

TeachingLive | Season 13 | Sky Falls | Week 7 | Teacher Notes
| Main character protects the secret | Tuesday 11^h March 2025

Today's Game – *The Objective* – tune into using imagery. David and John will model the game 'Talking objects' which involves generating ideas before writing a description – using the following frame:

I am the... / sound of / the feel/ the scent of/ taste of







Padlet 1 – *Objective – to practise various ways to describe.*

Begin to build a description based on the photo provided below. We are pretending that this is the place where the ‘secret’ animal is being hidden. First, notice the key details. Then for each detail provided, generate a descriptive sentence:

Grey smoke drifted from the spindly chimney.

Snow covered the roof, smothering the ancient roof tiles.

Frosted grass shifted in the wind like fragile whiskers.



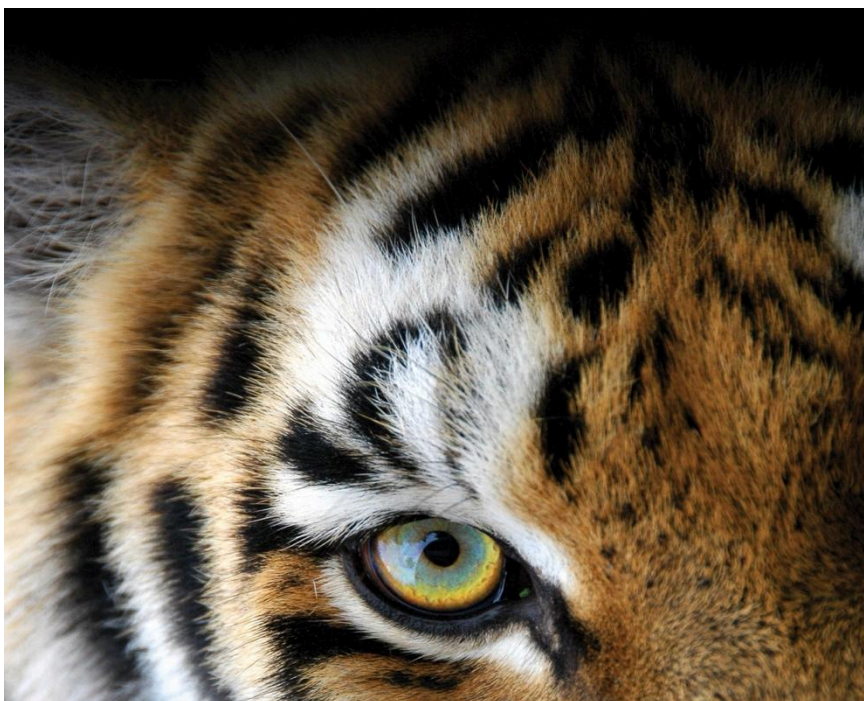
Padlet 2 - *The Objective* – to build description of a key focus. Select details from the Tiger below and write action sentences. Try varying the sentence openings using ‘ed, ing, ly’ and ‘red flag’ phrases:

Terrified, Jo stared into the tiger’s smouldering eyes.

Growling, the tiger opened its jaws and roared.

Angrily, the tiger bared its teeth like ivory portals.

At that moment, the tiger padded forwards, its fur rippling like flames and shadows.



**Gallery
Challenge –**
Enlarge and
draw the
tiger's eye
above.





Blogging Activity – Write the 3rd part of the story.

| |
|---------------------------------|
| MC finds out the secret |
| MC protects the secret |
| The secret is discovered |
| MC saves the day |

Objective – write a chapter describing the animal and showing the main character's efforts to keep it hidden and safe.

When the Rain Falls, Contd.

Chapter 3

The summer holidays stretched ahead like a sleepy cat. Every day, Joseph checked his snares and wandered the fields. Without him realising, the fields, trees and streams had quickly become more familiar than the bustling city streets and the grimy buildings that towered overhead. Unlike the city, the countryside was green with splotches of colour: the scarlet poppies, yellow gorse bushes that smelled of coconut and the purple foxgloves that swayed in the hedgerows. As the warm winds rippled through a field, shaking the corn like an animal's coat, Joseph found a stillness he had never known before.

