

Adjective or adverb?

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- 1) I drew a squiggly line on my work.
- 2) You should never hurt animals.
- 3) He played excitedly in the garden.
- 4) I'd like a small piece of cake.
- 5) The happy couple danced together.
- 6) Mel is always kind and polite.
- 7) The deadly poison was green.
- 8) My sister is feeling sad.
- 9) She looked up slowly.
- 10) Next, cut up the paper.



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Tuesday 2nd March 2021.

LI: To understand the theme of disobedience and the consequences for the main characters.

Consequence, disobedience





- What are the rules of the Warrior tribe?
- What are the rules of the Wizards?
- What is disobedience?
- How are the two main characters disobedient?
- Is it always wrong to break the rules?

Me and my friend Bodkin were going through the forest, and something suddenly started chasing us ... LET US GO!' *Botheration*.

It wasn't a Witch after all. It had all been for nothing. His horrible superior older brother had been right all along, and the entire evening had been a waste of time.

'Let whatever-it-is down, Crusher,' sighed Xar, flattened by pulverising disappointment.

Slowly, Crusher let down the net. The pony had not fainted, poor thing – it had been hit by one of Tiffinstorm's sleep-inducing curses and it lay on the ground, snoring loudly.

But Xar saw that there were humans in the net too, a small human dressed head-to-toe in armour, who scrambled up from the snoring pony, and stepped out of the net, waving a large ornamental sword, and behind the teeny little human a slightly larger human, skinny as a rake and also encased entirely in armour, who was stumbling to his feet as if he was just waking up.

We know that these two humans were Wish and Bodkin. (Bodkin was the taller one, and Wish was the little one with the sword.)

But Xar had never met a Warrior before.

And he could never imagine that Wish and Bodkin might be heroes of this story, just like he was himself.

All Xar saw was that these were two humans wearing iron breastplates, and carrying iron swords, which meant they must be Warriors, and Xar had been brought up to hate the Warriors like poison, because they were the enemy.

Excellent.

After lurching this way and that from fear to excitement to disappointment, Xar was spoiling for a nice straightforward FIGHT.

If he couldn't catch a Witch, at least he could kill an enemy.

'*WARRIORS!*' cried Xar fiercely, narrowing his gaze, getting a good grip on his saucepan, and he drew a heavy oak staff from his rucksack.

'Warriorsss ... Warriorss ... Warriorsss ...' hissed the sprites, burning red with anger. 'Kill them ... kill them ... kill them ...

'It's a *WIZARD and its creatures!*' cried Bodkin in alarm, pointing at Xar and leaping protectively in front of Wish. 'And they look aggressive!'

They certainly did, and Wish stared around, petrified, at the burning sprites, on fire with fury, flames licking off their long limbs, sparks spitting all over the place, the growling wolves, bear and snowcats showing their teeth, and way, way above them, the gigantic figure of the giant in the background.

They were hopelessly outnumbered, and giants were supposed to eat people. Sprites could Magic you into a slow death, and one look at those snowcats told you they could tear you to pieces. Wish had an Enchanted Sword, but she knew she wasn't a very good swordfighter, and let's face it, Bodkin hadn't been much help as a bodyguard so far.



They didn't have a chance.

'Don't worry, princess!' shouted Bodkin bravely. 'I'll deal with them!'

Bodkin drew his sword and shook it.

He advanced in a menacing manner.

He caught sight of the giant.

He stopped dead in his furiously war-like pose.

He blinked twice.

And then his eyes closed, his head flopped forward, and he slo-o-owly toppled over like a falling tree, accidentally chopping his spear in half with his sword as he fell.

And he lay there with his mouth open.

Xar looked down at the fallen Bodkin in astonishment. Was this a trick?

'Snowcats! Wolves! Cover me!' ordered Xar. Their fur bristling, the animals circled round Xar, ready to pounce. 'Bear! Cover the guy on the ground! He may be faking!'

