowledge: Formal informal attire
9. Lavender's Blue
 - Vocabulary: Colours/Present Continuous Tense
10. This Little Light of Mine
 - Formal and Informal language
11. Oh My Darling Clemantine
 - Making nouns out of verbs
12. Girls and Boys Come Out to Play
 - Action verbs/vocabulary: kinds of cakes
13. The Muffin Man
 - Social knowledge: Places in and around Colombo to eat, hang around and eat etc.
14. Over the Hills and Far Away
 - Vocabulary: names of musical instruments/ learning about orchestras and choirs
15. Once I saw a Little Bird
 - Verbs of action/On the topic of animal rights - brainstorming/disagreeing politely/debating

Songs

1. Somewhere Over the Rainbow
 - Discussion about what a dream is, and why is it important to have one.
2. Fly to your Heart
 - Discussion on figurative and literal language: What does it mean “to fly” here?
3. Puff the Magic Dragon
 - Symbolic language: Is this about a real dragon or the process of growing up?
4. I don't want to live on the moon
 - Discussion about the earth and why it is important to protect it.
5. The Second Star to the Right
 - Discussion on imaginary worlds: In which kind of world would these ‘directions’ make sense?
6. Where does the time go?
 - Discussion about the importance of time and enjoying each moment in life.
7. Do – Re – Mi
 - Learning a musical scale

Poems

1. Star Light, Star Bright
 - Learning about objects in the sky
 - Talking about wishes and dreams
2. To Bed, to Bed
 - Describing people – Adjectives
3. Silver – Walter de la Mare
 - Learning scientific aspects with the literary
4. There was a Crooked Man
 - Making up a story through imagination
 - Learning how to talk about disability
5. The Grand Old Duke of York
 - Learning directions
6. This Little Piggy
 - Learning about quantifiers
7. The Wise Old Owl
 - Animals in imagination
8. The Swing – RL Stevenson
 - Vocabulary: sports
 - Playing some simple board games
9. My Shadow- RL Stevenson
 - Non-literary discussion about how shadows are made

10. Escape at Bedtime – RL Stevenson
 - Learning about constellations
11. The Moon – RL Stevenson
 - Vocabulary: The sounds animals make
 - Nocturnal animals
 - Writing – how to organize thoughts and write an essay
12. The Arrow and the Song – Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
 - Giving an idea of the figurative and literal aspects of language
13. Dream Variations – Langston Hughes
 - Learning about colour-politics
 - Adjectives and adverbs

Stories

1. The Bundle of Sticks
 - Writing a small skit
 - Discussion about what it means to be united/happy
 - **Film – Trolls**
2. The Lion and the Mouse
 - What's a moral of a story?
 - Learning about predators and prey
 - **Film: Zootopia**
 - Learning about accepting difference
3. Hercules and the Wagoner
 - Discussion on the concept of hard work
 - **Film: Karate Kid**
 - Discussion about what friendship means
4. The Emperor's Clothes
 - Writing a small play
 - Discussion about leadership
 - **Film: The Lion King**
5. The Ugly Duckling
 - Discussion about self-worth and self confidence
 - **Film: Kung Fu Panda**
6. The Lumber Room – Saki
 - Discussion on how important imagination is.
 - **Film: The Secret Garden**
 - Discussion about the power of the mind
7. The Happy Prince - Oscar Wilde
 - Discussion on the concept of helping people
 - Discussion on what it means to be a good statesman
 - **Film: The Rise of the Guardians**

Introduction

This syllabus is made for children aged roughly between 10 to 16, an age where they are curious, like fun, are eager to learn, and are full of enthusiasm about everything. All this is what is hoped will be activated by the syllabus even as they improve their proficiency in English through the exposure to the language and through its use – which are the most effective ways of learning it. It is assumed that parallel to this, they would also be exposed to the more traditional ways of learning English through the school system. This syllabus mainly deals with speaking and listening skills – two of the four skills that might not be given enough attention in school - which are vital for integration into their environment, though reading is touched upon every time they read anything, and there is one instance of writing here. The idea is to get this as distant as possible from a traditional school syllabus.

This is also geared to give them, alongside the above, an exposure to the culture that this language comes from – both from the West and the English-speaking crowd in Colombo. Language, after all, is very much a part of a culture - and whether they choose to join that in some way or not, knowing about it is helpful.

This is a very interactive syllabus based on nursery rhymes, songs, poems, parables, fairy tales, and short stories. Every such one has connected activities specified for them, which includes discussion; role play and drama; watching films connected to the theme of the literary work; watching YouTube documentaries; singing songs and so on.

This will be taught by a teacher who will ensure that all children participate equally in the language activities. However, the syllabus is also available on audio tracks which can be found in the “English for Fun” website maintained by the library of the University of Sri Jayewardenepura, where the creator of this syllabus works. This means that even after class time or during holidays at home, the student can be exposed to the material on a digital platform if he so wishes. Through an email to the library, the whole syllabus can be requested to be sent home as well, with everything downloadable. The voice on the audio tracks is of Thusitha Jayasundera, a UK-based Sri Lankan actress. The rhymes are by a group of young musicians.

English has to be learnt through the efforts of students themselves – it is difficult to teach it as such if that commitment to use it and immerse oneself in it are not there in the student. Interaction, immersion, and use, all given through enjoyment and entertainment, are the main elements needed to make this particular process of learning successful. Hopefully, the students as well as the adults around them will make use of this material in such a way, to the best of their ability.

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RHYMES

1. Ten Green Bottles



**Ten green bottles hanging on the wall,
Ten green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be nine green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Nine green bottles hanging on the wall,
Nine green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be eight green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Eight green bottles hanging on the wall,
Eight green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be seven green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Seven green bottles hanging on the wall,
Seven green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be six green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Six green bottles hanging on the wall,
Six green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be five green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Five green bottles hanging on the wall,
Five green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be four green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Four green bottles hanging on the wall,
Four green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be three green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Three green bottles hanging on the wall,
Three green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be two green bottles hanging on the wall.**

**Two green bottles hanging on the wall,
Two green bottles hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be one green bottle hanging on the wall.**

**One green bottle hanging on the wall,
One green bottle hanging on the wall,
And if one green bottle should accidentally fall,
There'll be zero green bottles hanging on the wall.**

- Sing this song while showing with your fingers the number of bottles in each verse.
- Count backwards from 10.
- Count loud from one to hundred.
- Stand together in groups of ten pretending to be the bottles. Sing this song. One fall each time a bottle falls so that finally there will be no one standing.

2. This Old Man



**This old man, he played one,
He played knick-knack on my thumb;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played two,
He played knick-knack on my shoe;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played three,
He played knick-knack on my knee;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played four,
He played knick-knack on my door;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played five,
He played knick-knack on my hive;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played six,
He played knick-knack on my sticks;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played seven,
He played knick-knack up in heaven;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played eight,
He played knick-knack on my gate;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played nine,
He played knick-knack on my spine;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

**This old man, he played ten,
He played knick-knack once again;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.**

- Show these numbers on your fingers. And then act out what the old man does, using our own body when parts of it are mentioned.
- Count from 100 to 200. Skip numbers and get to thousand. (Maybe skip 50 numbers to get there or 25)
- To whom the old man does most of these things? The word ‘my’ gives a clue. Learn the other words like ‘my’: our, your, his, her, its and their. Look around the class and use these words to show to whom various things belong.
- Ask questions about possessions: Point at something and ask ‘Whose pen is this?’ If you know the answer, please answer. For example: ‘That pen is Dulanjana’s’ or Dulanjana can say ‘That is my pen.’ or ‘That pen is mine’.
- Find out what they have in general as well by asking questions like: Who has a sister? Who has a brother?
- Please answer these questions by saying “I have a sister” etc.

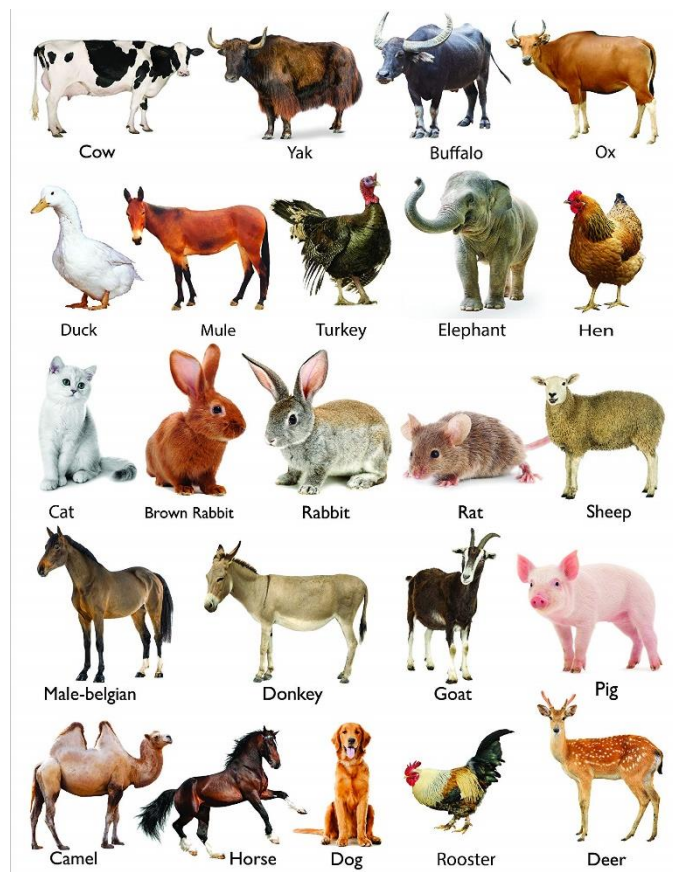
3. Yankee Doodle



**Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his cap
And called it 'macaroni'.**

**Yankee Doodle keep it up
Yankee Doodle Dandy
Mind the music and the step
Yankee Doodle Dandy**

- Pretend to ride a pony.
- What are the other animals you can ride?
- What animals pull heavy loads?
- What are the following animals used for by human beings? Bulls, elephants, hens?
- Vocab:



- **Mime:** Ride a pony or a horse/ feed some fish/ walk a dog/ pet a cat
- **Game: Who am I?**
Be an animal and describe yourself without saying who you are. You can also say what you are used for. The others will guess who the animal is.

4. The Farmer in the Dell

The farmer in the dell
The farmer in the dell
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer in the dell

The farmer takes a wife
The farmer takes a wife
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The farmer takes a wife

The wife takes the child
The wife takes the child
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The wife takes the child

The child takes the nurse
The child takes the nurse
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The child takes the nurse

The nurse takes the cow
The nurse takes the cow
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The nurse takes the cow

The cow takes the dog
The cow takes the dog
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cow takes the dog

The dog takes the cat
The dog takes the cat
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The dog takes the cat

The cat takes the mouse
The cat takes the mouse
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cat takes the mouse

The mouse takes the cheese
The mouse takes the cheese
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The mouse takes the cheese

The cheese stands alone
The cheese stands alone
Heigh-ho, the derry-o
The cheese stands alone





- Sing this song while doing these actions: Skip to another student and take his hand. He then becomes “the wife”. Then both skip to another and take the hand of the ‘child’ and so on. When “the cheese” is chosen, let him go so that he stands alone and the rest can sit down.
- You can sing this many times over. Let each student be someone at least once.
- What are the animals mentioned here? What are the names of animals that you know? The picture above is of farm animals, the picture below is of wild animals – you can learn their names.

Vocabulary:

Animals: Learn the names of farm animals and wild animals given in the pictures above.
Place names: Dell is a small wooded valley. What are the place names that you know? Here are some suggestions:
 village/town/city/coastal area/mountain/valley/wood/plain/rural areas/urban areas/suburbs

Language Game: Questions with ‘Who’

- Ask questions to find out who was who in the song. For example - “Who was the farmer?” and those children step up. “Who was the mouse?” etc.
- Then go on to real names: “Who is Dulanhana? (etc.)” and the boy steps forward.

5. Three Little Kittens



Three little kittens, they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear
Our mittens we have lost.
What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow,
No, you shall have no pie.

Three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,
Our mittens we have found!
Put on your mittens, you silly kittens!
And you shall have some pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow,
Oh, let us have some pie.

Three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie;
Oh, mother dear, we greatly fear
Our mittens we have soiled.
What! soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh,
Mee-ow, mee-ow,
Then they began to sigh.

Three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear,
Our mittens we have washed!
What! washed your mittens, then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow,
We smell a rat close by.

- Act out this rhyme. Three children can be the kittens and one the mother.
- Do you have pets? Talk about them.

Learning to categorize:

- Categorizations are ways in which we can put things into groups. Animals can be categorized in various ways. One way is the domestic/wild animal categorization. To which group do you think the kittens belong to?
- Look at these categories and give some examples of what belongs in them: Vegetables/fruits/meats/grains/desserts/short eats

Game: Categorizing

Get into groups based on any condition, and tell how the categorization was done to make those groups: tall-short/the area of Sri Lanka you come from etc.

Collect somethings you can touch – stones/fallen leaves and group them according to some logic and explain why. You can collect these from the garden itself.

