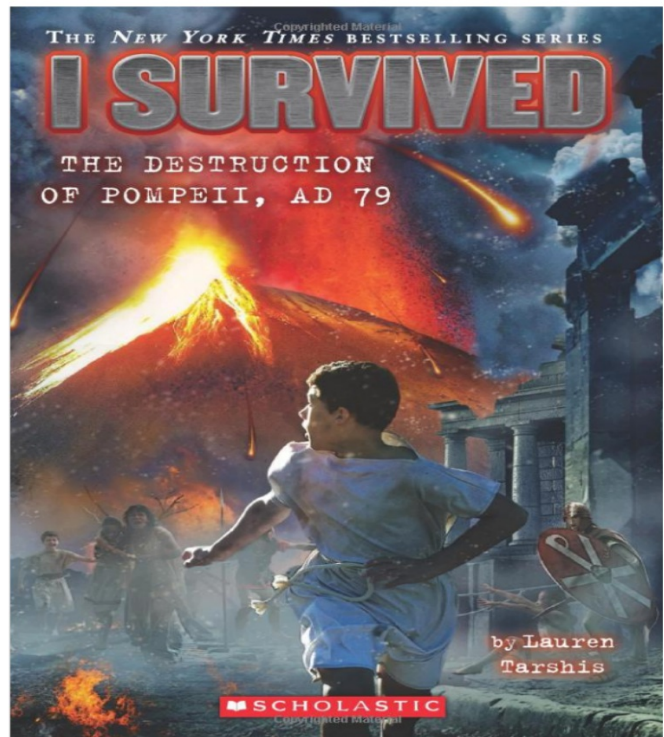


**Tuesday 12th January 2021**

**L.I: To make inferences from the text.**

**Success Criteria**

- \*I know that infer means I have to use clues from text
- \*I can identify the key words in the question
- \*I can scan the text to find the right place/paragraph
- \*I can find evidence
- \*I can make inferences using evidence from the text



## Hook



**You're in the street and Cyclops walks past.  
What would happen to your heart?  
What would your eyes do?  
How would your mouth feel?  
What can we infer that we would be feeling from these actions?  
Tell the person next to you.**

## Key vocabulary



**parade - a procession of people celebrating an event or a special day**



**panther - a large, wild animal that belongs in the cat family**

the fighters who will appear tomorrow!”

People jammed the sidewalks, so Marcus could not get through. Now he had no choice but to put down the laundry sack and wait.

Two men on white horses led the parade, their riders waving bright flags. A band of horn players followed, and then acrobats and jugglers, and finally, a stout man with a leering smile. He was the *lanista* — the owner of these gladiators.

The lanista waved at the crowd, proud as an emperor. Owning gladiators was a dirty business; no respectable person would do it. But the lanista had grown rich on the blood of his gladiators, and he held his head high.



And then there was Cyclops, led by two young women in bright robes who were throwing rose petals.

“There he is!” a woman in the crowd shrieked, pointing at the muscled brute.

The champion wore a gleaming bronze helmet. His massive shield matched the armor strapped to his bulging legs and arms. A leather patch hid his blind eye. Scars covered his face. Marcus had heard terrifying stories about this man — that he had jaws like a tiger’s, that his battle cry was like a panther’s scream, that he could snap a man’s neck with one hand.

The crowd cheered and hooted as Cyclops passed.

But people stood silently as the next four men walked by. These were the wretched souls who would be thrown into the arena with Cyclops tomorrow. None of them had a chance against Cyclops. By tomorrow afternoon, they’d all be dead.

Marcus couldn’t bear to watch them. But then he caught sight of the last man in line.

Marcus froze, staring.

The man was tall, with golden hair streaming out of his bronze helmet. He walked slowly, with dignity. A guard followed him, jabbing him in the back with a spear to move him along.

The man turned his head, and the sun lit up his proud face and glinting blue eyes.

Could it be?

The pounding in Marcus’s heart told the answer.

And suddenly Marcus was running wildly into the street.

“Tata!” Marcus screamed.

the fighters who will appear tomorrow!”

People jammed the sidewalks, so Marcus could not get through. Now he had no choice but to put down the laundry sack and wait.

Two men on white horses led the parade, their riders waving bright flags. A band of horn players followed, and then acrobats and jugglers, and finally, a stout man with a leering smile. He was the *lanista* — the owner of these gladiators.

The lanista waved at the crowd, proud as an emperor. Owing gladiators was a dirty business; no respectable person would do it. But the lanista had grown rich on the blood of his gladiators, and he held his head high.

**Why was the lanista proud of his job?**



**Why do some people go silent?**

## Task

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**How is Tata feeling?**

**What is he thinking?**

Could it be?

The pounding in Marcus’s heart told the answer.

And suddenly Marcus was running wildly into the street.

“Tata!” Marcus screamed.

**Why does Marcus run?**

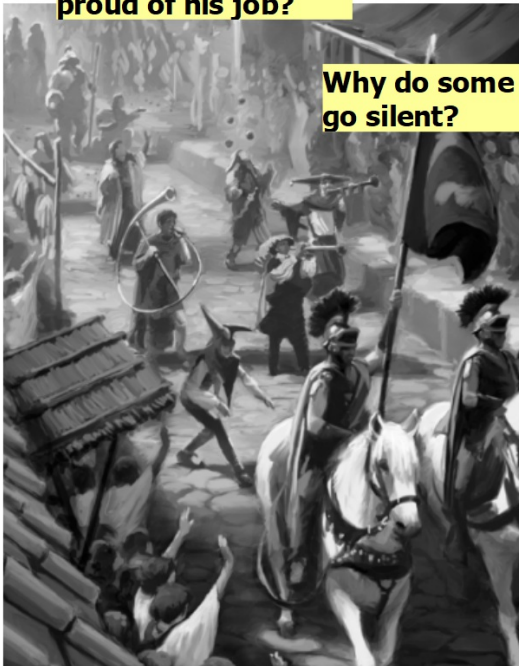
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**Why was the lanista proud of his job?**



**Why do some people go silent?**

## Plenary

## Self Assessment

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**Why does Marcus run?**