



English Lesson

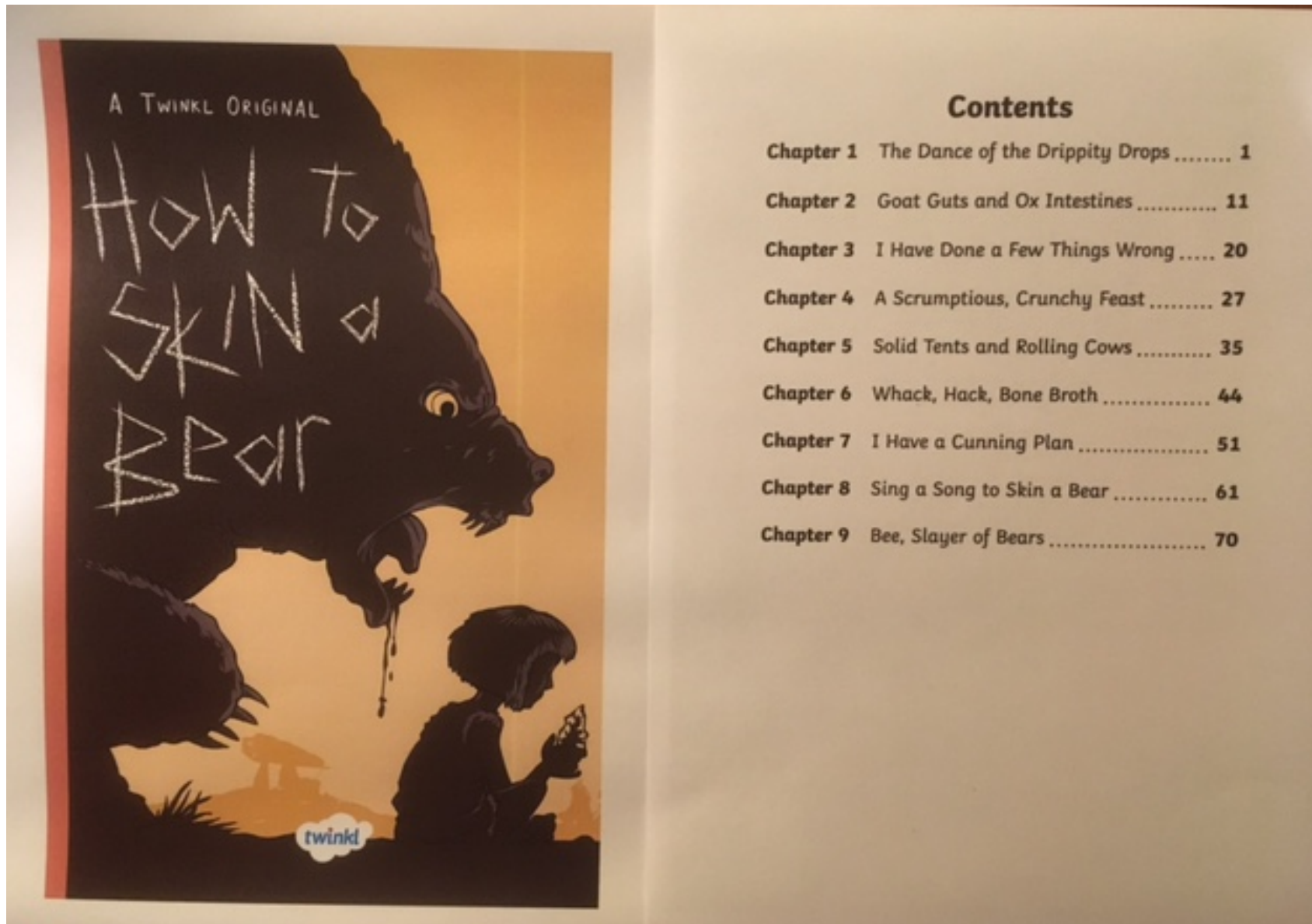
Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

Monday 25th January

Can I use adverbs to improve sentences?

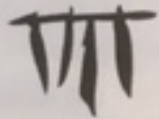
Today we are going to read **chapter 4** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.



Read chapter 4 on the next 4 slides.

Look carefully for any adverbs used to add information to a verb.

Adverbs often end in -ly.



This is how the characters record the number 4.