Vocabulary: Winter Clothes

In cold countries, these are some items of clothing that people wear during the winter season



6. Here We Go Looby Loo



**Here we go looby loo,
Here we go looby light,
Here we go looby loo,
All on a Saturday night.**

**You put your right hand in.
You put your right hand out.
You give your hand a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.**

**You put your left hand in.
You put your left hand out.
You give your hand a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.**

**You put your right foot in.
You put your right foot out.
You give your foot a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.**

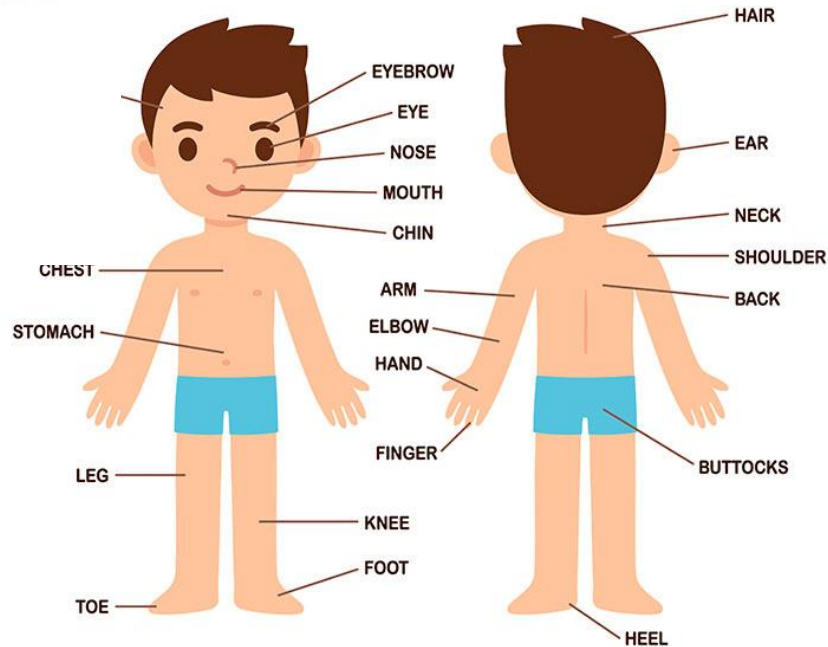
**You put your left foot in.
You put your left foot out.
You give your foot a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.**

**You put your whole self in.
You put your whole self out.
You give yourself a shake, shake, shake,
And turn yourself about.**

- Learn the parts of the body from the diagram below:



PARTS OF THE BODY



- The teacher will shout out the name of a part of the body. You say what that part does. For example: Eyes – Eyes see/ We see with our eyes, Feet – We walk with our feet.
- Learn about the left and right sides of the body.
- What things are on your left? On your right? In front of you? Behind you?

Game: Follow the leader

- March around the class one behind the other with the teacher leading, and do what the teacher is doing while shouting out instructions.

She will say things like - Tap your head/clap your hands/stamp your feet/wave your arms etc. Do those things with her.

7. Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe



**Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe.
Get it done by half past two.
Half past two is much too late.
Get it done by half past eight.
Stitch it up and stitch it down.
And I'll give you half a crown.**

Making requests politely.

- Making a question from the request often makes it polite. 'Please pass me the butter' becomes even more polite when you say 'Can you please pass me the butter?'
- You could also start requests with phrases like these:
 - It would be great if you could.... (mend my shoe/lend me your book)
 - I wonder whether you could. . . (give me some information)
- A cobbler is someone who makes shoes. Who are these people you see in this picture?
- Act out what the people do in each of the above roles.

Game: Commands into Requests

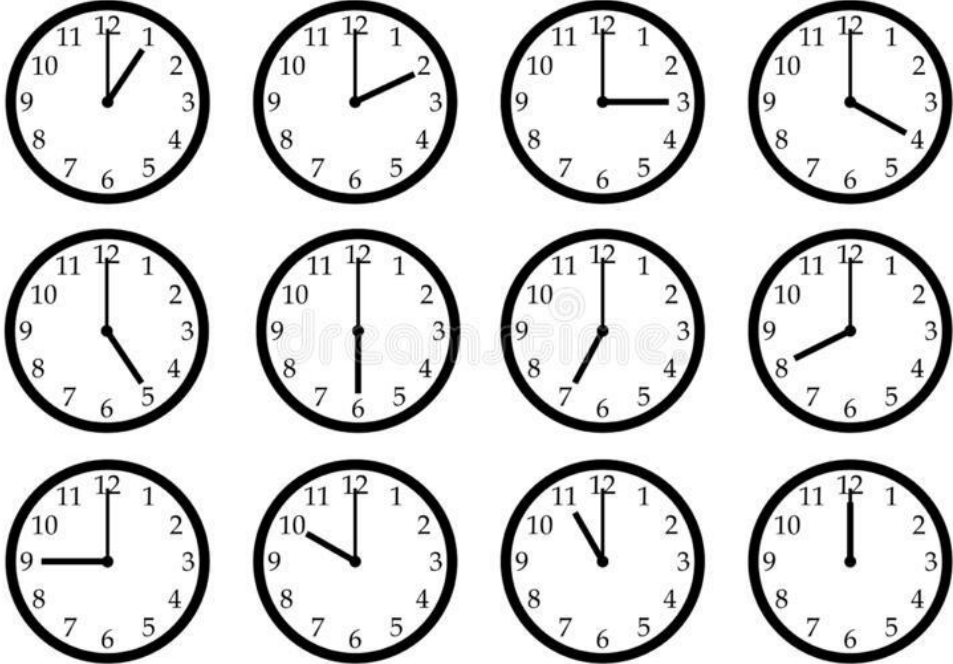
- The teacher will shout out a command (Sit down).
- You must turn it into a polite request. (Can you please sit down?)



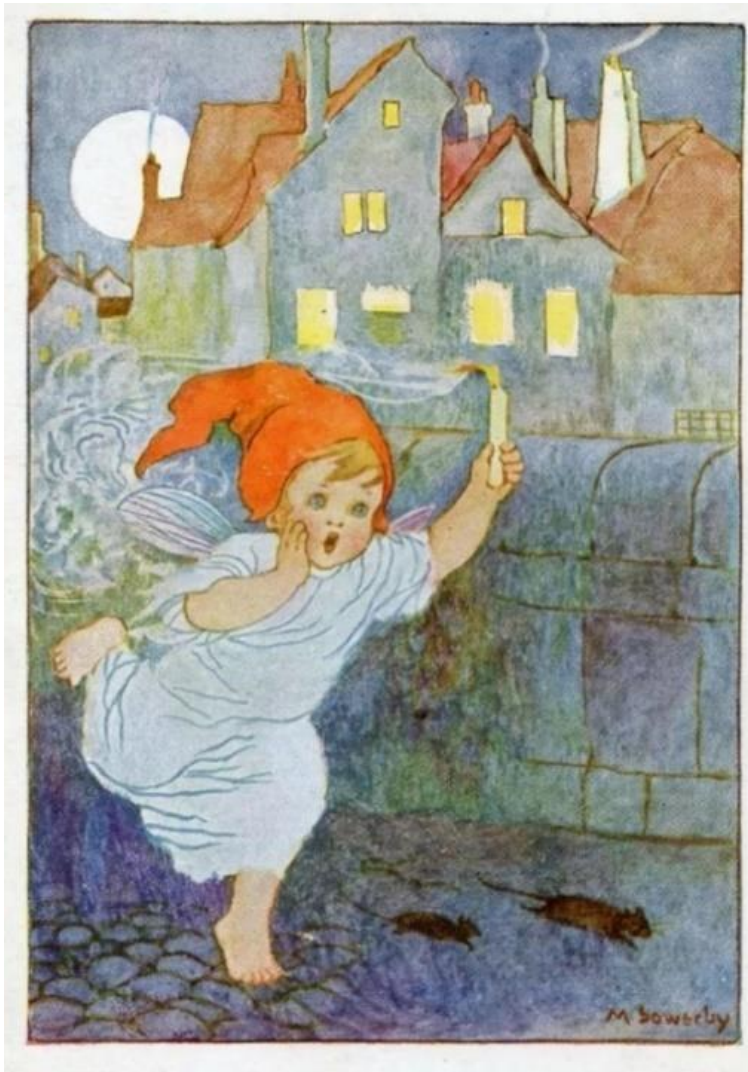
Telling the time

- How many hours are there in a day?
- How many minutes in an hour?
- Can you count up to 60?

What are these times?



8. Wee Willie Winkie



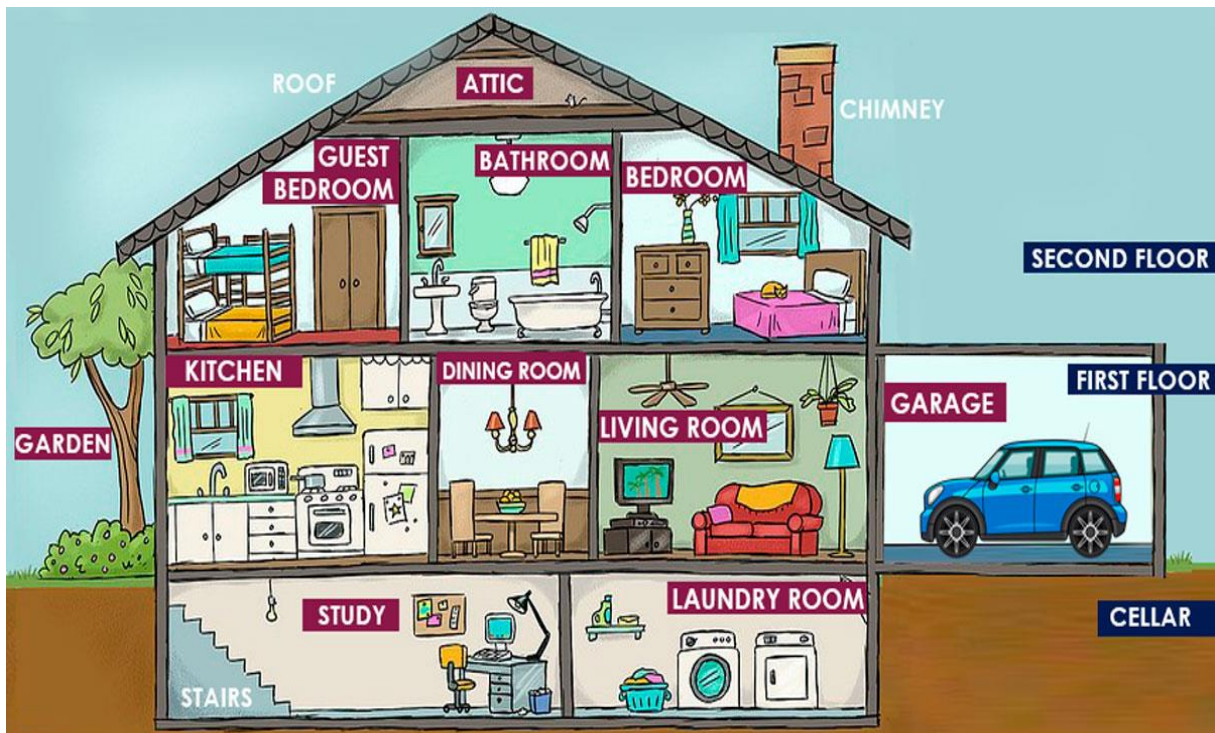
**Wee Willie Winkie, Wee Willie Winkie, runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night-gown,
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
Are the children in their bed, for it's past ten o'clock?**

- Run through the town like Wee Willie Winkie
- Shout out the question that he asks.
- Draw the time he shouts out.
- Draw the times your teacher says.

Wee Willie Winkie probably runs up the stairs in front of doors. Upstairs and downstairs are normally used to describe the levels of a house/building. Houses tend to be a bit different according to the country they are built in. Have a look at the houses below and see what is generally not found in a house in Sri Lanka.

The floor at ground level is called Ground Floor in British English. It's called First Floor in American English. In British English, the first floor is the one above ground level.

Vocabulary: The different levels of houses; the rooms in it; furniture.



Find these: sofa, refrigerator, dining table, bunk bed, bed, chest of drawers, washing machine





Forms of dress: Wee Willie Winkie is running about in his nightwear. What are the different types of clothes you know of? Have a look at the pictures below:

- **Formal/Informal wear:** In society, it is very important to know how formally you should dress, specially when you are an adult. Sometimes you can wear casual clothes. Sometimes you need to look formal. The pictures below range from formal, smart casual, semi formal and casual for men. For ladies, formal wear in Sri Lanka can be saree, or a dress, or trousers and jacket etc. – they have more variety.



- What kind of dress should you wear for the following events? A friend's birthday party/an almsgiving/ a cocktail party/a symphony orchestra concert/an outdoor pop concert/the beach/an expensive restaurant/ a small café. Just mention if it should be formal, semi formal or informal.

9. Lavender's Blue



**Lavender's blue, dilly, dilly, lavender's green,
When I am king, dilly, dilly, you shall be queen;
Call up your men, dilly, dilly, set them to work,
Some to the plough, dilly, dilly, some to the cart;**

**Some to make hay dilly, dilly, some the thresh corn;
Whilst you and I, dilly, dilly, keep ourselves warm.
Lavender's blue, dilly, dilly, lavender's green,
When I am king, dilly, dilly, you shall be queen.**

- This is a beautiful song. Try and sing it – at least the ‘dilly dilly’ part.
- What are the colours that they speak of, in this song?
- What are the other names of colours that you know? There are some interesting names that people give colours sometimes. Have a look below.



- Act out all the verbs (words of action) that they have in this song: make hay / thresh corn
- What would people do with the plough? What could they do with a cart? Show these actions. Then act out anything at all. Get the others to say what you are doing. Use phrases like “He is ploughing a field/He is tying a bull to a cart” etc.

Game: What am I doing?

- Get into two groups. One boy comes from one group and the other group gives him a verb to act out. When he does, his own group has to describe what he is doing. If by three chances they can't, they are out. Do this about ten times for both sides, and pick a winner.

