

Wednesday 6th January 2021

LO: I can discuss the text.



First
impressions
of Edward
Tulane

ONCE, IN A HOUSE ON EGYPT STREET, there lived a rabbit who was made almost entirely of china. He had china arms and china legs, china paws and a china head, a china torso and a china nose. His arms and legs were jointed and joined by wire so that his china elbows and china knees could be bent, giving him much freedom of movement.

His ears were made of real rabbit fur, and beneath the fur, there were strong, bendable wires, which allowed the ears to be arranged into poses that reflected the rabbit's mood — jaunty, tired, full of ennui. His tail, too, was made of real rabbit fur and was fluffy and soft and well shaped.

The rabbit's name was Edward Tulane, and he was tall. He measured almost three feet from the tip of his ears to the tip of his feet; his eyes were painted a penetrating and intelligent blue.

Edward's mistress was a ten-year-old, dark-haired girl named Abilene Tulane, who thought almost as highly of Edward as Edward thought of himself. Each morning after she dressed herself for school, Abilene dressed Edward.

The china rabbit was in possession of an extraordinary wardrobe composed of handmade silk suits, custom shoes fashioned from the finest leather and designed specifically for his rabbit feet, and a wide array of hats equipped with holes so that they could easily fit over Edward's large and expressive

ears. Each pair of well-cut pants had a small pocket for Edward's gold pocket watch. Abilene wound this watch for him each morning.

Clarification

- jaunty - lively and confident
- ennui - feeling of boredom

Use rabbit body map

- Work as whole class and talk through GWAP for inside and outside of body

Independent work

- Work with a partner and write descriptive phrases inside and outside of the rabbit.
- Use of adjectives bank to support

Thursday 7th January 2021

I can create a toolkit for
letter writing

What does a letter recounting an event need?

Address in the top right hand corner

Dear...

Sign off

Introduction paragraph - 5 ws

First person

Past tense

Details about people, places and things

Time conjunctions

Includes emotions, thoughts and feelings⁴

Concluding paragraph linked to introduction

Two young boys, brothers named Martin and Amos, took a particular interest in Edward.

“What does he do?” Martin asked Abilene on their second day at sea. He pointed at Edward who was sitting on a deck chair with his long legs stretched in front of him.

“He doesn’t do anything,” said Abilene.

“Does he wind up somewhere?” asked Amos.

“No,” said Abilene, “he does not wind up.”

“What’s the point of him then?” said Martin.

“The point is that he is Edward,” said Abilene.

“That’s not much of a point,” said Amos.

“It’s not,” agreed Martin. And then, after a long thoughtful pause, he said, “I wouldn’t let anybody dress me like that.”

“Do his clothes come off?” asked Martin.

“Of course they do,” said Abilene. “He has many different outfits. And he has his own pajamas, too. They are made of silk.”

Edward, as usual, was disregarding the conversation. A breeze was blowing in off the sea, and the silk scarf wrapped around his neck billowed out behind him. On his head, he wore a straw boater. The rabbit was thinking that he must look quite dashing.

It came as a total surprise to him when he was grabbed off the deck chair and first his scarf, and then his jacket and pants, were ripped from his body. He heard his pocket watch hit the deck of the ship; and then, held upside down, he watched the watch roll merrily toward Abilene’s feet.

“Look at him,” said Martin. “He’s even got underwear.” He held Edward aloft so that Amos could see.

“Take it off,” shouted Amos.

“NO!!!!” screamed Abilene.

Martin removed Edward’s underwear.

the hat on his head, and the other passengers onboard the ship were looking at him, directing curious and embarrassed glances his way.

“Give him to me,” screamed Abilene.

“He’s mine.”

“No,” said Amos to Martin, “give him to me.” He clapped his hands together and then held them open. “Toss him,” he said.

“Please,” cried Abilene. “Don’t throw him. He’s made of china. He’ll break.”

Martin threw Edward.

And Edward sailed naked through the air.

Only a moment ago, the rabbit had thought that being naked in front of a shipload of strangers was the worst thing that could happen to him. But he was wrong. It was much worse being tossed, in the same naked state, from the hands of one grubby, laughing boy to another.

Amos caught Edward and held him up,

displaying him triumphantly.

“Throw him back,” called Martin.

Amos raised his arm, but just as he was getting ready to throw Edward, Abilene tackled him, shoving her head into his stomach, and upsetting the boy’s aim.

Friday 8th January 2021

LO: I can annotate a
model text.

