

READING TASK FOUR

The Phoenix Code



Term 6



Pharaohs

Remember to be using Bug Club at home.

<https://www.activelearnprimary.co.uk/login?c=0>

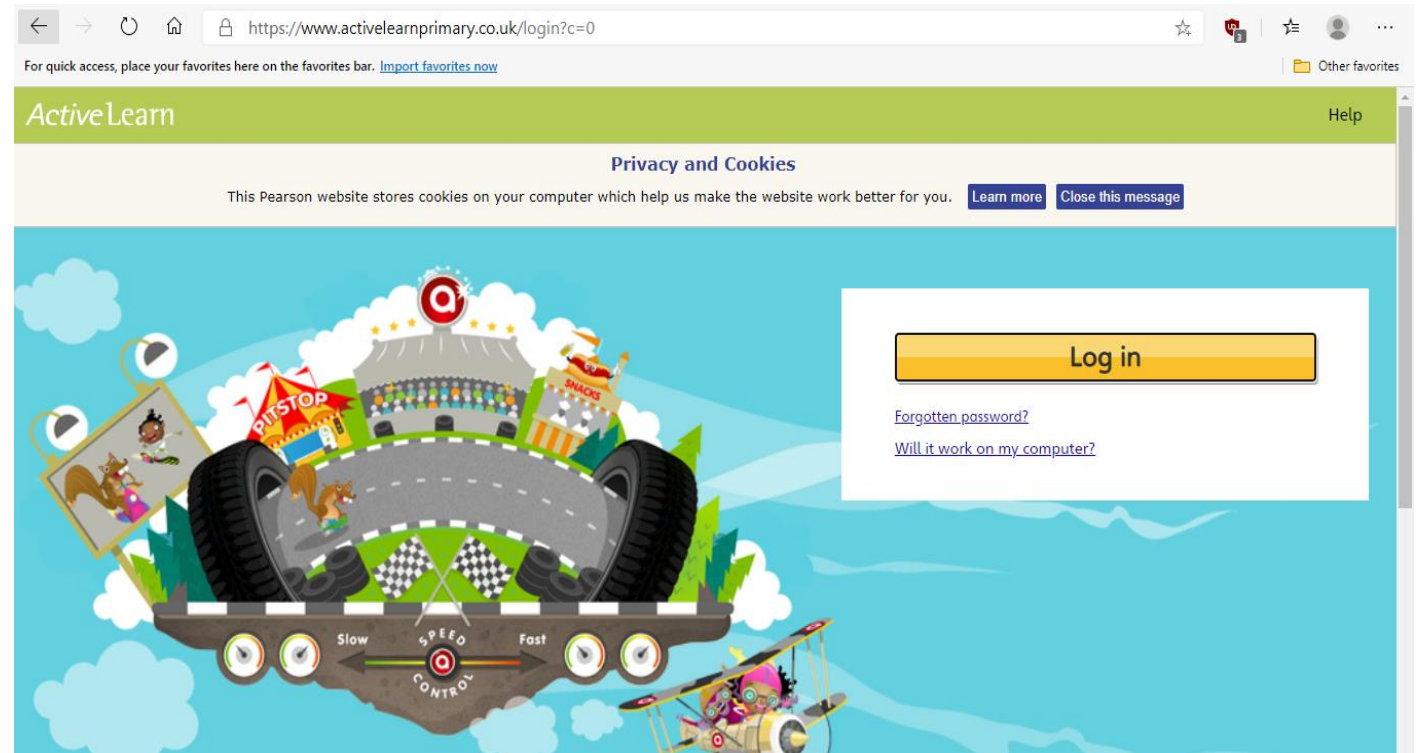
Username: the first 4 letters of your first name followed by the first 4 letters of your surname (Example: Molly Riddle = mollridd)

Password: your password will be the same one you have always used.

(If you are new to the school we have created you an account and given you a password that is the same as your TT Rockstars account)

School code: sppx

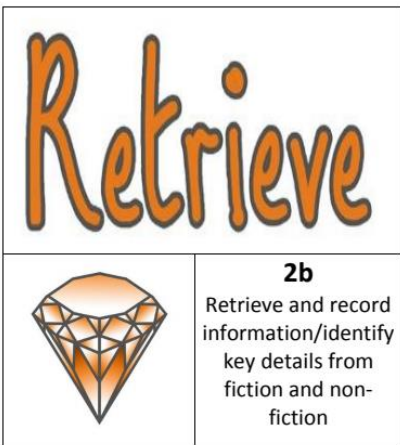
Bug Club



Day 2: 2b Retrieve

L.O- I can retrieve and record information

- I can identify the content domains.
- I can retrieve information from the text.
- I can use the retrieved information to answer questions.



