



English Lesson

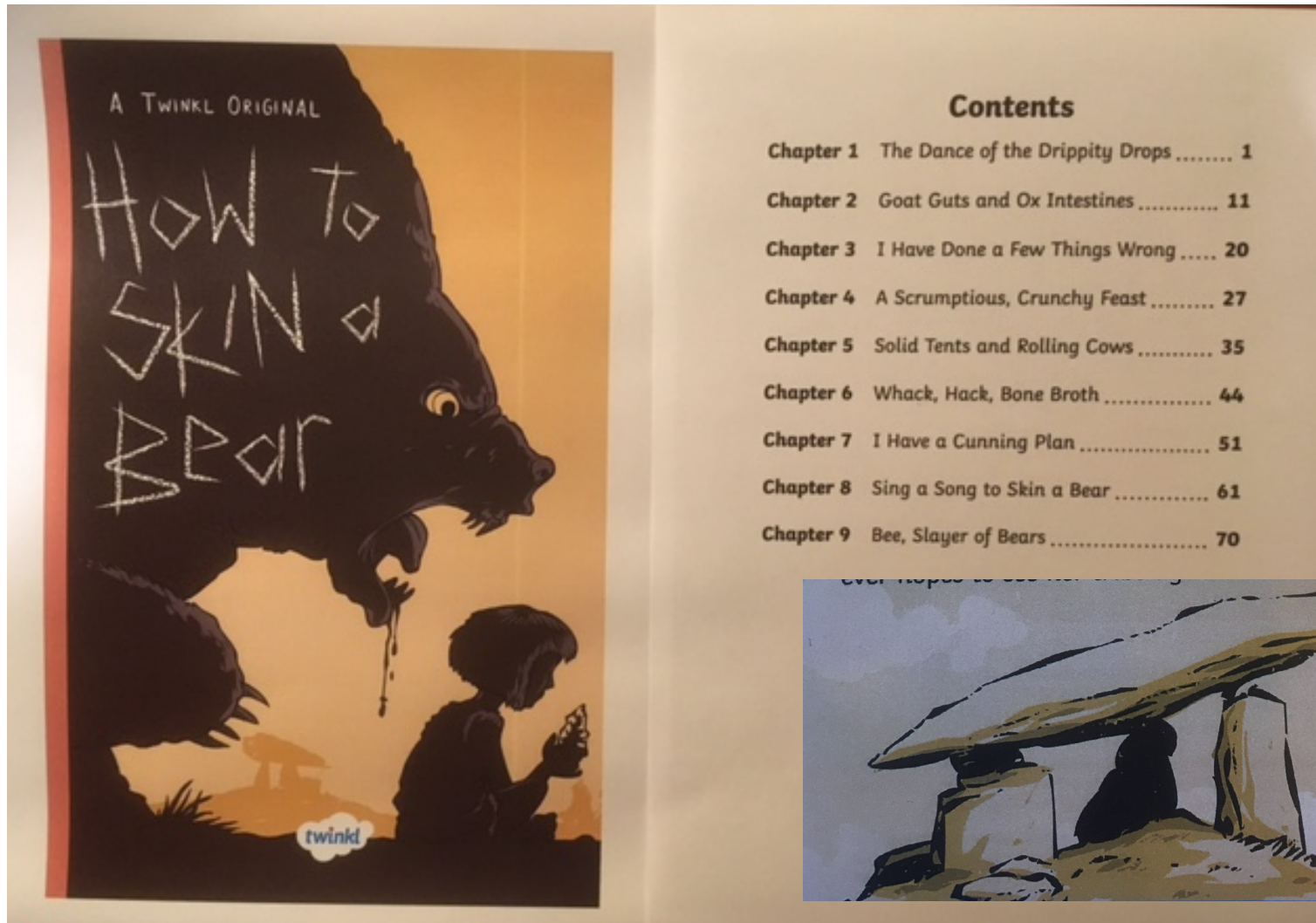
Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

Monday 1st February

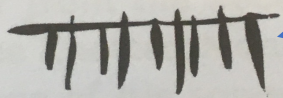
Can I write an opening paragraph for a Stone
Age story?

Today we are going to read the first part of **chapter 9** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.



Read the first part of chapter 9 on the next 3 slides.

Look for ideas and phrases that you can put into your own story.



This is how the characters record the number 9.

Bee, Slayer of Bears

The Pig Lick River is really long and pointlessly windy. Nevertheless, we have to follow it because it is the only way I know to get to the Rock of the Long Sun and meet up with the tribe.

On the first day, I wear my bearskin and mask all day, like a chief. If there are any more cave bears lurking nearby, they'll run in fear when they see me. I am Bee, Slayer of Bears.

On the second day, the sun is so hot that I almost

melt inside the bear fur. Not to mention that the pelt is starting to smell funny. I take it off, but the strange smell hangs about like a hungry dog.

