

## Year 4 English- Week Two

Monday: Spellings and handwriting, VIPERS

Tuesday: Grammar- adverbs, adverbial phrases, fronted adverbials, VIPERS

Wednesday : Punctuation, VIPERS

Thursday: Using adverbials, VIPERS

Friday: Big Write

### Monday:

#### Spellings for the week:

Actual (actually)	breath	caught	Believe (Believable)	Circle (circular)	Centre (central)
answer (answerable)	breathe	address	Complete (completely)	earth	Continue (continuous)

Practise these by writing each one ten times in your best handwriting and by putting them into sentences.

*answer actual centre circle believe  
breath breathe continue earth  
complete address caught*

Spelling rules:

Look up the prefixes: bi quad pre auto dis

What do they mean? Can you find 6 words that begin with each prefix and gives their meanings?



## Vocabulary

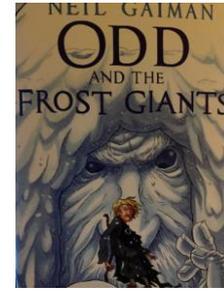
Infer

Predict

Explain

Retrieve

Summarise

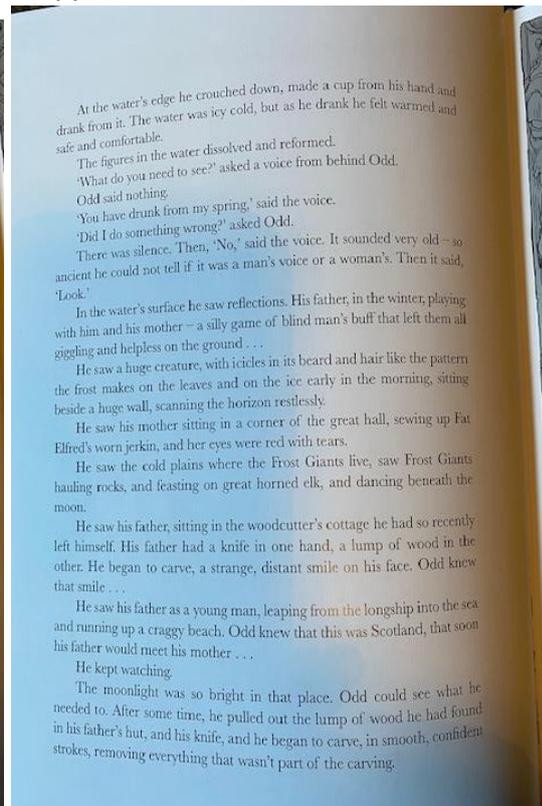
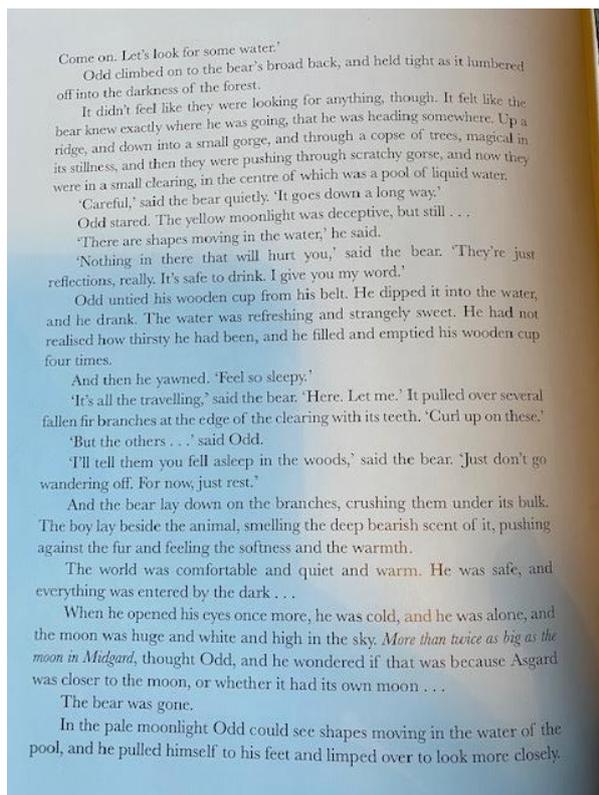


