

English planning and resources

Planning and Resources

School -

Year group (s) – 5

Teacher –

Text – The Last Wild

Term – Summer 2

Overview – original

			open story				
Half term (Blocks of 6 weeks allow for most terms to have an assessment week or collapsed curriculum week)							
Su7	POR1+2 Responding to a map and making predictions – reading and responding – Tell me grid – chapter 1	POR3 role on the wall and character description	POR4 freezeframing and drama – add to role on wall – chapter 2	POR 5 note making – bullet points	POR 6 – chapter 3 – note making on different aspects	The Last Wild by Piers Torday <u>Only if appropriate with what is happening with Covid as dealing with a virus</u>	Extension to narrative
Su8	POR 7+8 – not writing a report but looking at control and who benefits from creating panic	POR9 p37 conscience alley – stay or go Model ideas in a list SPAG semi-colon to separate a more detailed list	POR10 movement and response to text – imagery – recap of use of powerful verbs and metaphors SPAG	POR 11 P37-47 text and language features analysis – focus on imagery - SPAG	POR 14 – read to end of part 1 – story map story so far		
Su9	POR16 – visualising new setting p70 Pt 2	Read to p83 – discuss positive and negative view of Kester – look at text SPAG tense recap	POR 18 p113 – discussion focus on headings for decisions being made	POR19 p133 – freeze framing and role on wall for Polly	P159 discussion – why would they be lying – drama		
Su10	P184 – discuss loss of cat – hot seating Kester (what are his thoughts and how does he feel not being able to express this)	POR 23 Group discussion about joining the wildness	POR 24 debate and argument p218 POR25 p235 Ma role on the wall	POR 26 compare and contrast Narnia scene p243 POR 27 p268 – add to story map	POR 28 – emotional response discussion p303 Then read to end of book and add events to story map		
Su11	Read model text of complete story (250 words) Tell me grid – personal responses	POR 29 Planning the next chapter – generate ideas with the helicopter	Write the next chapter from plans	Complete the next chapter from plans	Review, edit and improve – look at the sequels written and compare ideas and themes chosen		
Su12	POR 12 – model text learn shape poem of cliff leaving Spectrum Hall – tell me grid	Look at model text and identify text and language features focus on SPAG use of thesaurus	POR 13 – reread p37 – 47 and look at imagery – in partners shared write own poem of escape	Identify own point in story to create a shape poem based on setting descriptions	Edit, review and improve – perform poems		Shape poem for setting

Writing outcomes and SPAG focus

Writing outcomes

- * Extension to narrative
- * Shape poem – setting focus

SPAG focus

- * Semi-colons for longer list items
- * Imagery – metaphors

Please read POR in full

- * <https://clpe.org.uk/system/files/The%20Last%20Wild%20oTS.pdf>

Genre objectives and NC objectives

* Y5

National Curriculum Writing Expectations Y5	
	Spell some words with 'silent' letters.
	Distinguish between homophones by their spelling.
	Identify my audience and write with them in mind.
	Draft my work developing initial ideas and researching where necessary.
	Select and use the correct grammar to enhance meaning.
	Use the correct tense throughout.
	Ensure subject and verb agreement.
	Check for spelling and punctuation errors.
	Write cursive text legibly.
	Punctuate direct and indirect speech.
	Use passive verbs.
	Use the perfect form of verbs.
	Use expanded noun phrases.
	Use modal verbs or adverbs.
	Use relative clauses.
	Use commas, brackets, and dashes for parenthesis.
	Use a colon to introduce a list.
	Use a semi-colon to separate a more detailed list.
	Punctuate bullet points.

Texts linked to The Last Wild

- * Varmints by Helen Ward (Y5 spring 2)
- * The Great Kapok Tree by Lynne Cherry (Y4 summer 2)
- * Greenling by Levi Pinfold
- * The Dark Wild by Piers Torday
- * The Wild Beyond by Piers Torday
- * Dark Sky Park (Y6 summer 1)

Other books covered in the strategy that have links from younger years...

- * One plastic bag / Charlotte's web / The wild robot / One day on our blue planet

Hook ideas

- * Create their own pictures of what they imagine the future might be like
- * Make a huge version of the map at the start of the book out on the playground or field and take children on a journey across the new land.
- * Get children playing scrabble games on a table together to communicate imagining that they are not able to talk.

Model text

- * As you will be working on this text for 4 weeks before getting to the end – do not learn the complete text or share this on your washing line.
- * Reveal each section as you go and learn each part each week.
- * Opening and build up – put up and learn after 1st week
- * Problem - put up after 2 weeks
- * Resolution – put up after 3 weeks
- * Ending – put up after 4 week

Model text – Plan

Opening	Build up	Problem	Resolution	Ending
Introduce Kester and Spectrum Hall	Escape from Spectrum Hall and meet The Wild	Set off on journey to get cure – meet Polly and get chased by Captain Skuldiss	Arrive at old house and see dad is held captive Attack of Captain Skuldiss	Help dad create the cure and send off into the wild Prepare for next adventure

Model text – opening

I stare out my window as the moon reveals the crashing waves and sheer cliff-face surrounding my prison, wishing I could escape and make my way back to dad and home. Spectrum Hall will never be home: not with its wardens guarding the doors; bullies threatening you at every opportunity; and meals of formula consisting of pink slop. There may be no more animals due to 'The Virus' meaning there is no more 'real' food, but after six years of this gloom I am ready to go just starve to death.

Model text – build-up

Death certainly seems like the only escape. I am aware this might be earlier than I think as the gloom has been messing with my brain causing the cockroach (that is my only friend) to talk back to me. Smiling inwardly, I am not concerned until he tells me that it is time to escape my prison and actually scurries over with a keycard to unlock the doors. Almost like I am in a trance, I follow his every command through doors and tunnels until eventually I am out on the cliffs. Crazier still, pigeons sweep down and lift me from the rocks; over the crashing waves; through dark forests; and drop me by a lake deep in the wilderness.

Model text – build up 2

This wilderness should not exist: the animals encircling me are meant to be long dead. A magnificent stag approaches and bows. “Forgive me for summoning you here, but when I heard you had the gift to talk to us, I knew you would be the one to find the cure. We are the last of the wild and we are becoming infected. Please, you must save us.” Confused, I realised I actually could understand exactly what the animals were saying. I knew that I would not be able to cure the animals, but they wanted what I wanted, my dad. “My father is a famous vet who can help you all. I will head home now to find him.” I say, even though I have no idea where I am or how I will get home. “We will help get you there,” replies the stag and along with the pigeons who carried me, we set off.

Model text – problem

Pigeons can tell the compass points of directions wherever they are, they know we need to head south so they scout ahead for us. Our journey is long and dangerous, along the way we rescue a young girl whose parents left to find food and never returned. She joins us with a personal drive after her cat became ill with the virus and never recovered. She is constantly fearful talking of the bad men who came to cull her beloved pet. These cullers are stalking the country to kill any animal still alive. Their boss, the guy who makes the awful pink slop they call formula, seems determined that he provides the only food supply in the world. Just then a car rumbles in the distance. Polly shakes and recognises the sound as that of the worst culler of all Captain Skuldiss. We are all tied, but with a last push we move as quickly as possible and arrive at the edge of my old city home.

Model text – resolution

The city seems deserted. No-one is on the streets. There is no sound. The silence is eery. Only the clip clop of the stags hooves can be heard. We move slowly towards my home and for the first time I am worried that dad won't be there. What would I do then? I have promised I will help these creatures. The house looks empty and there is no answer as I pound on the door. We are just about to give up when a booming sound echoes around us and our stag falls- forward. Captain Skuldiss smiles walking towards us with his rifle still smoking. Fury blinds me as I run towards the evil man. He bashes me with the end of the riffle and then he is on top of me, angry and full of rage. I know his next bullet is for me. Blood runs onto my shirt, I wonder how I can be shot without feeling pain, when I realise the captain has crumpled and a long antler is sticking through his chest. Our stag had saved me, before collapsing back down in pain.

Model text - ending

Shock. I am in shock. I can hear pounding. It must be my blood pounding in my heart. Polly is screaming at me, but I can't understand what she is saying. I crawl up and away from the captain's body after Polly as she is running back to my old house. With the ruffle, she is breaking through a window and as I follow her inside, I realise the pounding is coming from dad's lab. We rush towards the door and together break the lock keeping the door shut. As the door opens, I feel my heart burst. Dad is there in an instant scooping me into his arms and telling me he loves me. He rushes over to our stag and begins giving orders that I am following without even realising. Soon our stag is stable and dad is now handing me potions. "It's the cure Kester. I did it. They locked me away so I couldn't give it to anyone. They don't want to save the animals as they are earning so much money selling their formula." I look at the pigeons, without saying anything and they swoop down, each taking a vial of cure off to the wild.

We did it.

Monday Week 1

- * Learning objectives
- * I can make predictions.
- * I can infer from text and pictures.
- * I can make connections between genres of writing.
- * I can give personal opinions with justifications.

TO MONS
CITY OF
THE NORTH

THE RING
OF TREES

GREAT OPEN

FIRST FOLD

VALLEY
OF ROCK

TO PORTUS
CITY OF
THE WEST

TALL TREE
WOOD

OLD BURN FARM

SHINING LEAF
SWAMP

SPECTRUM
HALL

QUARANTINE
ZONE

WIND'S
EDGE

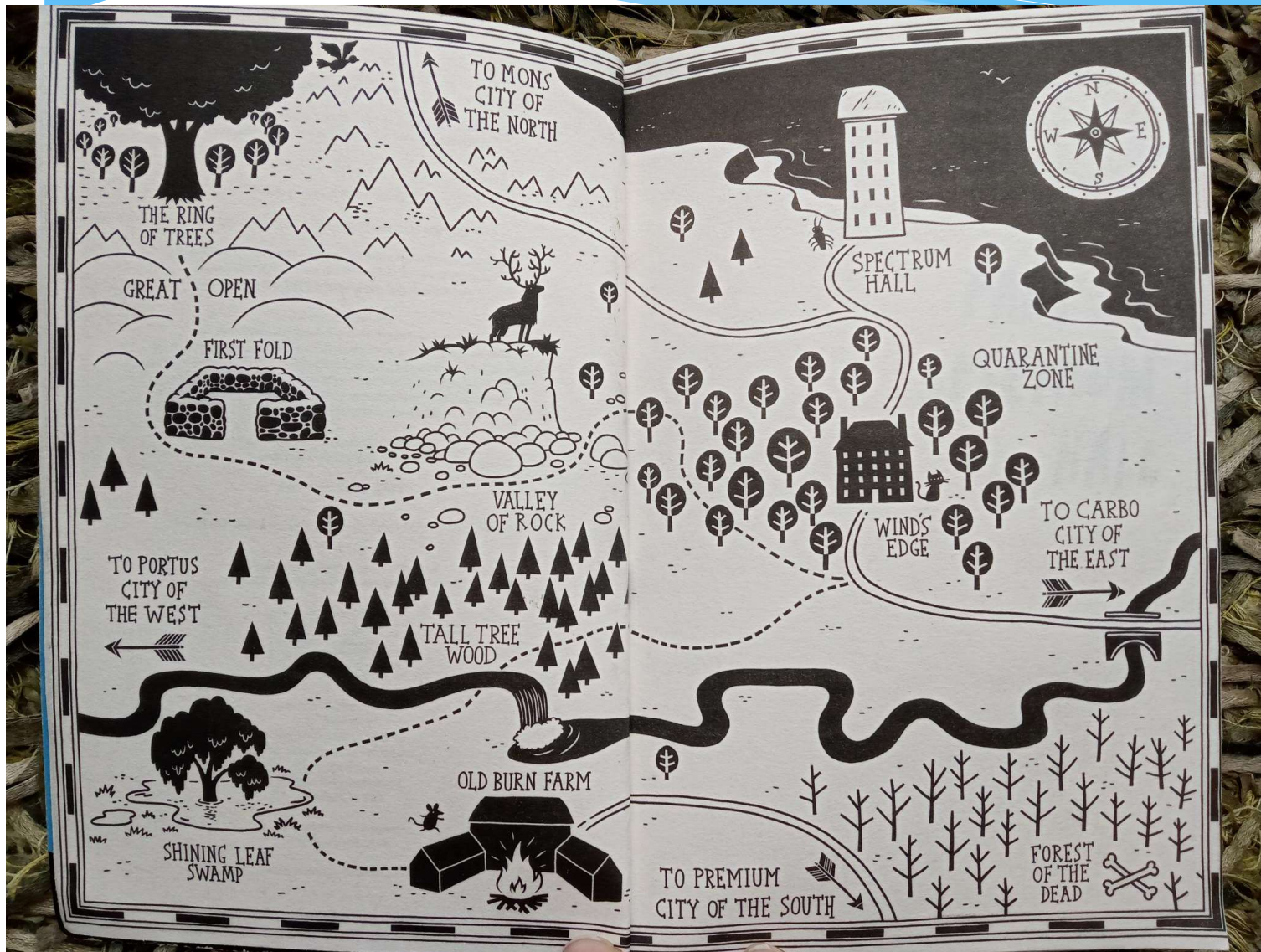
TO CARBO
CITY OF
THE EAST

TO PREMIUM
CITY OF THE SOUTH

FOREST
OF THE
DEAD



What can you infer?

