

Wednesday 24<sup>th</sup> February

Complete verbally and discuss...

L.O. Change active sentences to passive, and vice versa.

### Active Verbs

The subject is doing the action

The mice scared the elephants.

### Active and Passive

'Bat back' the active sentences, changing them to passive.

### Passive Verbs

The subject has the action done to it

The elephants were scared by the mice.

The poems were recited by the children.

The teacher taught the class.

The Allies defeated Germany in World War II.

The autograph was bought by the fan.



How have the sentences changed?

Answers on the next slide...

## L.O. Change active sentences to passive, and vice versa.

### Active Verbs

The subject is doing  
the action

The mice scared the  
elephants.

### Active and Passive

'Bat back' the active  
sentences, changing  
them to passive.

### Passive Verbs

The subject has the  
action done to it

The elephants were scared  
by the mice.

The poems were recited  
by the children.

The children recited the  
poems.

The teacher taught the  
class.

The class was taught by  
the teacher.

The Allies defeated  
Germany in World War II.

Germany was defeated by  
the Allies in World War II.

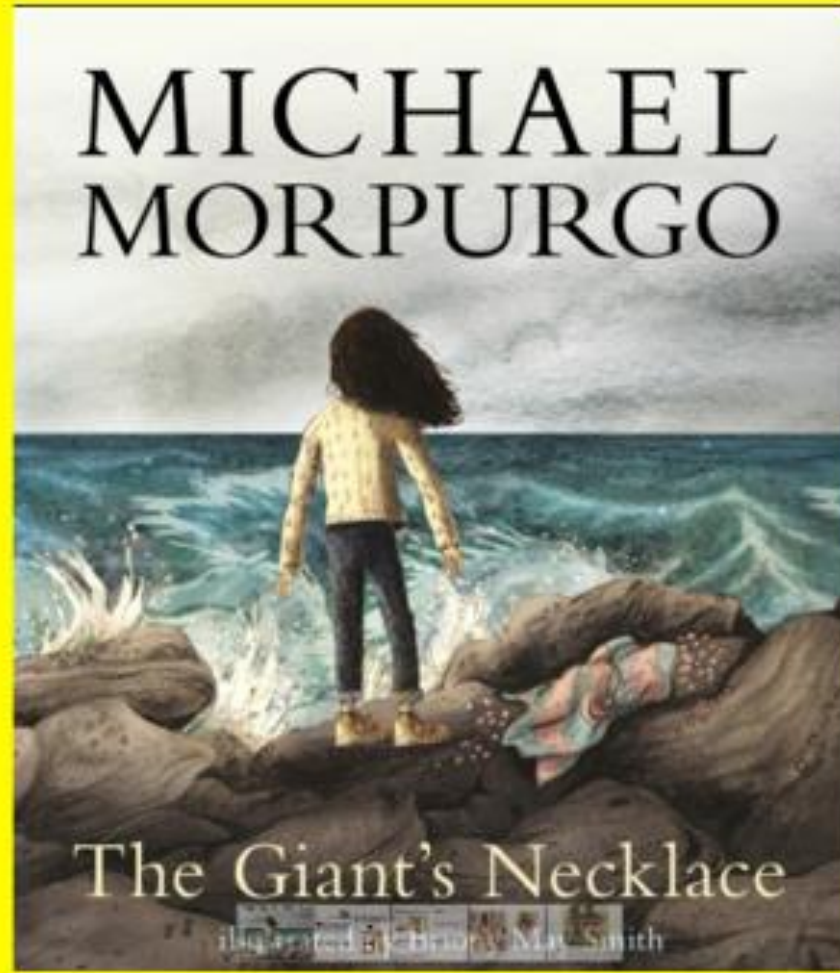
The autograph was bought  
by the fan.

The fan bought the  
autograph.



How have  
the  
sentences  
changed?

Let's recap on what we read yesterday...