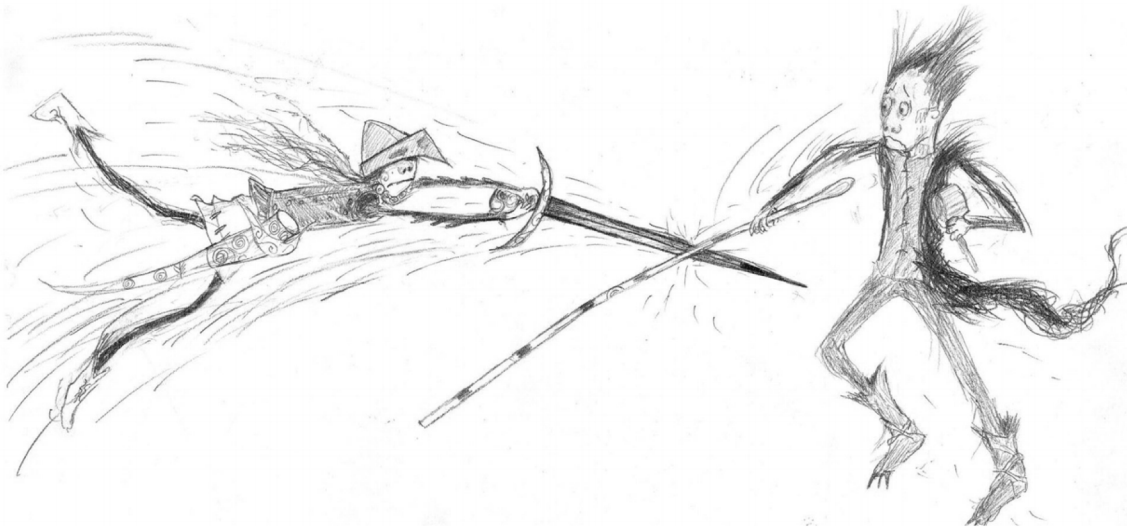
The bear put a big bear paw on Bodkin's chest and sat on him.

'Sprites! Leave this to me! I'll show these wicked Warriors that we Wizards know how to fight!' cried Xar, and he launched himself at Wish, saucepan in one hand, staff in the other.

Wish parried Xar's thrust with the Enchanted Sword, and the fight began.

Wish found that fighting with an Enchanted Sword made things a lot easier than fighting with a normal sword. The Enchanted Sword could anticipate where the next saucepan-thrust or lunge from Xar's staff was coming from and throw itself in the way of that attack, dragging Wish with it.

The sword jerked her this way and that, with Wish gripping on to it with both hands, for all the world as if she were hanging on to the tail of a wild bull.



Caliburn was in a frenzy of worry, and he flapped about the fighters' heads squeaking: 'The Enchanted Sword! Be really careful with that Enchanted Sword! Don't let it touch you! There's something wrong with it!'

'An Enchanted Sword!' breathed Xar. 'Impossible!'

How could a *Warrior* be fighting with an Enchanted Sword? Warriors didn't use Magic.

The Enchanted Sword made a sweeping lunge forward, and this thrust finally disarmed Xar. His staff went spinning into the undergrowth, followed by the saucepan.

'Do you surrender?' said Wish, holding the Enchanted Sword above Xar's head.

'I surrender,' said Xar, from between gritted teeth.

'Don't trust him! Wizards are tricksters!' shouted Bodkin, who had woken up from his faint, but was still trapped beneath the bear.

Wish ignored this instruction, and instead, relaxed, stepped back, and lowered the sword.

Which was a mistake. Bodkin was right, Xar was not to be trusted.

'Kingcat! Nighteye! Attack!' shouted Xar, as soon as the sword was lowered.

Kingcat leaped in, and smashed Wish down to the ground. The force of the blow knocked the Enchanted Sword out of Wish's hand, and as soon as it left her grip the enchantment left it, the sword went dead, and fell to the forest floor, as cold and lifeless as a normal sword.

Xar picked it up, and sixty stone of powder-blue giant lynx in the form of Kingcat leaned on Wish's chest, and cracked open her helmet with its jaws, like a nutcracker cracking a nut.

The two halves of the helmet fell away, and Xar was looking straight into the face of an odd-looking little girl with a patch over one eye.

'It's a girl!' said Xar in surprise.

The sprites laughed uproariously at this. 'Xar was being beaten by a girl ...'

Wish was looking straight into the face of a snarling snowcat, and a Wizard boy, who was holding the Enchanted Sword over her head in a purposeful fashion.

'And now,' said the Wizard boy, 'do *you* surrender?'

5. WHEN BAD STARS CROSS AND WORLDS COLLIDE ...

I most certainly will *not* surrender!' said Wish. 'You CHEATED!'

'Wizards don't play by Warrior rules,' said Xar.

'Cheat of a Wizard!' 'Wickedness of a Warrior!'

'Curse-maker!'

'Forest-poisoner!'

'Child-eater!'

'Magic-destroyer! May you be ground by the teeth of the Great Grey ogre into pieces that are smaller than the eyes of lice on a fly!' cursed Xar.



