

This file is for lessons 3 and 4 for this week

# Lesson 3

Thursday 25th February 2021

LO: To write a character description

Voice -over link:

<https://youtu.be/qg27yVUYfGQ>

# Chapter Summaries so far

## Chapter 1

- Jim Jarvis goes to buy a pie with his mum's last shilling
- We meet his two sisters, Emily and Lizzie, and his mother, who is very ill
- They all live in the same room, and sleep on rags

## Chapter 2

- We meet Mr Spink, the owner of the big house Jim and his family live in
- He has arrived to collect rent money from Mrs Jarvis
- Since the family are penniless, he kicks them out so a new family can live there
- They are made homeless

## Chapter 3

- Mrs Jarvis takes the children to the house where she used to work for 'his Lordship'
- She leaves Lizzie and Emily behind with her friend, to work there, hoping they will be safe
- She then sets off with Jim to the workhouse, a terrible place according to rumours
- Jim wonders if he will ever see his sisters again

# LO: To write a character description

## What do we know about Jim Jarvis so far?



Character Description Word Mat

Face	Hair	Body	Voice	Clothes	Movement		
adorable	marrow	afro	tingled	angular	booming	clean	blundering
attractive	narrow	braided	thick	athletic	brittle	damaged	edging
beautiful	olive	coarse	wavy	brood	clear	fashionable	hobbling
black	odd	carbuncles	wild	bulky	confident	flowing	limping
bleichy	pump	cramped	hurl	crushing	cooling	fit-fitting	looming
blushing	round	curly	frail	echoing	modern	passing	padding
brown	sallow	dark	flat	rust	next	plaiding	reeling
cheerful	scratched	fine	muscular	old-fashioned	pristine	scrambling	scribbling
crust	slim	flap	narrow	hatched	questing	stalking	strutting
cute	stinking	frizzy	pump	invisible	stylish	stopping	stopping
frickled	stunning	ginger	slender	brat	tidy	turning	turning
gloomy	sullen	golden	slight	quiet	untidy	unmarked	unmarked
gorgeous	sunburnt	grassy	slim	quivering	vintage	warm	warm
jaunty	sunken	luscious	stout	reary	untidy	unmarked	unmarked
kink	swarmed	manly	wide	evil	whispering	worn	worn
long	whit	man	willowy	whispering			
loving	wicked	ringlets	wiry				
miserable	wrinkled	shing					

# Character Description Word Mat

## Face

adorable	morose
attractive	narrow
beautiful	olive
black	odd
blotchy	plump
blushing	round
brown	sallow
cheerful	scrunched
cruel	slim
cute	striking
freckled	stunning
gloomy	sullen
gorgeous	sunburnt
jaunty	sunken
kind	unusual
long	white
loving	wicked
miserable	wrinkled

## Hair

afro	tangled
braided	thick
coarse	wavy
corkscrews	wild
crimped	wispy
curly	
dark	
fine	
floppy	
frizzy	
ginger	
golden	
greasy	
luscious	
messy	
neat	
ringlets	
shiny	

## Body

angular
athletic
broad
bulky
burly
frail
lithe
muscular
narrow
plump
slender
slight
slim
stout
wide
willowy
wiry

## Voice

booming
brittle
clear
confident
croaking
echoing
flat
gruff
hushed
inaudible
loud
quiet
quivering
raspy
shrill
wheezy
whispering

## Clothes

clean
damaged
fashionable
flowing
ill-fitting
modern
neat
old-fashioned
pristine
spotless
stylish
tidy
torn
untidy
unkempt
vintage
worn

## Movement

blundering
edging
hobbling
limping
looming
pacing
plodding
racing
scrambling
skulking
stalking
stooping
striding
strutting
stumbling
sweeping
trudging

## LO: To write a character description

Your task :

You are going to write a character description about a character we have been introduced to so far. You are going to write in paragraphs to describe your character in detail.

# LO: To write a character description

## Model Writing

To always have in your writing:

- Relative clauses - *Jim, who lived in London, came from a very poor family.*
- Parenthesis - *Jim's clothes were passed down from his sisters - which was very common - however he never moaned as he knew he was lucky to have any clothes at all.*
- Fronted adverbials - *Unfortunately, Jim is so poor that his clothes hang off his frail body like a coat on a hanger.*
- Modal Verbs/adverbs of possibility - *Jim lived in London with his mother and sisters, however they were so poor they could not afford their rent.*
- Year 5/6 words (at least 5) *awkward, desperate, frequently, muscle, sufficient*

## Outline for paragraphs

1. Describe who they are/ where they are from
2. Describe facial expressions they may have
3. Describe the clothes they may be wearing
4. Describe their personality
5. Describe the surroundings they are in
6. Challenge: Compare Jim and Oliver twist  
e.g *Jim is very much like another character such as Oliver Twist, who was also a very poor boy in London.*

# LO: To write a character description

## Model Writing

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Whole class model write in lesson:



Tuesday 26th February 2019

challenge: Use  
figurative  
language.

