

TUESDAY



Arithmetic 2

a) $232 \div 4 =$

b) $1,232 \div 8 =$

c) $1,248 \div 6 =$

d) $5,600 \div 80 =$

e) $810 \div 90 =$

f) $3,600 \div 40 =$

g) $72,000 \div 900 =$

h) $771 \div 3 =$

i) $810 \div 18 =$

j) $8,372 \div 46 =$

k) $35,235 \div 87 =$

l) $6,916 \div 19 =$

m) $318.5 \div 13 =$

n) $44.96 \div 8 =$

o) $1,440 \div 120 =$

p) $12,432 \div 14 =$

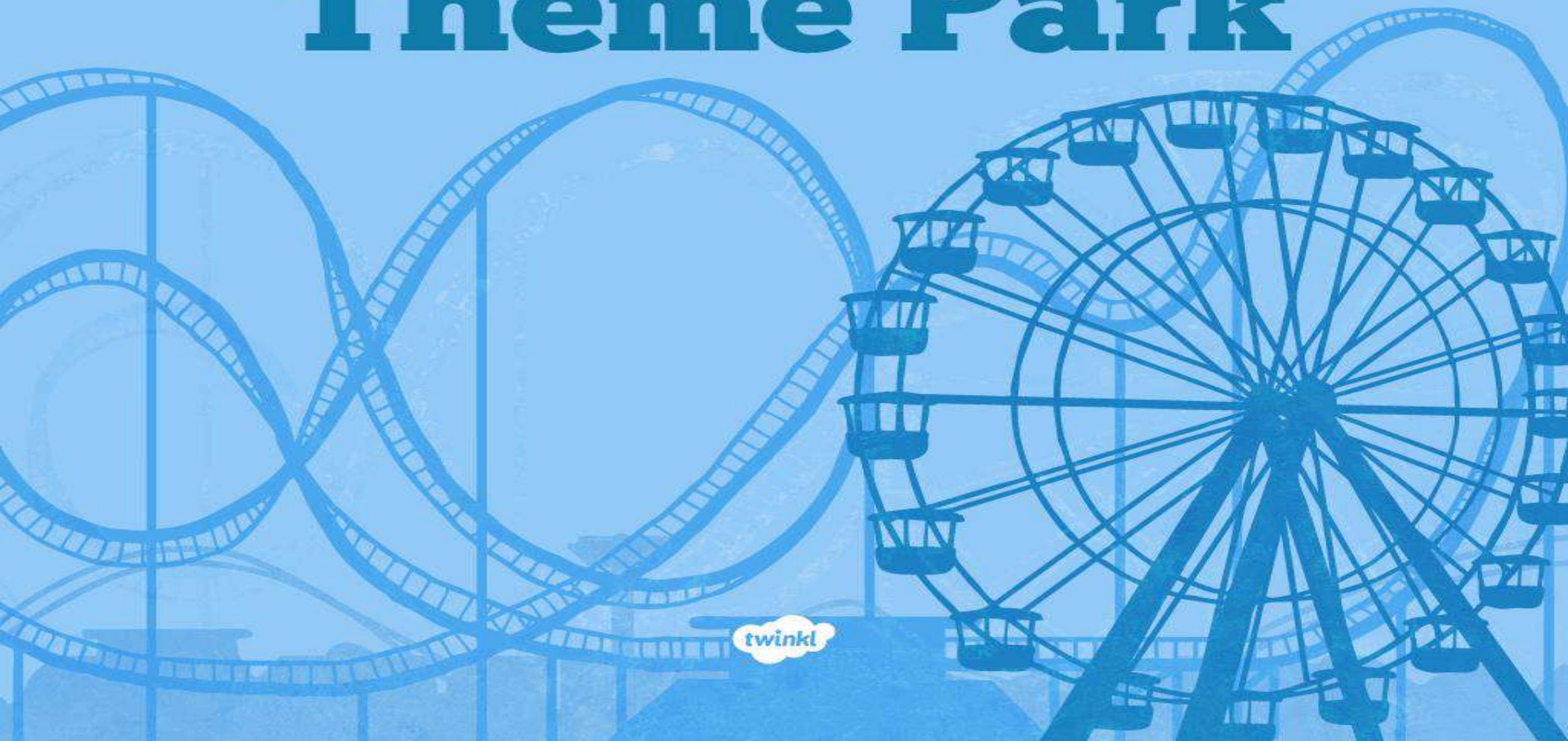
q) $12,036 \div 59 =$

r) $99.45 \div 39 =$

s) $1,264 \div 16 =$

t) $56,225 \div 65 =$

Theme Park



Year 6 Project Pack: Theme Park

During this project, you will:

Develop your problem-solving and thinking skills.

Make decisions and choices.

Strengthen your ability to work collaboratively within a team.

Use a range of mathematical and literacy skills.

Have fun!



Lesson 5: Marketing and Advertising

Now you're just a few weeks away from the grand opening of your theme park, it's time to let people know all about it.

Your website is up and running with your online brochure available, but you need to do some direct marketing to convince your target market to want to visit your attraction.



So how could we advertise and let your potential customers know that your theme park exists and that they **need** to visit?

Marketing Budget

How much you have available to spend on advertising will depend on the amount of money left from your original business loan.

On your Marketing Budget Activity Sheet, let's do a quick calculation...

£5 000 000 – (your building costs + two weeks of running costs) = your marketing budget



Marketing Budget

Work out your marketing budget:
£5 000 000 - (your building costs _____ + two weeks of running costs _____) = _____

Here are your advertising options and costs:
Discuss your advertising choices with your business partners and circle all the advertising methods you are going to invest in. Just make sure you don't go over budget!

