

Friday 26<sup>th</sup> February



She imagined at first that the glow of light above her was from a torch, and she shouted and screamed until she was weak from the effort of it. But although no answering call came from the night, the light remained, a pale beckoning light whose source now seemed to her wider perhaps than that of a torch. With renewed hope that had rekindled her strength and her courage, Cherry inched her way up the cliff towards the light until she found herself at the entrance to a narrow cave that was filled with a flickering yellow light like that of a candle shaken by the wind. She hauled herself up into the mouth of the cave

and sat down exhausted, looking back down at the furious sea frothing beneath her. Relief and joy surged within her and she laughed aloud in triumph. She was safe and she had defied the sea and won. Her one regret was that she had had to leave her cowrie shells behind on the ledge. They were high enough she thought to escape the sea. She would fetch them tomorrow after the tide had gone down again.

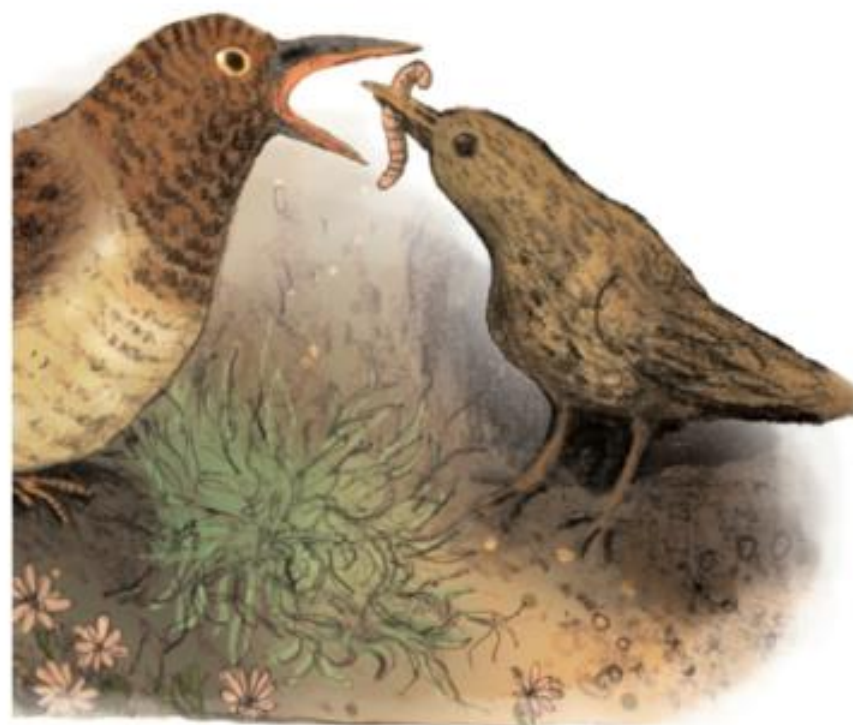


Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video.



For the first time now she began to think of her family and how worried they would be, but the thought of walking in through the front door all dripping and dramatic made her almost choke with excitement.

As she reached forward to brush a sharp stone from the sole of her foot, Cherry noticed that the narrow entrance to the cave was half sealed in. She ran her fingers over the stones and cement to make sure, for the light was poor. It was at that moment that she recognized exactly where she was. She recalled now the giant fledgling cuckoo one of her brothers had spotted being fed by a tiny rock pipit earlier in the holidays, how they had quarrelled over the binoculars and how when she finally usurped them and made her escape across the rocks she had found the cuckoo perched at the entrance to a narrow cave some way up the cliff face from the beach.



She had asked then about the man-made walling, and her father had told her of the old tin mines whose lodes and adits criss-crossed the entire coastal area around Zennor. This one, he said, might have been the mine they called Wheel North Grylls, and he thought the adit must have been walled up to prevent the seas from entering the mine in a storm. It was said there had been an accident in the mine only a few years after

it was opened, over a hundred years before, and that the mine had had to close soon after when the mine owners ran out of money to make the necessary repairs. The entire story came back to her now, and she wondered where the cuckoo was and whether the rock pipit had died with the effort of keeping the fledgling alive. Tin mines, she thought, lead to the surface, and the way home. That thought and her natural inquisitiveness about the source of light persuaded her to her feet and into the tunnel.

