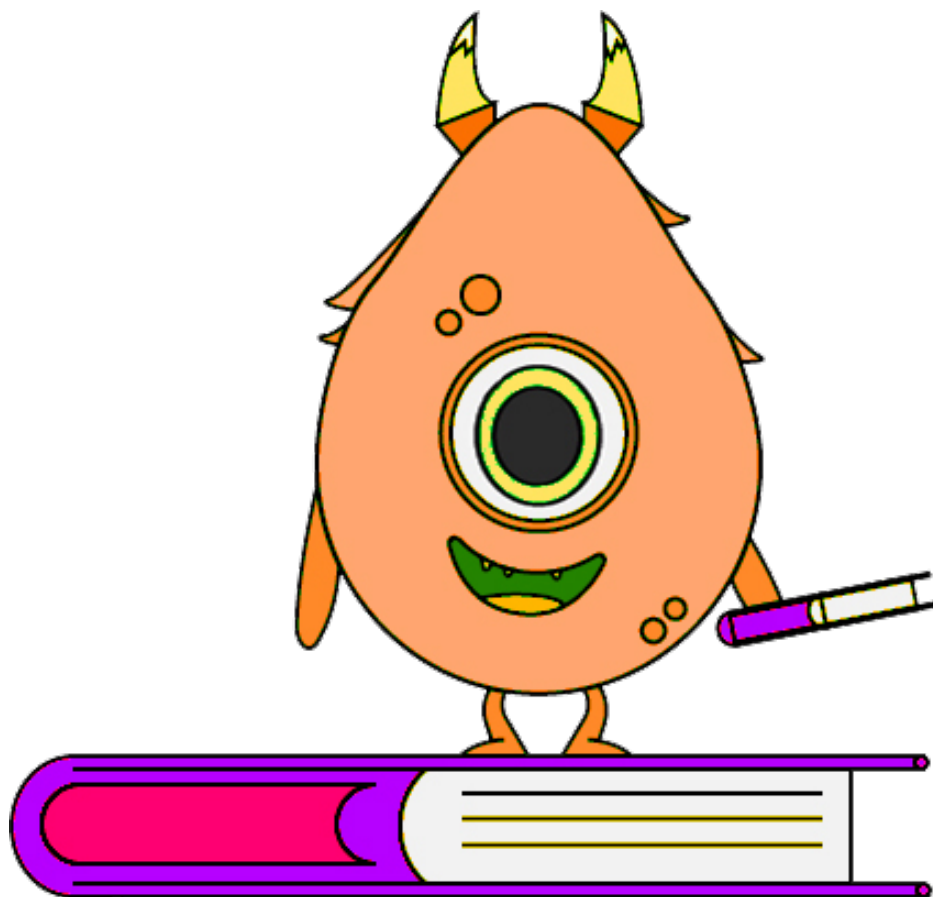


# Learning Intention

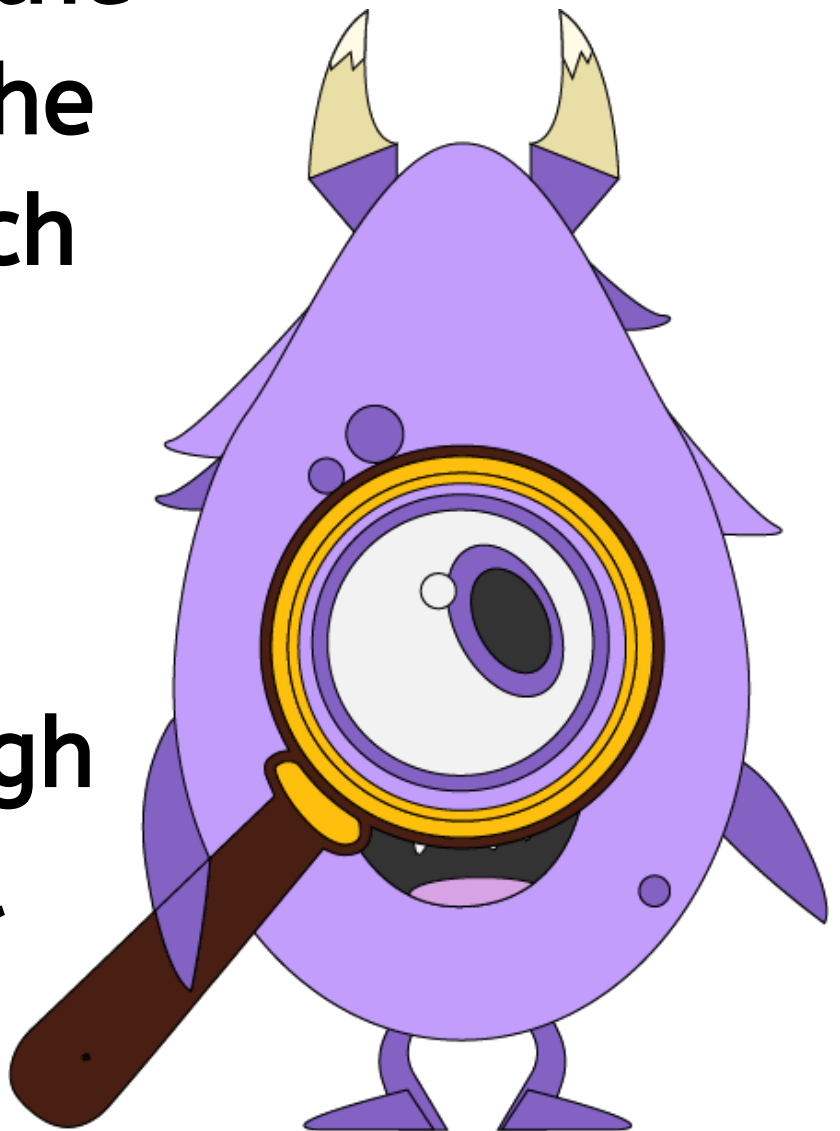
I am learning to listen carefully to words so I can use them to create a picture in my head.



