

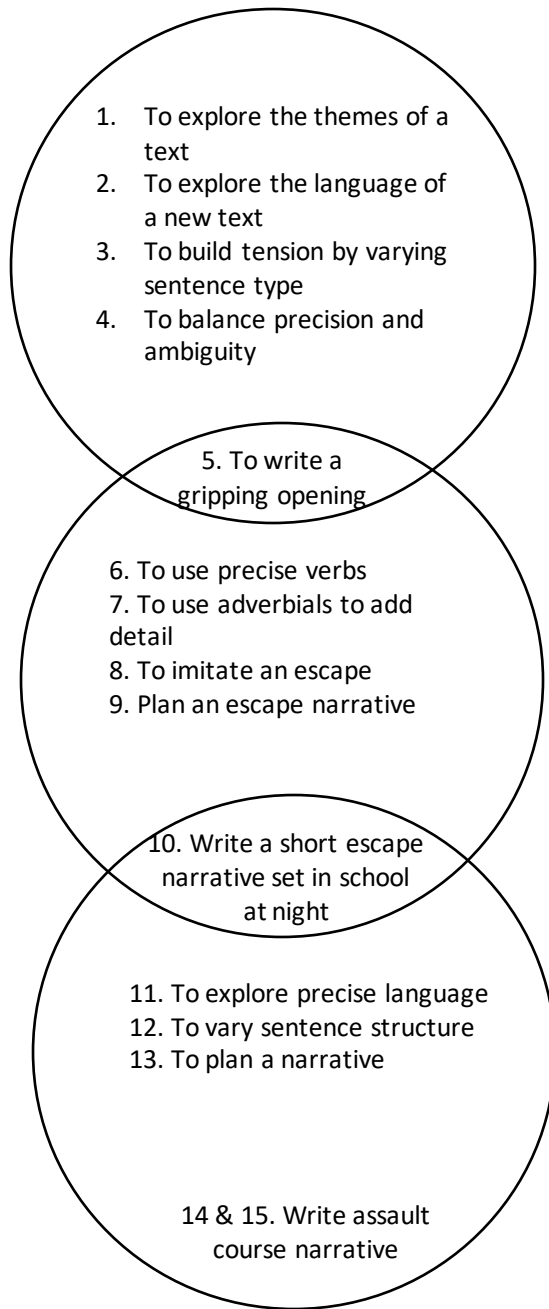
# *Alex Rider: Stormbreaker* by Anthony Horowitz

Key theme: Perseverance

Author Purpose: To build tension (and get the reader on the edge of their seat)

Tier 2 words: alternative, anticipate, capable, circumstance, intention, investigate, tentative, stifle

## Stormbreaker



SC:

To vary sentence types:

simple, compound, complex

Use precise language to add detail

Use vague language to add intrigue

SC:

Use a combination of simple sentences, compound and complex sentences

Use precise and ambiguous language

Precise verb choices

Adverbials

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1. Theme: perseverance. What does it mean? When have you persevered? Is it always positive?
2. Tier 2 words: alternative, anticipate, capable, circumstance, intention, investigate, tentative, stifle
3. Recap simple (one verb), compound (coordinating conjunction – FANBOYS) and complex sentence structures (embedded clauses, subordinating conjunctions). Share example of text and look at sentence lengths. Picture prompt – learners write a paragraph to practise building tension.
4. Look at examples of precise detail (three huge metal fingers tore through the skin of the car - detailed description which may include similes and personification to give the reader a really clear image of what it is like) vs. things vague sentences which mean the reader doesn't know what is happening as the author keeps it ambiguous and this draws the reader on (A shadow fell across the window – we don't know what caused it). Discuss how this builds tension. Learners write a paragraph to practise.
5. Use setting of Alex in the car yard about to be picked up by the car crusher.
6. Vocabulary focus: precise verb choices and shades of meaning with movement verbs. Model how sentence changes with different choices e.g. He seized it vs. He yanked it. Vs. He edged it towards him. Teach new vocabulary: Advance, thumb, yank, anticipate, intend, tuck, stifle, realise, quieten (Link to yellow hat – effect of word choice). Show how sometimes a precise verb choice means you don't need an adverb. E.g. He yanked. He quickly yanked the drawer open. He roughly yanked the drawer open. Yank is always quick and rough.
7. Model use of how, where, when adverbial phrases. Show non-examples where the idea is repeated e.g. Running through the tunnel, Alex sprinted home (Don't want repeat information e.g. running and sprinted). Explain that it needs to add different information. Model use of the comma. Model use of adverbials at different points in the sentence. E.g. Fearing that she might get caught red-handed, she threw herself under the desk. She threw herself under the desk, fearing that she might get caught red-handed. Learners write about Alex being trapped in the car.
8. Boxing up escape on p24 as a class. Learners imitate the escape.
9. Plan/Box up own school-based escape narrative
10. Write school-based escape narrative
11. Learners magpie words and phrases from the model text about Alex completing an assault course. Focus on verb choices and shades of meaning to make description really clear: pound, scramble, stretch, hurtle, claw, clamber, crouch, strain, blur. Acting out verb differences and then practise putting into sentences.
12. S.L.O.W write. Pupils write a detailed description about Alex escaping a house following a plan for each sentence types. Use a chance to recap: simple, compound, complex sentences and the use of adverbials in different places in the sentences. e.g. Sentence by sentence 1) Fronted adverbial sentence describing getting out from under the bed 2) Simple sentence reminding the reader he needs to be quick 3) Compound sentence – 2 things he did next.
13. Rehearse paragraph
  - Alex nearly finishing
  - Alex seeing suspicious package being passed

