



PARTICIPATORY STORY

Henri Coandă (age group 7 – 8)

Learning Objectives

This story is made up of 4 worksheets that become more and more narratively complex as the children progress. Moving from one level (sheet) to the next and working in small groups, children will enrich the story "Henri Coanda" with adjectives, verbs, adverbs of place and finally create their own ending to the story.

STORY BASE

Read the children the simple version of the story (the basis of the story). Read expressively and underline key words (**kite, wind, clouds, flight**). Then have the pupils work in groups to enrich the basis of the story (starting at level 1).

The **sky** was filled with huge clouds and the sea was deep and dark as night. Not at all frightened, a curious child watched the clouds. Suddenly the **wind** picked up and the waves and **clouds** seemed to begin a dizzying dance.

"The wind is wonderful, Father," he said to his father. "We must turn back before it becomes dangerous," the man replied. "I want to stay; I want to see!" the child said again, opening his arms and hands to feel the wind blow through him as if it might take **flight**. "No, Henri, it is dangerous, but I promise you that tomorrow I will teach you a beautiful game that will help you play with your friend, the wind."

The man kept his promise and presented the child with a piece of paper, a string and some sticks.

"What shall we do?" "We'll build a kite!" "A **kite!**" little Henri repeated aloud, so that he would remember this new word well, as he watched his father build this wonderful and mysterious object. As soon as it was ready, Henri untied the kite: he saw it soar like a living thing, pulling the string, seeming to want to fly free. "I want to fly too!" repeated Henri, shouting full of joy.

From that day on, wind, kites, windmills, and everything of the sort became his passion. He would spend hours with his open arms caressed by the wind, his hair tousled and longing to be lifted into the air so that he could fly.

The years passed and his passion for the wind grew. His father wanted to enroll him in a military school, but Henri kept dreaming of wind. Deep down, he felt he knew his voice, his whispered words.

LEVEL 1: WHAT ARE THEY LIKE? (ADJECTIVES)

Working in groups, students should enrich the story base with adjectives. The words in **blue** are suggestions - depending on the students' level of proficiency, decide how many adjectives you want to add before each target noun. We recommend that children choose at least 1 adjective.

The sky was filled with **huge/dark/scary** clouds and the sea was deep and dark as night. Not at all frightened, a curious child watched the clouds. Suddenly, the wind picked up and the waves and clouds seemed to begin a **dizzying/fascinating/fast** dance.

"The wind is wonderful, Dad," he said to his father. "We must turn back before it becomes dangerous," the man replied. "I want to stay; I want to see!" the child said again, opening his arms and hands to feel the wind blow through him as if it might take flight. "No, Henri, it's dangerous, but I promise that tomorrow I will teach you a **beautiful/interesting/easy** game that will help you play with your friend, the wind."

The man kept his promise and presented the child with a piece of paper, a string and some sticks.

"What shall we do?" "We'll build a kite!" "A kite!" little Henri repeated aloud, so that he would remember this new word well, as he watched his father build this wonderful and mysterious object. As soon as it was ready, Henri untied the kite: he saw it soar like a **living/dancing/impatient** thing, pulling the string, seeming to want to fly free. "I want to fly too!" repeated Henri, screaming full of joy.

From that day on, wind, kites, windmills and everything of that sort became his passion. He would spend hours with his open arms caressed by the wind, his hair tousled and longing to be lifted into the air so that he could fly.

The years passed and his passion for the wind grew. His father wanted to enroll him in a military school, but Henri continued to dream of wind. Deep down, he felt he knew its voice, its **secretive/quiet/mysterious** words.

LEVEL 2: WHAT ARE THEY DOING? (VERBS)

Working in their groups, students should enrich the text with verbs. Help them to write them down and read them together with the adjectives they have already written for the level 1 worksheet. The words in **yellow** are suggestions - depending on your students' level of proficiency, we recommend that children choose at least 1 verb.

The sky was filled with **huge/dark/scary** clouds and the sea was deep and dark as night. Not at all frightened, a curious child watched **and feared/thought about/loved** the clouds. Suddenly the wind picked up and the waves and clouds seemed to begin a **dizzying/fascinating/fast** dance.

"The wind is wonderful, Dad," he said to his father. "We must turn back before it becomes dangerous," the man replied. "I want to stay; I want to see **and discover/jump up/imitate the wind!**" the child said

again, opening his arms and hands to feel the wind blow through him as if it might take flight. "No, Henri, it's dangerous, but I promise that tomorrow I will teach you a **beautiful/interesting/easy** game that will help you play with your friend, the wind."

The man kept his promise and presented the child with a piece of paper, a string and some sticks. "What shall we do?" "We'll build a kite!" "A kite!" little Henri repeated aloud, so that he would remember this new word well, as he watched his father build this wonderful and mysterious object. As soon as it was ready, Henri **rushed/looked up/screamed and** untied the kite: he saw it soar like a **living/dancing/impatient** thing, pulling the string, seeming to want to fly free. "I want to fly too!" repeated Henri, screaming full of joy.

