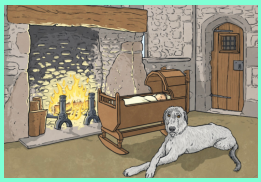
Wednesday 16th June





Third reading - question the author

LO: To check my understanding as I read a legend

What have you learnt from this moving story?





You could:
- draw a mind map about Gelert.
- write a set of questions which you'd love to ask Llewelyn
- write about why you would like to visit Gelert's grave.





Can you find Beddgelert on this map of North Wales?



Read the text out loud with your partner.



Remember:

Use your reading ruler

Look at your partner when they are reading

Sit still

Help your partner if they are stuck on a word

Read to your partner in a voice that only they can hear

Write down any words you don't know the meaning of onto your whiteboard

Once you have finished reading aloud, read silently.

	Glossary
fearless	not afraid, brave.
swaddling	an age-old practice of wrapping infants in blankets or similar cloths. (Like baby Jesus)
consolation	something that lessens disappointment, misery, or grief.
bedchamber	bedroom.
hound	any of several breeds of dogs. Hounds have short hair, a deep voice, and long, drooping ears. They are used for hunting.
homestead	the home and adjoining land occupied by a family.
tapestries	a heavy cloth that has designs or pictures woven into it and is used especially as a wall hanging.
inscribed	to write, engrave, or print as a lasting record.

Third reading - question the author

LO: To check my understanding as I read a legend

The Story of Gelert

Many years ago, in a castle deep in the rugged mountains of Eryri, in the county of Gwynedd, lived a brave and well respected prince called Llewelyn. This prince loved to hunt and his favourite hunting dog was a faithful and fearless hound called Gelert. Gelert accompanied Llewelyn everywhere and was always to be found at the head of the pack. No game was too big, too strong or too fierce for Gelert, whose bravery knew no bounds. This prince had a beloved son, a swaddling babe whose mother had died in childbirth. Llewelyn had loved his wife dearly and been broken hearted by her death. His only consolation had been his son. On her death-bed, Llewelyn had promised his wife that he would cherish the boy and this he did.

He looked forward to the day when the two of them could ride out together, tracking the wolves and the other wild animals found in the ancient hills and the dark forests of Gwynedd in those far off days.

One day, Llewelyn and his men were preparing to go out hunting. The baby lay fast asleep in his cradle, his nurse in attendance nearby. The day was cold and damp but a huge log fire blazed in the bedchamber and the cradle was covered with warm furs. The baby was safe and snug. Nevertheless, Llewelyn decided to leave his loyal hound, Gelert to protect the homestead. As he left he gently stroked the dog's huge, shaggy head. "Guard them well, Gelert," he said. "Until I return." Gelert's tail thumped the ground slowly and his eyes remained on his master's face until Llewelyn softly closed the door behind him.

This is a legend from North Wales which has been retold for generations. Beddgelert (meaning 'Gelert's grave) is a beautiful village where Gelert's grave stones and statue can be seen today. Thousands of tourists travel to the area every year to remember the loyalty of the hound. The village Beddgelert is surrounded by stunning countryside, which would have been ideal for hunting.

In this legend, Gelert who was trusted and loved dearly by the prince, was left behind as he went out hunting.

It was late when the prince returned home. He was tired but victorious. A sumptuous feast was being prepared and he strode through the great hall towards the bedchamber, eager to see his son and relax in front of the great fire.

But as he entered the room he beheld a terrible sight. Furniture lay upturned, tapestries had been ripped from their hangings and the baby's cradle lay empty on the floor. The luxurious furs that had previously covered the cradle lay scattered nearby, torn to shreds and smeared with blood.

Imagine the shock experienced by the prince as he returned home. Immediately, after examining the scene around him, he jumped to the wrong conclusion. It's so easy to forget to 'take a deep breath' before lashing out with our tongues and our actions.

As Llewelyn stood rooted to the spot, he felt a soft, warm, velvety nose nuzzle the palm of his hand. He looked down to see Gelert's trusting eyes gazing up at him. The dog looked exhausted but wagged his tail weakly. His head and paws were stained with blood. "You wicked creature!" roared the prince. "This dog has killed my son!" and without further ado he drew his dagger and plunged it deep into Gelert's side. As the dog slumped to the ground, the prince heard a soft whimpering from behind the upturned cradle.

What a terrible mistake Llewelyn had made when he realised that

As the dog lay dying, Llewelyn gently picked up his son. Too late, he turned to see the half covered body of a huge wolf lying dead on the floor. Thanks to Gelert, the baby remained unharmed. Filled with remorse, Llelwelyn knelt and gently stroked his faithful friend and Gelert's tail thumped the ground slowly for the last time.

What a terrible mistake Llewelyn had made when he realised that Gelert had saved his son ... not killed him!

Gelert's body was buried outside the castle walls, close to the river. The huge stone slab, inscribed with Gelert's name, still marks the grave and the village nearby still carries the name 'Beddgelert' - Gelert's grave.

Gelert will always be remembered for the sacrifice that he made for his master (the prince). Gelert was punished for something he hadn't done - just like when Jesus was crucified on the cross.

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