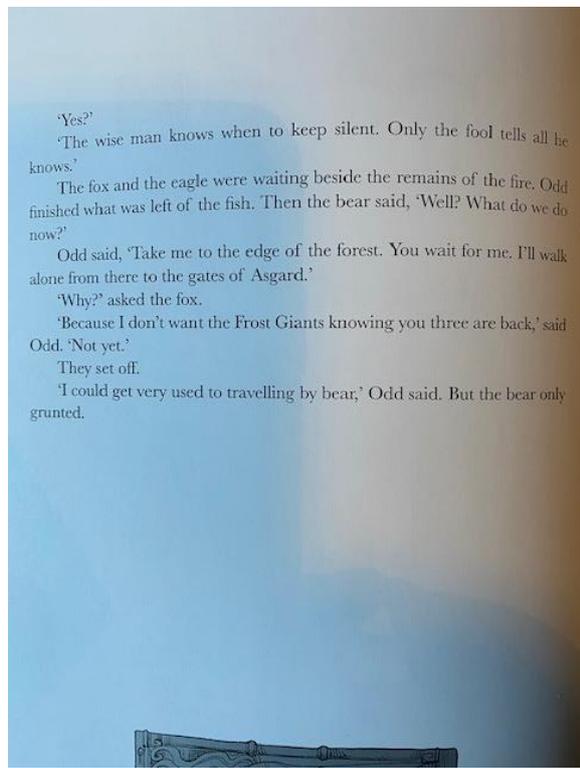
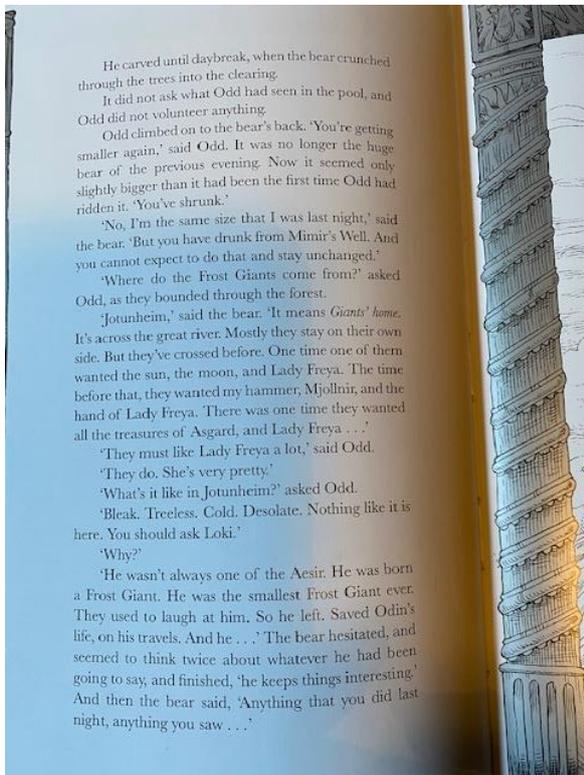
## VIPERS:

This week our Vipers will be finishing off *Odd and the Frost Giants*. So far, Odd has made three unlikely friends who turn out to be the three Viking gods in animal form- Thor, Loki and Odin. They set off together to find the rainbow bridge that will take them to the home of the gods- Asgard. Odd makes a rainbow and they all cross the bridge. He finds himself in a very strange place.

## Monday:

1. In Chapter Four, Odd says, "Talk is free, but the wise man chooses when to spend his words." What do you think he means by this?
2. Find out the meanings of these words or phrases: Relish Keen glanced off shards
3. When Odd realises he is in Asgard, the four of them take their time to go to the city. The bear hunts for food and Odd and the fox make a fire.  
In the text it says, 'The twilight edged imperceptibly into night, and a huge, dark yellow moon began to rise on the horizon, aching slowly.' What time of day was it?
4. The fox and the eagle go to sleep. Odd climbs onto the bear's back and they go for a walk. Read the next part of the chapter, then summarise what happens in three sentences.





5. Odd seems to have a plan. What do you think it is?

Tuesday:

## Grammar: Adverbs, adverbial phrases and fronted adverbials.

1. Warm up- ask someone to test you on your weekly spellings. Spell the words forwards and backwards.
2. Which word is this an anagram of? reehtab?
3. What 5 things does an adverb or adverbial phrase tell us in the sentence?  
(if you need a reminder, it is here- upside down )



### Remember:

- An adverb is a single word
- An adverbial phrase is a group of words that act like an adverb- e.g ealy in the morning, very often, quickly and quietly....
- A fronted adverbial is where the adverb or adverbial phrase is used to start the sentence and it is always followed by a comma.

Complete the following questions in to your distance learning books.

1. Read the passage bellow. List all the adverbs and adverbial phrases you can find in the passage.

It was a beautiful day. The late afternoon sun twinkled brightly in the sky, causing spots of colourful light to dance cheerfully on the ground beneath the tall trees. Lazily, Paul stretched out his arms and legs and rolled over to stand up. All afternoon, he had been lying flat on the lush, green grass, avidly reading his book. He had turned the pages without stopping, never looking up from the words. Now though, the church bells told him it was nearly time to run home for tea.

