

Wednesday 27th January 2021

Street Child

WALT: write our own version of a story.



In yesterday's lesson you wrote the **opening**, **build-up** and **problem** sections of your story. Today, you will be writing the **resolution** and **ending** sections. 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

Your Task

Read through the WAGOLL which shows the **resolution** and **ending** sections of the story which follows on from yesterday. Can you spot any of the success criteria?

You now need to write the final two sections of your story (**resolution and ending**). Make sure that you are checking to see if you have included all of your success criteria.

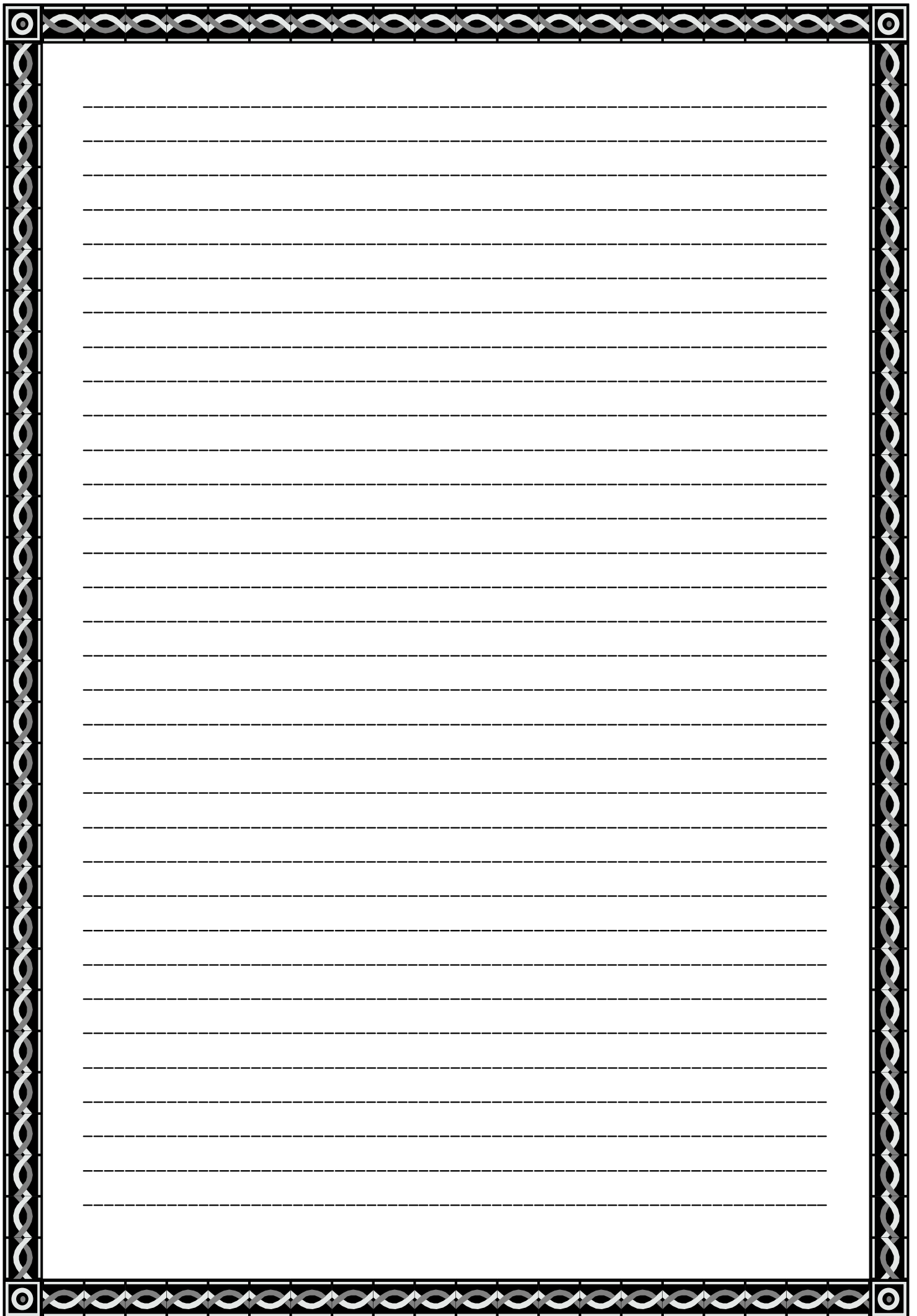
WAGOLL (resolution and ending paragraphs)

Jim's heart leapt out of his chest with fear. This couldn't be happening! He had only just escaped the dreadful workhouse, he couldn't go back there again. What would Mr Sissons do? He knew that he would be severely punished. He couldn't let that happen to him. Scrambling to his feet, Jim stood up and faced the policeman. "No sir, I'm not a street child. My ma sent me out to get food; I just sat down to 'ave a rest" Jim replied with a trembling voice. He prayed that the policeman couldn't see through his lies.

"Where is she then?" the policeman retorted loudly, "I don't believe ya! I'm takin' ya to the-" but before the policeman could finish his sentence, a loud commotion sounded at the top of street. A group of boys were shouting and fighting which distracted the policeman from Jim. The short, stumpy man took off to the group of boys, shouting and blowing his whistle. Jim knew that this was the perfect opportunity to make a break for it. Without a moment of hesitation, Jim turned around and ran in the opposite direction.

He ran and ran till his legs grew tired and his lungs were screaming for air. He looked around him; he couldn't see another soul in sight. Despite this, he still didn't want to take the chance of being seen by another policeman. He walked into a nearby alley and leaned against the old, tired wall. After a short rest, he stood up on unsteady feet and began to walk through the street. Thoughts were whirling through his head. Where should I go now? I can't stay on the streets otherwise I'll be caught. I need to find someone. I need to find my sisters. Where would they be?

Jim thought back to the last time he saw them, on a posh street with tall houses. As he scanned the streets around him, he realised that the houses were starting to look familiar to him. He remembered that this was one of the streets that he walked along with his sisters and his ma before they were forced to separate. He continued to roam along the street, looking carefully at each of the houses. Just then, a shiny boot-scraper caught his eye. He recognised that. He knew it! This was where he last saw Emily and Lizzie. Excitement bubbled inside of him. He stumbled up the stairs, knocked on the door and ...



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