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Thursday 25th February 2021

L.O: To use the comparative and superlative

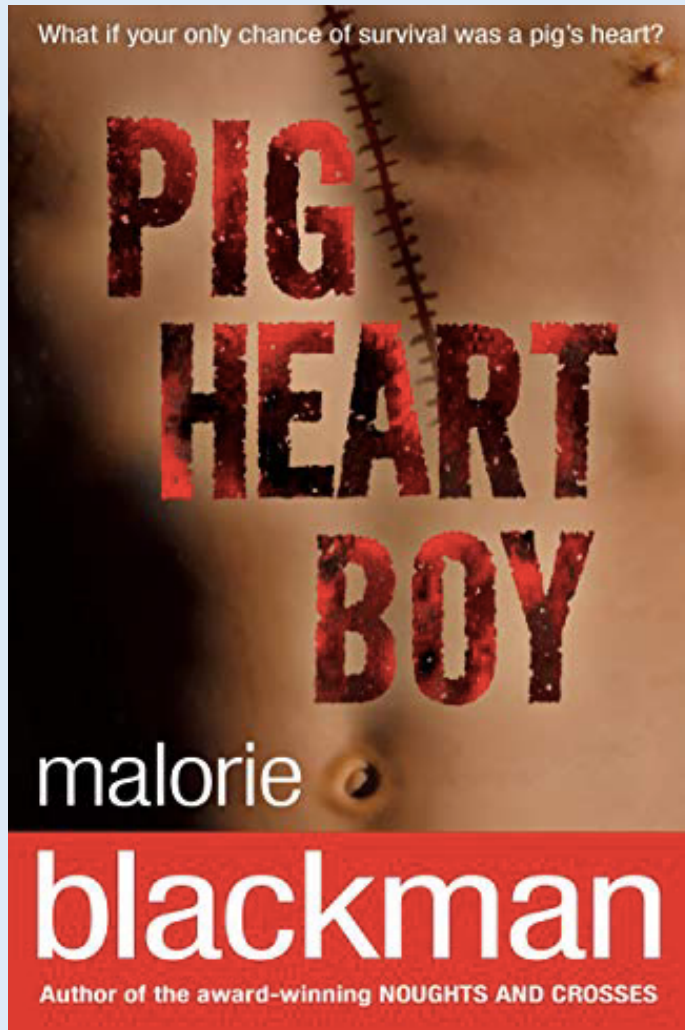
Success Criteria:

To infer a character's emotions

To correctly form the comparative and superlative

To use the comparative and superlative to express hope





Today we are finishing Chapter 12: The Clinic

As we are reading, think about how Cam uses his messages to Alex to show emotion.



'Hello? Marlon?'

'Cam! What's happening? I came round to your house but no one was there. And then I phoned the hospital, but you weren't there either.' Marlon's tone was close to frantic.

I smiled. 'Marlon, calm down.'

'It's not funny,' Marlon snapped at me. He could obviously hear the smile in the tone of my voice. 'I've been really worried.'

'Sorry.' Marlon really was a worry-wart! What Nan would call a fuss budget!

'Where are you?'

'I'm . . . er . . .' I wasn't sure what to say. 'I'm in hospital.'

'But they told me you *weren't*. I thought . . . you . . .' Marlon's voice was all funny and choked. 'Can I come and see you?'

'Marlon, I'm not in the local hospital.'

'Where are you then?'

'I'm in a private hospital.' I lowered my voice, casting a guilty eye towards the door. 'I'm going to have my heart operation tomorrow.'

Silence.

'Hello?' I wondered if we'd been cut off. 'Marlon?'

'You're having the transplant tomorrow?' Marlon whispered.



'Yes.'

'And you're only telling me now? The day before?'

'Well, I didn't know the exact date myself until recently and Dr Bryce told all of us not to tell a soul, but I know I can trust you.'

'You're having your heart transplant tomorrow?' Marlon repeated, stunned.

