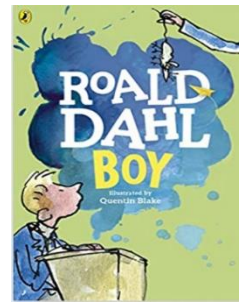


Home Learning - Year 6- week beginning 25th January 2021

Boy-Tales of a Childhood by Roald Dahl



This week our reading looks slightly different. We are going to use a class novel rather than Rising Stars.

On the next few pages are your reading and writing activities based around our new book 'Boy-Tales of a Childhood' by Roald Dahl. The children are used to this way of teaching as we use quality texts in school to base our reading and writing around a novel.

There are copies of this book available to loan from school which will be signed out to you and will need to be returned following completion of this novel.

Alternatively, you can use the link to the online version PDF found here [Boy-Tales of a Childhood PDF](#)

Thanks for all the hard work, please take a photo of your child's work and email it to us on year6@oliprimaryschool.co.uk, we'd love to see it!

Miss Gallagher and Mr Cotton

The Synopsis

The unadulterated childhood - sad and funny, macabre and delightful - that inspired Britain's favourite storyteller, Boy speaks of an age which vanished with the coming of the Second World War.

Boy: Tales of Childhood, published in 1984, is a funny, insightful and at times grotesque glimpse into the early life of Roald Dahl. In it, he tells us about his experiences at school in England, the idyllic paradise of summer holidays in Norway, and the pleasures and pains of the local sweetshop in Llandaff, Wales.



★ **Task 2-** Read the title chapters and write a paragraph predicting what each chapter might be about.

★ **Remember to use your imagination and be creative as this is a story all about Roald Dahl's childhood**

Chapter Title	Prediction
The Bicycle and the Sweet-shop	
The Great Mouse Plot	
Mr Coombes	
Mrs Pratchett's Revenge	
Going to Norway	
The Magic Island	
A Visit to the Doctor	





★ **Task 3-** Read chapter 1-Papa and Mama- Vocabulary and comprehension task

★ Find the following words and phrases in the text and explain what they mean:

★ (if reading from the PDF the pages won't correspond but use skimming and scanning to find the words from chapter one).

- ★ a) prosperous merchant...
- ★ b) majestic...p3
- ★ c) horse-drawn buggy... p3
- ★ d) excruciating...p4
- ★ e) orthopaedic surgeon...p4
- ★ f) ingenious instrument... p5
- ★ g) boundless...p6
- ★ h) shipbroker...p7
- ★ i) the greatest coaling port in the world...p8
- ★ j) exaggerated fairy-stories of success... p9
- ★ k) harboured a curious theory... p13

- ★ 1. Can you name both of Roald Dahl's Parents?
- ★ 2. How did his father lose his left arm?
- ★ 3. Where to, and why, did Mr Dahl move from Paris?
- ★ 4. How did Mr Dahl earn a living? What was his business; explain what this involved.
- ★ 5. What other tragedy befell Mr Dahl?
- ★ 6. Explain Mr Dahl's "curious theory" about how to help his children develop a sense of beauty for the world.





Task 4- This task is all about understanding the term 'autobiography', its structure and purpose. The word autobiography comes from the Greek language and is a compound of autos (self) + bios (life) + graphe (write). It is an account of a person's life written by that person.

Read this extract and discuss the following questions.

- Is this a work of fiction or non-fiction?
- Why do you think Roald Dahl wrote this book?
- Have you read any other autobiographies?
- Whose autobiography would you like to read?

Highlight any words within this extract that you don't understand and discuss them with an adult at home.

EXTRACT ONE
from 'Writing Home', pp. 92-94

At St Peter's, Sunday morning was letter-writing time. At nine o'clock the whole school had to go to their desks and spend one hour writing a letter home to their parents. At ten-fifteen we put on our caps and coats and formed up outside the school in a long crocodile and marched a couple of miles down into Weston-super-Mare for church, and we didn't get back until lunchtime. Church-going never became a habit with me. Letter-writing did.

Here is the very first letter I wrote home From St Peter's.

From that very first Sunday at St Peter's until the day my mother died thirty-two years later, I wrote to her once a week, sometimes more often, whenever I was away from home. I wrote to her every week from St Peter's (I had to), and every week from my next school, Repton, and every week from Dar es Salaam in East Africa, where I went on my first job after leaving school, and then every week during the war from Kenya and Iraq and Egypt when I was flying with the RAF.

My mother, for her part, kept every one of these letters, binding them carefully in neat bundles with green tape, but this was her own secret. She never told me she was doing it. In 1957, when she knew she was dying, I was in hospital in Oxford having a serious operation on my spine and I was unable to write to her. So she had a telephone specially installed beside her bed in order that she might have one last conversation with me. She didn't tell me she was dying nor did anyone else for that matter because I was in a fairly serious condition myself at the time. She simply asked me how I was and hoped I would get better soon and sent me her love. I had no idea that she would die the next day, but she knew all right and she wanted to reach out and speak to me for the last time.

When I recovered and went home, I was given this vast collection of my letters, all so neatly bound with green tape, more than six hundred of them altogether, dating from 1925 to 1945, each one in its original envelope with the old stamps still on them. I am awfully lucky to have something like this to refer to in my old age.