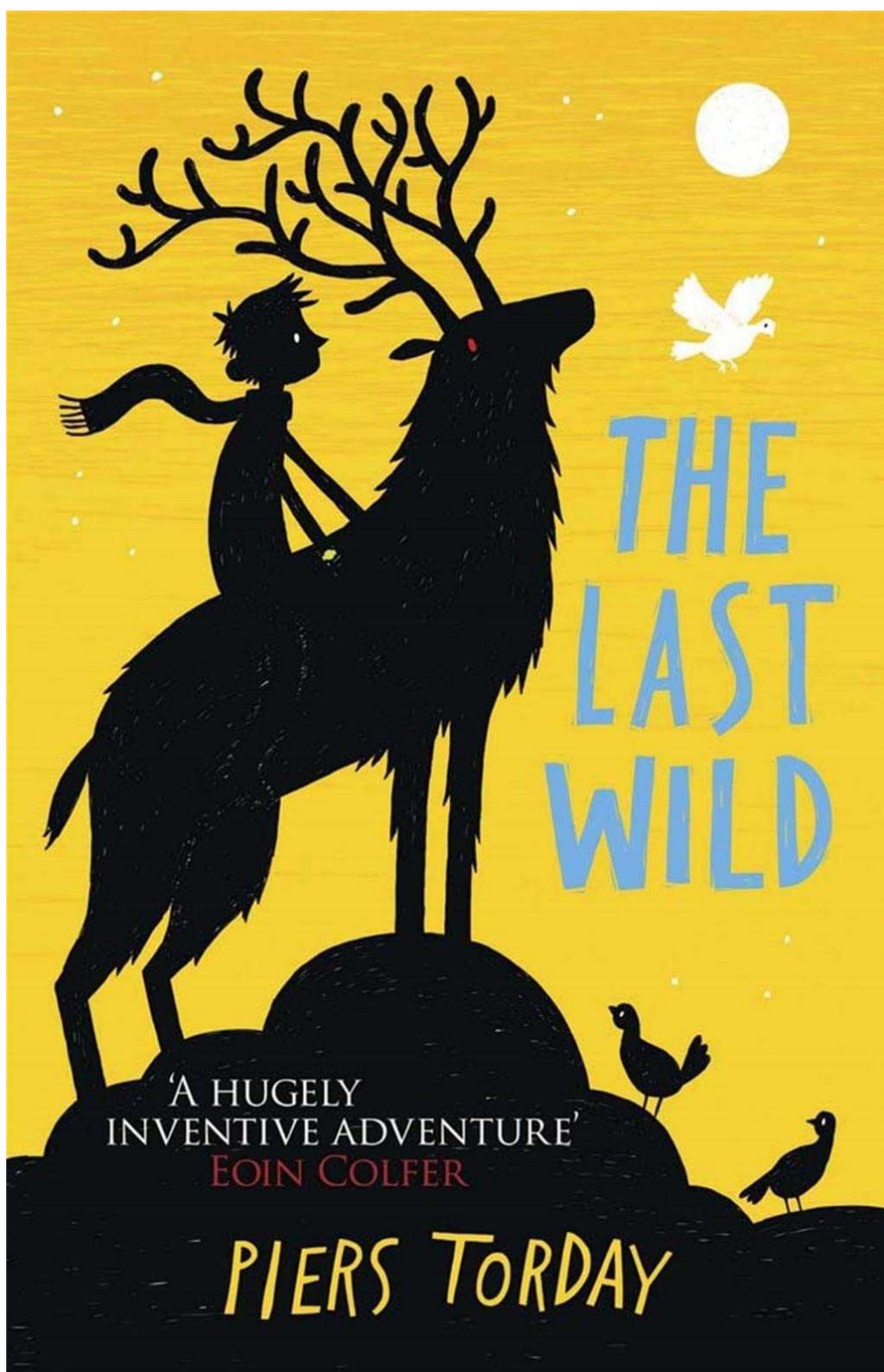


What genre might the story be written in?

What predictions can you make about the story that might take place in the setting?

What do the words and visual details indicate about the about the likely shape and content of the story?

What questions do you have?



Discuss...

What do you notice?

How does the map
relate to the title?

What might the 'Last
Wild' mean?

PART 1: SPECTRUM HALL

Part 1: Spectrum Hall



- * Locate Spectrum Hall on the map and consider what this building might represent in the story, what its significance might be and why.
- * What aspect of the illustration or the name provides them with their hypothesis?

PART 1:
SPECTRUM
HALL



My story begins with me sitting on a bed, looking out of the window.

I know that doesn't sound like much. But let me tell you where the bed is, and what I can see from it. This bed is right in the corner of a room only just big enough for it, and the bed is only just big enough for a kid my age.

(Twelve – just about to be thirteen – and skinny.)

The window is the size of the whole wall, made of special tinted glass that means the room stays the same temperature all the time. The room is locked shut and you need an electronic keycard to open the door. If you could open it, you would be in a long corridor with absolutely *nothing* in it apart from cameras in the ceiling and a fat man in a purple jacket and trousers sitting opposite on a plastic chair. Sleeping, most likely.

This fat man is called a *warden*. And there are lots of them here. But I think he is probably the fattest.

The corridor with the cameras and the fat warden is on the seventh floor of a building which is like a big upside-down boat made of glass and metal. Everywhere you look there are reflections – of you, other faces, the storm clouds. The curved glass walls stretch all the way down to the edge of some very high cliffs – only grass and mud for miles around, with rocks and sea below. The cliffs are in the north of the Island, in the middle of the Quarantine Zone – far away from the city and my home.

The name of this building is Spectrum Hall.

Or in full: Spectrum Hall Academy for Challenging Children.

It's just like a big school mainly. Only the most boring school in the world, that you can never, ever leave.

And as for what I can see out of the window?

I know that what is really there is sea and sky and rocks, but the light in the ceiling bounces off the glass into my eyes. So when I look out into the dark sky all I can actually see is my reflection. That and the hairy grey varmint flapping about in the corner. A 'moth' is what they call this kind – with antennae and spotted grey wings. I shoo him away, only to send him circling round the light above.

I try to ignore the flittering noise above me and carry on with my practice. 'Bed', 'chair' (one, screwed to the

floor), 'window', 'my watch' – loads of words to practise with. You see, I know what the words mean. I know how to write them. I just can't say them. No more than the moth can.

Not since Mum died.

I look at my watch again. The chunky green digital one she gave me. The last present I ever got from her. My favourite present I ever got from her. Even Dad nicked it once, because he thought it was 'nifty', and I had to hassle him to give it back.

I'm lucky to still have it – we aren't meant to keep anything personal at the Hall, but I kicked and bit so they couldn't take it. I flick the picture on to the screen.

It's a summer afternoon in our garden, behind our house in the city. You can just see the sun shining on the River Ams, gleaming beyond the top of the back wall, and far away on the other side, the skyline of tall glass towers.

Premium.

City of the south, and capital city of the Island. When the rest of the world grew too hot, and cracked open in the sun, everyone came to live on this cold grey rock – the Island – in their hundreds and thousands. If only it was hot *here* sometimes. The weather is never good. But for me this picture has just always been where our home is, where Dad is – and where, one day, I know I'll return.

Right now though, I'm more interested in the person in the garden.

It's my mum, Laura, before she got sick. She has

long curly hair the colour of shiny new coins, and she's laughing, at something Dad or I have said.

I used to be able to talk normal, you see, like everyone. Mum and I talked a lot. Dad and I talked a bit. Now though, it's like trying to learn the hardest language in the world. I know I can inside; it's just when I try to speak – nothing happens. The more I try, the harder it gets.

They want to make me talk again here – Doctor Fredericks with his tests – but it's not working. People still stare at you funny as you go red in the face, or sometimes they laugh and make up what they think you were going to say.

I'd rather try and talk to a varmint, thanks. There's enough of them – that's for sure. Flapping moths that circle round lights, like the one in my room right now, and spiders lurking in corners, or cockroaches scuttling around by the bins. All the useless insects and pests that the red-eye left behind. We don't even bother with their real names half the time. Varmints is all they are.

And I have practised talking at them, as it happens. Not that you're meant to go near them – even though everyone knows they're the only thing that can't get the virus. So I haven't reported this flapping one in my room. Because I like practising with him there buzzing around. He won't talk back. But at least he doesn't laugh or stare – I can almost pretend he's listening.

I do that a lot.

Right, varmint, I say to myself in my head, *let's see what you think I'm saying this time.*

So I'm just about to have a go at saying 'B-E-D' again – or at least the 'B', or even a noise that sounds like a 'B' – when the speaker hidden in the ceiling splutters into life. You can almost see the spit fly out of the holes. The varmint whirls angrily away; he doesn't like it any more than I do.

'Calling all, ah, students. Your first meal of the day is, ah, served, in the Yard. You have t-t-ten minutes.'

There's a clank as he replaces the microphone in its stand, and a hum as he forgets to turn it off and I hear his heavy breathing for a minute before he remembers and flicks the switch.

Doctor Fredericks, the Governor.

He can give himself as many titles as he likes; he's still just an ugly man in a white coat with a comb-over, whose breath smells of sweets. The day after they brought me here – bundled out of my home in the middle of the night – I gathered with all the new kids in the Yard while he stood behind a lectern reading words off a screen, his jacket flapping in the air-con.

'Good afternoon, ahm, boys and, er, girls. Welcome to S-Spectrum, ah, Hall. You have been sent here because your parents want to, ahm, f-f-forget about you. Your, ah, schools can no longer t-t-tolerate you, so they have asked us to help. Because we are a special institution, dealing with special c-c-cases like yours. And I'll tell you now how

it's going to, ahm, work.' His amplified words bounced off the walls. 'Look behind you at the sea. It is the filthiest and most p-p-polluted sea in the world, we're told.'

He stared down at us through his bottle-top glasses and flicked away a loose strand of greasy hair as we gazed out of the glass walls behind us at the waves chopping and crashing at the cliffs.

But I didn't believe that Dad wanted to forget about me.

Six years later, I still don't.

'There are t-t-two ways, ah, out of here. Through our front gates, as an improved and functioning member of society. Or off these bally c-c-cliffs and into the, ahm, sea. So either learn to, ah, m-m-modify your behaviour, or jolly well learn to, ah, dive!'

I haven't learnt to do either yet.

I pull on my trackies, shove my feet into my trainers and strap on my watch. Then there's a beep, and the light in my door goes red, orange, then green, before sliding open with a hiss. The fat warden is standing there in his crumpled purple jacket and trousers, my door keycard dangling on a strap from around his wrist.

'Come on, Jaynes,' he mutters, scratching his hairy chin. 'I haven't got all day.'

I'm not surprised, with so much sitting on your bum and sleeping to do, I think. That's one of the advantages of not being able to speak – you never get in bother for talking back. I step out into the corridor and wait.

One by one, the other doors along from me beep and slide open. And out come the other inhabitants of Corridor 7, boys and girls my age, all in trackies and trainers like me, their hair unbrushed, their faces blank. We look at each other, and then the warden silently points to the other end of the corridor.

I feel his eyes boring into my back as we walk past him along the passage and into the open lift.

The Yard is full of noise, which gets right inside my head. Most of it from the queue for the servery, a polished counter set into the wall, lined with pots. Metal pots full of pink slop, which some women with grey hair and greyer faces are busy dishing out, all of them wearing purple tunics with a big F stamped on the front.

F for Factorium. The world's biggest food company. More like the only food company now, since the red-eye came and killed all the animals. Every last one, apart from the varmint.

