Monday 18th January

Looking at Language

Learning objective:

Today I am learning to investigate language used for a particular purpose

Success Criteria:

I know I will be successful if -

I can consider which words are used to describe and create a picture in a reader's mind.

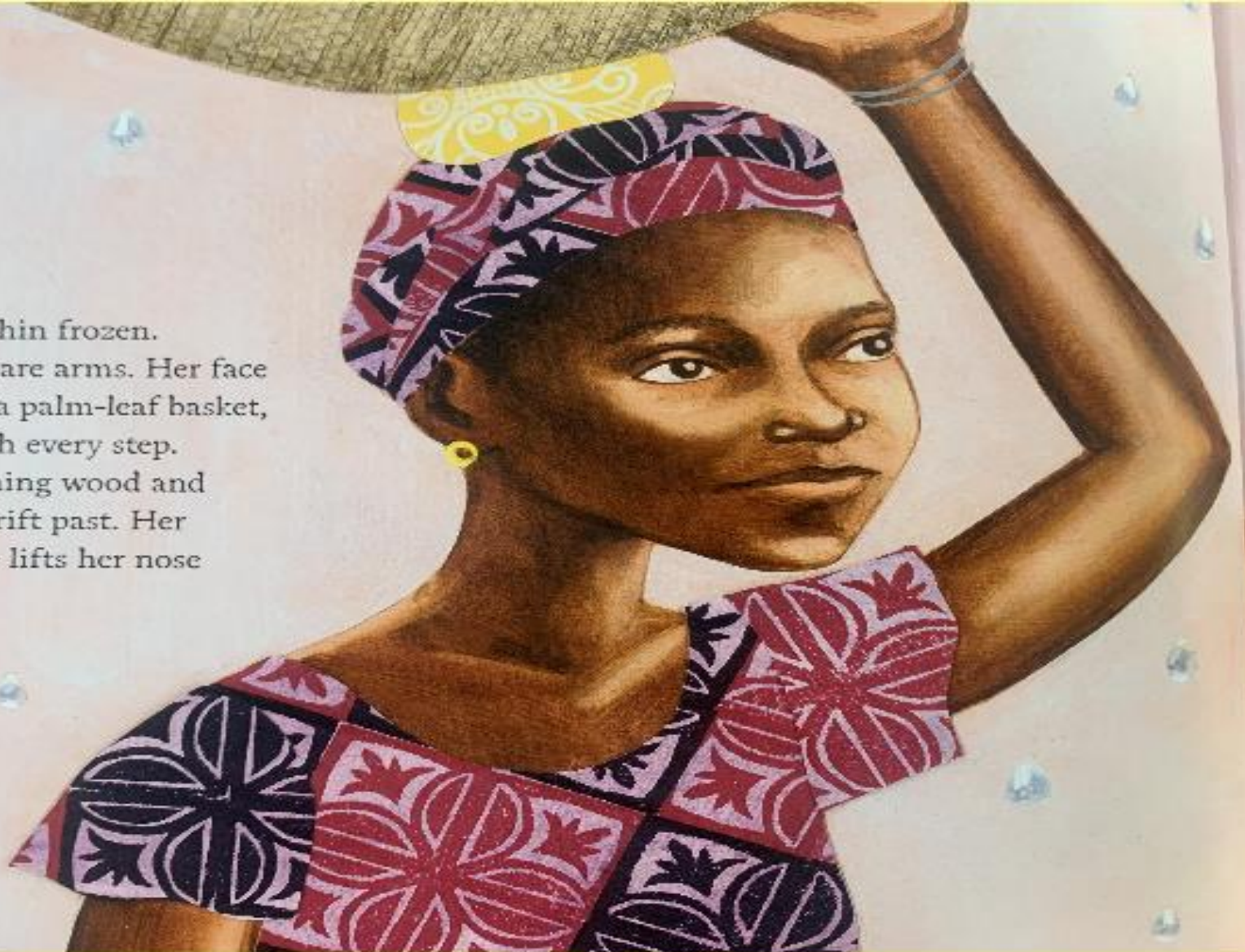I can identify key words that are used.