2.

## Adverbial Phrases

The easy way to make a sentence more exciting.

Appear as a part of a sentence.	Do not make sense alone.	Tell us: how, where, when, how long or why.
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For example:

With a smiling face he accepted the award.

Adverbial phrase  
Tells us HOW

Milo liked to sleep on his master's bed.

Adverbial phrase  
Tells us WHERE

For eight years Kendra waited for a rescue ship.

Adverbial phrase  
Tells us HOW LONG

He would not do a bungee jump because of the danger.

Adverbial phrase  
Tells us WHY

Adverbial phrases: how, where, when, how long or why.

Copy and complete these sentences, adding appropriate adverbs or adverbial phrases. Remember, if it goes at the front, you should include a comma.

2a. \_\_\_\_\_ Josh drew back the curtains.

2b. The cat curled up \_\_\_\_\_.

2c. The boy reached out his hand \_\_\_\_\_ and took the sandwich.

2d. \_\_\_\_\_ Luke ran.

2e. \_\_\_\_\_ the vicious dog snarled \_\_\_\_\_.

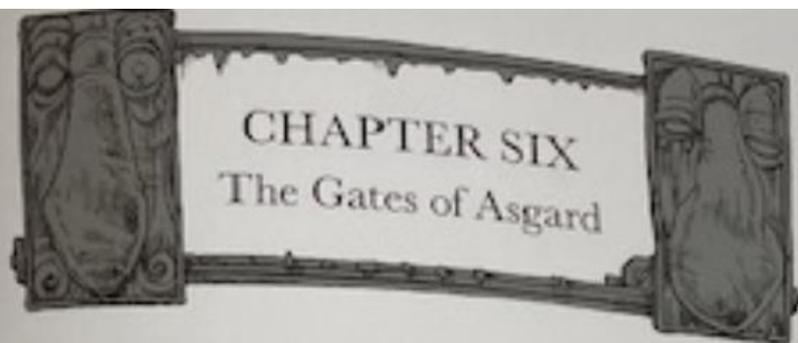
2f. "Give me that \_\_\_\_\_!" the boy shouted \_\_\_\_\_.

2g. The girl stared \_\_\_\_\_ as the magical fish leapt from the water.

## Tuesday: VIPERS:

Today is a long read. It has plenty of expression in it as it is a conversation between the Frost Giant and Odd. Try reading it aloud to someone- perform it. You will need three voices- Odd, The Frost Giant and the narrator.

## Chapter Six- The Gates of Asgard



CHAPTER SIX  
The Gates of Asgard

Where the forest ended, the bear stopped, and Odd climbed off. He put his crutch beneath his armpit and gripped it hard with his right hand.

'Right,' he said. 'Wish me good luck. The blessing of the Gods must count for something.'

'What if you don't come back?' said the fox.

'Then you're no worse off now than you were before you met me,' said Odd cheerfully. 'Anyway, why shouldn't I come back?'

'They could eat you,' said the bear.

Odd blinked. 'Ah . . . *do* Frost Giants eat people?'

There was a pause. The fox said, 'Occasionally,' at the same time as the bear said, 'Almost never.'

The fox coughed. 'I wouldn't worry,' it said. 'There's barely any meat on you. You'd scarcely be worth the trouble of eating.' It grinned. This did nothing to make Odd feel any better. He hefted his crutch and began to walk, slowly, laboriously, towards the huge stone wall that surrounded the City of the Gods.

The snow had blown clear of the path, and although the ground was slippery in places, he found the walk was not as hard as he had expected.

Days were longer here in Asgard. The sun was a silver disc that hung in the white sky. Odd pushed himself to keep walking, one step at a time, remembering when he had walked with ease and never thought twice about the miracle of putting one foot in front of the other and pushing the world towards you.

At first, Odd thought that the wall of Asgard was as high as a tall man, and that there was a pale statue of a man sitting on a boulder beside it -



at least, he imagined it to be a statue. And then he moved slowly closer, and closer, and the wall grew, and the pale statue grew also, until, as the boy got closer still, he had to throw back his head to look at them.

Every step he took towards the gates, towards the huge pale figure on the boulder, he felt the temperature drop.

And then the statue moved, and Odd knew.

‘WHO  
ARE  
YOU?’

The voice tumbled across the plain like an avalanche.

'I'm called Odd,' shouted Odd, and he smiled. The Frost Giant peered down at him. There were icicles in its eyebrows, and its eyes were the grey of lake ice just before it cracks and drops you into freezing water.

'WHAT ARE YOU? A GOD? A TROLL? SOME KIND OF WALKING CORPSE?'

