

KS2 literacy trail

Guidelines for teachers

Booking

Fulham Palace gardens are used for a variety of events and by a mix of groups. To ensure you have the best possible time at the site, please ensure to book your visit via education@fulhampalace.org

Timings

The trail will take between 1-1.5 hours. Please note, the walled garden opens at 10.15. Our large garden can be used for a picnic lunch or in colder weather, a lunch room can be booked for £10. Children can also have a run around in the garden or play in the natural play area. However, please ensure they do not climb the trees.

Equipment

1 x pencil or pen per child

1 x clipboard per child

1 x worksheet per child

Notes

You will need to read the extract from *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett before entering the walled garden. (The extract is attached below).

Moving round the site

There are rules at the start of the trail advising pupils of expected behaviour, etc. Please go over these with the class before setting off. There are three options for how to send the groups round the site.

1. All start at the same time but this might result in some queues/jams
2. Stagger the start time
3. Start the pupils from different areas and instruct them to meet back at the entrance to the Tudor courtyard or in the middle of the lawn when they have completed all the questions.

One adult per group would be advisable, alternatively have one adult in the courtyard, one adult in the walled garden and a third adult in the middle of the lawn where they can see three of the work areas.

Toilets

There are outdoor toilets at the end of the education centre building, as marked on the map in the trail.

Any questions or feedback, please contact Jean Shipton
education@fulhampalace.org; +44 (0)20 7751 2432.

The Secret Garden by Frances Hodgson Burnett

An extract from chapter 10

It was the sweetest, most mysterious-looking place any one could imagine. The high walls which shut it in were covered with the leafless stems of climbing roses, which were so thick that they were matted together. Mary Lennox knew they were roses because she had seen a great many roses in India. All the ground was covered with grass of a wintry brown, and out of it grew clumps of bushes which were surely rose-bushes if they were alive. There were numbers of standard roses which had so spread their branches that they were like little trees. There were other trees in the garden, and one of the things which made the place look strangest and loveliest was that climbing roses had run all over them and swung down long tendrils which made light swaying curtains, and here and there they had caught at each other or at a far-reaching branch and had crept from one tree to another and made lovely bridges of themselves. 'I' here were neither leaves nor roses on them now, and Mary did not know whether they were dead or alive, but their thin grey or brown branches and sprays looked like a sort of hazy mantle spreading over everything, walls, and trees, and even brown grass, where they had fallen from their fastenings and run along the ground. It was this hazy tangle from tree to tree which made it all look so mysterious. Mary had thought it must be different from other gardens which had not been left all by themselves so long; and indeed it was different from any other place she had ever seen in her life.

"How still it is" she whispered. "How still"

Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness. The robin, who had flown to his tree-top, was still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings; he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

"No wonder it is still," she whispered again. "I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years."