FROM THE CREATOR OF PERCY JACKSON



MAGNUS CHASE

AND THE
SWORD OF SUMMER
RESOURCE PACK

A NEW SERIES
INVOLVING
NORSE
MYTHOLOGY

RICK RIORDAN







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Dear Teachers,

Welcome to the *Magnus Chase & The Sword of Summer* activity pack. Whether your students are fans of Rick Riordan's previous novels or have enjoyed the two **Percy Jackson** films or are looking for their next exciting read, this pack will help them to explore the latest adventure, which brings the gods, monsters and characters of Norse mythology vividly to life. It also allows students to be creative, whether in the classroom, in the library or at home.

What is covered in the pack:

This pack is designed around encouraging students to **read** and **respond** to the text, offering opportunities for **creative writing**, **research** and **group discussion**.

The activities can be used independently or as a take-home task for students to complete as they read through the book, or could form the basis for a classroom activity. Where appropriate, each sheet highlights the chapters that are relevant to that activity. When completed in sequence, the activity sheets help build towards the children creating their own **Magnus Chase adventure story**. Activities could also be adapted to provide varied opportunities for hot-seating and role-play.

The final activity sheet offers a series of book-group questions, which are ideal for whole class or small group discussion. These questions help to highlight some of the key themes of the book and offer opportunities to explore the characters and world of **Magnus Chase** in more detail.

Skills:

The skills that students will develop from this pack include: creative writing and composition, group discussion including listening and responding constructively, and retrieving and presenting information from non-fiction texts.

Contents:

Magnus Chase & The Sword of Summer extract

Activity 1: Design a Valhalla Hotel Room

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Activity 5: Create a Magical Recipe

Activity 6: Create an Adventure Story Using Runes

Activity 7: Create a 'Valkyrie Vision' Movie

Book Group Discussion Questions

Activity sheet: Design Your Own Book Cover







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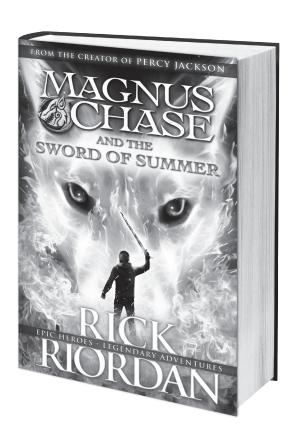
The Book

Magnus Chase and The Sword of Summer is the first in a thrilling brand-new series by Rick Riordan, the award-winning author of the **Percy Jackson** books. In this adventure, readers are introduced to Magnus Chase, a street-wise kid who finds himself homeless following the death of his mother.

One day Magnus is tracked down by an uncle he's never met - a man his mother claimed was dangerous. His uncle tells him an impossible secret: Magnus is the son of a Norse god.

The Viking myths are true. The gods of Asgard are preparing for war. Trolls, giants and worse monsters are stirring for doomsday. To prevent Ragnarok, Magnus must search the Nine Worlds for a weapon that has been lost for thousands of years. When an attack by fire giants forces him to choose between his own safety and the lives of hundreds of innocents, Magnus makes a fatal decision.

Sometimes, the only way to start a new life is to die...



About Norse Mythology

The Vikings were Norse seafarers who sailed from their Scandinavian homelands to raid, trade and wage war across northern and central Europe. They believed in fantastical realms filled with bickering and violent gods, fearsome giants and magical elves. The Vikings saw these gods and spirits at work in their own world, like Thor's chariot racing across the sky creating thunderstorms, and Frey's smiles bestowing sunshine and fair weather. These gods, in the majestic city of Asgard, were prone to fights, jealousy and acts of vengeance, as well as showing courage and love, in many ways reflecting the Vikings' own society.

All brave warriors hoped to die courageously in battle, so that they might win favour with the father of the gods, Odin, and be granted entry to Valhalla – a grand hall in Asgard filled with legendary heroes, kings, and endless feasting.

Even in the afterlife, a Viking's work was not done. They believed that Ragnarok – a great battle at the end of the world – was coming, and all souls would fight once more in that climactic clash between gods, monsters and men.







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About Rick Riordan

Before starting to write, Rick worked as a teacher, and he got the idea for his **Percy Jackson** series of books from talking to his pupils and children about Greek mythology. The **Percy Jackson** books have since become some of the most popular titles for children in the last few years and have also been adapted into a series of films.