'Yeah! Weird, isn't it!'

'Did they find a human donor?'

'Nope.'

'So this is going to be from a . . . pig?' Marlon's voice was getting quieter and quieter.

'That's right.'

Silence.

'Marlon, stop fading out on me,' I said testily.

'Aren't you scared?'

'A little bit . . . anxious.' I shrugged. 'But it's simple. I have to choose between living and dying and I choose to live. Besides, I know it's going to work. This time next week I'll be fine and fighting fit.'

'You're not going to change your mind?'

'Of course not,' I scoffed. 'What kind of question is that?'

'But what if . . . what if it doesn't work . . . ?' Marlon asked unhappily.

'It'll work. And even if it doesn't, at least I will have tried. If I had to do it all over again, I'd do the same thing tomorrow.'

'You would?'

'In a hot New York second.' I smiled. 'So wish me luck.'

'Good luck.'

A strange silence echoed between us. I thought Marlon would find more to say, but I was mistaken. I wanted to say more, but though the words tumbled around in my head, they refused to form proper sentences and come out. Besides, I didn't want to get all mushy and gushy.

'Anyway, I'll talk to you after the operation.'

'Can I come and see you after the operation?'

'I don't think so. I don't think Dr Bryce will allow it, to be honest,' I admitted. 'But I'll tell you what, I'll ask him once I'm out of intensive care.'

'D'you promise? 'Cos I want to see you,' Marlon persisted.

'I promise. I'll phone you after the operation and let you know what happened.'

'Make sure you do. I'll be waiting,' he replied.

'So I'll see you.'

'Yeah. 'Bye.'

'Bye, Marlon.' I put the phone down.

I had no idea why I'd done that. I'd wanted to speak to Marlon but I'd ended up saying none of the things I'd wanted to say. But I felt strangely better. Someone outside my family and outside the clinic knew what was happening to me. It made it all seem more real



somehow. Dr Bryce, Dr Ehrlich, this whole clinic – I could've dreamt the lot. Somehow, it felt as if I was in the middle of a dream. The whole idea was bizarre enough to be a dream. The only trouble was, I didn't know whether or not I wanted to wake up yet.

Well, Alex, here I am. This is my last message before the operation. I'm at Dr Bryce's clinic now. I had a big breakfast, which is just as well, because Dr Bryce has just told me that I can't have anything else to eat until after the operation. At first I was a bit put out about that, but just between you and me, my appetite has vanished. To be honest, I don't think I could eat anything else. Come eight o'clock tonight I'll probably have changed my mind – but then again, I don't think so. I'm here, setting off on my journey into the unknown. I keep telling myself it's an adventure. Thousands of lucky people around the world have heart transplants and do very nicely, thank you! So why shouldn't I be one of them? And with all the anti-rejection drugs I'll be taking, it doesn't matter that my new heart was in a pig rather than a human first. My body won't know the difference – and that's what counts. I keep telling myself not to worry, I'll be fine.

But I'm scared. There – I've said it.

I'm not just scared, I'm petrified. My stomach feels as if my breakfast is trying to smash its way out.

Come on, Cameron. That's enough. Alex, one day, you and I will watch this bit of my clips and we'll both smile at how silly I was to worry. I can't wait for that. I wish it was

tomorrow. No. I wish it was the day after tomorrow. I've never wished my time away before. I want Mum and Dad to hug me, but if I asked them they'd know something was wrong.

How can I tell them that the only thing wrong with me is that I'm so scared I want to cry? They'd think I was a real baby. And then they'd both start worrying about me worrying and we'd all be upset. So, until after the operation, I'll smile at everyone who comes into the room until my jaw aches and if I feel like I'm about to blub, I'll go into the bathroom and lock the door. Grown-ups do that all the time. Maybe I'm more grown-up than I ever thought.

Oh, God, I'm crying now. Wait a minute . . . I need to go to the bathroom.

That's better. This tissue isn't this soggy because I've been blubbing into it. I did blow my nose in it too – honest!