Letters

Dear Cornelius Tacitus,

I am writing to reassure you that I have been fortunate enough to escape the horrors of Pompeii. Luckily, I am one of the very few survivors from that dreadful day and now I feel that I am ready to share with you my story.

It started like any other day in August. I was sat on the terrace eating my breakfast whilst listening to the early morning birdsong. The air smelt sweet with the scent of dates and freshly baked bread. In the distance, I could see a fog gathering above Mount Vesuvius but I did not think too hard about it.

After my breakfast, I decided to take a leisurely stroll through the city. It was then that I started to notice that something was not quite right. The fog above Mount Vesuvius was growing and turning a menacing dark colour, looming angrily over the city. I stopped still in my tracks and listened carefully. Instead of the morning birdsong, I could hear dogs howling and babies crying. Looking around the streets, I noticed that the birds were flying away from the town. What did they know? What were they fearing?

Letters

It was then that I decided to return to my villa and pack a bag. Instinct told me I needed to get out of Pompeii and make my way to safety. Desperately I tried to convince my neighbours but they said that I was crazy. Therefore, I made up my mind that I would wait a moment longer and fled the city leaving my home behind me.

After a couple of hours travelling I needed to stop for water and a rest. The sun in the sky telling me that it was noon. I sat on a hill some miles out of Pompeii and looked back upon my home. I could see that the destruction had started. From the peak of Mount Vesuvius, a thick black smoke billowed and the ground shook with an almighty tremor. At a distance I could hear the screams carrying in the wind and sounds of buildings falling under the strain of the tremors. I felt so helpless.

By 3pm, Pompeii was unrecognisable. Ash rained upon the buildings covering them in a blanket of white. The once bright, sunny Autumn day was now like a snowy winter wonderland. The sun was replaced with darkness as the rain began to hammer down from the heavens. How could this be happening?

Letters

Terrifyingly, Mount Vesuvius began to spit huge balls of fire from his furious mouth. They hurtled into the homes of Pompeii without any thought for the people who lived there. Thunder crashed and lightning interrupted the darkness momentarily. Fire raged through the buildings and flames raced over the rooftops like meteors across the sky.

Hopelessly, I sat on the hilltop and cried for my city. Tears streamed from my eyes. I could cry no longer and my body slumped into the soft grass of the hill. I lay motionless and noticed that my clothes were soaking wet with perspiration. I listened carefully but an eerie silence filled the air. No more dogs barking. No more children crying. No more people screaming. Just silence.

The darkness of the smoke-filled sky began to lighten as the sun pushed its last rays through the bleakness. The silence was broken by a deep rumbling as if a sleeper had been disturbed from his sleep. The fear inside me made my heart beat hard like the banging of a drum. |

After hours of listening to the belly of Mount Vesuvius rumbling and stirring, I was deafened when from his mouth fired a humungous eruption of molten lava. The liquid rushed from the peak like a stampede of wildebeest, flattening and destroying

What makes a good
letter?

Monday 11th January 2021

LO: I can identify and use time conjunctions

Later

First

In due course

In the end

Next

At first

Finally

Just then

Until then

After a while

Meanwhile

Immediately

After that

When

Eventually

In the mean time

Before long

After some time

Once

Highlight time conjunctions in the following letter

After 11pm, I felt the thud of something against the hull of the ship. I remember my mother giving me a worried glance but I thought she was overreacting, as she was not a happy sailor on the best of days. I decided I needed a walk to get some fresh air. It was then that I noticed the large chunks of ice scattered over the deck of the ship. My mind derived a conclusion, had we hit an iceberg? I felt a chill run down my spine when I saw crewmembers running about the deck carrying life jackets. Were they for us? Surely, they would not be needed on an unsinkable ship?

It was at 12am that I started to feel the slight tilt of the ship. It was tipping towards the bow of the ship, as if an invisible force was pulling it down. By this time, crewmembers were asking everyone to come on deck with their warmest clothes and lifejackets. Of course, first class arrived first, followed by second class and only a few third class. Everyone looked concerned and freezing. No one would tell us what was happening, but it all made sense when the lifeboat started to fill with women and children.

After several minutes, my family and I were at the front of a lifeboat. A young crewmember were allowing only women on the boats. Luckily, we were let onto the small boat, surrounded by mothers and their children. Gently the boat was lowered into the waters and rowed slowly into the night.

We watched anxiously from our boats as the great Titanic's bow disappeared deeper into the Atlantic. It was almost like watching a giant sea creature in motion. The propellers of the ship started to raise out of the water. Titanic's lights flickered and blacked out.