# Success Criteria

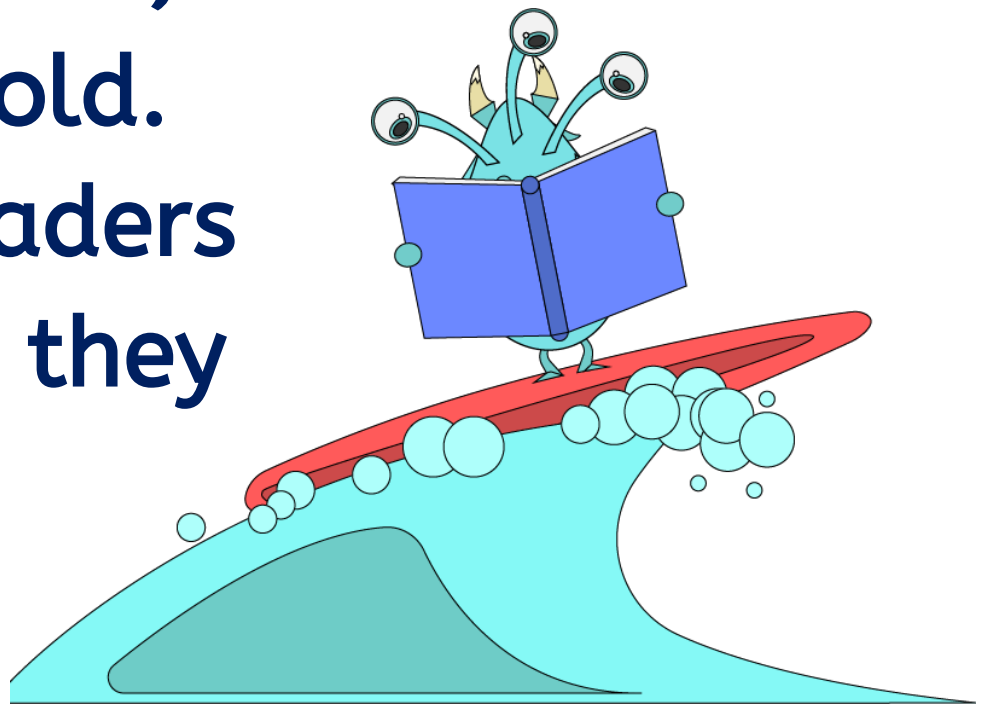
I will listen to the poem, **My Neighbour's Dog is Purple**, and imagine what the dog looks like.

I will find the words in the poem which help us to imagine the dog, even though we cannot see it.



# Visualising

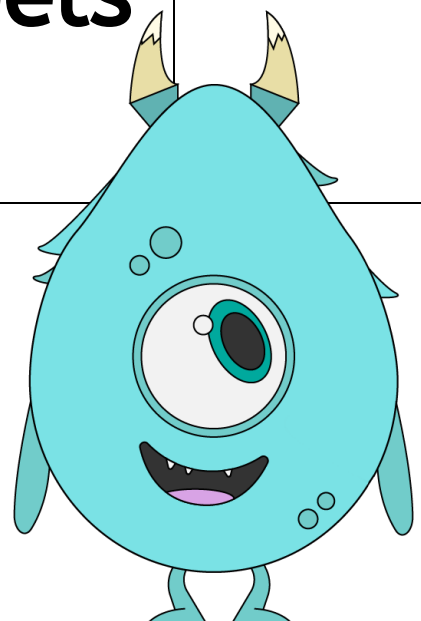
Visualising is what great readers do to imagine how things **look**, **sound**, **feel**, **taste** and **smell**. They even use their emotions to imagine other **feelings** like happy, sad, excited, or feeling cold. When readers visualise they imagine actually being there.



# Learning Checklist

Check these off as you go.

Tell a friend:	✓
what the dog looks like	
words from the poem which help you to imagine it	
how the author feels about the dog	



# **My Neighbour's Dog is Purple**

By Jack Prelutsky

**My neighbour's dog is purple,  
Its eyes are large and green,  
Its tail is almost endless,  
The longest I have seen.**

**My neighbour's dog is quiet,  
It does not bark one bit,  
But when my neighbour's dog is near,  
I feel afraid of it.**

**My neighbour's dog looks nasty,  
It has a wicked smile ...  
Before my neighbour painted it,  
It was a crocodile.**

# Last Night I Dreamed of Chickens

By Jack Prelutsky

Last night I dreamed of chickens, there  
were chickens everywhere, they were  
standing on my stomach, they were  
nesting in my hair,  
they were pecking at my pillow,  
they were hopping on my head,  
they were ruffling up their feathers as  
they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and tables,  
they were on the chandeliers,  
they were roosting in the corners, they  
were clucking in my ears,  
there were chickens, chickens, chickens  
for as far as I could see...  
when I woke today, I noticed  
there were eggs on top of me.

# Leaves

by Elsie N. Brady

How silently they tumble down  
And come to rest upon the ground  
To lay a carpet, rich and rare, Beneath  
the trees without a care, Content to sleep,  
their work well done, Colours gleaming in  
the sun.

At other times, they wildly fly  
Until they nearly reach the sky. Twisting,  
turning through the air  
Till all the trees stand stark and bare.  
Exhausted, drop to earth below  
To wait, like children, for the snow.