So Facto started making formula for us to eat instead. Which now makes them the only *company*, full stop – they run *everything*. First the government asked them to take care of the red-eye, and then they ended up taking care of the government. They run the country now, from hospitals to schools. Including this one. I don't know why making food or killing animals makes you good at running schools as well, but the first thing you learn in a Facto school is: never argue with Facto.

'What's the flavour, miss?' shouts Wavy J, waving his

plastic bowl in the air, somehow first in the queue already. That's why he's called Wavy – he's always at the front of every line, waving. I don't even know his real name.

Behind him is Big Brenda, a fat girl with hair in bunches who has to sleep on a reinforced bed. She's here because she ate her mum and dad out of house and home – even during the food shortage – and got so big they couldn't look after her any more. That pale-faced kid with bags under his eyes is Tony – who got in trouble for stealing tins of food. And now he's here, quietly nicking some headphones out of the bag belonging to Justine, who is here because she was caught being part of a gang. A gang of thieves who got around everywhere on bikes, who nicked not just tins of food, but anything they could get their hands on. Like music players and headphones. That little kid she's talking to with spiky hair and a devil grin – that's Maze, who has an attention deficiency. The kind of attention deficiency that makes you chase your mum around the kitchen with a knife. And then right at the back, behind them all, is me.

I know their names. I listen to their conversations. I know why they're here.

But I don't know why I am.



'Chicken'n'Chips,' announces the grey lady behind the hatch who looks like a big door on legs, with hairy arms. 'Today's flavour is Chicken *and* chips.' Her name is Denise, which doesn't rhyme with arms, so instead the others have made up a song about her hairy knees, which aren't actually that hairy. It doesn't matter what Denise or any of the women say though – Sausage'n'Mash, Ham'n'Eggs, Pie'n'Peas – everything they serve looks exactly the same: bright pink gloop that spills over the edge of the bowl and only ever tastes of one thing: prawn-cocktail crisps.

'Formul-A', they want us to call it, pronouncing the 'A' like in 'day', but no one does. It's just *formula*. First the animals we eat went, and then the bees went, and then the crops and fruit went. Vegetables were contaminated. So there were rations, the remaining supplies of fresh

food stockpiled in giant deep freezes. Then all that went too. We lived out of tins. Oily, meaty, fishy or veggie mush out of tins. The tins began to run out too. People started eating anything. Even varmints. Rats. Cockroaches.

Then, one day – I was here by now – they just started serving us formula, and that was it – no more normal food. 'It's gone,' Denise had said, 'and it ain't coming back. That's all you need to know.' Instead we got given a meal replacement that 'satisfies all your daily nutritional needs'.

If you like prawn-cocktail crisps.

'Jaynes! Do you want feeding or a crack on that dumb skull of yours?'

Hairy Denise empties a ladle of pink slop into my bowl, and I walk back past the others, already stuffing their faces where they stand. Big Brenda smiles at me as I pass, and so I stop. She's all right, Bren – perhaps because people laugh at her all the time for being fat, she doesn't laugh at other people so much.

'All right, Dumbinga?' she says, putting away half of her formula dose in a single spoonful. Dumb *and* ginger. I'm a gift for a nickname, I am.

I shrug and stir the formula round in my bowl.

Then there's a head-full of spiky hair in my face, and Maze is leering up at me.

'Hello, Dumbinga. What's the chat?'

I avoid his gaze and look down at the pink gloop.

'Bit quiet, is it?' he says.

'Leave him alone,' says Bren, her mouth full of Chicken'n'Chips.

But he doesn't.

'Nah. He's only pretending. Aren't you, Dumbinga?'

I shake my head, already resigned to what happens next. Maze puts his bowl down and rolls his sleeves up. 'Look, Bren – I'll show you. I bet you if I give Dumbinga a dead arm, he'll scream his little head off. Won't you, Dumbinga?'

No, I won't.

A) Because I can't, and –

B) I'm not in the mood for this today.

So holding my bowl close to my chest, like a shield, I press past him and the others.

I hear Maze spit with disgust on the ground behind me and laugh, and even though it's the worst thing to do, it's impossible not to – I turn back round. They're all just staring at me.

'Freak,' says Maze. And flashes his little devil grin.

I have to remember that I gave up trying to be like the talkers a long time ago. So, shaking my head, trying to pretend like it doesn't matter, playing the big man – I turn back and take the bowl to go and sit in My Corner.

My Corner isn't really *my* corner, of course. It's just a part of the Yard, underneath one of the metal walkways between classrooms, where there's more metal and concrete than glass, where they pile up the empty formula

kegs from the kitchen, next to a drain. A quiet and dark place, somewhere good to go if you don't want to be bothered by spiky-haired idiots. I put the bowl of fluorescent pink down on the ground and turn one of the kegs over.

'Factorium is a Selwyn Stone Enterprise', it has engraved on the bottom. Whatever. No one's ever seen Selwyn Stone for real. He probably doesn't even exist. It's hard to see people when they're always behind a smoked-glass car window or disappearing into a skyscraper surrounded by crowds of photographers and bodyguards. The head of Facto, the man who invented formula. The head of the whole Island now, the man who made up all the new rules. Don't touch this, don't eat that, don't live here – well, right now, I don't care for his stupid rules. And to prove it, I sit right down on top of his stupid name, pick up my bowl and wait.

You see, I'm not going to eat it myself.

Well, maybe a bit – but it is properly foul. I'm going to give it to someone else. Someone who should be here right about . . . now.

And sure enough, there on the edge of the shadows by the drain, I can just see two antennae poking out, curling and tasting the air. Two orangey-red antennae belonging to an insect about the length of my thumb. An insect with a flat head, lots of bristly legs, and – silently chewing at the front – a pair of jaws.

Another varmint. A cockroach.

The antennae sniff the air, and, checking that no one else is around, he carefully scuttles out into the open, revealing the two large white stripes across his back.

I give him a smile. Not that he can smile back, he's a cockroach. But he likes to come and nibble at spoonfuls of my formula, so I let him. And he's OK to hang out with. He doesn't thump your leg and say, 'How about if I give you a dead leg instead? Will you scream *then*?' (No.) He doesn't grab both your arms behind your back, while his mate tries to tickle you to death, saying, 'What, you can't even laugh either?' (Again, no.) And he certainly never, ever jeers or points when you do try, as hard as you can, to say a word.

He just sort of *listens*.

I scoop a bit of formula in my spoon, and, checking no one is watching, lay it down on the ground by my feet. He scurries over and starts to lap it up.

No one knows why the cockroaches didn't catch the red-eye. Dad used to say he wasn't surprised they survived – apparently even if you dropped a nuclear bomb on everything, they would be the only ones left.

(That's what happens when you have a scientist for a Dad. You don't need school or exams when his lab is in the basement and he lets you watch him work, muttering to himself as he does. Your head is full of useless facts from the get-go.)

The red-eye wasn't a nuclear bomb though, it was a disease. A disease worse than a nuclear bomb, if you

ask me. 'Like . . . animal flu,' Dad said. A flu that turned animal bodies and brains to mush and, just before they died, made their eyes burn bright red like they were on fire inside.

Dad thought it had started in a cattle farm, but no one really knew where it had come from. And before anyone could find out, the virus had spread everywhere. Not just to the animals we eat, but to nearly every living creature – wild animals, pets, animals in zoos – right around the world it went – till the jungles were full of bodies, birds fell out of the air and fish floated in silvery slicks on top of the sea.

It killed all the animals in the world.

All, that is, apart from the useless ones. The ones we couldn't eat, the ones that didn't pollinate crops or eat pests. Just the pests themselves – the varmints. Like this smelly cockroach slurping at my spoon of formula. Even though they can't get the virus, you're still not meant to touch them. Because humans can get the virus. That's why Facto declared the whole countryside a quarantine zone and forced everyone to move to the cities, where they can keep them safe – and why we live here under an upside-down glass boat. Just in case, Selwyn Stone says.

I don't care. I lean over, put my hand out and let the varmint crawl into my hand.

He's a big guy. Perhaps the biggest I've ever seen. Other kids here would freak out, but not me. And I look around at the damp empty patch of shade I'm sitting in, at

the gang on the other side of the Yard laughing and joking over their food, and I think perhaps freak is a good choice of word by Maze.

Because he's right. That's what I am. I didn't choose it, I didn't ask for it, but that's what I've become – a genuine freak, mute and only varmints for friends.

There's a blast of cold from the air-con, and I shiver, feeling all of a sudden very alone. The most alone I've felt for a long time. Like I'm not even really here in the Yard any more, like I'm just sort of floating about in space, cast adrift in the sky above. It's weird, but I kind of enjoy feeling sad sometimes. I deliberately think of all the sad things that have happened – the animals going, then Mum, and being taken away from Dad, dumped and forgotten about in here. Like it's all been done on purpose just to make my life as rubbish as it could ever be, and there's a kind of warm feeling rising up inside my chest, filling up behind my eyes, because I hate it, I hate everything, including myself for feeling like this, and I think I'm going to cry, when –

I hear it. A noise.

Strong, loud and clear, the strangest noise I've ever heard: faint and crackly, like an old-fashioned radio in a film. A noise that slowly, definitely, turns into a word.

Help!

That's it – nothing else. It comes again.

Help!

There's no one else here. The wardens are inside,

probably dozing. Back over by the servery, Big Brenda seems to have Tony in a headlock and is trying to steal his bowl of formula, but they're miles away. And then the voice speaks again, with more words, so faint I can only just make them out.

Kester! Help!

Whoever is speaking has a very deep voice – it's not a kid's voice at all, or even a man's – it rasps and echoes, like a rock rattling down a metal pipe.

Please. You must help.

Almost not human.

Then slowly, with a knot in my stomach, I realize whose voice it is. The only possible answer, however impossible it seems. Looking straight at me, his little varmint antennae waving –

The cockroach.

No – I must be making this up. We're not in a cartoon. The cockroach hasn't got massive eyes, or a hat, and he isn't singing a song. I definitely don't think he's going to grant me a wish. He's just an insect sitting in my hand.

And yet I can hear him. He's trying to speak to me.

The cockroach flicks his antennae impatiently – before we are both plunged into shadow. The shadow of a warden looming above us, a heavy hand on my collar, hauling me to my feet, as the varmint tumbles to the ground and scurries back to the drain. He pauses on the edge, looks at me one last time and then dives down inside the hole without another word.

What was I thinking? Cockroaches can't talk. I can't talk. Nothing has changed.

Which is when the warden says the words no kid at Spectrum Hall ever wants to hear: 'The Doctor will see you now.'

Tell me...

- * What do you like/ dislike about the opening?
- * What questions do the opening pose for you?
- * What connections can you make with other stories, films or experiences?
- * What atmosphere does the author create and how does he do this?

How does the setting description create a sense of atmosphere?

Consider:

- * the size of the room,
- * the size of the window in proportion to the room,
- * the isolated nature of the location,
- * the building materials referenced such as 'plastic, 'glass' and 'metal,'
- * the properties of the materials and how they might contribute to the sense of atmosphere and mood

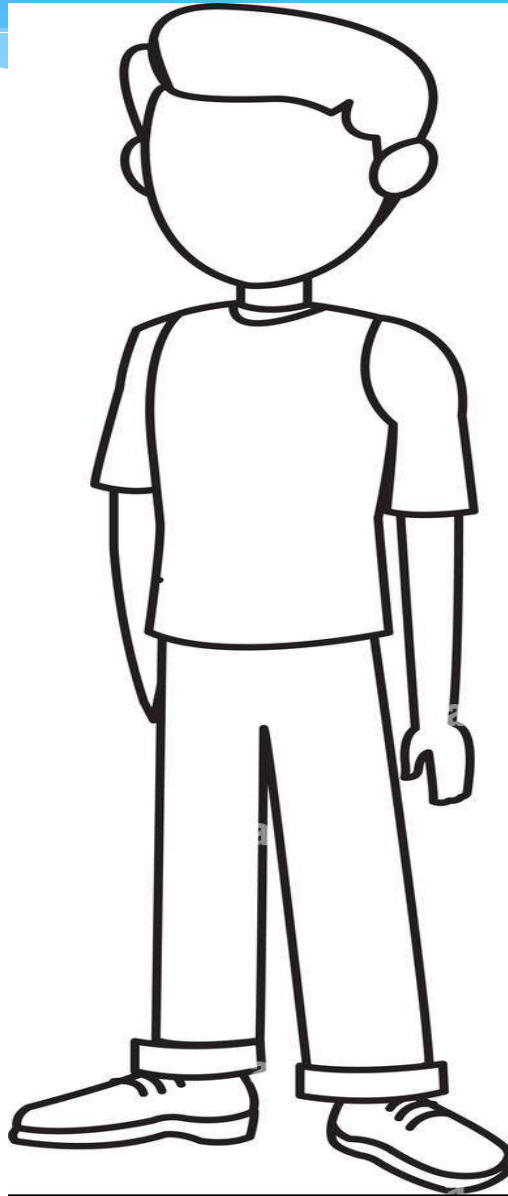
Mood / Atmosphere...