The adit became narrower and lower as she crept forward, so she had to go down on her hands and knees and sometimes flat on her stomach. Although she was now out of the wind, it seemed colder. She felt she was moving downwards for a minute or two, for the blood was coming to her head and her weight was heavy on her hands. Then, quite suddenly, she found the ground levelling out and saw a large tunnel ahead of her. There was no doubt as to which way she should turn, for one way the tunnel was black

and the other way was lighted with candles that lined the lode wall as far as she could see. She called out, "Anyone there? Anyone there?" and paused to listen for the reply; but all she could hear now was the muffled roar of the sea and the continuous echoing of dripping water.

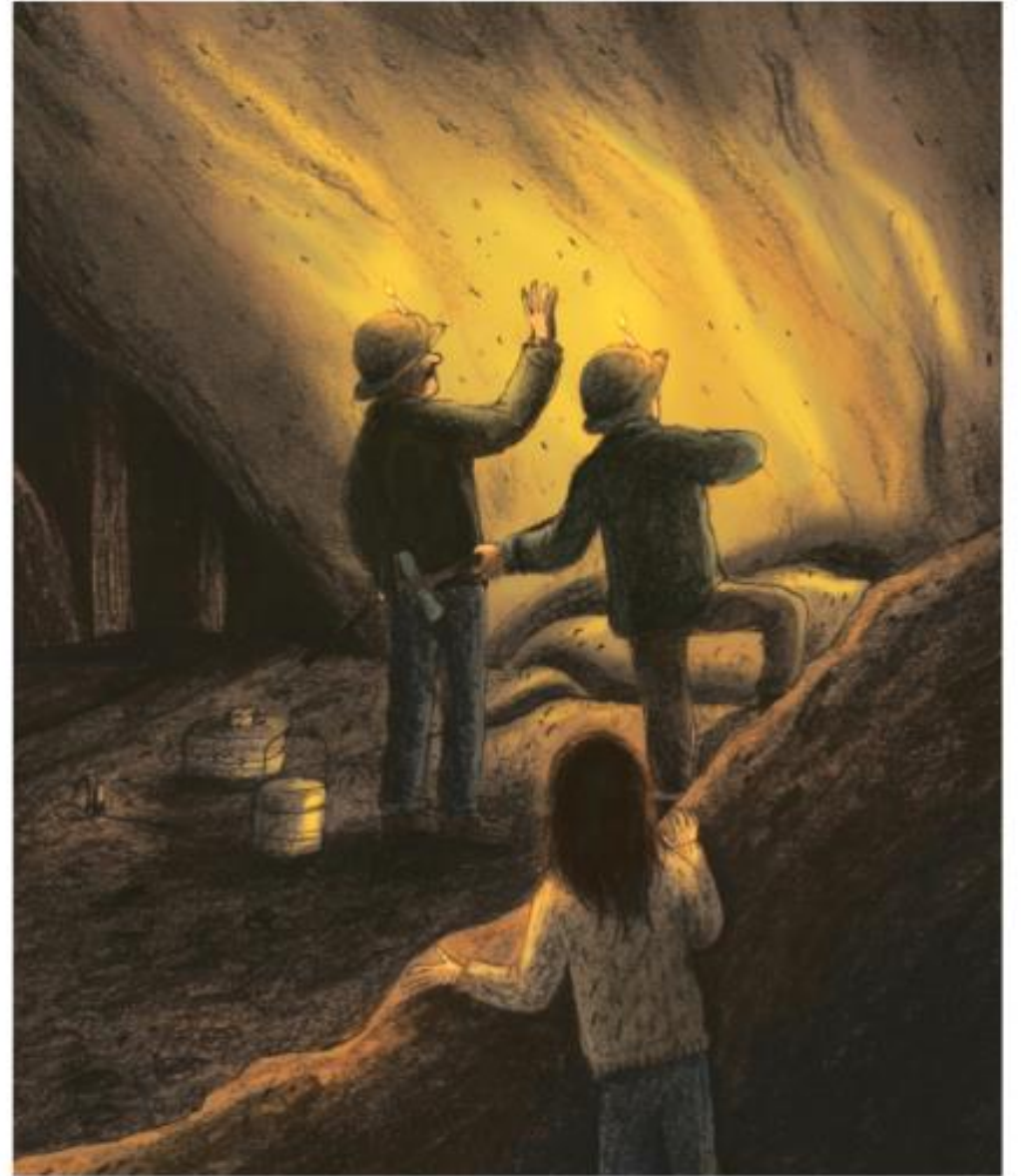


The tunnel widened now and she could walk upright again; but her feet hurt against the stone and so she moved slowly, feeling her way gently with each foot. She had gone only a short distance when she heard the tapping for the first time, distinct and rhythmic, a sound that was instantly recognizable as hammering. It became sharper and noticeably more metallic as she moved up the tunnel. She could hear the distant murmur of voices and the sound of falling stone. Even before she came out of the tunnel and into



the vast cave she knew she had happened upon a working mine.

