

TeachingLive | Season 11 | Malamander | Week 5 | **Malamander Adventure 1** – meeting our main character/s’ + Prologue. | **Tuesday 4th June 2024**

Today’s Game – ‘The Two Sides’ game.

This game tunes the children into the prologue. Work in pairs. Invent a seaside town for a beach holiday, e.g. ‘Wonder-on-Sea’.

- Partner A provides a positive about the place in spring or summer.
- Partner B provides a negative about the place in winter, e.g.

- A. **In summer, you probably** dug your toes into the sand and leapt into the sea.
- B. **But in winter, you probably** felt the bitter wind driving the rain.

Padlet 1 – The story is told from the main character’s viewpoint in the present tense as if the story is happening as you read it. It would be helpful to have daily sentence sessions to train the children to practise sentence patterns. Do not accept anything other than the same pattern. For instance, if you provide a model of a pattern using a relative clause such as:

Pie, whose legs were hurting, staggered down the road.

The children need to learn how to practice a similar underlying pattern:

Tony, whose face was red, lay in the sweltering sun.

1. **Write your sentence.**
2. **Reread it to check.**
3. **Only then submit.**

1. A girl will appear at the window, tapping to get my attention.
2. A girl appears at the window, tapping to get my attention.

3. A girl appeared at the window, tapping to get my attention.

My name is Frank Orange and I work in the seaside museum. Most people call me Frankie. I am the museum caretaker. I polish the glass cases, sweep the floors and tidy up at the end of the day. Someone once told me that it must be a terrible job but I like it. I have a little room where I sleep which has an old fire to keep me warm in winter. I'm lonely at night but in the daytime there is always plenty to do as we get lots of visitors in summer. It is not so busy in the winter and some days no one visits.

A girl taps on the window and hisses, 'Let me in!' I stare at her, not sure what to do. It is late and the museum is closed. She looks so cold that I open the window and she slips in. She stares at me with bright eyes as she scrambles down and sits on my ship's box. Immediately, she says, "Hide me!"

My name is....	
Most people call me...	
I am ...	
Someone once told me...	
I'm...	
A girl...	
She says, "....."	

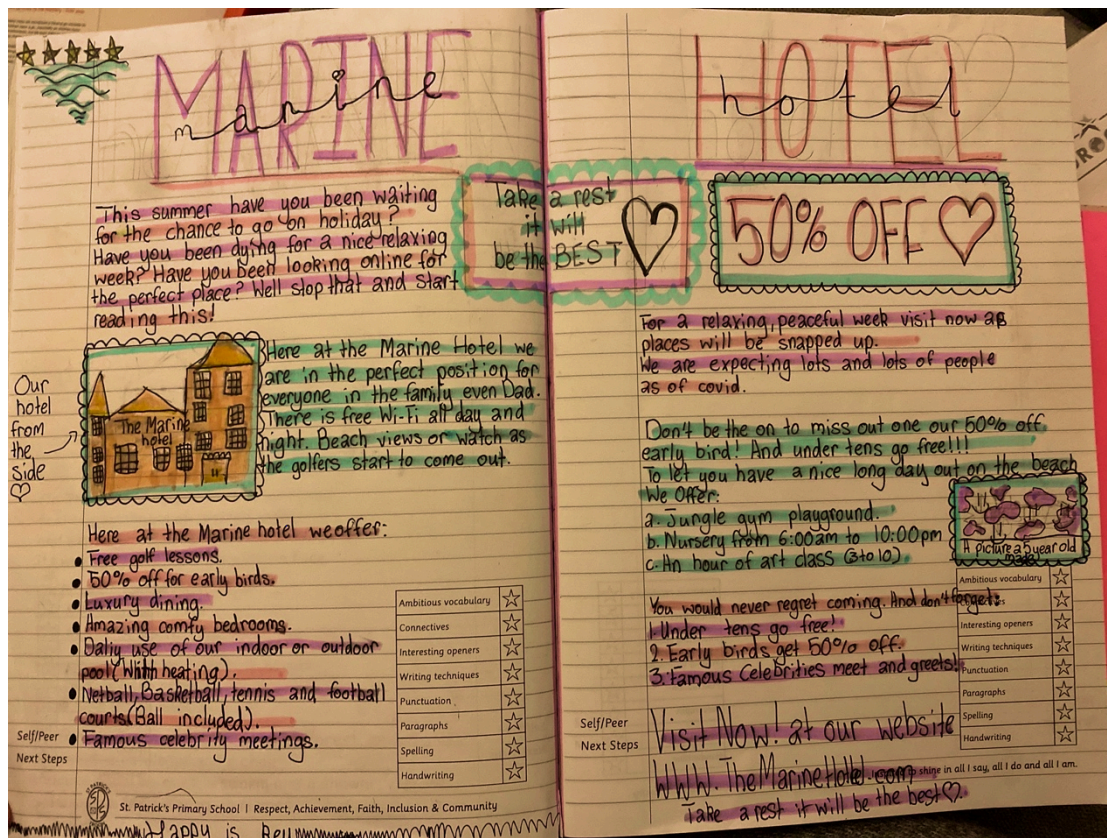
Padlet 2 - The focus is on providing a backstory in the past tense about an ancient creature that legend has it lives nearby. For this activity, everyone needs to invent a name for their type of 'mander'. This can be done by thinking of a creature and adding 'mander', e.g. catamander, dogamander, eaglemander, sharkmander, cobramander, etc.

