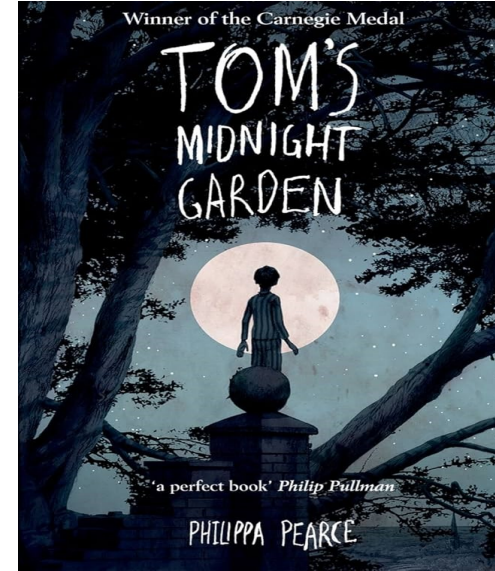


# In Autumn 2, Year 5 are Reading...



Our Vehicle Text for Writing



Reading for Pleasure Text



## The River Trader

"Grab on Claudio. What are you doing? We can't lose it." I am struck by the perpetual roaring of the engine, but he just gawks at me, his face ashen.

Claudio is only seven and slight for his age, scrawny even, but I glimpse he hesitates, his knuckles white from clenching the hook. The gas water as it carves its way down the Amazon to Belém laden with looms above us now and our canoe is like a toy next to its bulk. The canopy, where caiman lurk and jaguars stalk, is my small world above the flooded forest. There my eight hungry siblings are today and Claudio, however young he is, has his part to play.

I grip the oars and steer our craft assuredly until we are even close Claudio launches into action and hooks us on to the speeding craft we lurch forward and are dragged along like a rag doll. I have no choice but to whip dangerously close to the stern and to the engine as the canoe disappears into the dark water as we become submerged. I am immersed up to his waist, his thin shorts sodden and the water around him. I try to avoid his big brown eyes which look helpless that the propellers are not far away. Instead, I concentrate on the rope firmly, passing one hand over the other, hauling us closer as we can reach the metal railings. I tie the canoe securely, its nose up and we clamber on to the lower deck, laughing to shake off our rain.

A sea of multi-coloured hammocks awaits us – the passengers are caterpillars as they while away the hours or days they have to get river is the only highway available in these parts and these boats many.



## Dystopia

Sat on a rocky outcrop, high above the desolate land, a father and son. Despite the overwhelming heat, they both wore heavy metal helmets. A newspaper drifted past on the gentle breeze. The boy was dated the day before, 24th December 2050.

"What happened here, dad?" the boy asked his father, unable to see the landscape.

"This was all rainforest when I was a boy," his father began, "but the problem was, we wanted everything. It started with oil and so toxic that nothing could survive and so we started farming more trees needed to come down. Everything needed palm oil on the ground, it was palm oil. One oil or the other helped to destroy putting money into chopping down the forests and stopped recycling. The child looked down from their perch. From so high up, it was landscape. They hadn't been formed by earthquakes or drought of those since he'd been born – instead, they were the marks left moving in and out of the area. On their way out, he'd heard, the "Why didn't you stop them?" he asked the obvious question. He saw his voice quavered and his eyes dampened.

"We did, for a while. Governments came and went, and we blamed Nobody wanted to take responsibility, and so we didn't take it seriously."

"Here in India, there were giant creatures called elephants, as tall as trunks that sprouted from their face like an arm. Around them, giant squirrels leapt from tree to tree, and hunting dogs chased each other through the long grass."

Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he spoke, unseen behind the mask. His son stared wistfully at the barren dust-bowl far below. He imagined the ghosts of these creatures wandering aimlessly through

## E Example Text: Setting Narrative

Weather Sign

I should have known a distant angry sky like that was an omen of inevitability. Its clouds gathered to a billowing deep grey and waited – like an agitated guard. They beckoned my father, they called his name and marked time to take him – take him from us. Then, in that very sky, they threw down shards of fork lightning which pierced the ocean below; this tormented the sky.

The waves rallied, heaved and spiked all at different heights, creating an irregular landscape. They hurled a white horse that crashed into one another on the shoreline, a wooden boat attempted to steady by a man sat within it. His efforts powerless, as the uneven seas forced their temper upon it.

The rocks that divide my father from us seemed to echo the incensed sea. Their jagged edges too dangerous to navigate in such conditions. I recall vividly their dark crevices that homed spaces for poppies; scarlet poppies that took root, somehow protected a little. The swarming winds still trembled them. They lined a path of remembrance to the shore.

We watched, clutching one another for safety from the weather, the seas and felt the pain of emptiness that this forever separation drenched upon us. I will always remember the day he left, those scarlet poppies, and an anxious last glance on his face that had once held a smile.

Tears streamed down the old man's cheeks as he spoke, unseen behind the mask. His son stared wistfully at the barren dust-bowl far below. He imagined the ghosts of these creatures wandering aimlessly through

## Guided reading stimulus



Dear Father,

Can you believe that I am writing this letter from the plushest of seats, and it is beyond my wildest dreams. White Star Line

I don't believe the size of the dining hall. It barely seems to me that floats. Mother is looking forward to dancing in the dark wood, winds its way up grand staircases that

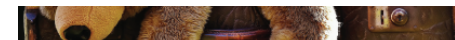
own, I'm sure. Not that I'm complaining, of course. Your generous could have asked for.

Inside my own room, I am lucky to have the suite to myself. The soft silk sheets and the fluffiest pillow. I don't suppose I shall be quite possible that you have spoiled me, Father!

Do you remember when we stayed at The Grand in London, as were? Well, these are just as divine but on a miniature scale. I straight from the middle of London and shrank them down to do such a thing!

I do feel like quite the rascal, I must say. It's not even close to setting out to investigate the tea room! It is packed with round, white tables. I could hear the constant clatter of china cups and teapots in my attention to myself, so I left rather hastily. I can't wait to dine in

When we arrived in Southampton this morning, just after 9, I saw a lot of people milling about trying to board, and I didn't want to be an inefficient company indeed – and I'm now a little bored as we were at midday and make our way to France by this evening. When



## Kindertransport

My dearest parents,

As I sit here on a train bound for England, my heart is sinking at what I am leaving behind. I hope that we will meet our other and I

## E Example Text: Letters

Dearest child,

I have not laid sight upon you again today so leave this letter under your pillow. I write this in the early hours from my work room to give you an explanation for my ongoing absence. I hope that we can soon spend time together – once my ambitions have been realised.

I have been working tirelessly with every minute God gives me to scaffold my thinking around the construction of a unique invention: a fantastical contraption that only existed in my imagination. Now you see, this aspiration is becoming a reality which will finally enable me to soar like a bird set free - I feel sure of this now.

Day and night, I have meticulously hammered, trimmed, sewn and stitched the finest of feathers – thousands of them. I have considered all the working components, given great thought to the materials needed and selected the strongest silk sheeting to capture the air. Collectively, these very measures will help me take lift from the ground and steady the unkindest of weathers. Flight is upon me.

I know that these words may disinterest you as it is my time you crave. I understand this, particularly at your young age, which guilt my heart and furrows my brow. But I now find myself at the very brink of conquering the skies.

Man can and will take flight one day soon, and that man will be me. The very image of this drives my persistence and determination.

Your father.