While working on his second **Percy Jackson** novel, Rick had the idea for a new adventure that would combine his love of Norse mythology with the fast paced adventure stories that he enjoys writing. As a result, **Magnus Chase** was born and his very first adventure, *The Sword of Summer*, introduces readers to Rick's fabulous vision of Norse mythology, which has been brought right up to date with an exciting (and humorous!) twenty-first-century twist.

'With each book I write, I have lots of fun, but this has definitely been the project nearest and dearest to my heart'
Rick Riordan.

For more information on Rick Riordan, you can visit: www.rickriordan.com/about/biography

Download the Rick Riordan Resource Pack covering Greek, Roman and Egyptian mythology here: www.teachprimary.co.uk







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Extract from Magnus Chase & The Sword of Summer



Good Morning! You're Going to Die

YEAH, I KNOW. You guys are going to read about how I died in agony, and you're going be like, 'Wow! That sounds cool, Magnus! Can I die in agony too?'

No. Just no.

Don't go jumping off any rooftops. Don't run into the highway or set yourself on fire. It doesn't work that way. You will not end up where I ended up.

Besides, you wouldn't want to deal with my situation. Unless you've got some crazy desire to see undead warriors hacking one another to pieces, swords flying up giants' noses and dark elves in snappy outfits, you shouldn't even *think* about finding the wolf-headed doors.

My name is Magnus Chase. I'm sixteen years old. This is the story of how my life went downhill after I got myself killed.

My day started out normal enough. I was sleeping on the sidewalk under a bridge in the Public Garden when a guy kicked me awake and said, 'They're after you.'

By the way, I've been homeless for the past two years. Some of you may think, *Aw, how sad*. Others may think, *Ha, ha, loser!* But if you saw me on the street, ninety-nine per cent of you would walk right past like I'm invisible. You'd pray, *Don't let him ask me for money*. You'd wonder if I'm older than I look, because

surely a teenager wouldn't be wrapped in a stinky old sleeping bag, stuck outside in the middle of a Boston winter. *Somebody should help that poor boy!*

Then you'd keep walking.

Whatever. I don't need your sympathy. I'm used to being laughed at. I'm definitely used to being ignored. Let's move on.

The bum who woke me was a guy called Blitz. As usual, he looked like he'd been running through a dirty hurricane. His wiry black hair was full of paper scraps and twigs. His face was the colour of saddle leather and was flecked with ice. His beard curled in all directions. Snow caked the bottom of his trench coat where it dragged around his feet – Blitz being about five feet five – and his eyes were so dilated, the irises were all pupil. His permanently alarmed expression made him look like he might start screaming any second.

I blinked the gunk out of my eyes. My mouth tasted like day-old hamburger. My sleeping bag was warm, and I really didn't want to get out of it.

'Who's after me?'

'Not sure.' Blitz rubbed his nose, which had been broken so many times it zigzagged like a lightning bolt. 'They're handing out flyers with your name and picture.'

I cursed. Random police and park rangers I could deal with. Truant officers, community-service volunteers, drunken college kids, addicts looking to roll somebody small and weak – all those would've been as easy to wake up to as pancakes and orange juice.

But when somebody knew my name and my face







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- that was bad. That meant they were targeting me specifically. Maybe the folks at the shelter were mad at me for breaking their stereo. (Those Christmas carols had been driving me crazy.) Maybe a security camera had caught that last bit of pickpocketing I did in the Theater District. (Hey, I needed money for pizza.) Or maybe, unlikely as it seemed, the police were still looking for me, wanting to ask questions about my mom's murder . . .

I packed my stuff, which took about three seconds. The sleeping bag rolled up tight and fitted in my backpack with my toothbrush and a change of socks and underwear. Except for the clothes on my back, that's all I owned. With the backpack over my shoulder and the hood of my jacket pulled low, I could blend in with pedestrian traffic pretty well. Boston was full of college kids. Some of them were even more scraggly and younger-looking than me.

I turned to Blitz. 'Where'd you see these people with the flyers?'

'Beacon Street. They're coming this way. Middleaged white guy and a teenage girl, probably his daughter.'