Before I continue with what happens next, there is one story about our town that I should tell you. It happened so long ago that no one remembers the dates or much of the detail. **Local legends tell of** a monster that comes out of the sea and walks through the streets at night. **Apparently, it was** a variety of mander known as a catamander and only came out of the sea in dark, stormy weather. **It smelled of** rotten seaweed and the bones of sailors. **It left** a trail of footprints like a huge cat on the prowl. **They say that at** nighttime, the catamander wandered the streets, sobbing and howling. When the locals heard this noise, they would lock their doors and close the curtains.

Some say that the creature must have been in pain. **Some say** it was searching for food. **Some say** it sought a lost child who had wandered ashore and stayed on land forever. I've never heard it. Though, in the stormy weather, when the streets are dark, the wind does make strange noises that might be mistaken for something skulking.

Local legends tell of...	
Apparently, it was...	
It smelled of...	
It left...	
They say that at night...	
Some say....	
In stormy/ snowy/ foggy/ misty weather...	

Gallery Challenge – Design your final draft on a double spread, using sketches and drawings to illustrate. Anna – Troon.



Blogging Activity – write a short prologue and the opening chapter of your story, including a backstory. The model text is below.

Catamander

Prologue

You've probably been to Wonder-on-Sea. In summer, you probably dug sandcastles and leapt into the waves. When you came there would have been an ice-cream van, deckchairs for your gran and grandad and rockpools to explore. You probably got taken to the seaside museum. It's that kind of place... in the summer.

But in winter, you probably felt the bitter wind driving the rain. You should try being there when the snow falls and freezes the streets. You should try being there when a sea fog smothers the town and the foghorn blows. Few people visit then. Even the locals keep away from the beach... and some say, they have good reason.

Chapter 1

My name is Frank Orange and I work in the seaside museum. Most people call me Frankie. I am the museum's caretaker. I polish the glass cases, sweep the floors and tidy up at the end of the day. Someone once told me that it must be a terrible job but I like it. I have a little room where I sleep which has an old fire to keep me warm in winter. I'm lonely at night but, in the day, there is always plenty to do as we get lots of visitors in summer. It is not so busy in the winter and some days no one visits.

A girl taps on the window and hisses, 'Let me in!' I stare at her not sure what to do. It is late and the museum is closed. She looks so cold that I open the window and in she slips, desperate to be inside. She stares at me with bright eyes as she scrambles down and sits on my ship's box, panting. Immediately, she says, "Hide me!"

Before I continue with what happens next, there is one story about our town that I should tell you. It happened so long ago that no one remembers the dates or much of the detail. Local legends tell of a monster that comes out of the sea and walks through the streets at night. Apparently, it was a variety of mander known as a catamander and only came out of the sea in dark, stormy weather. It smelled of rotten

seaweed and the bones of sailors. It left a trail of footprints like a huge cat on the prow. They say that at nighttime, the catamander wandered the streets, sobbing and howling. When the locals heard this noise, they would lock their doors and close the curtains.

Some say that the creature must have been in pain. Some say it was searching for food. Some say it sought a lost child who had wandered ashore and stayed on land forever. I've never heard it. Though, in the stormy weather, when the streets are dark, the wind does make strange noises that might be mistaken for something skulking.

"Why do you need to hide?" I hiss back at her. "What's the matter?"

"I've seen it!" she says, "Look sharp - draw the curtains!"

Prologue	You've probably been to Wonder-on-Sea. In summer, you probably...
Chapter 1 – the story starts by the main character introducing themselves.	My name is Frank Orange and I work in the seaside museum. Most people call me Frankie. I am the...
Action begins with the second character suddenly appearing	A girl taps on the window and hisses, 'Let me in!' I stare at her, not sure what to do...
Back story – the legend – the main character tells the reader the backstory.	Before I continue with what happens next, there is one story about our town that I should tell you...
The story carries on.	"Why do you need to hide?" I hiss back at her. "What's the matter?"