Both Xar and Wish were cold, and tired, and had just had a terrible fright. Fear had turned to anger, as it so often will, and they settled easily into shouting the kind of insults and nasty language at each other that have been exchanged between Wizards and Warriors since the Warriors first invaded from across the seas and the two sets of humans met in battle in the wild-woods centuries before.

Xar's face was flushed with temper, and he held the sword over Wish's head in such a purposeful fashion that Bodkin shouted out:

'DON'T KILL HER! SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF QUEEN SYCHORAX AND IF YOU KILL HER QUEEN SYCHORAX'S REVENGE WILL BE TERRIBLE!'

Xar stared at Wish in astonishment. 'A daughter of Queen Sychorax ...? But you can't be!'

Queen Sychorax was a legend in the forest, known for her cruelty and height and her pitiless Warrior strength. How could this tiny matchstick of a girl be scary Queen Sychorax's daughter?

'A daughter of Queen Sychorax! Killher killher killher killher ... ' hissed the sprites, creeping through the air towards Wish, their bows loaded with the most deadly of their curses. One word from Xar, and they would let them fly.

Xar had always boasted that if he ever met an enemy he would kill them instantly.

But boasts are one thing.

And actually *killing* a real, live girl your own age who is right in front of you and clearly terrified though trying not to be, with a sword you have just cheated her out of ... well ... that's quite another, and Xar found he could not do it.

My ancestors would have done it, thought Xar guiltily. *Looter would not*

have hesitated.

But Xar paused uncertainly.

And then to his further surprise, he found himself being attacked by what appeared to be *a spoon*, making ferocious lunges, and rapping him painfully on the head.

'I'll call off my spoon, if you call off your bear ... ' panted Wish.

To the disappointment of the sprites, who were hissing like hornets, Xar lowered the Enchanted Sword and gave a sign to his bear, who let Bodkin go with a grunt. The Enchanted Spoon stopped rapping Xar on the head, gave him a small, apologetic bow, and hopped back down to Wish.

The Wizard and the Warriors stared at each other in amazement, still hostile and suspicious, but also curious.

'I am Wish, daughter of Sychorax, queen of the Warriors,' said Wish, 'and this is my Assistant Bodyguard, Bodkin. Who are you?'



'I am Xar, the Magnificent, son of Encanzo, king of Wizards,' said Xar. 'These are my companions. My wolves, my bear, my snowcats: Kingcat, Nighteye, Forestheart. My bird, Caliburn. My giant, Crusher. And my sprites: Ariel, Mustardthought, Tiffinstorm, Hinkypunk, Timeloss.'

The sprites weaved viciously around the Warriors' heads, sparking and burning menacingly.

'Don't forget usssss,' squeaked Squeezjoos.

'Oh yes, these are sprites too, but they're so young we call them hairy fairies,' said Xar. 'Bumbleboozle, and the baby and—'

'Squeezjoos,' whispered Squeezjoos into Bodkin's ear, suddenly and alarmingly. The long trail of his antennae sent goosebumps all over Bodkin's scalp, as Bodkin flapped him desperately away.

Wish gave a sigh of jealousy as she looked at Xar's companions, particularly the sprites.

She reached out a hand to the one Xar called Squeezjoos, which was a funny-looking little thing, furry as a bumblebee.

I'm afraid that Squeezjoos bit her.

'Wow!' said Wish, sucking her finger. 'Sprites are tougher than I expected. They're kind of violent ... and they don't seem to like me very much ...'

'Of course they don't like you, you stupid Warrior,' said Xar. 'Your wicked mother captures our giants and dwarves and sprites in her terrible traps and then we NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN.'

'But my mother doesn't *kill* the sprites she captures,' said Wish, 'she just has this Stone-That-Takes-Away-Magic that she keeps in her dungeons and all she does is mercifully remove their Magic by placing them upon the stone ...'

Wish's voice trailed off as she remembered how much she didn't want the spoon to have his Magic removed.

'In a completely painless process ...' Bodkin prompted her.

'And you think *that* does not kill them?' hissed Tiffinstorm. 'Why not just remove their hearts entirely? A sprite without its Magic is a sprite who has lost its soul ...'

Oh dear ... Wish did not know what to think now – this all sounded so sad.

'But the Magic is bad for them,' she said falteringly, 'and they use it to curse us ... and giants eat people ... that's why my mother traps them ... she told me so.'

Xar and the sprites laughed at such ignorance. 'Giants don't eat people!'

Wish looked up at the giant in wonder.





