



English Lesson

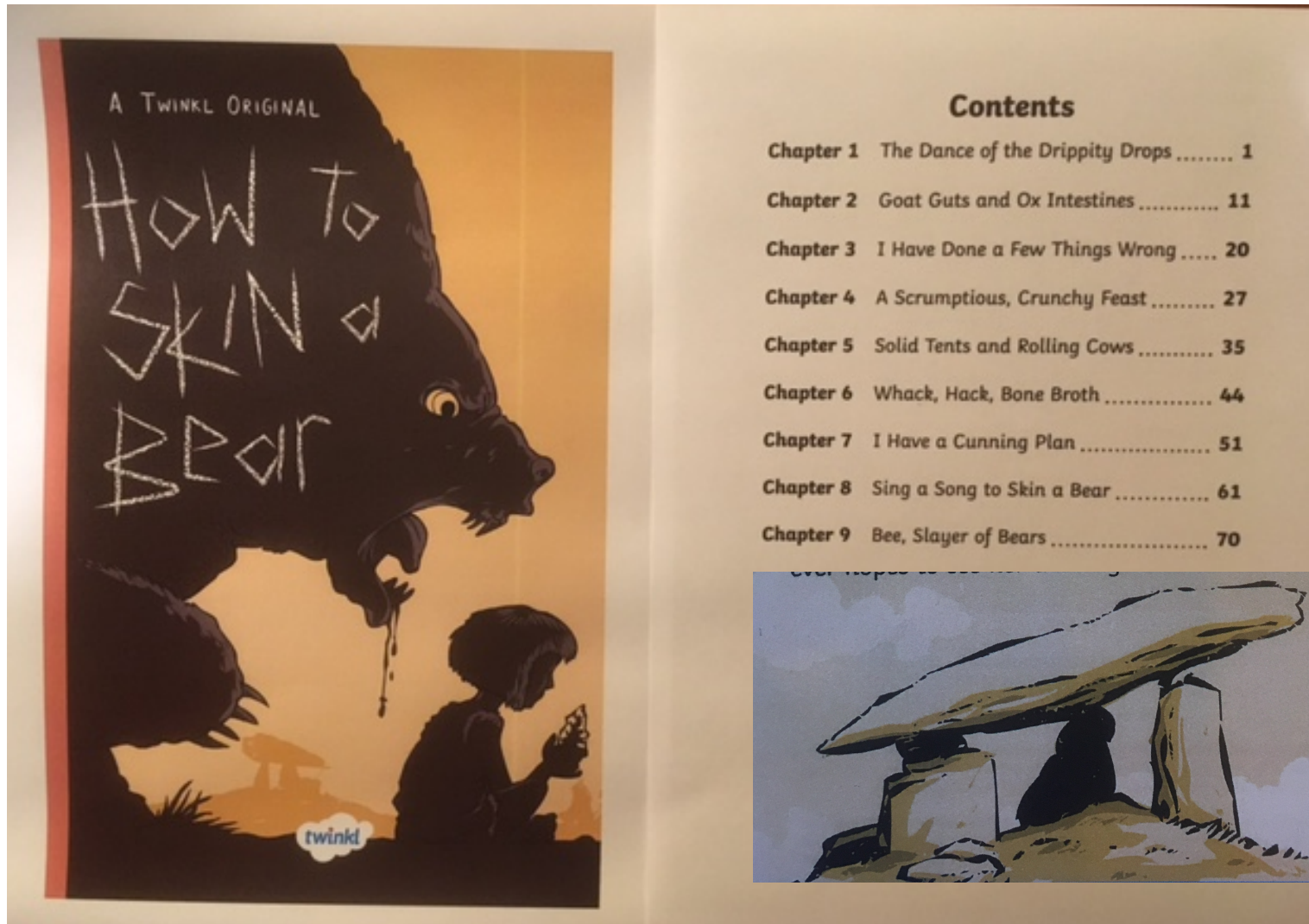
Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

Tuesday 2nd February

Can I write a build up paragraph for a Stone
Age story?

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



Read the last part of chapter 9 on the next 5 slides.

Look for ideas and phrases that you can use in your own story.



Rat rolls his eyes and snorts. "Not likely. We've searched everywhere." Bent Tree glares at him, which shuts Rat up pretty quickly.

I'm about to blow their minds. I pull on my bear fur and skull mask and stand up tall. I stride out from the trees towards the tribe.

"Well, not quite everywhere," I declare.

They see me. Snore of the Rat's mouth hangs open. Bent Tree's eyes go goggly. Vulture pokes my dad with his foot. As he turns, he sees me. His whole face seems to lighten and his eyes sparkle.

