

English Lesson Year 3

Write your date and title in
your exercise book.

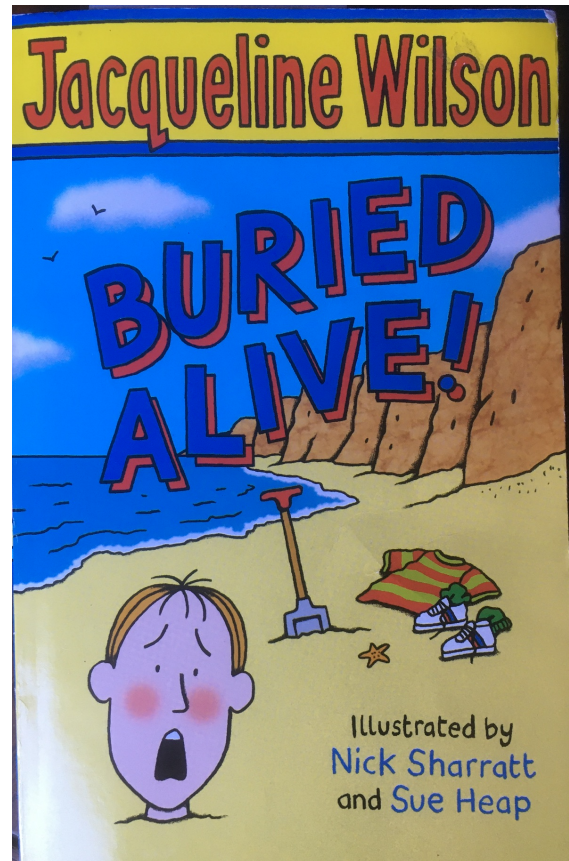
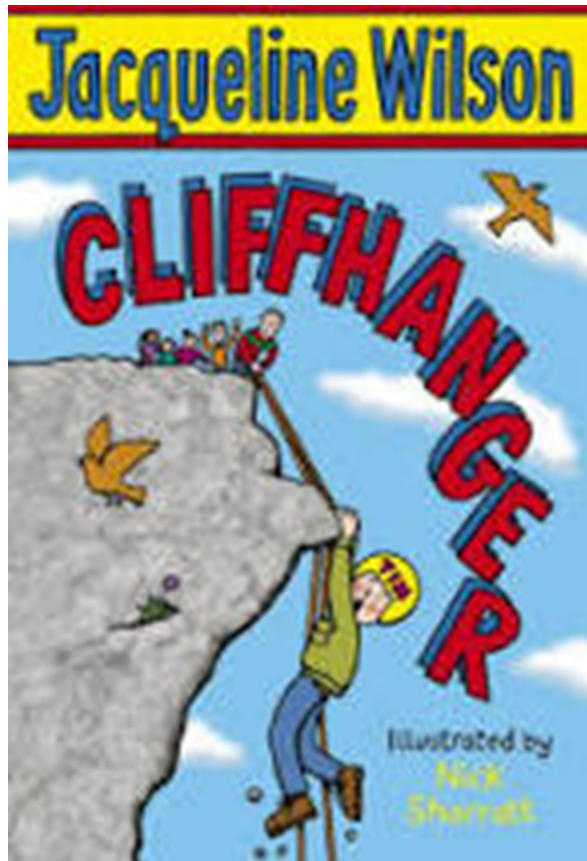
Thursday 4th March 2021

Can I plan a diary entry?

Task: Today you are going to plan out a diary entry.

The diary page must include details from the first chapter of Buried Alive (the sequel to Cliffhanger).

The diary will be written from Tim's point of view.



Warm up – Read chapter 1 of the Buried Alive book. (The sequel to Cliffhanger)

Chapter 1

While you read
the chapter,
look for
description of
Tim's **thoughts**
and **feelings**.



I'd been looking forward to my holiday for ages and ages. We were going to this seaside place in Wales called Llanpistyll. It is a funny name. It's spelled funny too. It's in Wales and lots of Welsh words are peculiar. Dad says it's a super place though. He went there when he was a boy.

'We had such fun, me and my brothers,' said Dad. 'We swam every day and we made a camp and we played French cricket on the beach and we went for long clifftop walks.'

'I don't want to go on any clifftop walks,' said Mum. 'I hate it when people go too near the edge.'

'I won't go too near the edge, Mum,' I said.

I hate heights too. I went abseiling once. I had to. It was an adventure holiday. It was s-o-o-o-o scary.

'Shame you haven't got any brothers, Tim,' said Dad. 'It won't be such fun for you.'

'We can have fun together,' said Mum. 'What are the shops like at Llanpistyll?'

'Shops?' said Dad. 'I *think* there's one.'

'One?' said Mum. 'What sort of shop?'

