



Welcome to the Animal Kingdom! This is Lesson 11



STUDENTS WILL:

- SING A SONG AND DEVELOP THINKING QUESTIONS
- WRITE QUESTIONS ABOUT A TOPIC THEY ARE INTERESTED IN
- READ A STORY AND DISCUSS THE EVENTS AND CHARACTERS
- LEARN NEW VOCABULARY

Listen to the Question Words Song!

WHO

WHAT

WHERE

WHEN

WHY

HOW

Activity:

List the six question words to start your sentences.
What does each word mean?

Activity:

Think of six questions, one for each question word to ask your friends.

WHICH TOPIC DID YOU CHOOSE:

Write a set of questions about this topic. How many questions can you think of?

WHO

WHAT

WHERE

WHEN

WHY

HOW

LEARNING OUR READING

WORDS!



soil

day-
dreamed

pyjamas

radish

seed

beanstalk

roots





**Lets read a
story**



Big Rad



Text by Marianne de Pierres
Illustrations by John Bennett



READ

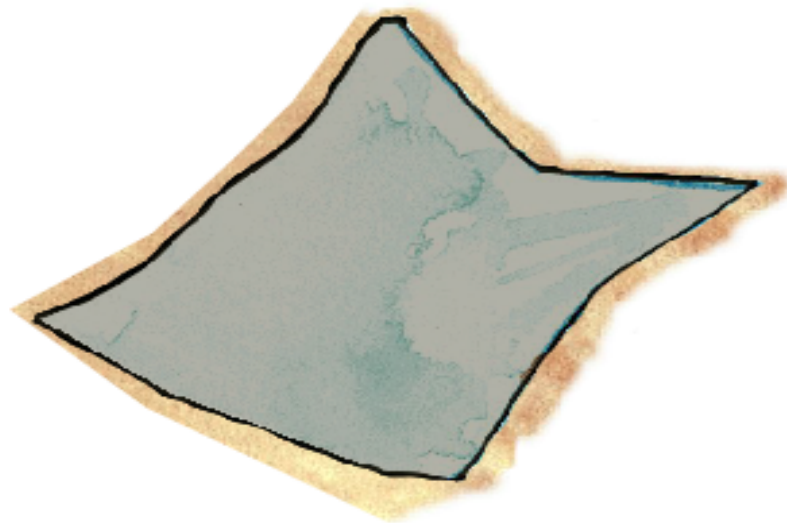
“Look, Mum!”

Mark was just home from school. He took a piece of silver paper from his bag. His mum looked at it. Inside the paper was a tiny black dot.

“It’s a radish seed,” said Mark. “Our class is having a contest. The biggest radish wins.”

Mark’s mum smiled. She took the seed and put it safely in a drawer. “I’ll need to find you a pot. We’ll plant it on the weekend,” she said.

Mark could hardly wait.





When Saturday came, Mark was up with the birds.

“Mark, go back to bed. It’s too early,” said his mum and dad, yawning.

Mark went back to bed. But he was too excited to sleep. Instead he day-dreamed. How would his radish look? Would it be red?

Mum put radishes in Mark’s salad sometimes. They were red on the outside and white on the inside. They made his eyes water because they were hot.

Mark wouldn’t let anybody eat **his** radish. It would be so big people would come from everywhere to see it. He would enter it in shows. People would make movies about it. And write books. His radish would be famous.

Mark could hardly wait!





After breakfast Mum and Mark went to buy a pot. They had different ideas.

“No, Mum,” said Mark. “That’s much too small.” Mark knew how big his radish would grow.

“But Mark,” said Mum, “radishes are only small.”

Mark smiled and put his pocket money on the counter. “I’ll have the big orange one, please.”

His mum sighed.

“All right, Mark.”





When they got home, Mark took the pot into the garden. His dad came out to help. Dad looked at the pot and scratched his head. “Is this pot for a giant beanstalk?”

Mark grinned.

Mark’s dad showed him how to put some stones in the bottom of the pot. That way the water ran through and the roots wouldn’t get too wet. Together they filled the pot with rich, dark soil. It smelt musty.

“My radish will love this,” said Mark.

Mark’s dad laughed. “It will. But you must remember to water it every day.”

Mark nodded. Big radishes needed lots of water.





That night Mark lay in bed thinking about his radish. He could give it a name.

The Huge One?

No!

Super Red?

No! No!

How about –

**BIG
RAD**

The next morning Mark jumped out of bed. He ran downstairs and out into the garden. He was still wearing his pyjamas. Holding his breath, he looked into the big orange pot.