DNA:

What does retrieve mean?

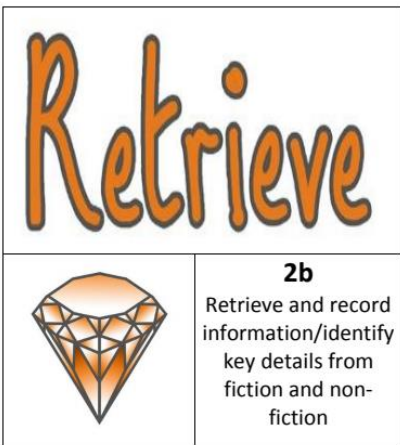
Extension:

Retrieve one piece of information from one page of the book.

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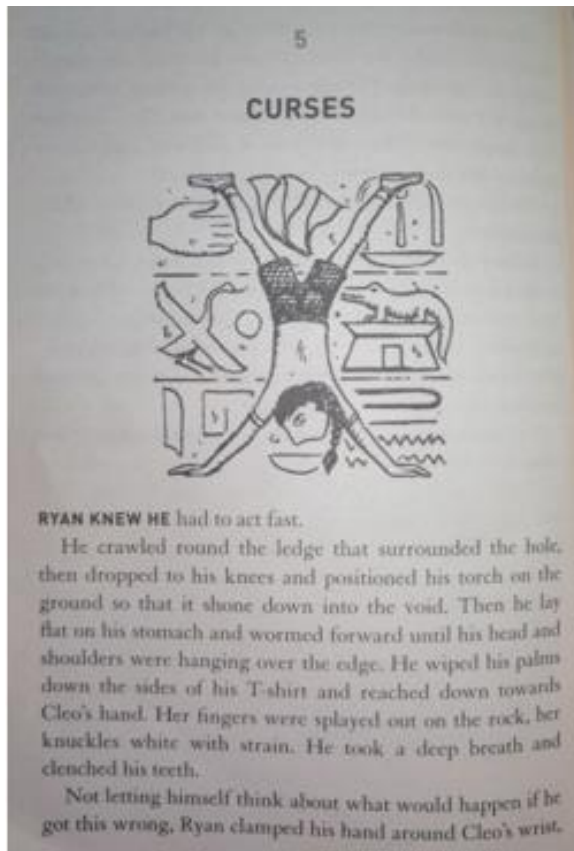
DN

To find and take something.

Extension:

Retrieve one piece of information from one page of the book.

Task 1 - Read the four pages of chapter 5 again



moving so fast she didn't have time to react and lose her fragile hold.

Yes! He'd got her!

Ryan puffed out his cheeks with relief. 'OK?' he asked. 'OK,' Cleo whispered. But suddenly her legs slumped downwards. 'My feet are slipping!' she screamed.

Ryan snatched at Cleo's left wrist, just as her feet slid down the wall. His shoulders wrenched in their sockets as he took all her weight. 'I've got you,' he muttered through clenched teeth to the top of her head. Cleo was hanging straight down now, with only Ryan's grip on her wrists between her and thirty metres of gravity.

Ryan tried to pull Cleo up. His muscles screamed for mercy. There was no way he could lift her all the way out at this angle. He tried a different approach; lowering her a little, then jerking her upwards, letting go of her wrist with his right hand and sliding his hand down to her elbow. He repeated the process with his left hand. At last Cleo was able to clasp his forearms, doubling the strength of the hold.

'I should be able to swing my legs up and get my feet braced on the wall again now,' she gasped. 'Are you ready?'

This must be how it feels to be a trapeze artist, Ryan thought. The only difference was that circus provided safety nets... 'Ready,' he said, tensing to take the strain again.

Cleo arched her back and kicked out, pushing off from the wall with one foot then the other, as if running up it in a crazy parkour move. Ryan heaved with every grain of strength he had left. Just when he thought they'd lost it, he forced himself to let go with one hand, grabbed Cleo under the armpit and flipped her round to face him so she could get her elbows over the edge of the hole. With a flurry of frantic

scrambling and hauling, she was over the side at last. They both flopped down on the cold stone, gulping for air like a pair of landed fish.

'Are you all right?' Ryan gasped at last.

Cleo sat up. She flexed her feet and stretched her arms. 'Bruised coccyx, grazed elbows, minor contusions to the knees,' she listed, like a paramedic reporting a patient's injuries. 'I thought you'd dislocated my shoulder but it seems to have re-engaged.' She looked back at the false wall, shaking her head in disbelief. 'I must have released a hidden catch of some kind. The door just sprang open and I fell through. I was turning back to call you when I lost my footing and stumbled backwards into the hole.' She removed her head torch, which had broken during the fall, and wound the strap around her fingers for a few moments. 'Thanks for getting me out of there.'

