

Starter

What Is It Worth?

How many points is the word worth if A=1, B=2, C=3, etc.?

Dictionary Neighbours

Which words come before and after this word in the dictionary?

surreptitiously

In a secretive way, like you are hiding something.

Character Speech

Write a line of dialogue for a character that includes the word.

Pyramid Practice

Spell the word using a pyramid.

w
wo
wor
word

LO. I am learning to
describe a setting.

Today you will learn how to describe a setting. This is a good opening for a story, as it sets the scene for the reader.



Start by taking part in this lesson.
Click on the link below to watch the
video. You will need a pen and paper.

<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-generate-vocabulary-to-describe-a-setting-cmvk2t>

You could start creating your own word bank to use when you are writing your narrative - there might be some interesting word choices in this lesson!

Read these examples of short stories.

Think about:

1. How the author has set the scene in the opening.
2. The description used throughout the story.
3. How the author has moved the story on.
4. Has dialogue been included?
5. How you learn about the characters.

Umbrella

It was a cloudy night; the darkness covered the city like a thick blanket. The wind blew gusts of air smelling of car fumes through the streets; it sneaked under the cracks of doors and whispered down sooty chimneys.

Mr Bell hurried down a dark street, holding onto his bowler hat so that the harsh breeze couldn't steal it. The wind blew harder, almost blowing the short, stout man off-course. Eyes narrowed, Mr Bell tried again to walk into the path of the determined gale. A hazy drizzle of misty rain drifted down in sheets, making him shiver and cough. Cursing the cold, he drew his coat tighter around his large figure. As he made to clamp his hat to his head again, he spotted something black and flapping on the pavement. An umbrella!

His heart leapt; the umbrella would be perfect! Feeling pleased with himself, Mr Bell ran towards it and snatched it up. The handle was smooth and glossy, and the waterproof dome was black and very large.

As Mr Bell raised it above his head, something remarkable happened. He began to feel lighter as he ran over the cobbled street, holding tight. Lighter and lighter. With a gasp, he realised that his leather shoes were no longer making contact with the pavement. He was flying! The wind lifted him up like hundreds of hands, all pushing upwards.

With a delighted and shocked shout, Mr Bell gazed down at the sprawling city below him. The street lamps looked like beautiful, luminous flowers reaching up to him. Cars reminded him of jewel-coloured beetles crawling through the concrete maze.

The wind led him towards the park; it was the only splash of green in a grey ocean of buildings and roads. Clutching the umbrella tightly, he drifted towards two bronze statues of lions guarding the park entrance. Mr Bell outstretched his free hand and reached towards one. As he passed, he patted it on its cold head. The lion roared deeply and shook its impressive mane, whilst watching the small man float past. Wide-eyed, Mr Bell swung himself away. The umbrella swayed dangerously and as he grasped the handle harder, he waited dizzily for the world to stop spinning.

Still the wind carried him on. He glanced back at the now still statues. The trees swayed in time with the umbrella as he drifted higher again. A white barn owl flew past Mr Bell like a winged ghost.

As he rose, he scanned the sprawling city for his house. There. He gently coaxed the umbrella down towards his street. The wind rushed down and with a bump, Mr Bell landed outside his house. He looked around to check that nobody had noticed him disembarking, before making his way up the garden path. The promise of light and warmth beckoned him inside. As he stood on the front porch, he folded the umbrella up and smiled as he thought about what an exciting bedtime story his daughters would have that night.

White Lies

Rats scuttle, maggots crawl as my wrinkled hands fix a bayonet to my rifle. Hair and furrowed eyebrows blend in the strong gusts of wind. Gun fire overhead fills my ears, as I sit in a trench full of sorrow and despair. Guilt and fear rush through my veins as I contemplate the appalling crime I have committed. What will be the consequence of my unforgivable actions?

Theft. The word makes my hairs stand on end, and throat dry with anxiety. I think back to that fearful moment on a bleak, cloudy night. Trembling I had scooped a handful of the nauseating, vile stew; we had been starved of food for days and my empty stomach could take no more. I ate and ate until I could consume nothing else. As I gulped, the taste echoed on my tongue and a cold night breeze brushed my cheeks. A scary silence allowed guilty memories to attack my conscience, creating a fear far greater than that of being killed.

What started off as a white lie now leaves me feeling a suspect to a much greater crime. How could I have done this to my colleagues? Who my life may depend on, when we go over the top. We are all as hungry, tired, scared and cold. Now more than ever the realisation that trust plays a major role in our lives, while together in this bog. Sweat drips from my forehead and my heart pumps swiftly. Never shall I let this happen ever again.

Vague clouds begin to fade, my scarlet lips dry and crinkled slowly lose colour. Beige, mud stained uniforms line both sides of the trench. Teeth chatter and hands shake. Wooden ladders are propped up against the walls leading to an uncertain future. I have never seen such a mass of fear in pale, drained faces. I feel like I couldn't tell even the closest of friends, though a confession at this moment would be an unnecessary waste of time.

Unlike myself, food isn't likely to be a great importance to another soldier at this time.

Hush fills the air and a stench fills our noses. My hands tremble like an earthquake. The Field Martial's eyes glare at his snowy-white wristwatch and a silver whistle shines brightly between his colourless lips. I trim my nails with my teeth just before I take a deep breath to quell my anxiety. Expanding cheeks leads towards a strong, shrill sound which pierces the air. All hell breaks loose as we clamber up the ladders.