There was nothing there.





Mark ran upstairs and woke his mum and dad.

“Mark, it’s only five-thirty,” Mum groaned.

“Something’s wrong. My radish hasn’t grown,” said Mark.

Dad chuckled from under his blankets. “Oh, Mark. You won’t see anything for five or six days.”

“Now, go back to bed,” said his mother.



The next five days passed slowly. Every morning, first thing, Mark ran downstairs and out into the garden, just in case BIG RAD had popped up overnight.

Then he crept back to bed.



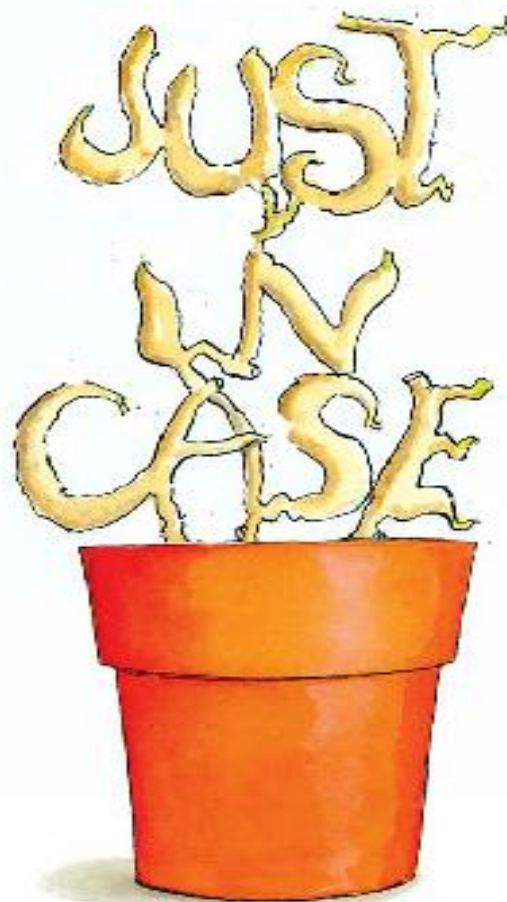


At school everyone was talking about their radishes.

Wally Ong said his was as big as an orange. Alice Smith said hers was like a melon. Mark didn't worry. He knew his was going to be the biggest of all.



Each afternoon after school Mark gobbled down his snack. Then he ran out to play in the garden. Every few minutes he checked the orange pot – just in case!





Then, one day, Mark saw it –
a tiny green shoot. It had soil on
top of it, like a little brown cap.

He carefully brushed the soil off.
Then he jumped for joy. His
radish was going to be wonderful.
His radish was going to be huge.
His radish was going to win!

BIG RAD!

Soon there was another shoot,
and another. They were like
green feathers. They grew
and grew.

Dad scratched his head. “How
many leaves does a radish have?”

“Lots of leaves,” said Mark. “But
the radish grows under the soil.”

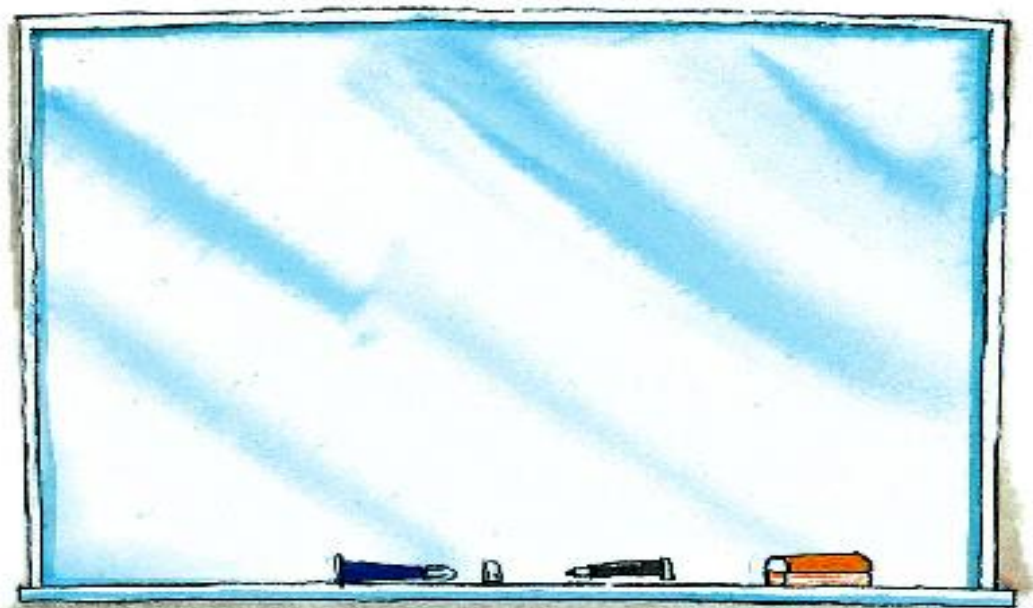
“Oh,” said Dad. “I’ve never grown
a radish before.”