- * Overall sense of **confinement** created
- * Draw the setting with phrases to clarify images

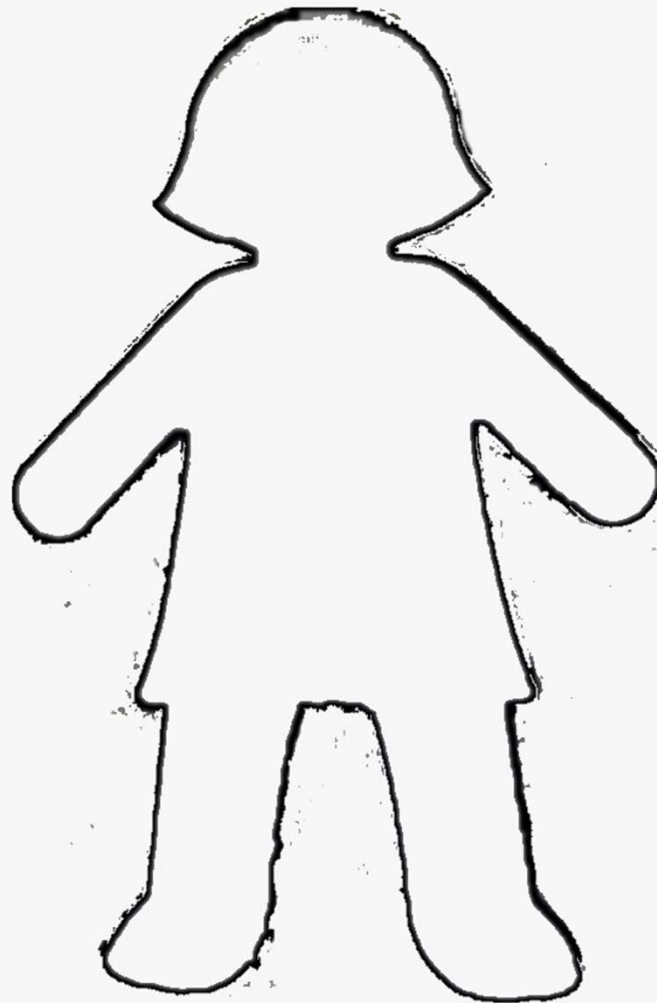
Tuesday Week 1

- * Learning objectives
- * I can retrieve and infer to understand characters'.

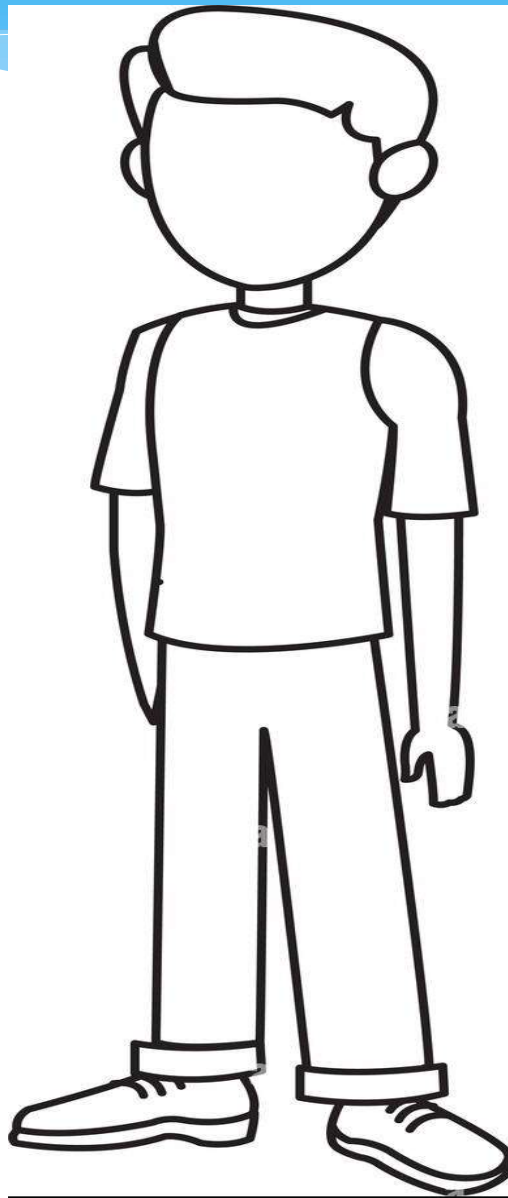
Role on the wall - Jaynes



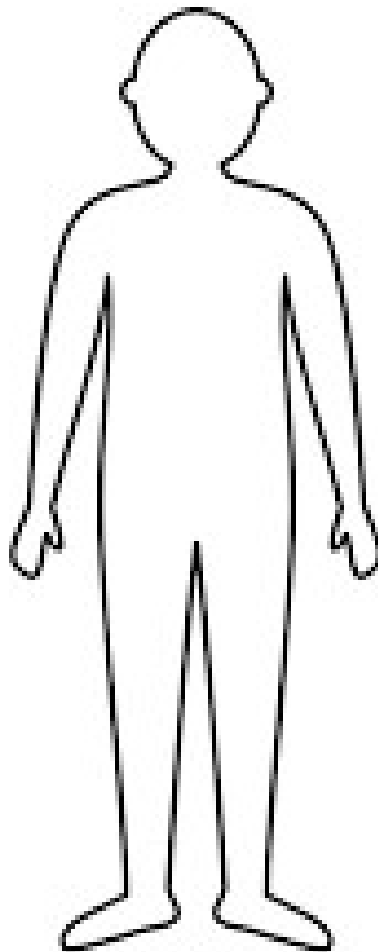
Role on the wall - Bren



Role on the wall - Maze



Role on the wall - Warden



Wednesday Week 1

- * Learning objectives
- * I can use inference to understand character motivations.
- * I can speak and act in character.

Freeze Frame...

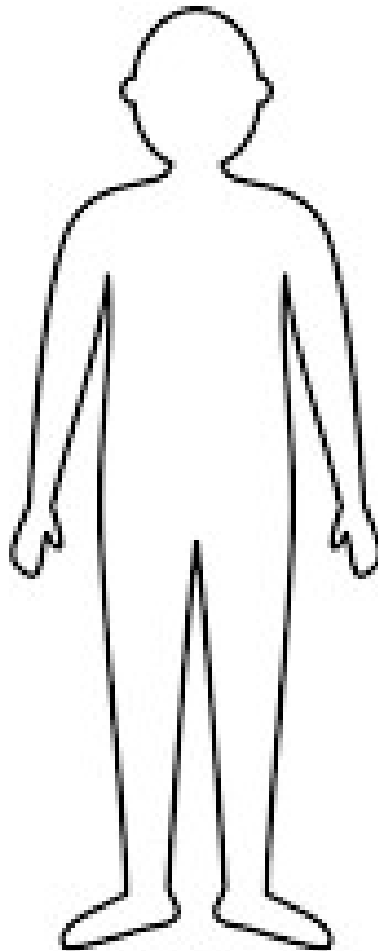
'Factorium is a Selwyn Stone Enterprise', it has engraved on the bottom. Whatever. No one's ever seen Selwyn Stone for real. He probably doesn't even exist. It's hard to see people when they're always behind a smoked-glass car window or disappearing into a skyscraper surrounded by crowds of photographers and bodyguards. The head of Facto, the man who invented formula. The head of the whole Island now, the man who made up all the new rules. Don't touch this, don't eat that, don't live here – well, right now, I don't care for his stupid rules. And to prove it, I sit right down on top of his stupid name, pick up my bowl and wait.

You see, I'm not going to eat it myself.

Well, maybe a bit – but it is properly foul. I'm going to give it to someone else. Someone who should be here right about . . . now.

'enterprise' –
what does this
word mean?

Role on the wall – Selwyn Stone



Thursday Week 1

- * Learning objectives
- * I can punctuate bullet points consistently.
- * I can make notes.

Bullet point punctuation reminder

When making a list of ideas you can:

- * Use bullet points;
- * Add a colon before the bullet points;
- * Add a semi-colon at the end of each bullet point;
- * Place a full stop after the last bullet point.

Note making – use bullet points for each section

The Doctor:	Kester:
Selwyn Stone:	The virus:

The virus...

- * How do you think Selwyn Stone wants people to think about the virus?
Why?

Stone Enterprises owns the only media corporation in Premium – *News sweep.*

- * How do you think they would report on the virus? Why?
- * What have Stone Enterprises already done as a result of the virus?
- * Where does the Factorium Food come from?
- * What advantage does the virus have for Stone Enterprises?
- * Why is it good for them to create panic?

Friday Week 1

- * Learning objectives
- * I can use semi-colons to separate items on a longer list.
- * I can recognise pros and cons for a balanced argument.

Conscience Alley

‘*Come with us now, Kester Jaynes. Or rot here forever.
The choice is yours.*’

Should he stay or go?

Stay ideas...

Use bullet points to note your ideas.

Go ideas...

Use bullet points to note your ideas.

Shared writing

I believe that Kester Jaynes should stay because: he is obviously ill if he believes he is talking to an insect; there is no way he will manage to get past all of the security that is at Spectrum Hall; and he has nowhere to go even if he were to escape.

Create this type of text with the children from their lists showing how ideas can be extended and a list can begin with a colon and separated by semi-colons.

Reminder to now have opening model text on washing line

- * Begin to learn model text with actions based on text maps – ensure copy is in school handwriting policy
- * Highlight semi-colons as will be a focus coming up

Monday Week 2

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise how movement and imagery can be vividly created through power metaphors and powerful verbs.

Metaphors / Powerful verbs

- * Black flood (cockroaches)
- * Black ball swivels (camera)
- * Grey curtains (moths)

- * Swarm / dissolve / scuttling / rears / rattles / clang

Drama activity

- * Working as groups over obstacles.

Tuesday Week 2

- * Learning objectives
- * I recognise different techniques for creating tension and imagery.

Figurative Language

Metaphor

She is a ray of sunshine.
Heart of stone.
He is the light of my life.
A rollercoaster of emotions.

Personification

The snow speaks.
The grass tickled my feet.
The leaves danced on the trees.
The husky corn spoke.

Onomatopoeia

Crash! Splash! Boom!
Pop! Bam! Snap!
Honk! Buzz! Drip!
Swish! Ring! Crackle!

Alliteration

Evil eagles eat eels.
Dreary, dismal darkness.
Pretty purple purses.
Adjectives and adverbs.

Simile

Pure as snow.
Quiet as a mouse.
Busy as a bee.
Cute as a kitten.

Idiom

Time flies.
Cat got your tongue.
Broken heart.
Face the music.

Hyperbole

For the millionth time, be quiet!
He's got a brain the size of a pea.
These shoes are killing me.
Speed up- a snail can go faster than you!