I frowned. 'That makes no sense. Who -'

'I don't know, kid, but I gotta go.' Blitz squinted at the sunrise, which was turning the skyscraper windows orange. For reasons I'd never quite understood, Blitz hated the daylight. Maybe he was the world's shortest, stoutest homeless vampire. 'You should go see Hearth. He's hanging out in Copley Square.'

I tried not to feel irritated. The local street people jokingly called Hearth and Blitz my mom and dad because one or the other always seemed to be hovering around me.

'I appreciate it,' I said. 'I'll be fine.'

Blitz chewed his thumbnail. 'I dunno, kid. Not today. You gotta be extra careful.'

'Why?'

He glanced over my shoulder. 'They're coming.'

I didn't see anybody. When I turned back, Blitz was gone.

I hated it when he did that. Just – *Poof.* The guy was like a ninja. A homeless vampire ninja.

Now I had a choice: go to Copley Square and hang out with Hearth, or head towards Beacon Street and try to spot the people who were looking for me.

Blitz's description of them made me curious. A middleaged white guy and a teenage girl searching for me at sunrise on a bitter-cold morning. Why? Who were they?

I crept along the edge of the pond. Almost nobody took the flower trail under the bridge. I could hug the side of the hill and spot anyone approaching on the higher path without them seeing me.

Snow coated the ground. The sky was eye-achingly blue. The bare tree branches looked like they'd been dipped in glass. The wind cut through my layers of clothes, but I didn't mind the cold. My mom used to joke that I was half polar bear.

Dammit, Magnus, I chided myself.

After two years, my memories of her were still a minefield. I'd stumble over one, and instantly my composure would be blown to bits.

I tried to focus.

The man and the girl were coming this way. The man's sandy hair grew over his collar – not like an







intentional style, but like he couldn't be bothered to cut it. His baffled expression reminded me of a substitute teacher's: *I know I was hit by a spit wad, but I have no idea where it came from.* His smart shoes were totally wrong for a Boston winter. His socks were different shades of brown. His tie looked like it had been tied while he spun around in total darkness.

The girl was definitely his daughter. Her hair was just as thick and wavy, though lighter blonde. She was dressed more sensibly in snow boots, jeans and a parka, with an orange T-shirt peeking out at the neckline. Her expression was more determined, angry. She gripped a sheaf of flyers like they were essays she'd been graded on unfairly.

If she was looking for me, I did not want to be found. She was scary.

I didn't recognize her or her dad, but something tugged at the back of my skull . . . like a magnet trying to pull out a very old memory.

Father and daughter stopped where the path forked. They looked around as if just now realizing they were standing in the middle of a deserted park at no-thank-you o'clock in the dead of winter.

'Unbelievable,' said the girl. 'I want to strangle him.'

Assuming she meant me, I hunkered down a little more.

Her dad sighed. 'We should probably avoid killing him. He is your uncle.'

'But two years?' the girl demanded. 'Dad, how could he not tell us for two years?'

'I can't explain Randolph's actions. I never could, Annabeth.'

I inhaled so sharply, I was afraid they would hear me. A scab was ripped off my brain, exposing raw memories from when I was six years old.

Annabeth. Which meant the sandy-haired man was ... Uncle Frederick?

I flashed back to the last family Thanksgiving we'd shared: Annabeth and me hiding in the library at Uncle Randolph's town house, playing with dominoes while the adults yelled at each other downstairs.

You're lucky you live with your momma. Annabeth stacked another domino on her miniature building. It was amazingly good, with columns in front like a temple. I'm going to run away.

I had no doubt she meant it. I was in awe of her confidence.

Then Uncle Frederick appeared in the doorway. His fists were clenched. His grim expression was at odds with the smiling reindeer on his sweater. *Annabeth, we're leaving*.

Annabeth looked at me. Her grey eyes were a little too fierce for a first grader's. *Be safe, Magnus*.

With a flick of her finger, she knocked over her domino temple.

That was the last time I'd seen her.

Afterwards, my mom had been adamant: We're staying away from your uncles. *Especially Randolph. I won't give him what he wants. Ever.*

She wouldn't explain what Randolph wanted, or what she and Frederick and Randolph had argued about.

You have to trust me, Magnus. Being around them . . . it's too dangerous.