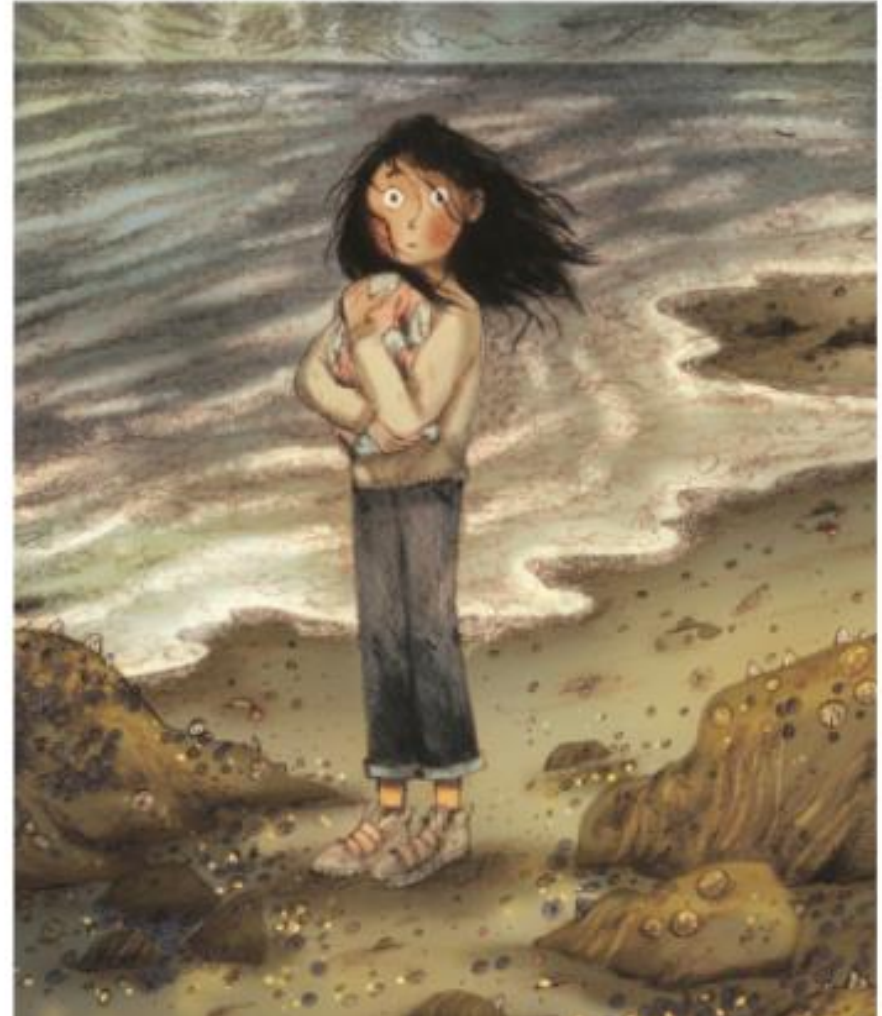
Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video.





It was the baleful sound of a foghorn somewhere out at sea beyond Gunnards Head that at last forced Cherry to consider her own predicament. Only then did she take some account of the incoming tide. She looked for the rocks she would have to clamber over to reach Boat Cove again and the winding track that would take her up to the cliff path and safety, but they were gone. Where they should have been, the sea was already driving in against the cliff face. She was cut off. For many moments Cherry stared in disbelief and wondered if her memory was de-