I can identify which words link to each of the four senses.

Let's remind ourselves of our book so far...

Njau, Gambia

Isatou walks with her chin frozen. Fat raindrops pelt her bare arms. Her face hides in the shadow of a palm-leaf basket, and her neck stings with every step.

Warm scents of burning wood and bubbling peanut stew drift past. Her village is close now. She lifts her nose to catch the smell.

The basket tips.

One fruit tumbles.

Then two.

Then ten.

The basket breaks.
Isatou kicks the dirt.

Something silky dances past her eyes, softening her anger. It moves like a flag, flapping in the wind, and settles under a tamarind tree. Isatou slides the strange fabric through her fingers and discovers it can carry things inside. She gathers her fruits in the bag.

The basket is useless now. She drops it, knowing it will crumble and mix back in with the dirt.

Four goats greet Isatou as Grandmother Mbombeh emerges from her kitchen hut. "Hurry in before the rain soaks your beautiful *mbuba*!"

Isatou scurries in, and Grandmother serves spicy rice and fish. Rain drums on the creaking aluminum roof.

"I . . . broke your basket," Isatou confesses. "But I found this."

"Plastic," Grandmother frowns. "There's more in the city."

Day after day, Isatou watches neighbors tote their things in bright blue or black plastic bags. Children slurp water and *wanjo* from tiny holes poked in clear bags. Market trays fill with *minties* wrapped in rainbows of plastic.

The colors are beautiful, she thinks. She swings her bag high. The handle breaks.
One paper escapes.
Then two.
Then ten.

Day after day, Isatou watches neighbors tote their things in bright blue or black plastic bags. Children slurp water and *wanjo* from tiny holes poked in clear bags. Market trays fill with *minties* wrapped in rainbows of plastic.

The colors are beautiful, she thinks. She swings her bag high. The handle breaks.
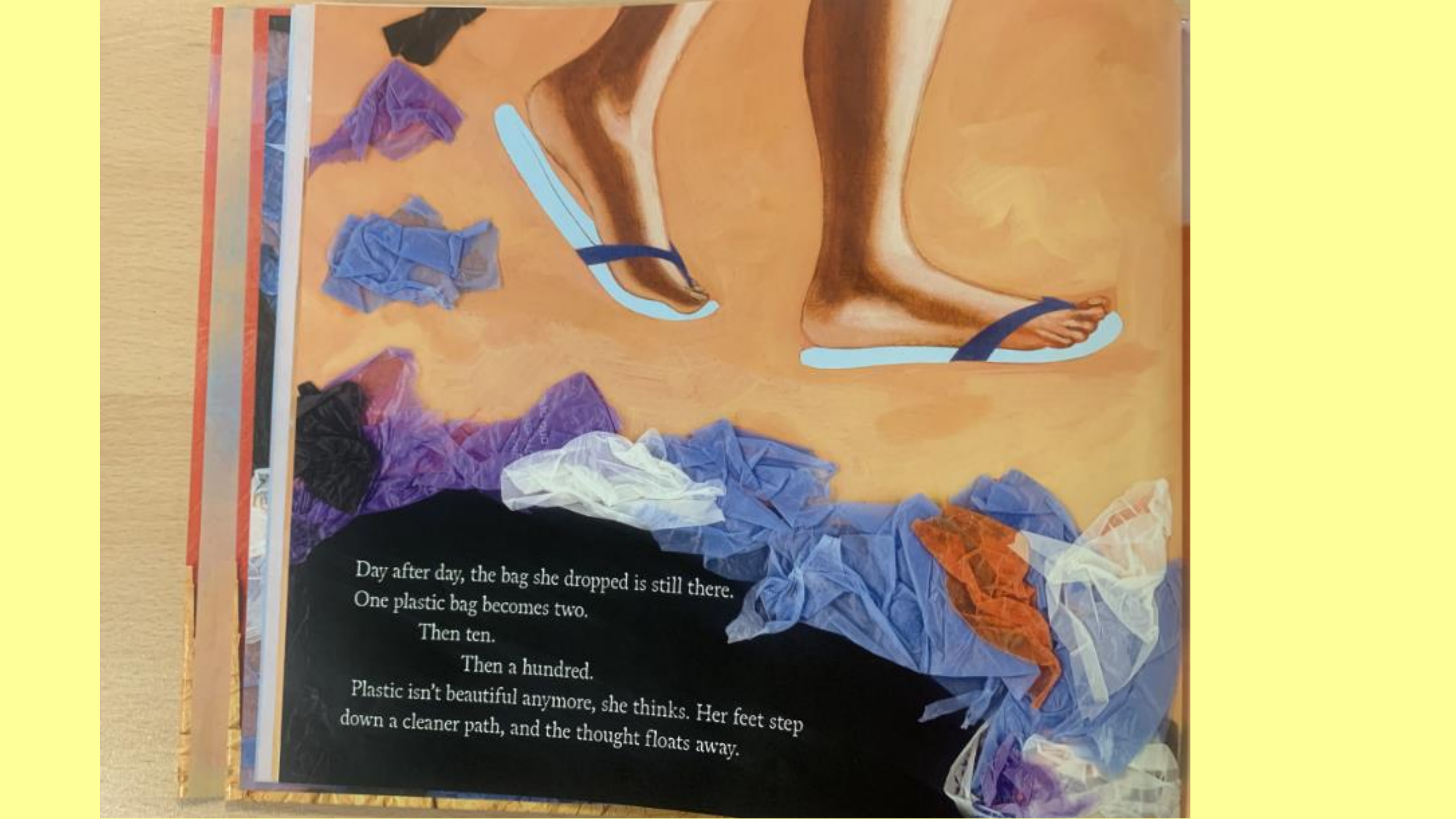One paper escapes.
Then two.
Then ten.

