

Y5 Spelling Time - Thursday 4th June



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Reading

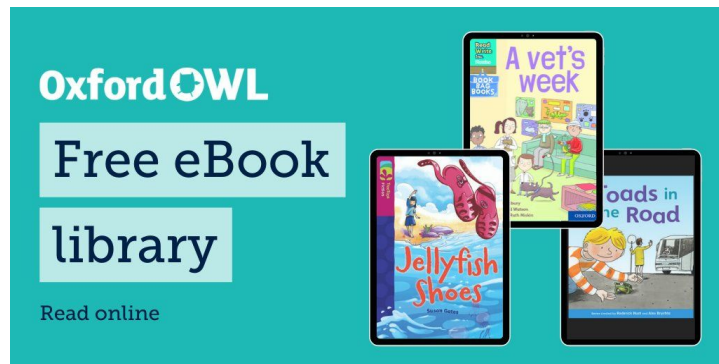
Reading for ten minutes - go back to fiction and read your chosen book for ten minutes today. Remember there is the Oxford Owl link if you need any more!

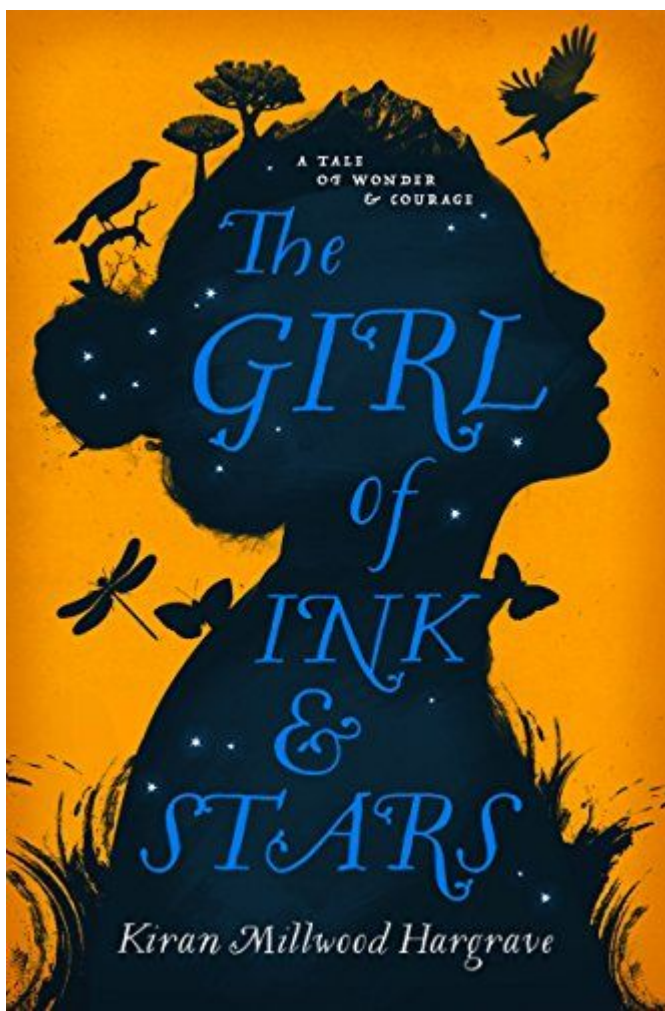
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Guided Reading

Watch the author introducing the book here!

[THE GIRL OF INK & STARS by Kiran Millwood Hargrave](#)

Guided Reading - continued on next page

Three years now, Three years since I sat there, my twin's hand fire in mine as he faded in the night, fast as a blown-out match.

But still I could conjure him. Easy as breathing.

It would not do to start the day sad. Shaking the thoughts out of my head, I pulled on my school dress. It was as big as it had been six weeks before. My best friend Lupe would laugh. *Still the shortest in the class!* she'd say.

I quickly braided my unbrushed hair and hoped Da wouldn't notice I hadn't untangled it all summer. Pep was rolling on the bed but I wasn't allowed to stroke him with my uniform on. My teacher, Señora Feliz, was always picking ginger hairs off my dress with irritated fingers.

