

The Butterfly Lion Chapter 7. Key Reading skill—Is the answer stated or implied?

*Key skill - sorting questions into ones where the answer is stated (told) and one where it is implied (shown through character actions and/or dialogue)*



Re-read your text. Then write next to each question the word—stated or implied.

Chapter 7.

1. Where did the old lady grow up?
2. Did she have any brothers and sisters?
3. Did the old lady like her governess, Miss Tulips?
4. Who was the old lady close to as she grew up?
5. What were the old lady's hobbies?
6. Before she met Bertie, how did the old lady feel about her life?
7. On what day did she meet Bertie?
8. Why wouldn't the box kite fly?
9. What were her first impressions of Bertie? What might she think of him?
10. Why isn't Bertie at school?

**Now answer the questions in full sentences in books.**

**For the ones which are implied, write it as point and evidence, like my example below:**

*Bertie feels devastated, because in the text it says, 'It was the only time Bertie had ever shouted at his father.'*

*Photo your answers clearly. Put in Purple mash document set today.*

Whilst Bertie was growing up on his farm in Africa with his fence all around, I was growing up here at Strawbridge in this echoing cold cavern of a house with its deer park and its high wall all around. And I grew up, for the most part, alone. I too was an only child. My mother had died giving birth to me, and Father was rarely at home. Maybe that was why the two of us, Bertie and I, got on so well from the first moment we met. We had so much in common from the very start.

Like Bertie, I scarcely ever left the confines of my home, so I had few friends. I didn't go to school either, not to start with. I had a governess instead, Miss Tulips – everyone called her “Nolips” because she was so thin-lipped and severe. She moved around the house like a cold shadow. She lived on the top floor, like Cook, and like Nanny. Nanny Mason – bless her heart – brought me up and taught me all the do's and don'ts of life like all good nannies should. But she was more than just a nanny to me, she was a mother to me, and a wonderful one too, the best I could have had, the best anyone could have had.



My mornings were always spent at my studies with Nolips, but all the while I was looking forward to my afternoons out walking with Nanny Mason – except on Sundays, when I was allowed to be on my own all day, if Father wasn't home for the weekend, which he usually wasn't. Then I could fly my kites when it was fine, and read my books when it wasn't. I loved my books – *Black Beauty*, *Little Women*, *Heidi* – I loved them all, because they took me outside the park walls, they took me all over the world. I met the best friends I ever had in those books – until I met Bertie, that is.

I remember it was just after my tenth birthday. It was Sunday and I was out flying my kites. But there wasn't much wind, and no matter how hard I ran, I just couldn't get even my best box kite to catch the wind and fly. I climbed all the way up Wood Hill, looking for wind. And there at the top I found it at last, enough to send my kite soaring. But then the wind gusted and my kite swirled away crazily towards the trees. I couldn't haul it in in time. It caught on a branch and stuck fast in a high elm tree in amongst the rookery. The rooks flew out cawing in protest whilst I tugged at my line, crying in my fury and frustration. I gave up, sat down and howled. That was when I noticed a boy emerging from the shadow of the trees.

“I'll get it down for you,” he said, and began to climb the tree. Easy as you like, he crawled along the branch, reached out and released my kite.



It floated down and landed at my feet. My best kite was torn and battered, but at least I had it back. Then he was down the tree and standing there in front of me.

“Who are you? What do you want?” I asked.

“I can mend it, if you like,” he said.

“Who are you?” I asked again.

“Bertie Andrews,” he replied. He was wearing a grey school uniform, and one I recognised at once. From the lion gateway I had often watched them on their walks, two by two, blue school caps, blue socks.

“You’re from the school up the road, aren’t you?” I said.

“You won’t tell on me, will you?” His eyes were wide with sudden alarm. I saw then that his legs were scratched and bleeding.

“Been in the wars, have you?” I said.

“I’ve run away,” he went on. “And I’m not going back, not ever.”

“Where are you going?” I asked him.

He shook his head. “I don’t know. In the holidays I live at my Auntie’s in Salisbury, but I don’t like it there.”