The cave was dark in all but one corner and here she could see two men bending to their work, their backs towards her. One of them was inspecting the rock face closely whilst the other swung his hammer with controlled power, pausing only to spit on his hands from time to time. They wore round hats with turned-up brims that served also as candlesticks, for a lighted candle was fixed to each, the light dancing with the shadows along the cave walls as they worked.





Cherry watched for some moments until she made up her mind what to do. She longed to rush up to them and tell of her escape and to ask them

to take her to the surface, but a certain shyness overcame her and she held back. Her chance to interrupt came when they sat down against the rock face and opened their canteens. She was in the shadows and they still could not see her.

"Tea looks cold again," one of them said gruffly. "'Tis always cold. I'm sure she makes it wi' cold water."

"Oh, stop your moaning, Father," said the other, a younger voice, Cherry felt. "She does her best. She's five little ones to look after and precious little to do it on. She does her best. You mustn't keep on at her so. It upsets her. She does her best."



"So she does, lad, so she does. And so for that matter do I, but that don't stop her moaning at me and it'll not stop me moaning at her. If we

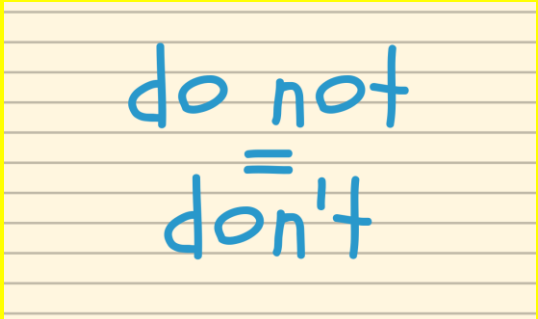


didn't moan at each other, lad, we'd have precious little else to talk about, and that's a fact. She expects it of me, lad, and I expects it of her."

"Excuse me," Cherry said tentatively. She felt she had eavesdropped for long enough. She approached them slowly. "Excuse me, but I've got a bit lost. I climbed the cliff, you see, cos I was cut off from the cove. I was trying to get back, but I couldn't and I saw this light and so I climbed up. I want to get home and I wondered if you could help me get to the top?"

Who are the men?  
Will they help Cherry?  
Will she get back to her  
family safely?  
Will she get back her  
precious shells?

# Revision of apostrophes for contractions...



do not  
don't

Complete the lesson on Oak Academy using the link below:

<https://classroom.thenational.academy/lessons/to-understand-the-two-functions-of-apostrophes-68vk6t>

Now complete the SATs questions on the next slides (available to download on the website).

Remember, you need to be **really accurate** in where you place the apostrophe and **your spelling needs to be correct**.



L.O. To use apostrophes for contractions and omissions.

**Q1.** Write the **contracted form** of the underlined words in the box below.

We shall not do that again!

1 mark

**Q2.** Write the **contraction** for each of the words below.

The first one has been done for you.

do not \_\_\_\_\_ **don't** \_\_\_\_\_

I am \_\_\_\_\_

has not \_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

Q3.

Write the **contraction** of the underlined words in each box.

"I cannot find my hat," moaned Asha. "I will ask Mum.



I bet she has seen it."



1 mark



**Q4.**

Put a tick in each row to show how the **apostrophe** has been used in the sentence.

One has been done for you.

<b>Sentence</b>	<b>To replace a missing letter</b>	<b>To show something belongs to someone / something</b>
It doesn't go there.	✓	
We're cold.		
Anita's coat is very warm.		
Ruby's hair is brown.		
I mustn't forget my homework.		

1 mark

Q5.

Write the **contracted form** of the underlined words in the box.

That decision does not seem fair.



1 mark

Q6.

Tick one box in each row to show whether the apostrophe is used for a **contracted form** or **possession**.

Sentence	Apostrophe for a contracted form	Apostrophe for possession
Where is Karen's pen?		
Joshua's hungry.		
Please get the dog's dinner.		
The cat's outside.		

1 mark

Now check your  
answers –  
download from  
the RL page.