'I'm a boy,' yelled Odd, and he smiled again.

'AND WHAT IN YMIR'S NAME ARE YOU DOING *HERE*?'

It is a strange sensation, talking to a being who could crush you like a man could crush a baby mouse. *And*, thought Odd, *at least mice can run*.

'I'm here to drive the Frost Giants from Asgard,' explained Odd. Then he smiled at the Giant, a big, happy, irritating smile.

It was the smile that did it. If Odd had not smiled, the Giant would simply have picked him up and crushed the life from him, or squashed him against the boulder, or bitten his head off and kept him to snack on later. But that smile, a smile that said that Odd knew more than he was saying . . .

'No, you won't,' said the Frost Giant, in a much more normal tone of voice. 'You can't.'

'Fraid so,' said Odd.

'I outwitted Loki,' said the Frost Giant portentously. 'I bested Thor. I banished Odin. All of Asgard is pacified and under my rule. Even now, my brothers march from Jotunheim, as reinforcements.' He darted a look towards the horizon, to the north. 'The Gods are my slaves. I am betrothed to the lovely Freya. And you honestly think you can go up against me?'

Odd just shrugged and continued to smile. It was his broadest, most irritating smile, and at home, it had always got him hit. Even the Giant wanted to hurt him, to wipe that smile off his face, but nobody had smiled at the Giant like that before, and it bothered him.

'I RULE ASGARD!' boomed the Giant.

'Why?' asked Odd.

'WHY?'

'I can hear you fine without you shouting,' said Odd, when the reverberations had died away. And then he said, pitching his voice just a little quieter, so the Giant had to lean in to listen, 'Why do you want to rule Asgard? Why did you take it over?'



The Frost Giant sat on his huge boulder. Then he jerked a thumb behind him. 'See that wall?' he said.

You couldn't avoid seeing it. It filled the world. Every stone in the wall was bigger than the houses in Odd's village.

'My brother built that wall. He made a deal with the Gods, to build them a wall inside six months, or he would take no payment. And on the last day, as he was just about to complete it . . . on the *last* hour of the *last* day, they cheated him.'

'How?'

'A mare, the most beautiful animal anyone had ever seen, ran across the plain and lured away the stallion who was hauling the stones for my brother. It used womanish wiles. The stallion broke its bonds and the horses ran off into the woods together, and were gone. And when my poor brother began to complain about how he was being treated, Thor returned from his travels and killed him with his damnable hammer. That's how every tale of the Gods and the Frost Giants ends, with Thor killing Giants. Well, not this time.'



'Obviously not,' said Odd, who was beginning to have his suspicions about who the mare had been. 'So what did your brother want for payment?'

'Nothing really,' said the Giant, shifting from foot to foot. 'Just stuff.'

He sat down again on the boulder. Where the air touched the Frost Giant, it steamed. Odd had seen the water in the fjord steam in winter, when the air was colder than the water. He wondered how cold the Frost Giant was.

'He wanted the sun,' said the Giant, 'the moon. And Freya. All things that I now control, for Asgard is mine!'

'Yes. You said that.'

There was a pause. The Frost Giant looked tired, Odd thought. Then Odd said, again, 'Why? Why did he want those things?'

The Frost Giant took a deep breath.

## 'HOW DARE YOU QUESTION ME!'

He roared, and Odd felt the earth shake beneath him. He leaned on his crutch to keep his balance as icy winds blew past him.

Odd didn't say anything. He just smiled some more.

The Giant said, 'Would you mind if I picked you up? It would make it easier to talk if we were face to face.'

'So long as you're careful,' said Odd.

The Giant reached down and laid his hand flat on the ground, palm up, and Odd clambered awkwardly on to it. Then the Giant cupped his hand and lifted Odd up, so the boy was on a level with his mouth, and the Giant whispered, in a voice like the howl of a winter wind, 'Beauty.'

'Beauty?'

'The three most beautiful things there are. The sun, the moon, and Freya the lovely. It's not beautiful, really, in Jotunheim. There's just rocks and crags and . . . Well, they can be beautiful too, if you take them the right way. And we can see the sun there, and the moon. No Freya – nothing that beautiful. She's so lovely. But she does have a tongue on her.'

'So you came here for beauty?'

'Beauty, and revenge for my brother. I told the other Frost Giants I'd do it, and they all laughed at me. But they aren't laughing now, are they?'

'What about spring?'

'Spring?'

'Spring. In Midgard. Where I come from. It isn't happening this year. And if the winter continues then everyone will die. People. Animals. Plants.'

