

500 word challenge

What makes a good story?

Academic Excellence

- I can edit and revise my writing
- I know how to use and punctuate expanded noun phrases
- I know how to structure a story effectively

Character

Independence

We will be learning to have self confidence as we develop our story writing skills and to know that that means to have confidence in ourselves and our abilities

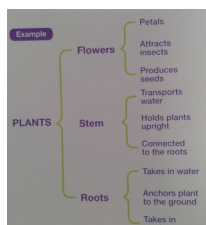
Outcome– How will our learning be used in real life?

We will be entering our stories into the BBC 500 word challenge competition

Learning to Learn

Our focus thinking tool is:

A Brace Map



Rights Respecting

Article 29

The right to develop your talents and abilities.

Personalisation

- I can choose a place to work that suits me
- I can adapt the teacher's modelling to suit me
- I can select resources to use when I am learning
- I can come up with ideas within a group to solve a problem

Concept

Recall Page

Vocabulary

fens	A low and marshy or frequently flooded area of land.
ablaze	Filled with anger or another strong emotion
escapade	An act or incident involving excitement, daring, or adventure.
flickered	Shine unsteadily; vary rapidly in brightness.
peered	Look with difficulty or concentration at someone or something
precious	Of great value; not to be wasted or treated carelessly.

Knowledge

I will need to know:

- To recall what an expanded noun phrase is
- To recall how to punctuate a sentence correctly
- To know what the opening of a story is
- To know what the build up of a story is
- To know what the problem in a story is
- To know what the resolution in a story is
- To know what the closing in a story is

Key facts

Use capital letters for the beginning of sentences, the word I, important events, for names, for places.

An expanded noun phrase uses adjectives to describe a noun.

A story is made up of an opening, build up, problem, resolution and a closing

Expert example

Outside, the wind howled across fens. Inside, the school was dark. Sally tiptoed down the corridor, slipped into the classroom and began to search for the map.

At that moment, the wind fell silent. Sally heard the door creak open. She ducked down behind the table, her heart thudding and her mind ablaze with questions. Silently, someone came into the classroom. A red eye flickered. Who was it?

Pausing in the darkness, she began to think back to how she had ended up in such a mess. It had only been a few hours before when they had tidied up at the end of the school day. She had taken her father's antique map and, without thinking, put it onto Miss Simpson's desk for safekeeping.

Of course, she had forgotten to take the precious map home. Her Dad needed it for the next day and she knew that would mean a midnight escapade. So here she was, crouching in the darkness, her heart nagging with fear.

Without warning, the lights flickered on and she peered over the table, blinking like an owl. It was her brother Kevin and he had the map in his hand. "Come on," he hissed.

Ten minutes later, they were home. Dad had his precious map and was none the wiser, Kevin gloated and Sally lay tucked up in bed. Beyond the window, the darkness gathered, the storm died to a whisper and the empty street fell silent. Nothing moved in the darkness. Nothing stirred, except for a cold, red eye.