10. This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,



**This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

**Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

**In my brother's heart, I'm gonna let it shine,
In my brother's heart, I'm gonna let it shine
In my brother's heart, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

**In my sister's soul, I'm gonna let it shine,
In my sister's soul, I'm gonna let it shine,
In my sister's soul, I'm gonna let it shine,
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

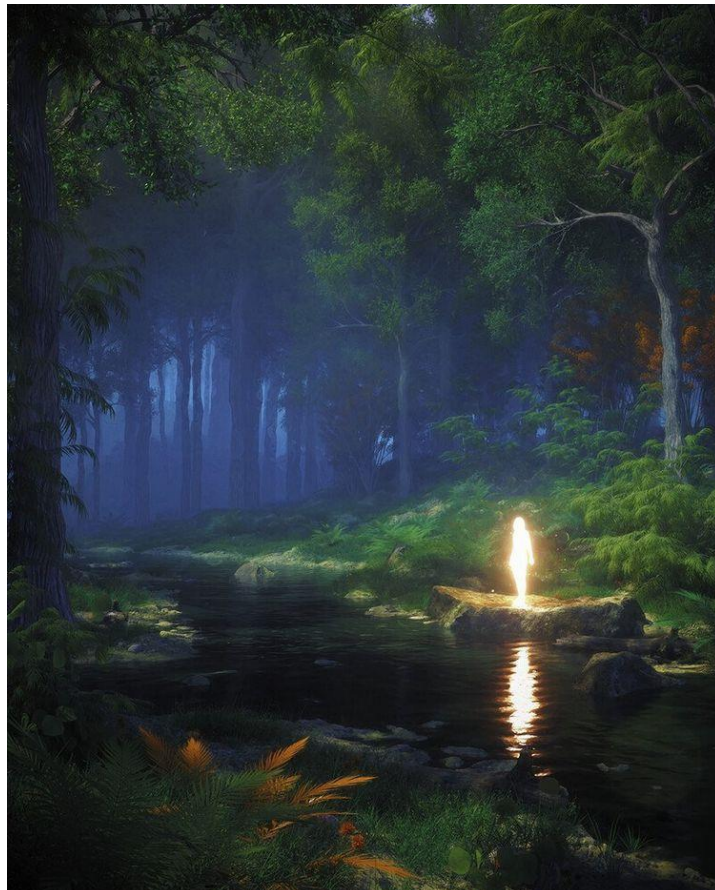
**All around the world, I'm gonna let it shine
All around the world, I'm gonna let it shine
All around the world, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

**This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine,
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.**

- Sing this song aloud and swing your body to the beat.
- **Formal/Informal language**
 - The word “Gonna” that comes often in this song, is actually the two words ‘going to’ combined. This way of combining them is very informal and should not be done in a formal situation.
 - What is a formal situation? Talking to your teacher/ Giving a speech at Assembly/Talking to your school principal/Talking to your parents (some of these depend on the relationship you have with them)
 - What is an informal situation? Talking to your friends. Talking to your brothers and sisters.

Game: Pass the Ball

- A ball is passed around a circle of students. When the ball stops with you, request something from anyone in the room. Use the ways of requesting we learnt earlier. (“Can you please - ? Will you please –?) The others have to guess whether you are in a formal situation or an informal situation. The way of speaking – the tone – should also change accordingly.



11. Oh My Darling Clementine



**Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling, Clementine,
You were lost and gone forever, dreadful sorrow, Clementine.**

**In a cavern, in a canyon, excavating for a mine
Lived a miner forty-niner, and his daughter Clementine.
Yes I love her, how I love her, thought her shoes were number nine.
Herring boxes without topses, sandals were for Clementine.**

**Drove the horses to the water, every morning just at nine.
Hit her foot against a splinter, fell into the foaming brine.
Ruby lips above the water, blowing bubbles soft and fine.
But alas, I was no swimmer, so I lost my Clementine.**

- How many of you can swim? Someone who can swim is called a swimmer. Often adding 'er' or 'or' to a verb makes that stand for someone who does that thing as a profession, or does a lot of it. For example, run – runner (athlete)
- Who are the people who do the following things:
 - Walk
 - Sleep
 - Talk (a lot)
 - Sing
 - Write (well)
 - Bowl
 - Bat

12. Girls and Boys Come Out to Play



Girls and boys come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as day,
 Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
 And join your playfellows into the street*.
 Come with a whoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will, or not at all.
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.
 You find milk, and I'll find flour,
 And we'll have pudding within the hour

(* "Come with your playfellows into the street" is the more usual 4th line)

- Do these actions – Come/go/run/jump/shout/go up a ladder/jump down a wall/make a whoop/make a call

Game: Simon Says - The teacher will shout out instructions either just with the verb or by preceding it with the phrase "Simon Says". Follow the instructions only if you hear that phrase. If you do anything without that, you are out. The child/children who are left in the game after sometime, win/s.



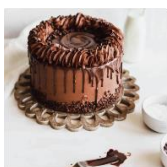
Muffin



Brownies



Red velvet Cake



Chocolate Cake



Butter Cake



Cup Cake



Cake Pop



Ribbon Cake



Chocolate Roll

- Act out getting up from sleep and running to the street

- Act out finding the milk, finding the flour, and making a pudding.

- **Vocabulary:** different kinds cakes.

13. The Muffin Man

Do [or “Oh, do”] you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Do you know the muffin man,
Who lives in Drury Lane?

Yes [or “Oh, yes”], I know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man,
Yes, I know the muffin man,
Who lives in Drury Lane.

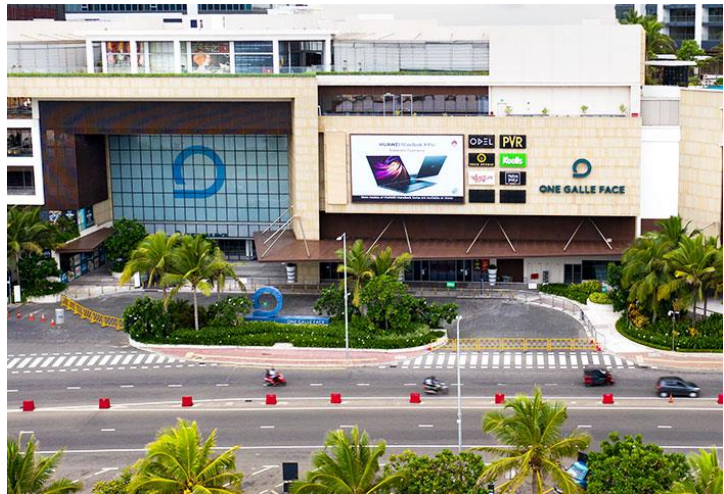


- A muffin is a kind of cake that people like to eat. There are many places in Colombo that sell food stuff like these. These are some of them:



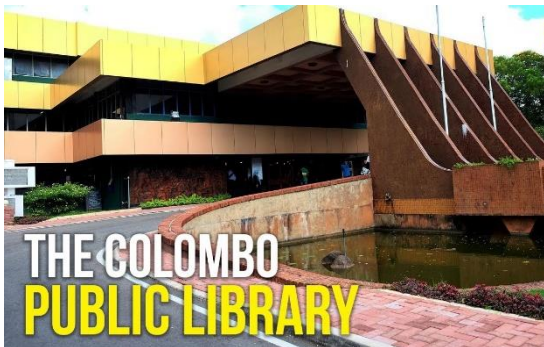


- People eat at different places like cafes / restaurants/hotels / five-star hotels / shopping malls like CCC (Colombo City Center) / One Galle Face



What is there to see / do in Colombo?

- Places to visit: museums/galleries/zoo/shopping malls/cinemas/Galle Face
What do people do there? These are some of the verbs you can use to describe them:
watch/buy/fly kites/drink/eat/chat/meet/gaze



Game: What are we doing?

- Make two groups. One group role plays what people do in these places. The other group must guess the situation. Shout out what you can see: “He is running to catch a bus.”/ “He is selling something.”

14. Over the hills and far away

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play
Was 'over the hills and far away';
Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
They all stopped to hear him play,
'Over the hills and far away';
Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
As soon as he played they began for to dance,
Pigs on their hind legs would after him prance;
Over the hills and a great way off,
The wind shall blow my top-knot off.



- Pretend you are Tom, playing an instrument. Make the others dance to the tune of this song.
- Replace the word “piper” with “drummer” and then put the name of the drum every time the word “pipe” comes. Now pretend to play the drum and get the others to dance while this song is being played.
- What are the instruments that you know of? A pipe belongs to the woodwind category of instruments.

There are four categories of instruments in a Western orchestra: Strings, Woodwind, Brass and Percussion

The Eastern music world has their own instruments and their own traditions of music, mainly: North Indian Classical Music (Hindustani Music) and South Indian Classical Music (Carnatic Music)

Vocabulary: Learn the names of the musical instruments given in the picture. It has both Eastern and Western music instruments.



- Watch this performance of a symphony orchestra where a famous composer of film music, Ennio Morricone, is conducting an orchestra. (Composers and conductors are not normally the same person, but here is an exception).
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s7w-IeNR9ko>
- Identify the instruments as they are shown on the screen.
- Discuss with the teacher what a choir is.

Game: What am I playing? Pretend to play an instrument and get the others to guess what it is.

15. Once I Saw a Little Bird

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.



- What are the ways of walking/moving/ these animals do? Snakes? Birds? Rabbits?
- How many movements can you make? Show these: Walk, run, hop, crawl, skip, tiptoe, jump, dance, leap
- The teacher will shout out a verb of movement. Do that till she says stop. Then do it again when she says go. Now each of you take turns shouting out an order and getting your classmates to do it.

Game: Who moves like this?

- Make two groups. One group acts/moves like a particular animal. The other group has to guess what animal that is.

Expressing ideas/opinions:

- **Brainstorming:** Should animals be held captive or should they be free? What do you think? Give your opinion to the class.
- **Disagreeing politely:** It is important that you know how to present your ideas to a group without losing your temper, even when they do not agree with you. You can say things like –
 - Yes, you have a point but I disagree because
 - Maybe you are right but I feel that
 - Perhaps. However
- **Debating:** A debate is conducted by two teams. One team agrees with what is said and one doesn't. Learn the format of doing a debate and do a very simple one with four team members in a team. The whole class should participate so there will be more than one debate on the same theme.
Debate on the topic - "Zoos should be banned."

SONGS

1. Somewhere Over the Rainbow



Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high
There's a land that I heard of
Once in a lullaby

Somewhere over the rainbow
Skies are blue
And the dreams that you dare to
Dream really do come true

Someday I'll wish upon a star
And wake up where the clouds are far behind me
Where troubles melt like lemon drops
A way up from the chimney tops
That's where you'll find me

Somewhere over the rainbow
Bluebirds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow
Why, then oh why can't I?

If happy little bluebirds fly
Beyond the rainbow
Why, oh why can't I?

2. Fly to Your Heart

Selena Gomez

Watch all the flowers
Dance with the wind
Listen to snowflakes
Whisper your name

Feel all the wonder lifting your dreams
You can fly

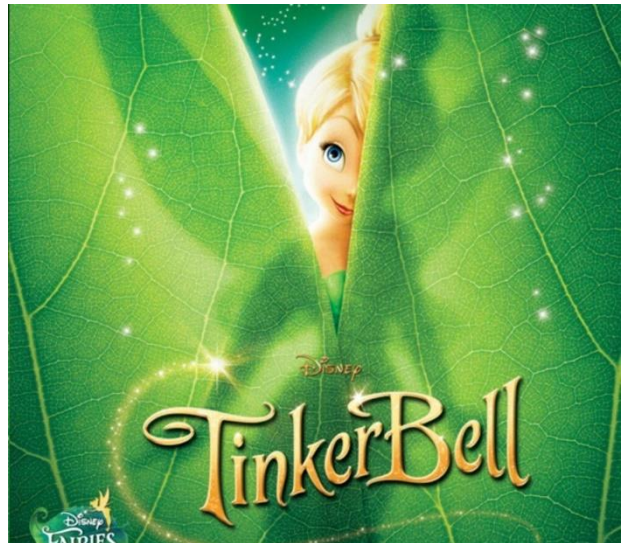
Fly to who you are
Climb upon your star
When you believe you'll find your wings
Fly to your heart

Touch every rainbow
Painting the sky
Look at the magic
Glide through your life

A sprinkle of pixie dust circles the night
You can fly

Fly to who you are
Climb upon your star
When you believe you'll find your wings, fly

Everywhere you go
Your soul will find a home
You'll be free to spread your wings
Fly, you can fly to your heart



3. Puff, the Magic Dragon



Puff, the magic dragon lived by the sea
And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee
Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff
And brought him strings, and sealing wax, and other fancy stuff

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail
Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail
Noble kings and princes would bow whenever they came
Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name

A dragon lives forever, but not so little boys
Painted wings and giant's rings make way for other toys
One gray night it happened, Jackie Paper came no more
And Puff, that mighty dragon, he ceased his fearless roar

His head was bent in sorrow, green scales fell like rain
Puff no longer went to play along the cherry lane
Without his lifelong friend, Puff could not be brave
So Puff, that mighty dragon, sadly slipped into his cave

4. I Don't Want to Live on the Moon

Song by Ernie and Shawn Colvin

Well, I'd like to visit the moon
On a rocket ship high in the air
Yes, I'd like to visit the moon
But I don't think I'd like to live there

Though I'd like to look down at the Earth
from above
I would miss all the places and people I love
So although I might like it for one afternoon
I don't want to live on the moon

I'd like to travel under the sea
I could meet all the fish everywhere
Yes, I'd travel under the sea
But I don't think I'd like to live there

I might stay for a day there if I had my wish
But there's not much to do
When your friends are all fish
And an oyster and clam are not real family
So I don't want to live in the sea

I'd like to visit the jungle
Hear the lions roar
Go back in time and meet a dinosaur
There's so many strange places I'd like to be
But none of them permanently

So, if I should visit the moon
Well, I'll dance on a moonbeam and then
I would make a wish on a star
And I'll wish I was home once again

Though I'd like to look down at the Earth from above
I would miss all the places and people I love
So although I may go, I'll be coming home soon
'Cause I don't want to live on the moon



5. The Second Star to the Right

Song by Judd Conlon

The second star to the right
Shines in the night for you
To tell you that the dreams you plan
Really can come true
The second star to the right
Shines with a light that's rare
And if it's Never Land you need
It's light will lead you there

Twinkle, twinkle little star
So I'll know where you are
Gleaming in the skies above
Lead me to the one who loves me
And when you lead him away
Each time we say "Goodnight"
We'll thank the little star that shines
The second from the right



6. Where Does the Time Go

Song by A Great Big World

Where does the time go?
I don't want this to end
Where does the time go?
Let's hang on to the moment we're in

Of all the things we will remember
The good, the bad, and all the blessings in
disguise
Today will stick with me forever
Even if we have to say goodbye

Where does the time go?
I keep losing track
Where does the time go?
We're too young to get lost looking back

Life doesn't always give us answers
Some dots they won't connect until the years go by
If we're not meant to be together
Some day we'll know the reasons why

Where does the time go?
I don't want this to end
Where does the time go?
Let's hang on to the moment we're in



7. Do-Re-Mi

(A song from the film, The Sound of Music)



Let's start at the very beginning
A very good place to start
When you read, you begin with A-B-C
When you sing, you begin with Do-Re-Mi
Do-Re-Mi
Do-Re-Mi
The first three notes just happen to be
Do-Re-Mi
Do-Re-Mi
Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti

Alright, I'll make it easier. Listen.