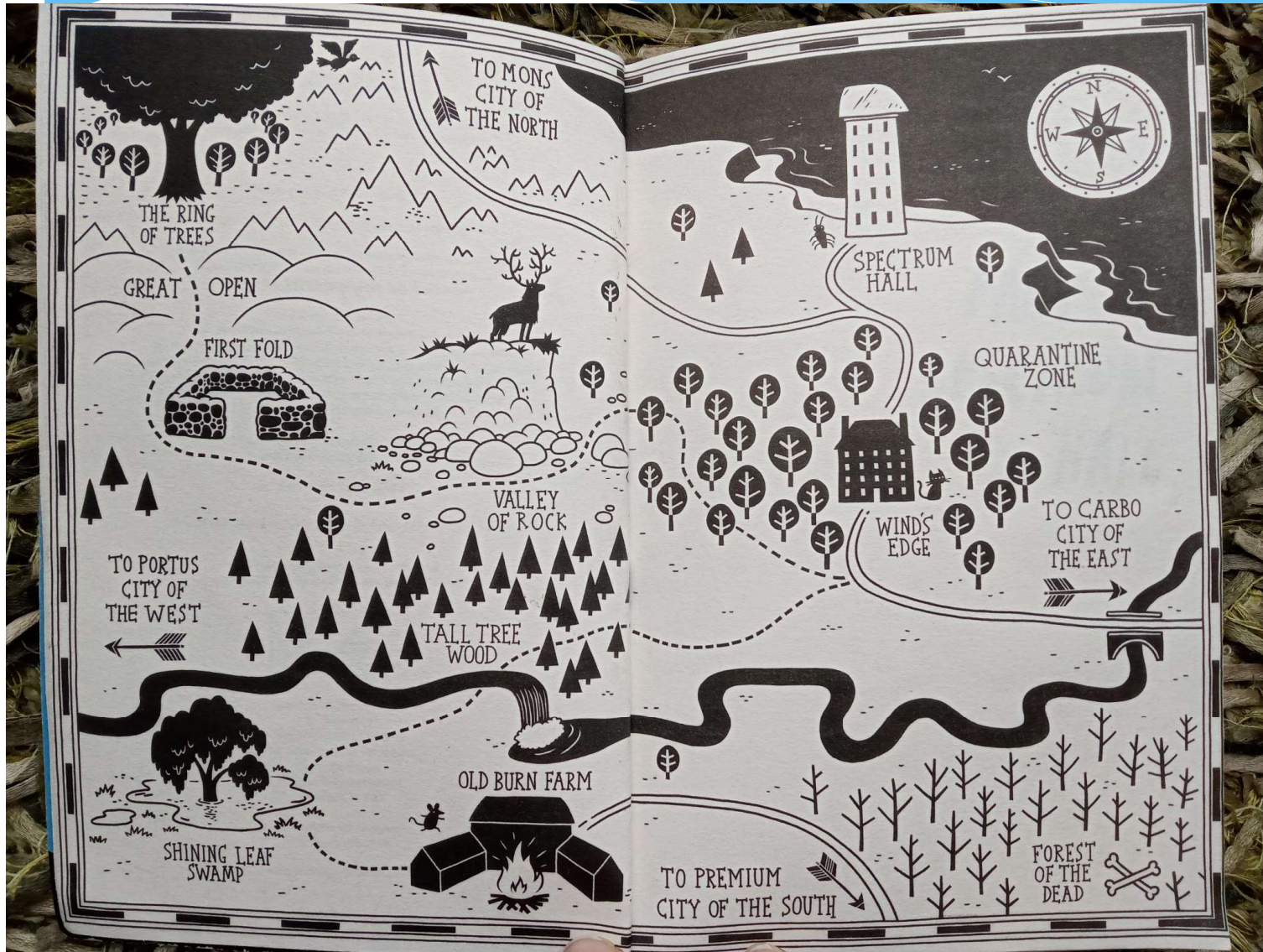
Copies of p37 – 48

- * Text mark where you see effective examples of these that create atmosphere or imagery:
- * Simile;
- * Metaphor;
- * Onomatopoeia;
- * Powerful verbs;
- * Adverbs;
- * Varying sentence structure;
- * Alliteration;
- * Dialogue.

Wednesday Week 2

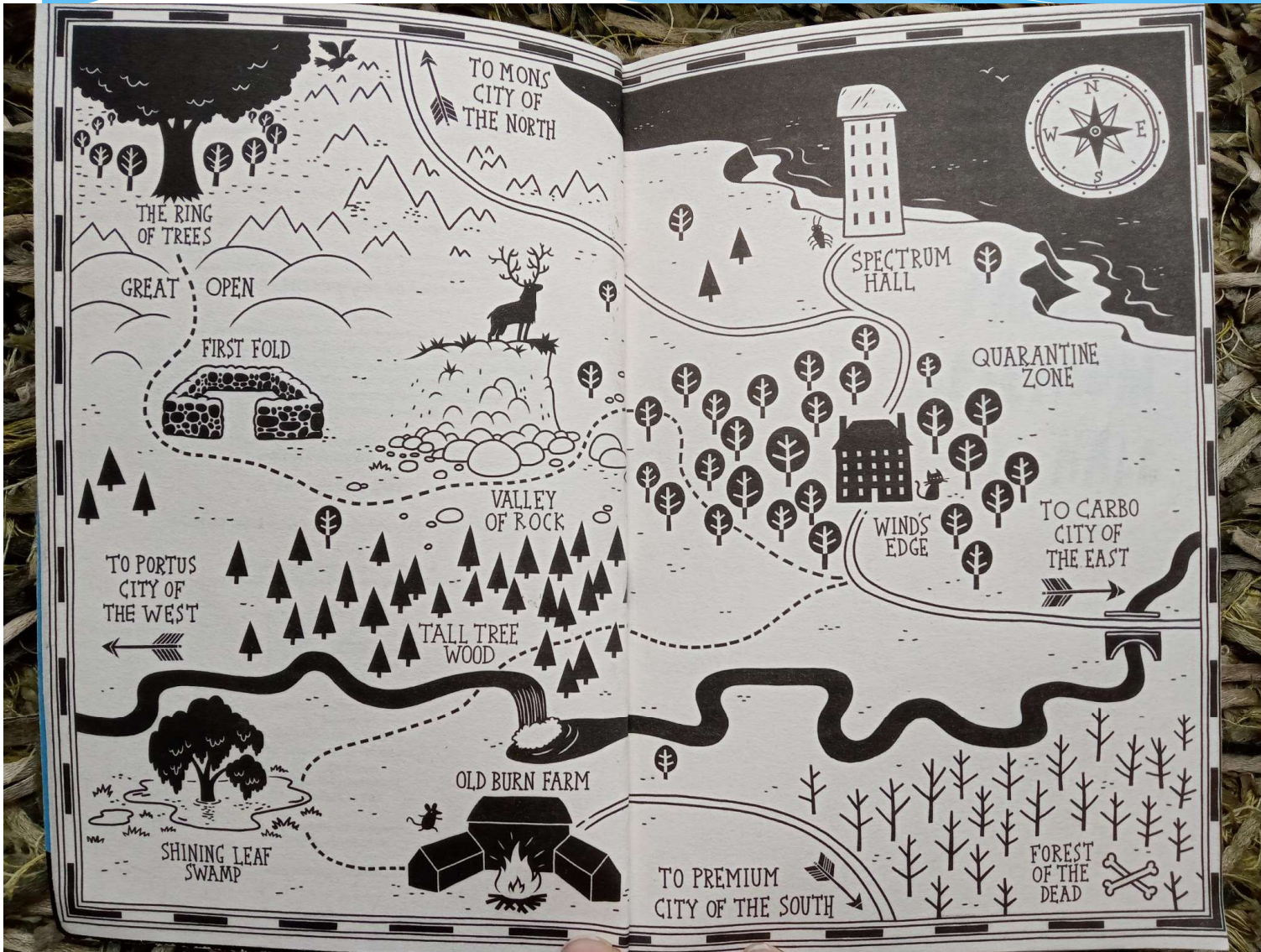
- * Learning objectives
- * I can sequence and summarise events.

Story Mapping



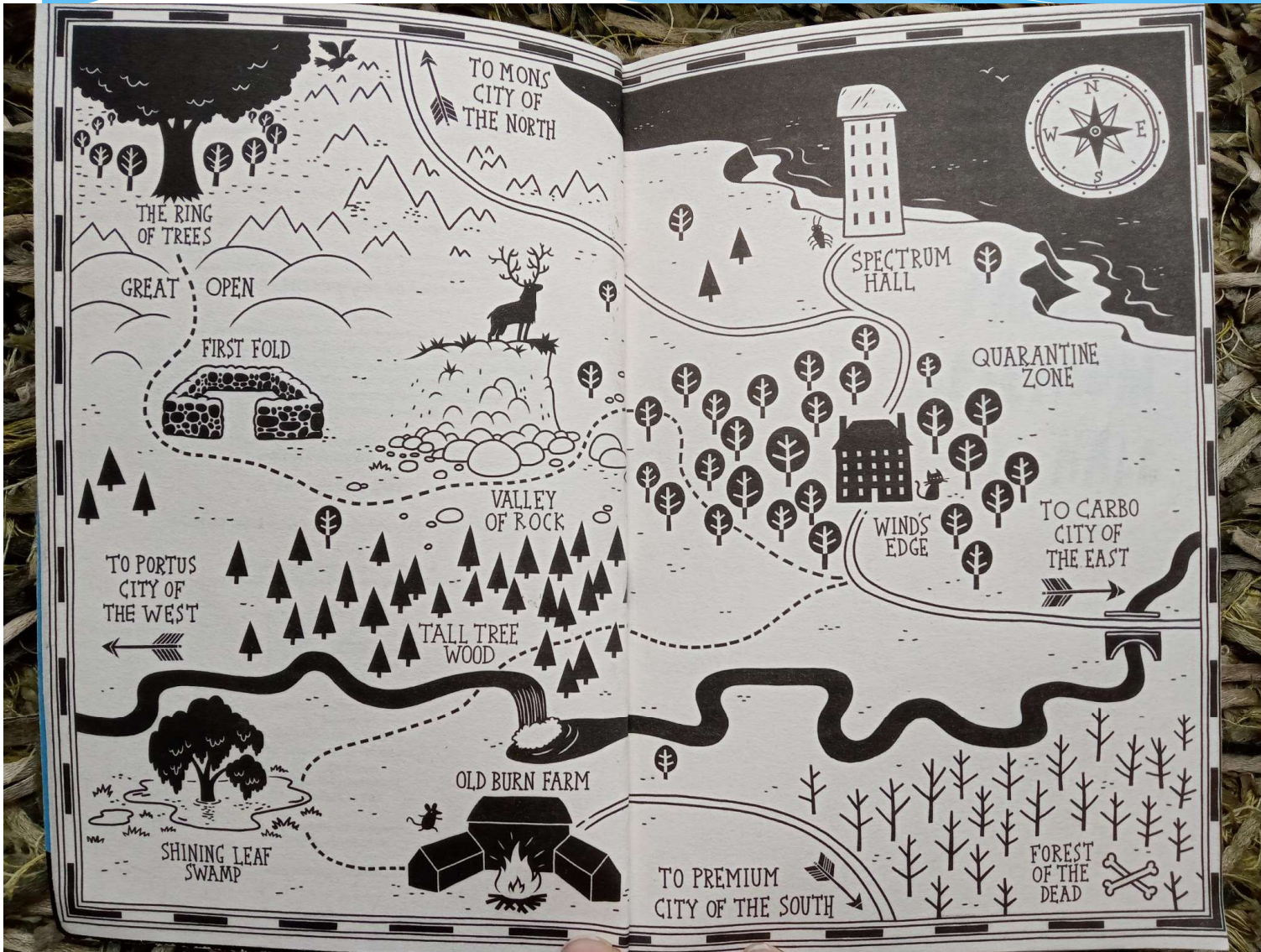
Summarise
the key
events so far
in Part 1.

Identify Kester's escape on the map.