'Don't mention it,' Ryan said, although his heart was still galloping. 'All in a day's work.'

Cleo smiled. 'No, I mean it. You were great. Much better than I...'

'... better than you thought I'd be?' Ryan said, finishing the sentence for her. He grinned. 'Thanks for the vote of confidence!' He held out a hand and pulled Cleo to her feet. 'We'll soon get back up top. Hang on to me if you're feeling wobbly.'

But Cleo shrugged his hand away. 'We can't stop now! This is brilliant. The false wall, the secret door, the deadfall...'

'Deadfall?' Ryan asked.

Cleo nodded. 'Some tombs had a ceremonial well, but this hole *has* to be a booby trap. Why else would it be placed right

behind the wall where you can't see it until it's too late?' Her green eyes sparkled in Ryan's torch beam. 'I knew my theory was right! There's definitely *something* worth protecting down here.'

She scrambled to her feet, grabbed Ryan's torch and headed off down the passage. 'These wall paintings are superb, aren't they?' she said over her shoulder. 'They're scenes from the *Book of Amduat*. They show the sun god Ra's journey through the Underworld during the twelve hours of the night...'

Ryan followed. He didn't have much choice since Cleo had taken his torch. And she was clearly a girl on a mission. A girl with a theory, in fact! But he checked very carefully before every step. He'd watched enough action films to know all about booby traps: spikes shooting up from the ground, rats of boiling oil, avalanches of flesh-eating beetles...

Cleo stopped so suddenly he barrelled into her.

'Curses!' she cried.

'Sorry, but if you will stop without any warning...'

'It's not that! I meant there are curses written here.' Cleo directed the torch at the wall. 'Actually,' she said, 'the correct term is *threat formulae*, not curses.'

She ran her finger along lines of hieroglyphs, the paint faded to the rusty brown of dried blood. '*He who dares violate the resting place of the sacred stone shall have no heir*,' she translated. '*His name shall be forgotten in the Two Lands. Ra shall smite him. He shall be devoured by the lion, the crocodile, the serpent, the scorpion and the hippopotamus.*' She looked up and smiled. 'Oh, yes, this is all perfect!'

Ryan leaned down for a closer look. The writing was surrounded by a horde of ferocious-looking beasts. He eyed

CURSES



RYAN KNEW HE had to act fast.

He crawled round the ledge that surrounded the hole, then dropped to his knees and positioned his torch on the ground so that it shone down into the void. Then he lay flat on his stomach and wormed forward until his head and shoulders were hanging over the edge. He wiped his palms down the sides of his T-shirt and reached down towards Cleo's hand. Her fingers were splayed out on the rock, her knuckles white with strain. He took a deep breath and clenched his teeth.

Not letting himself think about what would happen if he got this wrong, Ryan clamped his hand around Cleo's wrist,

moving so fast she didn't have time to react and lose her fragile hold.

Yes! He'd got her!

Ryan puffed out his cheeks with relief. 'OK?' he asked.

'OK,' Cleo whispered. But suddenly her legs slumped downwards. 'My feet are slipping!' she screamed.

Ryan snatched at Cleo's left wrist, just as her feet slid down the wall. His shoulders wrenched in their sockets as he took all her weight. 'I've got you,' he muttered through clenched teeth to the top of her head. Cleo was hanging straight down now, with only Ryan's grip on her wrists between her and thirty metres of gravity.

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Task 2: Answer the questions

Question	Answer
Why did Ryan position his torch on the ground?	
'His muscles screamed for mercy' what do you think this means?	
Ryan and Cleo both flopped down on the cold stone, gulping for air like what?	
'These wall paintings are superb, aren't they?' said Cleo. What do they show?	
Ryan had watched enough action films to know all about what?	

Task 2: Answer the questions

Question	Answer
Why did Ryan position his torch on the ground?	So that it shone down the void.
'His muscles screamed for mercy' what do you think this means?	It means that he is using his muscles a lot and causing them to ache.
Ryan and Cleo both flopped down on the cold stone, gulping for air like what?	They both flopped down on the cold stone, gulping for air like pair of landed fish.
'These wall paintings are superb, aren't they?' said Cleo. What do they show?	They show the sun god Ra's journey though the Underworld during the twelve hours of the night.
Ryan had watched enough action films to know all about what?	Ryan had watched enough action films to know all about booby traps: spikes shooting up from the ground, vats of boiling oil, avalanches of flesh eating beetles.

Exit ticket



Think back to the vocabulary lesson this week.

Recap the new words we learnt.

Pick 3 of the words. Write a sentence using each of the words you have picked.

Wormed

Splayed

Clasp

Devoured

Gnashing

Plinth

Trance