Print
National tabloid newspaper (five daily editions) = £50 000
National food mag* (totalled three issues) = £15 000
National children's comic: Beano (two issues) = £10 000

Billboard
Nationwide campaign of five hundred billboard posters in different UK cities in prominent locations = £20 000

Radio
National radio advert (repeated regularly over one month) = £25 000
Local radio advert (repeated regularly over one month) = £10 000

Internet Web Banner
Promoted link on top search engine Google (1 month) = £10 000
Promoted link on the social media site Smebook (1 month) = £10 000

Television
Prime-time national main channel advert (repeated three times a day for a month) = £150 000
National cable channels advert (repeated ten times a day over a variety of channels for one month) = £50 000
National children's advert (repeated ten times a day over a month) = £35 000

Reasons for each marketing decision:

twinkl Page 1 of 2 twinkl.com twinkl.com

Advertising Methods

Discuss with your family the ways in which you think you could advertise your theme park:

Print: Advertisement within a newspaper or magazine.

Billboards: Poster campaign

Radio: Advertising on either a local station or on a nationwide radio station.

Television: Advertisement on a specific channel or at a certain time of day.

Internet: Advertisement 'pop-up' on a popular social media site or maybe a web banner on a search engine.

What are the advantages and disadvantages of each method? What will you need to do to create each type of advertisement? How much do they cost?

Advertising: Print

If you decide on a print advertisement, you will need to produce a 20cm x 15cm advert that contains key information, prices and persuasive features (e.g. a slogan, imperative language, rhetorical questions).

Advantages:

- Not as expensive as other types of advertising.
- Can target specific customers by choosing the publication your advert appears in.
- Reaches nationwide audience.

Disadvantages:

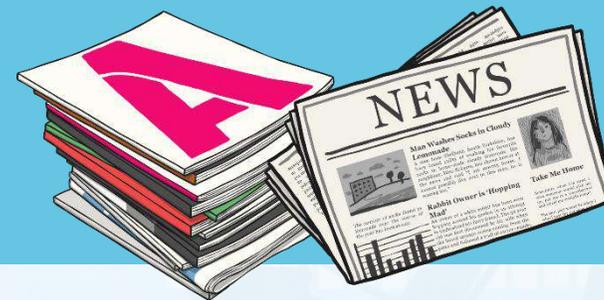
- Readers may browse past adverts and just read the articles.
- Usually only read once.

Costs:

National tabloid newspaper (5 editions)
= £50 000

National 'lads mag' Totalled (3 issues)
= £15 000

National children's comic Bonzo (3 issues)
= £10 000



Advertising: Billboard

If you decide on a billboard advertisement, you will need to produce a 25cm x 15cm landscape advert (which will be scaled up to fit a 2.5m x 1.5m billboard) that contains key information, prices and persuasive features (e.g. a slogan, imperative language, rhetorical questions).

Advantages:

- Displays a message 24 hours a day to a large target audience.
- Relatively cheap in comparison to other methods.

Disadvantages:

- Fleeting message as customers pass quickly, so they sometimes don't see or don't remember the advert.

Costs:

Nationwide campaign of five hundred billboard posters in different UK cities in prominent locations = £20 000



Advertising: Radio

If you decide on a radio advertisement, you will need to produce a 30 second script that contains key information, website address and persuasive features (e.g. a jingle, imperative language, rhetorical questions).

Advantages:

- Reaches many captive customers for a relatively low cost.
- Jingles can get stuck in customers' minds and are repeated to others.

Disadvantages:

- Impact is questionable – do listeners change station when ads come on or not listen fully?
- Not visual – nothing to refer back to.

Costs:

National radio advert (repeated regularly over one month) = £25 000

Local radio advert (repeated regularly over one month) = 10 000



Advertising: Television

If you decide on a TV advertisement, you will need to produce a 30 second script that contains key information, website address and persuasive features (e.g. a jingle, imperative language, rhetorical questions).

Advantages:

- Mass coverage to a targeted audience.
- Images and sound make it a unique advertising option.

Disadvantages:

- Impact is questionable – do listeners change station when ads come on or don't listen fully?
- Expensive compared to other methods.

Costs:

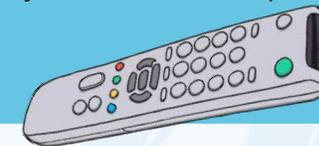
Primetime national main channel advert
(repeated three times a day for a month)
= £150 000

National cable channels advert (repeated
ten times a day over a variety of channels
for one month)

= 50 000

National children's channel advert
(repeated ten times a day over a month)

= 35 000



Advertising: Internet

If you decide on an Internet advertisement, you will need to produce a web banner to go either on a social media site or as a promoted link on a search engine. Your web banner can be no more than 140 characters and may just be a catchphrase or rhetorical question, with the theme park name and web address.

Advantages:

- Mass coverage – reaching daily users.
- Quick and easy to produce and relatively cheap.

