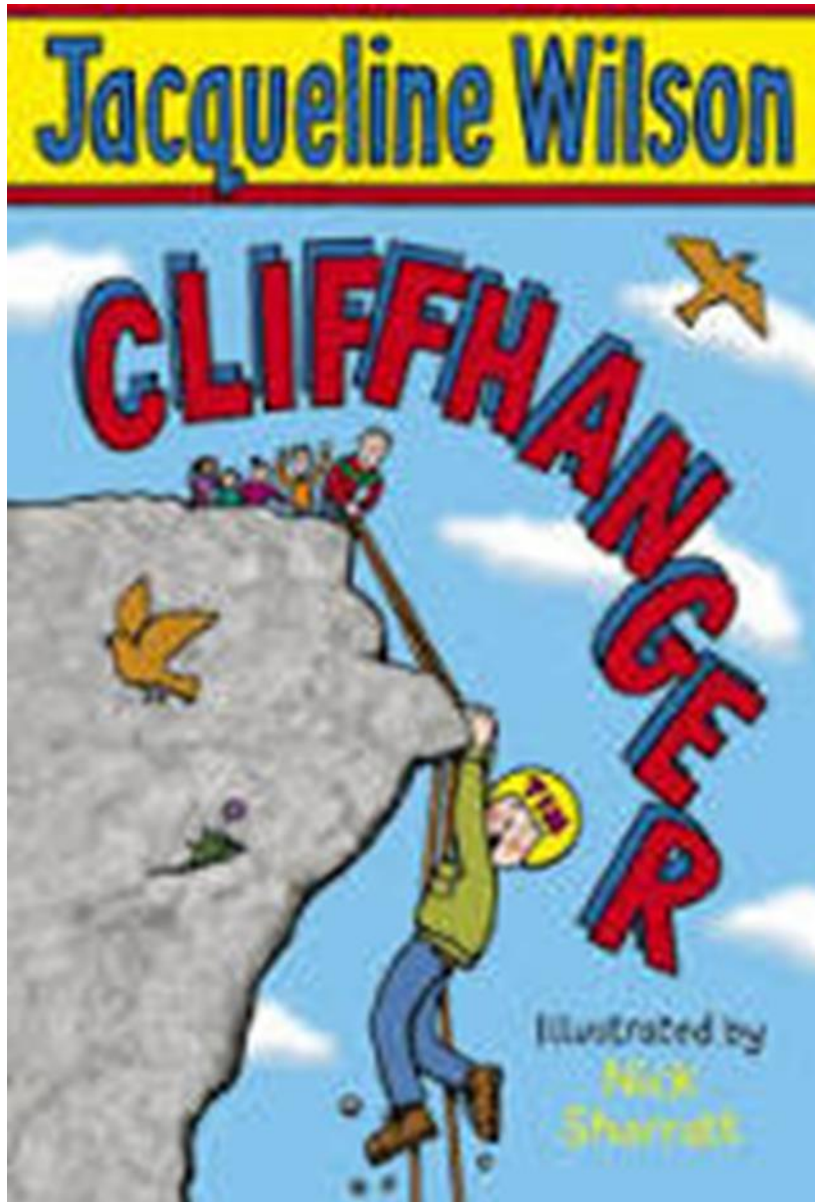


# English Lesson Year 3

Write your date and title in  
your exercise book.

Tuesday 9<sup>th</sup> February

Can I use point and evidence?



Yesterday we began reading our class novel, *Cliffhanger* by Jacqueline Wilson.

What has happened in the story so far?

What is Tim like? How do you know?

What are his parents like?

Do you think he should go on the adventure holiday?

Do you think he will end up having a good time? Why?

Make sure you ask an adult first!

She gave me a cuddle.

'It's because you've turned him into a right Mummy's boy,' said Dad. 'I think an adventure holiday would do him the world of good.'

He wouldn't listen to Mum. He wouldn't listen to me. He booked the adventure holiday.

'You'll love it when you get there,' said Dad. Over and over again.

He bought me new jeans and T-shirts and trainers and a stiff soldier's jacket to make me look tough.

Mum bought me a special safety helmet to wear all the time to keep me safe.

I didn't feel tough. I didn't feel safe.

I needed to hug Walter Bear very hard when Dad drove us to the Adventure Centre. Dad said I shouldn't take a teddy bear with me because the other kids might laugh at me. Mum said I couldn't get to sleep without Walter Bear. I didn't say

anything. I hugged Walter even harder, sniffing in his sweet dusty smell.

Dad looked in his driving mirror and saw what I was doing.

'Tim!' said Dad, turning round to frown at me. 'Come on, you're doing it deliberately. Put that silly bear *down*. You'll be sucking your thumb next.'