I trusted my mom. Even after her death, I hadn't







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had any contact with my relatives.

Now, suddenly, they were looking for me.

Randolph lived in town, but, as far as I knew, Frederick and Annabeth still lived in Virginia. Yet here they were, passing out flyers with my name and photo on them. Where had they even got a photo of me?

My head buzzed so badly, I missed some of their conversation.

'- to find Magnus,' Uncle Frederick was saying. He checked his smartphone. 'Randolph is at the city shelter in the South End. He says no luck. We should try the youth shelter across the park.'

'How do we even know Magnus is alive?' Annabeth asked miserably. 'Missing for *two years?* He could be frozen in a ditch somewhere!'

Part of me was tempted to jump out of my hiding place and shout, *TA-DA!*

Even though it had been ten years since I'd seen Annabeth, I didn't like seeing her distressed. But after so long on the streets I'd learned the hard way: you never walk into a situation until you understand what's going on.

'Randolph is sure Magnus is alive,' said Uncle Frederick. 'He's somewhere in Boston. If his life is truly in danger...'

They set off towards Charles Street, their voices carried away by the wind.

I was shivering now, but it wasn't from the cold. I wanted to run after Frederick, tackle him and demand to hear what was going on. How did Randolph know I was still in town? Why were they looking for me? How was my life in danger now more than on any

other day?

But I didn't follow them.

I remembered the last thing my mom ever told me. I'd been reluctant to use the fire escape, reluctant to leave her, but she'd gripped my arms and made me look at her. Magnus, run. Hide. Don't trust anyone. I'll find you. Whatever you do, don't go to Randolph for help.

Then, before I'd made it out of the window, the door of our apartment had burst into splinters. Two pairs of glowing blue eyes had emerged from the darkness...

I shook off the memory and watched Uncle Frederick and Annabeth walk away, veering east towards the Common.

Uncle Randolph . . . For some reason, he'd contacted Frederick and Annabeth. He'd got them to Boston. All this time, Frederick and Annabeth hadn't known that my mom was dead and I was missing. It seemed impossible, but, if it were true, why would Randolph tell them about it now?

Without confronting him directly, I could think of only one way to get answers. His town house was in Back Bay, an easy walk from here. According to Frederick, Randolph wasn't home. He was somewhere in the South End, looking for me.

Since nothing started a day better than a little breaking and entering, I decided to pay his place a visit.







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Activity 1: Design a Valhalla Hotel Room

When Magnus Chase first enters his Valhalla hotel room for the first time, he is in for a surprise.

Welcome to the Hotel Valhalla. Have a nice stay. I turned in a slow circle. The suite was shaped like a cross, with four sections radiating from the central atrium. Each wing was as large as my old apartment. One was the entry hall where we'd come in. The next was a bedroom with a king-size bed. Despite its size, the room was spare and simple: a beige comforter and fluffy-looking pillows on the bed, beige walls with no artwork or mirrors or other decoration. Heavy brown curtains could be drawn to close off the space.

I remembered when I was a kid, how my mum used to make my room as no-frills as possible. I'd always found it hard to sleep indoors unless I had total darkness and nothing to distract me. Looking at this bedroom, I felt like somebody had reached into my mind and pulled out exactly what I needed to be comfortable.

The suite's fourth wing was a full kitchen and living room. At one end of the living room, a big leather couch faced a plasma-screen TV with about six different game systems stacked in the media cabinet. On the other side, two recliners sat in front of a crackling fireplace and a wall of books.

Yes, I like to read. I'm weird that way.

TASK:

Imagine stepping into your own Valhalla hotel room. What would you see, hear, smell (and even taste)? Remember, this is your perfect room – so it can contain all your favourite things. You could use the following template to record your ideas:

What do I see?	What do I hear?
What do I smell?	What do I taste?







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Activity 2: Create an Historical Character

Magnus Chase discovers that having friends in Valhalla is really important, especially when your (after) life depends on fighting as a team every day! Having shield brothers and sisters to watch your back certainly helps in battle, even if they do make a bit of an odd bunch:

I see dead people. And now we're all friends. "There he is." T.J rose and grabbed my hand. 'Sit. Join us. You made quite a first impression last night!'