Disadvantages:

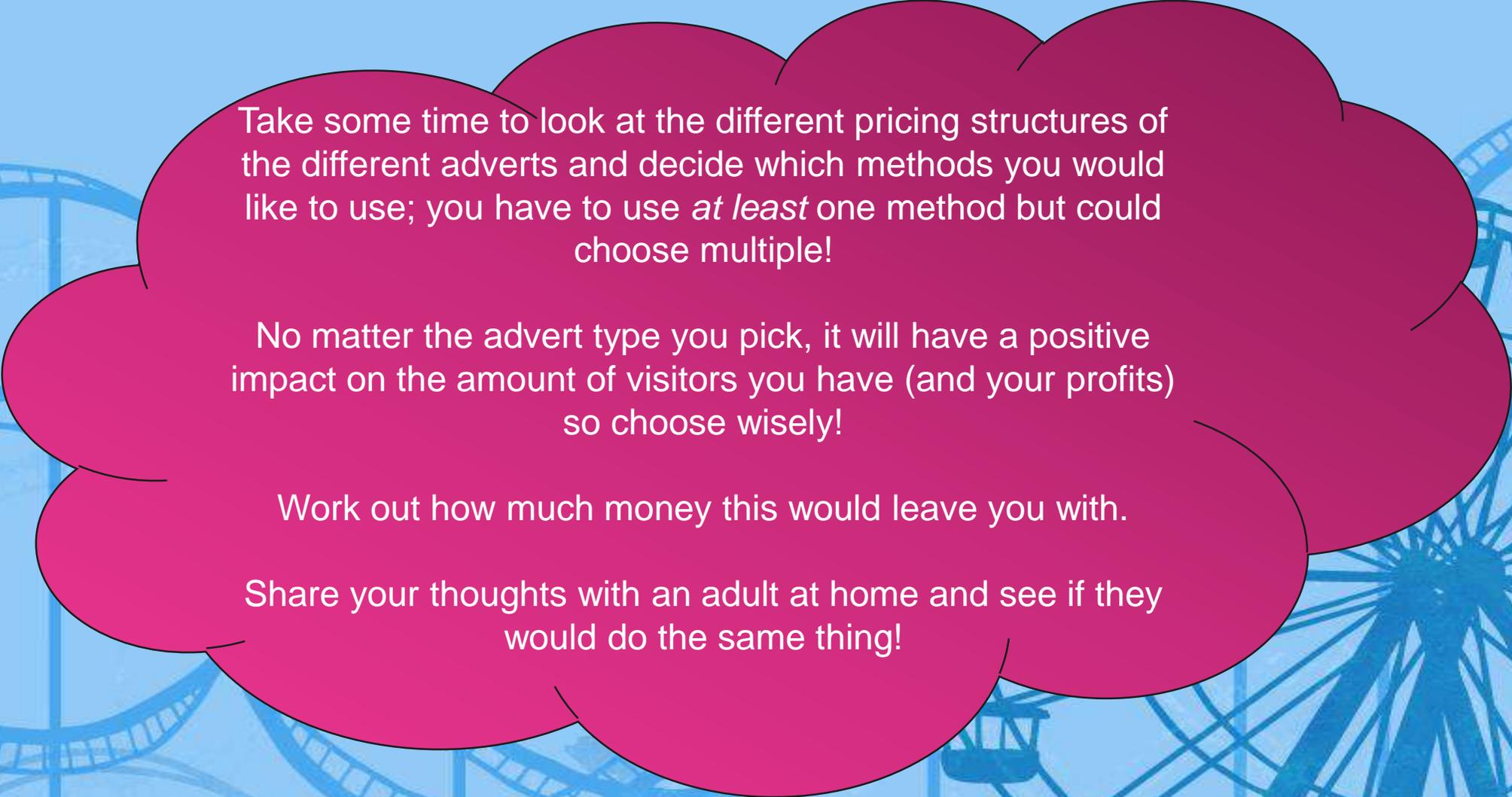
- Impact is questionable – do people really click on the links or just ignore them?
- Limited amount of information in just 140 characters.

Costs:

Promoted link on top search engine
Geogle (1 month) = £10 000

Promoted on the social media site
Smilebook (1 month) = £10 000





Take some time to look at the different pricing structures of the different adverts and decide which methods you would like to use; you have to use *at least* one method but could choose multiple!

No matter the advert type you pick, it will have a positive impact on the amount of visitors you have (and your profits) so choose wisely!

Work out how much money this would leave you with.

Share your thoughts with an adult at home and see if they would do the same thing!

Features of Advertisements

Depending on the marketing method(s) you have chosen, you will now have to design different advertisements using the writing frames provided.

Although all slightly different in their content and layout, persuasive adverts often have similar features:

They contain imperative (bossy) verbs.

For example...
Visit us today!

Come for the day out of a lifetime!



Features of Advertisements

They contain key product information.



Just off junction 33 of the M1. Follow the signposts.

www.adrenalineworld.co.uk

Open every day from 10am – 6pm.

Prices start from just £15.

Features of Advertisements

They contain a slogan or catchy jingle.

Adrenaline World
Come and feel the rush!



“If you like your insides turn upside down
come and try the rides at Crazytown!”



Features of Advertisements

They contain rhetorical questions.

Are you brave enough?

Do you want to bring your family on a fantastic day out of a lifetime?



If they are visual, they need to be colourful, bold and eye-catching.



Features of Advertisements

They use exaggerated vocabulary.

Phenomenal
Attractions

Stomach-
Churning
Excitement

Jaw-
Dropping
Sights

Designing Advertisements

You must now work on designing the advertisements that you have decided upon. Use the Advertisement Writing Frames to help you.

Remember, successful advertisements often include:

Imperative (bossy) verbs: e.g. Visit us today! Come for the day out of a lifetime!

Key product information: e.g. Just off Junction 33 of the M1. Follow the signposts.
www.adrenalineworld.com. Open everyday from 10am – 6pm. Prices start from just £15.

