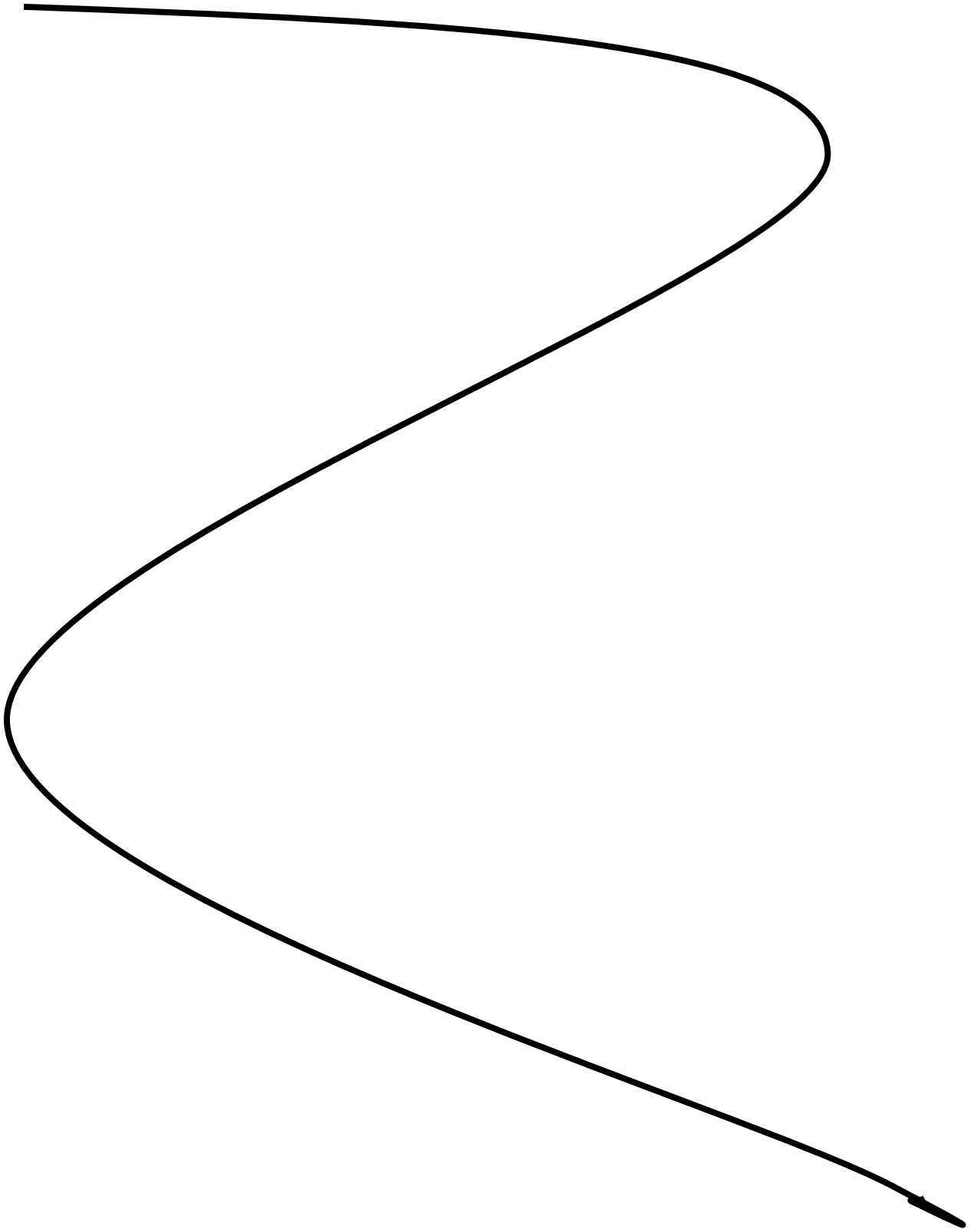


Tuesday 5<sup>th</sup> January

Walt: tell draw a story map for Anansi and the Tiger.



## Extract

Anansi crept and crawled, sneaked and slinked through every dark corner, until he reached the beehive. He heard it before he saw it. The hive was buzzing with activity, every bee in its proper place. Anansi approached, unseen, and called out in his sing-song voice, "Oh, bees!"

In response, a single insect emerged from the hive. She dwarfed the other bees, a tiny crown of honeycomb perched atop her fuzzy head. She glared at Anansi, for interrupting her work. Anansi, in return, flashed her an enormous smile.

"Is it true," asked clever Anansi, "that you bees squabble all the time?"

The Queen looked visibly offended. "No," she replied, curtly. "We work as a team." She looked proudly back at her hive, and Anansi knew immediately that his sneaky plan would work.

"Prove it," crooned the trickster. "Show me how you can organise your bees to all get into this barrel."

The Queen Bee sneered, and whispered a message to an orderly. In no time at all, hundreds of bees were flying, in a perfect line, into Anansi's barrel. Inside, they arranged themselves in neat rows. Once the very last worker was in, the Queen herself granted Anansi a victorious smile, before flying in herself. Her smile vanished as Anansi quickly slammed down the lid of the barrel.

