

Year 4 English

Week 3 Lessons 11-15

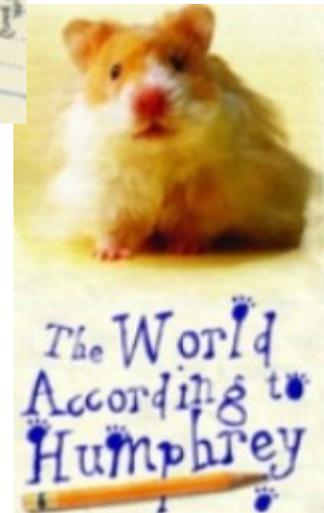
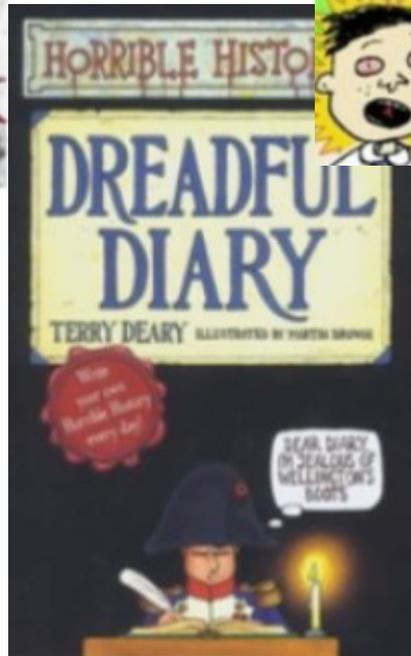
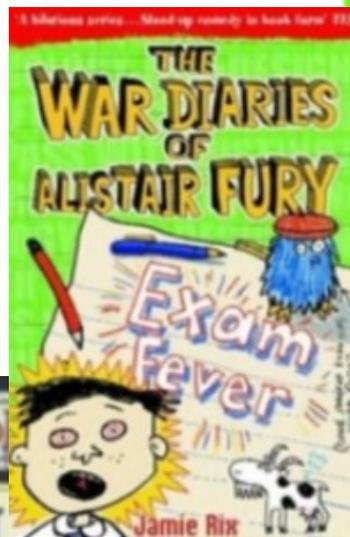
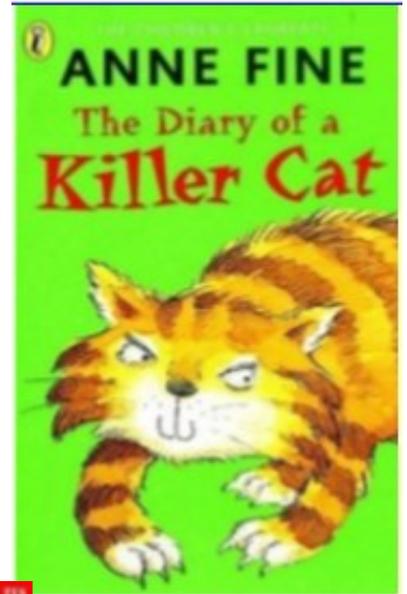
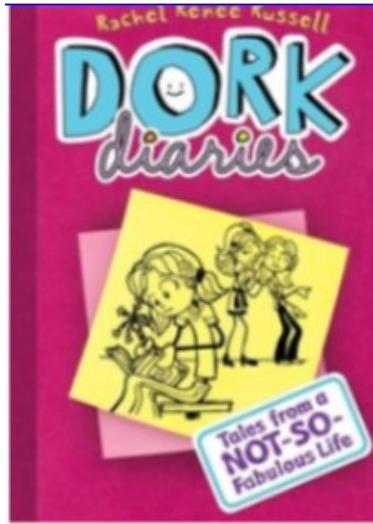
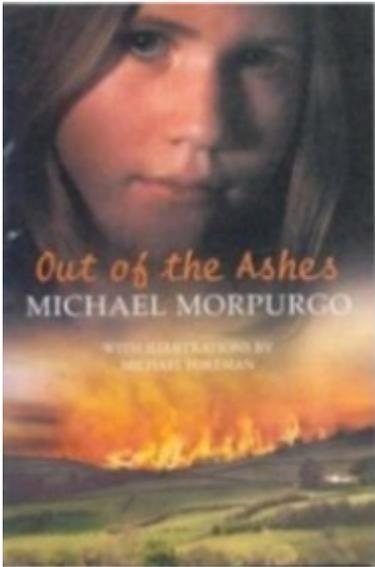
We hope that you are all well and continuing to be happy and healthy. Please continue to listen to Mrs Modha reading a chapter from the book each day which you will be able to see on youtube at this link:

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC9zzWTBpKA4Y7YNA8EoyijA/>

Continue going through one lesson each day and try your best.