A slogan or catchy jingle: e.g. Adrenaline World: Come and feel the rush!
'If you like your insides turned upside down, come and try the rides at crazy town!'

Rhetorical question: e.g. Are you brave enough? Do you want to bring your family on the day out of a lifetime?

Exaggerated vocabulary: e.g. phenomenal, gut-wrenching, breath-taking etc.

If it's a visual advertisement, then it must be colourful, bold and eye-catching.

*Chapter 40***Bert Finds a Clue**

When he heard that a mail coach had reached the heart of Chouxville, Spittleworth seized a heavy wooden chair and threw it at Major Roach's head. Roach, who was far stronger than Spittleworth, batted the chair aside easily enough, but his hand flew to the hilt of his sword and for a few seconds, the two men stood with teeth bared in the gloom of the Guard's Room, while Flapoon and the spies watched, open-mouthed.

'You will send a party of Dark Footers to the outskirts of Chouxville tonight,' Spittleworth ordered Roach. 'You will fake a raid - we must *terrify* these people. They must understand that the tax is necessary, that any hardship their

relatives are suffering is the fault of the Ickabog, not mine or the king's. Go, and undo the harm you've done!'

The furious major left the room, privately thinking of all the ways he'd like to hurt Spittleworth, if given ten minutes alone with him.

'And you,' said Spittleworth to his spies, 'will report to me tomorrow whether Major Roach has done his work well enough. If the city's still whispering about starvation and penniless relations, well then, we'll have to see how Major Roach likes the dungeons.'

So a group of Major Roach's Dark Footers waited until the capital slept, then set out for the first time to make Chouxville believe that the Ickabog had come calling. They selected a cottage on the very edge of town that stood a little apart from its neighbours. The men who were most skilful at breaking into houses entered the cottage, where, it pains me to say, they killed the little old lady who lived there, who, you might like to know, had written several beautifully illustrated

books about the fish that lived in the River Fluma. Once her body had been carried away to be buried somewhere remote, a group of men pressed four of Mr Dovetail's finest carved feet into the ground around the fish expert's house, smashed up her furniture and her fish tanks and let her specimens die, gasping, on the floor.

Next morning, Spittleworth's spies reported that the plan seemed to have worked. Chouxville, so long avoided by the fearsome Ickabog, had at last been attacked. As the Dark Footers had now perfected the art of making the tracks look natural, and breaking down doors as though a gigantic monster had smashed them in, and using pointed metal tools to mimic tooth marks on wood, the Chouxville residents who flocked to see the poor old woman's house were entirely taken in.

Young Bert Beamish stayed at the scene even after his mother had left to start cooking their supper. He was treasuring up every detail of the beast's footprints and its fang

marks, the better to imagine what it would look like when at last he came face-to-face with the evil creature that had killed his father, because he'd by no means abandoned his ambition to avenge him.

When Bert was sure he had every detail of the monster's prints memorised, he walked home, burning with fury, and shut himself up in his bedroom, where he took down his father's Medal for Outstanding Bravery Against the Deadly Ickabog, and the tiny medal the king had given him after he'd fought Daisy Dovetail. The smaller medal made Bert feel sad these days. He'd never had a friend as good as Daisy since she'd left for Pluritania, but at least, he thought, she and her father were beyond the reach of the evil Ickabog.

Angry tears started in Bert's eyes. He'd so wanted to join the Ickabog Defence Brigade! He *knew* he'd be a good soldier. He wouldn't even care if he died in the fight! Of course, it would be extremely upsetting for his mother if the Ickabog killed her son as well as her husband, but on the other hand, Bert would be a hero, like his father!

Lost in thoughts of revenge and glory, Bert made to replace the two medals on the mantelpiece when the smaller of them slipped through his fingers and rolled away under the bed. Bert lay down and groped for it, but couldn't reach. He wriggled further under his bed and found it at last in the furthest, dustiest corner, along with something sharp that seemed to have been there a very long time, because it was cobwebby.

Bert pulled both the medal and the sharp thing out from the corner and sat up, now rather dusty himself, to examine the unknown object.

By the light of his candle, he saw a tiny, perfectly carved Ickabog foot, the last remaining piece of the toy carved so long ago by Mr Dovetail. Bert had thought he'd burned up every last bit of the toy, but this foot must have flown under the bed when he'd smashed up the rest of the Ickabog with his poker.

He was on the point of tossing the foot onto his bedroom fire when Bert suddenly changed his mind, and began to examine it more closely.



Chapter 41

Mrs Beamish's Plan

'Mother,' said Bert.

Mrs Beamish had been sitting at the kitchen table, mending a hole in one of Bert's sweaters and pausing occasionally to wipe her eyes. The Ickabog's attack on their Chouxville neighbour had brought back awful memories of the death of Major Beamish, and she'd just been thinking about that night when she'd kissed his poor, cold hand in the Blue Parlour at the palace, while the rest of him was hidden by the Cornucopian flag.

'Mother, look,' said Bert, in a strange voice, and he set down in front of her the tiny, clawed wooden foot he'd found

beneath his bed.

Mrs Beamish picked it up and examined it through the spectacles she wore when sewing by candlelight.

'Why, it's part of that little toy you used to have,' said Bert's mother. 'Your toy Icka...'

But Mrs Beamish didn't finish the word. Still staring at the carved foot, she remembered the monstrous footprints she and Bert had seen earlier that day, in the soft ground around the house of the vanished old lady. Although much, much bigger, the shape of that foot was identical to this, as were the angle of the toes, the scales and the long claws.

