

Name:

Date:

Worksheet One

This worksheet accompanies slide 3 of *Reading Multimedia.ppt*

“Nightmare”

Read the poem “Nightmare” below. How would you read this poem aloud? Would you whisper some lines? Would you shout others? Would you stand still the whole time, or move around? Write down any ideas you have for how you would read this poem aloud, including the volume and tone of your voice, as well as actions.

Nightmare

Night huddles close around your head

Dreams whisper out of sight,

You can't quite catch the things they said:

They hide their faces from the light!

Fear grows like a shadow in the dark

And leaps through the moonlit streets,

Making stray cats hiss and watchdogs bark:

Hide your face beneath the sheets

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Worksheet Two

This worksheet accompanies slide 5 of *Reading Multimedia.ppt*

Performance plan

Use this table to create your own performance plan for a poem of your choice.

Line	Who?	How?	Sounds/props

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Worksheet Three

This worksheet accompanies slide 6 of *Reading Multimedia.ppt*

“Edric and the Viking Invasion”

Read the beginning of the story “Edric and the Viking Invasion.”

Edric yawned. Sitting on the sunny hillside looking out to sea made him sleepy. All around, the sheep bleated happily as they munched the long summer grass.

"Keep a close watch," his father had warned him. But surely it was too peaceful for anything to happen?

Edric blinked. Where the sea met the sky was a black dot, smaller than a fly. But it was growing... A ship! They were coming! The Sea Wolves! He ran for the village.

Warm summer air tossed Edric's hair and whistled past his ears. The sky was so blue. The day seemed so normal. And yet everything had changed.

Edric ran on. Just as his muscles began to cramp, the thatched roof of the feasting hall showed above the trees. He was nearly there. But something was wrong...

A red glow ran along the thatch. Choking smoke filled the air.

When Edric finally scrambled over the fence, the village was silent. Not even the birds were singing.

He crept along the side of a wooden house and peered around the corner.

Doors open, barrels overturned, cloaks trampled in the mud. A couple of stray hens pecked at a pile of spilled barley. Fire crackled around the doorposts of the feasting hall and no one was trying to put it out.

Grimly, he turned for home.

Edric's father, Garrick, was lying still in his bed, his face caked with blood.

"Father!" Edric knelt beside him. "Can you speak?"

"The Danes... we had no warning..." Garrick croaked.

Edric's heart froze in his chest. "I came as soon as I could."

Edric's sister crept into the hut with strips of linen and a bowl of water.

"He has lost much blood," she said. "When the Danes came, I hid in the woods. But father stayed." Her eyes told him there was more.

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"Megan?" Edric pressed.

"Oh, Edric! They took Brandt! They took our brother!"

Without a word, Edric ran from the hut. He stooped and picked up a stone. It wouldn't do much against the Danish swords, but it was better than nothing. Edric sprinted toward the shore.

When he got there, the beach was empty. He was too late.

Edric stood looking out at the endless sea. The stone dropped from his hand. Mocking waves lapped at his feet. His little brother Brandt was gone.

As he turned, a small movement caught his eye. It came from a pile of rocks at the water's edge.

"Brandt?" he whispered urgently. A groan answered him.

But it was not Brandt he found there. A young Dane, not much older than Edric himself, lay in a mess of his own blood. A silver ring shone on his finger. It looked valuable. He had dropped his sword when he fell. Edric picked it up. The iron weighed heavily in his fist.

"Where have they taken my brother?" he demanded. "Tell me, or you will die!"

"They go... my father's camp... far to the North," the Dane gasped, struggling with his wound and the Saxon words. "To be... How do you say? A thrall." A slave. Brandt was going to be a slave!

Edric had raised his sword above his head, ready to strike. But how could that help? He lowered the sword again. He needed time to think...

By nightfall, he had dragged the wounded Dane back to his father's hut. The two injured men slept uneasily side by side, covered with animal hides.

"We need him alive," Edric told an anxious Megan. "You must tend to both of them. Don't let him out of your sight."

By daybreak, Edric was already on his way North. In his belt was the Dane's sword and on a chain around his neck was the Dane's silver ring. He would find a way to bring his brother home. He had a feeling the injured Dane was the key to saving Brandt.

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Worksheet Four

This worksheet accompanies slides 6 and 7 of *Reading Multimedia.ppt*

“Edric and the Viking Invasion”

Use this graphic organizer to compare and contrast the two versions of “Edric and the Viking Invasion.”

Text only	Both	Comic book only