- Mrs Modha and Miss Beck.

Lesson 11



What do all of these books have in common?

Discuss your ideas with an adult.

Lesson 11

Discuss the following questions with an adult.

What do you know about diaries?

What is a diary?

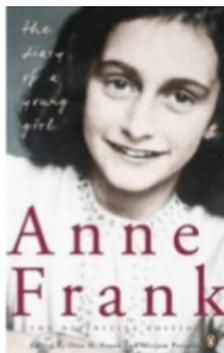
A diary is a book an individual keeps where they record events, their experiences and their feelings.

Have a read through the two extracts below and discuss what you read with an adult.

Extract from the Diary of Anne Frank:

October 20th 1942: "My hands still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare... The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers... After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on it. I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place..."

November 19th 1942: "Mr. Dussel has told us much about the outside world we've missed for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken off to a dreadful fate. Night after night, green and grey military vehicles cruise the streets. They knock on every door, asking whether any Jews live there. If so, the whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they proceed to the next house. It's impossible to escape their clutches unless you go into hiding. They often go around with lists, knocking on only doors where they know there is a big haul to be made. They frequently offer a bounty, so much per head. It's like the slave hunts of the olden days...I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed while somewhere out there my dearest friends are dropping from exhaustion or being knocked to the ground. I get frightened myself when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of the cruellest monsters ever to stalk the earth. And all because they're Jews."



Lesson 11

Extract from Samuel Pepys' Diary:

"Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of the Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep... By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places,... and there I did see the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side... of the bridge...

So down I went, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I rode down to the waterside... And there I saw a lamentable fire... Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they some of them burned their wings and fell down.



Draw a table. On one side write down the similarities you notice between both the diary entries; on the other side write the differences you notice between them.

Then write a sentence about why people such as Anne Frank and Samuel Pepys, keep a diary.

I think people choose to keep diaries because...

EXT: Why would it be useful to keep a diary myself?

Lesson 12

Read and discuss each of the diary entries below with an adult.

Then for each diary entry, write a few sentences to explain:

What happens on the diary entry.

A diary from the plague

10th October 1666

Dear Diary,

Heartbroken and terrified. That is exactly how I feel right now and I do not know what to do. I'm so alone. It all started when I awoke to banging on the door, I just knew it was Mother and when I flung open that door, an immense wave of relief washed over me- I had missed her so much and I was certain that Mother was here to stay... oh how wrong I was.

Without thinking, I ran up to my mother, hoping desperately for one of her amazing hugs, but instead, I was shouted at and told not to touch her, at first I thought I had done something terrible to offend her. Feeling rejected and suddenly nervous, I studied the weathered, anxious and overwrought look on my Mother's face and then I realised that something was desperately wrong. Taking a closer look, I noticed the tear stains and worry etched on her face and all of those feelings of dread and apprehension came flooding back.

And then she told me. My poor family, who do not deserve this anguish and pain; my poor Grandma Tebbutt who is extremely sick with the monstrous plague. Even though I knew it deep down, in my heart of hearts, hearing Mother say those words will forever be imprinted on my mind. Dark thoughts of losing family members and questions about the rest of the family whirred around in my head but I kept my mouth shut and let Mother continue.

Pleading for us to be brave, she told us that we were to stay in this desolate barn on our own, looking after eaching other, caring for one another but above all, staying alive. Suddenly feeling like I had the weight of the world upon my shoulders, Mother then gave me strict instructions to open the parcel she had brought with her carefully (at least she was good spirits and laughed about how silly she must've looked dragging it up the hill!).

Finally, it was time for Mother and I to part ways; she made us promise not to let anybody in the barn or to cross the river- I know how important these instructions are but does she not realise that we will miss her terribly? Does she understand that when we look over the bank of the river and see the smoking chimneys of our home, how isolated and lonely we will feel? However, I could not bear to burden her with anymore so I forced a smile upon my face and said my goodbyes.

Hopefully it won't be too long before we can be reunited; I know that we have to be strong and look after each other. I will take each day as it comes and pray for everything to be ok.

Catherine

Diary of a Ghost!

This house is starting to give us all the creeps. For ages there was no sign of trouble at all. But about a month ago, things started to happen.