On the third day, I spot a tree that I recognise. "Now, Dog, see this tree here, with a trunk as wide as Achoo's belly?" I cross my arms and pull my mouth down at the corners, just like Snore of the Rat. "This tree means that we must follow the river until nightfall, wait for a crow to fly overhead, twirl in a circle, do a handstand, then head west until we see the Rock of the Long Sun," I say in Rat's show-off voice.

"Yip," says Dog, like he understands perfectly.

"Let us proceed," I say, still mimicking Rat's voice, and I march along the river, bouncing on my toes and swinging my arms, just like he does.

When night falls and we settle down, I stare upwards, waiting for a crow to fly overhead, but I can't really see anything because the sky is so dark. Eventually, I fall asleep against a tree. Dog snuggles under my bear fur, so we're totally toasty warm.

In the morning, I wake to cawing. I look up and catch a bird disappearing over the treetops.

"That was probably a crow," I say. Dog gives me a questioning look. "Well, it might not have been. I just made the crow bit up, really." I twirl around in a circle and Dog does too. Then, I do a handstand against the tree and I stay up for ages. With any luck, a good idea will fall right out of my head. It doesn't. The only reason I fall down is because Dog licks my armpit and it tickles.

"Dog!" I laugh, wiping off the slobber.

We set off west anyway, walking away from the rising sun. We can't be far from the Rock of the Long Sun. I keep expecting to see Knotted Mane picking berries, or hear Dad singing one of his songs. I smile to myself. What I wouldn't give to hear Dad singing one of his songs again. I wish that I could watch him and Vulture playing their instruments. I wish that I could listen to Bent Tree's stories. Astonishingly, I even wish that I could hear Rat's irritating whine of a voice.

I'm busy imagining, and I don't notice that I'm walking uphill or that the trees are disappearing. I walk right into the Rock of the Long Sun and smack my nose.

"Ow!" I say, and I hold my nose until it stops hurting.

The tribe are nowhere to be seen.

"They must be going the long way," I tell Dog. He looks unconvinced. "Come on, let's do the Ritual."

Even though I'm not allowed to join in with the Midsummer Ritual, I have my own ritual that I always do when we first reach the Rock of the Long Sun. I stand under the heavy roof stone, brace my hands against it, bend my knees and heave.

I push and push. The roof doesn't move. One day, I'm going to be strong enough to lift it, but not yet. Dad says that it's impossible – even he can't do it. But that doesn't make sense, because if it's true, how did our ancestors get the stone up there in the first place?

I wish that Dad was here now.

For a while, I keep watch on the hill, but I don't see the tribe. I fetch water from the river to drink. I start a fire after only one attempt. I roast the last of the bear meat that I could carry and serve it with earwigs and leaves for extra crunch. I have a full belly, a blazing sun, a toasty fire and my warm, smelly Dog at my side. I'm getting used to looking after myself. Maybe I don't need the tribe, after all.

However, as night falls and I curl up under my fur

with Dog, scary thoughts start to swim around my head. Thoughts like: what if the red sun we saw was an omen that the tribe was in danger? What if danger found them? What if they got swept away by a river, or fell over a cliff, or eaten by bears that they weren't brave or strong or clever enough to fight off, like I was? I should be with them. I could help!

I try to spear the thoughts like fish so that they won't bother me, but they keep slipping away. I lie awake with my thoughts swimming and splashing. After all, it's nearly midsummer. Nothing keeps the tribe from the Rock of the Long Sun on Midsummer Night.

In the morning, I am still tired. I'm so tired that I don't hear the footsteps at first – not until Dog starts to jump and yap. I look where he's looking, and then I see them – my tribe!

Dog's ready to leap out and lick everyone, but something stops me. I grab the scruff of Dog's neck while I try to work out what's wrong. Then it hits me: I can't see Dad.

Snore of the Rat walks at the front. He swings his arms and bounces on his toes. "See?" he says smugly. "Not far from the Frog Face Stone, just like I said."

Quietly, the rest of the tribe follow. Bent Tree hobbles slowly behind him on her gnarled walking staff, her eyes fixed to the floor. Knotted Mane follows with a basket of berries; today, I cannot see juice around her mouth. Tumbling Pebble glumly leads the dogs, who are dragging the tribe's tent. Then, the rest of the elders follow, carrying pots, axes, bows and arrows. My stomach drops. Where is he? Where is my dad?

Breath of the Vulture walks behind the elders. He looks tired – almost as though he hasn't slept or eaten in days. He glances behind him and waits. There he is: my dad! My fingers and toes tingle with relief. His eyes, like Bent Tree's, are fixed to the floor and he is dragging his feet. My dad isn't the sort of dad who acts like a baby. What's he playing at?

As the tribe reach the Rock of the Long Sun, I see my dad lift his head. I thought that Vulture looked tired, but my dad looks exhausted! His eyes are all red and have dark circles under them. "Where is she?" he sighs. "Where is my little Bee?" I think that he's being a bit melodramatic. I can clearly look after myself!

Vulture pats Dad's shoulders gently as he lowers himself onto the ground. "There, there, Achoo. I'm sure we'll find Bee soon."