For several minutes, the only sound was the sputtering of the candle, as Mrs Beamish turned the little wooden foot in her trembling fingers.

It was as though a door had flown open inside her mind, a door she'd been keeping blocked and barricaded for a very long time. Ever since her husband had died, Mrs Beamish had refused to admit a single doubt or suspicion about the Ickabog. Loyal to the king, trusting in Spittleworth, she'd believed the people who claimed the Ickabog wasn't real were traitors.

But now the uncomfortable memories she'd tried to shut out came flooding in upon her. She remembered telling the

scullery maid all about Mr Dovetail's treasonous speech about the Ickabog, and turning to see Cankerby the footman listening in the shadows. She remembered how soon afterwards the Dovetails had disappeared. She remembered the little girl who'd been skipping, wearing one of Daisy Dovetail's old dresses, and the bandalore she'd claimed her brother had been given on the same day. She thought of her cousin Harold starving, and the strange absence of mail from the north that she and all her neighbours had noticed over the past few months. She thought, too, of the sudden disappearance of Lady Eslanda, which many had puzzled over. These, and a hundred other odd happenings, added themselves together in Mrs Beamish's mind as she gazed at the little wooden foot, and together they formed a monstrous outline that frightened her far more than the Ickabog. What, she asked herself, had really happened to her husband up on that marsh? Why hadn't she been allowed to look beneath the Cornucopian flag covering his body? Horrible thoughts now

tumbled on top of each other as Mrs Beamish turned to look at her son, and saw her suspicions reflected in his face.

‘The king can’t know,’ she whispered. ‘He can’t. He’s a good man.’

Even if everything else she’d believed might be wrong, Mrs Beamish couldn’t bear to give up her belief in the goodness of King Fred the Fearless. He’d always been so kind to her and Bert.

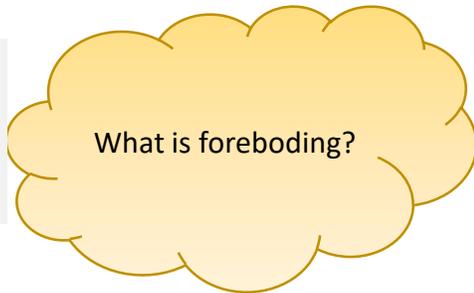
Mrs Beamish stood up, the little wooden foot clutched tightly in her hand, and laid down Bert’s half-darned sweater.

‘I’m going to see the king,’ she said, with a more determined look on her face than Bert had ever seen there.

‘Now?’ he asked, looking out into the darkness.

‘Tonight,’ said Mrs Beamish, ‘while there’s a chance neither of those lords are with him. He’ll see me. He’s always liked me.’

‘I want to come too,’ said Bert, because a strange feeling of foreboding had come over him.



‘No,’ said Mrs Beamish. She approached her son, put her hand on his shoulder, and looked up into his face. ‘Listen to me, Bert. If I’m not back from the palace in one hour, you’re to leave Chouxville. Head north to Jeroboam, find Cousin Harold and tell him everything.’

‘But—’ said Bert, suddenly afraid.

‘Promise me you’ll go if I’m not back in an hour,’ said Mrs Beamish fiercely.

‘I... I will,’ said Bert, but the boy who’d earlier imagined dying a heroic death, and not caring how much it upset his mother, was suddenly terrified. ‘Mother—’

She hugged him briefly. ‘You’re a clever boy. Never forget, you’re a soldier’s son, as well as a pastry chef’s.’

Mrs Beamish walked quickly to the door and slipped on her shoes. After one last smile at Bert, she slipped out into the night.

Word reading and vocabulary

1. Other words I know that start with ‘fore’:

1B) What I think the prefix ‘fore’ might mean based on prior knowledge:

2) ‘boding’ has the suffix **-ing** on the end. What is the root word of ‘boding’?

2B) Have you heard that word being used before or read it anywhere else before? What did it mean in that context?

3) Putting your answers from questions 1 & 2 together and using the story clues from the text, what do you now think ‘foreboding’ means?



Chapter 42

Behind the Curtain

The kitchens were dark and empty when Mrs Beamish let herself in from the courtyard. Moving on tiptoe, she peeked around corners as she went, because she knew how Cankerby the footman liked to lurk in the shadows. Slowly and carefully, Mrs Beamish made her way towards the king's private apartments, holding the little wooden foot so tightly in her hand that its sharp claws dug into her palm.

At last she reached the scarlet-carpeted corridor leading to Fred's rooms. Now she could hear laughter coming from behind the doors. Mrs Beamish rightly guessed that Fred hadn't been told about the Ickabog attack on the outskirts of Chouxville, because she was sure he wouldn't be laughing if

he had. However, somebody was clearly with the king, and she wanted to see Fred alone. As she stood there, wondering what was best to do, the door ahead opened.

With a gasp, Mrs Beamish dived behind a long velvet curtain and tried to stop it swaying. Spittleworth and Flapoon were laughing and joking with the king as they bade him goodnight.

'Excellent joke, Your Majesty, why, I think I've split my pantaloons!' guffawed Flapoon.

'We shall have to rechristen you King Fred the Funny, sire!' chuckled Spittleworth.

Mrs Beamish held her breath and tried to suck in her tummy. She heard the sound of Fred's door closing. The two lords stopped laughing at once.

'Blithering idiot,' said Flapoon in a low voice.