Mum was the first to see something. It was late at night, on the stairs—a little girl, she said, wearing a long white garment like a nightie. It really shook her up. The rest of us—Dad, me, and my brother and sister—didn't believe her to start with. We thought she was imagining things. But a couple of days later, my brother saw the girl, too, going up the stairs just the way Mum had said. And the next night, we all heard these weird noises—like music, but not any music we'd ever come across before. It was coming from downstairs. Dad wanted to investigate, but Mum wouldn't let him. If there was anything horrible down there, she said, then she didn't want to know!

Trouble was, though, we couldn't ignore it, because from then on it got worse and worse. Every night something happened. Other figures started to appear, not just on the stairs but in the kitchen, the sitting room, even the bedrooms. I saw three of them for myself. A man and a woman, with that same little girl following along behind them. It really made my skin crawl. And nearly every night we heard the music.

Mum still didn't want to know, but after a few weeks of it the rest of us had had enough. So last night, when the music started again, Dad and my brother went downstairs. My sister and I wanted to go with him, but we weren't allowed to. So we stayed with Mum, waiting.

The wait seemed to go on forever, but at last Dad and my brother came back. Their faces were grim. There was no doubt of it, they said. They'd seen what was down there. And now, we're going to have to do something about it.

You see, people haven't lived in this house for years. We made sure of that. We scared off everyone who even thought about moving in. But people don't believe in ghouls, or bogeymen, or whatever you want to call us, any more. So for the first time in ages, suddenly there are humans here.

We're not going to share our house with humans. No way. So tonight, we're going to get them.

*And then no one else will want to live here again.
Ever!!*

Hades' Diary

Dear Diary,

Infuriating! That is the only word to describe this disastrous monstrosity of a day. Eurgh – just thinking about that little brat makes me shudder. Hercules – the child set to ruin my plans, to ruin my life, was presented to Olympia today.

When I first heard the news, I was quite excited: a new baby had been born into the family - a nephew for me. Feeling as though I should visit (seeing as how everyone else was there) I put on my best black robes and made my way to Olympia. When I arrived, I tried to crack a few jokes, trying to make an effort, but all the Gods looked down their noses at me – snobs! Then, Zeus came wading over with a grin like a Cheshire cat on his face, and his tan showing off those ridiculous, god-like muscles and fake smile! He is so annoying: he was always the favourite brother!

When I finally reached the smelly, little cot, I gave Hercules a present. Even though it was a spiky, rusty, old rattle, it was still a present. I despised the volatile creature instantly. The ungrateful brat threw it on the floor and picked me up by my finger - he nearly broke it in half! I can tell he's the son of the 'almighty' Zeus – his awful golden curls and olive skin tone, the way people were fawning over him. Eurgh! Whilst recovering from the throb in my finger, everyone laughed at me. I felt absolutely humiliated! I can't believe that horrid child will take my place as the next heir to the throne. Well...hopefully not!

After being ridiculed by that revolting child, I could tell I wasn't wanted at the party, so I told Zeus that I had lots of work to do and needed to get back to the underworld. Zeus made a joke about me being "dead boring". Despite a silence when I cracked a joke, everyone laughed at his! Golden boy, he makes me so angry!

Eventually, I stormed back to the underworld and decided I wasn't going to be treated like that! After a meeting with my friends, the three witches, and much charming and persuasion, they helped me answer my lie problems. How could I get rid of this bouncing baby brat? How could I ensure my place at the throne of Olympia?

The witches showed me the future and how my kingship could become possible. In eighteen years precisely, the planets will align. On that day, the monsters, whom Zeus has imprisoned, will be released under the planet's power. Hopefully – no...definitely - the monsters will be strong enough to defeat Zeus - to kill him! Their revenge is sure to be like no other – after all, they have been down there for centuries! In eighteen years, Zeus will die! Then, and only then, will I be able to take over Olympia.

The only negative to this exciting news, is that of that blasted Hercules. They said "Should Hercules fight, you will fail!" I have to make sure that this does not happen. I am going to get rid of Hercules, once and for all. Tomorrow morning, I will pay Hercules a visit and turn him mortal! Although he will not die, without his strength and god-like powers, he won't be a threat to me.

I'm working on my plans as I write, plotting how to infiltrate Olympia and give the mortality potion to Hercules. I am brilliant! A genius! A master of all!

I'll show them. I'll show them all!

Hades

Lauren's Amazing Day

Dear Diary,

Today was the most fantastic day! As the sun smiled down at me, encouraging me to face the day, I could smell breakfast cooking downstairs. I jumped out of my bed, threw on my school clothes and skipped down to the kitchen.

