

# James and the Giant Peach - Phase 1 Day 7

By Roald Dahl

Ramshackled

Peculiar

Enormous

Forbidden

Unfriendly

desolate

Landscape

## RECALL:

Here are some of the words we have read in the text. Can you remember what they mean? Can you use them in a sentence?

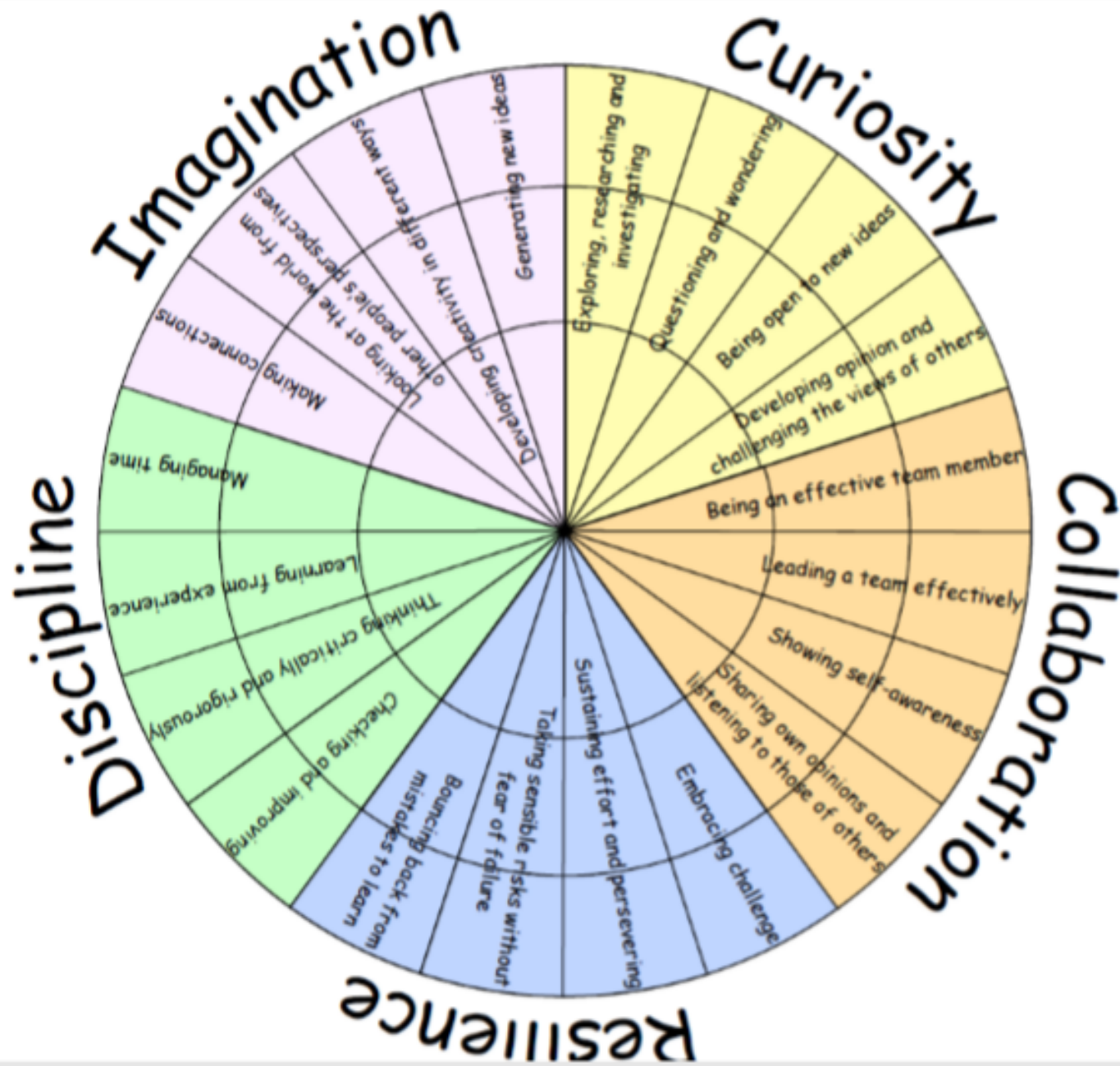
# LEARNING LADDER AND SKILLS:

RESPONDER: p13 step 5

I can find answers in the text. I can make simple inferences about character's thoughts and feelings.

