

Varjak Paw by S.F. Said

Fiction

Theme: Bravery/ Courage

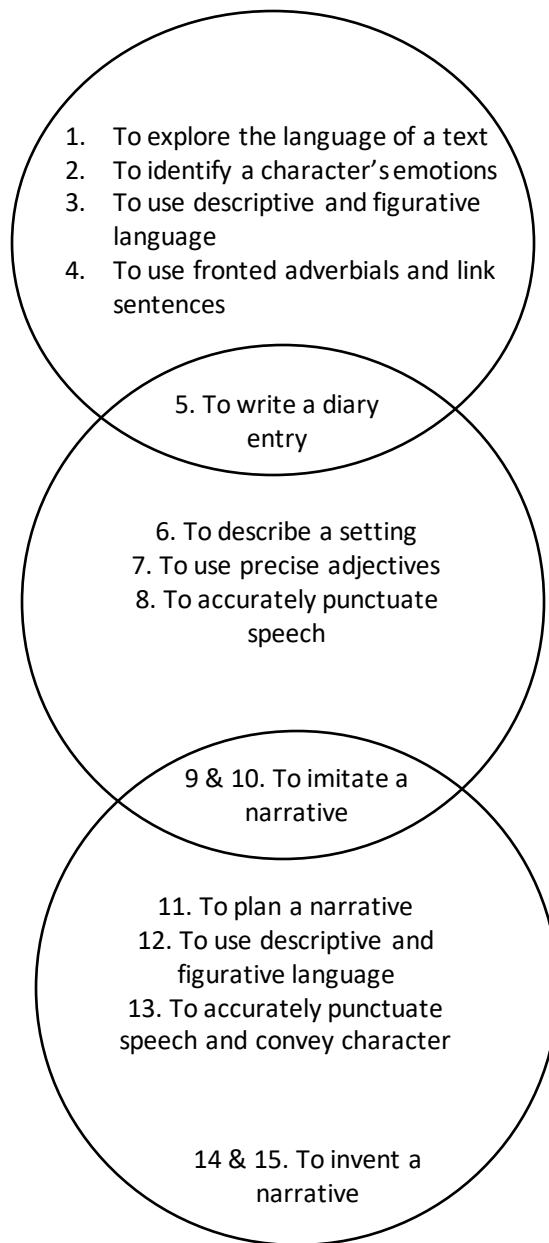
Tier 2 words: distinctive, evolved, variety, dominant, individual, prefer

SC:

Build cohesion (Fronted adverbials, linked sentences)

Descriptive and Figurative language – similes, metaphors, expanded noun phrases

Accurate speech punctuation



Use diary entries in Reading Lessons: [t2-or-515-diary-entries-the-twist-the-text-little_ver_4.pdf](#)

1. Tier 2 vocabulary lesson:
2. Recap Chapter 8, where Varjak wakes up on the Outside. Give partners an emotions thesaurus word mat. Play fastest finger first e.g give me a synonym for 'happy' etc. Re-read the chapter, pausing at main points to discuss feelings. How do we know? How did he react? (body language) What was he thinking? Learners complete sheet/track emotions at different points.
3. Describe how a cat can show emotion through body language eg. Eyes widened, fur stood on end, tail swayed, yowl e.g. what would his fur look like if scared? Etc. Identify key moments - Walking towards the city. Observing the sights and sounds of the city. Thinking about Elder Paw. Introduce 'metaphor' and how it can be used to describe emotion. Give some examples of metaphors e.g. his heart was heavy, shivers ran down his spine.. My head was foggy. Wondering what had happened, I stretched and shook his fur. Write a paragraph to describe Varjak's journey of emotions throughout the chapter by description of actions and body language in the first person.
4. Sort fronted adverbials into 'time, place and manner'. Give learners some sentences to write on whiteboards, up-leveling by choosing appropriate fronted adverbials. Use this as discussion point for what is suitable and why. Model how to write a linked sentence, stressing it must expand on the main idea, giving extra info. Learners write linked sentences on whiteboards. Display pictorial prompts for learners to describe Varjak's reactions and emotions. Write a paragraph using fronted adverbials and linked sentences.
5. Model how to begin paragraph 1. P1 waking up on the Outside. When, what had happened previously? How did I feel? P2 Describe the outside. What could I see/hear/feel? How did I react? What did I think? P3 thinking about Elder Paw. What had happened to him? How did I feel about that? What did I miss about him? Continue write. P4 shelter from the storm. What will I do next? Where will I go? Why? What did Elder Paw tell me?
6. Explain this week, they will be rewriting the part where Varjak hunts and kills a mouse. Describing alleyway. Recap expanded noun phrases and prepositional phrases to show where things were. E.g. Dark shadows crept across the ground as the street lamps flickered mischievously.
7. Show model where adjectives repeated. Model how to choose precise adjectives and think about shades of meaning.
8. Model accurate speech punctuation.
9. Write imitated narrative
10. Continue write
11. Green hat – prediction. What do we think happens to Tam? Disappears on p144 Take suggestions but limit to being captured. It may be that HAPS able to write independently but most will need to be on the same structure. Captured --- meets another cat ---- dialogue ---- setting description. (More freedom with what happens at the end). Focus is planning out the setting and some character description of other cat
12. Describe dungeon/cellar. Mind map what might be in there (optional). Consider smells/sight (should be able to draw from last week's writing (word mat to support)
13. Recap speech punctuation. Focus on description around speech. Link with emotion of fear. Build up language of how we would use synonyms of said
14. Write invented narrative

Model live writing – Don't share as one piece or before extended write

SC:

Build cohesion (Fronted adverbials, linked sentences)

Descriptive and Figurative language – similes, metaphors, expanded noun phrases, prepositional phrases)

Dear diary,

After my weird dream, I woke up at the bottom of the wall in a state of bewilderment. Had I fallen? I couldn't remember a thing. I was covered in sloppy mud, clumps of moss and my fur was soaking wet. I needed to shake the dirt off immediately. As I tried to stand up, my legs went wobbly. My head was pounding and my heart was racing. What was I going to do?

