

My Autobiography

English

Monday 21st September

My autobiography...

- This week, you are going to write your autobiography – your life story so far.
- Go through the slides for a step-by-step guide.
- We can't wait to read all about you.





How To Write An Autobiography

What IS an
Autobiography?



An autobiography is a story
that you tell about your
own life.

It provides insights into
your feelings and reactions.

Read the extract from Roald
Dahl's *Boy* on the next slides for
an example of an autobiography.

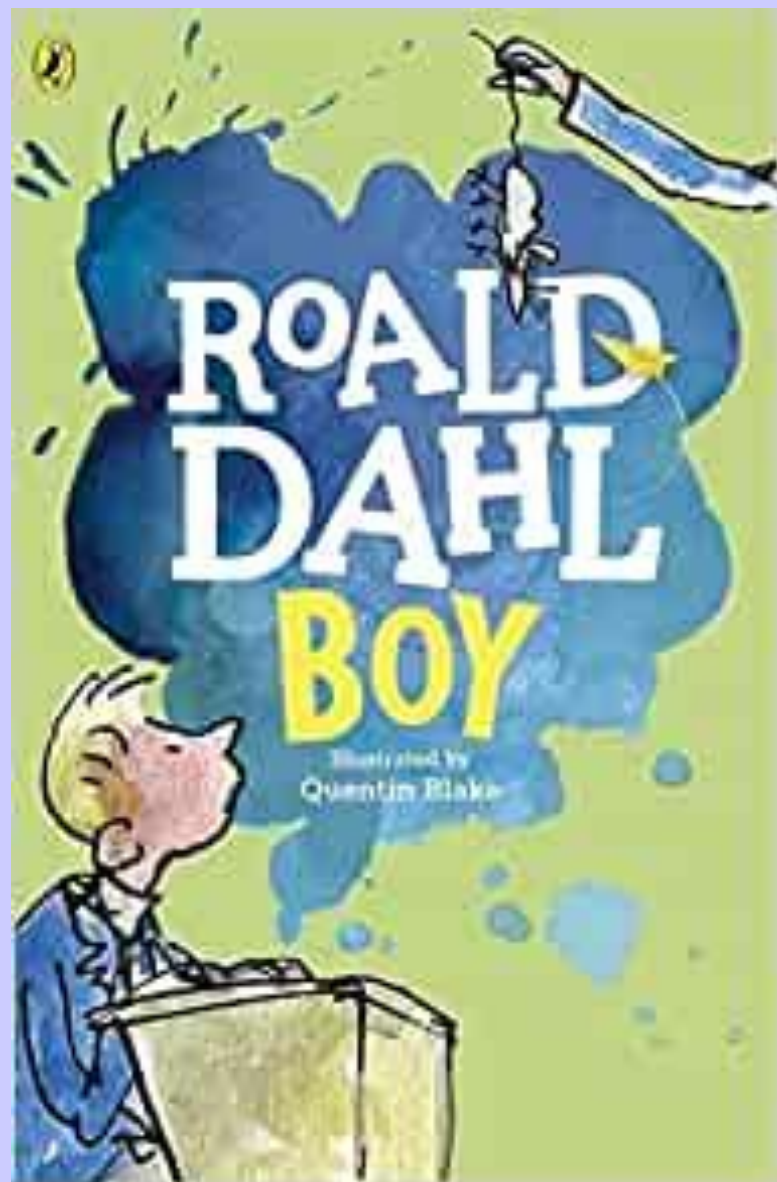


Your story

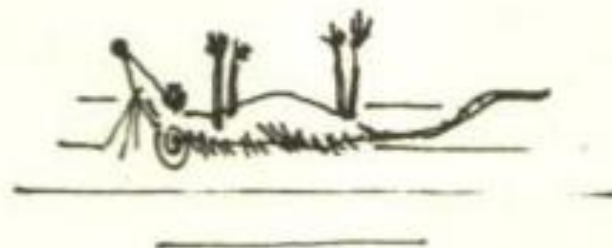


Your feelings
Your reactions





The Great Mouse Plot



My four friends and I had come across a loose floor-board at the back of the classroom, and when we prised it up with the blade of a pocket-knife, we discovered a big hollow space underneath. This, we decided, would be our secret hiding place for sweets and other small treasures such as conkers and monkey-nuts and birds' eggs. Every afternoon, when the last lesson was over, the five of us would wait until the classroom had emptied, then we would lift up the floor-board and examine our secret hoard, perhaps adding to it or taking something away.

One day, when we lifted it up, we found a dead mouse lying among our treasures. It was an exciting discovery. Thwaites took it out by its tail and waved it in front of our faces. 'What shall we do with it?' he cried.

'It stinks!' someone shouted. 'Throw it out of the window quick!'

'Hold on a tick,' I said. 'Don't throw it away.'

Thwaites hesitated. They all looked at me.

When writing about oneself, one must strive to be truthful. Truth is more important than modesty. I must tell you, therefore, that it was I and I alone who had the idea for the great and daring Mouse Plot. We all have our moments of brilliance and glory, and this was mine.

‘Why don’t we’, I said, ‘slip it into one of Mrs Pratchett’s jars of sweets? Then when she puts her dirty hand in to grab a handful, she’ll grab a stinky dead mouse instead.’