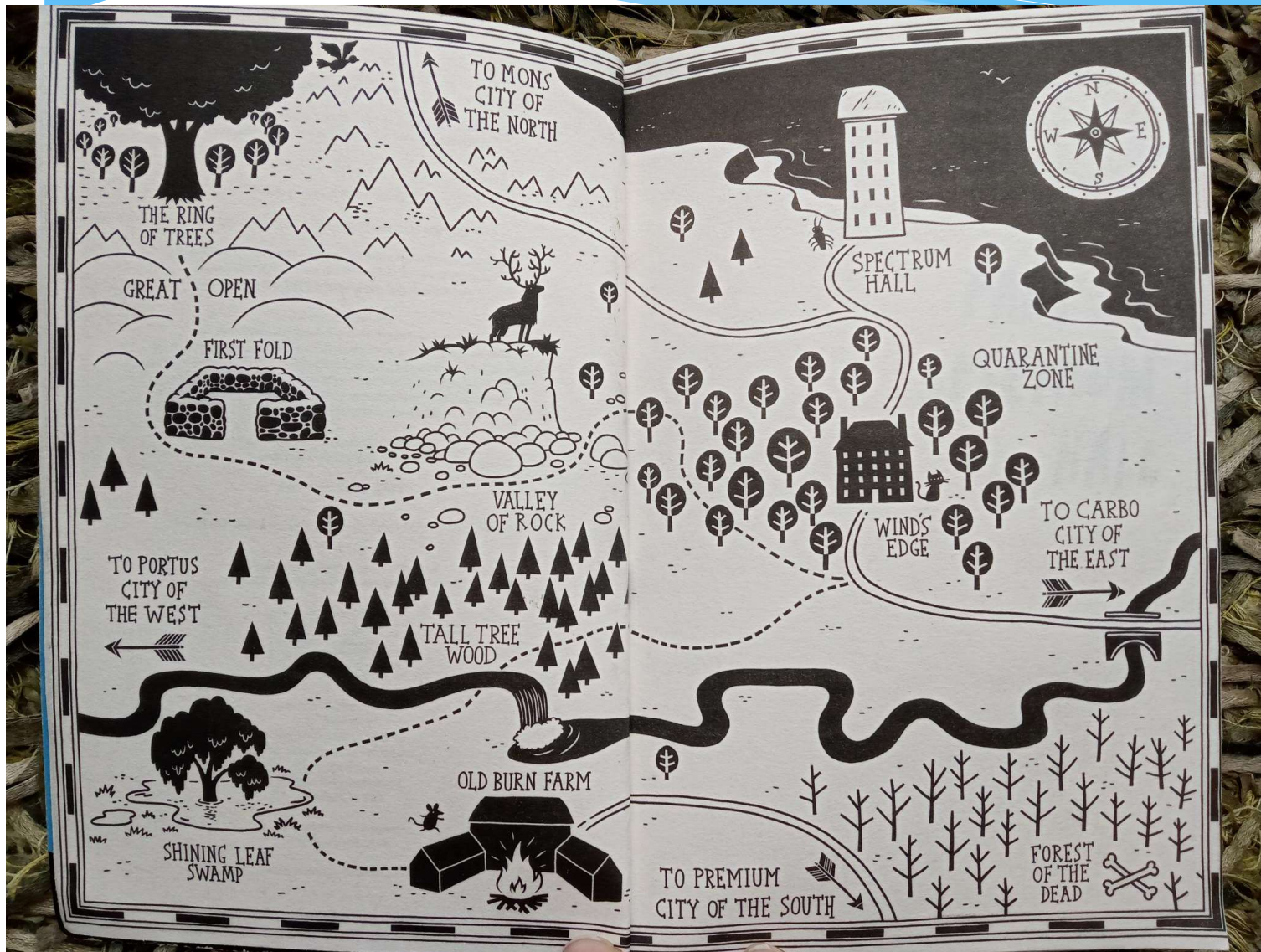
- * Consider Stone Enterprises likely reaction to his escape and the disappearance of The Doctor?
- * Consider how Stone Media might want to manage the situation and how they would want to report this.

Spin



- * Consider the chronology of events from Kester's escape to falling off the cliff, how could these details be manipulated to best serve the purposes of Stone Media?
- * How would they describe Kester and his actions?
- * In what light would they want to portray The Doctor?
- * How would they spin the reporting of his actions and intentions?

Predictions? Update your Role on the wall?

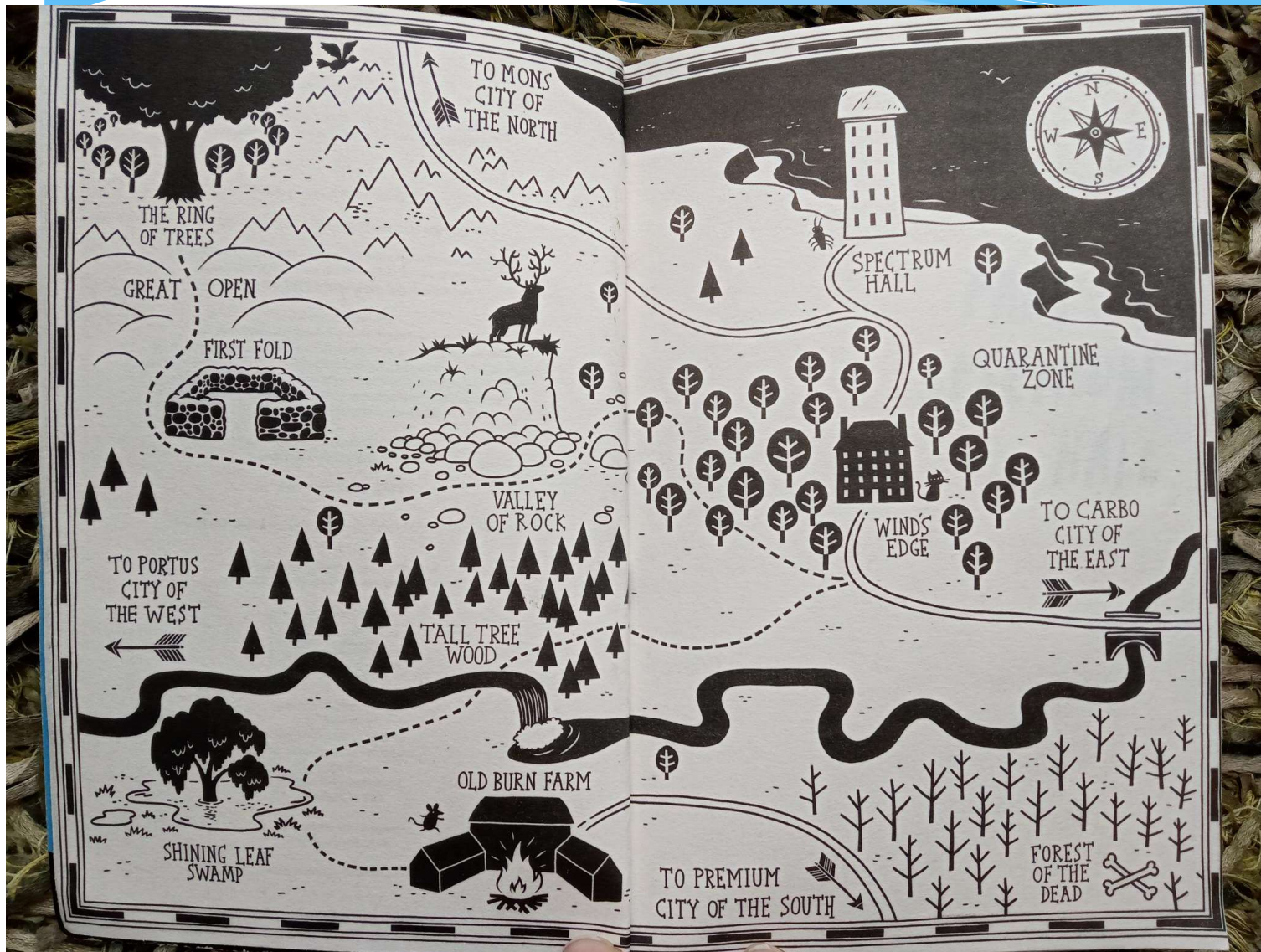


- * What more do we know about Kester?
- * Where might he head to next?

Thursday Week 2

- * Learning objectives
- * I can compare and contrast settings.
- * I can recognise language that evokes emotions.

P. 70 What is this place?



Where do you think they are?
Justify your choice.

Draw the setting.

- * Do a gallery walk and compare settings created here to those in Spectrum Hall.

Friday Week 2

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise the impact of facial expression, prosody and body language for creating either positivity or negativity.

Read to p. 83

Positive and Negative views of Kester.

Life-saver	Virus-spreader
Miracle-maker	Animal-killer
Hope-giver	Death-bringer
Wild-saviour	Life-destroyer

Drama

* Kester * Stag

* Wolf pack

Reminder to now have build up model text on washing line

- * Begin to learn model text with actions based on text maps – ensure copy is in school handwriting policy
- * Highlight semi-colons as will be a focus coming up

Monday Week 3

- * Learning objectives
- * I can understand the motivations of characters.

Read to p 113

* *'...nuzzling the cub softly on the top of his head'.*

Why do you think the wolf has decided to join the group?

How could the wolf cub's entry into the group strengthen them group and mission?

How could the wolf cub's entry into the group weaken them and threaten their mission?

Do you think the group should welcome him? Provide reasons for and against.

Discuss the wolf cub's decision to join the stag and Kester.

Consider...

- * The wolf cub's motivation for joining.
- * In what ways he could be an asset for the group and the mission.
- * What threats he might pose to the group and the mission.
- * Should the stag have consulted the group before welcoming the wolf cub?
- * Do you think the group would have welcomed him so freely?

Leadership...

- * Reflect on the concept of leadership, its challenges and difficulties of decision making on behalf of a group.

What would you have done as The Stag?

Tuesday Week 3

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise how outward actions can hide inward feelings.

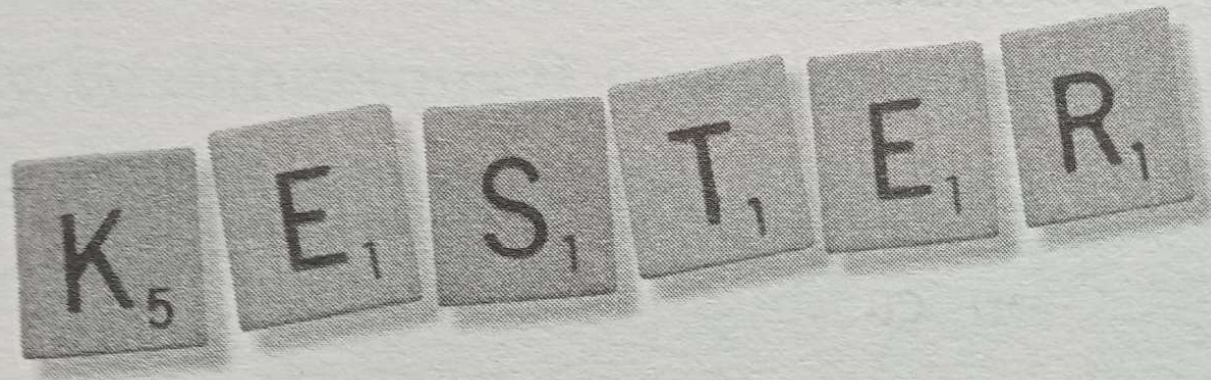


Read to p. 133

- * Polly
- * Sydney
- * Kester

Freeze frame the initial meeting.

pile. Scrabbling around, I grab a fistful of letters, find the ones I need and lay them out on the board.



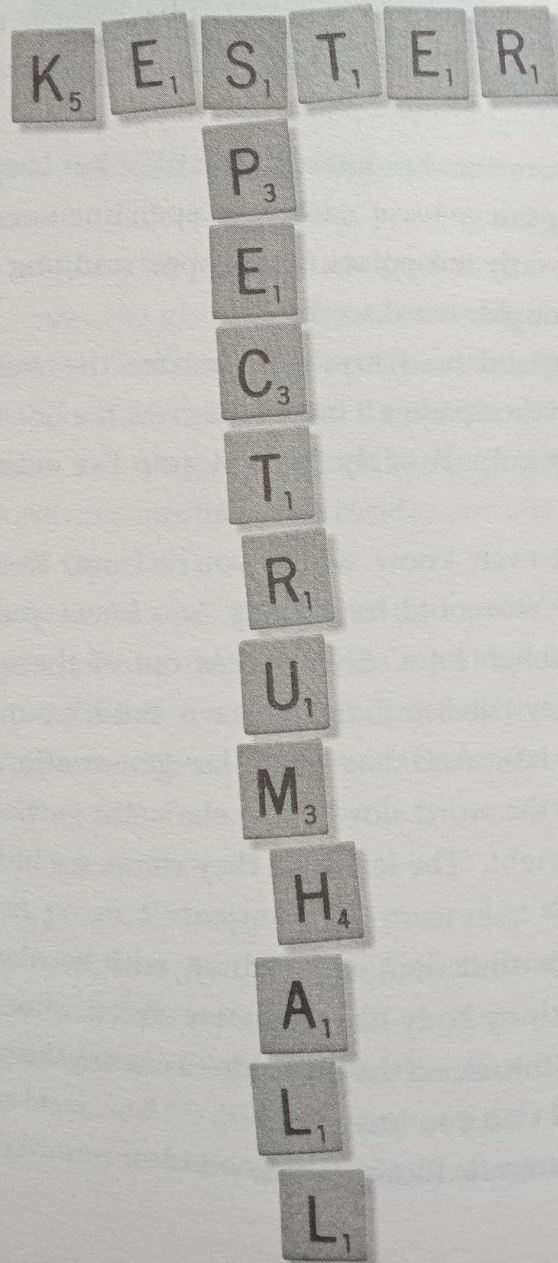
The girl peers over her knees at the tiles. I'm keeping an eye on the gun.

