

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> March 2021

English Home Learning

LO: To write a diary entry with cohesive description.

Below is a section from the book, 'Tom's Midnight Garden' by Philippa Pearce. Tom is sent away to stay with his aunt and uncle for the summer holidays. With no garden or children to play with, he feels lonely and unhappy, until one night he hears the clock striking thirteen and discovers a secret garden where he makes a new friend, Hatty. This section describes the first time Tom goes outside.

Instead he took a step forward on to the doorstep. He was staring, at first in surprise, then with indignation, at what he saw outside. That **they** should have deceived him – lied to him – like this! **They** had said, "It's not worth your while going out at the back, Tom." So carelessly they had described it: "A sort of back-yard, very poky, with rubbish bins. Really, there's nothing to see."

Nothing... Only this: a great lawn where flower-beds bloomed, a towering fir-tree, and thick, beetle-browed yews that humped their shapes down two sides of the lawn; on the third side, to the right, a greenhouse almost the size of a real house; from each corner of the lawn, a path that twisted away to some other depths of garden, with other trees.

Tom had stepped forward instinctively, catching his breath in surprise; now **he** let his breath out in a deep sigh. He would steal out here tomorrow, by daylight. They had tried to keep this from him, but they could not stop him now – not his aunt, nor his uncle, nor the back flat tenants, nor even particular Mrs Bartholomew.

He would run full tilt over the grass, leaping the flower-beds; he would peer through the glittering panes of the greenhouse – perhaps open the door and go in: he would visit each alcove and archway clipped in the yew-trees – he would climb the trees and make his way from one to another through thickly interlacing branches. When they came calling him, he would hide, silent and safe as a bird, among this richness of leaf and bough and tree-trunk.

The scene tempted him even now: it lay so inviting and clear before him – clear-cut from the stubby leaf-pins of the nearer yew-trees to the curled-back petals of the hyacinths in the crescent-shaped corner beds.

Highlight some key words and phrases that created pictures in your mind to help you imagine the scene as you read. I have highlighted some words and phrases I picked out in green.

Next, highlight ways that the author has made the sentences link to one another – to make the text cohesive (have flow). I have highlighted some words and phrases I picked out in yellow.

For today's writing, you are going to be explorers visiting the jungle in Rousseau's painting. You will be writing a diary entry of your first visit (when you DO NOT see the tiger). It would be useful to have your annotated copy of the painting from last Friday for today's work as this will provide you with useful vocabulary. Remember Rousseau painted this painting in 1891 so you will be explorers from over one hundred years ago when people tended to write more formally. Here is an example of a short diary entry.

*At first, I was overwhelmed by the noise. I had expected the jungle to be quite silent, scarcely so perhaps, but instead I felt almost deafened by the sounds around me. Thunder and lightning crashed and cracked of course, and the steady drumming of the rain on the leaves and branches above our heads pounded our ears. Despite all of this, we could still hear the sound of the animals around us: the screeching of birds as they sheltered as best they could from the wet; the chittering of monkeys swinging by, just out of sight; the strange rustlings near our feet – that, we kept telling ourselves – couldn't really be snakes could they?*

Aim to write at least one paragraph (5-6 sentences) but you can write more than one paragraph if you want to.

You will be editing and improving your diary entry tomorrow. Remember to share your work if you can.