New Boots

There's a huge hole in my right boot and the sole flaps madly on my left. Our Lily used to pass down her boots to me, but now my feet have grown too big, even though she's much older than me. She's away in service, working as a lady's maid.

I don't want to be a lady's maid. I want to be the lady! My teacher says I've got a chance of getting a scholarship to the Girl's High School next year. I go past it when I go to Biggerton market on errands for Ma. I can't see me fitting in with all those posh girls in their fancy uniform to be honest. Mind you, I don't really fit in at the village school either.

They all call me Spud. It is not my real name, obviously. Ma gave us girls flowery names. I'm Rose, and

my older sisters are Lily and Violet. I'm called Spud because of my brown frock. Ma made it out of cheap material and it's so coarse it sets me itching something chronic. The children at school say it's made out of old potato sacking. Hence Spud.

If I ever get to be a lady, I shall wear silk frocks all the shades of the rainbow. Though a queen is the highest lady in the land and poor old Victoria wears nothing but black every day.

There's a wonderful evening gown in the Draper's shop window in Biggerton. It's a rich Prussian blue, with red satin trimmings and red cut-glass beads on the bodice. Someone has arranged a pair of scarlet kid boots beside the deep blue hem, the perfect touch.

I am here to buy flour and cheese and a dozen eggs because our old Henny Penny's stopped laying, but now I have the groceries, I must have one more look at the dazzling gown.

But when I glimpse the Draper's window, the dress is missing! Has someone purchased my beautiful gown? I rush to see, and the sole on my left boot catches on a

pebble. I stagger and land on my knees, juggling flour and cheese and eggs.

The lady from the Draper's shop dashes out and picks me up.

I burst into tears, and then duck my head, ashamed.

'Don't cry, child! You've saved every single egg! But oh dear, look at the state of your boots!' she says.

The sole has torn right off, and my bare foot is touching the ground now.

'Are these your only pair?' she asks gently, and I nod.

'We don't really stock children's boots. The only footwear I have in my shop are scarlet boots to go with an evening gown, but the lady who bought it didn't care for the ensemble. They're ridiculously fancy and probably far too big for you, but you're welcome to try them,' she says.

They're a perfect fit for my big feet! The kid feels soft as a glove but the sole is stout.

'They're the most beautiful boots in all the world – but I couldn't possibly afford them,' I say, sniffing.

The lady looks at me. She looks at the boots.

'Take them, dear,' she says. 'When you start earning you can come and pay me. How about that?'

Oh joy! When I am a lady, I shall buy *all* my gowns and boots from her! And though I'm still an ungainly girl in a brown dress, I feel like a queen. I dance all the way home in my new boots, my beautiful, red kid boots!

New Boots Copyright © Jacqueline Wilson 2020

The Hideout

‘You’re going to chicken out.’

Mila shot her big brother a venomous look. ‘I am *not* going to chicken out.’

‘Yeah? Then what’s the holdup?’

She surveyed the garden, a thick jungle of grass and thorns, and wished she was back in her old house. Back *home*.

‘A dare’s a dare, Mila.’ Either you go inside the haunted shed, or you do my chores for a week.’

‘I *know*. I’m *going*.’

Mila buttoned her mac and set off all alone. Her heart raced as she pushed between wet stalks of grass. Along the way she discovered a small pond, some giant rhubarb, and an empty bird’s nest. Then, at last, she entered

the deep shade beneath the chestnut trees, kicked away a wall of nettles, and stood before the haunted shed.

All was silent and still.

Gathering her bravery, Mila clutched the handle and opened the creaking door.

The workshop was dark and cobwebbed and smelled of damp.

Long-forgotten pots of paint lay scattered on the filthy floor.

And there, in the corner, sat a scruffy boy.

He had a book on his lap.

Mila blinked. ‘What’re you doing?’

The boy looked up from his book. ‘What’s it look like? Shut the door, will you? I’m at a good bit.’

Mila hesitated. ‘You’re not a ghost ... are you?’

He snorted. ‘Course not.’

Mila folded her arms. ‘You’re not supposed to be here.’

‘Who’re you? The reading police?’

‘Nope. This is my garden. Just moved house.’

The boy’s eyes grew wide. ‘Oh. Please don’t tell!’

‘What are you reading?’

‘Um. *The Witches*.’

‘That’s a good one! Have you got to the bit with—’

‘Don’t spoil it!’ A pause. ‘What’s your name?’

‘Mila. What’s yours?’

‘Gabe.’

‘How come you aren’t reading at home?’

He shrugged. ‘Too noisy. I used to have a great spot near the river, but Ben Foley and his gang nicked it. Are you going to tell?’

Mila considered this. ‘Nah. Do you have any more books?’

Gabe reached down and produced a bulging rucksack. ‘Just a few.’

‘Budge up,’ said Mila. She sat beside him, picked out *Peter Pan*, and began to read.

‘I’d better get back.’ She offered the book, but Gabe didn’t take it.

‘Keep it.’

‘Really?’

‘Yeah. Hey ... would you like to be in my reading club?’

‘You have a club? Cool. Who else is in it?’

‘Just me ... so far.’ He blushed. ‘It’s okay if you don’t—’

‘When d’you want to meet next?’ she said.

He looked surprised. And happy. ‘Tomorrow? Same time?’

‘Deal.’

Mila hummed happily as she chopped back through the garden. How strange it was that she’d set off on a ghost hunt and instead found a friend. Of course, she’d still tell her brother she’d seen a ghost – he wouldn’t have the guts to check for himself.

She reached the house, looked back down the garden, and smiled.

Maybe living here wasn’t going to be so bad after all.

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