

## Thursday 4th June 2020

To redraft and extend your own narrative section

Look at your writing from yesterday. Find two or three places in the setting where you can alter to improve your vocabulary choices. The improvements to yesterday's example are in bold.

Look at the direct speech that you have used. Is there a way of including some of William's accent in his speech.

Continue your narrative so that William and his mother make their way out of the station into war torn London.

### Success Criteria

Describe the setting

Describe the characters through their appearance, speech and actions.

Show William's pleasure at seeing his mother.

Show her disdain for William.

Include direct speech to show their interactions.

Don't just copy yesterday's section.

**Red** – write about when they meet and how he wants to help her with his bags.

Include the presents he has for her.

**Green** – write about when they meet and how he wants to help her with his bags.

Include the presents he has for her and William's letter.

**Blue** – As Green but focus on how William starts to see how unkind his mother his being.

### Example

William looked around the vast station. ***The huge cavernous roof was filled to the top with grey smoke. The smell was a reminder of his life in London: it was completely different to Little Weirwold.***

He wasn't sure he would recognise her. It seemed so long since he had left. His last memory was of her walking swiftly away when the other mothers had waved the children off. Why hadn't she stayed to wave like the others? **She would be smart though. She always wore that coat and hat. She never had holes or rips in her clothes. He wondered if she would notice his ankle boots.**

At last he saw her. She was standing near a rack of newspapers. He waved and called but then remembered she wouldn't want anyone to notice her. He began to run.

"Mum. Mum," he called as he ran with his bags swinging off his shoulders.

Initially, she didn't seem to recognise him. "Go away! I haven't any money to give you."

"Mum. **It is.** It's me . William," he replied **disappointment seeping into his voice.** "Don't you recognise me?"

"Oh. It's you. What have they done to you?" She couldn't help but blurt it out. A rosy cheeked boy with a happy smile greeted her as she looked down. He stood in front of her waiting for some warm response: nothing came back apart from a thin forced smile.

