



English Lesson

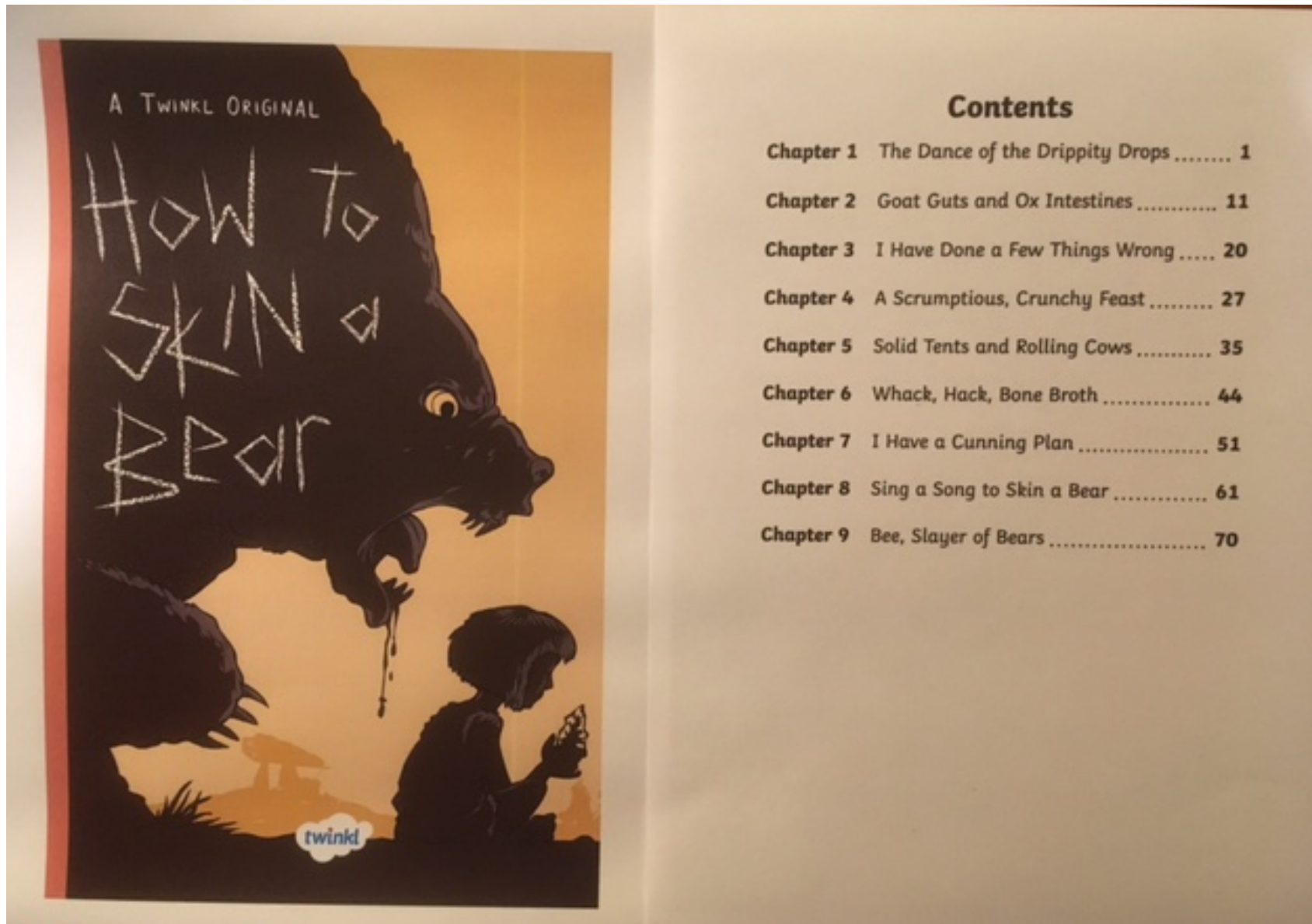
Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

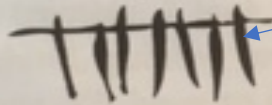
Thursday 28th January

Can I create my own Stone Age story
characters?

Today we are going to read **chapter 7** of the story called, How to Skin a Bear.



Read chapter 7 on
the next 5 slides.



This is how the characters record the number 7.

I Have a Cunning Plan

The bear stares right at us.