'I've met cleverer blobs of Kurdsburg cheese,' muttered Spittleworth.

'Can't you take a turn entertaining him tomorrow?' grumbled Flapoon.

'I'll be busy with the tax collectors until three,' said Spittleworth. 'But if—'

Both lords stopped talking. Their footsteps also ceased. Mrs Beamish was still holding her breath, her eyes closed, praying they hadn't noticed the bulge in the curtain.

'Well, goodnight, Spittleworth,' said Flapoon's voice.

'Yes, sleep well, Flapoon,' said Spittleworth.

Very softly, her heart beating very fast, Mrs Beamish let out her breath. It was all right. The two lords were going to bed... and yet she couldn't hear footsteps...

Then, so suddenly she had no time to draw breath into her lungs, the curtain was ripped back. Before she could cry out, Flapoon's large hand had closed over her mouth and Spittleworth had seized her wrists. The two lords dragged Mrs Beamish out of her hiding place and down the nearest set of stairs, and while she struggled and tried to shout, she couldn't make a sound through Flapoon's thick fingers, nor could she wriggle free. At last, they pulled her into that same Blue

Parlour where she'd once kissed her dead husband's hand.

'Do not scream,' Spittleworth warned her, pulling out a short dagger he'd taken to wearing, even inside the palace, 'or the king will need a new pastry chef.'

He gestured to Flapoon to take his hand away from Mrs Beamish's mouth. The first thing she did was take a gasp of breath, because she felt like fainting.

'You made an oversized lump in that curtain, cook,' sneered Spittleworth. 'Exactly what were you doing, lurking there, so close to the king, after the kitchens have closed?'

Mrs Beamish might have made up some silly lie, of course. She could have pretended she wanted to ask King Fred what kinds of cakes he'd like her to make tomorrow, but she knew the two lords wouldn't believe her. So instead she held out the hand clutching the Ickabog foot, and opened her fingers.

'I know,' she said quietly, 'what you're up to.'

The two lords moved closer and peered down at her

palm, and the perfect, tiny replica of the huge feet the Dark Footers were using. Spittleworth and Flapoon looked at each other, and then at Mrs Beamish, and all the pastry chef could think, when she saw their expressions, was, *Run, Bert – run!*



Chapter 43

Bert and the Guard

The candle on the table beside Bert burned slowly downwards while he watched the minute hand creep around the clock face. He told himself his mother would definitely come home soon. She'd walk in any minute, pick up his half-darned sweater as though she'd never dropped it, and tell him what had happened when she saw the king.

Then the minute hand seemed to speed up, when Bert would have done anything to make it slow down. Four minutes. Three minutes. Two minutes left.

Bert got to his feet and moved to the window. He looked up and down the dark street. There was no sign of his mother returning.

But wait! His heart leapt: he'd seen movement on the corner! For a few shining seconds, Bert was sure he was about to see Mrs Beamish step into the patch of moonlight, smiling as she caught sight of his anxious face at the window.

And then his heart seemed to drop like a brick into his stomach. It wasn't Mrs Beamish who was approaching, but Major Roach, accompanied by four large members of the Ickabog Defence Brigade, all carrying torches.

Bert leapt back from the window, snatched up the sweater from the table, and sprinted through to his bedroom. He grabbed his shoes and his father's medal, forced up the bedroom window, clambered out of it, then gently slid the window closed from outside. As he dropped down into the vegetable patch, he heard Major Roach banging on the front door, then a rough voice said: 'I'll check the back.'

Bert threw himself flat in the earth behind a row of beetroots, smeared his fair hair with soil and lay very still in the darkness.

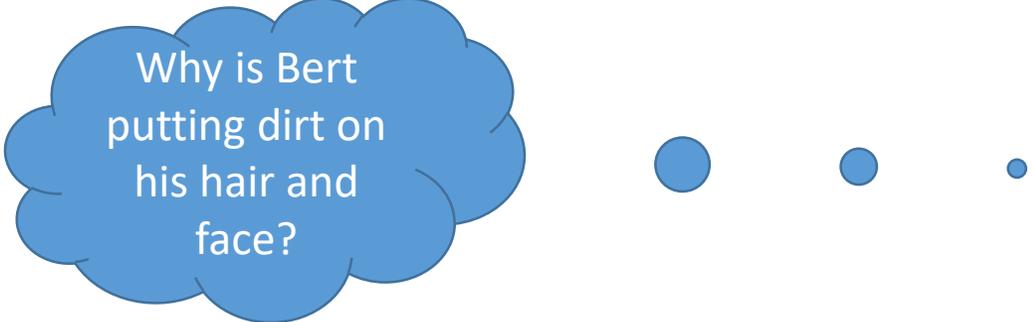
Through his closed eyelids he saw flickering light. A soldier held his torch high in hopes of seeing Bert running away across other people's gardens. The soldier didn't notice the earthy shape of Bert concealed behind the beetroot leaves, which threw long, swaying shadows.

'Well, he hasn't got out this way,' shouted the soldier.

There was a crash, and Bert knew Roach had broken down the front door. He listened to the soldiers opening cupboards and wardrobes. Bert remained utterly still in the earth, because torchlight was still shining through his closed eyelids.

'Maybe he cleared out before his mother went to the palace?'

'Well, we've got to find him,' growled the familiar voice of Major Roach. 'He's the son of the Ickabog's first victim. If Bert Beamish starts telling the world the monster's a lie, people will listen. Spread out and search, he can't have got far. And if you catch him,' said Roach, as his men's heavy



Why is Bert putting dirt on his hair and face?

footsteps sounded across the Beamishes' wooden floorboards, 'kill him. We'll work out our stories later.'

