

RIC starter – Fresh Prince

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1nCgRmx3Dnw>

In West Philadelphia born and raised
On the playground is where I spent
most of my days
Chilling out, maxing, relaxing all cool
And all shooting some b-ball outside
of the school
When a couple of guys who were up
to no good
Started making trouble in my
neighbourhood
I got in one little fight and my mom
got scared
And said "You're moving with your
auntie and uncle in Bel-Air"

R – Where was Will born?

I – How do you know
that Will's mum cares
about him?

C – What impression is the
author giving about
Philadelphia? How does
the author do this?

Dear Diary,

Today was the most fantastic day! As the sun smiled down at me, encouraging me to face the day, I could smell breakfast cooking downstairs. I jumped out of my bed, threw on my school clothes and skipped down to the kitchen.

A delicious breakfast of pancakes with syrup was waiting for me on the table and I gobbled it down as quick as a flash. I grabbed my school bag, shouted goodbye to my mum and dashed out of the door to school.

Later, Miss Harper, who is our English teacher, was handing back our test papers. What level would I get? What did everyone else get? Would I do well? As I glanced over it, a huge grin spread across my face. I got 20 out of 20! I couldn't believe it! Excited, elated, thrilled, I couldn't wait to tell Ben, my best friend.

Before I knew it, it was lunchtime. The menu today was my favourite: spaghetti bolognese followed by chocolate pudding - yum! The afternoon flew by, and we ended the school day with a brilliant game of rounders in P.E. We all cheered when my team won.

After school, I came home and was met with the most amazing surprise: my mum told me that we were going out to the cinema and to Pizza Hut for dinner. We had a fantastic time!

I'm sitting on my bed writing this, remembering all the amazing things that happened today. I feel absolutely exhausted, what a day! I hope tomorrow is just as good!

Lauren x

Dear diary,

Early this morning, as I waited at the bottom of the path near my driveway, many thoughts crossed my mind: Where was I going? What was going to happen to me? Would I even survive? While my head was in a daze, I didn't even notice the rickety, run-down bus pull up beside me. The banging of the doors crashing against the side awoke me from my daze. I looked up to see the sweaty, greasy bus driver and broad, muscly guard towering over me. I gulped, my legs began to shake. I took one last look behind me at the world I was leaving behind and boarded the bus.

Sitting at the back of the bus, the heat radiated around me. The chairs were so uncomfortable, whether it was due to them being made of steel or the fact I was so big I barely fit; either way it was going to be a long, arduous journey

I remember falling asleep half way through the drive. Although I wasn't really tired, it was extremely tedious staring out at just grassland for 8 hours! I was soon awoken by the pungent smell of sweat lingering up my nostrils. The guard had moved closer to me. The beads of perspiration were glistening on his forehead. I remember his eyes looked right through me – the look of hate all over his face as he watched me.

Once we had arrived at Camp Green Lake, I remember the heat as I got off the bus. It hit me, right smack in the face. It was so overpowering. Glancing around, there was no one to be seen, however the buzz of voices hummed in the air. Where was everyone? I followed the guard towards the tents (6 tents to be precise, labelled A-F) I was in tent D. As I looked around the overcrowded, grimy place I realised I was now sharing a room with at least eight other boys. Anxiously, I walked over to my cot. Placed my things down beside it and took a deep breath. Again, a putrid, foul smell was in the air. Sour milk and body odour. Nice!

My first encounter with the boys was something I will always remember. I remember overlooking each one of them. They all stared open-mouthed at me, as if I was some sort of alien. The one boy, who I can only imagine was the leader, looked me up and down, spat at my feet and walked off. The others followed him.

Stanley x

Monday English – Guided Reading – understanding a diary entry

1. Who is Lauren writing to?
2. Look up the word chronological in the dictionary and write the definition.
3. Is this piece of writing written in chronological order?
4. How do you know Lauren is in a good mood by the way she goes downstairs? Explain. (2 marks)
5. What tense is this written in?
6. What person is this written in?
7. What clues are there that Lauren enjoyed her breakfast? (more than 1)
8. Find and copy the embedded clause
9. Find and copy a rhetorical question
10. True or False. Lauren was disappointed with her test result.
11. Write down 3 pieces of evidence to back up your point
12. “Before I knew it, it was lunchtime”. What does this tell you about Lauren’s morning?
13. Write down all the time openers you can find.
14. How did Lauren feel about the cinema and Pizza Hut? Use a quote from the text to explain your answer.
15. How did Lauren feel at the end of the day?

Challenge / Extension 1

Read the second diary entry written by Stanley

Challenge / Extension 2

In Lauren’s diary entry, find the short paragraph that starts “After school, I came home...”

Extend this paragraph to give lots more information about Laurens evening at the cinema and pizza hut. Talk about the cinema, the film, the popcorn and snacks, talk about what pizza she had, was it busy? Describe the flavours. Dessert?