Dad leaps to his feet, then he howls just like Dog and runs towards me. He picks me up in his giant arms and spins me round so fast that my skull mask flies off and lands in Knotted Mane's fruit basket. Juice goes everywhere. I'm giggling and I can't help myself.

"I thought... we all thought that... you were dead," says Dad.

"Well, I *nearly* got eaten by a bear, but luckily I killed it first," I explain. "I skinned it, too."

"You killed and skinned a *bear*?" says Dad. His mouth is so wide, he could nearly swallow a horse liver whole. He places me back down and stares at me. He sees my beautiful bear fur and my majestic skull headdress. His chest swells with pride and his eyes shimmer. Then, he bursts into song.

"Sing a song of fearless Bee,

Fearless Bee, fearless Bee,

She's as brave as she can be,

Sing a song of Bee!"

Then, everyone in the tribe is dancing and singing and swinging each other in circles. Dog is busy chasing his own tail.

After that, no one can stop asking me questions. I tell them all about how I fell into the passage in the rocks, how I slept in a cave and how I made my own axe.

"And I saw something really strange. It was a tribe, but they had tents that didn't move, and they'd built walls out of mud, and they had whole herds of animals! Just living, right there with them!" Bent Tree and Dad

share a look. I carry on with my story, though. I am at the most exciting bit: the story of how I slew the bear.

"He was coming right at me with this horrible grin on his face –"

"Bears can't grin," Rat interrupts, but everyone shushes him.

"– and at the last minute, I dived to the side and, *whoosh, smack*, he flew over the cliff and hit the rocks below."

Everyone gasps, except Rat, of course.

"Then, I waited by the Rock of the Long Sun until you all arrived. I thought you were never coming!"

"We were busy looking for you," says Dad, ruffling my hair. "At least we know what the omen meant, now."

"We do?"

"The red sun was a warning not to take our little Bee for granted," explains Bent Tree.

"Hey! I'm not little."

"Not anymore," says Vulture. "Before we know it, you'll be as big and strong as me." He flexes his arm. It bulges so much, I half expect it to pop.

Bent Tree thumps her staff on the ground. "Your story, Bee, is one that our children will be retelling for years and years. We must learn from it. We almost lost an irreplaceable member of our tribe." I blush and have to suppress a smirk as Rat scowls. "Moving from place to place has been our way of life for many years, but if we want to survive, it is important that something changes. So, I, along with the other elders, have made a decision. We cannot lose people from our tribe. We must settle."

"Settle?" I ask.

"Building houses," grins Tumbling Pebble, "like the tribe that you saw."

"Growing fruits," sighs Knotted Mane.

"Keeping animals of our own," Dad says, stroking his goatskin tunic.

"And staying in one place," spits Rat. I can't help but smile at this. Rat's navigation skills aren't going to be so useful if we're going to stay in one place.

"All of the modern, forward-thinking tribes are doing it," says Vulture.

"And where better than beside the Rock of the Long Sun?" says Dad. "There's open space, a river nearby, plenty of pigs to eat."

"We could even make the Rock of the Long Sun bigger!" Vulture cries.

Bent Tree gasps. "The Rock! The Ritual! The sun is setting, and it's Midsummer Night!"

Suddenly, everyone is busy. Bent Tree begins to start a fire. The elders put on their masks. Dad and Vulture find their instruments. The tribe gathers in a circle around the Rock of the Long Sun. I hang back at the edge of the trees, teaching Dog a new trick.

"Come on, Bee," says Bent Tree. "Are you joining us?"

I look up the hill. The whole tribe stand there in their best furs and masks. The only person missing is me.

"Yes, join us, Bee," says Vulture.

"Get up here, and bring that mask of yours," adds

Knotted Mane.

Soon, everyone is begging me.

"Oh, all right then," I say, like it's no big deal. I pull my bear fur tight around my shoulders and balance the bear skull on my head. As I walk up the hill, my insides are buzzing like a beehive. This is it. I've proven myself.