Bert lay completely flat and still, listening to the men running away up and down the street, and then a cool part of Bert's brain said:

Move.

He put his father's medal around his neck, pulled on the half-darned sweater and snatched up his shoes, then began to crawl through the earth until he reached a neighbouring fence, where he tunnelled out enough dirt to let him wriggle beneath it. He kept crawling until he reached a cobbled street, but he could still hear the soldiers' voices echoing through the night as they banged on doors, demanding to search houses, asking people whether they'd seen Bert Beamish, the pastry chef's son. He heard himself described as a dangerous traitor.

Bert took another handful of earth and smeared it over his face. Then he got to his feet and, crouching low, darted into a dark doorway across the street. A soldier ran past, but Bert was now so filthy that he was well camouflaged against

the dark door, and the man noticed nothing. When the soldier had disappeared, Bert ran barefooted from doorway to doorway, carrying his shoes, hiding in shadowy alcoves and edging ever closer to the City-Within-The-City gates. However, when he drew near, he saw a guard keeping watch, and before Bert could think up a plan, he had to slide behind a statue of King Richard the Righteous, because Roach and another soldier were approaching.

‘Have you seen Bert Beamish?’ they shouted at the guard.

‘What, the pastry chef’s son?’ asked the man.

Roach seized the front of the man’s uniform and shook him as a terrier shakes a rabbit. ‘Of course, the pastry chef’s son! Have you let him through these gates? Tell me!’

‘No, I haven’t,’ said the guard, ‘and what’s the boy done, to have you lot chasing him?’

‘He’s a traitor!’ snarled Roach. ‘And I’ll personally shoot anyone who helps him, understood?’

‘Understood,’ said the guard. Roach released the man and he and his companion ran off again, their torches casting

swinging pools of light on all the walls, until they were swallowed once more by the darkness.

Bert watched the guard straighten his uniform and shake his head. Bert hesitated, then, knowing this might cost him his life, crept out of his hiding place. So thoroughly had Bert camouflaged himself with all the earth, that the guard didn’t realise anyone was beside him until he saw the whites of Bert’s eyes in the moonlight, and he let out a yelp of terror.

‘Please,’ whispered Bert. ‘Please... don’t give me away. I need to get out of here.’

From beneath his sweater, he pulled his father’s heavy silver medal, brushed earth from the surface, and showed the guard.

‘I’ll give you this – it’s real silver! – if you just let me out through the gates, and don’t tell anyone you’ve seen me. I’m not a traitor,’ said Bert. ‘I haven’t betrayed anyone, I swear.’

The guard was an older man, with a stiff grey beard. He considered the earth-covered Bert for a moment or two

before saying:

‘Keep your medal, son.’

He opened the gate just wide enough for Bert to slide through.

‘Thank you!’ gasped Bert.

‘Stick to the back roads,’ advised the guard. ‘And trust no one. Good luck.’



Chapter 44

Mrs Beamish Fights Back

While Bert was slipping out of the city gates, Mrs Beamish was being shunted into a cell in the dungeons by Lord Spittleworth. A cracked, reedy voice nearby sang the national anthem in time to hammer blows.

‘Be quiet!’ bellowed Spittleworth towards the wall. The singing stopped.

‘When I finish this foot, my lord,’ said the broken voice, ‘will you let me out to see my daughter?’

‘Yes, yes, you’ll see your daughter,’ Spittleworth called back, rolling his eyes. ‘Now, be quiet, because I want to talk to your neighbour!’

‘Well, before you get started, my lord,’ said Mrs Beamish,

‘I’ve got a few things I want to say to *you*.’

Spittleworth and Flapoon stared at the plump little woman. Never had they placed anyone in the dungeons who looked so proud and unconcerned at being slung in this dank, cold place. Spittleworth was reminded of Lady Eslanda, who was still shut up in his library, and still refusing to marry him. He’d never imagined a cook could look as haughty as a lady.

‘Firstly,’ said Mrs Beamish, ‘if you kill me, the king will know. He’ll notice I’m not making his pastries. He can taste the difference.’

‘That’s true,’ said Spittleworth, with a cruel smile. ‘However, as the king will believe that you’ve been killed by the Ickabog, he’ll simply have to get used to his pastries tasting different, won’t he?’

‘My house lies in the shadow of the palace walls,’ countered Mrs Beamish. ‘It will be impossible to fake an Ickabog attack there without waking up a hundred witnesses.’

‘That’s easily solved,’ said Spittleworth. ‘We’ll say you

were foolish enough to take a night-time stroll down by the banks of the River Fluma, where the Ickabog was having a drink.'

'Which might have worked,' said Mrs Beamish, making up a story off the top of her head, 'if I hadn't left certain instructions, to be carried out if word gets out that I've been killed by the Ickabog.'

'What instructions, and whom have you given them to?' said Flapoon.

'Her son, I daresay,' said Spittleworth, 'but he'll soon be in our power. Make a note, Flapoon – we only kill the cook once we've killed her son.'

'In the meantime,' said Mrs Beamish, pretending she hadn't felt an icy stab of terror at the thought of Bert falling into Spittleworth's hands, 'you might as well equip this cell properly with a stove and all my regular implements, so I can keep making cakes for the king.'

'Yes... Why not?' said Spittleworth slowly. 'We all enjoy your pastries, Mrs Beamish. You may continue to cook for the

king until your son is caught.'

