

Tuesday 26th January 2021

Street Child



WALT: write our own version of a story.

Throughout this week, you will be writing your own version of the Street Child story using the text that you have read across the last two weeks. You need to make sure that your story includes: an **opening**, a **build-up**, a **problem**, a **resolution** and an **ending**. You need to make sure that you are following your box-up plan when you are completing this.

Remember to try to include all of the success criteria that we have learnt about over the last two weeks. This includes:

- Exclamatory sentences
- Fronted adverbials: additional information at the start of a sentence
- Direct speech: make sure you don't overuse this!
- Dialect (for example: 'ave, 'ere)
- Adventurous vocabulary: refer back to the vocabulary lesson you did last week

Task One

On the next page you will find a WAGOLL (What A Good One Looks Likes) which includes the first three sections that you will be writing for your story today. Read through this and see if you can spot any of the success criteria.

Task Two

For today's lesson you will be writing the first three sections of your story (**opening**, **build-up** and **problem**). Remember that you have already written your problem paragraph from last week so this can be put straight into the story, after the build up paragraph. As you write your story, make sure that you are referring back to the success criteria to check that you are including everything that you need to.

WAGOLL (opening, build up and problem paragraph)

Jim's feet dragged along the floor. The workhouse. That's what the policeman said: "Take 'em to the workhouse." He didn't know what was waiting for him but he knew that it couldn't be good. All of his life he had heard the dreadful stories about things that happened there, and now, here he was, with his ma, being hauled along the cracked streets of London with inevitable doom waiting for him around the next corner.

As they turned the final corner, he was struck with fear by the height and appearance of the building. Thick, rusty iron gates stood tall protecting the cold, gloomy and unwelcoming workhouse. Birds shrieked on the gates, letting the master and matron know that Jim and his ma had arrived. The gates clanged shut, he was separated from his ma and he knew that his fate was sealed.

Months passed and Jim became familiar with the awful torture of the workhouse. He spent his days completing strenuous chores under the watchful eye of Mr Sissons. If even one foot was out of place, Mr Sissons would beat you until you couldn't move. Jim decided that he couldn't take it any longer; this was not how he wanted to live his life. In the quiet of the night, Jim woke his friend, Tip, and began to discuss a way to escape. A plan began to formulate and Jim felt a bubble of joyful and excited energy fill him.

"I ain't comin' with you Jim," Tip declared timidly. "You know what they'll do if they catch us. We'll be whipped and beaten till we can't take it no longer. I can't do it!"

"That's only if we get caught and we won't!" Jim replied with a note of certainty in his voice.

"No, I won't risk it. I'll help you escape tomorrow but I can't come with you." Tip's face and voice was filled with sorrow but Jim knew that he couldn't force him to come. This was something he had to do, even though he would be alone.

Straight after their evening meal the next day, Jim saw his chance and took it before he had time to talk himself out of it. He knew he needed to get out of this place. Tip winked at Jim and then began to dance, shout and sing; making the biggest fool out of himself as possible. They knew this would be the perfect ploy to distract the old, ill-tempered man who guarded the twisted, iron gates at night. The guard was too distracted trying to see what was going on, he took his eye off the prison gates. Jim clambered up the wall and jumped down. He felt his feet touch the paved streets of London and looked around him. He was free! Jim ran as fast as he could to get away from the place that made him feel physically sick just thinking about it. As the evening darkened, Jim still couldn't believe his luck. A feeling of relief overwhelmed him. He was one of very few to make it out of the workhouse alive. He slouched down against a tall, brick wall and closed his eyes. He dreamed of the times with his Mother and Father and Emily and Lizzie in their old cottage before Fa had died. He longed to see his family again. He knew his next mission was to find Emily and Lizzie. He promised himself that is what he would do first thing tomorrow. He allowed himself to fall into a deeper sleep...

"Oi! What 'ave we 'ere? A street child? Shouldn't you be in the workhouse not cluttering up our streets?" a policeman roared, kicking Jim's small body awake with a shock.

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Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 horizontal dashed lines for text entry.