



English Lesson

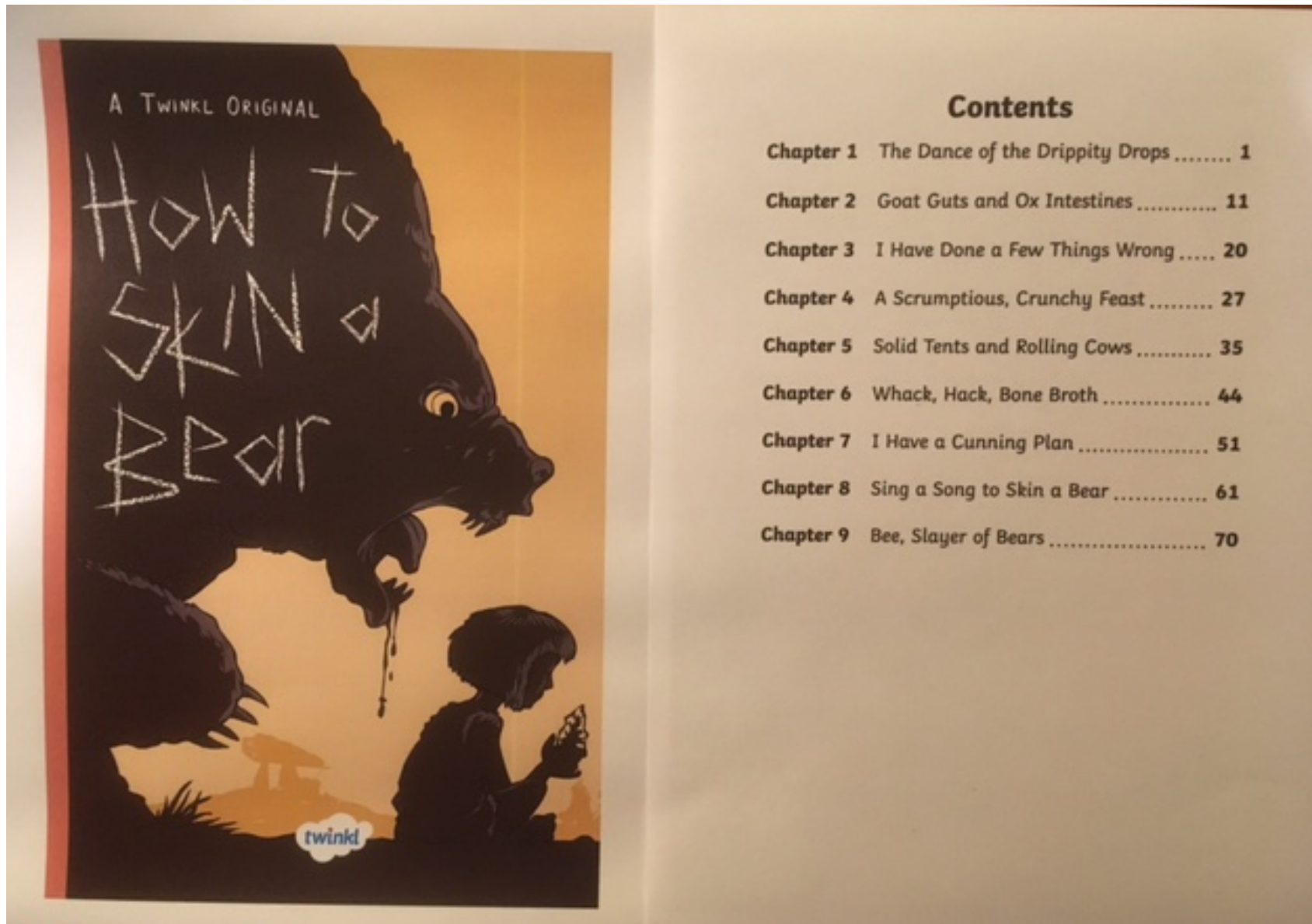
Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

Tuesday 26th January

Can I use prepositions in sentences?

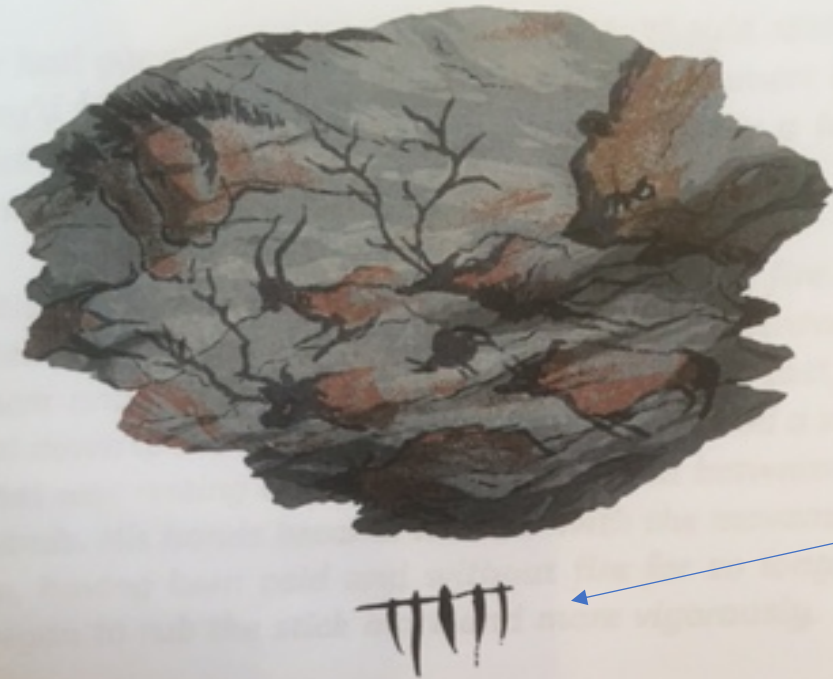
Today we are going to read **chapter 5** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.