Mark smiled. “That’s all right,
Dad. You’ll learn.”





The next week Mrs Cory, the teacher, wrote a note on the board.



Mark ran out to check BIG RAD when he got home. The leaves were longer than his hand. There were at least ten of them. They were all clumped together in one spot.

Mark was happy he'd got a large pot.

BIG RAD MUST BE
ENORMOUS.

Mark was the first at school the next day.

"Where shall I put my radish, Mrs Cory?" he asked.

Mrs Cory was reading. She didn't look up. She waved her hand. "In the science corner, Mark."



Mark walked to the science corner. He proudly put his radish on the desk. Dad had put Mark's name on it so everyone would know it was his. He wanted to burst with excitement. Not long now!

The bell rang. Mark ran back to his class.

The morning went slowly. Mrs Cory said she would judge the radishes at lunchtime, after everyone had eaten.

Mark tried to think of his spelling – not his radish. But it was very hard!

At lunchtime Mark ate his sandwich and fruit. Then he ran to the science corner. The others crowded in. Everyone said their radish was the best. But Mark knew his was.





Mrs Cory began.

“The prize for the reddest radish goes to Wally Ong.”

“The prize for the biggest radish goes to Alice Smith.”

Mark’s heart sank. What about BIG RAD?

Mrs Cory went on. Everyone got a prize for their radish.

There was a prize for the cutest radish, the funniest radish, the happiest radish, the silliest radish and even the skinniest radish.

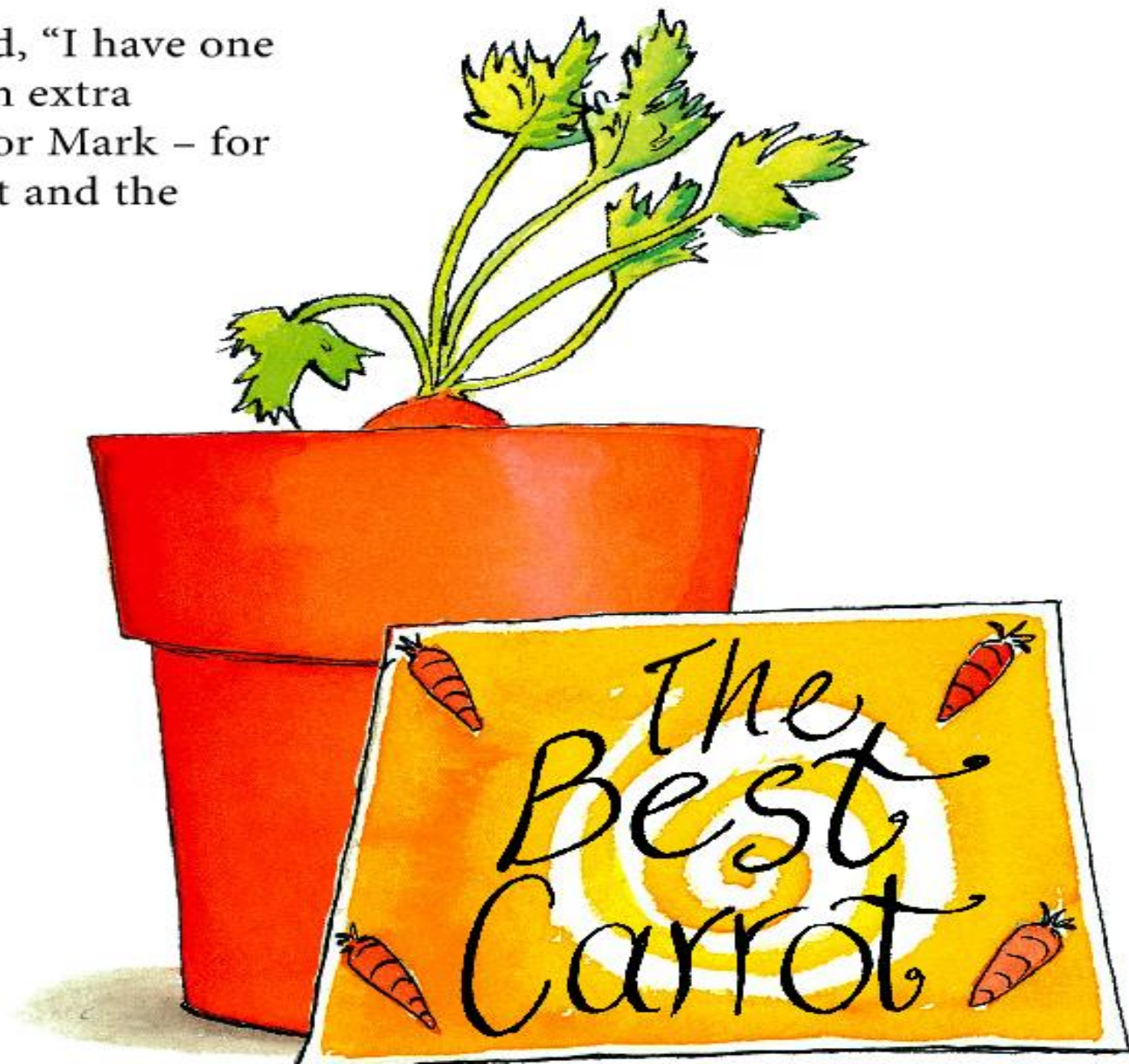
Everyone had a special radish prize – everyone, **except Mark.**