LO: To write a character description



Write a character  
description on Jim (or Mr  
Spink).

Use the paragraph prompts  
to support what to include  
in your writing.

Use the success criteria  
(everything to be included)

# Lesson 4

Friday 26th February 2021

LO: To use abstract nouns to write a diary entry

Voice -over link:

<https://youtu.be/ntb5ommldss>

# DigiSafe Daily

Day 2

Every day while schools are closed, LGfL is publishing questions, tips or challenges for primary pupils to help you stay safe at home and on your devices.

Ask your teacher for tomorrow's or head to [digisafedaily.lgfl.net](https://digisafedaily.lgfl.net)

Tim finds all the games on his device too easy, so he is going to play an 18 game as it will be Is that a good idea?

- a. Yes – it will be harder and better for a gamer like Tim
- b. No – 18 games aren't harder, they are made for grown ups

Why did you give that answer? \*



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[ B ] - 18 games are only for grown ups. They are illegal for children.  
If you need a harder game, ask for one from a parent/carer to help you  
find one.

↑ sam ramsay's, Ripperday's answer was \*

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## Chapter 3

- Mrs Jarvis takes the children to the house where she used to work for 'his Lordship'
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# Recap

What are the features of a diary entry?



## Features of a diary entry

- Starts with 'Dear diary'
- 1st person (*personal pronouns I, me, we*)
- Present tense (*is about how she is feeling now*)
- Informal language (not slang)
- Includes thoughts and feelings
- In chronological order
- Includes hopes and wishes at the end (*future tense*)

## New feature: abstract nouns

adventure  
amazement  
anger  
anxiety  
awe  
beauty  
beauty  
beliefs  
bravery  
bravery  
brilliance  
chaos  
charity  
charity  
childhood  
comfort  
communication  
compassion  
courage  
culture

curiosity  
deceit  
dedication  
dedication  
democracy  
determination  
dreams  
education  
energy  
failure  
faith  
faith  
fear  
freedom  
friendship  
friendships  
generosity  
gossip  
happiness

hate  
honesty  
honesty  
hope  
hospitality  
imagination  
information  
integrity  
intelligence  
joy  
justice  
justice  
kindness  
knowledge  
knowledge  
laughter  
leisure  
liberty  
liberty

life  
love  
loyalty  
luck  
luxury  
maturity  
memory  
misery  
motivation  
music  
opportunity  
pain  
pain  
patience  
peace  
perseverance  
pleasure  
power  
pride

pride  
progress  
relaxation  
relaxation  
sacrifice  
satisfaction  
skill  
strength  
success  
success  
sympathy  
talent  
thought  
trouble  
trust  
trust  
truth  
warmth  
wisdom

An abstract noun is the name given to something that, usually, can't be touched.

These are usually emotions, for example, happiness, sadness etc



## Your task

You are going to write a diary entry as Mrs Jarvis. You are going to write about what has just happened and include her thoughts and feelings. Also include her hopes and wishes at the end.

### Outline of paragraphs

P1/2 – Brief recount of what has happened so far

P3 – explanation of you leaving your daughters at your friends work, how you feel about that.

P4 – what your thoughts and feelings are now (answering those questions from hot seating) – how do you feel about Mr Spink?

P5 – explanation of how you feel about sending Jim to a workhouse

P6 – hopes for the future

**Extension:** Write down a short paragraph on how Jim would be feeling after he was forced to go to the workhouse.

Capital Letters, full stops, exclamation marks, question marks, commas	Jim , Mrs Jarvis, London . ! ? ,
Relative clauses	The overcrowded house, which was full to the brim with poor helpless families, was our home and now we have nowhere to go.
commas/brackets/dashes for parenthesis	Whilst walking with Jim along the busy lonely streets of London, I had a dream that we were altogether - including my husband- sitting happily around the kitchen table, oh how I wish this were true.
1st person	I , me, we, us, our, my
Year 5&6 spelling words	immediately, interfere, temperature, accompany, available, awkward, especially, opportunity
Modal verbs	should, could, might, will, ought
New Learning	
Abstract Nouns	sorrow, despair, hope, guilt