Read chapter 5 on the next 5 slides.

Look carefully for any prepositions to do with time or place.

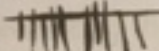
How many can you find?



This is how the characters record the number 5.

Solid Tents and Rolling Cows

That night, I decide to make a fire.

In our tribe, it's usually Bent Tree who makes the fire. Although I've never tried it myself, I've watched her many, many times and have carefully studied her movements. As well as this, Dad has told me the legend of Human's First Fire at least  times. On cold nights, Dad would wrap me in his goatskin and we'd stare into the flickering flames together. The story always began:

"The first human to make fire was Snapping Stick. Stick had collected sticks for so long that no one knew what else to call him. In those days, tribes collected fire from lightning-struck trees. Stick gathered sticks to build the fires. That was his one and only job; it was the lowliest job in the tribe."

At this point in the story, I would always complain to Dad, "At least he didn't have to pluck feathers, like me." I think of Dad as I pick up grass and twigs in the gathering dark. A knot inside my stomach tightens as I think about him and my eyes become a little wetter than usual. Quietly, I sing his song. I almost feel like he's here with me.

"Gather sticks both great and small,

Short and fat or long and tall,

Pile the sticks higher and higher,

That's the way to make a fire."

I heap the sticks in the middle of the cave. I take a pointy stick and a flat piece of wood.

"One day, when the tribe opened the fire stone, their

fire had gone out. The tribe despaired. They'd starve! They'd freeze! They'd be dead before the summer! But Stick did not panic. He had carried sticks for a long time, and he knew that they had power.

"Stick tried all sorts of things to draw out the fire. He tried tapping the sticks and spinning them, throwing them and flinging them. Nothing worked. At last, he sat down to think. As he thought, he idly rubbed a stick that was resting atop a flat piece of wood between his hands. His hands became warmer with the movement, so, having been cold and without fire for so long, he began to rub the stick more and more vigorously.

"Before he knew it, the stick that was rubbing against the wood began to smoke. It was only a wisp to begin with – almost invisible. The smoke became thicker and thicker and thicker. Then, he gathered the tiny mound of smoking ash that had formed. With great care he tended the ashes and soon enough, the whole thing came alight!"

I rub my stick into the flat wood. Nothing happens at first and I notice that my hands begin to feel sore. Nevertheless, I continue until it starts to smoke, exactly like Bent Tree does.

"Twirl the stick between your palms,

Never mind your aching arms,

Till the smoke curls higher and higher,

That's the way to make a fire."

My twirling sort of works. A light wisp of smoke begins to meander from the wood and stick. I carefully gather the ashes into the small, grassy nest. I lightly blow until flames lick the little twigs. I've done it!

"Stick was a hero! He had made fire and saved the tribe from hunger and bitter cold. Snapping Stick soon became the tribe's chief, and from that day on, fire-making was considered the greatest skill in the tribe."

Surely, now that I've made a fire, I could be a chief too. I feel like the chief of my own special tribe, just me and Dog. Dog dries his damp fur in the tiny fire's heat, and I warm my tingling fingers and toes, singing.

"Now the fire needs to eat,

Logs and branches bring the heat.

Soon the flames lick higher and higher,

That's the way to make a fire."

To keep the fire going, I'm supposed to get a big log and throw it on top! Unfortunately, by the time I find a log, it's too late – the fire is out. I grab more grass, twirl and blow, but I just can't get the fire started again.

"It doesn't matter, though, Dog," I say, forcing a smile. "My arms are warm from all the twirling, anyway. How does Bent Tree makes it look so easy?"

That night, I can hardly sleep. Every wind whistle and leaf crunch makes me jump.

I stare at the painted animals crossing the cave roof. They're running from something, but the paint has flaked off so I can't make out what. All I can tell is that it is a terrible, hungry beast. I think of the discarded bones scattered in the darkness of the cave. Who left them there? What left them there? When I drift off at last, I dream dark, scary dreams.

I'm in a crowd of deer and we're running. No matter how hard I run, I can't keep up. Deer hooves thunder around me. I'm going to be caught. Overhead,

the sun glows evil red.