He was dressed the same as yesterday: a blue wool army jacket over a green hotel T-shirt, jeans and leather boots. With him sat the half-troll X, the redhead Mallory Keen, and a guy I guessed was Halfborn Gunderson, who looked like Robinson Crusoe on steroids. His shirt was a patchwork of animal pelts. His hide pants were in tatters. Even by Viking standards his beard was wild, decorated with most of a cheese omelet.

My four hallmates made room for me at the table, which felt pretty good.

TASK:

Imagine you are meeting one of your shield brothers or sisters for the first time. Who would they be and what's their name? How might they have ended up at the Hotel Valhalla? This friend could come from any time in history. You could use your knowledge of history to help make your character more interesting, or even research a new time period using books and the internet.

Some things you might want to think about:

- What historical period do they come from? (Ancient Rome, Ancient Egypt, the Victorian Age, Vikings etc.)
- · Where did they live?
- What was their daily life like?
- What was their family like?
- What might they be wearing?
- What heroic act did they perform to be chosen for Valhalla?

When authors create characters for books, they often ask these types of questions to help them create a back story for each character. This helps to make their characters feel more real and interesting to the reader.

When you have completed your research, you could create a character profile for your companion, with a picture and a fact file – or you could even write about your very first meeting together at the Hotel Valhalla. (You can read more about Magnus Chase's first meeting with his companions in Chapter Eighteen.)







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Character Notes		
Name:	Age:	
How did they get to Valhalla?		
What historical period do they come from?		
Where do they live?		
What was their family like?		
Likes:		
Dislikes:		
Additional information:		





Activity 3: Create a Norse Guidebook

Death doesn't come with instructions, or a helpful guidebook to explain who all these gods, monsters and other strange people are. Luckily, Magnus Chase remembers his book of Norse myths that his mom used to read to him when he was little. The information helps, but he soon discovers that a simple picture book isn't always enough to get by in the afterlife:

Fire giants, world-ending wolves and thunderous gods. Oh my!

The woman fixed me with her sky-blue eyes. When she smiled, heat traveled from the tips of my ears right down to my toes. I would have done anything to make her keep smiling at me. If she'd told me to jump off the World Tree into oblivion, I would've done it in a second.

I remembered her picture from my old children's mythology book, and realised how ridiculously it undersold her beauty.

The goddess of love was very pretty! She had cats!

I knelt before my aunt, the twin sister of my father. Freya.'

'My dear Magnus,' she said, 'how nice to meet you in person!'

TASK:

Every good hero should have a guidebook to the gods, monsters and creatures of the Viking afterlife. Use books and the internet to find out more about the following:

 Odin ↑ Tyr ↑ Thor ↑ Fenris ♦ Freya ↑ Jormungand ↑ Frey ↑ Jotun ↑ Loki ↑ Hel ↑ Surt ↑ Valkyrie ↑ Mimir 	•	
 ♦ Freya ♦ Frey ♦ Jotun ♦ Loki ♦ Hel ♦ Surt ♦ Valkyrie 	♦ Odin	♦ Tyr
 ♦ Frey ♦ Loki ♦ Hel ♦ Surt ♦ Valkyrie 	♦ Thor	♦ Fenris
Loki→ HeI→ Surt→ Valkyrie	♦ Freya	Jormungand
♦ Surt ♦ Valkyrie	♦ Frey	♦ Jotun
	♦ Loki	♦ Hel
♦ Mimir	♦ Surt	Valkyrie
	♦ Mimir	

Create your own guidebook or even a mock-up app, website, poster or advert, for new heroes who arrive in Valhalla. Your guide could contain facts and pictures, with handy hints on what a hero might do if they ever meet any of these strange beings!







Activity 4: Design a Viking Weapon

Vikings love their weapons. When Magnus discovers his own magic weapon for the first time, he isn't too impressed. After all, The Sword of Summer appears to be a sludgy stick covered in barnacles. But Magnus soon discovers that the sword can do lots of cool things. However, those cool things come with a cost:

discovers that the sword can do lots of cool things. However, those cool things come with a cost:

**Ancient weapons are totally awesome. (At least, some of the time.) I let go of my sword. It hovered in the air for a split second. Then it flew into action. Faster than you could say son of Edna, every dwarf was disarmed. Their weapons were cut in half, split down the middle, knocked to the ground, or diced into hors d'oeuvre-sized cubes. The daggers and rockets were sheared off Junior's walker. The severed ends of thirty beards fluttered to the pavement, leaving thirty shocked dwarves with fifty percent less facial hair.