Model write using paragraph prompts, success criteria and word bank

Homework: read chapter 4 from Street Child  
before our next lesson

## Chapter 4

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Zpm3Rih6p0>

She took Jim's hand and bundled him quickly out of the door. Jim dared not look at her. He dared not listen to the sounds that she was making now that they were out into the day. He held his face up to the sky and let the snowflakes flutter against his cheeks to cool him. He had no idea what was going to happen to him or his mother, or whether he would ever see Emily and Lizzie again. He was more frightened than he had ever been in his life.

## 4

### THE WORKHOUSE



Jim and his mother walked for most of that day, but they made very slow progress. They rested a bit near a statue of a man on a horse and after a very short distance they had to stop again for Mrs Jarvis to scoop water from a fountain. And on they went, trudging and stopping, trudging and stopping, until Jim's mother could go no further. She put her arms round Jim and pressed her head down on to his shoulder.

"God help you, Jim," she said.

It seemed to Jim that she was simply tired then of walking and that she decided to go to sleep, there on the pavement. He squatted down beside her, glad of a chance to rest, feeling dizzy and tired himself, and was aware of a worry of voices round him, like flies buzzing. Someone shook him and he opened his eyes.

"Where d'you live?" a voice said.

Jim sat up. Already it was growing dark. There



were people round him and some were kneeling by his mother, trying to lift her. "We used to live in a cottage," said Jim. "We had a cow and some hens."

"Where d'you live now?" It was a different voice, a bit sharper than the last one. Jim tried to remember the name of the street where they had rented a room in Mr Spink's big house, and couldn't. He couldn't understand why his mother didn't wake up. He looked round for his bundle and saw that his wooden horse had gone. He clutched Lizzie's old boots.

"You haven't got nowhere?" the same voice asked.

Jim shook his head. Someone was doing something to his mother, rubbing her hands, it looked like, dabbing her face with her shawl. "Get them to the workhouse," someone said. "There's nothing we can do for her."

"I'm not taking them there," another voice said. "Prison would be better than there. Tell them we caught the boy stealing, and let them put them both in prison."

"Someone stole my horse," Jim heard himself saying. He couldn't keep his voice steady. "I didn't steal anything."

"Give him his horse back," someone else said.

"It's all he's got, ain't it? A pair of boots what's too big for him, and a wooden horse. Give it back." There was a burst of laughter and some children broke away from the group and ran off.

The next minute there was a shouting from the far end of the street, and the people who had been crouching round Jim and his mother stood up and moved away. He heard other voices and looked up to see two policemen. "Get up!" one of the policemen ordered. Jim struggled to his feet. "And you! Get up!" the other one said to Jim's mother. She lay quite still.

The first policeman waved his hand and a boy with a cart ran up. Between them they lifted Jim's mother on to it. Jim watched, afraid.

"Take 'em to the workhouse," the policeman said. "Let them die in there, if they have to." The boy began to run then, head down, skidding on the snowy road, weaving the cart in and out of the carriages, and Jim ran anxiously behind. They came at last to a massive stone building with iron railings round it. Weary people slouched there, begging for food. The boy stopped the cart outside the huge iron gates and pulled the bell. Jim could hear it clanging in the distance. At last the gates were pulled open by a porter who glared

out at them, his lantern held up high.

"Two more for you," said the boy. "One for the infirmary, one for school." The porter led them into a yard. There on the steps on each side of the main door stood a man and woman, as straight and thin and waxy-faced as a pair of church candles, staring down at them. The boy held out his hand and was given a small coin, and the master and matron bent down and lifted Jim's mother off the cart and carried her into the house. The boy pushed his cart out and the porter clanged the gates shut.

The matron poked her head sharply round the door.

"Get in!" she told Jim, and pulled him through.

"You come and get scrubbed and cropped."

The doors groaned to. They were in a long corridor, gloomy with candle shadow. In front of them a man trudged with Jim's mother across his shoulder.

"Where's Ma going?" Jim asked, his voice echoing against the tiles like the whimpering of a tiny, scared animal.

"Where's she going? Infirmary, that's where she's going. Wants feeding and medicine, no doubt, and nothing to buy it with neither."