Isatou shakes sand off her papers. Another plastic bag floats by, and she tucks her things inside.

The torn bag is useless now. She drops it to the dirt, as everyone does. There's nowhere else to put it.

Day after day, the bag she dropped is still there.
One plastic bag becomes two.
Then ten.
Then a hundred.
Plastic isn't beautiful anymore, she thinks. Her feet step
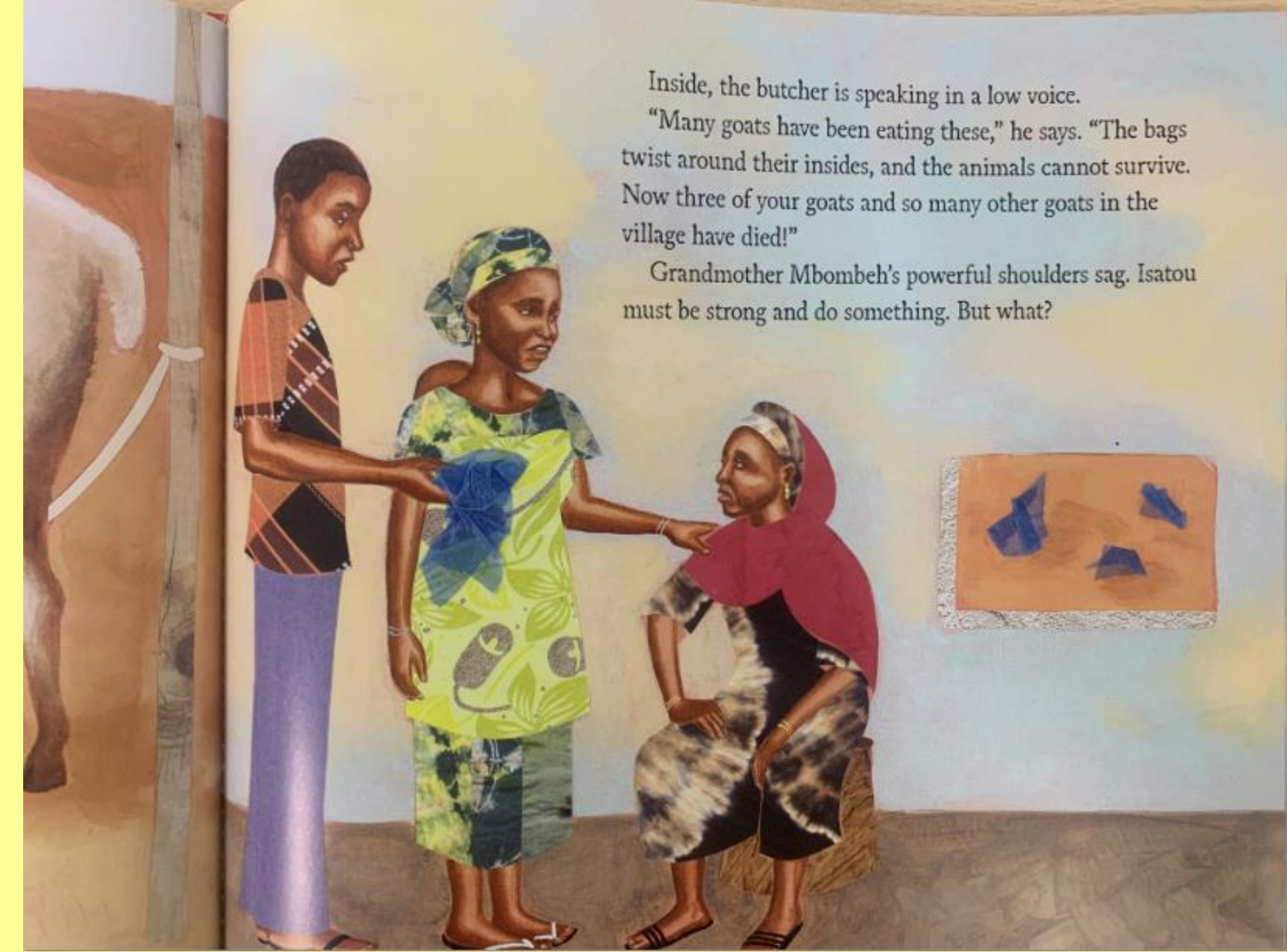down a cleaner path, and the thought floats away.

Years pass and Isatou grows into a woman. She barely notices the ugliness growing around her . . .

until the ugliness finds its way to her.

Isatou hears a goat crying and hurries toward Grandmother's house. Why is it tied up? Where are the other goats?

Inside, the butcher is speaking in a low voice.

"Many goats have been eating these," he says. "The bags twist around their insides, and the animals cannot survive. Now three of your goats and so many other goats in the village have died!"

Grandmother Mbombeh's powerful shoulders sag. Isatou must be strong and do something. But what?

What do you think they could do?

Let's read the next part...

Isatou's feet lead her to the old, ugly road. A pile of garbage stands as wide as Grandmother's cooking hut. Mosquitoes swarm near dirty pools of water alongside the pile. Smoke from burning plastic stings her nose. Her feet back away.

Read the description below of a rubbish dump in Manila

'The Smokey Mountain rubbish dump has provided a home to Jamie Amante since she was born 13 years ago.
Each morning she wakes to the horrendous stench from the site: "I feel awful waking up to the smell- rotting food, smoke, polluted air, charcoal, all mixed together." When she steps outside her family's shanty house, her feet sink into black mud, and flies swarm around the methane gas that bubbles from below.'

On a piece of paper, sketch what picture you have in your mind from the description. What are the words and phrases that are most memorable?

- Now let's draw on the language choices that struck a chord with you and place these in your worksheet grid. What other sensations might be triggered by being in such an environment and what words and phrases would best show this?
- Let's put these in the grid too…

See	Hear
Feel	**Smell**

Watch this video

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pouuVkdVadk

After watching the clip, are there any other sensations you can add to your grid? Complete your grid.