The Sword of Summer hovered between the mob and me.

'Anybody want more?' the sword asked.

The dwarves turned and fled.

'So... you want me to call you Jack?'

'It is a noble name,' said the sword. Fit for kings and sharp carving implements!'

'Okay,' I said. 'Well, then, Jack. Thanks for the save. You mind if I...?' I reached for the hilt, but Jack floated away from me.

Twouldn't do that yet,' he warned. 'The price of my amazing abilities: as soon as you sheathe me, or turn me into a pendant, or whatever, you feel just as exhausted as if you had performed all my actions yourself.'

My shoulder muscles tightened. I considered how tired I would feel if I had just destroyed all those weapons and cut all those beards.

TASK:

Design your own magical item to help you on your adventures. Use books and the internet to find out more about some of the legendary objects from Norse Mythology such as Mjölnir, Brisingamen, Gleipnir, Gungnir, Gjallar and Dainsleif. Record your special item in the grid below. Remember: power sometimes comes with a price. Will your special item have any drawbacks?

My Viking weapon/item	Pros
	Cons







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Activity 5: Create a Magical Recipe

Making magical ropes isn't easy – especially ones that are required to imprison the most dangerous and fiercest creature that ever lived, Fenris Wolf. To make the magic rope strong enough, the Dwarves needed special paradox ingredients. Impossible things that are... well, impossible!

Making the impossible possible. It's a paradox!

Blitz held up the end of the rope and whistled appreciatively. 'He means things that aren't supposed to exist. Paradox ingredients are very difficult to craft with, very dangerous. Gleipnir contained the footfall of a cat, the spittle of a bird, the breath of a fish, the beard of a woman.'

Dunno if that last one is a paradox, 'I said. 'Crazy Alice in Chinatown has a pretty good beard.'

TASK:

To create the magical rope Gleipnir and achieve the impossible, the Dwarves used six impossible ingredients:

- ♦ The sound of a cat's footfall
- ♦ The beard of a woman
- ♦ The roots of a mountain

- The sinews of a bear
- The breath of a fish
- ♦ The spittle of a bird

Unfortunately, it turns out that the magic wasn't impossible enough and the wolf's bonds are now weakening. Help Magnus and his friends create a new magical rope by assembling a new set of paradox ingredients – things that just don't exist. You'll need five to make your own magical rope:

Impossible Ingredients
1.
2.
<u>3</u> .
4.
<u>5.</u>







Activity 6: Create An Adventure Story Using Runes

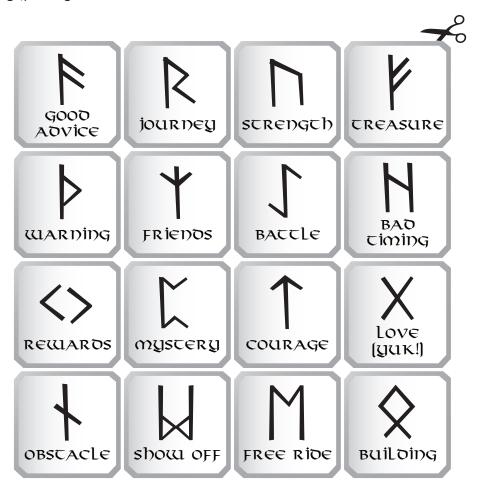
When Magnus attends his first feast in Valhalla, he encounters the Norns, a strange group of female giants who use runes to help them see the future:

Norns know a thing or two. Like the future and stuff.

I had just about decided that running away screaming was my smartest option. Then, in the hands of the middle Norn, fog collected, solidifying into half a dozen runestones. She threw them into the air. They floated above her, each rune expanding into a luminous white symbol as big as a poster board.

TASK:

The Norns are ready to read your fate. What does your future hold for you? Cut out the magic runes and place inside a bag (you might want to mount them on card first to make them a bit more sturdy).