From that day on, wind, kites, windmills and everything of that sort became his passion. He would spend hours **running/thinking/pretending**, with his open arms caressed by the wind, his hair tousled and longing to be lifted into the air so that he could fly.

The years passed and his passion for the wind grew. His father wanted to enroll him in a military school, but Henri continued to dream of wind **and study it/play with kites/travel**. Deep down, he felt he knew its voice, its **secretive/quiet/mysterious** words.

LEVEL 3: WHERE ARE THEY? (ADVERBS OF PLACE)

Working in groups, students should enrich the text with adverbs of place. Help them to write and read them together with the adjectives and verbs you have already written for the level 1 and level 2 worksheets. The words in **green** are suggestions - depending on your students' proficiency level, we recommend that children choose at least 1 adverb.

The sky was filled with **huge/dark/scary** clouds and the sea was deep and dark as night. Not at all frightened, a curious child watched **and feared/thought about/loved** the clouds. Suddenly the wind picked up and the waves and clouds seemed to begin a **dizzying/fascinating/fast** dance.

"The wind is wonderful, Dad," he said to his father. "We must turn back before it becomes dangerous," the man replied. "We need to get back before it gets dangerous," the man replied. "I want to stay **on the hill/on the beach/on the playground**; I want to see **and discover/jump up/imitate the wind!**" the child said again, opening his arms and hands to feel the wind blowing through him as if he might take flight. "No, Henri, it's dangerous, but I promise that tomorrow I will teach you **beautiful/interesting/easy** game that will help you play with your friend, the wind."

The man kept his promise and presented the child with a piece of paper, a string and some sticks.

"What shall we do?" "We'll build a kite!" "A kite!" little Henri repeated aloud, so that he would remember this new word well, as he watched his father build this wonderful and mysterious object. As soon as it was ready, Henri **rushed/looked up/screamed and** untied the kite **below a tree/in the sky/between two rocks**: he saw it soar like a **living/dancing/impatient** thing, pulling the string, seeming to want to fly free. "I want to fly too!" repeated Henri, screaming full of joy.

From that day on, wind, kites, windmills and everything of that sort became his passion. He would spend hours **on the hill/field/beach, running/thinking/pretending**, with his open arms caressed by the wind, his hair tousled and longing to be lifted into the air so he could fly **over Bucharest/his city/the world**.

The years passed and his passion for the win grew. His father wanted to enroll him in a military school, but Henri continued to dream of wind **and study it/play with kites/travel**. Deep down, he felt he knew its voice, its **secretive/quiet/mysterious** words.

LEVEL 4: HOW DOES IT END? (YOUR OWN FINAL)

Working in their groups, students should now enrich the text by developing the ending. Help them to write and read the final sentence(s) together with the adjectives, verbs and adverbs of place you have already written for the Level 1, Level 2 and Level 3 worksheets. The sentences in **purple** are suggestions - depending on your students' proficiency level, we recommend that children write at least 1 sentence to enrich the ending.

The sky was filled with **huge/dark/scary** clouds and the sea was deep and dark as night. Not at all frightened, a curious child watched **and feared/thought about/loved** the clouds. Suddenly the wind picked up and the waves and clouds seemed to begin a **dizzying/fascinating/fast** dance.

"The wind is wonderful, Dad," he said to his father. "We must turn back before it becomes dangerous," the man replied. "I want to stay **on the hill/on the beach/on the playground**; I want to see **and discover/jump up/imitate the wind!**" the child said again opening his arms and hands to feel the wind blow through him as if it might take flight. "No, Henri, it's dangerous, but I promise that tomorrow I will teach you a **beautiful/interesting/easy** game that will help you play with your friend, the wind."

The man kept his promise and presented the child with a piece of paper, a string and some sticks.

"What shall we do?" "We'll build a kite!" "A kite!" little Henri repeated aloud, so that he would

remember this new word well, as he watched his father build this wonderful and mysterious object. As soon as it was ready, Henri **rushed/looked up/screamed and** untied the kite **below a tree/in the sky/between two rocks**: he saw it soar like **living/dancing/impatient** thing, pulling the string, seeming to want to fly free. "I want to fly too!" repeated Henri, screaming full of joy.

From that day on, wind, kites, windmills and everything of that sort became his passion. He would spend hours **on the hill/field/beach, running/thinking/pretending**, with his open arms caressed by the wind, his hair tousled and longing to be lifted into the air so he could fly **over Bucharest/his city/the world**.

The years passed and his passion for the wind grew. His father wanted to enroll him in a military school, but Henri continued to dream of wind **and study it/play with kites/travel**. Deep down, he felt he knew its voice, its **secretive/quiet/mysterious** words.

Henri soon became an engineer known all over the world, not only in Bucharest. His father was very proud of him and his achievements!

The end!