A tear fell from the corner of Mark’s eye. It trickled all the way to his chin.





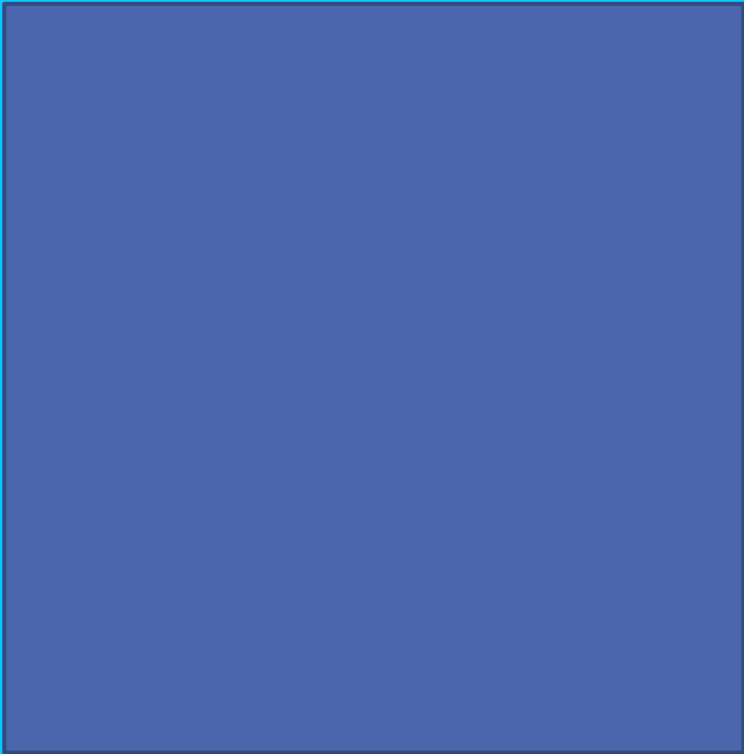
Then Mrs Cory said, “I have one last prize. This is an extra special prize. It is for Mark – for the biggest, the best and the only **carrot!**”



