

	<u>Date</u>
	<u>L.O. I am learning to write</u>
	<u>an engaging narrative</u>
	<u>opening.</u>

Think back to when you looked at a range of narrative openings.

What made them effective?

- Dialogue to introduce the character
- Short powerful sentence
- Suggesting something exciting/bad is going to happen
- Detail and description with exciting vocabulary

Which of these will you use to make your narrative opening effective?

	We are only going to be writing the opening today.
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Alex Rider's uncle dies • He tries to investigate and ends up nearly being crushed in a car and falling from the 15th floor of a building • He discovers that his uncle was a spy and was probably killed by Yassan • Alex is asked to help MI6 spy on Herod Sayle and the Stormbreaker computers • Alex pretends to be a competition winner and try out the Stormbreaker computers • Alex sees boxes being unloaded at the dock by Yassan

	Which of these vocabulary words will you try to use in your writing today?	
	loathsome	menial
		zealous
	menacing	charismatic
		bewildered
	uncertain	
		temperamental flourish
	volatile	
		nonchalant brazen
	sinister	
	Choose 3 of these words to use in your writing today and record them onto your plan from last lesson.	

Why is this opening effective?

ONE MEN'S WORK



GUNNAR WAS DOWN by the sheep pens when he heard the rhythmic thumping of hoofbeats and the jingle of harness and weapons sounding distantly through the crisp autumn air. He frowned and looked up, along the track that led from the steading's gate to the dark forest, then turned and ran to the longhouse.

His parents were sitting together on a bench by the

hearth, smoke from the fire rising to the hole in the thatch. A pot hung above the flames, and the smells of woodsmoke and stew wrapped themselves round him like the furs he slept beneath at night. They were laughing, and Mother was lading stew into bowls.

Everybody said Gunnar and his father were as alike as two ears of corn, although Gunnar couldn't see it. They both had shaggy brown hair, but Father's hair and beard were flecked with grey. They both had hazel eyes, but Gunnar's were darker. And they both had strong features and broad shoulders, but Father was tall, and even at fifteen summers Gunnar was still half a head shorter. Mother's hair was golden, and Father said her eyes were the colour of the sea, changing from blue to green to grey according to the light, or her mood.

"Ah, here's our boy, just in time for supper as usual," said Father, grinning at him. Like Gunnar, he was wearing a tunic and leggings and leather boots. Mother wore a green gown and a silver necklace, and she smiled too.

"I swear you could smell my stew from the other side of the mountains," she said.

"Riders in the forest," Gunnar said breathlessly. "Heading this way."

Father stood up, his smile gone. Mother's face clouded over.

"How many?" said Father, his voice steady, eyes fixed on his son's.

"Hard to say," Gunnar answered. "Six, maybe seven at the most."

Why is this opening effective?

Zoe ran. Harder than she had ever run in her life. Her feet pounded through the deserted streets of derelict buildings. Somewhere, not far behind, she could hear the gang coming after her. It felt as if her heart would burst, but she didn't slow down. She'd been planning to leave the island for a long time, but had been putting it off. It was a big decision to set out to sea in a tiny rowing boat. Now she had no choice.

Before, no one had bothered her. Zoe was a loner. Most of the people left on Norwich hung around together in groups, but she preferred to be on her own. It was safer that way, because you never knew whom you could trust.

Somehow, someone had found out about the boat she'd been hiding. A boat was an escape route, a way to get away from Norwich, which got smaller every year, as the sea kept on rising. It didn't matter that there could only be room for two people at most in her boat. Others had joined in the chase, and now a mob of about fifteen people was hot on her heels. There was only one way out; to get to her boat before

they got to her. So she ran on, while her body screamed for her to stop.

"Get back here!" someone yelled angrily at her, though they couldn't see her.

Over to you...

Write the opening to your spy narrative.

Success Criteria:

- *Engage your reader*
- *Use a range of higher level punctuation*
- *Use adventurous vocabulary*

Checklist

- Have you copied any words on display accurately?*
- Have you spelt homophones correctly?*
- Have you used apostrophes accurately?*
- Have you used commas for clauses accurately?*
- Have you organised your writing into paragraphs?*