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Pick out three runes from the bag and place them in front of you in the order that you chose them. These runes represent your future adventure which you are about to write below! The runes provide you with a beginning, middle and an ending for your adventure. Perhaps it will involve a mystery, the discovery of some fabulous treasure, or even a big Viking battle!

Your first rune, begins your story Your second rune, forms middle of your story
Your second rune, forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
forms middle of
N. W. I
Your third rune, ends your story
-
(Use a blank sheet of paper if your need more space for your story)
Constitution of the second of





Activity 7: Create a 'Valkyrie Vision' Movie

The Valkyries have moved with the times, and are now using the latest technology to help them track down and record the brave heroes that are worthy enough to enter Valhalla:

Valkyrie vision goes viral. (It's like reality TV only better!)

Helgi smiled. 'As many of you know, Captain Gunhilla has been phasing in new equipment over the past few months. She's been fitting her Valkyrie's armour with cameras to keep everyone accountable-and hopefully to keep us entertained!'

The warriors cheered and banged their mugs, drowning out the sound of Sam cursing next to me.

Helgi raised his goblet. I present to you, Valkyrie Vision!"

Around the tree trunk, a ring of giant holographic screens flickered to life, floating in midair. The video was choppy, apparently taken from a camera on the shoulder of a Valkyrie.

TASK:

Choose a favourite scene from the book or extracts you've read in this pack. You are now going to be adapting this scene for a movie or television show, imagining that you had your own Valkyrie camera to film the action as it happened!

Look at some scenes from your favourite movies and shows. Make a note of the different types of shots and angles that are used to tell the story. These might include:

- ♦ CU (close up)
- ♦ MS (mid shot)
- ♦ WS (wide shot)
- POV (point of view shot)
- Camera pan (horizontal movement)
- Camera tilt (vertical movement)

(You could also visit: www.mediacollege.com/video/shots/ for a handy visual guide to different types of shots and techniques.)

Create a storyboard for your scene on the next page. Your storyboard could also include notes on any dialogue and other effects that might be needed for each shot (special effects, dramatic music and so on).

Also, don't forget to check your book to find out what the characters are wearing in your scene. You know Blitz is very picky when it comes to fashion!







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Activity 7: Create a 'Valkyrie Vision' Movie

Shot type:	
Image:	
Dialogue:	
F#40 also	
Effects:	







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Book Group Discussion Questions

Chapter One to Chapter Three

- What have we learned about Magnus from the opening chapters alone?
- Is Magnus your typical type of hero? What qualities does he have that might help him become a hero?

Chapter Nine to Chapter Fifteen

- How has the author updated Valhalla and Norse mythology for a modern audience?
- What does Magnus's hotel room tell us about his character?

Chapter Twenty and Chapter Twenty-one

- What opinions have we formed of Loki, Sam and Gunilla? Who do we trust/distrust and why?
- Why do you think Gunilla chose to show Asgard to Magnus?

Chapter Twenty-two to Chapter Twenty-seven

- How does Magnus react to seeing his dead body and what are his reasons?
- Ohow does the author use mystery to keep the reader guessing?
- What have we learned about Hearthstone and Blitzen in these chapters? What questions would we like to ask them?

Chapter Twenty-nine to Chapter Thirty-two

- What evidence is there that Sam and Magnus are growing closer as friends?
- Has our opinion of Sam changed in any way?

Chapter Thirty-seven to Chapter Thirty-nine

- What do Ratatosk's insults tell us about Magnus' insecurities? Do we agree with the popular saying 'sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me'?
- How does Folkvanger differ from Valhalla? Which afterlife do we prefer and why?

Chapter Forty to Chapter Forty-four

- What obstacles are put in the way of our heroes achieving their goal? How does this add to the tension of these chapters?
- Do we feel that Sam and the others were right to cheat in order to win the contest?

Chapter Forty-eight to Chapter Fifty

- What does the perthro rune tell us about Hearthstone and his upbringing?
- What did we imagine Thor would be like? How has the author played with those expectations?

Chapter Fifty-eight to Chapter Sixty

- How does Hel try to convince Magnus that his quest is futile? What does she offer him instead?
- If you were Magnus, would you have accepted Hel's offer? Was Magnus right to turn her down?
- Ohow is the theme of memory explored in these chapters?
- Blitzen refers to the group as 'a family of four empty cups'? What does he mean – and how might each character have reason to feel like 'an empty cup'?