Frosty blue eyes bigger than windows stared at Odd. 'Why should I care about that?' The Frost Giant put Odd down on the top of the wall around Asgard, the wall his brother had built. It was windy up there, and Odd leaned into his crutch, scared that a gust of wind would blow him away and down to his death. He glanced behind him, and was not surprised to see that the home of the Gods looked almost exactly like the village on the fjord from which he had come. Bigger, of course, but the same pattern – a feasting hall, and smaller buildings all around.

Odd said, 'You should care because you care about beauty. And there won't be any left. There will just be dead things.'

'Dead things can be beautiful,' said the Frost Giant. 'Anyway, I deserve it. I beat them. I fooled them and I tricked them. I banished Thor and Odin and that miniature turncoat Loki.' And then he sighed.

Odd remembered what he had seen in the pool, the previous night. He said, 'Do you really think your brothers are on the way?'

'Ah,' said the Frost Giant. 'Um. They may be. I mean, they all said they would . . . if I did . . . it's just that I don't think that any of them actually *expected* me to conquer this place, and they all have things to do, farms and houses and children and wives. I don't think that they really *want* to come down to the hot lands and play soldiers guarding a bunch of grumpy Gods.'

'And I suppose they can't *all* be betrothed to lovely Freya,' said Odd. 'Just you.'

'Lucky them,' said the Frost Giant darkly. 'She's beautiful. Oh yes. She's beautiful. I'll give you that.' He shook his head. Icicles fell from his hair and crashed, tinkling, on the rocks beneath. 'She's got a carriage pulled by cats, you know. I tried stroking them.' He held up the index finger of his right hand. It was covered in scratches and cuts. 'She said it was my own fault. That I'd got them over-excited.'

The Giant sighed, and the gust of his breath was like a wind blowing across a mountaintop.

'She is beautiful,' he said, and sighed again. 'But she only comes up to the top of my foot. She shouts louder than a Giantess when she's angry. And she's always angry.'

'But you can't go home when you've won,' said Odd.

'Exactly. You wait here, in this hot, horrible place, for reinforcements who don't want to come, while the locals hate you . . .'

'So go home,' said Odd. 'Tell them that I beat you.' He wasn't smiling now.

The Frost Giant looked at Odd, and Odd looked at the Frost Giant.

The Frost Giant said, 'You're too small to fight. You would have to have outwitted me.'

Odd nodded. 'My mother used to tell me stories about boys who tricked Giants. In one of them, they had a stone-throwing contest, but the boy had a bird, not a stone, and it went up into the air and just kept going.'

'I'd never fall for that one,' said the Giant. 'Anyway, birds, they just head for the nearest tree.'

'I am trying,' said Odd, 'to allow you to go home with your honour intact and a whole skin. You aren't making it any easier for me.'

The Giant said, 'A whole skin?'

'You banished Thor to Midgard,' said Odd, 'yet he's back now. It's only a matter of time until he gets here.'

The Giant blinked. 'But I have his hammer,' he said. 'I turned it into this boulder I sit on.'

'Go home.'

'But if I take Freya back to Jotunheim, she'll just shout at me and make everything worse. And if I take Thor's hammer he'll just come after it, and one day he'll get it, and *then* he'll kill me.'

Odd nodded in agreement. It was true. He knew it was.

When, in the years that followed, the Gods told this tale, late at night, in their great hall, they always hesitated at this point, because in a moment Odd will reach into his jerkin, and pull out something carved of wood, and none of them was certain what it was.

Some of the Gods claimed that it was a wooden key, and some said it was a wooden heart. There was a school of thought that maintained that what Odd had presented the Giant with was a realistic carving of Thor's hammer, and that the Giant had been unable to tell the real from the false, and had fled, in terror.

They were wrong.

It was none of these things.



# Wednesday: Punctuation

Starter – a little bit of word power linked to our history. Write the one word answers in your book

**Where Did English Come From?**

English has borrowed lots of words from different languages. But how did that happen, and when?

A long time ago, the Romans came from Italy and invaded Britain. They brought their language, Latin, to Britain with them. Some Latin words are still used today. They have been used to make English words.

magn- means large, great      So the words magnify, magnificent and magnitude are all to do with something large.

You'll probably know what these English words mean. But can you guess what the Latin part of the word means?

aquatics, aquarium      So 'aqua' means .....

librarian, library      So 'libr-' means .....

circle, circus, circuit      So 'circ-' means .....

Do you know any other words containing these parts?

When the Romans went back to Italy, the Saxons invaded and brought their language with them. Now another language had arrived in England!

Can you match the modern English words from the scroll to the Saxon words below?

cu → ..... cow      sceap → .....

deor → .....      cicen → .....

sheep  
deer  
chicken  
cow

Make up your own Saxon word for an animal. See if your friends can guess what it is.