I will never forget the sound that came next... an almighty crushing grinding noise was heard from the middle of the ship. I knew what was happening by the resounding sound it made. The ship snapped in two from the immense pressure she was under. I gripped the side

Short burst writing

- Using time conjunctions write about what happened to Edward as he fell off the boat.

it again.

“There you go,” said the old man.

As they made their way back to shore, Edward felt the sun on his face and the wind blowing through the little bit of fur left on his ears, and something filled his chest, a wonderful feeling.

He was glad to be alive.

“Look at that rabbit,” the old man said.

“Looks like it’s enjoying the ride, don’t it?”

“A-yep,” said the young man.

In fact, Edward Tulane was so happy to be back among the living that he did not even take umbrage at being referred to as “it.”

“Direct from the sea,” said Lawrence. He took Edward off his shoulder and stood him up on the floor and held on to his hands and made him take a deep bow in the direction of Nellie.

“Oh,” said Nellie, “here.” She clapped her hands together again and Lawrence passed Edward to her.

Nellie held the rabbit out in front of her and looked him over from tip to toe. She smiled. “Have you ever in your life seen anything so fine?” she said.

was a bright and bloody red. He felt a cold breeze blow through the room.

Was a door open somewhere?

“Well, you don’t fool me,” she said. She gave him a shake. “We’ll be taking a trip together, you and me.”

Holding Edward by the ears, Lolly marched into the kitchen and shoved him face down in the garbage can.

“Ma!” Lolly shouted, “I’m taking the truck I’m going to head on out and do some errands.”

“Oh,” came Nellie’s tremulous voice, “that’s wonderful, dear. Goodbye, then.”

Goodbye, thought Edward as Lolly hauled the garbage can out to the truck.

“Goodbye,” Nellie called again, louder this time.

Edward felt a sharp pain somewhere deep inside his china chest.

For the first time, his heart called out to him.

It said two words: Nellie. Lawrence.

EDWARD ENDED UP AT THE DUMP. He lay on top of orange peels, coffee grounds, rancid bacon, and rubber tires. The first night, he was at the top of the garbage heap, and so he was able to look up at the stars and find comfort in their light.

Tuesday 12th January 2021

LO: I can generate ideas.

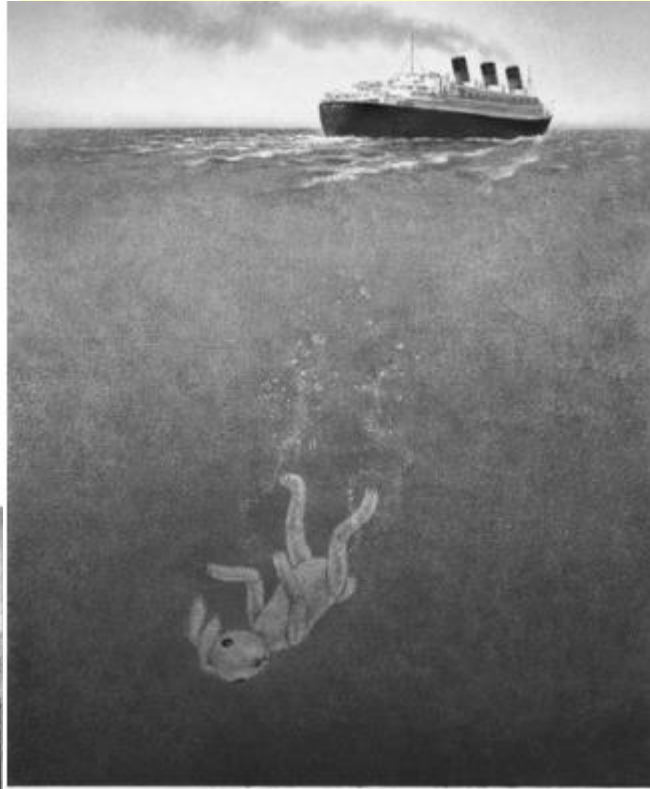
Use of Abilene's letter

- Annotate for features of recounts as letters
- How can we innovate this letter
 - use our WAGOLLS
- Shared writing

Wednesday 13th January 2021

LO: I can use drama techniques

How might we describe the emotions?



Edward's journey so far



Ideas generation

- Will I ever feel normal again?
- Is it forever this time?
- Can I stay here forever?
- I wonder where my beloved Abeline is
- I wish I was at home again
- I'm so fed up - I wish someone would love me!

Talk to partners

- Share ideas for letter writing
- What two events will you write about as Edward?

Thursday 14th January 2021

LO: I can write a letter

Friday 15th January 2021

LO: I can edit and improve
my writing