'I don't know. A general store, I suppose,' said Dad impatiently. 'You don't go to Llanpistyll to go *shopping*.'

'Obviously not,' said Mum. She sighed. 'I like shopping.'

'So do I,' I said.

Dad sighed too. Even more impatiently.

'Boys don't like shopping,' he said. 'I worry about you sometimes, Tim.'

I worry about my dad sometimes too. He doesn't half go on. And on and on.

'We have a lovely time when we go shopping at the Flowerfields centre on Saturdays, don't we, Tim?' said Mum.

'Tim should be having fun with his friends, not hanging round his mum,' said Dad. Then he stopped and snapped his fingers. 'I've had a brilliant idea!'

I twitched. I don't always like my dad's ideas. Particularly when he thinks they're brilliant. But this time I thought it a Truly Dazzling idea.

'Let's invite one of Tim's friends to come

to Llanpistyll too,' said Dad.

'Oh yes!!!' I said.

'Oh no!' said Mum. 'I'm not at all sure about looking after someone else's child. And some of those boys in Tim's class at school are a pretty wild bunch.'

'I don't want to invite anyone from school,' I said. 'I want to invite Biscuits!'

'That boy you met on the adventure holiday?' said Mum.

'The boy who was always eating?' said Dad.

'He seemed quite a nice well-behaved sort of boy,' said Mum. 'Better than that Kelly!'

I met this girl Kelly on the adventure holiday too. She's my girlfriend now. I didn't really choose her. She chose me. She keeps writing to me. She puts all these kisses at the end. It's dead embarrassing. But she's OK really. Quite good fun actually. But nowhere *near* as much fun as Biscuits.

So Dad got in touch with Biscuits's dad. And Mum had a long talk on the phone with Biscuits's mum. It was all fixed!

I was thrilled. Biscuits was thrilled.

Kelly was not at all thrilled when I wrote and told her.

She wrote back: 'You mean rotten stinking pig. Why didn't you ask *me* to go to this

Llanpissy place with you??? Though I'm going to have a MUCH better holiday. My mum's got this new boyfriend with a caravan and we're all going to go camping and it'll be heaps more fun. And I *might* have asked you to come too but I'm not now. So there.'

I got a bit worried I might have upset Kelly.

'But Kelly's just my *girlfriend*. Biscuits is my best ever *friend* friend,' I said to Mum. 'I'm so so so pleased he's coming on holiday. We'll have such fun together. We laughed and mucked around and played all these daft games together when we were on that adventure holiday. It was great.'

'I thought you said you'd had a terrible time,' said Mum. 'Oh dear. I think I'd better buy a good book for this holiday.'

She sounded a bit huffy. I got the feeling I'd somehow upset her too.

'It's only natural that Tim wants to play games with his pal. Do you know how to play French cricket, Tim? It's a great game – but you'll need me to join in too, to make up the numbers.'

'Biscuits and me don't like French or cricket, Dad. We play our own games. He's Biscuits-Boy and I'm Super-Tim,' I said.

'Oh. Right. I see,' said Dad. He suddenly sounded huffy too.

I seemed to have upset everyone.

I felt upset myself the morning of the holiday. Truly seriously upset. I felt sick and shaky and my tummy kept squeezing so I couldn't eat my breakfast.

'Oh dear, oh dear, I do hope you're not going down with anything nasty, Tim,' said Mum, feeling my forehead.

'He's fine. He's just tired because it's so early,' said Dad, yawning.

It was *ever* so early, still practically night time. We had to make an early start because Llanpistyll is a very long way.

'We've had to make an even earlier start than usual to pick up Biscuits on the way. You do realize, Tim, it's adding a good fifty miles to the journey,' said Dad.

'Biscuits is such a silly name. I hope he's not a silly boy. I don't want you two messing around too much, Tim. I don't like it when you get over-excited,' said Mum. 'Is that why you're feeling funny, dear? Because you're so looking forward to seeing him?'

I didn't know. I suddenly felt *shy*. I knew I liked Biscuits ever so much. But what if he didn't like me this time? Maybe he'd changed? Maybe he'd think me a bit weird now? And

what would he think of my mum and dad?

I'd packed Walter Bear in my suitcase but I had to rush to my bedroom and get him out and have a quick nuzzle into his warm furry head. Then I saw myself in the mirror.

I saw this boy and this bear having a cuddle. Maybe Biscuits would think me a great big *baby*?

'Come on, Tim, I thought you'd done all your packing,' said Dad, peering round my door. 'Put that silly bear down and get a move on.'

Dad certainly thought me a great big baby. I don't think he likes Walter Bear one bit.

'Do you *really* have to take that old bear with you?' said Dad.

'Yes, I really have to, Dad,' I said clinging to Walter.