Can you match these Saxon verbs to the modern English versions?

brecan      beran      clensian      ledan      writan

write      break      lead      clean      bear

What do you notice about the endings of these verbs?

I can see that .....

What do you think these Saxon verbs mean?

drinkan → .....      stelan → .....

Unlike the Romans, the Saxons didn't leave. Then another group of people called the Vikings arrived and brought their language to Britain too.

Here is a Viking. Can you work out what the Viking words around him mean?

Do they look or sound like modern English words?

guðhelm → .....      øx → .....

What do you notice about the alphabet in this language?

skjoldr → .....

Why might this mixing of languages make it tricky to spell some English words?

English spellings might be tricky because .....

What have you learnt about the English language?

# Punctuation: Commas after sentence openers

## Commas After Introductions

You need to put a comma after an adverbial phrase when it comes at the beginning of a sentence. Adverbial phrases usually tell you when or where something happens: → Last year, I moved house.

They can also tell you how or how often something happens: → Every day, I walk the dog.

- 1 Tick the sentences which use commas in the correct places. Cross the sentences which use commas in incorrect places.

Behind the sofa, the cat is sleeping.

In the, autumn the leaves turn red.

Despite the weather we went, for a walk.

In the 1970s, flared trousers were popular.

- 2 There are four commas missing from the text below. Write in the commas in the correct places.

### Flapjack Instructions

- In a large pan melt the butter and syrup.
- After that stir in the oats.
- With a wooden spoon put the mixture into a baking tin and then put it in the oven.
- After 30 minutes take the flapjacks out.

- 3 Rewrite the sentences with commas in the correct places.

Halfway down the road she saw a cat.

At the wedding there was a massive cake.

After a long wait the bus finally arrived.

- 4 Each of these sentences is missing one comma. Add one comma to each sentence to make it correct.

In Medieval England  many nobles  lived in castles.

After that  five-hour walk  I'm exhausted!

Every year  the drama group  puts on a play.

In the flat next door  there's a lady  with pink hair.

- 5 Write your own sentences using the adverbial phrases below. Remember to use commas in the correct places.

A week ago .....

Under my brother's bed .....

After school .....

Rewrite this paragraph, putting in all the commas.

Earlier today I opened my post. As usual on a Wednesday I received a letter from my great aunt Aunt Bessie. Living on her own she gets very lonely and so she likes to write stories about fairies elves goblins wizards and all sorts of magic. Last week she sent me a story about a princess and a frog. This week the story seems to be about a boy a small boat and a magic fish.

## Wednesday VIPERS:

Before he took out his carving, Odd told the Frost Giant about how his father met his mother and how all the way home he thought she was so beautiful that she lit up his world like the summer sun.

1. What do you call this type of description? Personification, alliteration or simile?

The Giant didn't understand how Odd knew all of this and Odd did not want to tell the Giant what he had seen in the pool.

2. Why do you think he didn't want to tell the Giant?

Odd tells the Giant he came here for beauty and he couldn't go back empty handed.

3. What does the phrase empty handed mean?

Odd reaches into his jacket and gets out his carving that he finished after visiting the pool. It was the finest thing Odd had ever made. And it was beautiful.

It was his mother as she had looked before he was born.



The Frost Giant squinted at it, and then, just for a moment, smiled. He put the carved head into his pouch, and he said, 'It is . . . remarkable. And lovely. Yes. I will take it back with me to Jotunheim, and it will brighten my hall.' The Frost Giant hesitated, then he said, a little wistfully, 'Do you think I should say goodbye to Lady Freya?'

Odd said, 'If you do, she'll probably shout at you some more.'

'Or beg me to take her with me,' said the Frost Giant. Odd could have sworn that the Frost Giant shivered at that.

The Frost Giant took a step away from Odd, and as he moved away, he grew. He went from being the size of a high hill, to being the size of a mountain. Then he reached an arm up into the grey of the winter sky. His hand vanished in the cloud.

'I think I need good weather to leave in,' said the Giant. 'Something to hide my tracks and to make me hard to follow.'

Odd could not see quite what the Frost Giant did, but when he lowered his hand, snow began to fall in huge white flakes that spun and tumbled and obscured the world. The Giant began to lumber away, into the blizzard.

'Hey!' called Odd. 'I don't know your name!'

But the figure did not hear him, or if it did it did not answer, and in moments it was lost to sight.

4. What do the following words mean?

Wistfully    squinted    hesitated.

5. What tells you that the Frost Giant didn't really want to see Lady Freya again?

In chapter seven, the eagle comes to Odd and tells him to climb down the wall. When he can't, the eagle brings him Loki's shoes. Odd remembers them as the shoes that could fly. Having fun, he leaps and bounds to Asgard where he meets the Goddess Freya.

