

Wednesday 22nd April 2020

LO: to write a paragraph, predictions

Activity 1:

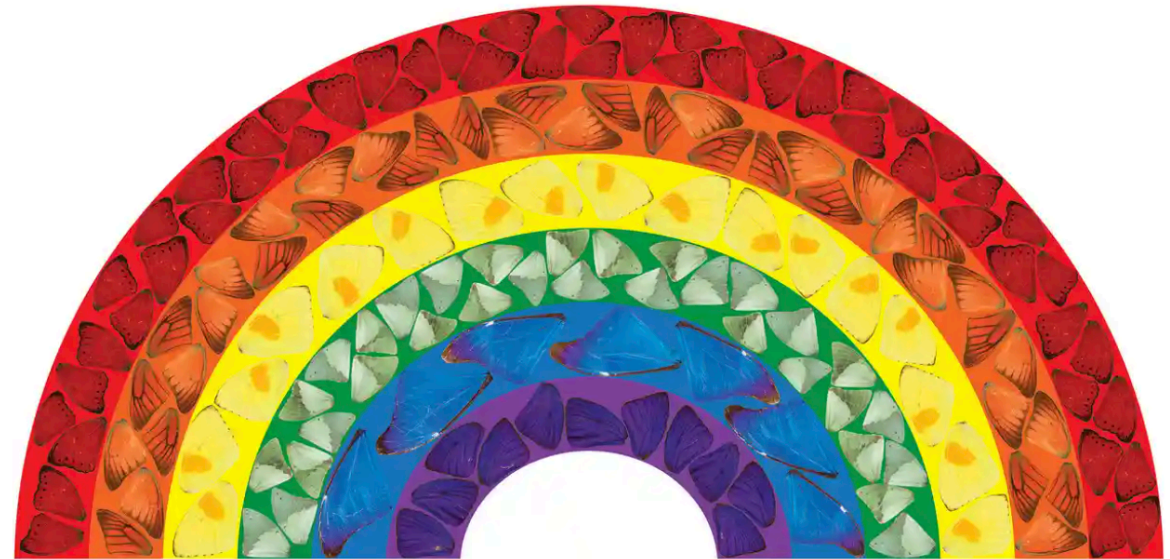
Happy Ending

Chapter 7 is called 'Happy Ending'. Can you write a paragraph describing a happy ending of your own? It doesn't have to do with Bill's New Frock!

Why don't you draw some inspiration from the situation we are all in? What would be a happy ending to this tricky time?

Word Bank:

Dreaming, wonderful, sunshine, rainbows, happily ever after, the great outdoors, friends, family.



Activity 1:

Miss Carman's Happy Ending Paragraph

For me, a happy ending would be when I could spend time with my friends who I have not seen for what feels like years! A happy ending would involve being outside in the sensational sunshine, happily listening to jumping, live music at a festival with my loved ones and devouring delicious food. Thankfully, I don't need much for a happy ending at this moment in time... what is your happy ending?

Success Criteria:

1. Fronted adverbial
2. Conjunction
3. Alliteration
4. Adjectives and adverbs
5. Ellipses
6. List separated by commas
7. Personification

Can you tick off the success criteria in my paragraph?

Activity 2:



. 7 .

Happy Ending

Maybe the day had been more tiring than he realised. Maybe the school work was harder than usual. Bill wasn't sure. All he knew was, he'd had enough. He wanted to go home. It had been the most horrible of days, and he'd be glad to have it over.

The clock hands seemed to crawl. Each

time he looked up, they had scarcely moved. The afternoon seemed endless – *endless*.

And then, at last, the bell rang. And after the usual shouting and clattering and slamming of desk lids, everyone made for the door.

As Bill went past her, Mrs Collins stretched out a hand to hold him back for just a moment.

'You're still not looking quite right to me,' she said. 'I can't work out what it is. But let's hope that you're your old self tomorrow!'

'Yes,' Bill agreed with her fervently. 'Let's hope!'

