

Tuesday 11th May

LO: Comprehension

At the Beach

My extended family - Gran, Grandad, aunties and uncles - is at the beach. The adults are clustered underneath umbrellas with piles of food and magazines. Only Uncle Antoine walks down to the shore with me, holding my hand. He is my favourite uncle.

The tide has gone out. Dark stripes of seaweed, pebbles and shells lay before us. My uncle clutches my tiny hand in his as we look for treasures among the spread. I am only five years old. Yet somehow I know that this will be one of the happiest moments of my life - sharing a day at the beach with my favourite Uncle Antoine.

I am older now but I still fondly remember that day. As I close my eyes, I see it all so vividly. Uncle Antoine squats down and shakes the salt and sand of a little mussel shell shaped like a boat. Then he finds another and then a third. Soon I have a small fleet of these ships. I giggle as my uncle fashions sails out of little sticks and bits of seaweed. I love my Uncle Antoine. I love his kind smile. I love the ways he draws pretty patterns in the white sand. I want to keep this day alive forever.

Tuesday 11th May

LO: Comprehension

At the Beach

My extended family - Gran, Grandad, aunties and uncles - is at the beach. The adults are clustered underneath umbrellas with piles of food and magazines. Only Uncle Antoine walks down to the shore with me, holding my hand. He is my favourite uncle.

The tide has gone out. Dark stripes of seaweed, pebbles and shells lay before us. My uncle clutches my tiny hand in his as we look for treasures among the spread. I am only five years old. Yet somehow I know that this will be one of the happiest moments of my life - sharing a day at the beach with my favourite Uncle Antoine.

I am older now but I still fondly remember that day. As I close my eyes, I see it all so vividly. Uncle Antoine squats down and shakes the salt and sand of a little mussel shell shaped like a boat. Then he finds another and then a third. Soon I have a small fleet of these ships. I giggle as my uncle fashions sails out of little sticks and bits of seaweed. I love my Uncle Antoine. I love his kind smile. I love the ways he draws pretty patterns in the white sand. I want to keep this day alive forever.

Retrieval

1. Who is telling the story?
2. What were the sails made from?
3. What type of text is this? Circle the answer.

recount instructions narrative

Vocabulary

4. 'my uncle fashions sails out of little sticks and bits of seaweed'

In this context, what does 'fashions' mean? Tick the answer.

dresses something popular creates

5. In the text, can you find a collective noun?
6. What adjective best describes the narrator's tone in the text? Circle it.

comical angry sentimental

Inference

7. Suggest a reason why the narrator wishes to keep 'this day alive forever'.

Retrieval

1. Who is telling the story?
2. What were the sails made from?
3. What type of text is this? Circle the answer.

recount instructions narrative

Vocabulary

4. 'my uncle fashions sails out of little sticks and bits of seaweed'

In this context, what does 'fashions' mean? Tick the answer.

dresses something popular creates

5. In the text, can you find a collective noun?
6. What adjective best describes the narrator's tone in the text? Circle it.

comical angry sentimental

Inference

7. Suggest a reason why the narrator wishes to keep 'this day alive forever'.