



# English Lesson

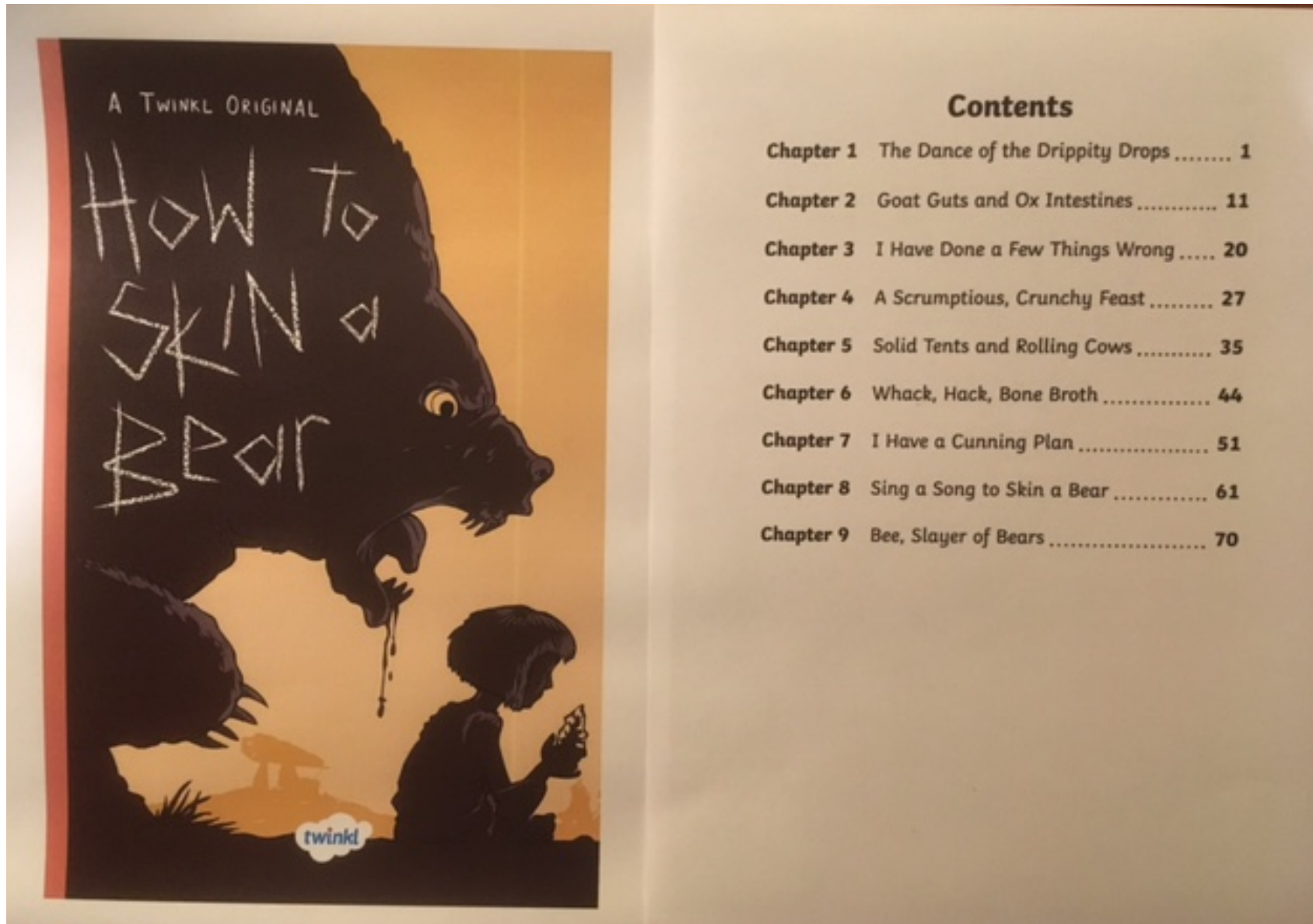
## Year 3

Write your date and title in  
your exercise book.

Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> January

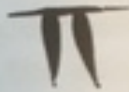
Can I use speech punctuation?

Today we are going to read **chapter 2** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.

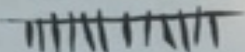


Read chapter 2 on the next 5 slides.

Look carefully at the speech punctuation in this chapter.