Chapter Sixty-three to Chapter Sixty-seven

- What is Fenris Wolf's most powerful weapon and why?
- How does the author use the final battle to show how our heroes have grown?

Chapter Sixty-eight and Seventy-two

How do these two chapters help to provide closure to Magnus' personal journey?

Epilogue

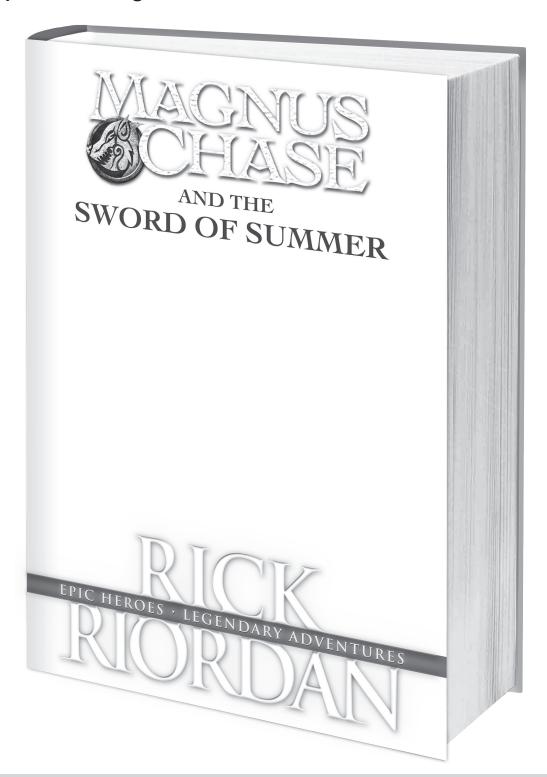
- What is the significance of the silver hammer pendant?
- What do we think will be the theme/focus of the next Magnus Chase adventure?







Activity Sheet: Design Your Own Book Cover



EPIC HEROES, LEGENDARY ADVENTURES

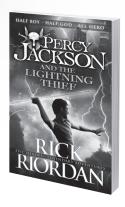


THE GREEK GODS ARE ALIVE AND KICKING!

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PERCY JACKSON AND THE GREEK GODS
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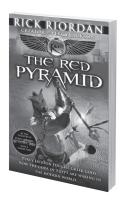


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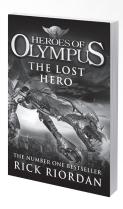


PERCY JACKSON IS BACK!

Join Percy and his friends from Camp Half-Blood as they face off against rival Roman demigods of Camp Jupiter, and set out on a deadly new mission: to prevent the all-powerful Earth Mother, Gaia, from awakening from her millennia-long sleep to bring about the end of the world.

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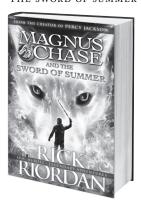
THE LOST HERO
THE SON OF NEPTUNE
THE MARK OF ATHENA
THE HOUSE OF HADES
THE BLOOD OF OLYMPUS
THE DEMIGOD DIARIES



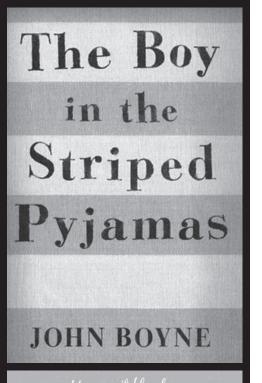
THE GODS OF ASGARD ARISE!

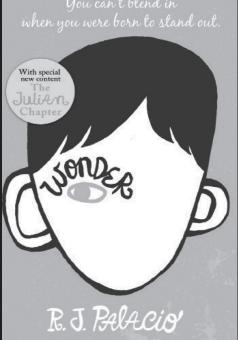
Magnus Chase has always run away from trouble, but trouble has a way of finding him. After being killed in battle with a fire giant, Magnus finds himself resurrected in Valhalla as one of the chosen warriors of the Norse god Odin. But now isn't a good time to be joining Odin's army. The gods of Asgard are preparing for Ragnarok – the Norse doomsday – and Magnus has a leading role . . .

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RICK RIORDAN







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