A Scrumptious, Crunchy Feast

Dog is wet and muddy and he smells worse than our tent after the tribe ate rotten horse meat. But he's here! He sticks out his big, pink tongue and licks my mouth and nose and hair and the sore bit on the back of my head where I fell. Then he flips onto his back for a belly rub. I ruffle his fur up and down until I'm too tired to move. I rest my head on his grey, furry tummy and, even though I'm lying in the dank, sloppy mud, far from my tribe, I feel cosier than a bee in a hive. I'm so cosy that my eyes slip shut and I slide into a dream.

I dream that I'm chasing after a great beast in the dark. I've got spiky hair and a mud-smeared face, just like the elders when they go hunting. I'm running, running, running with a spear in my hand, and I can see the beast up ahead with pointed teeth and a mouth like a sinkhole –

I wake up cold, shivery and lonely. I need to find my tribe.

Dog stands outside the little cave. In the bright daylight, he looks wolf-like and muscular; his giant pointy ears swivel, and his wet nose twitches. Dog is the best hunter in the pack, which is another reason Dad should never have told me to leave him behind! If anyone can lead me back to the tribe, it's Dog.

Dog stares along the stone passageway. I wonder what doggy thoughts he's thinking... *Weird smell, tasty smell, fishy smell, yucky smell.*

Dog yips and my belly rumbles. I'm so hungry that I could eat my own leg.

"Come on, Dog. Let's find breakfast."

"Yip," says Dog, which might mean 'yes', or it might

mean that he's still smelling peculiar things in the cave. I scramble from the cave and Dog sets off.

As we tramp through the passage in the rock, I think of feasting with the tribe. Fresh horse liver and roasted nuts, steaming fish with the skin on and sharp berries. It makes me miss my people even more. Well, except Rat, obviously.

Eventually, the floor slopes upwards and the light gets brighter. We're climbing out of the passage and into a dense, green forest. A forest with trees and leaves and bushes, with nuts and berries and insects. A forest that I don't recognise. "Food first," I say, "then we'll find the tribe." I have to act like an elder, now that it's only me and Dog.

"Yip!" barks Dog. He seems to have a plan. I follow him through the trees.

We walk for an age. Suddenly, Dog stops and yaps. Beside his muddy paws, I spot bright yellow flowers with spiky green leaves.

"Dandelions!" I cry. "A scrumptious, crunchy feast! You are a good dog, Dog." I throw myself onto the soft ground beside him. As I rip up the juicy, green leaves,

my belly roars with hunger. I stuff the dandelions into my mouth. They're crisp and tangy. The creamy sap melts on my tongue and bits of soil add a surprising crunch. Yummy!

After finishing the remainder of the weeds, my belly is still grumbling and something is tickling my hand. I look down. Crawling across my fingers is our main course: "Ants!"

Hurriedly, I lick the insects off my fingers and carefully crunch them between my teeth. They crackle and burst with sour juice that makes my mouth zing.

"Yum! I bet there's more nearby," I say to Dog. On all fours, I run along the ground after the marching ants. I find their nest and grab a sturdy stick. Then, I plunge it into the anthill. When I pull it up, it's crawling with tiny ants.

I'm so hungry, I slurp the ants right off the stick. Dog leaps around me, barking. He's hungry, too. I plunge the stick into the nest again, and this time I let Dog lick it clean. Delicious!

Many sticks later, finally full, I sit and dig spindly ant legs out from between my teeth with my fingernail.

"I'm thirsty, Dog. Do you know where we can find some water?"

"Yip, yip," says Dog, which might mean 'yes,' or it might mean that he's got ants crawling around in his belly. He skips off uphill.


"You're going the wrong way, Dog." I yell after him. "Water flows downhill, not up." But Dog ignores me. He happily bounds away.

"Dog!" I call, but he keeps bounding. "Dog!" He leaps and skips between the trees. "DOG!" I yell, as loud as I can. I can't even hear him anymore. "Fine," I sigh. I don't know how, but Dog is usually right about these things. I take a deep breath and sprint after him until I finally reach the top of the hill.

Up here, there are no trees, just grass and rocks. Dog stands proudly, his fur sticking up in the fierce wind. "Dog, why are we – woah!"

I spin around on the spot. This is incredible.

I'm so high up, I can see to the ends of the world. To the east and south, I see rolling hills and trees. I look north, expecting to see more of the same, but instead,

I see a wide patch of cleared forest. Smoke curls from  or more fires. Dogs run about herding goats, and people herd the dogs. There must be twice as many people as in my tribe. I've never seen so many people and dogs and goats and fires in one place.