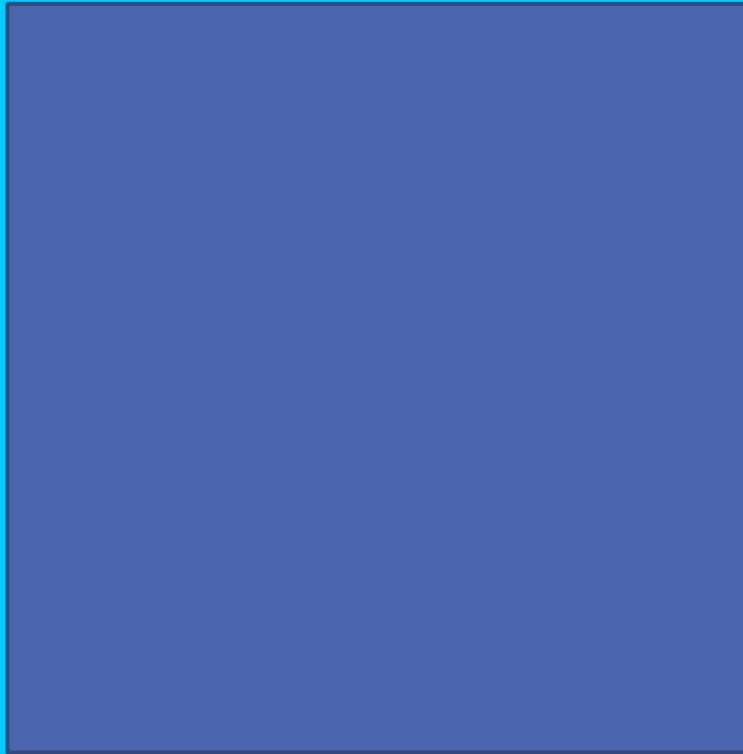


VOCABULARY ACTIVITY

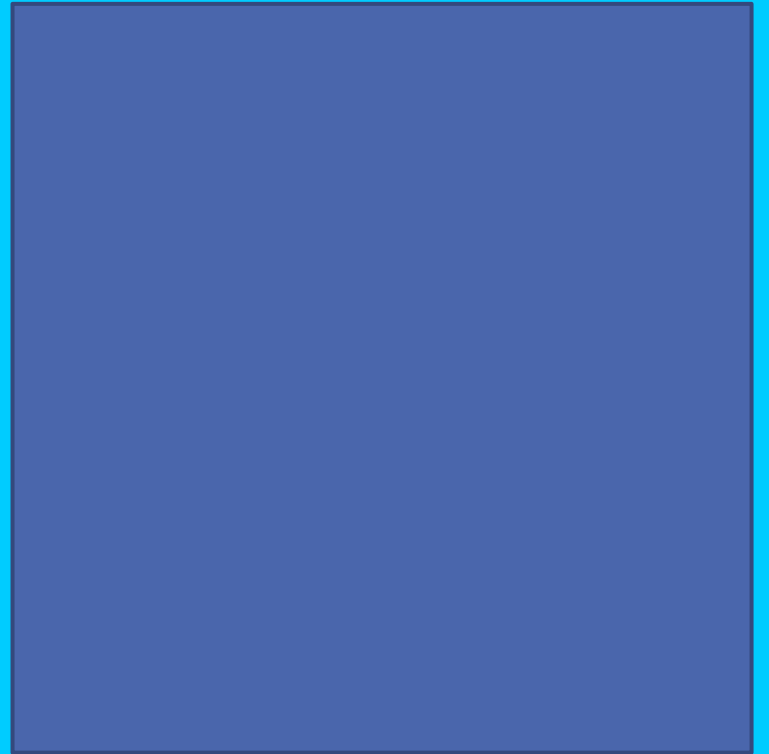
Draw a picture and write a definition of the words.