He narrows his small, black eyes and grins. I see rows of glinting white teeth, as sharp as arrowheads. We are dead.

I scream. Dog growls. The bear roars. Then, I run.

I speed through the forest, stamping down sticks, snapping off twigs, and scraping on thorns. Dog is behind me, beside me, ahead of me. I force my way

through the thick forest, not daring to look back.

An earth-shattering roar erupts right behind me. The ground trembles. The bear is gaining on me. His hot breath brushes the back of my neck. It stinks of rot and rage. He wants to eat me for dinner.

I look left, then right. Perhaps I can climb up a tree, but if I'm not quick, the bear will pull me down and have me for supper. The blue water gurgles and glitters to one side of me. That's it – the river!

"This way, Dog!" I bellow, and we dart through the bushes. My breath rips in and out of me. My chest thumps harder than ever before. My legs are on fire. My whole body feels like it could explode. The bear's heavy footsteps pound behind us.

Thrusting my hand axe into my furs, I plunge into the freezing river, followed almost immediately by Dog. I fling my arms and churn my legs. Desperately, I try to pull my body through the raging river.

I hear an almighty splash and an enormous wave crashes over me. My whole body is dragged underwater. Hauling myself back towards the surface, I gasp as my head breaks into cold, fresh air. I choke and splutter

out the freezing water. One panicked glance behind me is enough: the bear is in the river.

His mighty limbs carve through the water. His piercing black eyes are transfixed on me. His sharp white teeth continue to glisten dangerously. I'd forgotten that bears can swim.

Dog scrambles out on the other side of the river. My legs pump and my heart thumps as I squelch onto the muddy riverbank. I clamber clumsily to my feet. My exhausted legs tremble. I look back and see that the bear is close behind, gaining on us. I can't outrun him. If I can't escape, I'll have to fight. I dig out my axe and clutch it. The edge bites my skin. I feel almost dizzy. Any second, I'll have to turn and fight.

The river bends up ahead. Dog leans into the bend and I skid after him. The light of the setting sun hits me in the face. I can't see a thing! I hear the river rush and gush. I shade my eyes with my hand, and that's when I see the waterfall.

Just ahead, the Pig Lick River falls over a ledge onto jagged rocks. The edge is lost in clouds of mist. Water glitters on the rocks, like a spell to lure the unwary. If I fall over that, I'm dead for definite.

Dog yaps, and sprints along the ledge-top. I twist in his direction, but the ground is wet and my foot slides out from under me. I land on the mud, hard.

My knees are sore, my hands are blistered and my ankle is throbbing. But I have a bigger problem: a problem with huge, curved claws and blood-stained teeth. I look up. The bear's small eyes shine with malice. He towers over me like a huge cliff. The bear gives a smug shake and his brown fur ripples.

He leaps. His jaws hang open and strings of drool dangle from his teeth. Just as his foul breath hits me, I tuck my knees to my chest and roll. The bear misses me by a hair and lands with a squelch. He slides on the wet ground and I spot the look of confusion on his face, as his back feet threaten to slip over the rocky ledge.

I have a cunning plan. When the elders go hunting, they kill deer by chasing them over cliff edges. Somehow, I have to trick the bear into falling down the waterfall.

"Dog!" I yell, and I do the special hunting whistle.

As Dog runs closer, the bear crouches, ready to spring. I stand on the riverbank, knees bent, axe ready. Ready to do what, I'm not quite sure. My tiny, misshapen

stone can't hurt a bear! Energy races through my body. The bear leaps. I twist to the side and he misses me by a hair. He turns to glare and growls indignantly. I take a few steps back towards edge of the waterfall. Cold mist sprinkles onto my skin. I'm balanced on the edge of a deathly drop. My chest is tight and my head feels so light, it could float away like a cloud.

Then, Dog is there, lean and quick as a darting fish. Dog races round the bear. The bear is distracted and lumbers after him. Dog chases round and round in circles, and the bear follows. Just watching makes me dizzy. Then, Dog runs and leaps over to me, his pink tongue dangling from his panting mouth, and the bear stumbles after him. This is it. I can't mess this up, or it won't be the bear tumbling down into a smushy gloop on the rocks below – it'll be me.

The bear is so close, it could almost grab Dog's tail and swing him in the air. Just as Dog reaches me, he swerves. The bear lunges at me, his deadly teeth bared, powerful claws out.