I woke up on the other side wondering about my strange dream. There was moss and mud on my silver, blue fur. It gave me an unpleasant feeling and I quickly shook it off. In the distance, I could see the bright beaming lights of the city. I felt astonished that something could be so big.

As I crept towards the hustle and bustle, I heard a deafening noise that sounded like thunder. Before long metal monsters started rumbling. It was like a parade of animals. Were these dogs?

Soon I was starving and it reminded me of the caviar. Luckily, there was a food stall, giving free food. Boy, did it smell good.

As I scampered around, I heard a thunderous noise. Just then, rain started to bucket down on me. Because I hate rain so much, I desperately searched for shelter, I came across a wooden hut.

Here I am now, in the comfort of this shack. I am feeling glad to be out of the rain but I can't stop thinking about Elder Paw now. I feel heartbroken remembering him strapped against the wall. Julius might be strong but I am the bravest in the Paw family.

SC:

Descriptive and Figurative language – similes, metaphors, expanded noun phrases, prepositional phrases)

Accurate speech punctuation – make sure commas inside the speech marks

Model live writing – Don't share as one piece or before extended write

As the three of them were walking, Varjak felt a grumble in his belly.

“I'm hungry. I'm going to hunt,” said Varjak, as he peered down the alleyway.

“Don't be ridiculous,” sneered Holly as she laughed at Varjak.

“A cat like you isn't built for hunting,” muttered Tam.

“I'm going anyway,” stated Varjak as he strode towards the alleyway.

Determined to prove them wrong, Varjak padded into the darkness. In the alleyway, he could see rusty, broken bins with foul rubbish spilling out of them. Empty, old crisp packets sailed on the breeze. His nose wrinkled. The air smelled of rotting food. The walls on either side of him were sprayed with graffiti and covered in grime. On the floor there were brown murky puddles from the rain and the broken, dripping pipes which ran down the buildings. Varjak was determined to find some prey – he could still hear Holly's laugh in his head. He travelled further past the boarded up windows that seemed to have hundreds of years of filth hanging from them.

Varjak's ears twitched. He could hear movement from behind one of the bins. He stretched out. Quickly but quietly, something small was running along the floor. Varjak stalked closer. The thing had stopped moving. Silently like a ghost, Varjak crept across the filthy floor. Whatever it was, it hadn't noticed him. Varjak, however, was completely focused on his prey...

SMACK! Varjak's paw shot out, hitting the mouse across the head. While the creature was stunned, he pounced. His teeth dug into the mouse's neck. He had caught and killed his first mouse. Eagerly, he crunched into his breakfast. It was the best thing he had ever eaten.

Model live writing – Don't share as one piece or before extended write

SC:

Descriptive and Figurative language – similes, metaphors, expanded noun phrases, prepositional phrases)

Accurate speech punctuation – make sure commas inside the speech marks – model had incorrect full stops

It was hard to see. The cellar was eerily dark and Tam was in a cage with thick, metal bars, which blocked her vision in certain directions. On the crumbling walls, there was mould and everything seemed to smell of damp cardboard. In the distance, she could see flickering lights and some old, wooden stairs leading upwards – to what she wasn't sure. There was a dripping, rusty pipe in the corner with a stagnant puddle of water underneath. She was thirsty but she couldn't yet bear to touch this.

She was distracted by whimpering from a cat next to her.

“What's going on?” whispered Tam.

“Quiet – They might hear us!” scolded the other cat as it cowered in fear.

“Who might hear us?” asked Tam as her fur prickled.

“The men. I don't know who they are, but when they take you, you don't come back,” it replied with eyes wide.

The other cat was filthy. It had matted, dirty fur and its face was haggard. Its eyes were bloodshot and full of fear. It looked like it hadn't eaten for weeks.

Tam looked around and could see lots of other cages, all filled with cats. They all looked pathetic and scrawny.

“We've got to get out,” Tam whispered. “There must be a way.”

Model live writing – Don't share as one piece or before extended write

SC:
Build cohesion (Fronted
adverbials, linked
sentences)
Figurative language

As the three of them padded along, they saw a dark, dingy alleyway.
“That looks like a nice place to hunt,” interrupted Varjak with a grin.
“You? Hunt! That’s the silliest thing I’ve heard,” snickered Holly.
“Yeah right!” agreed Tam, as she giggled under her breath.
“I’ll show you!” argued Varjak, as he stepped into the narrow alleyway.
“Oi come back pet...I mean Varjak!” demanded Holly.
“Yes, come back, Mesopotamian Blue!” ordered Tam.
“No!” growled Varjak. “I can be a hunter, just you wait and see.”

Varjak stepped one small paw further into the alley. It smelt rotten. On the wall, graffiti was scribbled and covered in moss. Behind the dustbins, there were piles of broken glass, sharp enough to cut his paws.

Varjak could hear something small scuttling in the dark. The thing didn’t seem to notice him. He got closer and closer then SMACK... Varjak held his prey down and dug into the poor mouse’s body. Then, he began to devour it, spilling blood everywhere. It was the most delicious thing he had ever eaten.