pyjamas

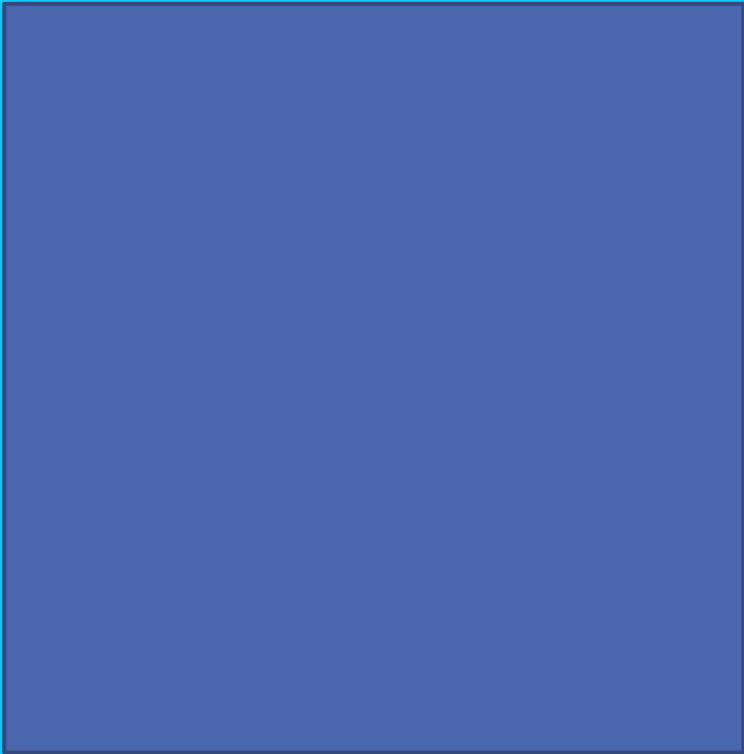


radish

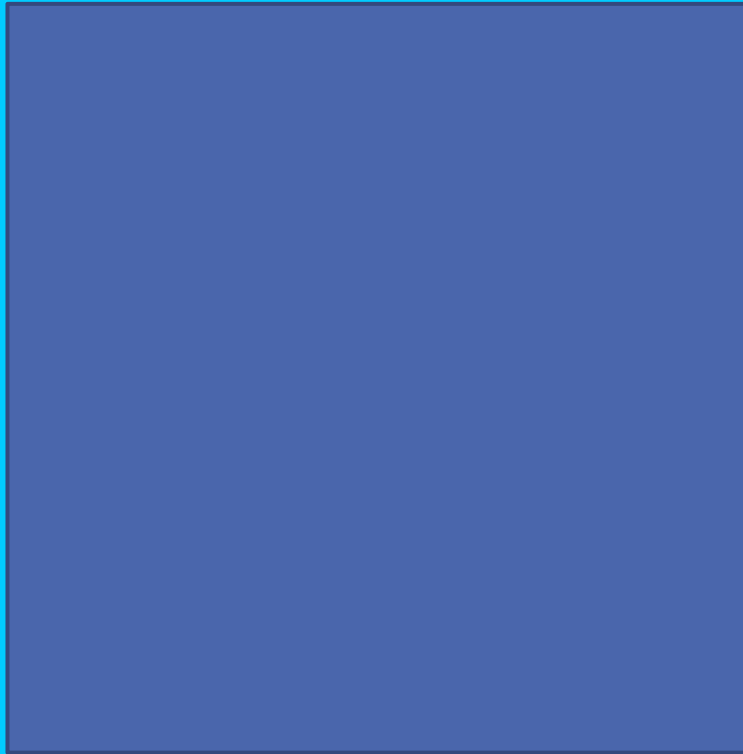


seed

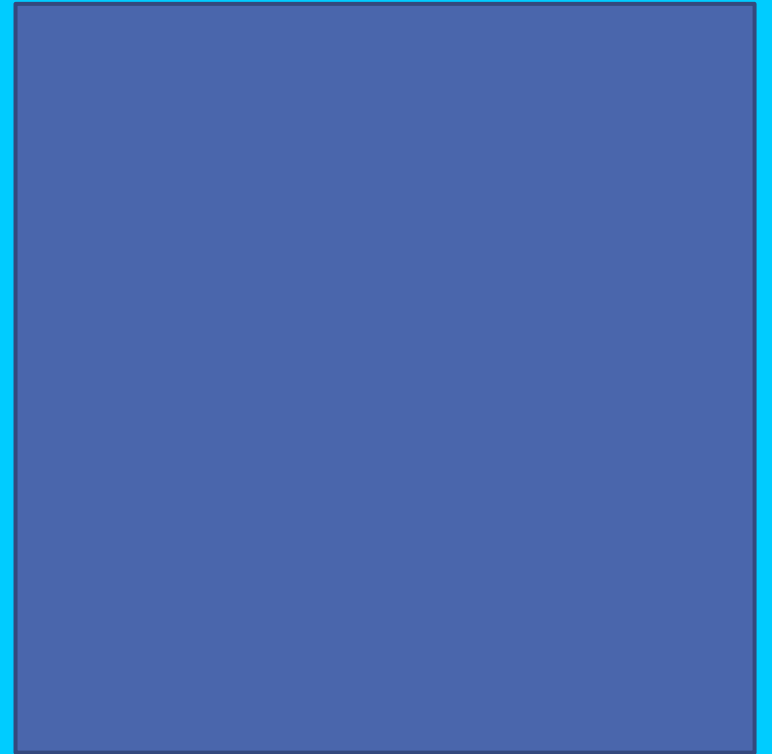
Draw a picture and write a definition of the words.



beanstalk



soil



roots

HOMEWORK

Ask your mom or dad about themselves using the six question words. Record the question and answers.

Using the seven new vocabulary words, create a short paragraph about the story and illustrate your favourite scene.

Final Thoughts

- Do you have any questions?