I dive sideways. My ribs crash onto the rocks and the breath is knocked from me. A shadow flies overhead. I look up –

The bear tumbles over the ledge into the misty waterfall. It feels like an age before anything happens.

I hear a thud. Then, nothing. It's over.

I flop back onto the cool rock. "Woohoooooooo!" I yell at the sky. Dog joins in howling. "I'm alive! We're both alive! Alive, alive, alive."

I peer over the rocky edge. Through the mist, I can just make out the brown bear lying far below. I just killed a bear. Me. Bee. With only a bit of help from Dog.

No one's going to make me pluck feathers all day after *this*.



It's not easy to reach the bottom of the waterfall. There's a sloping path down, but it's on the other side of the Pig Lick River. I wade across and climb up the opposite bank with my teeth chattering. Dog and I clamber and slide down the uneven rocks to the base of the waterfall. The bear didn't fall into the water, he landed on the rocks – the rocks on the opposite bank. Once again, we have to swim across.

Dog yawns his biggest yawn. I sigh my biggest sigh.
"Just one more crossing, Dog," I reassure him.

I lead the way downstream to where the water is rushing less. On the shore, I take a deep breath, then I plunge into the water. My bones feel like ice. Quickly, I push forward, afraid that I'll be frozen solid any moment. When I reach the opposite bank, I clamber out of the river, shaking all over. I don't think that I'll ever be warm again.

The first thing that I'm going to do is make a fire. I collect dry grass and twigs and a few big branches. I whack the branches with my axe. My hands are so sore but I know that I need to get wood if I'm going to be warm tonight. I hack at some of the thinner branches and soon enough, they're all roughly chopped into fire-sized pieces. I carry my freshly cut wood pile near to where the bear lies on the rocks. Fire will scare away any scavengers that come sniffing in the middle of the night, trying to eat my bear.

For the second time in my life, I attempt to start a fire. I twirl a sharp stick on a split branch and begin Dad's song.

"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."

Maybe the Sky Spirits think that I've earned a favour, or maybe I'm getting the hang of it, but the fire lights much quicker than before – and it doesn't disappear! Soon enough, it's blazing.

The bear is a little bit smushed up from his fall, but there's plenty of delicious meat on him. It takes a few swipes, but somehow I manage to hack off some strips of meat for myself and Dog. I take the hunks of meat and roast them on hot stones at the edge of the fire.

"Bear meat had better be more delicious than pig meat," I say impatiently, as Dog tucks into his portion. I wait for mine to brown a little more before I spear the roasting meat with a sharp stick and take a nibble. It. Tastes. Amazing.

Maybe it's just that I'm utterly tired and hungry, maybe it's because I nearly died today, but this meat

tastes better than anything I've ever eaten in my entire life. When I'm full, I curl up next to Dog. I've got a full belly, a blazing fire and a swelling sense of pride. I killed a bear today. There's just one problem and I begin to deflate just thinking about it. I miss my tribe, and most of all, I miss my dad.

That night, I dream.

I'm lying beside a fire. Beside me sits the bear, reshaping my axe with a stone. "Lie still, human," he says. "This won't hurt a bit. Well" – he stops to inspect his axe – "it won't hurt me a bit." The bear chortles and I try to wriggle away but I can't. The bear guffaws; I try to scream for help. The bear roars with laughter, showing his huge, curved teeth, and –

I wake up, gasping. Above me, friendly stars twinkle. Dog snores beside me and the fire crackles. On the other side of the fire is a lifeless, lumpy shape. The bear can't get me, because I got it first. Still, I wish Dad were here, just in case. I add another log to the fire, snuggle up to Dog and slip back to sleep. Again, I dream, but this time it's totally different.

I stride towards the Rock of the Long Sun. The midsummer sun is setting between the pillars. The

tribe are waiting for me in their masks and best furs. They stare. They can't stop staring. Snore of the Rat's mouth hangs open, and even Bent Tree's eyes go all goggly. I wonder if I've forgotten to put my clothes on, and look down. I see that I'm dressed in bristling bear fur. Something heavy weighs down on my head. I lift whatever it is off. It's a bear skull.

The whole tribe cheers. The elders do the Dance of the Dizzying Dog, and sing the Song of Bee who Slew the Bear. For once, they let me join in!

I wake up at sunrise with a plan.