I wake up shaking. Why am I here, in this cave, alone? Did the Sky Spirits lead me here? Was the red sun an omen for me? A warning? I should never have complained about plucking feathers.

No matter how much I turn and wriggle, I just cannot get back to sleep, so as soon as the first tinge of light leaks in the cave, I'm up. "Come on, Dog. Long way to go." I take one last look at the pile of bones. Then, I shudder all over and scramble outside. As the orange sun climbs up into the sky, Dog and I begin to walk. Before long, the steep hill turns into a shallow slope and Dog pricks up his ears.

"What is it, Dog?" I ask. We creep further into the trees and soon, I hear it, too. It's not just one sound, but lots jumbled together: voices and animals, crackling fires and snapping wood. My mouth hangs open. "Do you think it's our tribe?" Dog grins at me, his eyes shining.

We walk, as soft as a whisper, towards the noise. My chest bubbles with hope as the noise grows louder and louder. Dog stops suddenly. He turns to me and whines pitifully.

"I think you're right," I sigh. "Our tribe isn't big enough to make that much noise. But we should check, just in case."

The trees begin to thin. Peering from the safety of the bushes, I see tall, wooden posts sticking out from the forest floor. They aren't trees; they look as if they've been put there on purpose.




In the clearing beyond, people sit by fires and outside tents... but these are not like tents that I've ever seen before. They don't look at all easy to move; they're much too big. They are built in a peculiar, pointed shape. Instead of animal skins, the walls are made from mud and wood. The roofs are different too; these are covered in sticks and twigs. Surely these people cannot move these structures to a new place. There are tracks in the grass as if many feet have walked the same paths between the tents, again and again. They must have been here for a long time...

There are patches of dug earth beside the structures, sprouting with plants. I see women and younger children picking from these plants. One of the women is putting some of the plant back onto the soil. Why are these gatherers able to collect food so close to home? It's like this tribe decided that instead of looking for

food, they would get all of the food that they needed and put it all in one place.

Near to these strange, dug-up areas of land are patches of grass covered with animals. The animals are blocked into this space with wooden posts. I watch as one girl, not much older than me, chases a group of sheep into an area. She counts them as they run in. Her dog races around the clearing, chasing the last of the sheep inside.

How did this tribe manage to round up so many sheep? I wonder if I could steal one without them noticing. I wouldn't mind some tasty mutton for supper. Just as my stomach grumbles loudly, I see the girl grabbing a handful of grain and giving it to one of the smallest sheep. What is she doing? Why are the animals getting *her* food? I watch on in horror as the sheep happily munches away. Perhaps *this* is why the animals stay so close.

Near the fire,  men push a colossal cow carcass, which is lying on top of  or  thick, straight, stripped branches. It moves easily as the branches roll smoothly underneath it and the men take it in turns to replace the log at the front. Imagine that – a huge cow that you could push around as though it were

Bee's tribe
were hunters
and gatherers
and moved
from place to
place over
the year.

How were
this tribe
different?

lighter than a feather!

I look around at the strange tribe and study their sturdy walls, sheep behind posts and unmoving tents. I wonder whether I'd be allowed to collect sheep. I wonder whether I could build thick walls. I wonder what it would be like to not have to walk everywhere to find food.

I have to find my tribe. "Come on, Dog. We won't find our tribe by sitting here."

Dog yips in agreement, and we sneak away into the forest.

What do you
think is going to
happen next?



Did you spot any of these Prepositions in the story?

Time Prepositions	Place Prepositions
That night On cold nights In those days At this point One day At last Before he knew it When I Just as	Overhead Outside In the Towards Further into Near the fire By the Besides the Behind the

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



Prepositions List

Today:

We are going to
practise using
prepositions in
sentences.

You can use
these lists to
help you.

Where

Under
Over
Next to
On top of
Above
In
...by the...
...out of...
On
Across
Against
Beneath
Behind
Between
Inside
In front of
Near

When

A long time ago...
The next day...
That afternoon...
The next morning...
In the evening...
An hour later...
A few hours later...
Finally, ...
Firstly...
Secondly...
As he was...
Next...
Before...
After...
During...
..until...
...at last...

Prepositions - Adding a comma.

Example from the text:

"Before he knew it, the stick that was rubbing against the wood began to smoke. It was only a wisp to begin

Bee gobbled up her stew next to the fire.

Preposition



Next to the fire, Bee gobbled up her stew.

Preposition



Because the preposition is at the start of the sentence a comma is needed.



Task: Write these sentences in your book and add a preposition in the gap.
Don't forget your comma.

1. _____, Bee plucked more feathers from the duck.
2. _____, the tribe cooked a meat stew.
3. _____, Bee played fetch the stick with Dog.
4. _____, a storm blew the tent down.
5. _____, the hunters returned to the camp.
6. _____, the tribe walked to their next camp site.
7. _____, Bee tried to catch some fish.
8. _____, Dog curled up to sleep.
9. _____, Bee tried to light a fire.
8. _____, Dog licked Bee's face.
11. _____, Bee's Dad told her a story.
7. _____, Bee saw lots of animal paintings on the wall.



How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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