A delicious breakfast of pancakes with syrup was waiting for me on the table and I gobbled it down as quick as a flash. I grabbed my school bag, shouted goodbye to my mum and dashed out of the door to school.

Worryingly Miss Harper, our English teacher, was handing back our test papers as soon as we arrived. What level would I get? What did everyone else get? Would I do well? As I glanced over it, a huge grin spread across my face. I got 20 out of 20! I couldn't believe it! Excited, elated, thrilled, I couldn't wait to tell Ben, my best friend.

Before I knew it, it was lunchtime. The menu today was my favourite: spaghetti bolognese followed by chocolate pudding – yum! The afternoon flew by, and we ended the school day with a brilliant game of rounders in P.E. We all cheered when my team won.

After school, I came home and was met with the most amazing surprise: my mum told me that we were going out to the cinema and to Pizza Hut for dinner. We had a fantastic time!

I'm sitting on my bed writing this, remembering all the amazing things that happened today. I hope tomorrow is just as good!

Lauren

Wilbur's Diary

Dear Diary,

You would not believe the day I have had! It has been like a yo-yo, constantly up and down.

It all began like any other ordinary day. Waking from my slumber, I trotted over to my wooden trough filled with juicy grub and tucked in to my delicious breakfast. Overjoyed, my face lit up when I realised there were some leftover potato skins in there (My favourite)!

Once I had finished devouring my breakfast, I wandered aimlessly around the pigpen, searching for something to do. Bored out of my mind, I thought I would strike up a conversation with the goose. (That's how desperate I was!) She couldn't play with me as she was busy roosting. However she did mention, "There's a broken fence panel." As I had nothing else to do, I took it upon myself to investigate. Scampering over, I shoved the loose panel with my snout and I was free.

Like a baby-bird, that had learned to fly, I stepped through the fence and my body shivered as a peculiar feeling washed over me, Freedom! Cautiously, I started to explore these new surroundings I spotted a large orchard in the distance, which was filled with colourful apples. Sweet smells caressed my nose and made me smile.

It was long before Mrs Zuckerman spotted me with her beady eyes, and hollered to Mr Z and Lurvy, "The pigs out of the sty!" With that, I thought about how much trouble I would be in and took off like a rocket at the sight of the men following me. Intrigued by the commotion, some of the animals started to cheer for me; others just gossiped about how foolish I was.

With my heart beating like a drum, I sprinted as fast as my legs would take me, dodging the humans. (Why did I have to stay in that pen, 'ey diary? I wasn't causing any trouble)! When that stupid cocker spaniel with the floppy ears, caught up to me and tried to take a chunk out of me! I jumped out of my skin (rotten dog)! However, I managed to avoid him. Seeing that I was flustered the goose started barking orders "Down the path, down the path!" She spoke so quickly I could barely tell what she was saying! Suddenly I had nowhere to go. Frozen like a statue, I waiting as Mr Zuckerman crept towards me carrying a bucket! "This is it." I thought it was all over! When he gently placed the bucket in front of me, I breathed a sigh of relief to see that the bucket was filled with slop!

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Reassured by the tasty morsel I was given, I willingly followed them back in to the pen. Once there, I nuzzled into my fresh straw and decided to rest my eyes. So my day was rather chaotic but it won't be happening again any time soon because Lurvy nailed the fence shut. I'll write again tomorrow, I hope I can find someone to entertain me inside my pen?

Wilbur.

Lesson 13

Today you will be identifying the features of a diary entry. Read the diary entry below and re-read two of the diary entries from yesterday (your own choice).

Discuss with an adult the language and structural features you can find. Then create a spider diagram of all the features you find.

Dear Diary,

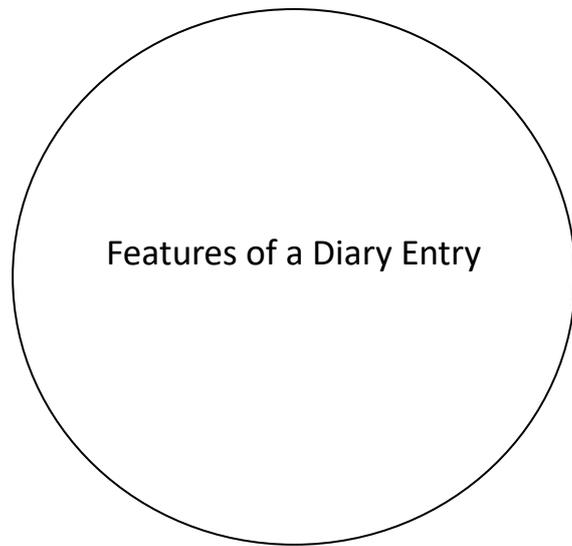
With wet and shaking hands, I write. Worryingly- my father has been missing for days now. At night time, the darkness seems even more frightening. Shadowy monsters crawl and fight, howl and growl on my walls, whilst I try to sleep. Is it my fault that he left? Did I drive him away? Why did I doubt him and his stories? I should've trusted him. I really wish I'd been brave enough to enter the cave that fateful day! I just couldn't... Fear consumed me! Oh- I hate the dark: inky, still, frightening.