What do you
think Bee's Plan
is?



Create Your Own Stone Age Tribe

You are going to be writing your own story set in the Stone Age.

Task: To help you plan your story, create your own Stone Age tribe. You may like to base your ideas on what your own family would be like if they had lived in Stone Age times!

Naming your tribe members

In Chapter 1, Bee tells the reader all about some of the members of her tribe.

They have unusual names which are linked to their appearance or the jobs they do.

E.g. Bent Tree, Knotted Mane.

Draw and fill in the information about the members of your tribe using the sheets on the next slides. Start with yourself!

These animals lived during the Stone Age and this list might help you with the names: woolly mammoths, wild boar, sheep, deer, cave bears, hyenas, bees, ducks, goats.



Sheet 1.



Example:



Name: Dancing Wolf

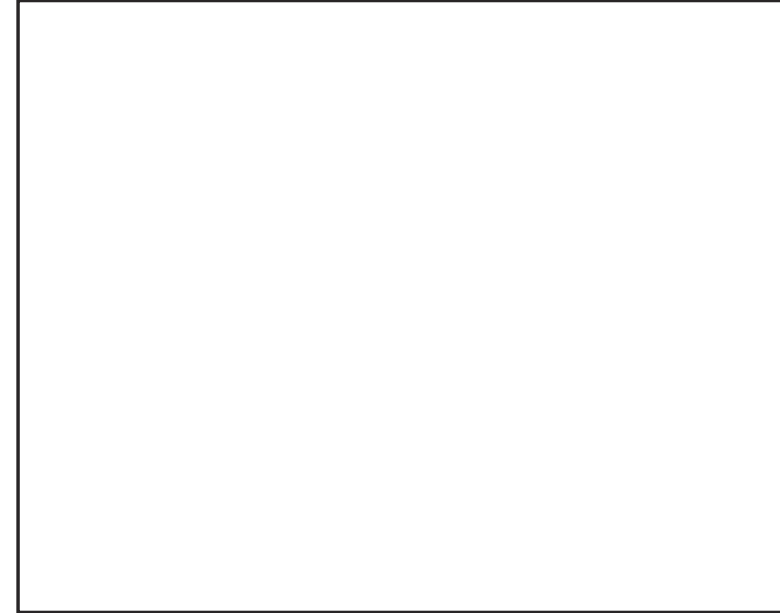
Reason for name: loves dancing and can be fierce

Job in the tribe: fishes

Often heard saying: Let's Dance!

Likes: dancing, helping gather firewood, nature.

You:



Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



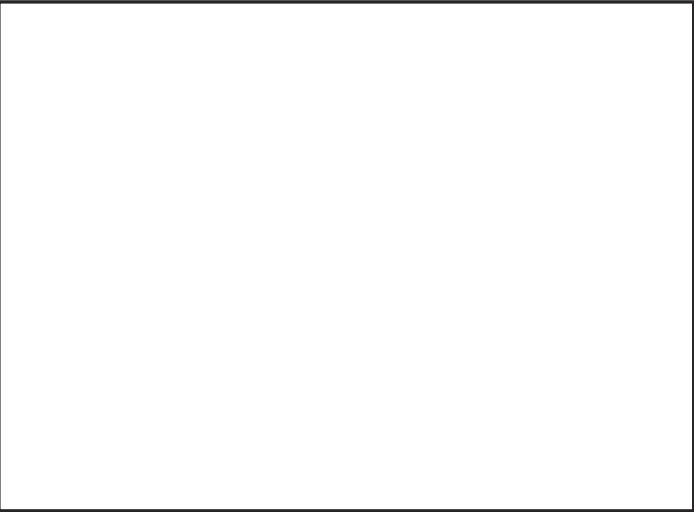
Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