Do, (Doe) a deer, a female deer
Re, (Ray) a drop of golden sun
Mi, (Me) a name, I call myself
Fa, (Far) a long, long way to run
So, (Sew) a needle pulling thread
La, (La) a note to follow So
Ti, (Tea) a drink with jam and bread
That will bring us back to Do, oh, oh, oh

Do-Re-Mi-Fa-So-La-Ti-Do, So-Do

POEMS

1. Star Light, Star Bright

**Star light, star bright,
The first star I see tonight;
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish tonight.**



- What are the other things you can see in the sky?
- If you had three wishes, what would you wish for? Why?
- What are your dreams? What do you want to be?
- There is a song by the famous group ABBA that talks about a dream – listen to it.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b-X-XezEC8>

Stand like the choir you saw earlier, and sing this song. The lyrics are given below.

I Have a Dream

ABBA

I have a dream, a song to sing,
to help me cope with anything.
If you see the wonder of a fairy tale,
you can take the future even if you fail.

I believe in angels –
something good in everything I see.
I believe in angels
when I know the time is right for me.
I'll cross the stream, I have a dream.

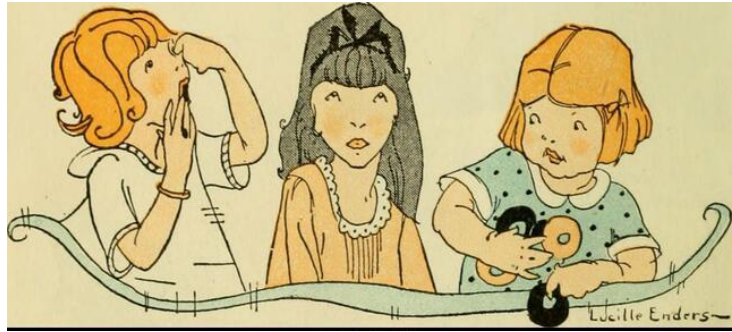


I have a dream, a fantasy,
to help me through reality.
And my destination makes it worth the while
pushing through the darkness still another mile.

- Learn a little about stars: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PeNuj2GH8xg>

2. To bed, to bed

**“To bed! To bed!”
Says Sleepy-head;
“Tarry awhile,” says Slow;
“Put on the pan,”
Says Greedy Nan;
“We’ll sup before we go.”**



- Say this poem aloud.
- Show someone being sleepy/being slow/being greedy.
- There are words that help describe someone or something. Greedy is a word that describes Nan. What are the other words that you can use to describe people?
- Describe the people you see in the picture.



- Come in front of the class and describe each member of your family. What makes that person special?

3. Silver - Walter de la Mare

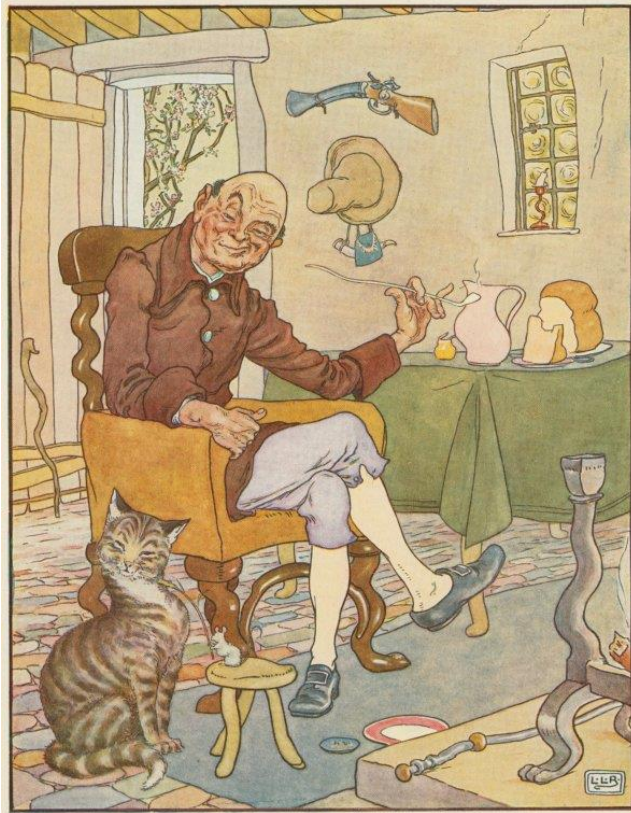


**Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.**

- What are the animals mentioned here?
- What are each of them doing? Can you show those in actions?
- Why is everything silver?
- Have you seen a moonlit night? Can you imagine your own home garden on moonlight and describe that?
- Learn a little bit about the moon by watching the video and then discuss with your class what you saw there.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JM21GBJecx0>

3. There Was a Crooked Man



**There was a crooked man, and he walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.**

- Walk crookedly. Though you do it here – if you do see someone with any kind of disability, it is very bad if you imitate them or laugh at them in anyway. We should respect every human being no matter what their physical problems might be.
- Walk in a line. Walk in a circle. Walk diagonally across the room. Walk zig zag.
- **Telling stories:**
Make up a story about all these crooked beings and tell it to the class. Why did he become crooked? What does he do during the day. What happened to him one day? Make it up – use your imagination – and tell your story. Describe the inside of this house and the personality of the man as well.

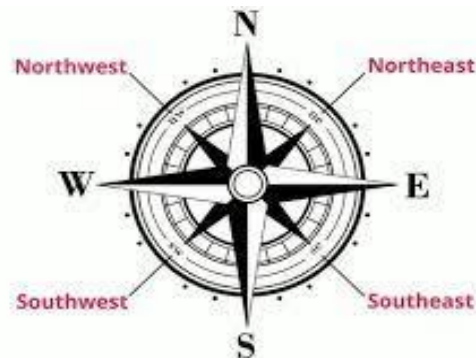
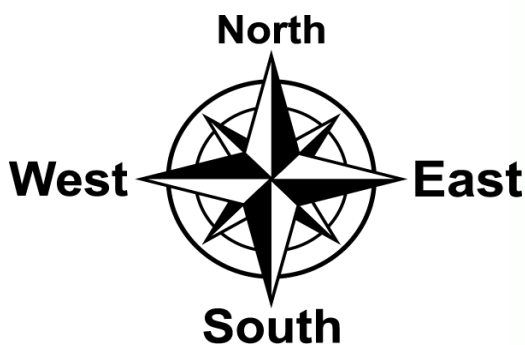
4. The Grand Old Duke of York



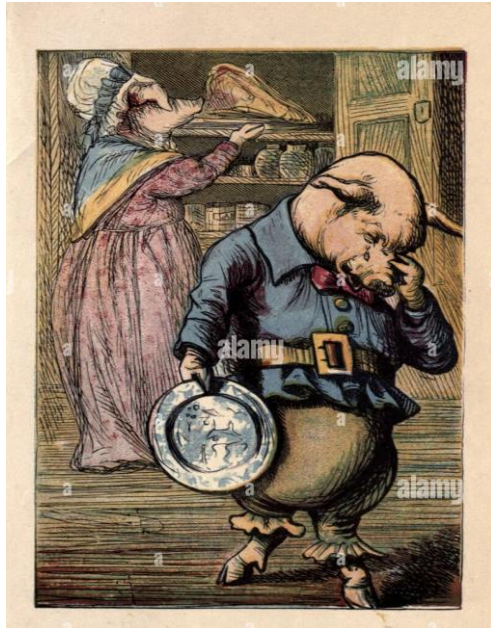
**Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.**

**And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half-way up,
They were neither up nor down**

- March around the class. If you can find a staircase, march up that in the third line. March down in the fourth line. Show where “neither up nor down” is.
- Learn the names of directions – North, South, East, West (Cardinal Directions)
 - North East, South East, North West, South West (Ordinal Directions)



5. This Little Piggy



**This little piggy went to the market,
This little piggy stayed home,
This little piggy had roast beef,
This little piggy had none,
And this little piggy cried wee wee wee
All the way home.**

- Take your friend's hand. Pretend each finger of one hand is a pig. The thumb is the pig that went to market, for example. Say the rhyme while shaking each finger according to the poem. On the last line, you can walk up the arm with "wee wee wee" and tickle him!
- Look at the pictures that have many things in it, and discuss ways of using saying how many things there are. For example: There are several plates on the table. There a few pictures on the table.



- Look around the class and use any words you learnt to describe what you can see: "There are many windows in this class", for example.
- The words 'several', 'many', 'a few' are used with things that you can count (countable nouns).



- The words 'some', 'a little', are used with words that you can't count like water and sand (uncountable nouns).

6. A Wise Old Owl



**A wise old owl lived in an oak
The more he saw the less he spoke
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that wise old bird?**

- According to this poem, is it better to talk a lot, or to listen and learn a lot?
- The owl is considered to be wise. What are the characteristics associated with other animals? Monkeys? Ants? Donkeys? Mules? Elephants? Foxes? Dogs?
- There is a well known children's story series called "Winnie the Pooh". They were books before they were turned into films and TV programmes. Animals are the characters in this – including an owl who is not very wise and certainly not quiet – with just one boy Christopher Robin, who belongs to the human world. The animals lived in a place called the 'Hundred Acre Wood'. You can watch a part of the programme with the Owl here:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PTrcIVjU8g8>
- Winnie the Pooh is the main character in this story series. He has a friend called Tigger too.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=koCytQkK76s>
- His friend, the Donkey, was called Eeyore. He was very often sad. But they didn't mind that. They treated him like friend, even if he was always sad and gloomy. That's what good friends do.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nOlhYGPZLvE>



7. The Swing – RL Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

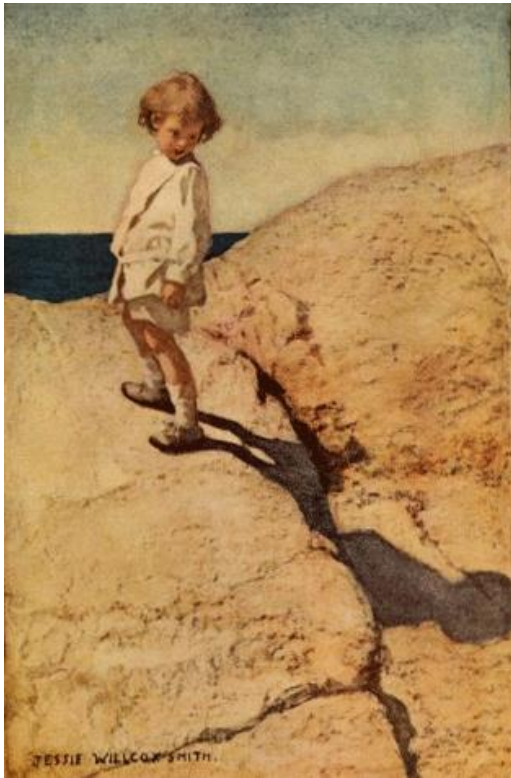


- Talk about something you like to do. What does it make you feel when you do that? Come in front of the class and talk about your favourite game.
- What are the games you like to play? Do you know what these games are shown below?



- You can play indoor games too: Indoor games: chess/carrom/board games like Monopoly/ Scrabble/ Hangman (spelling game)
- Play 'Hangman'. Your teacher will tell you how.