I pulled aside the curtain that served as my bedroom door, and carefully stepped over Miss La, who squawked as I scattered her small pile of crumbs. She narrowed her misty eyes and pecked at my ankles, chasing me further into the main room where we ate, talked and planned adventures.

A big bowl of blackened porridge sat on our large pine-plank table, marooned among a sea of maps. More of Da's maps were stuck to the walls, and they rustled as I passed, like a talking breeze.

I traced the papers with my finger as I did every morning, watching how the silver pigment of Afrik's rivers met those of Ægypt; how Ægypt clung to the curve of Europa Bay like one hand grasping another across the sea. On the opposite wall hung the sketchy coast of Amrica and its dragging ocean currents, labelled with strange, wondrous

names: the Frozen Circle, the Vanishing Triangle, the Cerulean Sea. The paper was dyed a beautiful deep blue, and the currents were picked out in thread against it. Da had used a needle thin as a hair for these – gold for Cerulean, black for the Triangle, white for the Frozen Circle. But past the eastern coast, everything stopped. Only one word broke the blankness.

Incognito. Unknown.

I could almost feel Da's disappointment in the long-dried ink of the word. Unfavourable tides on his last trip meant an early return to Joya, and Da never again made it across that wild expanse before the Governor arrived on our island. Governor Adori closed the ports and made the forest that stretched coast-to-coast between our village of Gromera and the rest of the island into a border, banishing anyone who resisted his rule to the other side. Gromera was cut off from the rest of Joya, and the forest was strung with thick thorns and enormous bells to warn the Governor's guards if anyone came through. I had never heard the bells ring.



Guided reading story words and phrases

Conjure - to cause something to appear by magic



Marooned - to leave trapped and alone, like an island in the sea



Banishing - send someone away from a country or place as a punishment



Challenge words

Explain why these words do not follow regular spelling patterns and *are difficult to read or spell.*

ocean	
unknown	

Prediction



What is going to happen next?

Think about these words:

'Governor Adori has closed the ports'

(where you could sail from)

'Everyone who resisted was banished'

(anyone who didn't do what the
Governor said was sent away)

Write a prediction of what you think
might happen next...*who, where,*
when?

Use the space opposite to write in
clear, well punctuated sentences.

I predict that



Year 5 - Narrative WAGOLL: Setting Description



The Hobbit: JRR Tolkien

It had a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle. The door opened on to a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats—the hobbit was fond of visitors. The tunnel wound on and on, going fairly but not quite straight into the side of the hill—The Hill, as all the people for many miles round called it—and many little round doors opened out of it, first on one side and then on another. No going upstairs for the hobbit: bedrooms, bathrooms, cellars, pantries (lots of these), wardrobes (he had whole rooms devoted to clothes), kitchens, dining-rooms, all were on the same floor, and indeed on the same passage. The best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden, and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river.

Narrative Setting Description: Planning

Tomorrow you are going to write your own setting of a house; it can be underground, like the Hobbit's, but it doesn't have to be. It could be all on one level, like his, or have a winding staircase to the upstairs...you choose.

Think carefully

- how the text is structured - this is all one paragraph!
- the type of words you are using - lots of description = lots of adjectives
- copy the style so yours sounds similar, use the colon with a descriptive list which we practiced and brackets for detail!

Use arial 14 black

Narrative Setting Description: Planning

	<u>HOBBIT EXAMPLE</u>	<u>MY PLANNED HOUSE</u> <u>Write notes to help with your sentences</u> <u>tomorrow!</u>
The type of house	A house built in a tunnel under the Hill.	
The front door	a perfectly round door like a porthole, painted green, with a shiny yellow brass knob in the exact middle	
The hall and rooms	a tube-shaped hall like a tunnel: a very comfortable tunnel without smoke, with panelled walls, and floors tiled and carpeted, provided with polished chairs, and lots and lots of pegs for hats and coats—the hobbit was fond of visitors	
The bedrooms and gardens	the best rooms were all on the left-hand side (going in), for these were the only ones to have windows, deep-set round windows looking over his garden, and meadows beyond, sloping down to the river	