

Fast Five

Choose the correct spellings to finish the sentences below:

- **There/They're** standing by the window.
- The yellow-spotted lizard revealed **its/it's** claws.
- Across the sea, the ice was **moving/moveing** further and further away.
- The building, **wich/which** was over century old, would not survive the storm.

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Can I identify the features of a good text?

This week we will be reading suspense stories

Dictionary

Search for a word



suspense

/səˈspens/

noun

1. a state or feeling of excited or anxious uncertainty about what may happen.
"come on, Fran, don't keep me in suspense!"

Similar:

eagerly

agog

all agog

with bated breath

on tenterhooks



Can you think of any suspense stories you have read?

Did you enjoy them?

How do you think we can build suspense in a story?

We are going to look at a variety of model suspense texts.

Think about the Year 6 skills included.

Think about how suspense has been built.

Here is a reminder of our Year 6 skills

<u>Year 6 Working At the Expected Standard Statements</u>	Me	CT
I have used paragraphs //		
I have used verb tenses consistently		
I have described the setting		
I have described the characters		
I have created an effective atmosphere		
I have matched the tone/language to my audience		
I have used bullet points consistently		
I have used sub headings		
I have used the passive voice		
I have used conjunctions and adverbials of time for cohesion		
*I have used commas for clarity		
I have use modal verbs		
I have used inverted commas		
I have used dialogue to convey character		
I have used dialogue to advance the action		
I have used apostrophes for contraction in informal texts		
I have used brackets		
I have used a dash/dashes		
I have used a semi colon		
I have used colons		
I have used hyphens		
<u>I spell most words correctly (Year 5 and 6 list)</u>		
My handwriting is legible and joined		

All the texts we are about to read are based on this image 'Breaking Up'



Breaking Down

One dreadful day, my house split into two like butter being sliced with a knife. It was cold – extremely cold. I could not feel my feet; I could not walk. I saw my mum and my dad in the foggy distance. I was shouting as loud as I could but they could not hear me. The only saving grace was that I had my best friend, Tommy, by my side. Tommy was like a brother to me; he always had been.

As we watched my parents drift out to sea, Tommy felt instantly worse. "We are stuck forever now. You'll never see your parents again! I can't take it!"

"Tommy, keep calm," I told him, "We need to think of a way to get to the island. Think!"

"The ice is as sharp as needles though; whatever we try to do, it'll be ruined by the icebergs." This left us with a dilemma. How would we get out to sea to try to save my parents?

After hours of trying to decide what to do, we thought we could try and make a sturdy, well-built raft that would fight through the ice. We knew it might not work, but we had to try something.

Weeks later, the raft was finally ready. It was a marvellous, eye-catching masterpiece; we were extremely proud of it. We stood back to appreciate our hard work. Carefully, Tommy and I pushed the raft up to the water's edge. The sea was calm today so we knew it would be a good day to sail. As we pushed away with our paddles, I turned around and bid farewell to the remaining part of my house. "Goodbye house – I'll miss you!"

Think of 1 thing you liked about that text.

Think of 1 thing that would improve about that text.

Ereaking Down

In 1929, the bricking wind spread around the countryside. My hair blew in the wind as I shivered like a set of chattering teeth. My bones bristled as the cold water splashed on me. My house was broken: I could not believe what was happening. My dad had drifted off into the sea and it was just mum and me. Where would I live? I could not live here; I would freeze in my pink, spotty pyjamas!

Helplessly, I ran to the last of my house. The stones crumbled underneath my feet like elephants trampling over tree branches. My body broke into sadness — a tear fell from the last of my icy, broken eyes. I was running to my old swing when I saw it...

The tsunami. It was heading straight for me. "RUN, RUN THE TSUNAMI IS COMING. ITS COMING, its coming. Coming I tell you," screamed mum, hurtling towards me. We were both running when a disastrous, awkward-fucking wave came out of nowhere. I just wanted to wake up and for it to all be a dream but I knew this would not happen.

Hours later, I woke to find nobody around; it was the aftermath of the storm. I yelled out for mum and eventually she called back to me. When I found her, she was ripped to shreds.

Think of 1 thing you liked about that text.

Think of 1 thing that would improve about that text.

Breaking Down

Without warning, a strike of lightning flashed before me and our petite house crumbled to its death. It drifted away with the furious sea - away forever, away from me and the other side of the half-demolished home. The clouds were running towards me. I felt like I was shrinking, shrinking like I was the only person in the whole of the world. I didn't know what I was going through; a cold sweat trickled down my neck and shivers travelled up through my spine. I was all alone with the trees whispering to me: for some reason, I listened to them. It was almost like they were saying something really important to me. Everything had happened so quickly and, because of that, it made me even more terrified!

From what I could see of my family in my head, had just become a long lost blur. I wish that I could be in my family's arms with all of their comforting smiles looking down at me at me. The sea was moving and seemed to be sucking me in. All of a sudden, the trees started rattling and I saw two piercing, green eyes looking right at me. They started coming towards me - I was so petrified that my body slowly backed up into the dark, murky-brown sea...

I was falling to my death. As my life flashed before me, I saw all of my family looking down at me and my mother laughing. Then came some of my baby memories - they seemed to all be happy memories. It was like I was in mid-air forever. As my hair touched the stormy sea, a hand reached out and grabbed my

Think of 1 thing you liked about that text.

Think of 1 thing that would improve about that text.

Final Reflection

This week, you will be thinking about your own suspense story.

Based on the stories we read today, what will you need to include in your own?

Are there any ideas that you particularly liked?