'That's only ten points, Kidnapper, and you haven't even got a double word score.'

I shrug and hold my hand out for the water. She

it over. I unscrew the lid and take

'Well, go on!' says the girl, nearly taking my eye out with the end of the gun. 'Tell me where you're from, Kidnapper.' Her eyes never leave me for a second while I rummage among the tiles –



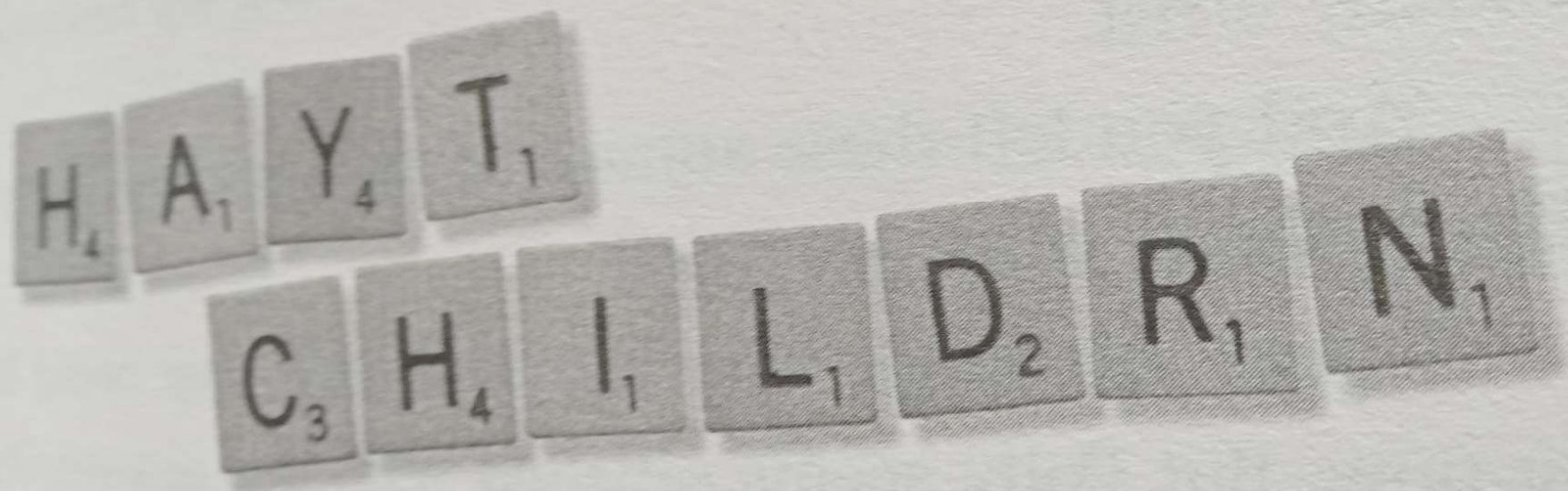
She cran
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S
size,
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way

with her
adds a couple more
efforts.

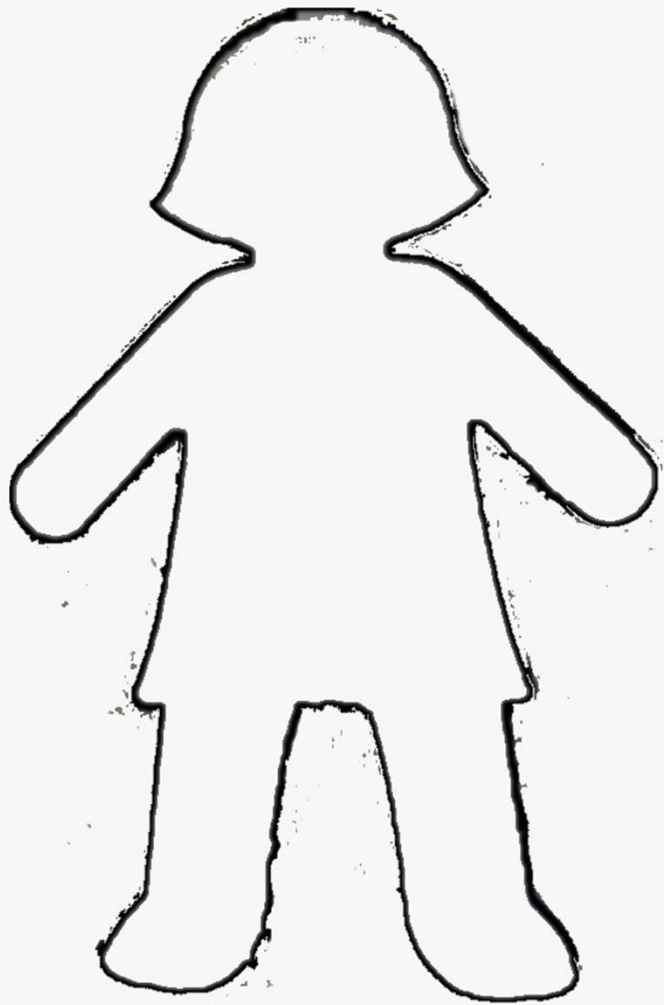
I look down, and shake my head. *Very helpful,* I say.

Those words aren't in the dictionary,' says Polly.

The cat has written:



Role on the wall - Polly



- * What are our initial impressions of Polly?
- * What do we know about her?
- * How does she view Kester?
- * What do we know about her outward appearance and her inner thoughts and feelings?
- * How does what she thinks on the inside differ from how she portrays herself on the outside?
- * How might she be feeling when Kester arrived?
- * Is she threatened by his arrival or relieved?
- * What thoughts and questions does she have?

Wednesday Week 3

- * Learning objectives
- * I can sequence events.
- * I can summarise events.

Read to p. 159

- * Add to your story map.
- * Sequence the key events that have taken place so far.

Events so far...



- * Escaped from Spectrum Hall

Events so far...



Met The Wild

Events so far...



Travelled to find the
cure with Polly

PART 1:
SPECTRUM
HALL

**PART 2:
WHAT
IS
THIS
PLACE?**

**PART 3:
THE
MAN
WITH
CRUTCHES**

‘Facto are lying to you all. Humans can’t get the virus.’

- * Consider the implication of the key revelation.
- * What would happen if this information was revealed to the wider public?
- * Why would Facto lie about something so significant?
- * What purpose could it serve them?
- * How are they likely to communicate the recent developments in Kester’s story?
- * What would they report if there had been sightings of Kester with the wild?
- * How might they use this to their advantage?
- * How might they manipulate the developments and report this to the public?

Thursday Week 3

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise how concise sentences can express the loss and grief a character feels.

Read to p. 184

- * Discuss your thoughts on what happens in these chapters.
- * How did your emotions vary at different points.
- * When was Kester feeling elated, guilty, determined, angry, at peace?

Grief and guilt...

The loss of Sidney has a profound effect on Kester, this is shown in his inability to express his grief and guilt.

The wolf cub's disappointment further compounds this when he curtly states, *'The cat. You lost the cat.'*

This careful and succinct choice of words is particularly poignant in this moment.

Hot seating...

Polly, Wolf-cub, Kester, Stag...

- * Choose a character to be in the hot seat.
- * Ask them to explain how they are feeling at losing Sydney.

Emotions captured through poetry.

*I could not save her
Time and tides dragged her under
Guilt etched on my soul*

*Discuss this Haiku and how it expresses Kester's emotions
at the loss of Sydney.*

Reminder to now have problem model text on washing line

- * Begin to learn model text with actions based on text maps – ensure copy is in school handwriting policy
- * Highlight semi-colons as will be a focus coming up

Friday Week 3

- * Learning objectives
- * I can use

Read to p. 191

‘What I thought only a stag could do.’

Reflect on the decision that Kester is facing.

Perspectives and expectations of leadership...

- * In groups, consider the different perspectives and expectations of leadership, thinking about the following points and referring back to the text to justify opinions.

Why do you think the stag has asked him to become the Wildness?	How will this affect the dynamics of the group?
Do you think the other animals will support the decision? Do you think there will be divisions?	Do you think Kester should take the lead? Provide reasons for and against.

Read to p. 200

Explore the change in the relationship between Kester and the Wolf cub as he becomes the Wildness.

After starting out as sworn enemies, what has happened that has enabled them to see the world in each other's eyes?

Explore the shared importance of their fathers, looking at the change in circumstance around their leaving their fathers.

The wolf left of his own decision, Kester was taken away.

Why is Kester reluctant to talk about this with the wolf?

Monday Week 4

- * Learning objectives
- * I can infer and retrieve information from a text to understand a character's motivations.

Read to p. 218

I do not like this woman or her smell, Wildness

Do you think Polly was right to trust Ma and reveal everything to her?

Conscience Alley...

To trust Ma or to not trust Ma?

Hold a debate and then vote.

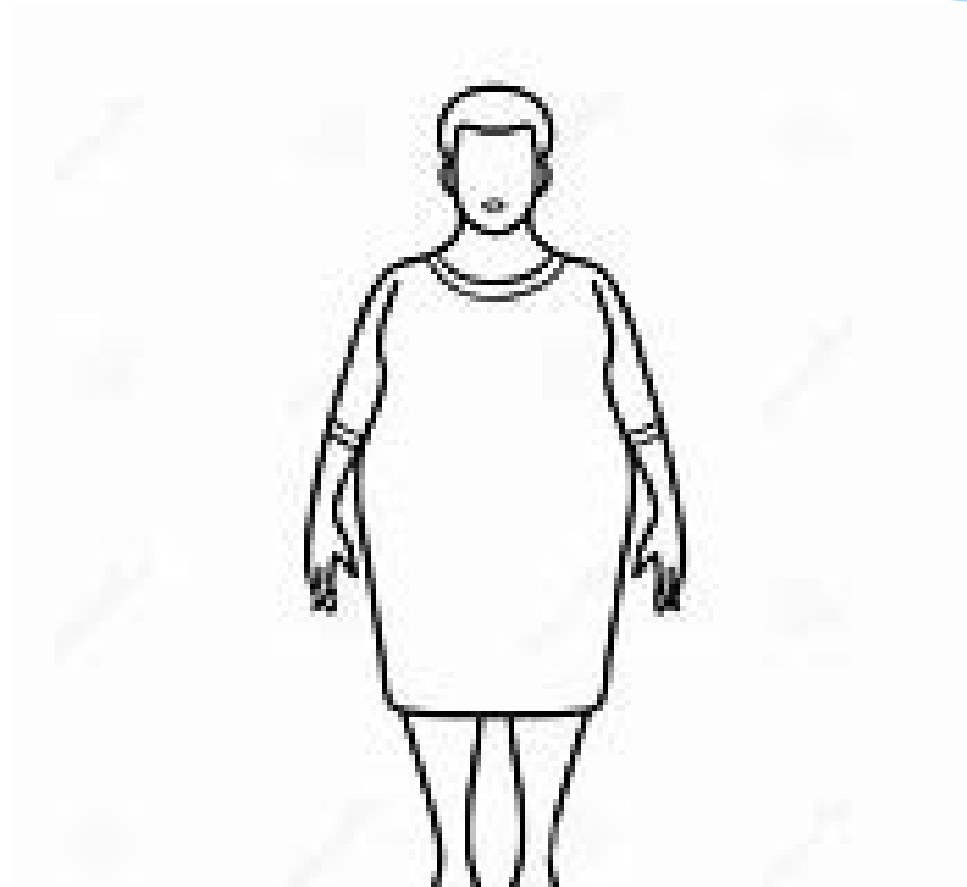
Give a reason for your choice of vote.



Read on to p. 235

- * What do we learn about Ma and her intentions?
- * Does this reinforce or change any of your opinions?

Role on the wall - Ma



Predictions and reactions...

Summarise what we have learnt about Facto's involvement in the virus.

What does Ma think of Facto?

Why do you now think she is keen to look after Kester, Polly and the wild?

Look carefully at the last line of the chapter 'Professor Dawson Jaynes'.

How will Kester react to this?

Professor Dawson Jaynes

What will Kester be feeling at this point?

Tuesday Week 4

- * Learning objectives
- * I can use illustrations to represent power dynamics within texts.

Read to p. 243

- * What connections can you make to other stories you have read or watched?

"The fool!" she cried. "The fool has come. Bind him fast."