8. My Shadow – RL Stevenson



**I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.
The funniest things about him is the way he likes to grow-
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.
He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!
One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.**

- What causes shadows? What is the scientific explanation to what this poet says in a poetic way? Watch this to find out about shadows. One explains what a shadow is.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YuUJCNzfoBw>
- This is book that talks about the same thing
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mdW7xyH7mXs>

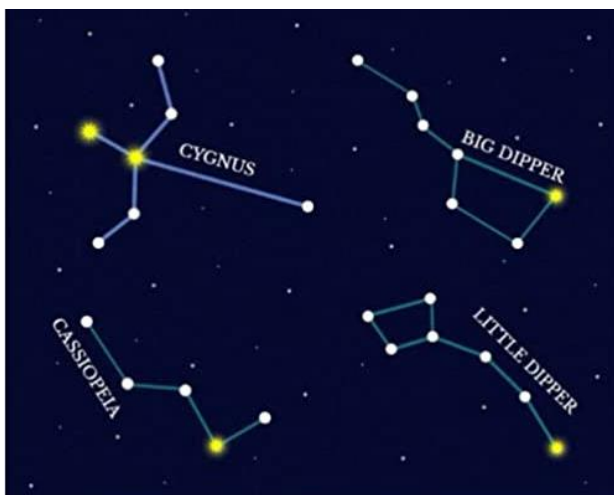
9. Escape at Bedtime – Robert Louis Stevenson

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.



The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

- What are the constellations? Learn their names and shapes. This is a video about them that you can watch.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pqis3gZwVaY>
- Why would the pail have stars?
- The poet compares the stars to two things, and says they were more in number than those. What are the two things he compares them with?



10. The Moon – RL Stevenson



**The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.**

**The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.**

**But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.**

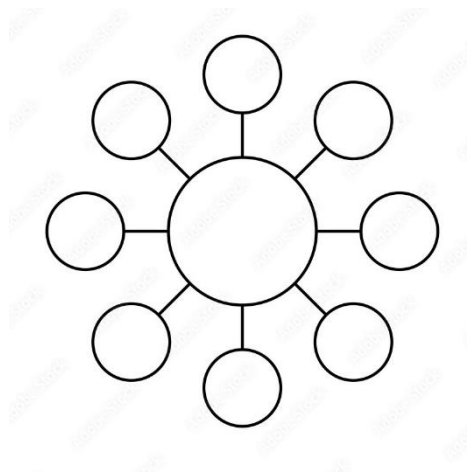
- Who are the animals mentioned here?
- All the animals have a word that describe a sound they make? What do these do -
 - Dogs
 - Cats
 - Cows
 - Crows
 - Birds
 - Snakes
 - Donkeys
- Which animals move at night? Which animals are active during the day? An animal that moves at night is called a nocturnal animal. A well-known nocturnal animal is the bat, and these videos have some information about them:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NBCODnTUOrY>
and <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2Mii45v85YY>
You will be using this information to write an essay, so watch these carefully:

Writing an essay

Gathering information - Discuss what you learnt here with your class. Rewatch if something was unclear. It's good to research on the subject before you write an essay on it.

Organizing your ideas well - Learn to organize your ideas well. That always makes the essay better.

A paragraph is used for one main idea. You can use various ways to organize your ideas. Some people use mind maps like the spider diagram.



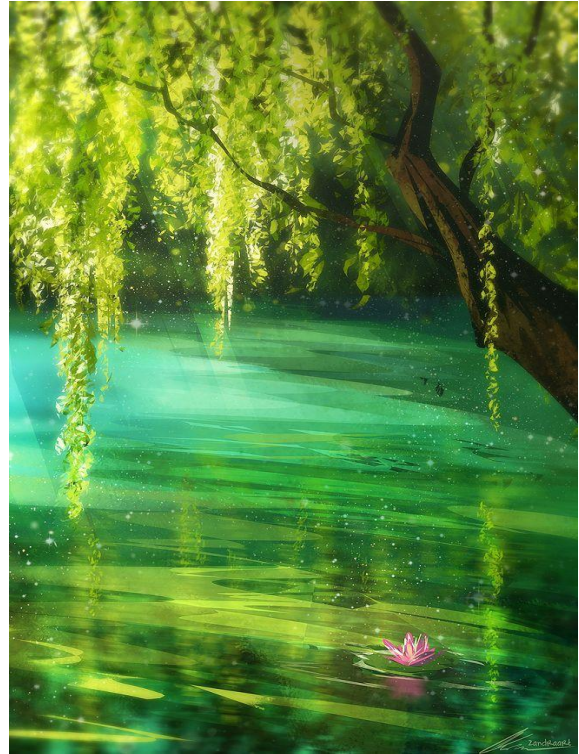
- Write the essay with a good beginning – which is like an introduction – to catch the reader's attention. Have a good ending paragraph too – which is like a brief summary of what was said before.
- Enjoy your writing!

11. The Arrow and the Song – Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

**I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.**

**I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?**

**Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.**

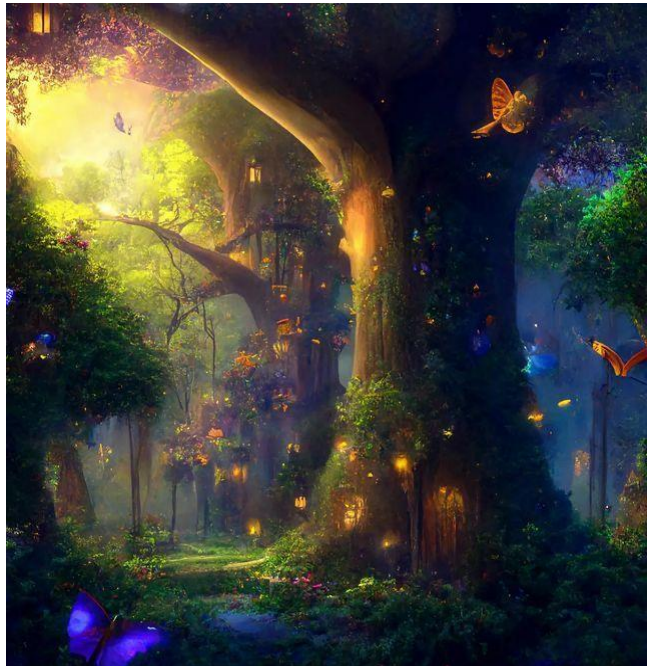


- What are the two things that the poet threw in the air?
- Did he see them come down?
- Where was the arrow?
- Where was the song?
- What is the poet trying to say here? What is more harmful, an arrow or a song? What created more beauty?
- Poets often say things indirectly. What do you think an arrow symbolizes? What is the song a symbol of? Figurative language talks about things indirectly. Literal language talks directly about things as they are.

12. Dream Variations – Langston Hughes

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
 Dark like me—
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening . . .
A tall, slim tree . . .
Night coming tenderly
 Black like me.



- Why does the poet say ‘dark like me’? What colour do you think he is? What the two colours associated with the people of the world?
- Watch this video. You will learn a little about the history of the USA and its colour politics. Discuss with your class how this can be relevant to your own life.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WKEGou1zPII>

Adjectives and Adverbs

- A lot of words are used for description in this poem. What is the tree like? The evening? Words describe things are called adjectives.
- Some words describe actions. How does the boy throw his arms out? How does the night come? Words that describe verbs are called adverbs.

Game: Show these actions

A teacher will call up a student and give him a verb and an adverb. Act out what she wants. For example - Run fast/walk slowly/shout loudly/talk softly etc.

STORIES

The Bundle of Sticks (Aesop's Fable)



There was once a farmer who had five sons. He was very happy when they were born, because he had thought that he will have a strong and happy family which worked together, laughed together and looked after each other always. After all, in a world where there were many enemies, it is important that there was family to protect each other.

But the brothers were not united. They were jealous of each other and didn't help each other prosper. They didn't work together in the harvesting of fields, they didn't help with the clearing of land, so everything took longer, became harder. The father saw what was happening and felt very worried.

One day he collected a bundle of sticks together. He tied it with a rope. Then he called all his five sons to him.

"Take this bundle of sticks, each of you in turn," he said. "Then try to break it in half."

The first son took the bundle of sticks tied with the rope and tried to break it. It didn't even bend. Then the second son tried. Not a stick was harmed. So the bundle of sticks passed from son to son but no one could break it. The father watched them struggle. And then took the unharmed bundle of sticks and laid it on the floor before them. He took off the rope that tied them together. The sticks fell apart and scattered around. Then he told his sons to now break the sticks.

Each son took a stick up and broke it easily. Soon the whole bundle lay in pieces.

Then the father said, "Do you see what protected the sticks before? It was the rope that tied and held them together. When they were together, no one could break them or harm them. When they fell apart and were alone, it was easy to snap them in half. People are like that too. When they stand together or stay together protecting each other, it is very difficult to harm them. When a family or any group has love and caring tying them together like this rope tied the sticks, no one from outside can harm them. That is what you should all learn."

The sons looked at the broken sticks on the ground and understood what the father was trying to show them. They worked together as a family after that and prospered well, all of them.



- What does being united mean? Can you find some examples and talk about it? What does fighting do to any group? A family, a classroom? A country? Can you discuss this with a group and talk about it in front of the class.
- Make a little skit based on this story.

Film - Trolls (1)

- Post film discussion - How did the trolls finally escape? What has unity got to do with it?
- Is eating a troll a right way of finding happiness? How can happiness be found? What do you think? What makes you happy? Name three things that make you happy.
- Who is the main character in this film? What is special about her?
- How is she different from the boy in the beginning of the film? What changes in the end of the film about the boy?

The Lion and the Mouse

(Aesop's Fable)

In a vast forest there lived a mighty lion. He was considered the king of that jungle. His roar was loud and powerful. Animals stepped aside when he walked through. He was feared by all but also respected. The animals knew he was as just as he was strong.

One hot afternoon, when the sun was at its highest, the lion lay in front of his cave, sleeping with his head on his large paws. A small mouse was scurrying nearby in search of food. He was not aware that he was near the lion's den. With his eyes on the ground, the mouse ran in front of the cave and then over the lion's nose. Startled, the lion got up and saw the mouse and slapped his large paw over the mouse's tail. The poor creature was trapped. He was terrified and he saw the lion's fearsome face right next to him.

"Oh, good sir, please forgive me," he squeaked. "I didn't see you there. It was truly a mistake to run across your face."



The lion roared, angry to be woken up. He was about to kill the mouse.

"Please, please, spare me," the mouse begged. "You will not regret it. I promise to help you in any way I can in the future."

The lion laughed, his anger forgotten. "You help me?" he asked the mouse incredulously. "How can a small puny mouse help a powerful lion like me?"

"I don't know, my lord," said the mouse. "But I know that a kindness shown is never wasted."

The lion was good animal so he let the mouse go. The small creature hurried away, and the lion did not expect to see him again.

Then one day, when the lion was walking through the forest, a great misfortune befell him. A hunter who had long planned to capture the lion, had lain a huge trap for him, and he walked straight into it. Soon he was tied down with ropes on all four sides. No matter how hard he tried to pull away, he couldn't break loose. He let out a roar of anger. The whole forest heard him – but they were scared and no one came near. Soon the hunter will come and kill him. They didn't know how to stop that.

But as the lion roared, and his voice was getting weaker and weaker with the effort of trying to escape, a small scurrying sound was heard and there, coming towards him, was the mouse that he had set free some time back. The lion fell silent in surprise.

“I heard you, my lord,” said the mouse. “Stay still. I can gnaw through these ropes in a few moments.” And the lion watched the small mouse use his sharp scissor-like teeth to gnaw through the tight ropes that all his strength had not been able to break. The mouse worked quickly and efficiently. Snap went one rope. Snap went the other. Snap! Snap! The lion was free!



The powerful animal came towards the little mouse and bowed his head. “You saved my life,” he said.

“And you saved me once,” said the mouse. “I told you my lord, a kindness is never wasted.”

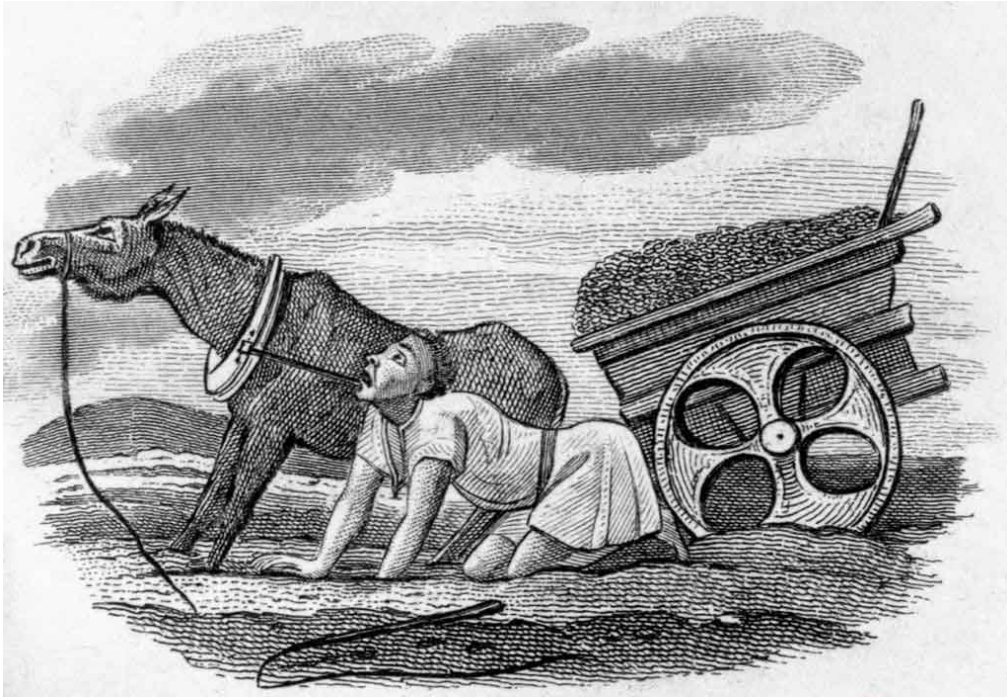


- What is the moral of this story?
- What should very powerful people remember?
- What is a quality that the mouse had which is very admirable?
- Who are the animals you think are powerful? They are often called predators.
- Who are the animals who are called weak? They are often called prey.