The other four stared at me in wonder. Then, as the sheer genius of the plot began to sink in, they all started grinning. They slapped me on the back. They cheered me and danced around the classroom. ‘We’ll do it today!’ they cried. ‘We’ll do it on the way home! *You* had the idea,’ they said to me, ‘so *you* can be the one to put the mouse in the jar.’

Thwaites handed me the mouse. I put it into my trouser pocket. Then the five of us left the school, crossed the village green and headed for the sweet-shop. We were tremendously jazzed up. We felt like a gang of desperados setting out to rob a train or blow up the sheriff’s office.

'Make sure you put it into a jar which is used often,' somebody said.

'I'm putting it in Gobstoppers,' I said. 'The Gobstopper jar is never behind the counter.'

'I've got a penny,' Thwaites said, 'so I'll ask for one Sherbet Sucker and one Bootlace. And while she turns away to get them, you slip the mouse in quickly with the Gobstoppers.'

Thus everything was arranged. We were strutting a little as we entered the shop. We were the victors now and Mrs Pratchett was the victim. She stood behind the counter, and her small malignant pig-eyes watched us suspiciously as we came forward.

'One Sherbet Sucker, please,' Thwaites said to her, holding out his penny.

I kept to the rear of the group, and when I saw Mrs Pratchett turn her head away for a couple of seconds to fish a Sherbet Sucker out of the box, I lifted the heavy glass

lid of the Gobstopper jar and dropped the mouse in. Then I replaced the lid as silently as possible. My heart was thumping like mad and my hands had gone all sweaty.

‘And one Bootlace, please,’ I heard Thwaites saying. When I turned round, I saw Mrs Pratchett holding out the Bootlace in her filthy fingers.

‘I don’t want all the lot of you troopin’ in ’ere if only one of you is buyin’,’ she screamed at us. ‘Now beat it! Go on, get out!’

As soon as we were outside, we broke into a run. ‘Did you do it?’ they shouted at me.

‘Of course I did!’ I said.

‘Well done you!’ they cried. ‘What a super show!’

I felt like a hero. I *was* a hero. It was marvellous to be so popular.

Features of an autobiography

Purpose:

To give an account of your own life



Structure:

- An introduction or opening statement that introduces the person and set the scene.*
- Significant events are ordered chronologically*
- Closing statements where the writer reflects on some events.*

Did you find these features as you were reading?

See if you can spot them in the example of a recount of a life event on the next slide.

Language Features:

- Refers to named individuals*
- Contains dates linked to specific events*
- Written in the past tense*
- Should include feelings*
- Written in 1st person*
- Includes time connectives to link ideas*
- Events are anecdotal in style (rather than lists of facts), and engage the reader*

Read *The Missing Easter Egg*...

When I was six my Auntie May gave me the most beautiful Easter egg I had ever seen. It seemed enormous. The egg was covered with shiny paper and inside a special box. There was a hole cut out in the side of the box and through it you could see the curve of the egg shining in its silver paper. Seeing it shine through the hole in the box was like looking through a window and seeing the moon. It was still a week to go to Easter Sunday so I put the box on the high shelf in my bedroom and every morning and every night I looked up at the egg and dreamed of how good it was going to taste.

On Easter Sunday morning I woke up really early and the first thing I did was to stand on my bed and reach for my egg. As I picked it up something felt a bit strange, the box wasn't as heavy as I remembered it. But you could still see the shape of the egg in its wrapping inside the box so I wasn't worried. But when I pulled open the lid of the box and looked inside I couldn't believe my eyes. It was empty! Whoever had taken the egg had been really cunning - they had put the silver paper wrapping back in the box and pressed it into the shape of the egg, as though it was still inside.

I didn't have to wait to find out who the thief was. I heard laughing behind me and when I turned around there was my sister Diane standing in the doorway and laughing at me. I knew then who had played that terrible trick on me and who had eaten my Easter egg.

This recount of a life event has:

An opening paragraph which sets the scene with descriptive detail e.g. *covered with shiny paper*. It also uses specific names e.g. Auntie May.

A second paragraph which describes events in detail to explain what happened. Reactions of the person are shown through thoughts and feelings.

A concluding paragraph which gives a resolution (she found out who had eaten the egg), and a reflection in the last sentence.

Plan your autobiography...

Use the planning frame on the website.

Include:

- Information on when and where you were born and your family;
- A recount of a personal life event (like the example of *The Missing Egg*);
- Information on your life now and your hopes for the future.

Use the step-by-step guide on the following slides, to help you fill in the recount sections of the planning sheet.

Autobiography of...

The very beginning...
When and where you were born. Family. Earliest memories.

Recount of a personal life event...
1. Choose a personal event in your life involving an accident or mistake. Set the scene and time for the reader. How old were you? Where were you. Add descriptive detail.

Continue recount of a personal life event...
2. Describe what happened in detail. Your reactions to the events through thoughts and feelings.

Conclude recount of a personal life event...
3. What happened in the end? Were things resolved? May end with a closing statement which reflects on events.

Your life now...
What are you currently doing? What would you like to achieve this year? In the future? What are your hopes and dreams?

Step 2
Brainstorm



Step 1
Choose



Step 3
Write

Step 4
Review



Step 1



Choose a part of your life

Step 1



This will be your story

Step 2



Brainstorm your chosen event

Step 2



What event ?

When did it happen?

Where did it happen?

Who was there?

Step 2



Why is this important?

How did you feel?

What was your reaction?

What does this say about you?