Freya is not as scary as she had been made out to be. When she recognises the animals she plays with them and they begin to turn back into their original forms. The eagle turns back in to Odin, a tall grey-bearded man with a cruel, wise face. The bear became a powerful, red-bearded man who called for his hammer. Thor. Freya then teased the fox, telling him most people would find him easier to deal with as a fox, but gives in and turns Loki back into himself.

Then Freya turned her attention to Odd.

'I look like this anyway,' said Odd.

'I know,' said Freya. She knelt down beside him, reached out a hand towards his injured leg. 'May I?'

'Um. If you want to.'

She picked him up as if he was light as a leaf, and put him down on the great feasting table of the Gods. She reached down to his right foot and deftly unhooked it at the knee. She ran a nail across the shin and the flesh parted. Freya looked at the bone, and her face fell. 'It was crushed,' she said. 'So much that not even I can repair it.' And then she said, 'But I can help.'

She pushed her hand into the inside of Odd's leg, kneading the smashed bones, pulling together the fragments from inside the leg, smoothing them together. Then she opened the flesh of the foot and repeated the same operation, putting the pieces of foot-bone and toe-bone back where they were meant to be. And then she encased the skeletal leg and foot in flesh once more, sealed it up, and the Goddess Freya reattached Odd's leg to Odd, and it was as if it had always been there.

'Sorry,' she said. 'I did the best I could do. It's better, but it's not right, yet.' She seemed lost in thought, then she said brightly, 'Why don't I replace it entirely? What about a cat's rear leg? Or a chicken's?'

Odd smiled, and shook his head. 'No thank you. This is good,' he said.

Odd stood up cautiously, put his weight on his right leg, trying to pretend he had not just seen his leg unhooked at the knee. He leaned on it. It did not hurt. Not really. Not like it used to.

'Give it time,' said Freya.

A huge hand came down and clapped Odd on the shoulder, sending him flying.

'Now, laddie,' boomed Thor. 'Tell us just how you defeated the might of the Frost Giants.' He seemed much more cheerful than when he had been a bear.

'There was only one of them,' said Odd.

'When I tell the story,' said Thor, 'there will be at least a dozen.'

'I want my shoes back,' said Loki.



There was a feast that night, in the great mead hall of the Gods. Odin sat at the end of the table, in the magnificent, carved chair, saying almost as little as he had when he was an eagle. Thor, on his left side, boomed enthusiastically. Loki, who had to sit down at the far end of the table, was pleasant enough to everyone until he got drunk, and then, like a candle suddenly blowing out, he became unpleasant, and he said mean, foolish, unrepeatable things, and he leered at the Goddesses, and soon enough Thor, and a large man with one hand, who Odd thought might have been called Tyr, were carrying Loki from the hall.

*He doesn't learn,* thought Odd.

He thought he had said it to himself, in his head, but Freya, who was sitting beside him, said, 'No. He doesn't learn. None of them do. And they don't change, either. They can't. It's all part of being a God.'

Odd nodded. He thought he understood, a little.

Then Freya said, 'Have you eaten enough? Have you drunk your fill?'

'Yes, thank you,' said Odd.

Old Odin left his chair, and walked towards them. He wiped the goose-grease from his mouth with his sleeve, smearing even more grease all over his grey beard. He said quietly, into Odd's ear, 'Do you know what spring it was you drank from, boy? Where the water came from? Do you know what it cost me to drink there, many years ago? You didn't think you defeated the Frost Giants alone, did you?'

Odd said only, 'Thank you.'

'No,' said Odin. 'Thank *you*.' The All-Father was leaning on a staff carved with faces – dogs and horses and men and birds, skulls and reindeer and mice and women, all of them wrapped around Odin's stick. You could look at it for hours and still not see every detail on that stick. Odin pushed the staff towards Odd and said, 'This is for you.'

Odd said, 'But . . .'

**How do you think the story ends? Write what you think happens next based on this last paragraph.**

**The answer is next (upside down )**



**Emily read the message. She did it quickly and quietly.**

- a. Quickly and quietly, Emily read the message.**
- b. Emily quickly and quietly read the message.**
- c. Emily read the message quickly and quietly.**

Or

**Emily ran a hot bath. She did this during the evening.**

- a. Emily ran a hot bath during the evening.**
- b. During the evening, Emily ran a hot bath.**
- c. Emily, during the evening, ran a hot bath.**
- d. Emily ran, during the evening, a hot bath.**

In your book, try writing as many sentences as you can for the following 3 sets of information.