At night, he made his way into the woods where he played with Aphrodite. Sometimes they would sit in the darkness and stare out across the great sweep of the valley at Strawberry Banks. They would watch the moon and the stars and listen to the silence. Every so often, Aphrodite's ears would prick up as she heard something rustling and she would be off, slinking low. Only later, to return with the gift of a rabbit or shrew. They got to know the great barn owl who flew like a silent ghost across the fields and the nightingales who still sang their mournful songs.

The one thing that worried Joseph was that someone might stumble across Aphrodite. In the daytime, she kept herself hidden inside the darker depths of Spinney's Acre, sleeping in the thickest places where the bushes and brambles offered camouflage. At night, she wandered over many miles but given her dark fur, and shy nature, she was almost impossible to see.

It happened though. One night towards the end of August Joseph was making his way into the wood when he heard a scream coupled with a growl. He recognised Aphrodite's call and rushed forwards, shoving through bushes until he came into a clearing. Aphrodite stood with her teeth bared and body tensed as if ready to leap. A few feet away, Billy Go-Lucky faced her, his ashen face twisted in terror. "J.. J... Jo...," he stammered, taking a step back.

"Keep still," hissed Joseph, catching Aphrodite's eye. As he advanced, his hand held out, offering her a freshly caught rabbit, and talking to her in a low, soothing voice, Billy took his chances and fled. Joseph could hear him stumbling through the woods, shrieking as he went. Aphrodite seemed to shrug her coat, took the rabbit and slunk back into her lair. Heart thudding, Joseph made his way back through the woods, up Farm Lane and into the village. What now?

The secret that had been kept for so long was out. When he returned home, Joseph and Mrs Hill talked long into the night. Perhaps they could move Aphrodite. After all, there were five valleys that led away from the town of Stroud and each valley had wooded slopes where surely an animal like Aphrodite could live undisturbed.

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Chapter 3

The summer holidays blossomed with colour. Perinone poppies, straw sunflowers, and raspberry roses. The sun shone – a good omen for Shirley, and the farm’s crops thirstily drank the water that was poured on them by the farmerette. Without her knowing, the smell of fresh air, the broad accents, and the endless green became more, and more familiar. In fact, the bustling city sounds, and the stuffy smell became forgotten, lost in the universe of the past. As the warm wind blew through the trees, Shirley found a peace that she had never glimpsed before.

Everyday, Shirley visited Arjun, sometimes with Old Rose, sometimes without. The two whispered together, and gazed up at the sky. Shirley would stroke the peacock, and in return, the peacock would dance for her. Many nights they spent together, undetected. Together, they discovered the forest’s deepest secrets.

However, there was one thing that worried Shirley so much she couldn’t go to sleep. A worry that pulled her heart with fear. That someone would see Arjun, and harm him. Sell him. Something bad. But Shirley reassured herself every time, thinking that Arjun would be clever enough to attack. Yet she couldn’t stop the voice at the back of her brain... *‘He’s going to be discovered.’*

It happened though. One night towards the end of July, Shirley was making her way into the wood when she heard a terrified voice shouting help, followed with a squawk. She recognised Arjun’s call and rushed forwards, pushing bushes aside as if they were feathers. Arjun stood with his claws sharp and body tensed as if ready to attack. A few feet away, Mrs Reid shook like jelly, holding a basket of herbs. Shirley ran forwards, and held the agitated peacock still, whispering until he calmed down.

It was close. When Shirley returned home, she and Old Rose discussed what they could do. Was it time to let Arjun go?

Chloe

Chapter 3

The summer holidays felt like a million years, it stretched on like an elastic band being pulled tautly. Every day Thomas checked on Blaze and took her round the local forest. It seemed to him that the beautiful exotic forests, emerald fields, and freshwater lakes were more familiar than; the choked city bursting with people and overflowed by cars and trucks coughing out petrol fumes and into windows of the many attached houses forming a corridor of raw bricks. Unlike the contagious city, the countryside boasted many great inspiring sights. Such as pine trees creating a choir of dark green, daisies brightening up the blunt grass and the daffodils just coming into their own beautiful selves. Also, fresh clean lakes showing off many of species of fish. As the warm winds rippled through the fields, making the corns rustle vigorously, Thomas found a stillness he had never known before.

