

Transcription of the Braille Version

2017 national curriculum tests

Key stage 1

English reading

Braille

Paper 2: reading booklet

Sea Spray Swimming Pool

The Fox and the Boastful Brave

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Sea Spray Swimming Pool

Free swimming lessons for you

Are you aged between 5 and 10? Would you like to learn to swim or to improve your swimming skills? Then you may be interested in our fantastic offer during the school summer holidays.

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Sea Spray Swimming Pool is running a super ten-day swimming course and we are making you an offer you can't refuse because two of the lessons will be completely free!

The lessons are suitable for complete beginners to advanced swimmers. The instructors are trained to teach swimming, life-saving **[braille page 4]** and all water skills. Are you scared of water? Don't worry! Our trainers are experts in dealing with nervous beginners.

The lessons will run from 1st - 14th August.

To join, all you have to do is come to Sea Spray Pool for your first lesson on Monday, 1st August at 10:00am and bring:

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- a swimming kit
- a towel
- a packed lunch.

You must bring an adult with you, so speak to your parents or carers about this wonderful offer. Your swimming ability will be checked and you will be put into one of three groups:

- Tadpole
- Goldfish
- Dolphin.

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During your lessons, we ask you to keep to these "golden" rules:

1. Listen to the trainers and follow their instructions at all times.
2. Help to keep changing rooms clean and tidy.
3. Do not shout or dive into the pool.

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Sea Spray Pool will provide all of your equipment and the swimming instructors.

At the end of the course, there will be a gala with races and a party.

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This is an old Native American story about a man called Heron Feather and the time he met a fox.

Heron Feather is a Native American warrior. Warriors were sometimes known as "braves".

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The Fox and the Boastful Brave

One fine day, a hungry fox was walking down the road. His tummy was rumbling so loudly that he almost didn't hear the sound of someone coming. Just in time, he heard someone singing. Fox dashed off the path and hid behind a bush.

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Over the top of the hill, he saw a tall feather. Fox crouched down and prepared to pounce on the bird. Imagine his surprise when he saw that the "bird" was riding a horse! The feather was stuck in the headdress of a handsome young man who was riding along the path, singing as he went, "No one is handsomer than Heron Feather. No one is a **[braille page 11]** better fisherman than Heron Feather. And I should know, for I am he."

Fox didn't care if the man was handsome, but he pricked up his ears at the word "fisherman", for where there are fishermen, there are fish. And a tasty fish would just suit Fox. His nose twitched. A delightful fishy smell was coming out of the man's leather bag.

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Heron Feather continued his boastful song. He was on his way to ask a young woman called Swaying Reed to marry him, and he was making himself feel braver by singing his own praises.

Fox bounded ahead of the horse and lay down on the path.

"No one is stronger than... what's this? A fox? **[braille page 13]** When Swaying Reed's mother sees this, she will know what a great hunter I am."

And he picked Fox up, flung him into his bag of fish and laced it shut again. Heron Feather remounted and began a new song.

"No one is a greater hunter than Heron Feather..."

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Inside the bag, surrounded by lovely smelly fish, Fox's mouth was watering. He waited a few minutes, then bit a big hole in the side of the bag. One by one, all the fish fell out, followed last of all by Fox. Heron Feather was singing too loudly to notice.

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Fox made his way slowly along the path, stopping to eat each fish as he went. His tummy was fuller than it had been for days.

Meanwhile, Heron Feather had arrived at Swaying Reed's house. He stopped his horse outside and sang his song about how clever and handsome he was, what a great hunter and what a great fisherman he was. **[braille page 16]** (In fact, he hadn't caught those fish at all; he had traded his mother's shoes for them.)

Heron Feather reached for his bag of fish to show Swaying Reed and her mother what a good husband he would be. When he saw it was empty, with a large hole in it, he stopped in mid-song.

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He sang no more, but turned his horse and rode away.

Safe in his den, Fox was content. "It is one thing to catch a fox," he thought,  
"but quite another to keep it."

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