

Guided Reading

Week commencing 22nd March 2021

There are 5 lessons to complete for Guided Reading this week, which are all on this powerpoint.

These are the objectives and outline of activities for the week.

<u>Guided Reading</u>									
Spring 2 (w/b 22.3.21) - Extract from 'Letters from the Lighthouse' Chapter 3 - "The Round Up"									
Day 1		Day 2		Day 3		Day 4		Day 5	
G.R. focus - Fluency and summarising	L.O - To summarise and discuss the text.	G.R. focus - Read aloud, think aloud (text mark)	L.O - To gain understanding of the text.	G.R. focus - Summarising	L.O - To summarise and discuss the text.	G.R. focus - Write a postcard home	L.O - To write a postcard home to Mum.	G.R. focus - Reading aloud with expression.	L.O. To read aloud, using expression.
Task - To practise fluency and to summarise the extract.		Task - To read aloud/think aloud around page 38 just before they step on the train.		Task - To practise fluency and to summarise the extract using question words.		Task - To write a postcard home about their journey there.		Task - To read aloud, to the class, their postcard home.	

Today, we are going to read for fluency.

- I will read it to you.
- We will then read it together.
- Then you will read it to each other.

THE ROUND-UP

Early Monday morning we caught the bus to Paddington Station. As was usual these days, I'd barely slept a wink. For once, though, there was a bit of good cheer in the air, and with the fish paste sandwiches Mum had made us for the journey it felt almost like we were going on a day trip. Gloria, who'd come along to keep our spirits up, also had news to share.

'I've done a bit of asking about,' she said, 'and managed to sort a very nice place down in Devon for you both to stay. It's by the sea and—'

'Are we going to stay with your sister?' I blurted out. Mum rolled her eyes. 'Let her finish, Olive.'

'It's all right.' Gloria smiled. 'Yes, you're going to Queenie's.'

I grinned, delighted. This was *good* news because, being Sukie's penpal, Queenie might know something about her disappearance, or be able to shed light on my boyfriend theory. She might even be able to explain

about the map. Besides, going to stay with someone who knew my sister meant we'd not be living with a total stranger. I'd never met Queenie, but I knew she'd taken on running the village post office after her and Gloria's parents died. She was only nineteen, so it was a big responsibility, but Gloria said that's what the war did to people – it made them grow up fast.

'What d'you think, Cliff?' I gave him an enthusiastic nudge. 'We're going to stay by the sea!'

He looked up from the *Beano* comic he was reading. 'Can you see the beach from the house?'

'Better than that, Cliff: you can see the lighthouse,' Gloria replied.

Cliff and me shared an excited look: a lighthouse! 'Queenie's place is enormous – attics, cellars, the works,' Gloria went on. 'And it'll be nice to travel down with the other children being evacuated, won't it, eh?'

'*Other children?*' This threw me rather. 'I thought they'd all gone already.'

'From your school, yes. A few schools stayed open in other parts of the city, but it's got so bad lately they've been told to leave as soon as they can.'

Summarise, in 5 points, the key parts of this text.

Today, we are going to do a read aloud, think aloud around p38 of Chapter 3 ("The Round Up")

As you read this part, in more detail, think about how it makes you feel as a reader but also as the characters - Cliff and Olive.

- How does this part of the chapter make you feel?
- How do Cliff and Olive feel in this part of the chapter? What evidence is there for this?
- Can you picture this section in your mind? How does the author do this?
- How does the speech used on the page effect the mood of the scene?

I hugged Gloria, who gave me a bag of toffees for the journey. I thanked her, then put my arms round Mum.

'Just a minute, let me check you both,' she said, pulling away. Taking out her 'hankie, she licked it, then wiped Cliff's cheeks, which he hated. Then she smoothed my fringe, even though it was already clipped aside. 'That's better. You're tidy, at least.'

I didn't want to look at her. But she took hold of my chin and gazed deep into my face. It was like she was trying to remember me, even though I was still there.

'Look after your brother, there's a good girl,' Mum said again, sounding like she had a cold coming. 'Write to me, won't you?'

I nodded. 'Any news of Sukie—'

'Of course,' Mum replied hastily. 'But try to put it from your mind, darling.'

Gloria, I noticed, was biting her lip; it left lipstick smears on her teeth. Like they'd done at home in our kitchen, her and Mum shared one of those loaded grown-up looks. What it was all about, I didn't know. Nor was there time to ask. Our train was being called again, and Cliff was hanging impatiently off my arm.

'Go on, then,' Mum said, giving me a gentle push. 'Stick together. You'll be all right.'

Wednesday 24th March 2021 - Summarising

We will start by reading the rest of the chapter together and then take some of the key points from the chapter to answer the questions of - Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

Point 1: Olive and Cliff are being evacuated.

Where:

When:

Why:

Expanded sentence:

Point 2: Olive and Cliff say Goodbye to their Mum.

When:

Where:

Why:

Expanded sentence:

Point 3: Cliff is upset on the train.

When:

Why:

Expanded sentence:

Thursday 25th March 2021 - Write a postcard home

Today, you are going to write a postcard home from the point of view of Olive or Cliff describing their journey on the train.

You will need to use all the information you have looked at this week, including the piece of text on this screen as well as the summarising points you made yesterday.

This needs to be written in an informal style ('chatty style') as it is a postcard to Mum.

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Friday 26th March 2021 - Reading aloud your postcard.

Today, you are going to read back through the postcard that you wrote yesterday and you will perform it in front of the class.

Our focus will be on speaking and listening and describing how our writing makes us feel.