During the shaded night, Thomas woke up and silently walked to the woods, beside the lake shaped like an old oval. The woods were where Thomas relaxed and played with Blaze quietly dashing and weaving out of trees while jumping over random tree stumps. As with Blaze who follows not long after. Every time Blaze's ears pricked up, he knew to get her some food, he clicks his fingers twice and Blaze lands on his shoulder and then Thomas heads outside to go fishing. He always gets an amazing catch for Blaze to eat, Thomas admires Blazes patience while he is fishing; conclusively she gets an extra treat after.

The one thing that made Thomas anxious was that someone or something might stumble across Blaze and be slightly interested. In the daytime, she kept herself hidden inside the darker depths of Blunt's Acre, resting in the most dense places where the bushes and brambles offered camouflage and protection to her. At night, she flew over many miles but given her light feathers, and shy nature, she was almost impossible to be seen.

It happened though. One single night towards the end of July, Thomas was making his way into the woods when he heard a screech surrounded by a brave protective squawk. Thomas soon recognised Blaze's call and rushed forwards, shoving through brambles, bushes and trees until he came into a clearing of all of the growth. Blaze stood with her beak opened and her body tensed as if ready to take flight. A few metres away, Jack from down the road faced her, his pale face twisted in terror. "T...T... Tho," he stammered, taking a few large steps backwards towards a wall of trees.

"Stay still," hissed Thomas, catching Blaze's bold eye shimmering darkly. As he advanced, Thomas's hand held out, offering her a fresh pike from the lake nearby, and talking to her in a deep, soothing voice, Jack took his chances and fled as quick as he could. Thomas could hear him stumbling through the forest, yelling as he went back. Blaze seemed to ruffle her feathers in confusion, she took the fish and flew back into her favourite tree (an old ornate oak tree). Heart trembling, Thomas made his way back through the woods, up Storm Street and into the small peaceful village. What now?

The secret that had been kept for so long was out. When he returned home, Thomas and Miss Cave talked long into the night discussing the loss. Perhaps they could move Blaze somewhere better for her. After all, there were five valleys that led away from the town of Cirencester and each valley had wooded slopes where

surely an animal like Blaze could live undisturbed, but anywhere that had trees would be decent for Blaze.

Harry

Chapter 3

The wind would howl and the coldish summer breeze would blow Elizabeth's hair. The rain-soaked earth was soft underfoot and the trees would blow gently. Lush green leaves dropped over the bright green meadow. The gentle, green grass would sway in the meadow and the sweet smell of pollen would fill the air. The call of the birds would fill the clear air and the comforting call of the birds would sing them to sleep under the trees. Klaus and Elizabeth would drift off to sleep after they would hear the call of the nightingale.

The half term had seemed to drag on for the last few days now and their bond became stronger. After school, they had spent hours together and they started to come inseparable. His face started to grow kinder. Klaus had started to trust Elizabeth like a friend. One Thursday after school, when the sun was shining, Klaus Haller decided that they would go over to the Moor and take the boat round the lake, and glide along the glassy waters. Some days they would watch the clouds move round the cerulean sky and wait for the rain to soak them to the skin. They would splash in puddles until the rain would stop or until it was time to go into tea. And on the cold evenings, he would say to her, "Good night." He would say in a gentle calm voice, "Don't let the bombs bite."

One night, Elizabeth worried about Klaus and the remains of the plane that hid in the forest. Her nightmares would grow more scary and more realistic. She would wake up with a start and not get back to sleep again. When this happened, she wondered if her nightmare was going to happen in real life. She would

comfort herself with a glass of hot milk and a biscuit she had made with Mrs Haller and Klaus. They were better the next day. That was what Mrs Haller said anyway. What Elizabeth knew, was that one day their bond would be broken by someone.

