Tuesday 9th March

Exploring the structure on the second read:-

LO: To organise events from the story in chronological order



Rearrange into chronological order:

a) The weaving was torn to shreds.

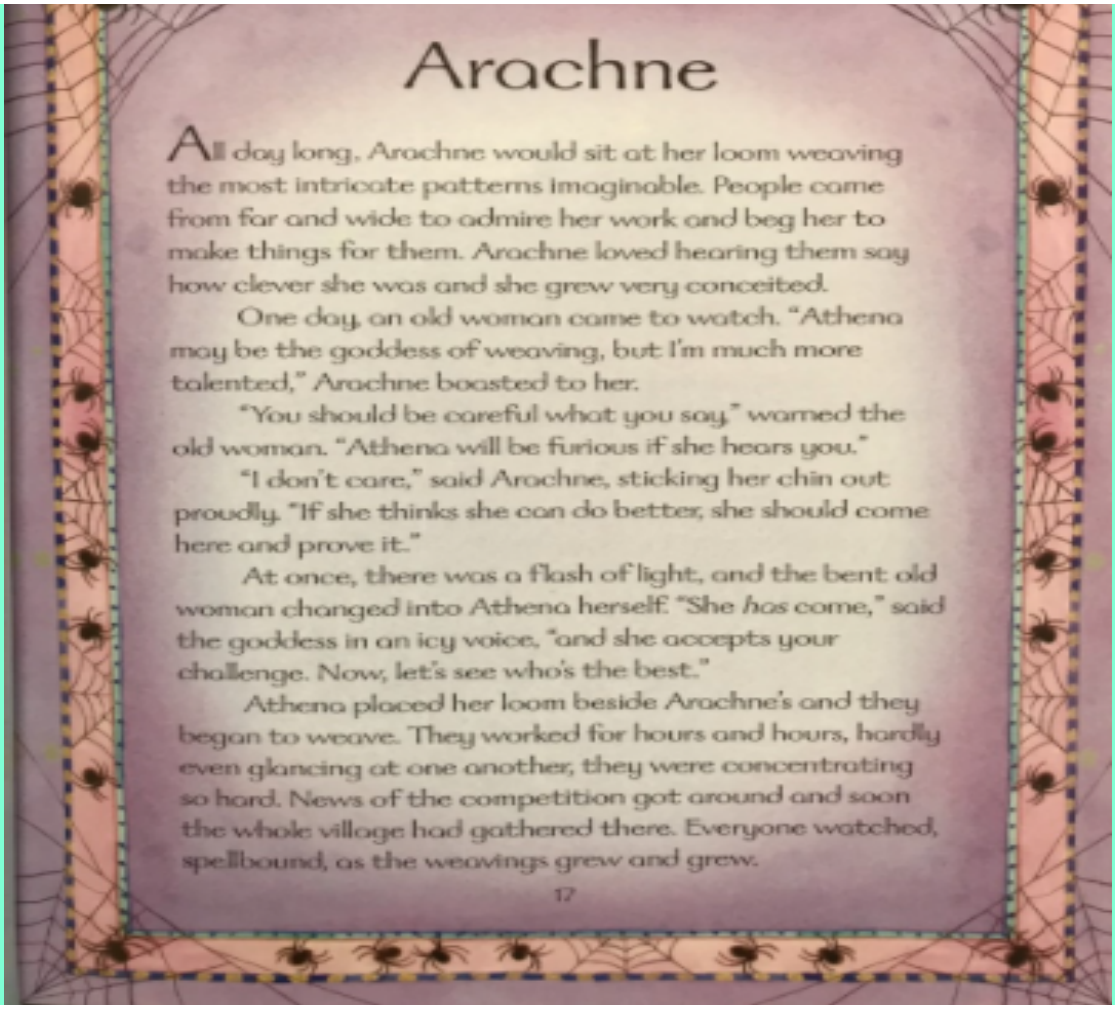
b) The bent old woman changed into Athena.

c) Her body shrank to a small, dark blob.

d) People begged Arachne to weave for them.

e) Brushes are used to get rid of the beautiful webs.

f) Athena could see that every single stitch was as perfect as could be.



Arachne

All day long, Arachne would sit at her loom weaving the most intricate patterns imaginable. People came from far and wide to admire her work and beg her to make things for them. Arachne loved hearing them say how clever she was and she grew very conceited.

One day, an old woman came to watch. "Athena may be the goddess of weaving, but I'm much more talented," Arachne boasted to her.