Lucy and Susan held their breaths waiting for Aslan's roar and his spring upon his enemies. But it never came. Four Hags, grinning and leering, yet also (at first) hanging back and half afraid of what they had to do, had approached him. "Bind him, I say!" repeated the White Witch. The Hags made a dart at him and shrieked with triumph when they found that he made no resistance at all. Then others – evil dwarfs and apes – rushed in to help them, and between them they rolled the huge Lion over on his back and tied all his four paws together, shouting and cheering as if they had done something brave, though, had the Lion chosen, one of those paws could have been the death of them all. But he made no noise, even when the enemies, straining and tugging, pulled the cords so tight that they cut into his flesh. Then they began to drag him towards the Stone Table.

"Stop!" said the Witch. "Let him first be shaved."

Another roar of mean laughter went up from her followers as an ogre with a pair of shears came forward and squatted down by Aslan's head. Snip-snip-snip went the shears and masses of curling gold began to fall to the ground. Then the ogre stood back

and the children, watching from their hiding-place, could see the face of Aslan looking all small and different without its mane. The enemies also saw the difference.

"Why, he's only a great cat after all!" cried one.

"Is *that* what we were afraid of?" said another.

And they surged round Aslan, jeering at him, saying things like, "Puss, Puss! Poor Pussy," and, "How many mice have you caught today, Cat?" and, "Would you like a saucer of milk, Pussums?"

"Oh, how *can* they?" said Lucy, tears streaming down her cheeks. "The brutes, the brutes!" For now that the first shock was over, the shorn face of Aslan looked to her braver, and more beautiful, and more patient than ever.

"Muzzle him!" said the Witch. And even now, as they worked about his face putting on the muzzle, one bite from his jaws would have cost two or three of them their hands. But he never moved. And this seemed to enrage all that rabble. Everyone was at him now. Those who had been afraid to come near him even after he was bound began to find their courage, and for a few minutes the two girls could not even see him – so thickly was he surrounded by the whole crowd of creatures kicking him, hitting him, spitting on him, jeering at him.

At last the rabble had had enough of this. They began to drag the bound and muzzled Lion to the Stone Table, some pulling and some pushing. He was so huge that even when they got him there it took all their efforts to hoist him on to the surface of it. Then there was more tying and tightening of cords.

"The cowards! The cowards!" sobbed Susan. "Are they *still* afraid of him, even now?"

When once Aslan had been tied (and tied so that he was really a mass of cords) on the flat stone, a hush fell on the crowd. Four Hags, holding four torches, stood at the corners of the Table. The Witch bared her arms as she had bared them the previous night when it had been Edmund instead of Aslan. Then she began to whet her knife. It looked to the children, when the gleam of the torchlight fell on it, as if the knife were made of stone, not of steel, and it was of a strange and evil shape.

At last she drew near. She stood by Aslan's head. Her face was working and twitching with passion, but his looked up at the sky, still quiet, neither angry nor afraid, but a little sad. Then, just before she gave the blow, she stooped down and said in a quivering voice,

"And now, who has won? Fool, did you think that by all this you would save the human traitor?"



The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe – compare and contrast

Connections to the scene of Aslan's death.

Consider the use of language, and the two heroes maintain their dignity against the jeering mob.

Re-enact the scene in The Last Wild, from p239-243, think about how to achieve the sense of wild hunger that the mob feel against the dignity of the stag and the horror of Kester and Polly.

Power of illustrations...

- * How do we know the hero is Aslan?
- * What has the illustrator done to draw our attention to him amidst the chaos of the mob?
- * What impact does the composition have on our understanding of the power dynamic?



Illustrate...

- * Create your own illustration of the mob scene in The Last Wild, drawing on what you have learnt.
- * You may choose to limit the palette to black, white and red to mirror the other illustrations in the book.

Read to p. 268

Think about these aspects as you listen...

Has Kester proved himself as the Wilderness? How?	How have the group dynamics evolved?
In what ways have the animals and Polly supported him? Why have they done this?	Do you have any remaining questions or doubts about his leadership?

Wednesday Week 4

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise moral aspects of character decisions.

Story board update...

- * Add the most recent events to your story boards.
- * Consider Kester's leadership of the wild.
- * What challenges has he faced?
- * How has he overcome them?
- * Has he lived up to the responsibility?
- * What was integral to his success?
- * Could he have done it alone?
- * Think about the trust that is built within the group and how this has been formed, especially with Polly and the wolf cub.

Read to p. 303

- * Add the events as you listen to your storyboard.

Proportionate?

Discuss the sequence of events leading to Skuldiss's death.
Reflect upon Kester's actions and whether they were proportionate.

- To what extent would you go to protect a loved one or a principle you hold dear?
- What prompted such rage within him?
- Why do you think the author chose this point in the story to be the first time that Kester expresses rage?
- Do you think he was fully in control of his actions?
- Why does Kester refrain from killing Skuldiss?
- Is violence ever an appropriate response?

Why do you think the stag reacted differently?

What distinguishes Kester and does this reinforce his position as leader?

What might the consequences of Skuldiss's death be? How might Stone react?

Thursday Week 4

- * Learning objectives
- * I can respond personally to a story and give justifications for opinions.

Read to the end

- * Tell me...
- * Likes?
- * Dislikes?
- * Patterns?
- * Puzzles?

Story board completion

- * Part 1 – Spectrum Hall
- * Part 2 – What is this place?
- * Part 3 – The man with crutches
- * Part 4 – The wildness
- * Part 5 – She knows your father
- * Part 6 - Welcome to the city

Your task is to think what Part 7 may be...

PART 1:
SPECTRUM
HALL

**PART 2:
WHAT
IS
THIS
PLACE?**

**PART 3:
THE
MAN
WITH
CRUTCHES**

PART 4: **WILDNESS**

PART 5:
SHE
KNOWS
YOUR
FATHER

**PART 6:
WELCOME
TO
THE
CITY**

Don't miss the next part of
Kester's incredible story . . .

THE DARK WILD

Out now!

Turn the page to read an exclusive preview . . .

Quercus

www.quercusbooks.co.uk

The Last Wild is a
trilogy.

Kester's story
continues, but how
would you continue
his story?

Reminder to now have resolution and ending model text on washing line

- * Begin to learn model text with actions based on text maps – ensure copy is in school handwriting policy

Friday Week 4

- * Learning objectives
- * I can use knowledge of a story and an author's style to continue ideas in the same theme.
- * I can collaborate.
- * I can share ideas.
- * I can edit and improve writing

Shared writing

- * Plan for next part (Book 2)
- * Shared writing opening together as a class and then in small groups using class plan write build up













Monday Week 5

- * Learning objectives
- * I can collaborate.
- * I can share ideas.
- * I can edit and improve writing.

Shared writing

- * Using plan edit and improve a group's build up and then use class plan to shared write problem
- * In groups children to write resolution from class plan
- * Come back together to write shared ending from class plan

Tuesday Week 5

- * Learning objectives
- * I can plan and draft my ideas.
- * I can talk through my ideas with clarity and confidence.

Planning – once done, talk through
and offer support to a partner.

Opening	Build-up	Problem	Resolution	Ending
(Picture)				
(Notes)				

Wednesday Week 5

- * Learning objectives
- * I can write in the style of an author.
- * I can check my writing is in 1st person and present tense.
- * I can edit and improve my writing.

Thursday Week 5

- * Learning objectives
- * I can write in the style of an author.
- * I can check my writing is in 1st person and present tense.
- * I can edit and improve my writing.

Friday Week 5

- * Learning objectives
- * I can write in the style of an author.
- * I can check my writing is in 1st person and present tense.
- * I can edit and improve my writing.

Monday Week 6

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise a shape poem.
- * I can recognise emotive language.
- * I can give personal opinions with justifications.

Genre objectives

<u>Imagery / Narrative / Non-sense / Free verse / Classic / Performance</u>	
<u>Poetry Expectations Year 5</u>	
Discuss poet's possible viewpoint, explain and justify own response and interpretation	
Explain the use of unusual or surprising language choices and effects, such as onomatopoeia and metaphor	
Comment on how this influences meaning	
Explore imagery including metaphor and personification	
Compare different forms and describe impact	
Vary pitch, pace, volume, expression and use pauses to create impact	
Use actions, sound effects, musical patterns, images and dramatic interpretation	
Invent nonsense words and situations and experiment with unexpected word combinations	
Use carefully observed details and apt images to bring subject matter alive; avoid cliché in own writing	
Attempt different forms, including rhyme for humour	
Reading poetry	(subject matter and theme / language use / style / pattern)
Performing poetry	(use of voice / presentation)
Creating poetry	(original playfulness with language and ideas / detailed recreation of closely observed experience / using different patterns)

*At the flick of a switch I reach under the bed
I slip on the watch and fix the strap tight
One last look, I take a deep breath*

*The corridor fills with a black flood of shells
Warden's asleep, chin tucked in his neck
Black ball swivelling, swarming moths locking wings
Drone of the lift filling the silence
Stamping and shouting, ready to nip*

*Boots thundering towards us, we scramble out
Quickly! Hurry! Only way out.*

*Earth tumbling, nails digging, hands slipping
Torch beams, lights move, total darkness*

*We must keep going, no time to lose
Plunge under the surface, chest about to explode
Torrent turning and tumbling, spitting me out
The wet and the wild, where the red-eye rules*

*Syringe in hand, he barks in my ear
Wet breeze spray flicks the back of my neck*

Close my eyes,

I take one step back.

I smile.

He lunges,

cries.

I fall

Model text

Learn with actions from text map.

Have on washing line written in school's
handwriting policy.

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Tell me...

Likes?

Dislikes?

Patterns?

Puzzles?

When in the story is this poem written?

What emotions are being shared?

Performance time

In groups, work on how this could be shared.

Think about dynamics (volume), tone, use of instruments, body language, facial expression and audience position.

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Tuesday Week 6

- * Learning objectives
- * I can recognise how language choice creates mood and atmosphere.

Language choice...

*At the flick of a switch I reach under the bed
I slip on the watch and fix the strap tight
One last look, I take a deep breath*

- * Flick
- * Slip
- * Last look
- * Deep breath

Language choice...

The corridor fills with a black flood of shells

Warden's asleep, chin tucked in his neck

Black ball swivelling, swarming moths locking wings

Drone of the lift filling the silence

Stamping and shouting, ready to nip

- * Black flood
- * Swivelling
- * Swarming
- * Silence
- * Stamping
- * shouting

Language choice...

*Boots thundering towards us, we scramble out
Quickly! Hurry! Only way out.*

*Earth tumbling, nails digging, hands slipping
Torch beams, lights move, total darkness*

- * Scramble
- * Tumbling
- * Digging
- * Slipping
- * darkness

Language choice...

We must keep going, no time to lose

Plunge under the surface, chest about to explode

Torrent turning and tumbling, spitting me out

The wet and the wild, where the red-eye rules

- * Plunge
- * Explode
- * Turning and tumbling
- * Spitting

Language choice...

*Syringe in hand, he barks in my ear
Wet breeze spray flicks the back of my neck*

Close my eyes,

I take one step back.

I smile.

He lunges,

cries.

I fall

* Barks

* Flicks

* Lunges

* Fall

Layout choices...

*Syringe in hand, he barks in my ear
Wet breeze spray flicks the back of my neck*

Close my eyes,

I take one step back.

I smile.

He lunges,

cries.

I fall

How is the
ending of
the fall
reflected in
how this
poem is
presented?

Wednesday Week 6

- * Learning objectives
- * I can plan my own poem based on an extract of the story.
- * I can select words and phrase specifically to create a mood and atmosphere.

Shared write...

- * Could choose the section where Kester is carried over the land by the pigeons with the writing lifting up and almost traversing mountains before landing in the wild.
- * Or the crossing of the river and Sydney perishing over the edge of the waterfall?

Which section of the story will you choose?

- * Think about the mood and atmosphere at this point.
- * Look closely at the text from this section.
- * Select words and phrases that are effective.
- * What others could you add?
- * How are you ending this section? Can you think of how the poem will look on the page to support this ending?

Thursday Week 6

- * Learning objectives
- * I can write a poem based on my plan.
- * I can think about how the presentation reflects the writing of the story.

Friday Week 6

- * Learning objectives
- * I can publish my poem.
- * I can offer support to my peers.
- * I can reflect on my learning.

The Last Wild

- * What have you achieved?
- * What have you enjoyed?
- * What have been your strengths?
- * What have you improved?
- * What are you going to keep working on?