He had his doubts, though. And it was a dispirited Bill Simpson who trailed down the school drive, dragging his feet. At the gates, Paul was jumping up and down beside his baby sister's push-chair, excitedly telling his mother about the race. They smiled and waved, but Bill pretended not to see.

He was, it has to be admitted, in the worst

Activity 2:

mood. He felt angry and bitter and resentful. And he was so sick of the silly pink frock that he would have liked the ground to open and swallow him.

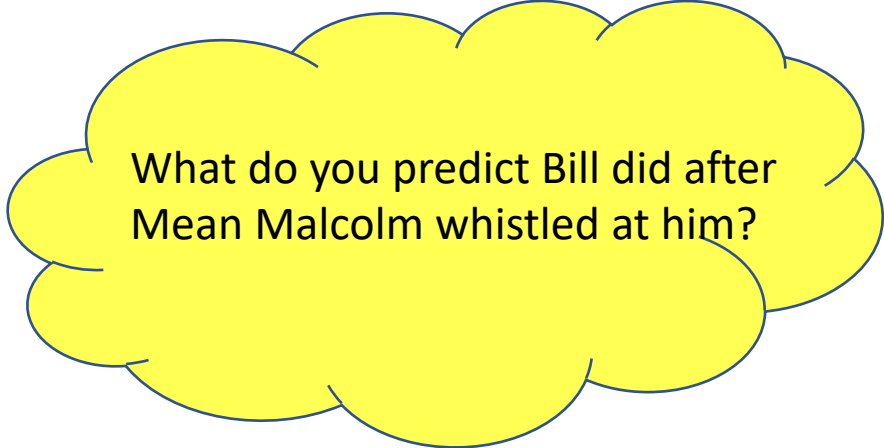
But no such luck. In fact, worse was to come, it seemed. For there at the corner, nesting on one of the dustbins, was Mean Malcolm, waiting for his gang.

Mean Malcolm saw him coming, and whistled.

Bill looked a sight. He knew it. The frock was a rumpled mess, with grubby fingerprints all round the hem, a huge, brown football-shaped smudge on the front, paint smears down the folds, rips in each side where he had hunted in vain for pockets, a great criss-cross footprint where Rohan kicked him, and grass stains down the back – the sort of grass stains that *never* come out.

The frock was a disaster.

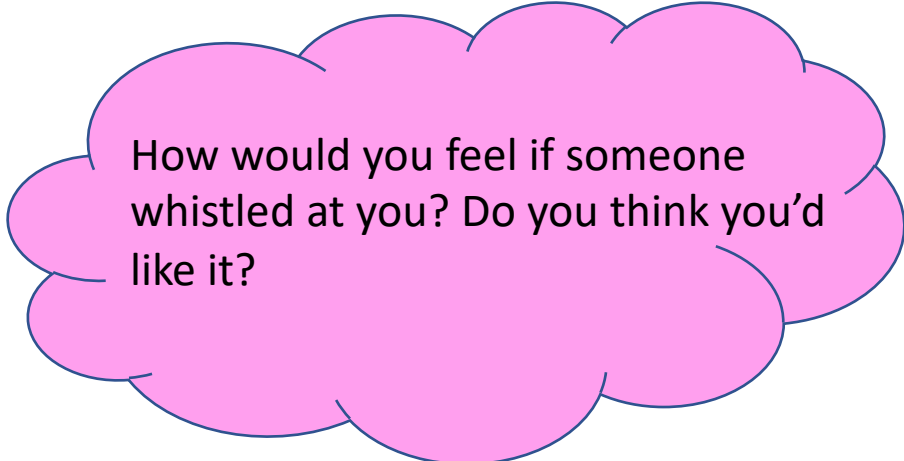
And that is probably why, when Mean Malcolm whistled at Bill Simpson again, he took it so very badly.



What do you predict Bill did after Mean Malcolm whistled at him?



What type of narrative feature are the two words, 'Mean Malcolm'?



How would you feel if someone whistled at you? Do you think you'd like it?