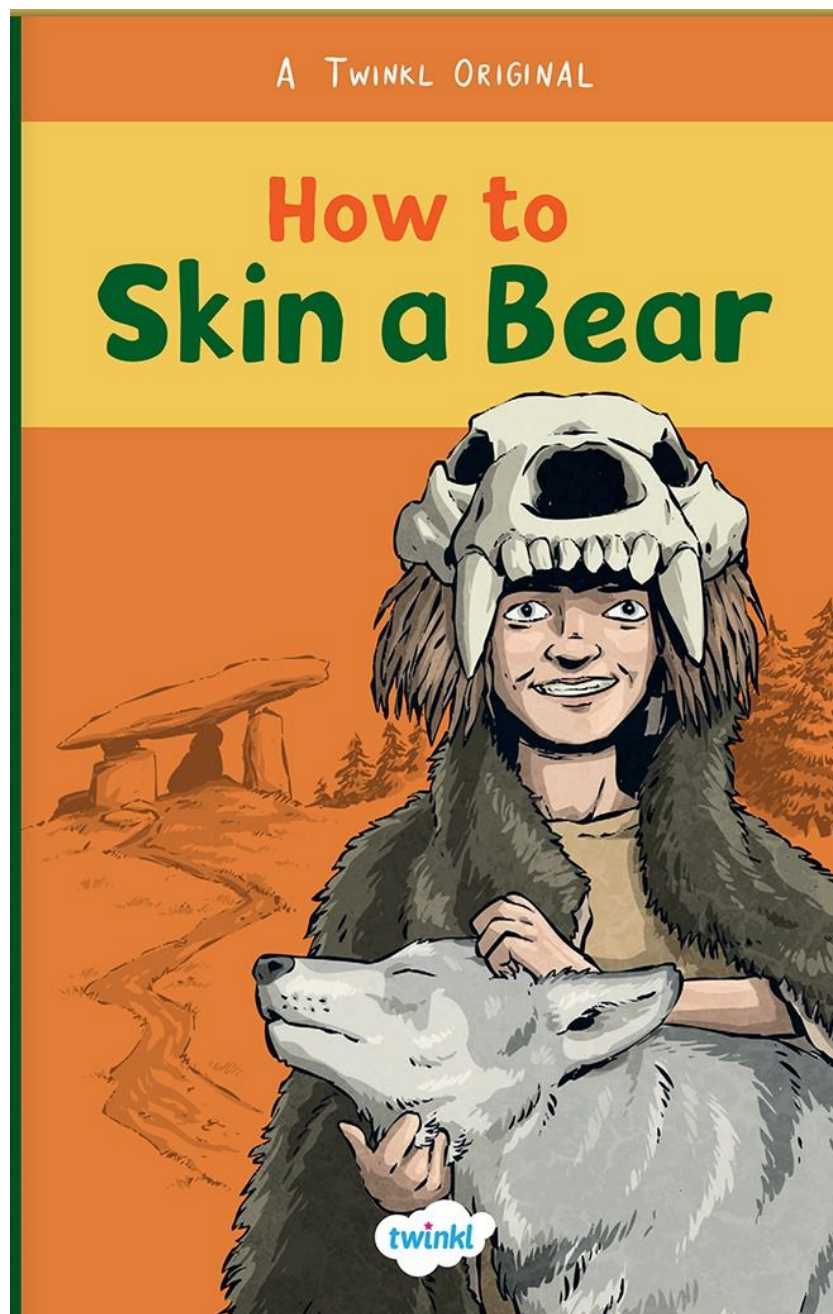
Dad says, "I suppose you want to change your name to something scary, now, like Glistening Claw? You did skin a bear single-handed."

"Dad, it's not our names that make us who we are," I say firmly. "It's our actions."

Dad nods, smiling. He does a drum roll as he announces, "The Song of Bee, Slayer of Bears!" The tribe cheers.

As the sun sets, we stamp our feet and wave our arms. After the Song of Bee, we do the Dance of Digging the Earth and the Procession of Fencing a Field. We leap and yodel, clap and twirl.

We don't stop until the sun rises again on Midsummer morning.



Did you enjoy
this story?

Which was your
favourite bit?

Did you like the
way it ended?



