

Answers

1. Why did the foal remember the hunt more than any other event in his young life?
The hunt must have been an unusual event: full of noise from the hounds and lots of rushing about and horses galloping across the fields. Some of the riders were in green jackets and must have looked different to the young colts. The other colts were excited to see what was going on too so the foal was caught up in the atmosphere of the day, making it a memorable experience.
2. Why did the young colts want to join the hunt?
The colts were excited and keen to be part of the hunt and to gallop over the fields with the other horses and riders. They didn't want to be left out of the events of the day.
3. Why did the dogs run about 'every way with their noses to the ground'?
The old horse says that, "They (the hounds) have lost the scent." If they wanted to pick up the smell of the hare again they would have to sniff the ground all around and then follow the scent once they had a trail again.
4. If the mother horse cannot think why men like to hunt, why do you think they do it?
I think the men liked the excitement of chasing after something (the hare) with the hounds and don't think about the danger to themselves or the horses from falling over the hedges in the fields.
5. Why does mother horse describe herself as 'only a horse' compared to men.
I think that mother horse doesn't think she is as important as the men or that she doesn't know or understand as much as they do. Even if she doesn't know as much, she is sensible in what she says about the hunt.

Making Inferences

Black Beauty

When things are not explained literally in a text, you can use clues to reach a logical conclusion. This is called inference.

Read the short story extract then answer the questions in full sentences.

Black Beauty **The Autobiography of a Horse** **By Anna Sewell**

“To my dear and honoured Mother, whose life, no less than her pen, has been devoted to the welfare of others, this little book is affectionately dedicated.”

The Hunt (Adapted)

Before I was two years old, a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, “There are the hounds!” and immediately cantered off, followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and our master’s old riding horse were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

“They have found a hare,” said my mother, “and if they come this way we shall see the hunt.”

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a “yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!” at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them wearing green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but



they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

“They have lost the scent,” said the old horse; “perhaps the hare will get off.”

“What hare?” I said.

“Oh! I don’t know what hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;” and before long the dogs began their “yo! yo, o, o!” again, and back they came altogether at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.



“Now we shall see the hare,” said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by and made for the woods... “I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way; but we are only horses, and don’t know.”

Questions

1. Why did the foal remember the hunt more than any other event in his young life?
2. Why did the young colts want to join the hunt?
3. Why did the dogs run about 'every way with their noses to the ground'?
4. If the mother horse cannot think why men like to hunt, why do you think they do it?
5. Why does mother horse describe herself as 'only a horse' compared to men.

Answers

1. Apart from a foal, who else could the animal be in paragraph one? How can you tell?
The animal could be a rabbit, a fox, an otter or a badger. Any animal that lives in a wood or a field or by the water could live in this place because the fields and woods and pond are all described in this part of the text.
2. How do you think the foal felt about its life with his mother in paragraph two?
I think the foal loved being with his mother because the text describes how close the foal liked to be; 'I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her'.
3. Why did the foal's mother go out to work once the foal could eat grass?
If the foal was feeding from his mother's milk, they would have to be close by each other so it would be really difficult for her to do any work away from her foal. The foal's mother could go to work now because the foal could look after itself.
4. What sort of work did the mother do?
I think the horse might have gone riding or pulled a carriage for her master.
5. Why weren't the carthorse colts taught any manners?
The carthorse colts may not have their mothers close to them so haven't been taught manners and to be kind and polite like the foal has learned from Duchess. The foal's grandmother was a racehorse and these horses are expected to behave better.

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My Early Home Part I

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side, we looked into a ploughed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master’s house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow, there was a grove of fir trees and at the bottom, a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young, I lived upon my mother’s milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime, I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass, my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes, we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.



One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

“I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learnt manners. You have been well-bred and well-born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”



I have never forgotten my mother's advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Questions

1. Apart from a foal, who else could the animal be in paragraph one? How can you tell?
2. How do you think the foal felt about its life with his mother in paragraph two?
3. Why did the foal's mother go out to work once the foal could eat grass?
4. What sort of work did the mother do?
5. Why were the carthorse colts not taught any manners?

Answers

1. Why was the master as kind to the horses as he was 'to his little children'?
The master was as kind to the horses as he was 'to his little children' because he gave them good food, good lodging, and kind words.
2. Why do you think the foal and his mother were the master's favourites?
I think the foal and his mother were the master's favourites because he brought them treats to eat and took Duchess to town with him when he needed horse to pull the trap. He also had pet names for them 'Pet' for Duchess and 'Dusky' for the foal.
3. Why did Dick think it was fun to throw berries and stones at the horses?
Dick may have been bored or had never been taught to respect animals. He may have wanted to see a reaction when the horses and foals were hit by the things he was throwing.
4. If the master didn't think it was right to hurt the horses, was he right to hurt Dick? Why do you think that?
Dick wanted to hurt the horses for fun, but the master was cross with Dick and wanted to teach him a lesson so he deserved to get 'a box on the ear' as a taste of his own medicine.
5. What was the money for that the master gave to Dick?
The money that Dick was given was wages from the master. Once he had been paid for the work he had done, the master wouldn't owe him anything.

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My Early Home Part II (Adapted)

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, “Well, old Pet, and how is your little Dusky?”

I was a dull black, so he called me Dusky; then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favourites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a ploughboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day, he was at this game, and he did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box



on the ear, which made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.



Questions

1. Why was the master as kind to the horses as he was 'to his little children'?
2. Why do you think the foal and his mother were the master's favourites?
3. Why did Dick think it was fun to throw berries and stones at the horses?
4. If the master did not think it was right to hurt the horses, was he right to hurt Dick?
Why do you think that?
5. What was the money for that the master gave to Dick?