And then to Bodkin's horror, the giant leaned down, and ve-ry gently picked Wish up in his giant fingers, and lifted her into the air. It should have been frightening. But the giant moved so slowly, and his fingers around her were so comfortingly huge, that all Wish felt as she rose up, up, UP into the treetops, was excitement at the new experience.

'Look around you and look down,' said the giant. 'What seems important from up here?'

Wish looked over the edge of the giant's fingers, and caught her breath with the surprise of seeing the world from an entirely different viewpoint. The forest canopy stretched out for miles in every direction, and the night sky above was crammed with stars that went on forever. Down below, the humans were as small as sprites, and the sprites were just glowing flecks of dust. One of the humans – Bodkin – was shouting something – 'PUT – HER – DOWN!' – but it was such a long way away Wish had trouble hearing him, and his anxiety seemed, from this vantage, mistaken and missing the point.

'The forest is important,' said Wish, 'and the stars ...'

'Correct,' smiled the giant.

'Look into my eyes,' said the giant. 'Do I look like the kind of person who would eat human beings?'

The giant's face was covered with a network of wrinkles and laughter lines like the wandering paths on an old map, and his eyes were kind and wise.

'No,' said Wish. 'You don't.'

'Correct, again,' said the giant. 'Unlike ogres, giants are vegetarian.'

Crusher grinned and pulled up a small tree. He gave a huge smile at Wish as the entire tree disappeared into his enormous mouth, crunching whole branches as if they were mere twigs. 'Be-t-ter for the dig-e-estion,'

dreamily.

The first seeds of doubt about all that she had been told about Magic creatures were sown in Wish's mind when she looked up at the giant's kind face, laughing so loudly at his own bad joke.

'Crusher doesn't seem like a good name for you,' said Wish.

'It's short for Problem-Crusher,' said Crusher.

'Are you all right?' cried Bodkin anxiously.

'Of course I'm all right,' said Wish, as the giant gently put her back down. 'That giant really is NOT dangerous ...'

Was it possible that Warriors had been mistaken in their view of Magic all along? Could there be another way of looking at things, other than the Warrior way?

Wish's world view was spinning upside down, and that is always a difficult moment.

'Don't listen to them, princess!' said Bodkin. *'They're putting a spell on us! They're trying to make us see things from their point of view!'*

Xar was looking equally thoughtful.

'Warriors want to destroy all Magic,' he frowned, gazing at the Enchanted Sword he was holding in his hand. 'Surely a Warrior princess shouldn't have Magic objects?'

'No, she shouldn't,' said Bodkin. 'I have been saying that for some time.'

'Be careful with that Enchanted Sword, Xar,' urged Caliburn. 'There's something wrong with it ... I can feel it in my feathers ...'

Staring at the blade, Xar suddenly realised Caliburn was right, there was indeed something odd about the sword, something so strange, and out of the ordinary, and downright UNCANNY that he nearly dropped it in his excitement.

'Oh my goodness, Caliburn!' gasped Xar. 'I don't believe this! This is incredible! I'll tell you what's wrong with this sword! It's made out of iron! And so is the Enchanted Spoon! They are *iron and Magic MIXED TOGETHER!*'

Unbelievable!

Inconceivable!

'Impossible!' gasped Caliburn.

'Where did you get this sword?' breathed Xar, turning it over and over in his hands.

'I found it in the corridor but it's an Enchanted Sword so I think it made its way out of my mother's dungeons on its own,' said Wish, her heart sinking. 'That's not your sword, Xar. It belongs to my mother! Give it back RIGHT NOW!'

Wish made a grab for the sword and Xar whisked it out of her reach, Nighteye stepping between them and growling warningly, so she couldn't get any closer.

'Hang on a second ...' said Xar. 'What's *that?*'

Xar noticed, for the first time, the words written on the blade:

Once there were Witches ...

The hairs stood up on the back of his neck.

Xar turned the sword over and read the words on the other side:

... but I killed them.

After the word 'them' there was an arrow that pointed to the tip of the sword, where *something* was now glistening.

A single drop of green blood.

The three humans looked at the green stain, slightly smoking.

'Don't touch it!' screeched Caliburn.



**I would rather be a Wizard. Do you agree or disagree?
Why?**



Please make sure you include:

- 1. Your opinion.**
- 2. First reason.. give evidence.**
- 3. Second reason.. give evidence.**
- 4. Final reason...give evidence.**

***Can you list all of the
rules that have been
broken in the text?***

***Where have the
characters been
disobedient.***