'Well, pack it away, then! You don't want Biscuits to laugh at you, do you?' said Dad, and he snatched Walter and shoved him on top of my folded holiday clothes and slammed the case shut.

'Dad! Watch out! His legs are all twisted back – and his nose will get squashed! He wants me to make him a special nest in my T-shirts,' I wailed.

'Oh give me strength!' said Dad. 'You mind I don't pack *you* in the suitcase too. Now go

and get in the car this minute while I lock up the house and get the boot loaded.'

'No, wait! Tim, have you done a last wee?' said Mum.

'Yes!'

'When? I should do another one just in case,' said Mum.

I wondered if Mum would keep asking if I needed to have a wee when Biscuits was around. Maybe Dad was right. Maybe he *would* laugh at me.

It was a very long drive up to where Biscuits lived. I sat. I looked out the window. I bit my nails.

'Are you all right, Tim? You're ever so quiet,' said Mum. 'You're not feeling sick, are you?'

'A bit,' I said.

'Oh, dear,' said Mum. 'Here, have a barley sugar. Maybe we should have given you a travel pill. Wind the window down a bit, dear. If you really feel you're going to be sick, do try to tell Dad in time, won't you?'

'He's not going to be sick,' said Dad. 'Don't keep on about it. Try to take his mind off it.'

'Well, I've got some little treats in my bag – but I was going to wait until Biscuits could share them too. Why don't you just cuddle up with Walter Bear, Tim?'

'I *can't*. He's shut in the suitcase. With his legs bent back and his nose squashed sideways,' I said mournfully.

'Do give it a rest – both of you!' said Dad.

Mum went into a huff.

I went in a huff too, though I'm not sure Dad noticed.

Then I fell asleep for a bit.

'Wake up, Tim!' Dad called. 'We're nearly at Biscuits's house. Now, according to this map they sent, Marlow Road should be . . . oh blow, we've just gone past it!'

It took another ten minutes of turning down one-way roads and doing U-turns before we eventually arrived outside Biscuits's house. And there was Biscuits on the doorstep.

'There he is! Well, get out the car, Tim, and run and say hello,' said Dad.

'We'll all get out, darling,' said Mum. 'Come on. What's the matter? You're not shy, are you?'

I felt s-o-o-o-o shy I couldn't say a word.

Biscuits didn't seem the slightest bit shy.

'Hey, Tim! I've been looking out for you for ages! Hi, Mrs Parsons, Mr Parsons. My mum says do you want to come inside for a cup of tea?'

'It's very kind of you but we'd better get on our way,' said Dad.

All the same, the two mums talked for ten minutes about mealtimes and bedtimes and boring stuff like that, and the two dads talked about motorways and petrol and boring stuff like *that*.

'We could have had a cup of tea after all,' said Biscuits. '*And* biscuits.'

'Are you hungry, dear?' said Mum.

'You bet,' said Biscuits.

'Well, we'll stop at a motorway café quite soon,' said Mum.

'Great,' said Biscuits. He nudged me. 'Great, Tim, yeah?'

'Yeah,' I said. My voice was still all little and whispery.

'Tim's feeling a bit shy,' Mum announced.

I could have kicked her. Everyone looked at me. I went red.

'Do you think you ought to have a quick wee while we're here, Tim?' Mum said. She lowered her voice a bit this time – but everyone still heard. I went redder than ever.

I wouldn't go, even though I quite wanted to. Biscuits said goodbye to his mum and dad and then we got in the car and set off.

'Would you boys like a barley sugar?' said Mum, passing us the bag.

'Yes please,' said Biscuits. He put three in

his mouth at once and sucked happily. 'Yum, I'm starving.'

'We'll stop at the first café we come to when we're on the motorway,' Mum said.

Dad wanted to carry on driving but Mum said Biscuits could obviously do with a proper breakfast. So we stopped at the first service station. We made a trip to the toilets first. I had to dash to get there in time. Then we went to the cafeteria. Mum and I just had tea and toast. Dad said he might as well have a fry-up now he was here.

'That sounds a great idea,' said Biscuits. 'Can I have one too? With bacon and lots of sausages? Yum!'

'You've certainly got a healthy appetite, young man,' said Dad.

'I think it's an *un*healthy appetite,' said a funny squeaky voice. Something pink and knitted popped out of Biscuits's pocket.

'It's Dog Hog!' I said. 'I'd forgotten all about him! It's your doggy piggy thing your granny knitted.'

'Yes, I'm Dog Hog. Fancy forgetting me!' Biscuits made Dog Hog say. He pretended to poke me with one of his floppety arms. Then Dog Hog gave Biscuits a poke too. 'You're not to eat bacon or sausages! They might very well be my distant relations.'