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intrigue

The machines stopped for a moment. If there hadn't been a sudden lull, Alex would never have heard the men coming. He quickly looked across the steering wheel and out the other side. There were two of them, both dressed in loose-fitting overalls. Alex had a feeling he'd seen them before. He'd seen them at the funeral. One of them was the driver, who he had seen with the gun. He was sure of it. They were only a few steps away, still talking in low voices. Realising there was no alternative, Alex threw himself into the only hiding place available: inside the car itself. Using his foot, he hooked the door and closed it. At the same time, he became aware that the machines had started again and he could no longer hear the men. He didn't dare look up. A shadow fell across the window for a moment but then it was gone. He was safe.

And then something hit the BMW with such force that Alex cried out, his whole body caught in a shockwave that tore him away from the steering wheel and threw him helplessly into the back. The roof buckled and three huge metal fingers tore through the skin of the car, like a fork through an eggshell, trailing dust and sunlight. One of the fingers grazed the side of his head, any closer and it would have cracked his skull. Alex yelled and tried to move but was jerked back. The car was yanked off the ground and tilted high in the air.

He couldn't see. He couldn't move. But he knew what was happening. The BMW had been picked up by the crane. It was going in the crusher. He was still inside.

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Alice checked the screen, watching the last teacher exit the building. The coast was clear. It was already 6.25pm. She knew she had only five minutes to spare before all the gates would automatically lock. She had to find the document and find it quickly. She pulled tentatively on the door of Mr Rodeck's office, hoping he hadn't locked it. Relieved, she found he hadn't, and she crept in. Quickly, she advanced towards the filing cabinet, and yanked the bottom drawer open. The quiet squeak of the hinges seemed amplified by the desolation of the building. She thumbed through the papers searching for the report, the one that awful woman had written, the one she so desperately needed to destroy. If she didn't find it now, she never would and then surely she would be sent away. It had to be there. At last, finding it at the very back of the cabinet, she grabbed it and made towards the doorway. It was only 6.28pm. Thankfully, she had been as quick as she had anticipated. She still had two minutes to make it to the car park and through the gates. Everything was going as she had intended.

Then suddenly, a door somewhere further down the corridor slammed and she heard footsteps moving towards her. She stifled a gasp as she realised she wasn't alone. Someone else was still in the building after all, in the corridor right outside the office, blocking her only escape route. Fearing that she might get caught red-handed, she threw herself under the desk. Then tucking her legs in, to make herself as small as possible, she waited, trying to quieten her breathing. There was no alternative. She could not risk leaving now.

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Torrential rain beat down. It was pounding continually, showing no mercy across Alex's back. The wind whistled around his head and sent icy blasts across his face. Trying his best to keep up with the others, Alex desperately scrambled through the assault course. This was the fifth time Alex had been shouted at and bullied across the nightmare of nets and ladders, tunnels and ditches, swinging tightropes and towering walls that stretched for almost half a kilometre through, and over, the woodland beside the huts. Alex thought of it as the adventure playground from hell. The first time he had tried it, Alex fell 5 metres into a deep pit of freezing slime. The second time, Alex had hurtled towards the finish line, only to trip and fall on the final tyre. Now, Alex was about to complete this onslaught in his fastest time of seventeen minutes.

Mud covered Alex's face as he clambered under the cargo net. His watch beeped as he clawed his way up, telling him he had thirty seconds to reach the finish line in order to beat his personal best. Alex, who was now sprinting the last 100 metres, started to believe he could do it. He could beat his record. Just then, in the far distance, Alex spotted his sergeant hastily look around him before crouching down behind a jeep. Something didn't feel right. Alex strained his eyes to see more. The rain continued to beat down and blurred his vision. Someone else now joined the sergeant. From where Alex was standing, he could just make out the man pass the sergeant a package. Time around him continued to move forwards but for Alex, all time stopped. What was it? Who was it? Why were they hiding and why were they acting so suspiciously?