

## What to do today

*IMPORTANT Parent or Carer – Read this page with your child and check that you are happy with what they have to do and any weblinks or use of internet.*

### 1. Listen again to the story

- Listen again to the story of *The Paradise Garden*:  
[https://youtu.be/6pzhIQ\\_cupg](https://youtu.be/6pzhIQ_cupg)
- What do you notice when you hear the story a second time? Try to think of three things and write them as sentences.

### 2. Make notes about a character

- Complete *Peter Character Notes*.
- You can use *The Paradise Garden Text* to help you.

### 3. Imagine your own special place

- What sort of place would you like to go for a break from noise and stress? It can be real or imaginary.
- Write phrases and words to describe your place on *My Place*.
- Use the *Tabernacle Card Instructions*. Put the phrases and words on the outside of your Tabernacle Card and draw and label your place on the inside of the card.

*Well done. Show your Character Notes and Tabernacle Card to a grown-up. Find out from them about the kind of place that they choose to escape to.*

### Try the Fun-Time Extra

Interview other people to find out about the place they would choose to escape to. You could make them a Tabernacle Card about their special place.

## Peter Character Notes

*What do we know and what can we infer about Peter?*

*What do we learn about what Peter does in the Garden?*

*Peter doesn't seem to mind being alone in the garden. He sleeps alone under the stars and is not afraid.*

*What do we learn about Peter's family and life at home?*

*How would you describe Peter's character? Give reasons for your ideas.*

*Peter is shy. He is also quite brave as ...*

## The Paradise Garden – Text

The noise was driving Peter crazy.  
All day and night and all around it roared.

Only in one place was there any peace. In the west of the city was a fabulous garden. There, behind its tall walls and thick trees it was possible to escape the noise. For Peter, who had lived all his life in narrow streets, it was the closest place to paradise he had ever seen.

Surrounded by trees from around the world, were quiet lawns and secret places that felt like the middle of the country, where the grass was long and squirrels buried acorns under the bushes. If you shut your eyes you could still hear the traffic but it felt far away and unimportant. The air smelt clean with a breath of trees. Hidden by thick bushes, Peter lay on the grass and floated away into the deep forest



He'd planned his escape so no one would miss him. It was simple. He told his mother he was going on holiday with his father. She was annoyed, but not enough to stop him, not enough to phone his father.

That night Peter slept beneath the stars. The city had dropped to a faint murmur. Foxes hunted through the garden and owls called out in the dark. No monsters visited Peter's dreams that night. There were no nightmares of running through slowed down time, just peaceful empty sleep.

The first weeks were wonderful. He thought he might get fed up with the garden, that maybe its magic would wear off, but it didn't. He thought about his sister and his friends. He thought about his parents fighting and his father walking out. It all seemed so far away. It was as if the garden wall were a boundary to another world.

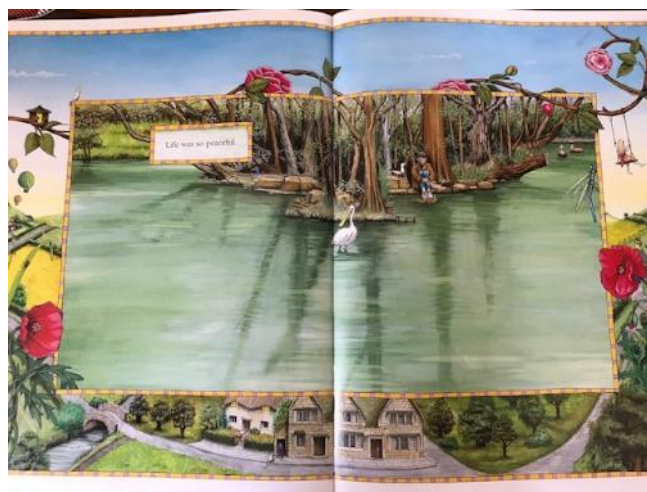
He bought food in the cafes and washed his clothes in a lotus pond among tall bamboos. And as he went through the garden, he collected things: a gold ring, a red balloon and a

pocketful of seeds. And when it rained, there were other great glass houses. Beneath their crystal skies it was forever summer. At night Peter crept into the Palm House to pick bananas and exotic fruits from around the world.

He grew to know every part of the garden, from quiet forgotten pathways where lovers walked to white paths of bright flowers where old ladies sat and painted. He grew to know the animals too. At home he had never been allowed a cat or dog or even a fish but here he had dozens of friends.

Eventually his money and the bananas ran out and he had to live on other people's leftovers. But even then he was happy. No one shouted at him. No one told him he was stupid. No one tried to make him do things he couldn't. And no one made him face up to the fact that he would have to go home one day.

Life was so peaceful. At night he climbed the tallest tree and looked out at the distant city sparkling like fallen stars. He walked between tropical palms and swam with brilliant goldfish in a pool of giant waterlilies.



In a corner of the garden, behind tall brick walls, was the only house where people lived. Peter stood in the shadows by the window and watch the family inside. A fire burned in a grate, turning the room into gold. Two children played cards on the floor while their parents watched television and, on the carpet, an old dog dreamed of its youth. Peter felt a terrible sadness in his heart, a deep loneliness that he realised had been there all his short life.

Summer grew weary. Everything slowed down and stopped growing. A fine dust covered the leaves. The flowers turned their heads onto the ground and Peter felt lonely. The leaves turned gold and began to fall and Peter knew it was time to go home.

In the yard behind his house Peter planted all the seeds he had collected. Nothing at home had changed. The noise still went on day and night. His mother shouted, the neighbours shouted and the city roared. But now he had his own paradise garden, and he knew that he would always have one wherever he went.