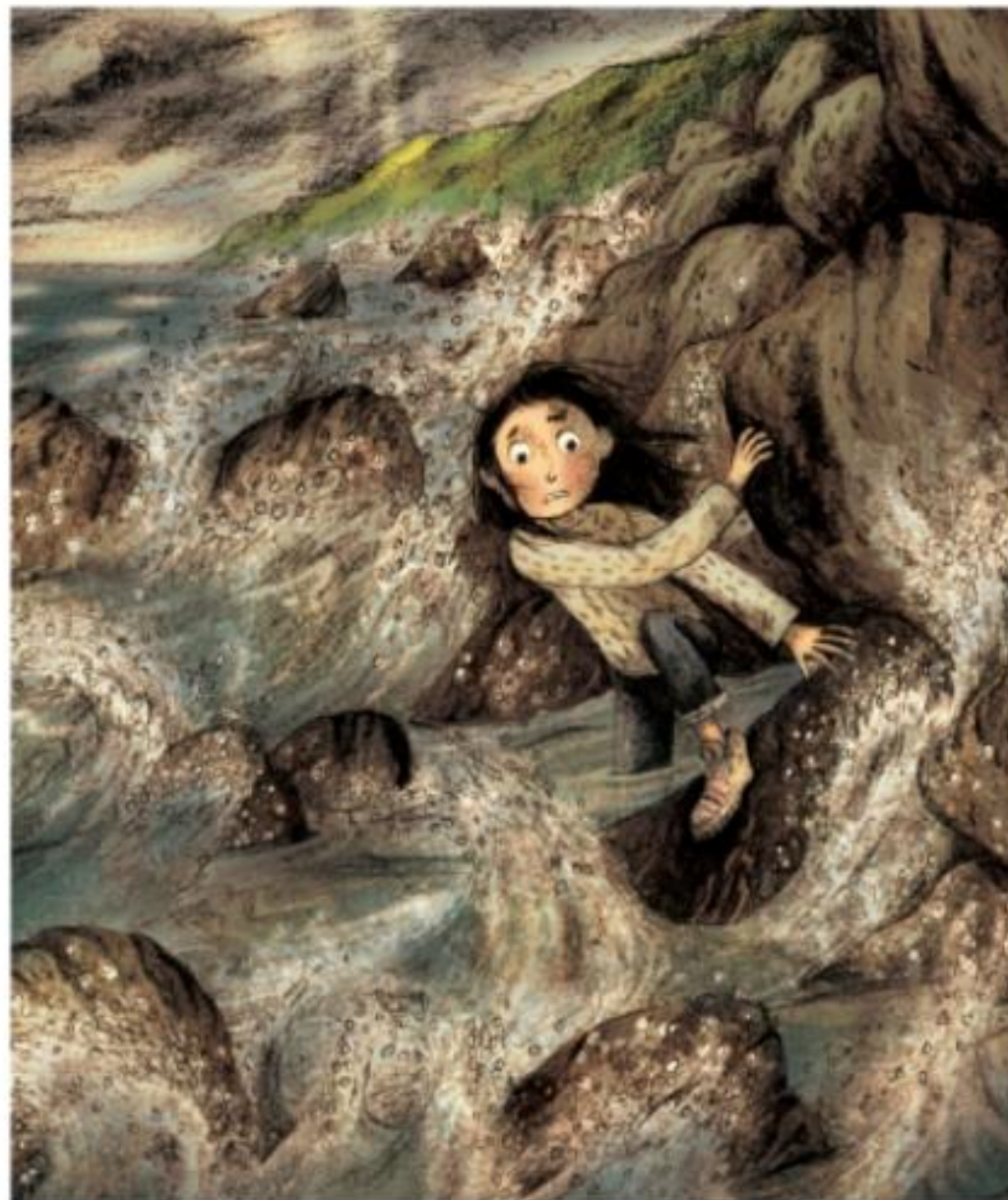
ceiving her, until the sea, sucked back into the Atlantic for a brief moment, revealed the rocks that marked her route back to Boat Cove. Then she realized at last that the sea had undergone a grim metamorphosis. In a confusion of wonder and fear she looked out to sea at the heaving ocean that moved in towards her, seeing it now as a writhing grey monster breathing its fury on the rocks with every pounding wave.







Still Cherry did not forget her shells, but wrapping them inside her towel she tucked them into her jersey and waded out through the surf towards the rocks. If she timed it right, she reasoned, she could scramble back over them and into the cove as the surf retreated. And she reached the first of the rocks without too much difficulty; the sea here seemed to be protected from the force of the ocean by the rocks further out. Holding fast to the first rock she came to, and with the sea up around her waist, she waited for the next incoming wave to break and retreat. The wave was unexpectedly impotent and fell limply on the rocks around her. She knew her moment had come and took it. She was not to know that piling up far out at sea was the first of the giant storm waves that had gathered several hundred miles out in the Atlantic, bringing with it all the momentum and violence of the deep ocean.



The rocks were slippery underfoot and more than once Cherry slipped down into seething white rock pools where she had played so often when the tide was out. But she struggled on until finally she had climbed high enough to be able to see the thin



strip of sand that was all that was left of Boat Cove. It was only a few yards away, so close. Until now she had been crying involuntarily; but now, as she recognized the little path up through the bracken, her heart was lifted with hope and anticipation. She knew that the worst was over, that if the sea would only hold back she would reach the sanctuary of the cove. She turned and looked behind her to see how far away the next wave was, just to reassure herself that she had enough time. But the great surge of green water was on her before she could register either disappointment or fear. She was hurled back against the rock below her and covered at once by the sea. She was conscious as she went down that she was drowning, but she still clutched her shells against her chest and was glad she had enough of them at last to finish the giant's necklace. Those were her last thinking thoughts before the sea took her away.



What do you think happens next?

L.O. To use prediction to continue a narrative.

Your task is to **continue the narrative** after Cherry falls into the sea.

What do you think happens to her? Does she meet a giant?  
Does she survive?

Where does she end up?

What happens to her precious shells?

Use your imagination and **continue the story**, writing as the author, Michael Morpurgo.

**Remember to** use a range of:

Authorial techniques;

Punctuation - , ? ! ( ) - ;

Openers - ed, ing, simile; and

Include a blend of Description, Action and Dialogue

Make sure  
you  
SeeSaw us  
your  
stories.