Film: Zootopia

- Post film discussion
 - Why did they laugh at the Bunny who wanted to be a policeman at first?
 - What made her special?
 - What was special about Zootopia at the beginning?
 - What was the problem that soon began to affect it?
 - Who is the villain of this story? What reasons did she give for becoming a villain? What do you think about those reasons?

Hercules and the Wagoner (Aesop's Fable)



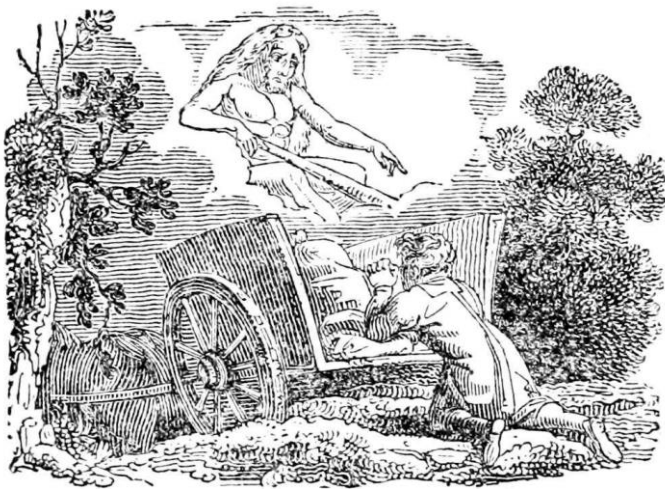
Once a man went on a journey with his wagon heavy with sacks of grain. The man was not used to taking weight around. He only knew how to sit in the wagon and travel, looking around as he went and feeling the breeze on his face. But his mule was young and could pull weight without much difficulty, so he didn't have a problem for much of his journey. He sat comfortably and happily while the mule pulled the wagon along the gravel road.

But just then the sunny road got darker because a rain cloud had passed over the sun. The man looked up worriedly. Yes, it was going to rain. And there was no shelter anywhere near. So when the downpour started, all that the man could do was continue to travel while hugging his coat tighter around him and pulling his cap lower on his forehead. The mule continued to walk in the rain. The road was turning muddy and it was harder to pull the wagon.

It rained on and on as they went forward and soon the road was so muddy that the mule slowed down to a crawl. The man was cold and was beginning to close his eyes in drowsiness. Suddenly he was jolted awake because the wagon had fallen into a muddy hole and was stuck. The mule strained and strained but he could not pull it out.

The man got down and cried out in frustration. He didn't do anything to pull the wagon out. But he shouted loudly and cursed his bad luck. He called upon the God Hercules to come to his aid. He called so loudly and long that Hercules actually heard him and came down to earth to see what the problem was. He saw that this man was standing there doing nothing but cursing his bad luck.

"Really? You stand there and do nothing and complain and whine and expect a God to help you? Put your shoulder to the wheel first – you try your best before anything else – and then the gods will aid you. If you do not put your effort in first, no help will come," said Hercules.



The man looked at Hercules in surprise. He saw the god angry and frowning at him. The man got down to the mud, where the wagon was sunk. He began to push the wagon. He got his feet and hands muddy. But he kept on pushing. The wheels moved up the hole a bit. He didn't give up. He pushed and pushed. And then he found that the wheels moved readily and the mule could pull the whole wagon up. The problem was over. The wagon was

on smooth ground now. He looked at Hercules who was now smiling.

The man let the rain wash away his mud and sat on the wagon again. He and the mule continued the journey. And soon the sun came out and the path became beautiful again. A cool breeze blew and the flowers waved at the wagon that passed carrying a much wiser man than before.

- What is the moral of this story?
- Is hard work important? Why?

Film: Karate Kid

- Post film discussion
 - What made the young man become a good fighter at the end?
 - Could he have got there without working and training hard?
 - What kind of teacher was this? Do you like him? Why or why not?
 - What is the moral of the film?
 - Talk about the characters in this film. Describe a few. Which is your favourite one? Why do you like him or her?

Films for extra viewing

(Watch these if you manage to find the time. If you do, you can discuss these in class.)

Percy and the Lightning Thief.

Post film discussion:

- Who were the gods mentioned here?
- How important are friends in your life? Talk about the friends you have.

More friend-related movies -

Charlotte's Web//ET/Finding Nemo

The Emperor's New Clothes

Once upon a time, in a country far away, there was an emperor who loved clothes. He did not care about his people, he did not care about his soldiers, he did not care about education or food or medicine or music – he only cared about his clothes. So he kept on buying new clothes. He spent all the money on getting new clothes made for himself. He had a new dress for every day. He sent messages everywhere for people to come and give him newer and newer material and suits.



One day, two rogues heard about this emperor. They came to his court and they told him, “We can weave you the most beautiful and magical cloth ever seen on this earth. And we can make you a very majestic suit out of it.”

“Please make it,” said the king eagerly.

“But this is a very very special cloth,” said the rogues. “Only clever people can see it. Stupid people who are not suitable for their position in society cannot see it. It’s a very wonderful material. That is why we want to give it to your majesty, who is a very wonderful and intelligent person.”

“Yes, yes, yes,” said the emperor. “Please make it. Then I can see who is unfit for their jobs in my land.”

“We need a lot of gold, the finest silk, gold thread and two weaving machines and a place to work,” said the rogues.

The emperor gave them everything. The rogues packed everything away and pretended to work at their looms. They worked all day. They worked all night. They wove nothing, but pretended that there was cloth being woven.

The emperor came to see the cloth. He could see nothing. “Am I unintelligent? Am I not suitable for my job?” he thought and went away troubled. Everyone in the country now knew that only wise people could see the cloth. He thought he will get others to see the cloth and get their opinion of it.

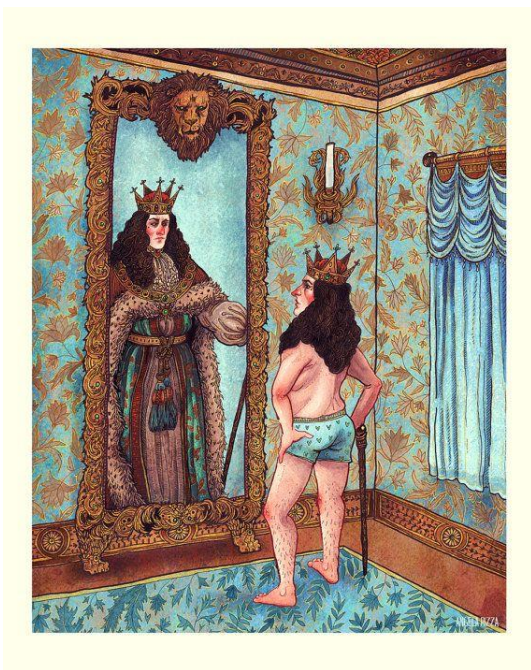
He sent his ministers there and asked them to see what the material looked like. The rogues took them to the loom and pointed at nothing. “Isn’t this beautiful?” they asked. “Aren’t the colors splendid? Just look at this design here! Isn’t it magnificent?”

The ministers did not want the others to think that they could not see anything. They did not want others to think that they didn’t deserve their jobs. So they said,

“Yes, it’s very beautiful.” “The colours are lovely!” “How magnificent it looks.” They went to the emperor and told him the same thing.

The emperor sent his military next. They said the same thing.

The emperor sent the teachers, they said the same things.



The emperor sent in ordinary citizens. They did not want to look stupid. So they said the same thing.

A big procession was organized to show off the new clothes to all the people. They were all very excited. They all knew about this special suit now. The rogues asked for more and more gold thread and silks. They packed it all away in their bags and pretended to work at the empty loom. The night before the procession, they got lamps lit all round their room and worked away with needles and thread. They pretended to cut and sew and look at – nothing.

In the morning, the rogues came in pretending to carry something heavy in their hands. They held up the “dress” and said, “Have you ever seen anything more beautiful than this, your

majesty?”

“No indeed,” said the emperor. He did not see anything. But he did not want his people to think that he was stupid.

“We will dress you if you take off your clothes,” said the rogues. So the emperor did. He was naked but no one wanted to admit that they could not see the suit, so they did not say anything. The rogues pretended to dress him carefully. They smoothed out the collar, tightened his trousers, spread out the cape and asked the noblemen to carry the end of the cape. They couldn’t see anything, but they held their hands out and the rogues carefully arranged the cape on their palms.

“You look magnificent,” said the rogues.

“Yes, yes, yes, you look wonderful” said the ministers and the military and teachers and everyone else.

The band started playing music. And the procession started moving forward. There were hundreds of people lining the roads, because they all wanted to see this magnificent dress. Everyone gasped seeing the naked emperor. But no one wanted to say anything. They did not want anyone to think they were stupid. So they all said, Wow! Magnificent! Lovely! Majestic!



But a small child in the crowd shouted out, “The emperor is naked.” Everyone heard her, including the emperor. He looked down and saw that he had no clothes. The noblemen dropped their hands. They realized that they were holding nothing. Everyone saw the naked emperor. They all started laughing and hooting. They shouted, “The Emperor is naked.”

The emperor hurried back to his palace and called for the rogues to be beheaded. But the rogues had long gone with their gold and gold threads and their expensive silks.

- What is the moral of this story?
- Why is it easy to fool some people?
- What kind of person would be the best friend that such a person could have?
- Why do the people around the king not tell him the truth?
- Did the King deserve the ridicule? Why do you think so?

Writing a drama script

Get into groups. Write a small script based on this story.

Drama

Practice first and act the script out in front of the class.

Film: The Lion King

Post film discussion

- What makes a good king?
- What does it mean to be a good leader?
- Why did the hyenas do what they did to Scar at the end? What does that teach you about leadership?
- What can guilt do to a person? What happened to Simba because of it? What does guilt mean?
- Would you like an ‘Akuna Matata’ lifestyle? Do you think it’s good? Why or why not?

The Ugly Duckling

Once upon a time, a mother sat on five eggs near a river. She kept them warm, watching the beautiful water flow beside her. She was very happy. She waited for the babies to be born. She was looking forward to swimming with them in the river.

On one fine day, when the sun was shining brightly, the first egg cracked. A very sweet yellow duckling emerged out. He went chirping to his mother. The mother was delighted. Then the second egg hatched, and the third – and soon there were five bright and joyful little ducklings dancing around their mother. “Let’s go into the water,” they said. “Let’s go in the water, let’s go in the water,” they said.

But there was another egg left. It was larger than the others and a bit darker. The mother looked at it and said, “Hmmm, let’s wait a bit. There is another one to come.” So they waited around watching the egg, impatiently, while the sun shone down on them and the wind blew across the reeds. And then a small line appeared on the egg – it became bigger and bigger and crack! – a bird emerged from the shell.

But it was not a duckling like the others. It was dark and greyish and did not have the cheerful yellow that the rest of the ducklings had.

“Eww – who is this?” asked one of the ducklings.

“He is ugly,” said another.

“Why does he walk so funny?” asked another.

Indeed, he did walk clumsily. His feet were large and when he moved, it didn’t look sweet or graceful. He couldn’t run quickly to his mother like the others had. The mother said hurriedly,

“Come, come, into the water with all of you.”

They all fell into line behind her as she walked to the river, five ducklings walking smartly and one swaying clumsily after them all.

In the water it was the same. The five yellow ducklings could swim very well after a few moments. The grey ugly one could only waddle around in fear. It didn’t take long for the others to laugh at him and call him names. The mother tried to help him all she could, but he could not learn to swim more smoothly or walk more gracefully.

“He is stupid”

“He cannot learn.”



“He is so ugly,” were all that the ugly duckling could hear day after day. His mother felt sad and tried to make her other children kinder but she could not do that. On a particularly bad day, listening to how scornful his siblings sounded towards him, ugly duckling decided to



run away. He didn't want to be laughed at any more. He didn't want to cause his mother worry anymore. He waddled out of the river, flapped his wings dry, and sadly walked away with his head down.

He walked and he walked and he walked. He passed hens and cows and sheep and horses. Near everyone he waited a little bit, hoping that they will ask him to stay and be their friend. But no one even looked at him. They didn't want to even talk to him because he looked so miserable and ugly. So he kept on walking.

The ugly duckling ended up in a small garden that belonged to an old woman who lived there with her hen and her cat. They discovered the ugly duckling in the corner of the yard cold and shivering in the rain. The old woman thought she will be able to get more eggs

if she kept this duck with her. So she carried the trembling bird inside her house, kept it near the fire, and gave it some food. The ugly duckling soon felt better. The cat and the hen looked at this bird curiously.

“Can you lay eggs?” asked the hen. “No,” said the ugly duckling.

“Can you purr and make the old woman happy?” asked the cat. “No,” said the ugly duckling.

“Useless creature. You will not be allowed to stay here long, we are sure,” they said. And sure enough, when the old woman saw that the ugly duckling could do nothing but stand sadly in the corner, she shooed him away with a broom after a few days.

“You are so ugly you make this whole house sad,” she said as she tried to sweep him outside.



The ugly duckling felt scared and ran away from the broom as fast as he could. He ran down the steps and across the yard. He ran down the road as far as he could from that house and hid in some reeds near the river. Tears were falling from his eyes. He heard some rustling and looked up. And there in the sky, were some white birds who looked more beautiful and elegant than any other animal he had seen before. They looked so wonderful that the ugly duckling forgot to cry and stared at them in admiration. He saw how they all flew together and looked like a family that liked being together.