Dog yaps, and curls round my legs until I turn west. Glittering in the light of the sunset, a long eel-shape twists through the trees.

"That's the Pig Lick River!" I start to jig on the spot. "You did it, Dog. We're going to find the tribe."

The river is called the Pig Lick because there are always wild pigs near the banks. We hunt them while they're busy slurping up the cool water and rolling in the mud. The Pig Lick River is the last landmark on the way to the Rock of the Long Sun.

The Rock of the Long Sun is like a three-legged mammoth with no head. It's made of giant, heavy stones and it is a really old monument. On Midsummer's Day, the sun sets between the legs of the stone structure, and when it does, the elders all do a special ritual. I'm not allowed to join in, *obviously*.

My tribe might be sitting on the bank of Pig Lick River

right now, feasting on a sizzling boar. "Come on, Dog, we need to head that way," I say. I swing my arms and set off down the hill.

Behind me, Dog whines. I stop and turn. Dog yips and disappears.

"Oh, what *now*?" I moan. This is incredibly unfair – when Dog knows the way, I follow him, but now that I know the way, Dog won't follow me.

I plod uphill much more slowly. When I get to the top, I still can't see dog. "Dog?"

"Yip, yip!" he says, surprisingly close by. I climb onto a jutting rock and then I see him.

He's found a cave! Not a piddling little bite out of the rocks full of squelchy mud, like the one that we slept in yesterday, but a proper cave with a high roof and a rock floor. It's big, dry and out of the wind. It's the perfect place to stop for the night. Even if it is a bit of a mess...

Dog is busy. He runs about, sniffing scattered objects and dark stains on the cave floor. I follow Dog inside. The middle of the cave is black from the ashes of

many fires, as if a tribe lived here before. Charred logs litter the ground. On the walls are painted shapes, like leaping deer and horses, drawn in red and brown. They're all running in the same direction, like they're being chased. The pictures are flaking and faded, as if they were painted years ago. I take a small step towards the gloom at the back of the cave...

Crunch! My bare foot is met by a hard and cool something that stabs into my sore skin. I reach down to investigate and pull out the splinters. I feel something smooth and round and holey. I pick it up carefully and carry it out of the cave and into the light.

I gulp. It's a human skull.

How does Bee feel at this point in the story?

What do you think is going to happen next?



Adverbs in Chapter 4

Eventually
Suddenly
Hurriedly
Carefully
Happily
Usually
Finally
Proudly
Obviously
Incredibly
Surprisingly

**Did you spot any of
these Adverbs in the
story?**

Can you think
of any others
that the author
could have
used?



Adverbs

We are going to
practise using
adverbs today.

You can look at this
list to help you
complete the work
on the next slide.

Careless

clumsily
messily
carelessly
thoughtlessly
stupidly
idiotically

brave

bravely
boldly
courageously
daringly
heroically

Stubborn

stubbornly
defiantly
obstinately

Funny

amusingly
humorously
hilariously
cheekily

Wise

wisely
intelligently

Careful

carefully
gingerly
cautiously
patiently
gently
slowly
softly

fearful

fearfully
anxiously
timidly
worriedly
nervously

Kind

kindly
mercifully
gently
helpfully

Unkind

unkindly
hatefully
cruelly
mercilessly
spitefully
viciously
maliciously

Quick

quickly
speedily
swiftly
rapidly
hurriedly
hastily
urgently

Thanks

thankfully
gratefully
gladly

beauty

beautifully
gracefully
attractively

Happy

happily
cheerfully
joyously
merrily

Sad

sadly
miserably
unfortunately
unhappily

Slow

slowly
lazily

Loud

noisily
loudly
deafeningly

Quiet

quietly
silently

Anger

angrily
furiously
crossly
irritably
madly

Secret

secretly
slyly
deviously
sneakily
deceptively

Task: Write these sentences in your book and fill in the gaps with an **adverb**.

1. Bee _____ plucked more feathers from the duck.
2. Bee gobbled up her meat stew _____.
3. Dog looked at Bee _____.
4. Bee ran up the hill _____.
5. The hunters returned to the camp, _____.
6. Bee _____ removed the duck from Dog's jaws.
7. "I'd love to go hunting," said Bee _____.
8. _____, Bee clambered over some rocks.
9. Bee's Dad played his drum _____.
10. _____, Dog licked Bee's face.
11. Bee whined _____ about having to pluck feathers.
12. _____, Bee crept into the cave.



How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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