## Goat Guts and Ox Intestines

There are  people in our tribe and we all share a tent made of sticks and furs. All of these people are crammed into a small space, all snoring and breaking wind in their sleep. It is loud. It is smelly.

"Can Dog sleep in the tent with us tonight, Dad?" I ask, grabbing Dog around the belly so that he can't run off after a frenzied squirrel.

"We can't have that, Bee," Dad says. "The tent is

This is how the characters record the number 2.

This is how the characters record the number 12.

for humans. Dog wants to sleep outside, where the air is fresh."

Dog isn't the only dog in the tribe, but he is the best. "If any dog deserves to sleep inside, it's him," I say. "Plus, it's raining. Hard."

"Dog loves the rain," says Dad. "*Gloopy brain, gloopy brain...*" he sings. Dad is always singing to himself. He's that sort of dad.

"No, Dog hates the rain," I say defiantly, as Dog breaks free and trots off cheerfully through the hammering drops into the underbrush.

"He's having the time of his life," says Dad. "Now, get inside before you're soaked. I'll lead Dog over to the others."

My furs are soggy and my tangled hair is full of drips. I leave Dad to chase after Dog, and I clamber into the tent.

Inside, it's already crowded. I stumble over hairy legs, trip on an arm, and nearly land face-first on Vulture's bent nose.



"The end of days!" he cries as I fly towards him, but I throw my arms out and stop myself just in time.

"Sorry, Vulture."

Vulture just grunts. He really is spooked by the red sun. Could it *really* mean another Long Frost? I shiver just thinking about it. Luckily, when you sleep in a tent with ~~|||||~~ other big, sweaty people, it is never cold.

I curl up next to Knotted Mane. The ground is a bit lumpy, but I wrap my deer pelt around me. When Dad comes back, soaked to the bone, I tuck my toes under his goatskin. He doesn't mind sharing. He's that sort of dad. I listen to the rain drumming on the tent and to the shuffles and grunts of the tribe as they try to get comfy.

"Dad," I whisper, "why did you call me 'Bee'? Why not something scary, like... 'Glistening Claw'?"

"Because when you were born, you were so small and fuzzy," says Dad, holding his hands up to show me just how small I was.

"But I'm not small and fuzzy *now*."

"That's true," says Dad, shuffling to get comfy, "but you still bring sweetness to my life."

I lie still and think about this.

"But, Dad..."

"Yes, Bee?"

"What if I grow up into a fierce fighter? What if I kill a wolf or a... a bear? Could I change my name to Glistening Claw *then*?"

"You could. But it is not our names that make us who we are, Bee. It is our actions."

"Oh."

"Goodnight, my little Bee," yawns Dad.

"Night, Dad," I mumble.

"*Gloopy brain*," he sings sleepily.

When I close my eyes, I dream.

*I dream that it's the Long Frost and I am Glinting*

*Fang. I face a cave lion across the ice. The lions snarls. I raise my axe but just as I'm about to bring it down, I look up. A red sun glares in the middle of a hazy, yellow sky...*

I wake to darkness and snores and pattering rain.

Tumbling Pebble said that the sun was an omen, and even Bent Tree was worried. But the elders have done the Ritual, now: a dance, a song *and* a procession! If that doesn't keep the Sky Spirits happy, nothing will. In my mind, I squeeze the picture of the red sun between my fingers until it bursts like a pimple. Soon, I'm drifting off to sleep again...

I'm woken by a blast of cold air. I sit bolt upright. That's not right. The tent is never cold. I mean, *never*, not even in the depths of winter with snow piled up knee-deep outside.

The rain drums so hard on the roof, it's like the Sky Spirits are pelting us with stones. The tent creaks and shudders. Outside, I can hear the wind crashing through the treetops. I imagine the red sun, bigger and redder and more evil than ever before. A shivery wind shoots past me. I hear a *flap, snap* sound, then one of the furs covering the tent flies off. Stone-hard rain

tumbles onto me, Dad and Knotted Mane.

Oh, goat guts.

"Aargh!" shouts Dad.

Knotted Mane squeals and within moments, the whole tribe is awake. It's pandemonium.

"Pack up the tent!"

"Keep the food dry!"

"Stick together!"

"Bring the masks!"

"Grab the instruments!"

"Get everyone inside!"

"Get everyone outside!"