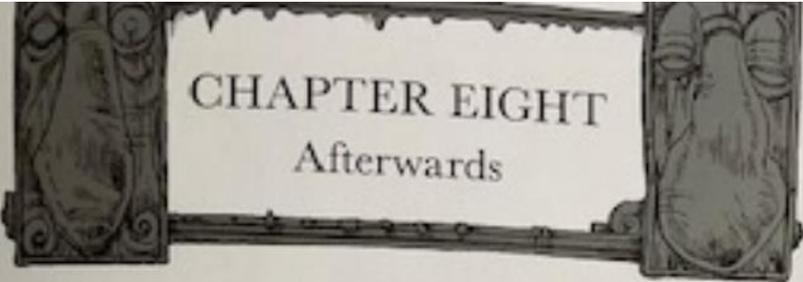
1. The boy ran down the road. He ran as fast as he could.
2. The old woman stirred the giant pot. She stirred it slowly and deliberately.
3. The weather changed and the clouds got darker. It did this suddenly.

## **Thursday: VIPERS**

This is the last chapter in the story. Read it for the pleasure of reading. Think about how it ties up all the loose ends in the story.

### **Afterwards**





## CHAPTER EIGHT

### Afterwards

**O**dd leaned his weight on the staff and looked down at the village. Then he began to walk the path that would take him home. He was still limping, a little. His right foot would never be as strong as his left. But it did not hurt, and he was grateful to Freya for that.

As he headed down the path to the village, he heard a rushing noise. It was the sound of snow melting, of new water trying to find its way to lower ground. Sometimes he heard a *clump* as snow fell from a tree on to the ground beneath. Soon he heard a deep *thrum thrum thrum*, followed by a harsh cracking sound, as the ice that had covered the edge of the bay through this endless winter began to cleave and to break up.

*In days, Odd thought, this will all be mud. In weeks it will be a riot of greenery.*

Odd reached the village. For a moment, he wondered if he had come to the wrong place, for nothing looked quite as he remembered it when he had left less than a week before. It all looked smaller. He remembered how the animals had grown, when they reached Asgard, and then, how they seemed, later, to have shrunk.

He was still not certain if it was the air of Asgard that did it, or if it had happened when he drank the water of the pool.

He reached Fat Elfred's door and he rapped upon it sharply with his staff.

'Who is it?' called a voice.

'It's me. Odd,' he said.

There was a noise inside the hut, an urgent whispering, then people talking in low voices. Odd could hear the loudest of the voices as it grumbled about good-for-nothings who stole a side of salmon, and how it was high

time for someone to be taught a lesson he would never forget. He heard the sound of a door being unbarred.

The door opened and Fat Elfred looked out. He stared up at Odd, confused.

'I'm sorry,' he said, in a most un-sorry tone of voice. 'I thought my runaway stepson was here.'

Odd looked down at the man. Then he smiled and he said, 'It is him. I mean, it's me. I'm him. I'm Odd.'

Fat Elfred said nothing. The heads of his various sons and daughters appeared around him. They looked up at Odd nervously.

'Is my mother here?' asked Odd.

Fat Elfred coughed. 'You grew,' he said. 'If that *is* you.'

Odd just smiled – a smile so irritating that it had to be him.

The smallest of Fat Elfred's children said, 'They got into fights after you went away. She said we had to go and look for you and that it was Dad's fault you'd run off, and he said it wasn't and he wouldn't and good riddance to bad rubbish and she said right then, and she went back to your father's old house on the other side of town.'

Odd winked down at the boy, as Thor had once winked at him, and turned around and, leaning on his carved staff, limped through the village, which already seemed much too small for him and not just because he had grown so much since he had left. Soon the ice would melt and longships would be sailing. He did not imagine anyone would refuse him a berth on a ship. Not now that he was big. They would need a good pair of hands on the oars, after all. Nor would they argue if he chose to bring a passenger . . .

He reached down and knocked on the door of the house in which he had been born. And when his mother opened the door, before she could hug him, before she could cry and laugh and cry once more, before she could offer him food and exclaim over how big he had grown and how fast children do spring up when they are out of your sight, before any of these things could happen, Odd said, 'Hello, Mother. How would you like to go back to Scotland? For a while, at least.'

'That would be a fine thing,' she said.

And Odd smiled,  
and ducked his head to get  
through the door,  
and went inside.

### Friday:

Big Write day. Use the picture for ideas. You can write any type of writing you choose- a newspaper report, a story, a description, a letter, a diary entry... based on an idea from the picture.

You can write and edit into your Distance Learning book or can present this as a file on your computer using word or publisher.

I will be looking for effective use of adverbs and adverbial phrases in your writing!