Alex, I hope you don't ever have to go through this. But you won't. I know you won't. You'll be born fighting fit and healthy enough for the both of us. But what am I wittering about? I'll soon be healthy and fit myself. We are going to have such fun. I can't wait.



Let's think about Cameron's message to Alex at the end of Chapter 12.

What did you find most poignant or emotional about this message?

How would you describe his attitude in this message?

Do you think there is anything he is 'not saying' in this message? If so, what might that be?



Today, we are going to imagine if Alex could send a message back to Cam.

What might Alex say to his/her older brother?

What feelings would Alex have?

You might have said:

- *Alex would want to wish his/her brother luck*
- *To say it is all going to be ok*
- *That s/he can't wait to meet him*
- *To say thank you for the messages*
- *To talk about all the things Cam and Alex will be able to do when s/he is born*



We can include comparatives and superlatives in our writing as Alex compares the present to the future.

The comparative form is used to compare one person, thing, action or state to another. For example:

tall -> taller heavy -> heavier

You try: small -> pretty ->

The superlative form is used to compare one thing to all the others in the same category; in other words, when the comparison is taken to the highest degree possible.

Quiet -> quietest large -> largest

You try: small -> pretty ->

Some adjectives do not follow the rules! Good -> better -> best



Your task today is to imagine and write Alex's response to Cam's message.

- P1. Alex wishing Cam luck before the surgery
- P2: Alex saying thank you for the messages
- P3: Comparing the present and the future

Year 6 Criteria

Contractions	Subjunctive
Fronted adverbials	Passive Voice
Relative clauses	Semi-colon/colon
Rhetorical Question	Dash for extra info

Forming comparative and superlative adjectives

We form the comparative and superlative in different ways, depending on the number of syllables in the base adjective.

Adjectives with one syllable

If the adjective has one syllable, the suffix **-er** is added to the end to form the comparative.

The suffix **-est** is added to form the superlative.

quick	quicker	quickest
big	bigger	biggest
hot	hotter	hottest



Dear Cam,

Paragraph 1:

I just wanted to wish you all the luck in the world for the surgery. I am the proudest little sister/brother that there could ever be. You are so much braver than I can ever imagine. Look at you! You're about to have a heart transplant! I know that the surgery is scary, probably scarier than anything else you have done, but I know that you are going to be completely fine. The surgery will go smoothly, and you'll wake up with a new heart. How cool does that sound?

What comparatives or superlatives can you see?

Paragraph 2:

What does Alex think about Cam's messages? How could he say thank you?
Does he want Cam to continue recording the videos?

Paragraph 3:

What things will Alex and Cam be able to do together after Alex is born and the surgery?
How will Cam's life be better than it was before?



Adjectives

People	Objects	Comfortable Feelings	Uncomfortable Feelings	Size	Time
adorable	bright	brave	angry	big	ancient
adventurous	clear	calm	annoyed	colossal	brief
aggressive	distinct	cheerful	anxious	enormous	early
annoying	drab	comfortable	ashamed	gigantic	fast
beautiful	elegant	courageous	awful	great	late
caring	filthy	determined	bewildered	huge	modern
clumsy	gleaming	eager	bored	immense	old
confident	grotesque	elated	confused	large	quick
considerate	long	encouraged	defeated	little	rapid
excitable	magnificent	energetic	defiant	long	short
glamorous	precious	enthusiastic	depressed	mammoth	slow
grumpy	sparkling	excited	disgusted	massive	swift
happy	spotless	exuberant	disturbed	meagre	young
helpful	strange	fantastic	dizzy	mighty	
important	unsightly	fine	embarrassed	mini	
intimidating	unusual	healthy	envious	minuscule	
obnoxious	valuable	joyful	frightened	petite	
odd		pleasant	hungry	puny	
talented		relieved	lonely	short	



Looking forward to reading your writing.

Please send your finished work to your class teacher:

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