"It's wet outside!"

"It's wet inside!"



"Look out, it's going to collapse!"

The tent posts groan and creak. Arms, legs and furs crash into me on all sides. I frantically scramble through the tent door just as the whole structure collapses in on itself.

Outside, the rain hammers down. Storm clouds scurry past the moon, lighting the sodden forest in flashes of white. The muddy ground slimes between my toes. I can't see where I'm treading.

"Ouch! Ah!" I cry, as I step on splintering sticks and sharp stones. The air is full of sound.

"Fetch the dogs," someone shouts.

"Leave the dogs," shouts someone else.

No way am I going to leave Dog in all of this! I skid over the slushy ground towards the howling pack. "Dog!" I bellow.

"Bee?" calls a worried voice. It's Dad. "Honey Bee?"

"Dad!" I call. "I have to find Dog."

"He will find us, Bee. Come this way. There is a warm, safe cave. It's not far."

I'm not listening.

"Dog," I bellow. "Where are you?"

I trip and land in the mud. I don't know which way I'm facing. Treetops bend and wave as if they're beckoning me.

"Bee, you have to stay with the tribe," calls Dad. His voice seems further away. I hear a howl echoing in the distance.

Moonlight floods the forest in front of me. Less than five paces away, I can see the dogs, crowded together under a tree. I scan the heaving, furry bodies.

"Dog?" I call.

There he is! His grey coat shines silver with rainwater and he's fighting through the crowd of frantic mutts desperately looking for a way to escape the chaos.

"Bee?" Dad's voice is so faint now, I can hardly hear him.

"I'm coming!" I yell. "Come on, Dog. Good boy."

I run towards him but he doesn't hear me over the noise and commotion of the other dogs. I race towards the terrified pack but I am too late. Dog bolts.

"Dog!" I shout. Dog yelps and disappears into the darkness.

"Bee!" yells Dad.

I have to go back, but I can't leave Dog. What do I do?

Lightning zigzags through the sky so close that I can feel the air tingle. With a mighty *CRA-A-ACK*, it strikes a tree. Suddenly, the whole thing is burning. It burns with a bright yellow grin, like a vengeful Sky Spirit, come down to earth. Oh, goat guts and ox intestines!

In my head, pictures run round and round like a herd of deer: Dog lost in the rain; Dog falling over a cliff in the darkness; Dog getting struck by lightning. I have to find him. Without another thought, I sprint into the darkness.

Why do you think Bee runs after Dog?

What do you think is going to happen next?



Look at the speech punctuation in this sentence. What do you notice?

"Bee!" yells Dad.

Inverted  
commas come  
at the start of  
what is said.

Punctuation  
comes before the  
last inverted  
comma.

Inverted commas come at the  
end of what is said.



Look at the speech punctuation in these sentences. What do you notice?

"Dog!" I shout. Dog yelps and disappears into the darkness.

"Bee!" yells Dad.

When a new person speaks  
you start a new line.

Capital letter at the start  
of someone speaking.

**Task:** Write these sentences in your exercise book.  
Place inverted commas in the correct place.

1. It's covered in dog slime! yelled Bee.
2. This job is so boring, groaned Bee.
3. When will I ever get to hunt like the others? asked Bee.
4. Bee sighed, I've had enough of this now.
5. Bee shouted, Give it to me, Dog!
6. Dad said, As you get older, you will learn new skills.
7. I don't want to wait until I'm older, complained Bee.
8. Dad sang loudly, Rubbing in the gloopy brain is fun to do.
9. Duck skin makes lovely, soft leather, explained Dad.
10. Have you still got that feather in your teeth, Dog? asked Bee.



Answers on the next page. No peeking!

# Answers:

1. "It's covered in dog slime!" yelled Bee.
2. "This job is so boring," groaned Bee.
3. "When will I ever get to hunt like the others?" asked Bee.
4. Bee sighed, "I've had enough of this now."
5. Bee shouted, "Give it to me, Dog!"
6. Dad said, "As you get older, you will learn new skills."
7. "I don't want to wait until I'm older," complained Bee.
8. Dad sang loudly, "Rubbing in the gloopy brain is fun to do."
9. "Duck skin makes lovely, soft leather," explained Dad.
10. "Have you still got that feather in your teeth, Dog?" asked Bee.





# How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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