“How I wish I could be as beautiful and as happy as them,” he thought, looking up at them through the reeds. He watched them till they flew away and passed out of sight.

The ugly duckling tried to live alone near that river, hiding in those reeds. He didn’t want anyone to see him even though he was lonely. He didn’t want anyone to laugh at him or call him ugly.

But soon the winter came. The weather grew colder and colder. The ugly duckling found it hard to swim because the water was freezing over too. One day, as the thin ice trapped him in the corner of the river and he lay there shivering, thinking that he was going to die, a kind old man who was passing saw him and came to him.

“Oh, you poor thing,” he said and picked him up gently and held the duckling against his chest. The man quickly took him to his farmhouse and kept him near the fire. The ugly duckling felt the warmth come creeping through his frozen body. Slowly, slowly he opened his eyes and knew that he was saved from death.

That whole winter the kind old man tended to the ugly duckling. He gave him food. And more importantly he gave him kind words. He gave him love. The ugly duckling slowly grew stronger.

Winter ended and Spring came. The snow melted away and the trees outside grew green leaves and suddenly burst into flower. The water of the river thawed and they could hear it gurgling down happily. One fine warm day the old man carried the ugly duckling to the river and let him into the water. The ugly duckling found that he could swim easily into the middle of the river. He felt strong and confident. Suddenly he caught sight of a beautiful white bird in the water. Surprised he looked up at the sky. Had those beautiful birds come back? But there was no one there. There was only him. He looked at the bird below him again. The beautiful bird looked back at him. The ugly duckling lifted a wing. The bird lifted a wide strong shining white wing as well. That was him, the ugly duckling realized. That beautiful bird was him!

Just then he heard the rustling of wings again and looked up. The group of beautiful white birds were back. And they all looked just like him. They circled above him and landed on the water next to him. They spoke excitedly to him and asked who he was.

“Will you be our friend?” they asked.

The ugly duckling could hardly believe it. “Yes,” he said, happily.



So they all opened their strong wings and rose to the sky. They flew as a flock over rivers and forests and sometimes towns. All the people who saw them could be heard exclaiming, “What beautiful swans they are!”

Sometimes the ugly duckling, who was now a swan, thought he could see his old family of ducks still waddling in the water in the river. He never wanted to see them again though. He now belonged elsewhere.

- Why was the duckling made to feel ugly?
- Would he have been treated differently if he was in the place he was supposed to be?
- What can you do if you are made to feel bad about yourself. This duckling ran away. Is that a possible answer to human beings? What can you do instead?
- Have you ever made the mistake of making someone feel bad about themselves? Talk about it if so.
- Have you ever made anyone feel good about themselves. Talk about that too.
- Why is it important never to look down at anyone?

Film: Kung Fu Panda

- Post film discussion -
 - Describe all the Warriors. Which one do you like best from among the friends?
 - What do you think of Po’s teacher Master Shifu? Is he a good teacher? What makes you say that? What makes a good teacher according to you?
 - What does the fact that the scroll is blank tell you? What does Po realize at the end? What helped him realize it?
 - How did Po get confidence? Did it come because he did nothing, or because he did something to deserve it?
- Why do you think Master Shifu didn’t appreciate Tigress?
- What happened to Tigress because she wasn’t appreciated? What kind of personality does she have now? What does that tell you about how children should be treated.

The Lumber Room

Saki

(Edited Version)

The children were to be driven, as a special treat, to the sands at Jagborough. Nicholas, in trouble, was not to attend. Only that morning he had refused to eat his bread-and-milk claiming there was a frog in it. Older and wiser people had told him that there could not possibly be a frog in his bread-and-milk and that he was not to talk nonsense; but he continued and described in great detail the coloration and markings of the frog. “You said there couldn’t possibly be a frog in my bread-and-milk; there was a frog in my bread-and-milk,” he repeated, with the



insistence of a skilled tactician who does not intend to shift from favorable ground.

So, his boy-cousin and girl-cousin and his younger brother were to be taken to Jagborough sands that afternoon and he was to stay at home. His cousins’ aunt, who insisted in calling herself his aunt also, had invented the Jagborough trip in order to impress on Nicholas the fun that he had given up by his disgraceful conduct at the breakfast-table. It was her habit, whenever one of the children misbehaved, to create some special trip from which the offender would be left out; if all the children sinned collectively they were suddenly informed of a circus in a neighboring town, a circus of unrivalled merit and uncounted elephants, to which, but for their depravity, they would have been taken that very day.

As the party drove away the aunt commanded, “You are not to go into the gooseberry garden.”

“Why not?” demanded Nicholas.

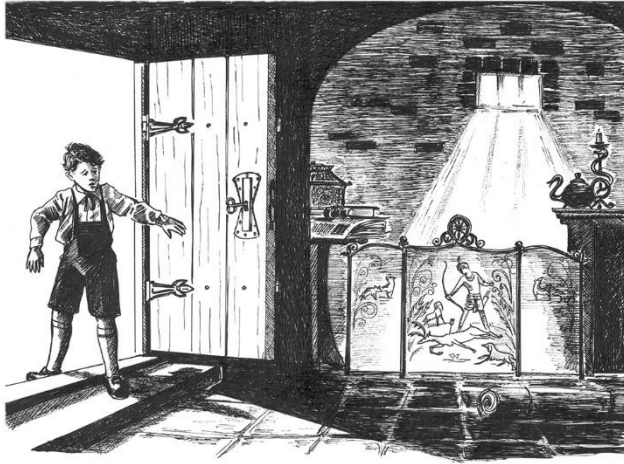
“Because you are in trouble,” said the aunt loftily.

Nicholas did not admit the flawlessness of the reasoning; he felt perfectly capable of being in trouble and in a gooseberry garden at the same time. It was clear to his aunt that he was determined to get into the gooseberry garden, “only,” as she remarked to herself, “because I have told him he is not to.”

Now the gooseberry garden had two doors by which it might be entered, and once a small person like Nicholas slipped in there he could basically disappear from view amid the growth of artichokes, raspberry canes, and fruit bushes. The aunt had many other things to do that afternoon, but she spent an hour or two in trivial gardening operations among flower beds and shrubberies, where she could keep a watchful eye on the two doors that led to the forbidden paradise.

Nicholas made one or two trips into the front garden, wriggling his way with obvious stealth of purpose towards one or other of the doors, but never able for a moment to evade the aunt’s watchful eye. As a matter of fact, he had no intention of trying to get into the gooseberry garden, but it was convenient for him that his aunt believe that he had; it was a belief that would

keep her busy for the greater part of the afternoon. Having thoroughly confirmed her suspicions Nicholas slipped back into the house and rapidly put into execution a plan of action that had long developed in his brain. By standing on a chair in the library one could reach a shelf which held a fat, important looking key. The key was as important as it looked as it kept the mysteries of the lumber-room secure from unauthorized intrusion. The key turned stiffly in the lock, but it turned. The door opened, and Nicholas was in an unknown land.



Often Nicholas had pictured what the lumber-room might be like, it was so carefully sealed from youthful eyes and about which no questions were ever answered. It lived up to his expectations. It was large and dimly lit, one high window opening on to the forbidden garden being its only source of light and was a storehouse of unimagined treasures. The aunt was one of those people who think that things spoil by use and consign them to dust and damp by way of preserving them. The parts of the house Nicholas knew best

were bare and cheerless, but here there were wonderful things for the eye to feast on. There was a piece of framed tapestry that was evidently meant to be a fire-screen. To Nicholas it was a living, breathing story; telling of a story of a huntsman in some remote time period. Nicholas sat for many minutes reliving the possibilities of the scene.

There were other objects of delight and interest claiming his instant attention: there were twisted candlesticks in the shape of snakes, and a teapot fashioned like a china duck, out of whose open beak the tea was supposed to come. How dull and shapeless the nursery teapot seemed in comparison! And there was a carved sandal-wood box packed tight with aromatic cotton-wool, and between the layers of cotton-wool were little brass figures, hump-necked bulls, and peacocks and goblins, delightful to see and to handle. Less promising in appearance was a large square book with plain black covers; Nicholas peeped into it, and, behold, it was full of colored pictures of birds. And such birds! In the garden, and in the lanes when he went for a walk, Nicholas came across a few birds, of which the largest were an occasional magpie or wood-pigeon; here were herons and bustards, kites, toucans, tiger-bitterns, brush turkeys, ibises, golden pheasants, a whole portrait gallery of undreamed-of creatures. As he was admiring the coloring of the mandarin duck and assigning a life-history to it, the shrill voice of his aunt caught his attention. She had grown suspicious at his long disappearance, and had leapt to the conclusion that he had climbed over the wall behind the screen of the lilac bushes; she was now engaged in energetic and rather hopeless search for him among the artichokes and raspberry canes.

“Nicholas, Nicholas!” she screamed, “you are to come out of this at once. It’s no use trying to hide there; I can see you all the time.”

The angry repetitions of Nicholas’ name gave way to a shriek, and a cry for somebody to come quickly. Nicholas shut the book, restored it carefully to its place in a corner, and shook some dust from a neighboring pile of newspapers over it. Then he crept from the room, locked the door, and replaced the key exactly where he had found it. His aunt was still calling his name when he sauntered into the front garden.

“Who’s calling?” he asked.

“Me,” came the answer from the other side of the wall; “didn’t you hear me? I’ve been looking for you in the gooseberry garden, and I’ve slipped into the rain-water tank. Luckily there’s no water in it, but the sides are slippery and I can’t get out. Fetch the little ladder from under the cherry tree —”

“I was told I wasn’t to go into the gooseberry garden,” said Nicholas promptly.

“I told you not to, and now I tell you that you may,” came the voice from the rainwater tank, rather impatiently.

“Your voice doesn’t sound like aunt’s,” objected Nicholas; “you may be the Evil One tempting me to be disobedient. Aunt often tells me that the Evil One tempts me and that I always yield. This time I’m not going to yield.”

“Don’t talk nonsense,” said the prisoner in the tank; “go and fetch the ladder.”

“Will there be strawberry jam for tea?” asked Nicholas innocently.

“Certainly, there will be,” said the aunt, privately resolving that Nicholas should have none of it.

“Now I know that you are the Evil One and not aunt,” shouted Nicholas gleefully; “when we asked aunt for strawberry jam yesterday she said there wasn’t any. I know there are four jars of it in the store cupboard, because I looked, and of course you know it’s there, but she doesn’t, because she said there wasn’t any. Oh, Devil, you have sold yourself!” He walked noisily away, and it was a kitchenmaid, in search of parsley, who eventually rescued the aunt from the rain-water tank.

Tea that evening was partaken of in a fearsome silence. The tide had been at its highest when the children had arrived at Jagborough Cove, so there had been no sands to play on — a circumstance that the aunt had overlooked in the haste of organizing her the expedition. The tightness of Bobby’s boots had had disastrous effect on his temper the whole of the afternoon, and altogether the children could not have been said to have enjoyed themselves. The aunt maintained the frozen muteness of one who has suffered undignified and unmerited detention in a rain-water tank for thirty-five minutes. As for Nicholas, he, too, was silent, in the absorption of one who has much to think about; as he imagined the treasures hidden in the lumber room.



Presenting a story out loud

- Make about four groups. Discuss this story, reading it again together if you wish. Come in front of the class and tell the story, each one of you in the group being in charge of one section, so that everyone presents.

After that, answer these questions too:

- What do you think about adults keeping good things away from children?
- What kind of a boy is Nicholas?
- What kind of a person is the aunt? What are the examples from the story that you can use to prove your point?

Films:

These two films deal with secrets.

The Secret Garden

- Post film discussion
 - Why was this garden kept a secret?
 - Was that a good idea?
 - Why do you think the boy recovered in the end?
 - How important is mental strength in doing anything, even gaining health in some instances?

Hugo

- Post film discussion
 - Why was the boy hiding in the clock tower of the station?
 - What was the secret that was kept for a long time in the girl's family?

The Happy Prince

Oscar Wilde

High above the city, on a tall column, stood the statue of the Happy Prince. He was gilded all over with thin leaves of fine gold, for eyes he had two bright sapphires, and a large red ruby glowed on his sword-hilt.

He was very much admired indeed. “He is as beautiful as a weathercock,” remarked one of the Town Councillors who wished to gain a reputation for having artistic tastes; “only not quite so useful,” he added, fearing lest people should think him impractical, which he really was not.

“Why can’t you be like the Happy Prince?” asked a sensible mother of her little boy who was crying for the moon. “The Happy Prince never dreams of crying for anything.”

“I am glad there is some one in the world who is quite happy,” muttered a disappointed man as he gazed at the wonderful statue.

“He looks just like an angel,” said the Charity Children as they came out of the cathedral in their bright scarlet cloaks and their clean white pinafores.

“How do you know?” said the Mathematical Master, “you have never seen one.”

“Ah! but we have, in our dreams,” answered the children; and the Mathematical Master frowned and looked very severe, for he did not approve of children dreaming.

One night there flew over the city a little Swallow. His friends had gone away to Egypt six weeks before, but he had stayed behind, for he was in love with the most beautiful Reed. He had met her early in the spring as he was flying down the river after a big yellow moth, and had been so attracted by her slender waist that he had stopped to talk to her.

“Shall I love you?” said the Swallow, who liked to come to the point at once, and the Reed made him a low bow. So he flew round and round her, touching the water with his wings, and making silver ripples. This was his courtship, and it lasted all through the summer.