'Good,' said Mrs Beamish, 'but I'm going to need assistance. I suggest I train up some of my fellow prisoners who can at least whisk the egg whites and line my baking trays.'

'That will require you to feed the poor fellows a little more. I noticed as you marched me through here that some of them look like skeletons. I can't have them eating all my raw ingredients because they're starving.'

'And lastly,' said Mrs Beamish, giving her cell a sweeping glance, 'I shall need a comfortable bed and some clean blankets if I'm to get enough sleep to produce cakes of the quality the king demands. It's his birthday coming up too. He'll be expecting something very special.'

Spittleworth eyed this most surprising captive for a moment or two, then said:

'Doesn't it alarm you, madam, to think that you and your child will soon be dead?'

'Oh, if there's one thing you learn at cookery school,' said Mrs Beamish, with a shrug, 'burned crusts and soggy bases happen to the best of us. Roll up your sleeves and start something else, I say. No point moaning over what you can't fix!'

As Spittleworth couldn't think of a good retort to this, he beckoned to Flapoon and the two lords left the cell, the door clanging shut behind them.

As soon as they'd gone, Mrs Beamish stopped pretending to be brave and dropped down onto the hard bed, which was the only piece of furniture in the cell. She was shaking all over and for a moment, she was afraid that she was going to have hysterics.

However, a woman didn't rise to be in charge of the king's kitchens, in a city of the finest pastry-makers on earth, without being able to manage her own nerves. Mrs Beamish took a deep, steadying breath and then, hearing the reedy voice next door break into the national anthem again, she

pressed her ear to the wall, and began to listen for the place where the noise was coming into her cell. At last she found a crack near the ceiling. Standing on her bed, she called softly:

'Dan? Daniel Dovetail? I know that's you. This is Bertha, Bertha Beamish!'

But the broken voice only continued to sing. Mrs Beamish sank back down on her bed, wrapped her arms around herself, closed her eyes and prayed with every part of her aching heart that wherever Bert was, he was safe.

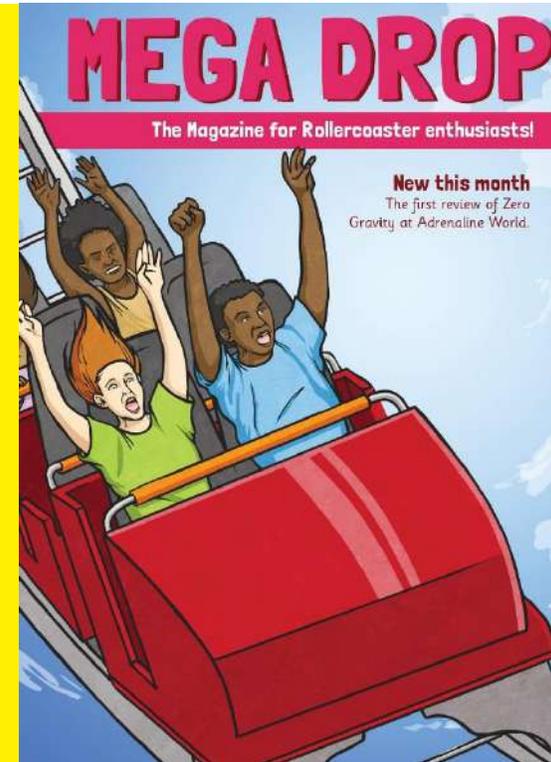
Writing: Flash Task

Would your business like the opportunity to create some free publicity?

Mega Drop Magazine has asked you to write a rollercoaster review of the most thrilling ride at your theme park to appear free of charge in their next edition!

Read the example magazine review on the Zero Gravity ride.

Analyse its main features before writing your own article.





Zero Gravity Review

Can you handle zero gravity?

Zero Gravity is the latest addition to Adrenaline World's portfolio of thrill-seeker rides. Mega Drop magazine journalists were some of the first riders in the world to test this awesome new ride. Our nerves were jangling when the countdown kick-started and our seats were lifted so that we were lying face down. Seconds later, we were blasted out into space and for 90 seconds, we were transported into the world of an astronaut experiencing tremendous G-Force.

As you zip around the 840-metre long track at over 47 mph, you really get the feeling of flying as the ride speeds seamlessly. The air was filled with gasps and worried whispers as the ride cranked up to its highest point - preparing to thunder down the 70 metre first drop. That was followed by thrilled screams as the ride blasted through its G-force filled turns. For our money, the cutting-edge, **new rollercoaster is certainly worth a ride.** If you've ever dreamed of heading through space in a lunar-module, this is probably the closest you'll get without coughing up for a ticket on Richard Branson's upcoming tourist rocket to outer-space.

Ultimately, while it is not as stomach-churning as some faster roller coasters we've been on, Zero Gravity is well worth the queues. But any more than two times in a row - we are sure you

would start to feel very, very queasy.

To prove Zero Gravity is worth all the fuss, the theme park Adrenaline World drafted in real-life astronaut Bob Hermans to take a ride alongside us. Spaceman Hermans has been off the planet three times and spent over 100 days high above the earth. So how did Zero Gravity measure up to a real-life space adventure.

Speaking after his first experience on Zero Gravity, Bob Hermans said, "This is one of the best rides I've ever been on and I've been on some rides!"

He added, "I've been lucky enough to serve on three space flights, including many months on the International Space Station, but this is as close as I've come to a virtual trip across the universe." Well if it's good enough for a real-life astronaut...you should join the back of the Zero Gravity queue!