He was watching me, not watching the road. An old banger suddenly overtook us, making Dad swerve.

'Idiots!' Dad shouted, peeping his horn.

A girl leaned out the open window of the car and yelled right back.

'Slowpokes!' she shouted, and pulled a silly face.

'I hope that girl's not going on the adventure holiday,' said Mum.

I hoped she wasn't going on the





adventure holiday too. I wished I wasn't going on the adventure holiday.

'Look, Tim! I think that's it,' Dad said excitedly.

I didn't look. I shut my eyes tight. I hoped if I wished hard enough I'd somehow whizz through space and end up safe at home. But Dad was already parking the car. Mum kept going on at me, asking why I had my eyes shut and did I feel sick, and I couldn't concentrate hard enough on my wishing. Then Dad opened the car door and yanked me out and hissed at me to stop messing about and say hello to the lady.

'Hello! You must be Tim. I'm Sally. I'm in charge of the Adventure Centre,' she said.

She smiled at me. Dad prodded me



in the back to make me say hello.

The slowpoke girl was dashing about showing off.

'Now you behave yourself, Kelly,' said her mum, but she didn't sound a bit fierce. She sounded friendly.

Kelly just laughed at her and gave her a hug.

'You can clear off now, Mum,' she said. 'Bye.'

'I think we should make ourselves scarce too,' said Dad. 'Cheerio, Tim.' He bent down and whispered in my ear. 'Now you're really going to try to be a big boy, not a silly baby, eh?'

I didn't say anything. Dad chucked me under the chin.

'You'll have a great time,' said Dad.

'But if you really don't like it then phone and we'll come and get you straight away,' said Mum. 'And write me lots of postcards too. One every day?'

She gave me a hug and a very wet kiss. I wriggled. I was sure Kelly was watching and laughing at me.

'Mum! I'll be OK. Honestly,' I said. Though I didn't *feel* OK. It was awful seeing them get back in the car without me. I waved like crazy. There was someone on the back seat waving back. Walter Bear! I'd left him in the car!

'Come on then, Tim,' said Sally, putting her arm round my shoulders. 'Hey, Kelly, wait for us.'

Kelly had gone charging through the doors and down the hall of the Adventure Centre.

'Where's all the other children then?' she shouted. 'When are we going to start the adventures, eh? Can I go canoeing first? No, wait a minute, what's that thing called when you dangle down a cliff?'

'Abseiling,' said Sally.

I muttered the words 'dangle' and 'cliff' and felt sick.

'I'm going to love abseiling,' said Kelly, and she threw down her bag and started miming it, rushing backwards.



She rushed backwards into me, nearly knocking me over.

'Simmer down, Kelly,' said Sally.

'I'm not very good at simmering,' said Kelly, laughing. 'I generally bubble over.'

'So I see!' said Sally, shaking her head. 'OK, you'd both better get unpacked. Your bedrooms are up the stairs at the end. Girls on the right, boys on the left. You'll see a Tiger poster on the doors.'

Kelly and I went up the stairs together. I didn't know what to say to her. I felt silly and shy. She pulled another funny face.

'What did Sally say? Girls to the left? So you go thataway,' said Kelly, giving me a little push to the door on the right.

I was sure she'd got it wrong but Kelly isn't the sort of girl you argue





with. So I knocked on the right-hand door and then peeped round.

Two girls stared at me, outraged. They were trying on each other's clothes.

'No boys allowed in here!' said the pretty one, tossing her long hair. 'Clear off.'

'Yes, clear off, you,' said her friend. I cleared off rapidly.

Kelly was being shouted at too. She didn't seem to care.

'Oh oh! Swopsies,' she said, shrugging cheerfully.

I tried the left-hand door this time. Inside, there were two boys messing about with their bags.

'Hello, I'm Giles,' said the taller one. His voice was very posh and he acted very pushy. 'You're going to be

in our team. The Tigers. What are you good at then?'

I thought hard.

'Um. Well, I'm OK at Maths and ...'

'Games, you berk!' said Giles, sneering. 'What school teams are you in?'

'I'm not,' I said.

'You're not in *anything*? Oh great!' said Giles sarcastically. 'We've got three girls, old Fatso here, and *you*.'

The fat boy was sprawling on his bed, eating a biscuit.

'Less of the Fatso, *Piles*,' he said, munching.

I giggled. I know what piles are. My dad had them once.

The fat boy giggled too. 'Hi, I'm Biscuits,' he said. 'What's your name, then?'

'Tim,' I said, putting my bag down on the bed next to Biscuits.

'Not *that* one! That's my bed,' said Giles, knocking my bag on to the floor.