“It is a ridiculous attachment,” twittered the other Swallows; “she has no money, and far too many relations”; and indeed the river was quite full of Reeds. Then, when the autumn came they all flew away.

After they had gone he felt lonely, and began to tire of his lady-love. “She has no conversation,” he said, “and I am afraid that she is a coquette, for she is always flirting with the wind.” And certainly, whenever the wind blew, the Reed made the most graceful curtsies. “I admit that she is domestic,” he continued, “but I love travelling, and my wife, consequently, should love travelling also.”



“Will you come away with me?” he said finally to her; but the Reed shook her head, she was so attached to her home.

“You have been trifling with me,” he cried. “I am off to the Pyramids. Good-bye!” and he flew away.

All day long he flew, and at night-time he arrived at the city. “Where shall I put up?” he said; “I hope the town has made preparations.”

Then he saw the statue on the tall column.

“I will put up there,” he cried; “it is a fine position, with plenty of fresh air.” So he alighted just between the feet of the Happy Prince.

“I have a golden bedroom,” he said softly to himself as he looked round, and he prepared to go to sleep; but just as he was putting his head under his wing a large drop of water fell on him. “What a curious thing!” he cried; “there is not a single cloud in the sky, the stars are quite clear and bright, and yet it is raining. The climate in the north of Europe is really dreadful. The Reed used to like the rain, but that was merely her selfishness.” Then another drop fell.

“What is the use of a statue if it cannot keep the rain off?” he said; “I must look for a good chimney-pot,” and he determined to fly away. But before he had opened his wings, a third drop fell, and he looked up, and saw—Ah! what did he see?

The eyes of the Happy Prince were filled with tears, and tears were running down his golden cheeks. His face was so beautiful in the moonlight that the little Swallow was filled with pity.



“Who are you?” he said.

“I am the Happy Prince.”

“Why are you weeping then?” asked the Swallow; “you have quite drenched me.”

“When I was alive and had a human heart,” answered the statue, “I did not know what tears were, for I lived in the Palace of Sans-Souci, where sorrow is not allowed to enter. In the daytime I played with my companions in the garden, and in the evening I led the dance in the Great Hall.

Round the garden ran a very lofty wall, but I never cared to ask what lay beyond it, everything about me was so beautiful. My courtiers called me the Happy Prince, and happy indeed I was, if pleasure be happiness. So I lived, and so I died. And now that I am dead they have set me up here so high that I can see all the ugliness and all the misery of my city, and though my heart is made of lead yet I cannot choose but weep.”

“What! is he not solid gold?” said the Swallow to himself. He was too polite to make any personal remarks out loud.

“Far away,” continued the statue in a low musical voice, “far away in a little street there is a poor house. One of the windows is open, and through it I can see a woman seated at a table. Her face is thin and worn, and she has coarse, red hands, all pricked by the needle, for she is a seamstress. She is embroidering passion-flowers on a satin gown for the loveliest of the Queen’s maids-of-honour to wear at the next Court-ball. In a bed in the corner of the room her little boy is lying ill. He has a fever, and is asking for oranges. His mother has nothing to give him but river water, so he is crying. Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow, will you not bring her the ruby out of my sword-hilt? My feet are fastened to this pedestal and I cannot move.”

“I am waited for in Egypt,” said the Swallow. “My friends are flying up and down the Nile, and talking to the large lotus-flowers. Soon they will go to sleep in the tomb of the great King. The King is there himself in his painted coffin. He is wrapped in yellow linen, and embalmed with spices. Round his neck is a chain of pale green jade, and his hands are like withered leaves.”

“Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “will you not stay with me for one night, and be my messenger? The boy is so thirsty, and the mother so sad.”

“I don’t think I like boys,” answered the Swallow. “Last summer, when I was staying on the river, there were two rude boys, the miller’s sons, who were always throwing stones at me. They never hit me, of course; we swallows fly far too well for that, and besides, I come of a family famous for its agility; but still, it was a mark of disrespect.”

But the Happy Prince looked so sad that the little Swallow was sorry. “It is very cold here,” he said; “but I will stay with you for one night, and be your messenger.”

“Thank you, little Swallow,” said the Prince.

So the Swallow picked out the great ruby from the Prince’s sword, and flew away with it in his beak over the roofs of the town.

He passed by the cathedral tower, where the white marble angels were sculptured. He passed by the palace and heard the sound of dancing. A beautiful girl came out on the balcony with her lover. “How wonderful the stars are,” he said to her, “and how wonderful is the power of love!”

“I hope my dress will be ready in time for the State-ball,” she answered; “I have ordered passion-flowers to be embroidered on it; but the seamstresses are so lazy.”

He passed over the river, and saw the lanterns hanging to the masts of the ships. He passed over the Ghetto, and saw the old Jews bargaining with each other, and weighing out money in copper scales. At last he came to the poor house and looked in. The boy was tossing feverishly on his bed, and the mother had fallen asleep, she was so tired. In he hopped, and laid the great ruby on the table beside the woman’s thimble. Then he flew gently round the bed, fanning the boy’s forehead with his wings. “How cool I feel,” said the boy, “I must be getting better”; and he sank into a delicious slumber.

Then the Swallow flew back to the Happy Prince, and told him what he had done. "It is curious," he remarked, "but I feel quite warm now, although it is so cold."

"That is because you have done a good action," said the Prince. And the little Swallow began to think, and then he fell asleep. Thinking always made him sleepy.

When day broke he flew down to the river and had a bath. "What a remarkable phenomenon," said the Professor of Ornithology as he was passing over the bridge. "A swallow in winter!" And he wrote a long letter about it to the local newspaper. Every one quoted it, it was full of so many words that they could not understand.

"To-night I go to Egypt," said the Swallow, and he was in high spirits at the prospect. He visited all the public monuments, and sat a long time on top of the church steeple. Wherever he went the Sparrows chirruped, and said to each other, "What a distinguished stranger!" so he enjoyed himself very much.

When the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince. "Have you any commissions for Egypt?" he cried; "I am just starting."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"I am waited for in Egypt," answered the Swallow. "To-morrow my friends will fly up to the Second Cataract. The river-horse couches there among the bulrushes, and on a great granite throne sits the God Memnon. All night long he watches the stars, and when the morning star shines he utters one cry of joy, and then he is silent. At noon the yellow lions come down to the water's edge to drink. They have eyes like green beryls, and their roar is louder than the roar of the cataract."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "far away across the city I see a young man in a garret. He is leaning over a desk covered with papers, and in a tumbler by his side there is a bunch of withered violets. His hair is brown and crisp, and his lips are red as a pomegranate, and he has large and dreamy eyes. He is trying to finish a play for the Director of the Theatre, but he is too cold to write any more. There is no fire in the grate, and hunger has made him faint."

"I will wait with you one night longer," said the Swallow, who really had a good heart. "Shall I take him another ruby?"

"Alas! I have no ruby now," said the Prince; "my eyes are all that I have left. They are made of rare sapphires, which were brought out of India a thousand years ago. Pluck out one of them and take it to him. He will sell it to the jeweller, and buy food and firewood, and finish his play."

"Dear Prince," said the Swallow, "I cannot do that"; and he began to weep.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you."

So the Swallow plucked out the Prince's eye, and flew away to the student's garret. It was easy enough to get in, as there was a hole in the roof. Through this he darted, and came into the room. The young man had his head buried in his hands, so he did not hear the flutter of

the bird's wings, and when he looked up he found the beautiful sapphire lying on the withered violets.

"I am beginning to be appreciated," he cried; "this is from some great admirer. Now I can finish my play," and he looked quite happy.

The next day the Swallow flew down to the harbour. He sat on the mast of a large vessel and watched the sailors hauling big chests out of the hold with ropes. "Heave a-hoy!" they shouted as each chest came up. "I am going to Egypt!" cried the Swallow, but nobody minded, and when the moon rose he flew back to the Happy Prince.

"I am come to bid you good-bye," he cried.

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "will you not stay with me one night longer?"

"It is winter," answered the Swallow, "and the chill snow will soon be here. In Egypt the sun is warm on the green palm-trees, and the crocodiles lie in the mud and look lazily about them. My companions are building a nest in the Temple of Baalbec, and the pink and white doves are watching them, and cooing to each other. Dear Prince, I must leave you, but I will never forget you, and next spring I will bring you back two beautiful jewels in place of those you have given away. The ruby shall be redder than a red rose, and the sapphire shall be as blue as the great sea."

"In the square below," said the Happy Prince, "there stands a little match-girl. She has let her matches fall in the gutter, and they are all spoiled. Her father will beat her if she does not bring home some money, and she is crying. She has no shoes or stockings, and her little head is bare. Pluck out my other eye, and give it to her, and her father will not beat her."

"I will stay with you one night longer," said the Swallow, "but I cannot pluck out your eye. You would be quite blind then."

"Swallow, Swallow, little Swallow," said the Prince, "do as I command you." So he plucked out the Prince's other eye, and darted down with it. He swooped past the match-girl, and slipped the jewel into the palm of her hand. "What a lovely bit of glass," cried the little girl; and she ran home, laughing.

Then the Swallow came back to the Prince. "You are blind now," he said, "so I will stay with you always."

"No, little Swallow," said the poor Prince, "you must go away to Egypt."

"I will stay with you always," said the Swallow, and he slept at the Prince's feet.

All the next day he sat on the Prince's shoulder, and told him stories of what he had seen in strange lands. He told him of the red ibises, who stand in long rows on the banks of the Nile, and catch gold-fish in their beaks; of the Sphinx, who is as old as the world itself, and lives in the desert, and knows everything; of the merchants, who walk slowly by the side of their camels, and carry amber beads in their hands; of the King of the Mountains of the Moon, who is as black as ebony, and worships a large crystal; of the great green snake that sleeps in a

palm-tree, and has twenty priests to feed it with honey-cakes; and of the pygmies who sail over a big lake on large flat leaves, and are always at war with the butterflies.

“Dear little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you tell me of marvellous things, but more marvellous than anything is the suffering of men and of women. There is no Mystery so great as Misery. Fly over my city, little Swallow, and tell me what you see there.”

So the Swallow flew over the great city, and saw the rich making merry in their beautiful houses, while the beggars were sitting at the gates. He flew into dark lanes, and saw the white faces of starving children looking out listlessly at the black streets. Under the archway of a bridge two little boys were lying in one another’s arms to try and keep themselves warm. “How hungry we are!” they said. “You must not lie here,” shouted the Watchman, and they wandered out into the rain.

Then he flew back and told the Prince what he had seen.

“I am covered with fine gold,” said the Prince, “you must take it off, leaf by leaf, and give it to my poor; the living always think that gold can make them happy.”

Leaf after leaf of the fine gold the Swallow picked off, till the Happy Prince looked quite dull and grey. Leaf after leaf of the fine gold he brought to the poor, and the children’s faces grew rosier, and they laughed and played games in the street. “We have bread now!” they cried.



Then the snow came, and after the snow came the frost. The streets looked as if they were made of silver, they were so bright and glistening; long icicles like crystal daggers hung down from the eaves of the houses, everybody went about in furs, and the little boys wore scarlet caps and skated on the ice.

The poor little Swallow grew colder and colder, but he would not leave the Prince, he loved him too well. He picked up crumbs outside the baker’s door when the baker was not looking and tried to keep himself warm by flapping his wings.

But at last he knew that he was going to die. He had just strength to fly up to the Prince’s shoulder once more. “Good-bye, dear Prince!” he murmured, “will you let me kiss your hand?”

“I am glad that you are going to Egypt at last, little Swallow,” said the Prince, “you have stayed too long here; but you must kiss me on the lips, for I love you.”

“It is not to Egypt that I am going,” said the Swallow. “I am going to the House of Death. Death is the brother of Sleep, is he not?”

And he kissed the Happy Prince on the lips, and fell down dead at his feet.

At that moment a curious crack sounded inside the statue, as if something had broken. The fact is that the leaden heart had snapped right in two. It certainly was a dreadfully hard frost.

Early the next morning the Mayor was walking in the square below in company with the Town Councillors. As they passed the column he looked up at the statue: "Dear me! how shabby the Happy Prince looks!" he said.

"How shabby indeed!" cried the Town Councillors, who always agreed with the Mayor; and they went up to look at it.

"The ruby has fallen out of his sword, his eyes are gone, and he is golden no longer," said the Mayor in fact, "he is little better than a beggar!"

"Little better than a beggar," said the Town Councillors.

"And here is actually a dead bird at his feet!" continued the Mayor. "We must really issue a proclamation that birds are not to be allowed to die here." And the Town Clerk made a note of the suggestion.

So they pulled down the statue of the Happy Prince. "As he is no longer beautiful he is no longer useful," said the Art Professor at the University.

Then they melted the statue in a furnace, and the Mayor held a meeting of the Corporation to decide what was to be done with the metal. "We must have another statue, of course," he said, "and it shall be a statue of myself."

"Of myself," said each of the Town Councillors, and they quarrelled. When I last heard of them they were quarrelling still.

"What a strange thing!" said the overseer of the workmen at the foundry. "This broken lead heart will not melt in the furnace. We must throw it away." So they threw it on a dust-heap where the dead Swallow was also lying.

"Bring me the two most precious things in the city," said God to one of His Angels; and the Angel brought Him the leaden heart and the dead bird.

"You have rightly chosen," said God, "for in my garden of Paradise this little bird shall sing for evermore, and in my city of gold the Happy Prince shall praise me."

- What was the difference between the Prince who lived and the statue?
- Why did the Swallow die at the end?
- What were they both trying to do?

Film: The Rise of the Guardians

Post film discussion

- Who was the villain of the film? How did he make people scared?
- What was Jack Frost's strength?