## My Place

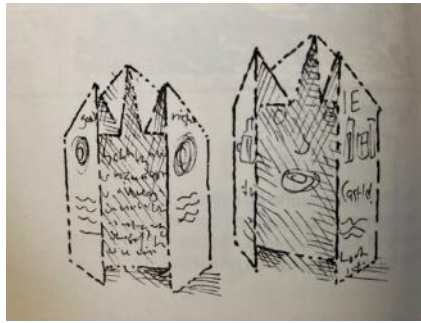
Jot down words and phrases to describe the place you would like to escape to. It can be real or imaginary.

You could use a thesaurus to help you. ([www.thesaurus.com](http://www.thesaurus.com))

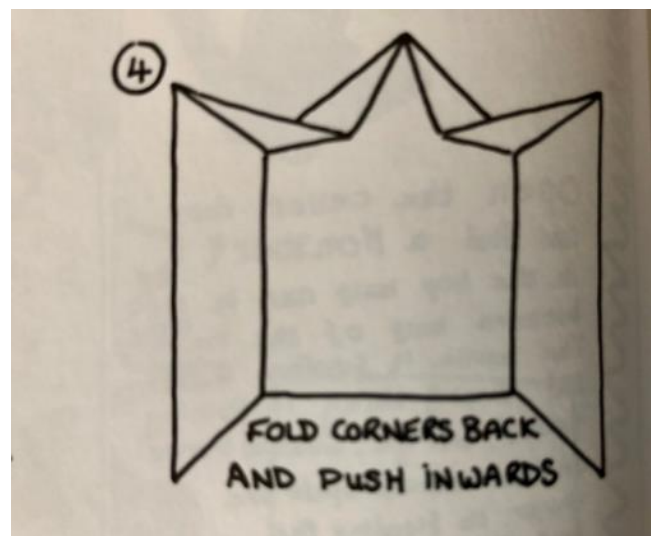
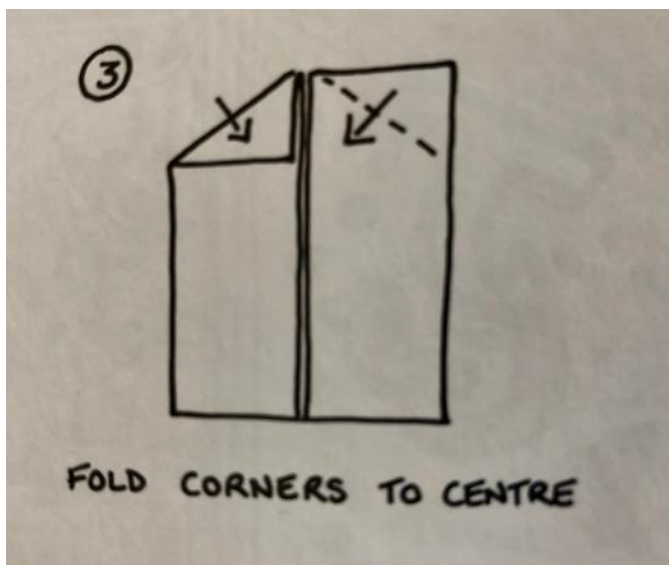
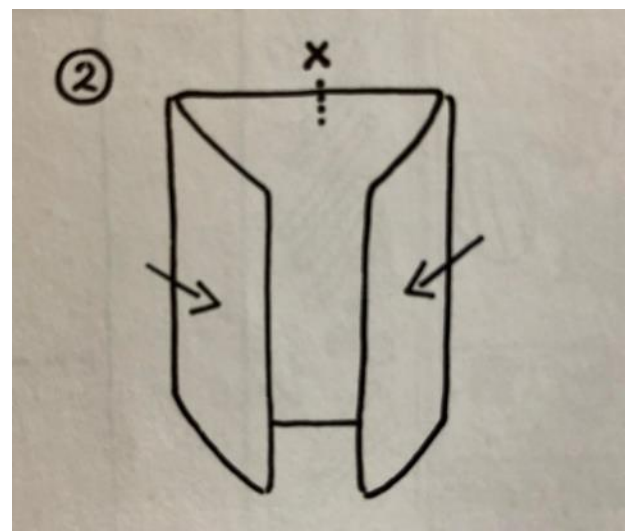
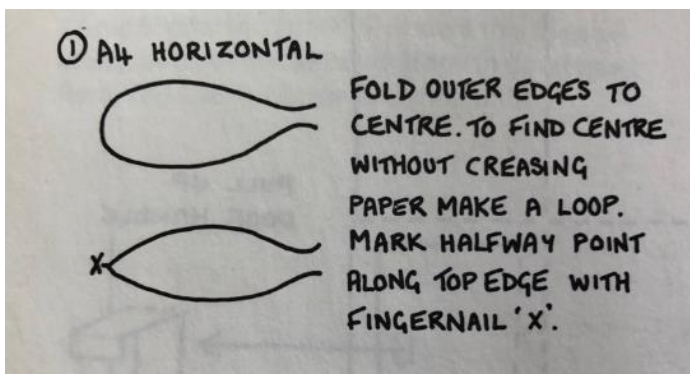


Use the *Tabernacle Card Instructions*. Put the phrases and words on the outside of your Tabernacle Card and draw and label your place on the inside of the card.

## Tabernacle Card Instructions



Make a Tabernacle Card from A4 plain paper by following these steps.



*From A Book of One's Own by Paul Johnson*