

What to do today

IMPORTANT Parent or Carer – Read this page with your child and check that you are happy with what they have to do and any weblinks or use of internet.

1. Write notes about an illustration

- Look carefully at the *Bird Illustration*. It is from a story about Ananse.
- Make notes about what you notice. Can you spot 10 different things? Ask somebody else to test you e.g. What is the colour of the feather near the owl?

2. Make up a story

- Use the *Story Summary* to make up a story about Ananse and the Birds.
- Start with the second box and then think about how the story could start and how it could end.
- Use your notes from the *Bird Illustration* to help you with the third box.

Share your story with a grown-up. Tell them what happens and what descriptions you will include.

3. Write your story

- Write your story of Ananse and the Birds.
- Try to include sentences that use conjunctions as you do.

Try these Fun-Time Extras

- Can you read or record your story and send it to someone?
- Read another writer's story of Ananse and the Birds. (At the end of this pack) How does it compare with yours? How is it similar? How is it different?

Conjunctions

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Conjunctions are words that join **clauses** into sentences.

Cause

because

as

so

since

Time

after

before

when

since

until

as

while

Place

where

wherever

Ananse and The Birds



A large rectangular area with horizontal lines, intended for writing the story. The area is framed by a decorative border consisting of a repeating orange and black zigzag pattern.



Ananse and The Birds

Ananse decided he would fly with the birds. For the next few days he was unusually nice to the sparrows and the crows that flew about. He was even nice to the chickens and ducks that scratched for food. He would hand them a morsel and chat with them. He never asked a thing of them except a feather here and a feather there. And then he stuck the feathers together with rubber and tar to fashion a pair of wings.

For the next week he practiced flying at night when no one was watching, except an old owl who hunted by night.

"Ananse," she hooted, "whoo-oo. The skies are for birds, oo-oo. It takes more than wings to be a creature of the skies, oo-oo."



One day, as the birds were preparing for flight, Ananse approached them and asked if he could come along.

"Why, of course," said Crow. "If you can fly, you may attend the feast of the birds on the mountain far away." Then he and all the birds started crowing aloud, amused at Ananse's request.

Imagine their surprise when Ananse produced his wings and started to fly. "First a hop on my right front leg. Then a jump and a skip and I'm up." And there was Ananse flying with the best of the lot.

Now the birds were not very happy about that, but Crow had spoken and he had to keep his word. Up they flew, higher and higher above the clouds. Up where the air was thinner and flying was much harder, and still Ananse kept

up with the birds. Then at last they were on the mountain where all the birds were ready to feast.

Ananse could not believe his eyes. So partial was he to delicious food that he ate and ate, forgetting entirely that he was a guest. He shoved and quarrelled with all the birds about meat and bones and leaves and yams and made a nuisance of himself. Soon he was so full that he fell asleep.

One by one, each bird took away the feathers they had given him. And while he was still asleep, they stole away in the silence of the evening, leaving Crow, who prodded Ananse awake.

"See you down below, friend Ananse," said Crow.

"Oh, please," said Ananse, when he realized he had hardly any feathers left.

"Could you help me to get down?"

"Of course," said Crow, pretending not to understand. And with that he pushed Ananse off the mountain.

"Eeeeeeeee!" screamed Ananse as he hurtled through the sky at top speed.

"Whooo, came an eerie sound from the darkening skies. "The skies are for birds, I told you so. It takes more than wings to be a creature of the skies," sang the owl who was out hunting.

"Help," screamed Ananse. "Eeeeeeeee."

"Press on your belly," urged the owl. From out of Ananse's belly came fine silk from all the food he had eaten at the feast of the birds. And the owl, taking hold of the threads, hung them securely on a branch of a tree, breaking Ananse's fall to certain doom.

As he hung from the branch of the tree, Ananse wisely considered the owl's advice. "No more flying for me," he said.

Instead he learned to spin fancy webs so that he would never fall again.