

Friday 10th March 2023

Group 1: To practice times tables using Topmarks

$7 \times 5 =$ $8 \times 4 =$ $9 \times 12 =$ $2 \times 7 =$ $3 \times 6 =$

Group 2: To practice dictionary skills using week 2 spellings

Use a dictionary (physical or online) to find definitions of the words in your spelling list.

Group 3: To cursive form words with the -ous suffix

Write these words in your best handwriting: tremendous, outrageous, obvious, victorious, enormous, jealous

Group 4: Guided Reading Follow Up: To predict what will happen next using details from the story

Write at least two sentences explaining what you think will happen next in the story. Use evidence from the extract to explain your answer.

Group 5: Guided Reading: To make inferences about characters

Read the extract on the next page and write down three facts that you have learned about Maia and the boy. Find evidence in the text to support your inferences.

Chapter Two



The *Cardinal* was a beautiful ship; a snow-white liner with a slender, light blue funnel. She had two state rooms, a dining room and lots of deck space where people could lie about and drink beef tea or play games.

'Isn't it lovely?' said Maia, and she imagined herself standing by the rail with the wind in her face as she watched the porpoises play and the white birds wheel and circle overhead.

But the beginning of the voyage wasn't at all like that because after the ship left Lisbon, the *Cardinal* ran into a storm. Great green waves loomed up like mountains, the ship rolled and shuddered and pitched. Hardly anyone got as far as the dining room, and the doors to the decks were closed so that any passengers still on their legs did not get washed overboard.

Maia and Miss Minton shared a cabin with two Portuguese ladies who spent their time in their bunks groaning, being sick, praying to the Virgin and begging to die. Maia thought this was going too far, but it is true that being seasick is so awful that people do sometimes wish that the ship would simply sink and put them out of their misery.

Maia was not seasick and nor was Miss Minton. They did not feel exactly hungry but they managed to get to the dining room, holding onto everything they could find, and to eat some of the soup which the waiters poured into the bowls fastened onto the table with a special gadget that came out in storms. It is difficult not to feel superior when everyone is being ill and you aren't, and Maia couldn't help being a bit pleased with herself. This lasted till Miss Minton, hanging onto the saloon rail with her long, black arms, said that this would be a good time to start learning Portuguese.

'We shall be undisturbed.'

Maia thought this was a bad idea. 'Maybe the twins would teach me. They must speak it if they've

been there for so long.'

'You don't want to arrive in a country unable to make yourself understood. Everyone speaks Portuguese in Brazil. Even the Indians mix it with their own languages.'

But the lessons did not go well. Miss Minton had found a book about the family of Senhor and Senhora Olvidares and their children Pedro and Sylvania who did all the things that people do in phrase books, like losing their luggage and finding a fly in their soup, but fixing their eyes on a page when the boat was heaving made them feel definitely queasy. Trying to read when you are being tossed about is not a good idea.

Then on the second day of the storm, Maia made her way to the main state room, where the passengers were supposed to sit and enjoy their drinks and have parties. Miss Minton was helping the Portuguese ladies and Maia wanted to get out of the way.

It was a huge room with red plush sofas screwed to the floor and long gilt-edged mirrors lining the walls, and at first she thought it was empty.

Then she saw a boy of about her own age, peering into one of the mirrors on the far wall. He had fair hair, long and curly, and was dressed in old-fashioned clothes – velvet knickerbockers and a belted jacket too short in the sleeves – and when he turned round she saw that he was looking unhappy and afraid.

'Are you feeling sick?' she asked him.

'No. But I'm getting a spot,' he said, pointing to his chin. His voice trembled, and to her amazement Maia saw that his big blue eyes had filled with tears.

'It's not chickenpox,' said Maia firmly. 'We just had chickenpox at school and it doesn't look like that.'

'I know it isn't chickenpox. It's a spot because I'm growing up. There's another one starting on my forehead.' He lifted his blond curls to show Maia, but at that moment the boat tilted violently and she had to wait till the boy was level with her again to see the small red pimple over his right eye. 'And the other day my voice suddenly cracked. It went down a whole octave. If it happens on stage, I'm finished.'

'Of course. You came with those actors, didn't you? The Pilgrim Players,' said Maia. She remembered now seeing a whole crowd of oddly dressed people getting on at Lisbon, talking at the top of their voices and waving their arms. 'But surely the spots wouldn't show under your make-up?'

'I can't wear make-up on my voice. If it cracks in *Little Lord Fauntleroy* they'll throw me out.'

'They won't do that,' said Maia firmly. 'You're a child. People don't throw children out like that.'