



English Lesson 4

Thursday 25th February

KQ: Can I describe Great Uncle Lancelot?

Read the text on the next page and look at the illustration to the left. List words to describe Great Uncle Lancelot below:

Now use the words you have found and write your own description of Great Uncle Lancelot.

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Chapter One  
AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

'You down there,' continued the roaring voice, which sounded as though its owner had spent his life gargling with gravel. 'Are you the Dollybutt children?'

'Yes, we are,' replied Emma, 'but who on earth are you?'

'I'm your Great-Uncle Lancelot, of course. Hasn't your mother told you all about me?'

The children shook their heads. The moustache twitched impatiently.

'Well, give me a hand here and I'll be down in a jiffy.'

Lancelot threw two long ropes of fine silk and asked the children to tie each one to a tree. There was a gentle hiss, like a basketful of cobras singing to themselves, as Lancelot let the air out of the balloon. The great basket settled, creaking and groaning, on to the lawn and, I regret to say, on Mrs Dollybutt's favourite rosebed as well. The door opened and Great-Uncle Lancelot appeared.

He swept off his hat and, to Emma's great embarrassment, seized her hand and kissed it. His moustache and beard were so bristly that she felt as if she had put her hand into a haystack.

'You must be Emma,' he remarked, standing back to look at her. 'And you must be Ivan and Conrad, although goodness only knows which of you is which.'

He shook hands vigorously with them both as they solemnly told him their names.

'Splendid, splendid to meet you at last,' he continued, as the children stared at him open-mouthed. 'Don't look so surprised to see me. Shift a leg and take me inside to see your mother.'

The children led the way into the cottage. When they entered the kitchen, poor Mrs Dollybutt was so startled by Lancelot's loud roar of greeting that she dropped the plate of biscuits she was holding all over the floor. Lancelot clasped her tight in his arms and planted a smacking kiss on each of her rosy cheeks.

'Sally, my girl, it's good to see you again,' he said, gazing at her fondly. 'I've been away for far too long.'

'It's . . . er . . . lovely to see you, Lancelot,' Mrs Dollybutt replied nervously. 'Very nice . . . um . . . How did you get here?'

'In my balloon,' said Lancelot. 'It's the only way to travel. I've tried everything – camel caravans, yak trains, ships, aeroplanes, the lot, but without a doubt, balloons are the best and the most peaceful way to travel.'