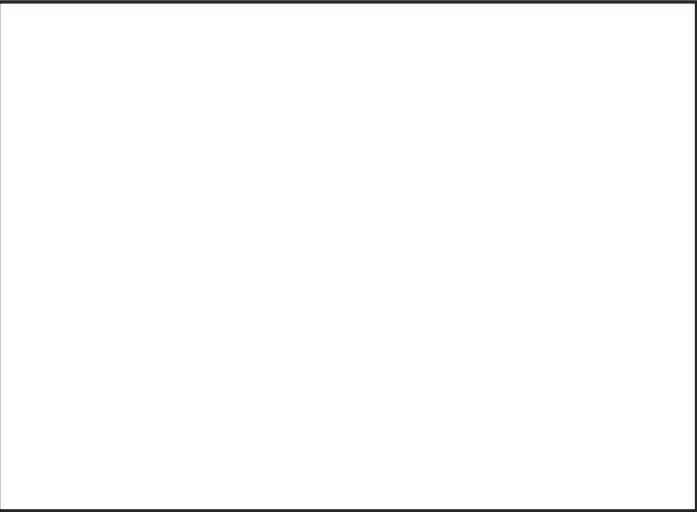
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Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



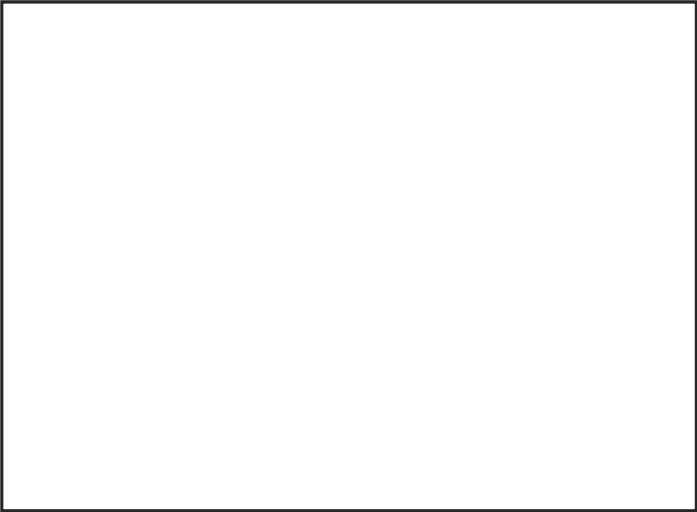
Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



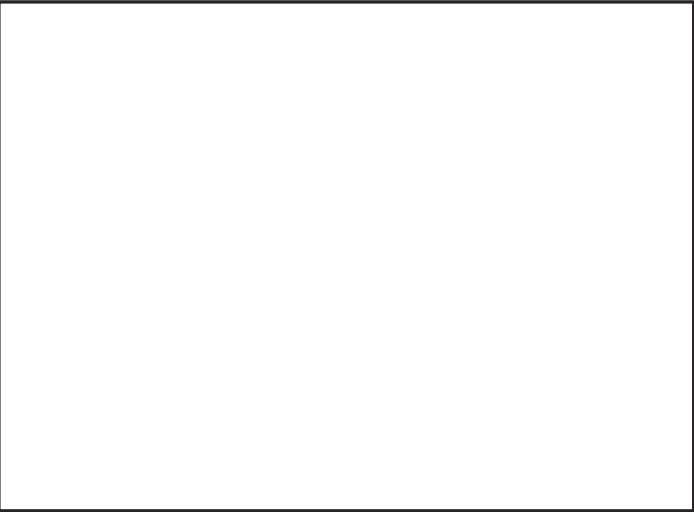
Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



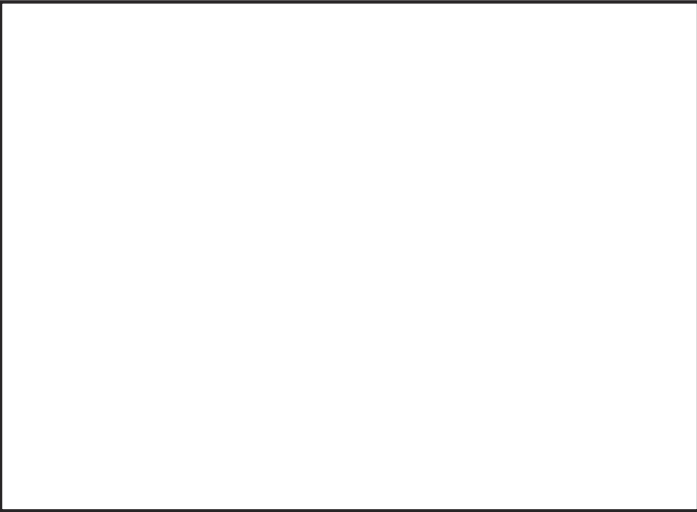
Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:



Name:

Reason for name:

Job in the tribe:

Often heard saying:

Likes:

How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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