

A REVISION OF THE FAIRY TALE BY
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN



The
Snow Queen

ILLUSTRATED BY BAGRAM IBA TOULINE

Tuesday 26th January - Skills 1

Thursday 26th January

Skills Work

- 2 adjective - 2 adjectives to describe the noun

The pretty, red shoes.

- Subordinating conjunctions

If because when before after although

Skills Work 2 – Fronted Adverbials

How – **Bravely**, Kay went to play with the big boys.

When – **As night fell**, the Snow Queen began her flight.

Where – **Over the fields**, the dazzling sled raced.



- What can you see in this picture?
- What do you think is going to happen?



“Maybe the river will carry me to little Kay,” thought Gerda. This thought made her more cheerful, and for many hours she watched the charming green riverbank. There were lovely flowers and old trees and hillsides with sheep and cattle, but not a person to be seen anywhere.

Soon she came to a huge cherry orchard. A little house with remarkable blue and red windows stood among the trees. As the river carried the boat toward the shore, Gerda called out in a loud voice. An old woman leaning on a cane came out of the house. She wore a large straw hat painted with the finest flowers. She waded into the water, hooked the boat with her cane, drew it to land, and lifted Gerda out of it.

“Come and tell me who you are, and how you came here,” said the old woman. And Gerda told her everything. She asked if the old woman had seen little Kay. The woman said, “No, not yet, but he will probably come soon.” She told Gerda not to be sad, but to look at the flowers and taste the cherries. Then she took Gerda by the hand, led her into the little cottage, and locked the door.

The windows were very high, and the panes were red, blue, and yellow. The daylight shone through them in a rainbow of colors. On the table stood a bowl of the finest cherries, and Gerda ate as many of them as she liked. While she was eating, the old woman combed her hair with a golden comb.

"I've always wished for such a dear little girl as you," said the old woman. "You'll see how well we'll get along with each other."

As the old woman combed her hair, Gerda began to forget about Kay, for this ancient crone could cast spells. But she wasn't a wicked witch. She practiced some magic only for her own amusement, and she wanted to keep little Gerda, so she went into the garden and pointed her cane toward the rosebushes. They all sank into the earth, leaving no sign they were ever there. The old woman was afraid that if the little girl saw the roses she would think of her own and then she would remember Kay and run away.

Then the old woman led Gerda out into the flower garden, where she played until the sun went down. That night, Gerda slept in a lovely bed with red silk pillows filled with blue violets. There she dreamed, as gloriously as a queen on her wedding day.

The next day she played again with the flowers in the warm sunshine, and in this way many days went by. Gerda knew every flower, but as many as there were of them, it still seemed to her that one was missing. One day she sat looking at the old woman's hat with the painted flowers, and she noticed that the prettiest of them all was a rose. The old woman had forgotten to remove it when she made the others disappear.

"Aren't there any roses here?" cried Gerda.

She searched through all the flower beds, but there was not one rosebush to be found. Gerda sat down and wept, and her tears dampened the earth. At once a bush sprouted up, as filled with roses as when it had sunk. Gerda kissed the roses and thought of little Kay.

"Oh, I've wasted so much time! I must search for Kay! Do you know where he is?" she asked the roses. "Do you think he's dead?"

"No, he's not dead," the roses answered. "We've been in the ground where the dead are, but Kay isn't there."

"Thank you," said little Gerda, and she went to the other flowers. Looking into their blossoms, she asked, "Do you know where little Kay is?"

But each flower thought only of its own story. Gerda heard many, many of their stories, but not one of the flowers told of Kay.

"There's no use in my asking the flowers, for they know only their own songs," Gerda sighed. "I'll have to do this myself." So she ran to the gate at the end of the garden and tugged on the rusty lock to break it off. The gate sprang open, and barefooted little Gerda ran out into the wide world. At last, when she could run no longer, she sat down on a great stone. When she looked around, she saw that summer was over; it was already late autumn. Time had passed unnoticed in the lovely garden, where there was always sunshine and flowers from every season of the year.

"I'd better not rest again," said little Gerda, and she stood up to go on. Oh, how tired her little feet were. It grew colder, and leaf after leaf dropped from the trees. How gloomy an uninviting the wide world seemed!

Activity 1 – Chapter Map

Draw a little picture story map showing each of these main points in the chapter

1. Gerda saw the cottage as she was drifting down the river.
2. Old lady hooked her boat in.
3. Because she was lonely she cast a spell on the garden to get rid of the roses.
4. She gave Gerda beautiful red cherries and combed her hair

5. After looking at the old lady's hat and seeing a rose Gerda realised there were no roses in the garden.
6. Gerda cried and the roses began to grow and bloom again.
7. Gerda realised it was all a spell to keep her there.
8. She left. Spring had gone and it was now autumn. She had wasted so much time.

Picture chapter Plot



Chapter map
The Flower
Garden





Activity 2 - Setting Description

At the side of the lake, was a small, rickety cottage. Guarding the rusty, iron gate stood two statues of soldiers. The stone they were made from was crumbly and moss was growing on them like a green jacket. As the evening sun lowered in the sky, the window panes glimmered red, blue and yellow in a dazzling rainbow display. The garden was filled with almost every type of plant and flower imagined. Bright colourful flowers, soft fragrant flowers and tall strong plants with their green leaves stretching and winding through the garden.

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