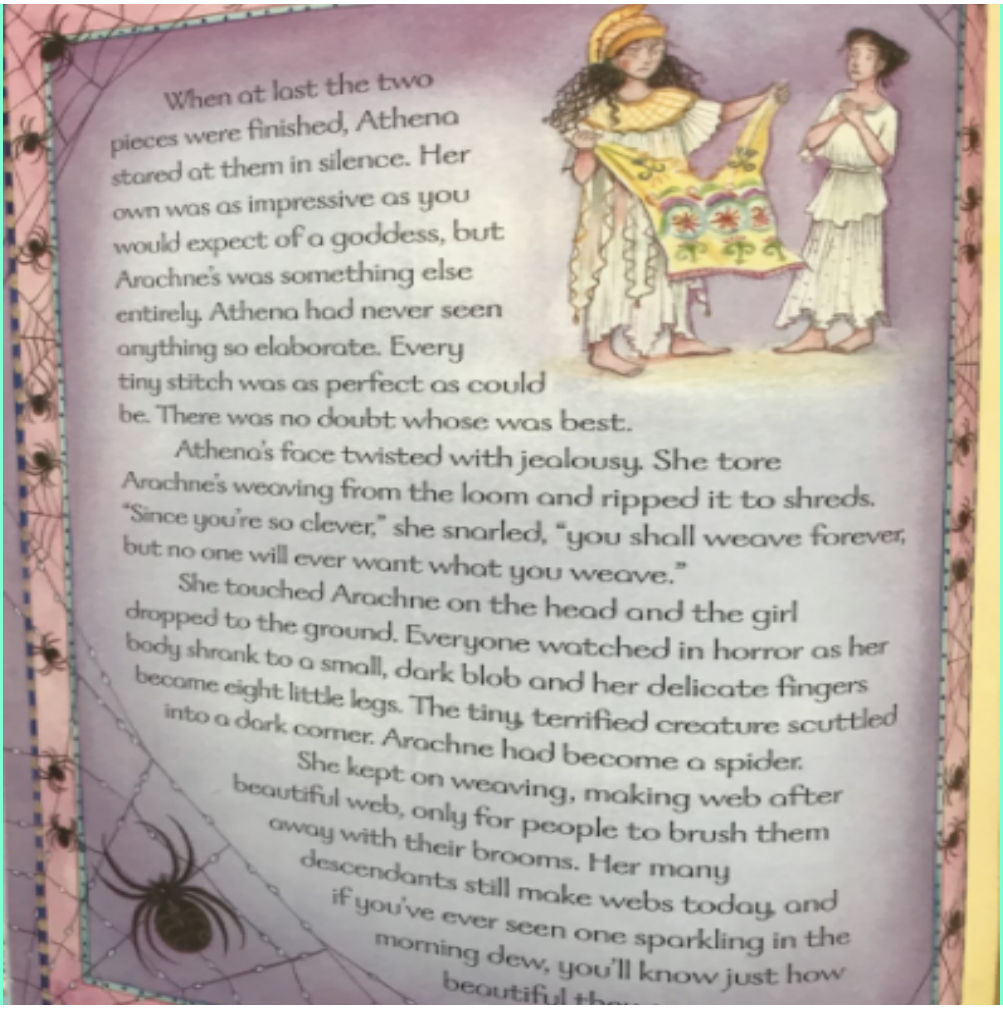
"You should be careful what you say," warned the old woman. "Athena will be furious if she hears you."

"I don't care," said Arachne, sticking her chin out proudly. "If she thinks she can do better, she should come here and prove it."

At once, there was a flash of light, and the bent old woman changed into Athena herself. "She *has* come," said the goddess in an icy voice, "and she accepts your challenge. Now, let's see who's the best."

Athena placed her loom beside Arachne's and they began to weave. They worked for hours and hours, hardly even glancing at one another, they were concentrating so hard. News of the competition got around and soon the whole village had gathered there. Everyone watched, spellbound, as the weavings grew and grew.

17



When at last the two pieces were finished, Athena stared at them in silence. Her own was as impressive as you would expect of a goddess, but Arachne's was something else entirely. Athena had never seen anything so elaborate. Every tiny stitch was as perfect as could be. There was no doubt whose was best.

Athena's face twisted with jealousy. She tore Arachne's weaving from the loom and ripped it to shreds. "Since you're so clever," she snarled, "you shall weave forever, but no one will ever want what you weave."

She touched Arachne on the head and the girl dropped to the ground. Everyone watched in horror as her body shrank to a small, dark blob and her delicate fingers became eight little legs. The tiny, terrified creature scuttled into a dark corner. Arachne had become a spider.

She kept on weaving, making web after beautiful web, only for people to brush them away with their brooms. Her many descendants still make webs today, and if you've ever seen one sparkling in the morning dew, you'll know just how beautiful th

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