## SKILLS:

- Reading
- Thinking
- Collaborating
- Improving



## LEARNING HABITS:

Which learning habits do you think we will need to use today?

## Chapter Three

It was at this point that the first thing of all, the *rather* peculiar thing that led to so many other *much* more peculiar things, happened to him.

For suddenly, just behind him, James heard a rustling of leaves, and he turned round and saw an old man in a funny dark-green suit emerging from the bushes. He was a very small old man, but he had a huge bald head and a face that was covered all over with bristly black whiskers. He stopped when he was about three yards away, and he stood there leaning on his stick and staring hard at James.

When he spoke, his voice was very slow and creaky. 'Come closer to me, little boy,' he said, beckoning to James with a finger. 'Come right

up close to me and I will show you something *wonderful*.'



James was too frightened to move.

The old man hobbled a step or two nearer, and then he put a hand into the pocket of his jacket and took out a small white paper bag.

‘You see this?’ he whispered, waving the bag gently to and fro in front of James’s face. ‘You know what this is, my dear? You know what’s inside this little bag?’

Then he came nearer still, leaning forward and pushing his face so close to James that James could feel breath blowing on his cheeks. The breath smelled musty and stale and slightly mildewed, like air in an old cellar.

‘Take a look, my dear,’ he said, opening the bag and tilting it towards James. Inside it, James could see a mass of tiny green things that looked like little stones or crystals, each one about the size of a grain of rice. They were extraordinarily beautiful, and there was a strange brightness about them, a sort of luminous quality that made them glow and sparkle in the most wonderful way.

‘Listen to them!’ the old man whispered. ‘Listen to them move!’

James stared into the bag, and sure enough there was a faint rustling sound coming up from inside it, and then he noticed that all the thousands of little green things were slowly, very very

slowly stirring about and moving over each other as though they were alive.

‘There’s more power and magic in those things 42 Highlighters in there than in all the rest of the world put together,’ the old man said softly.

‘But – but – what *are* they?’ James murmured, finding his voice at last. ‘Where do they come from?’

‘Ah-ha,’ the old man whispered. ‘You’d never guess that!’ He was crouching a little now and pushing his face still closer and closer to James until the tip of his long nose was actually touching the skin on James’s forehead. Then suddenly he jumped back and began waving his stick madly in the air. ‘Crocodile tongues!’ he cried. ‘One thousand long slimy crocodile tongues boiled up in the skull of a dead witch for twenty days and nights with the eyeballs of a lizard! Add the fingers of a young monkey, the gizzard of a pig, the beak of a green parrot, the juice of a porcupine, and three spoonfuls of sugar. Stew for another week, and then let the moon do the rest!’

All at once, he pushed the white paper bag into James's hands, and said, 'Here! You take it! It's yours!'

## Chapter Four

James Henry Trotter stood there clutching the bag and staring at the old man.

‘And now,’ the old man said, ‘all you’ve got to do is this. Take a large jug of water, and pour all the little green things into it. Then, very slowly, one by one, add ten hairs from your own head. That sets them off! It gets them going! In a couple of minutes the water will begin to froth and bubble furiously, and as soon as that happens you must quickly drink it all down, the whole jugful, in one gulp. And then, my dear, you will feel it churning and boiling in your stomach, and steam will start coming out of your mouth, and immediately after that, *marvellous* things will start happening to you, *fabulous, unbelievable* things – and you will

never be miserable again in your life. Because you *are* miserable, aren’t you? You needn’t tell me! I know *all* about it! Now, off you go and do exactly as I say. And don’t whisper a word of this to those two horrible aunts of yours! Not a word! And don’t let those green things in there get away from you either! Because if they do escape, then they will be working their magic upon somebody else instead of upon *you*! And that isn’t what you want at all, is it, my dear? *Whoever they meet first, be it bug, insect, animal, or tree, that will be the one who gets the full power of their magic!* So hold the bag tight! Don’t tear the paper! Off you go! Hurry up! Don’t wait! Now’s the time! Hurry!’

With that, the old man turned away and disappeared into the bushes.



# Chunk and Query 1



How has the author created suspense and excitement?

How has the author implied something magical is about to happen?

## Deeper Dive - Predicting



If someone appeared and offered you magic crocodile tongues, what would you do?

Draw and label a picture of what magical thing would happen.