"Can I go with her?"  
"Go with her? A big strong boy like you? You can not! If you're good, Mr Sissons might let you see her tomorrow. Good, mind! Know what good means?" The matron closed her ice-cold hand over his and bent down towards him, her black bonnet crinkling. Her teeth were as black and twisted as the railings in the yard.

She pulled Jim along the corridor and into a huge green room, where boys sat in silence, staring at each other and at the bare walls. They all watched Jim as he was led through the room and out into another yard. "Joseph!" the matron called, and a bent man shuffled after her. His head hung below his shoulders like a stumpy bird's. He helped her to strip off Jim's clothes and to sluice him down with icy water from the pump. Then Jim was pulled into rough, itchy clothes, and his hair was tugged and jagged at with a blunt pair of scissors until his scalp felt as if it had been torn into pieces. He let it all happen to him. He was too frightened to resist. All he wanted was to be with his mother.

He was led back into a huge hall and told to join the queue of silent boys there. They stood with their



heads bowed and with bowls in their hands. There were hundreds and hundreds of people in the room, all sitting at long tables, all eating in silence. The only sound was the scraping of the knives and forks and the noise of chewing and gulping. All the benches faced the same way. Mr Sissons stood on a raised box at the end of the room, watching everyone as they waited for their food.

Jim was given a ladle of broth and a corner of bread.

"I don't want anything," he started to say, and was pushed along in the queue. He followed the boy in front of him and he sat on one of the benches. He glanced round him, trying to catch someone's eye, but none of the boys looked at him. They all ate with their heads bowed down, staring into their bowls. The boy next to him sneaked his hand across and grabbed Jim's bread. Jim ate his broth in silence.

After the meal the man with the hanging head gave Jim a blanket and showed him a room full of shelves and long boxes where all the boys slept. He pointed to the box Jim was to sleep in. Jim climbed into it and found that he only just had enough room to turn over in it, small though he was. He tied

Lizzie's boots to his wrists in case anyone tried to steal them. The dormitory door was locked, and they lay in darkness.

During the night an old woman prowled up and down the room with a candle in her hand, holding it up to each boy's face as she passed. Jim could hear boys crying, stifling their sobs as she came and went, little puffs of sound that were hardly there at all. He lay with his eyes closed, the candle light burning red against his eyelids as she approached and stopped by him. He could hear her snuffly breath, and the creak of her boots. He hardly dared to breathe. He lay awake all night, thinking about Emily and Lizzie and worrying about his mother. He longed to see her again. If she was better maybe she could ask Mr Sissons to let them go.

As soon as it was morning the door was unlocked. Old Marion's place was taken by the bent man. He shouted at the boys to queue up in the yard for their wash.

"I've already broken the ice for you," he told them. "So no thinking you can dodge it."

Jim ran after him. The man was so stooped that the top half of his body was curved down like a walking stick, and when Jim spoke to him he swung



his head round to look at the boy's feet.

"Please, sir..." Jim said.

"I'm not sir," the man said. "I'm only doing my turn, like the rest of them. I'm only Joseph, not sir." He swung his head away from Jim's feet and spat on the floor. "I hate sir, same as you."

"Please, Joseph, tell me where the infirmary is."

"Why should I tell you that?" Joseph asked, his eyes fixed on Jim's feet again.

"Because my ma's there, and I've been good," Jim said. "Mrs Sissons said if I was good I could go and see Ma in the infirmary today."

"So you was the boy as came in last night, and your ma was brought on a cart?"

"Yes," said Jim. "Please tell me where the infirmary is."

Joseph made a little chewing noise. "Well, it's upstairs," he said at last. He rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and tilted his head sideways, squinting round at Jim. "Only the message I was given by Mrs Sissons is, don't bother taking the boy up there, because his ma..." He stopped and shook his head and chewed again. "Your ma's dead, son."



Jim forced his fists deep in his pockets and turned his face away. There were boys all round him, shuffling out to the cold yard, and they blurred into smudges of grey. He screwed up his eyes against the terrible blinding white of the sky. He wouldn't cry here. His lungs were bursting and he thought he would never be able to gasp for air again, but he couldn't cry here. The only person he wanted to be with was Rosie. She would know what to do. She would tell Emily and Lizzie. But there was no chance of being with Rosie.

"I want to go home," he said.

Joseph swung his head and spat. "Home?" he said. "What d'you mean, home? What's this, if it ain't home?"

So, Jim thought, this is my home now, this huge building with iron bars at the window and iron railings outside. His parents must be Mr and Mrs Sissons, as thin and waxy-pale as candles. And if

Have a lovely weekend :)