'Your bed's that one over there,' said Biscuits. 'We're supposed to get

unpacked. They're going to ring a bell when it's teatime. I can't wait, I'm starving.'

He unwrapped another biscuit and started serious munching again. Giles unzipped a tennis racquet and started swinging it wildly in the air, practising his serve.

I started unpacking all my stuff. My T-shirts and pyjamas smelt all clean and flowery of home. I had to bend over my bag so that Giles and Biscuits wouldn't see my watery eyes.

Then I felt a sudden bang on the head.

'Watch out!' I squeaked.

'Sorry. Just practising,' said Giles.

'Oh goodness, you're not blubbing, are you? I hardly touched you.'

I sniffed hard.

'Have you brought your tennis racquet then?' Giles asked.

I started to worry some more.

'I thought they were meant to provide all the racquets and that,' I said.

'That's right,' said Biscuits. He quietly passed me a tissue. It was a bit chocolatey but it was still fine for mopping operations.

'It'll be just ropey old stuff,' said Giles scornfully. 'I've brought my own equipment.'

He started rifling through his bags, showing us. It all looked brand new and very expensive.

'I've brought my own equipment too,' said Biscuits, grinning. He nudged me and pulled open a big picnic bag. I saw bags and bags of biscuits, crisps, apples, sweets and cans of cola.

'Yummy,' I said.

Biscuits rubbed his tummy.

Giles sighed in a superior manner.

'I've brought one bit of equipment,'





I said, showing him my safety helmet. I knew it was a mistake as soon as I'd got it out. Especially as Mum had painted TIM in bright pink letters on the front.

Giles did a deliberate double-take. 'What's that, then?' he said. Though of course he knew.

'Well. It's a safety helmet,' I said.

'I see,' said Giles. 'When are you going to wear it then?'

'When I'm . . . when . . .' my voice tailed away.

Giles was serving madly and I had to dodge sharpish.

'When little baby diddums is playing tennis?' Giles jeered. 'In case he gets banged on the bonce, is that it?'

I pretended to ignore him. I wanted to keep well out of Giles's way so I went over to the wardrobe and put all my stuff away. Then I hunched up on my bed and wrote my first postcard.

Biscuits offered me a bite of his biscuit while I was writing it. The

biscuit was a bit slurpy and soggy, but it was still nice of him.

I added a P.S. to my first postcard.

P.S. But I have got a friend called Biscuits.



Today we are going to look closely at what we have read in chapter 1 and see if we can find **evidence** in the text to support some **points** being made.

Let's take a look at an example together first (this is the same example as on the you tube clip)

**Point - Tim's Mum fusses over him.**

From what we have read so far in the story what is the evidence to support this point. Can we find a few examples?

**Evidence - Tim's Mum fusses over him because when Dad mentions the adventure holiday she says that it is dangerous and that he is too young. She also buys him a helmet to take on the holiday. When they are in the car, she asks Tim why he has shut his eyes and if he feels sick.**

Let's take a look at another example together.

Point - Biscuits is a good friend to Tim.

From what we have read so far what is the evidence to support this point. Can we find a few examples?

Evidence - Biscuits is a good friend to Tim because, even though they have just met, he hands Tim a tissue when he is crying when he is unpacking his clothes. He also offers Tim a biscuit to eat. At the end of the chapter, it also says Ps I have a friend called Biscuits.



## Task

Now it is your turn. Read the points and see if you can be a reading detective and find the evidence in the text. You can copy this table in your home learning book or print it off.

Answers  
on the  
next slide!

<u>Point</u>	<u>Evidence</u>
Dad is trying to toughen Tim up.	
Giles is a show off.	
Giles is mean to Tim.	
Kelly is hyperactive.	
Laura and Lesley are mean to Kelly and Tim.	

Your answers may not be identical to these but they may be similar.

<u>Point</u>	<u>Evidence</u>
Dad is trying to toughen Tim up.	Dad is trying to toughen Tim up by sending him on the adventure holiday to try new activities rather than staying at home watching TV. He also buys Tim a soldier's jacket to make him look tough.
Giles is a show off.	Giles is a show off because he gets all his new, expensive equipment out of his bag, for example his tennis racquet and started to show them to Tim and Biscuits.
Giles is mean to Tim.	As soon as Giles meets Tim, he is not very nice to him because he laughs at his safety helmet and says 'When little baby diddums is playing tennis.'
Kelly is hyperactive.	When Sally asks Kelly to 'simmer down' she says that she is not good at simmering and she bubbles over. She also went charging through the adventure centre and asks when they can start all the activities.
Laura and Lesley are mean to Kelly and Tim.	They shout at Tim and Kelly when they get the rooms mixed up. They even shout 'Clear off!' which is not very nice when you have only just met someone.



How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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