On a Monday morning just before school, Mrs Haller decided that Klaus and Elizabeth could pop down to the woods and pick up a few blackberries (for a new recipe that she was going to put in her cook book). When they got to the woods, they found raspberries and blueberries as well as the blackberry that Mrs Haller had requested. It was quiet, still morning and the sun was shining brightly. It was a perfect day for a picnic, but unfortunately she had to go to school.

Hoping all of the bombs had exploded, they decided they would carefully go down to the wreck site where the German soldier had crashed (and they hoped wouldn't end up part of the wreck site). They heard a voice in the distance and the crunching of leaves under the people's feet. The people were getting closer and louder. The people suddenly came from the trees and they saw the Klaus, the German soldier. One of them was her teacher.

The people ran. Far, far away. They were gone, and that was good. Minutes after, Klaus and Elizabeth walked home. When they got in, there was only one problem. Her teacher, the one that saw Klaus, was in her house! What was going to happen now?

Winnie

Chapter 3

Kendall had been wondering. What would life be like if somebody had lived in the countryside all their lives? The countryside was a wonderful place, endless sun, flowers and fields of green, lots of places to play. Kendall then

thought of the city. Cars rushing through, always busy, not many places to run around freely. The country was different. It felt... free. No bombs, no threats. It felt safe. Even though Kendall missed her Mum, and her Dad was at war, this was life now. Kendall trudged over to the backyard rope swing. She wouldn't have had this back in London. She wouldn't have made friends with Maddie. She wouldn't have met Miss Rose. Or have found the jewels and the golden locket and she would have never known about James Rose. The country was exciting, and full of secrets!

Miss Rose had granted Kendall permission to see the jewels. Rubies, sapphires, emeralds, diamonds, gold, silver, bronze, topaz, amethyst, every type of jewel and diamond you can think of, Miss Rose had it. Stroking the jewels, Kendall created a story in her mind for each one of them. The topaz, found on the sandy beach of L.A, the sapphire, found in the Atlantic Ocean, nearly swallowed by a whale. Emerald, found in the Amazon Rain forest, and all the rest. Her favourite story was of the gold. Found on the moon by NASA, brought down to earth, stolen by pirates, and dropped to the bottom of the sea. Found by scuba divers, and given to the bank, who exchanged it in a cheque and gave it to charity. Hours and hours went by and Kendall stayed in the shed with the jewels.

A day later, Kendall did the same. But this time, Kendall went to the jewels because of worry. What if the jewels were stolen? What if somebody saw them? She had to make sure that the jewels were still there. Frantically, she grabbed the keys off the counter-top, and ran to the shed. Kendall pushed the key in the keyhole and yanked the door open. She closed her eyes and the door creaked open. Slowly, she opened her eyes to see what terror awaited her. The jewels were... safe! Relief flooded Kendall's veins.

A week later, Kendall went out to the jewels. She had been avoiding them, because she was too worried to find them stolen. But now, she had overcome her fear. She headed out to the shed with the keys. She only walked, because she didn't want to get there in a hurry. Opening the shed door, she saw the tin. She shook it, and when she felt the heaviness of the jewels, she took the box and headed inside. Miss Rose was sitting at the table and greeted Kendall when she came in. 'Ah, Kendall. Oh, you've got the jewels! Let's sit down and talk about them together. It definitely sounds like the jewels! Why, Kendall, stop shaking the box.'

"Sorry, Miss Rose, the jewels just sound different when I shake the tin." said Kendall. She opened the box, and they were both shocked to find the tin filled with rocks!

"Oh, no!" gasped Miss Rose."

"I knew there was something wrong with the sound!" said Kendall.

"We are going to have to do something. We have to get the jewels back!" said Miss Rose. She had a piece of paper and was drawing out a plan. Kendall agreed. Kendall knew how much Miss Rose enjoyed the company of her jewels.

"Miss Rose, how are we going to find them?"

"I've got a plan. Grab yourself a pen from your bedroom, and I will work out the basics, ok? You should find a few pens in the bedside drawer. Then, we'll look for clues in the shed." Kendall did as she was told and found the pens easily. By the time she got downstairs again, Miss Rose had concocted an easy plan.

Eloise