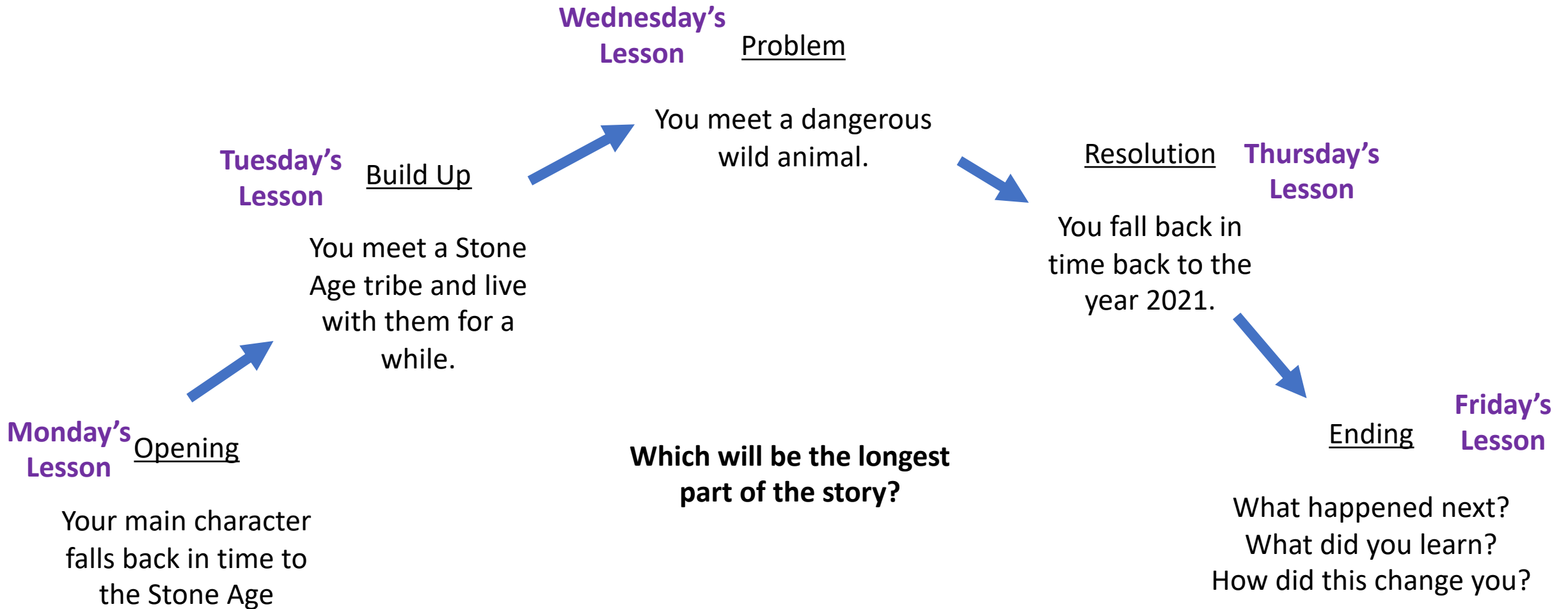
Today, we will be writing the build up part of our own story set in the Stone Age.

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.



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

In this paragraph...

- Your main character meets a stone age character – describe them.
- The stone age character takes your main character to their tribe.
- Describe the tribe.
- What does your main character get up to with the tribe?
 - What do they eat?
 - What do they wear?
 - What are their homes like?
 - How do they hunt?

Teacher Example Paragraph - on the next page.

Try to use adverbs and prepositions:

Adverbs	Prepositions
Quickly	Soon...
Quietly	Suddenly...
Happily	After that...
Slowly	Eventually...
Cautiously	Then...
Excitedly	The next morning...
Hungrily	Next to...
Carefully	Behind the...
Messily	Inside the...
Neatly	Outside the...
Kindly	In the...

Teacher Example Story Build Up Paragraph

This part of the story is the longest. I have used two slides to write my build up.

Slide 1

When she reached the edge of the cave, she looked around her. She couldn't see her garden, her house or anything that was familiar to her. What was going on? Then, a short dirty looking boy walked around a tree and froze. He stared at her for a moment, then walked slowly closer.

Annie stood very still and felt very confused. The boy was wearing animal skins all held in place with bits of rough brown rope. Even his feet were wrapped up in this way. In his hand he held a long wooden spear shaft with a sharp looking flint point. She had seen pictures of people dressed like this in her history lessons at school. He looked just like someone who lived during the stone age!

He slowly gave her modern clothes a poke. He seemed fascinated by her flowery wrist watch too. He stepped back and pointed towards himself.

"Ogg," he said and then pointed at her.

"Annie," she replied pointing towards herself.

Ogg seemed to be very friendly and led her through the wood until they came to a clearing. There, she saw a large brown tent that seemed to be made of animal skins tied to a tall wooden frame. Around it were about 8 other people dressed just like Ogg. They showed her around their clearing. There was a fire pit with meat roasting above it on a wooden frame. Next to this was a lady scraping a deer skin to get all the yucky bits off. Annie wrinkled her nose at the smell. There was also a man chipping bits of flint off a larger piece of flint. He was making more of the spear heads like the one Ogg held.

After the tour of the clearing, Ogg's mum handed Annie a wooden bowl of stew. It smelt like heaven!

"Yum, this is delicious," smiled Annie. Drips of the stew were going all over her ruined dress, but it was so tasty, she didn't care.

It was soon starting to get dark, and everyone settled into the tent for the night wrapped in even more animal skins. A space was made for Annie and she slept surprisingly well. It had been a tiring day!

How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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