'Well, your distant relations taste ever so yummy,' said Biscuits cheerily.

'Horrid greedy boy,' said Dog Hog. Biscuits made Dog Hog's head wobble from side to side.

'What's he looking for?' I said.

'I'm looking for a certain Mr Bear I've heard a lot about,' said Dog Hog.

'Oh, you want to meet Walter Bear!' I said. 'Well, he's all stuffed into my suitcase at the moment, isn't he, Dad?'

Dad sighed – but his big breakfast had put him in a good mood. When we got back in the car he got my suitcase out of the boot and pulled Walter Bear out.

Poor poor Walter Bear. I straightened his legs very gently. He lay back stiffly in my arms, his entire snout squashed out of shape.

'I don't think he's been able to breathe a bit!' I said, trying to rub his nose back into position.

'Here, let Dog Hog get at him,' said Biscuits, and he made Dog Hog bend over and put his woolly mouth on Walter's.

'What *is* he doing? *Kissing* him?' I said.

'No! He's giving him artificial respiration,' said Biscuits.

'Oh, right,' I said happily. I pummelled Walter Bear's furry chest. 'I'll help too. Come

on, Walter, start breathing again.'

I made Walter take a great big breath and sit up.

'Ah! Thank you so much,' I made him say, in a deep growly voice. 'Who is this kind pink person, Tim? He's certainly saved my bacon. Whoops! Pardon the expression.'

'This is Dog Hog, Walter Bear.'

'I like Dog Hog, Tim,' said Walter Bear.

'So do I,' I said.

And I liked Biscuits too. Ever so much. I wasn't shy any more. Not one bit.

'I'm glad you're coming on holiday with us, Biscuits,' I said.

'Me too!' said Biscuits. 'Hey, I'm glad this isn't an adventure holiday like last time.'

'You can say that again!'

'I'm glad this isn't an adventure holiday like last time.'

'You can say that again!'

We both started cracking up laughing.

But we were *wrong*.

This holiday was going to be Truly Terribly Adventurous!

What evidence of Tim's thoughts and feelings did you find?

When you plan your diary, you will need to explain how Tim felt about the events that took place.
You can use this list of feelings vocabulary to help you.

Emotions

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happy content pleased relaxed peaceful jolly pleased glad	overjoyed delighted excited thrilled elated ecstatic jubilant over the moon tickled pink on cloud nine	unhappy sad upset down disappointed troubled	scared afraid worried troubled concerned fearful nervous apprehensive	angry cross furious grumpy moody mad	surprised shocked amazed dumbfounded
					
embarrassed abashed	tired sleepy	drained weary	confused baffled	bewildered bemused	

Planning out your paragraphs

Introduction Paragraph

You need to plan your **introduction paragraph.**
(Explain what the main event was for that day.)

Main Paragraphs

You need to plan your **main paragraphs.**
(Explain what happened that day step by step in chronological order.)

Ending Paragraph

You need to plan your **ending paragraph.**
(Explain what your overall feelings about the day were and about your thoughts about what the next day might bring.)

You can look at Chapter 1 to help you remember what events took place during that day.

Task: Use this sheet to help you plan out your diary entry about about the first day of Tim's holiday. Plan out each section and what thoughts and feelings he had.

Name: _____ Date: _____

LO: Can I plan a diary entry?

Success Criteria:

- First person
- Past tense
- Time connectives
- Chronological order
- 5 senses
- Thoughts and feelings

Introduction: _____

Thoughts

Feelings

Thoughts

Feelings

Thoughts

Ending: _____

Main: _____

Thoughts

Feelings

Example teacher plan on next page

Teacher Example Planning Sheet

Teacher Example Planning Sheet

Name: Mrs Drummond

Date: 1st March

Success Criteria:

- First person
- Past tense
- Time connectives
- Chronological order
- 5 senses
- Thoughts and feelings

LO: Can I plan a diary entry?

Introduction:

We spent most of the day travelling to Llanpistyll in Wales for our family holiday.

Thoughts

I'm sooooo glad that my parents let Biscuits come.

Feelings

Enjoying having his friend with him.
Looking forward to the holiday.

Thoughts

~~Too~~ Wondering what they will get up to.

Ending:

Wondering what will happen during the rest of the holiday.

Feelings

Tired because of the journey.
Excited about the rest of the holiday.

Thoughts

How can Biscuits and Dad eat sooooo much!?

Feelings

Nervous about seeing Biscuits again. Enjoying being silly with him.

Main:

We picked up Biscuits then drove to a service station for breakfast. Dad and Biscuits ate loads of bacon and sausages. Mum and I had toast. When we got back to the car, we played with our teddies, Walter Bear and Hot Dog.

How did you do?

I can't wait to look at your work.



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