Mushmander

Prologue

You've probably visited Dupont-on-Sea. In Summer, you probably went for long hikes up the rocky cliffs for hours on end and heard the delighted shrieks of children as they splash in the water. As you came, there would've been a scorching sun, shining its rays onto the sandy shore and an ice-cream van selling an assortment of flavours to ecstatic children. You were probably led to a cafe on the cliff. It's that kind of place. At least, in Summer.

But in Winter, you probably watched the waves violently thrash against the jagged, charcoal rocks. You should try being there when an eerie fog encases the town and the foghorn sounds. You should try being there when the beach is so deserted not even the gulls want to squawk. Fewer people visit then. Not even the locals dare to set foot on the beach...and most say, they have a good reason.

Chapter 1

My name is Zamacci Winters and I'm a barista at The Seaside Cafe. Most people call me Zam. I serve people's food yet sometimes manage to sneak a slick snack. Someone once told me that I'd be better off working a less mundane job but I love it. I have a small office at the back that's complete with a miniature fire so I can stay warm. I'm terribly lonely as the sun's light fizzles out but, during daylight, merry chatter rings in my ears and I feel a sense of comfort because The Seaside Cafe is bustling in the Summer. In Winter, it isn't quite the same; typically, there's no food to bring out since we have no customers so I simply lounge around in the back.

A girl bangs on the window and makes angry hand gestures, implying that she wants me to let her in. Fortunately, I don't have to wait long before she hisses, "Let me in!" I stare blankly at her, unsure what to do. It's late and the cafe is long closed. She looks freezing so I gingerly open the window and she swiftly slips in, eager to be inside. Her mischievous, hazel eyes stare at me as she scrambles onto my crate, panting. Immediately, I hear a raspy croak begging, "Hide me!"

Before I continue with the rest, there is one legend that involves our town that I must inform you of. It happened so long ago that no-one recalls the date or many of the details. Local myths tell of a beast that emerges from the water and creeps through the streets at night. Apparently, it was a variety of mander known as a mushmander and it only came out of the sea in the stormiest of weather. It smelled of sour seaweed and the rotting remains of sailors. It left a trail of footprints like a towering cat on the prowl. They say that at night-time, the mushmander wandered the frozen streets, groaning and howling. When locals heard the noise, they'd lock the doors and windows as well as closing the curtains.

"Why on Earth are you hiding?" I hiss back. "What's wrong?" "I've seen it!" she sobs, "Quick, close the curtains!"

Lily - JMPS

A Seaside Legend

Prologue

You have probably been to Sunnyrock-on-Sea at some point. In summer, you probably dug sandcastles on the warm sand, jumped over the towering waves and hunted for crabs in the rockpools. When you went there, there was the ice cream van where you begged for two scoops of your favourite flavour. You probably got taken to Minnie's Gallery by your grandparents and got told: "Look with your eyes, not with your hands!" It's nice there... in the summer.

While in winter, you probably felt the bitter wind whip your cheeks as you fight the rain on the treacherous cliffs. You should try visiting when the streets are deserted or when a thick blanket of snow is covering the village. Very few people visit at that time of year. Even the locals keep away from the beach... and some say, they have a good reason.

Chapter 1 – The Legend

My name is Samuel, Samuel Lemon, but most people call me Sam. I work at Minnie's Gallery! I am the caretaker: I dust the artefacts, polish the glass cases and mop the floor. Someone once told me that the lady who owns it, Mrs Dove, is a maniac! I don't see her much though... I sleep in a little pod in the attic which has a warm fireplace to keep me warm. It's cold and lonely at night but during the day the gallery is packed with tourists so there is plenty to keep me busy. It's quieter in winter, some days there are no visits at all.

A girl bangs on the window. "Let me in!" She hisses. I stand there, mouth open, wondering what I should do. It's pitch-black

outside and the Gallery has been closed for three hours! She shivers as I scramble to the window. Heaving it open, she tumbles in and lands in a heap on the floor. She looks up at me with bulging, emerald eyes. Suddenly, she leaps to her feet and hurries towards me – I back away. “Hide me.” She whispers.

Before I continue with the story, I better mention something about this town... It happened many decades ago so nobody really remembers many details. The legends tell of a gigantic sea-monster that hides among the rocks and swallows you whole if you come too near. They say that it was a type of mander, a thundermander to be exact, that haunts your dreams and sends clouds of thunder over your house. No one knows what it smells like, no one has got near enough to catch the scent and make it back alive. Apparently, it cries at night, longing for a companion. At that time, the locals locked their doors and drew their curtains at the sign of any strange noise or movement.