A TWINKL ORIGINAL

How to Skin a Bear



How does Bee's Dad feel?

Why do you think he feels
this way?

How do you think he will feel
when he sees Bee again?



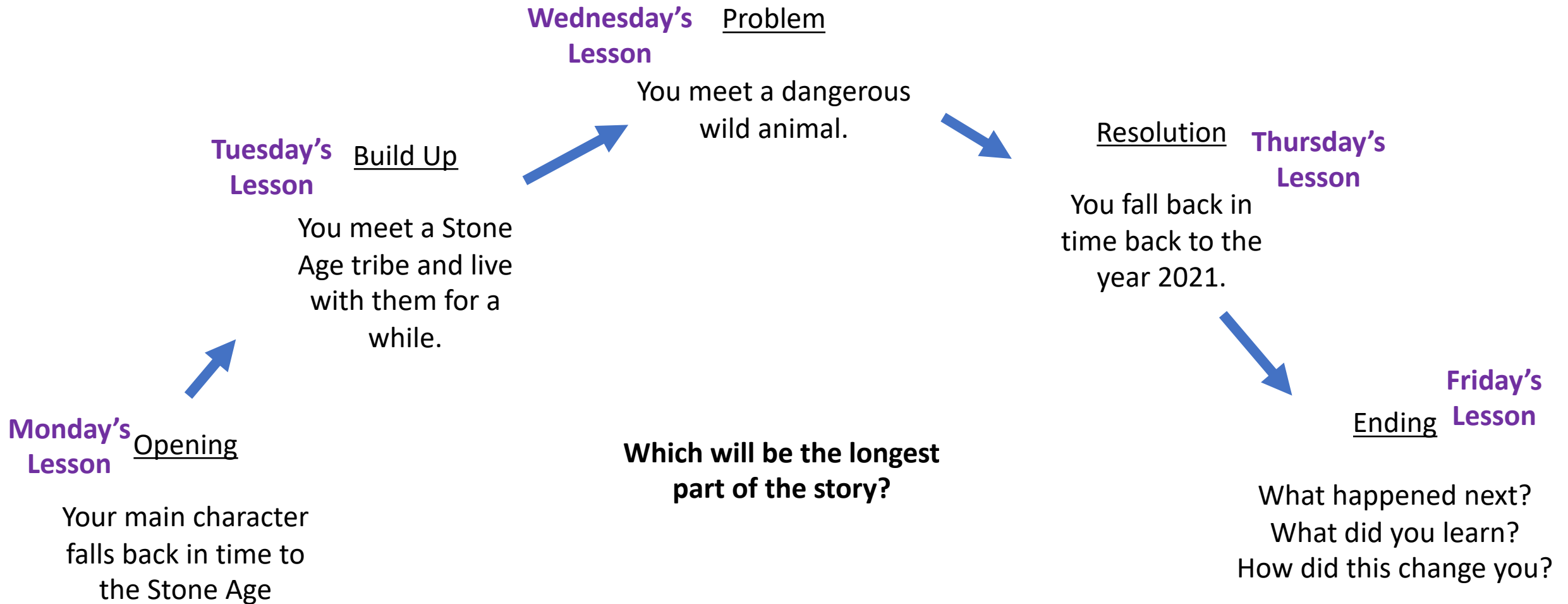
This week, we will be writing our own story set in the Stone Age.

To help us, we will borrow the structure of the Stone Age Boy story.



Stone Age Boy

We will be using this plot outline to help us write our stories this week. We will write one story section per day.



Task: Today, you are going to write your opening paragraph to your story.

In this paragraph...

- Describe your main character – a modern day child from 2021
- Your main character falls back in time to the Stone Age – How?
- Describe where he/she ends up
- How does your main character feel?

Teacher Example Paragraph - on the next page.

If you are not sure
how to start ...

Opening Story Sentences

Once, there was...

One morning...

One day...

On his way to school...

Ben was a friendly child...

Sally was 8 years old and...

Annie was in her garden and...

Teacher Example Story Opening Paragraph

Annie's Stone age Adventure

Annie was 8 years old and always neat and tidy. She was enjoying drawing a rose in her back garden. There was a bee on it! She quickly stepped back and caught her foot on a stone, then felt her balance go. "AAhhhhhhhh!" she cried as she fell head-first towards the dirty, lumpy flowerbed. She landed heavily and then everything went black...

Annie sat up slowly and rubbed her sore head. She clumsily stood up. She was in a dark, cold, echoey place that smelt of earth and dirt.

"Yuk!" She muttered to herself. Her pink summer dress was all covered in bits of itchy leaf.

"Where am I?" she whispered to herself, now feeling a bit panicky. As her eyes got used to the darkness, she realised she was in a cave, and she could just make out beautiful animals painted all over the dark, lumpy cave walls.

"Wow!" she commented to herself and turned to look for a way out. She could see a glow of sunlight in the distance, so decided to stumble in that direction.

How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



Don't forget to put your
finished work on Class
Dojo!