As he's been gone so long, I've decided! Even though I'm afraid, I'm going to go and find him. My brain is full of spiders! They crawl through my brain, and over my skin, but I am determined to find him. If I succeed, I'll know that I'm a Brownstone. I'll leave as soon as the sun rises, before mummy wakes up. My heart (which is pounding harder and harder as I write this) is full of fear, but if I ever want to see my father again, I must go! I have taken Wind Weaver's feather.

Having flown long and far, across cities and countries. I've seen extraordinary things: flowing rivers, majestic mountains, sputtering volcanos... Wind Weaver carried me safely to Egypt. It is hot and humid here and the air is full of exciting new smells. In the morning Wind Weaver will carry me to the Sphinx, where he will leave me- alone! I am a bundle of nerves. Spiders still crawl in my brain, and across my skin. Only the image of my loving father keeps me going. Whatever I face tomorrow, I'll be ready for it. The Sphinx - which dominates the night sky here- glistens beneath the stars.

For now, I'll try and sleep. It's hard. One question keeps tumbling through my mind. Will I ever see my father again?

Fred



Lesson 14

Read the diary entry below and answer the questions in full sentences.

Dear diary,

19/10/2019

Sorry that I haven't wrote in a while, I've been very busy training Armitage (my rat) to dance.

Sadly, I have had an *awful* day today! This morning, I walked to school because my dad still has not got his car fixed. When I was walking out of the flats I felt a huge flobbet of flob on my head! Can you guess who it was? Tina Trotts of course! I thought this would stop once I got to big school...

Later that day, I was stood in the lunch queue when Tina's friend (Sally) tripped me up in the line. I fell right into my tray of food; I was so embarrassed! It took so long to get the stain out in the toilets. Eventually, the stain came off.

Finally, it was home time. Tina Trotts and her gang of witches followed me all the way home calling me lots of horrible names. Tears rolled down my cheeks as I ran the rest of the way home.

A while later, I arrived home. Unfortunately, my dad was not home, which meant Sheila was going to be horrible to me. When I walked in she shouted "Oi brat, come 'ere!". I ignored her and decided to go to my bedroom. It's times like these that I wished my mam was here...

I am not at school tomorrow so I think it will be a better day.

Zoe

1. Why has Zoe not written to her diary in a while?
2. Find and copy the sentence that tells us Zoe has had a bad day.
3. How did Zoe get to school? Why did she travel this way?
4. Who flobbed on Zoe's head?
5. How did Zoe feel in paragraph 3? Why did she feel like this?
6. How do you think Zoe feels in paragraph 4? How can you tell?
7. Zoe misses her mam. Find and copy the text that tells you this.
8. Why do you think Zoe ignored Shiela?
9. How do you think Zoe feels in the last line? How can you tell?

Lesson 15

Use the adverbial phrases creator below to help you to write a diary entry about your experiences of this last week. The creator has examples of places however you can use places of your own so that your diary makes sense and is personal to you.

You can pick either one particular day or you can do one for the whole week.

Adverbial Phrases		Main Clause
Time – <i>when?</i>	Place – <i>where?</i>	
yesterday evening	in the park	we walk the dog
in the morning	at school	John eats breakfast
later on	in the field	tidy your room
as soon as possible	outside	I went to the park
at break time	in the hall	it will be time for PE
during lunch	around the corner	he cycled to school
in a few minutes	on the playground	Jake hurt his finger
before long	from the castle	Emma got told off
after school	in front of the fountain	she runs away
within seconds	lying in bed	they are going to the cinema
quite slowly	in the dark forest	the children were lost
at first	beside the lake	they formed a plan
tomorrow night	under the ground	Jenny played football

Choose a main clause, and add detail using at least one adverbial phrase from the table above.

Remember:

- Phrases can go before or after the main clause.
- Make sure your sentence makes sense.
- Add a capital letter and a full stop.
- Put a comma after each phrase and the main clause (except the last one – that's where the full stop goes!)

Here is an example:

Later on, the children were lost, in the dark forest.