Some say that it was in pain. Some say that it was lonely. Some say that it was a cruel beast that deserves no pity. I haven't heard nor seen it during any storms, when the world is silent and the whistling of the wind stings your ears.

“Why do you need to hide?” I hissed back at her.

“I've seen it,” she replied, “Draw the curtains and stay on your guard!”

Erica – St Mellion PS

The Lion-mander

Prologue

You've probably been to Beauty-on-sea. In the summer, you probably surfed on the hard crashy waves, and explored the dark terrifying sharks in the aquarium. Try the delightfully sour, crunchy vanilla, flake tropical 3 spoon devoured ice cream that's as soft as fur. If you came, there would be birds flapping their wings as the sun rises. You've probably been to the masseuse. That's the place you'd visit...when the sun is at its peak.

But in winter, you probably feel the frosty snow dropping every minute as the snow falls. You should try being there when the fog smothers everywhere. Even the locals keep away from the roads...some say it's foggy.

Chapter 1

My name is Eddie Brock, most people call me Venom. I am a cleaner. I wash the plates and clean the beds. I have a room downstairs where there is a cosy campfire and a half big bed. Someone once told me that my job was trying but I've been working here for a few years. I'm lonely at night but in The Grand Nautilus Hotel, a few people come. We have plenty of visitors in the summer. In the winter, it is not that busy because the roads are slippery and the cars are freezing cold. The day passes by every day.

A boy knocks on the window and whispers, "Let me in!" I look at him, not sure what to do. It is dark in The Grand Nautilus Hotel. He is freezing and desperate to be inside. The window creaks open and he falls in. He looks at me with dark eyes. He hisses, "Hide me!"

Before I pause, I'll continue with what happens next. There are stories about our village that I should tell you. It happened that one person did not tell. Icons speak of a creature that came in the stormy weather and walks through the village and, when villagers see the creature, they would barricade their doors and windows. Shockingly, it was a variety of mander called a lion-mander and it only came out at midnight. It smelled of fish bones and seaweed. It leaves a trail of wet sand like mud. They say that at night the lion-mander comes out and sees if you are awake or it will turn you into stone. When the locals heard they would hide.

Some say that the creature was searching for food. Some say it was finding its parent's. Some say the creature was hurt. I've never heard of it before in the rainstorm. When the darkness is terrifying. The dark sea doesn't make strange noises.

"Why do you need to hide?" I whisper back at him. "What happened?"

"I've seen it!" He says, "hide, look-sharp barricade the window!"

Zain – Bolton Parish

Drakomander.

You've probably been to the small town of Troon. In the summer, you will most likely to be going to the beach to have a tan or swim. When you come, you can't resist going to the amazing Ice Cream Factory; you can take a nice walk with your dog to see the sunset. It's the kind of place you want to visit to enjoy the sun.

But in the winter, you are always in your house with your heating blasting out. You can never go outside, but worse is that you can catch the horrible cold. It is not fun to have barely any people come in the winter.

Chapter 1.

My name is Sammy Phillips and I work at the glorious Ice Cream Factory Shop in Troon. My job is to serve the best ice cream, tidy up and also to stack the shelves in the summer when we are mobbed with customers. In the winter, we only have a few customers who come from a freezing country or continent to get an Ice Cream because they think it is really warm in Troon.

A mysterious boy knocked on the door when we were closing up our shop. He shouted, "HELP Me!" The poor boy looked homeless but all he wanted was some help. We opened the door for him and he ran in the door like the flash in real life and fell on the floor chittering. He said nervously, " God bless you thank you thank you so much sir." The boy whispers to Sammy "I will tell you a story of a Mander nearby. Before I say about this Mander promise me to not tell anyone."

"I promise," said Sammy.

“Ok so about this Mander, It’s called the DrakoMander. It looks like a dragon but it is smaller. It has jagged spikes down its back.” Sammy looks more terrified than ever. “And it is near our small town of Troon.” Sammy nearly screamed at that moment. “Don’t worry young man everything is going to be just fine,” said the homeless man; it only comes out at night.

Some say that the creature eats humans. Some say that the creature lives at the woods. Some say that the creature had lost a baby. Some say that the creature might even be friendly and he is friends with the humans. “I have heard that in the stormy, dark, cold weather, the Drakomander comes out at night and what the creature does is it walks through the streets and sucks the electricity out of the light bulbs so he can get some good powers,” the strange man whispered.

Callie – St Patrick’s, Troon