



Week 7-English Lesson 3

Thursday 18th June 2020

L.O: I am learning to plan a
newspaper report.

Can you remember the features of a newspaper article?

Starter:

7. BIG NEWS

FirstNews • Issue 729 • 5 – 11 June 2020



PROTESTS have been taking place all over the world following the death of George Floyd in Minneapolis, USA, after he was held down by police officers.

During his arrest, George Floyd, who is black, died after white police officer Derek Chauvin knelt on his neck. The officer has since been charged with murder, while three other police officers involved in the arrest have lost their jobs.

Protests against police violence and racial hatred then began in Minneapolis, before quickly spreading across the world, as people took to the streets to campaign against the police using unnecessary force against black people in the US.

There were demonstrations everywhere, including UK cities London, Cardiff and Manchester. Celebrities including Ariana Grande and Halsey joined in protests in the States too.

The majority of the protesters walked peacefully, carrying Black Lives Matter signs and calling for justice. But in some parts of the US, demonstrations became violent.

Although US President Donald Trump called George's death a tragedy, he has also been accused of glorifying violence, after threatening protesters in a tweet that said: "when the looting starts, the shooting starts".

For the first time in Mr Trump's presidency, Twitter tagged the tweet with a message that said it "violated [broke] their rules about glorifying violence". Twitter hid the tweet but did not remove it as they feel "it is in the public's interest" to see it.

At a speech in Minneapolis, the brother of George Floyd spoke at a rally, where he called for "peace" and "justice" through voting, rather than violence.

As First News went to press, the National Guard (the US reserve military force for domestic emergencies) was being sent to several states across the country.



A FLYING FUTURE



THE world's largest electric plane has made its first flight.

The all-electric eCaravan, which can carry nine people, took off from a Washington airport and managed to stay in the air for 28 minutes.

The plane is more environmentally-friendly and costs less to operate than normal planes. It's hoped it will be in commercial use in 2021.



Layout Features:

Photographs

Headline

Lead - The first sentence or paragraph that summarises the story.

7. BIG NEWS

FirstNews • Issue 729 • 5 – 11 June 2020



USA PROTESTS

PROTESTS have been taking place all over the world following the death of George Floyd in Minneapolis, USA, after he was held down by police officers.

During his arrest, George Floyd, who is black, died after white police officer Derek Chauvin knelt on his neck. The officer has since been charged with murder, while three other police officers involved in the arrest have lost their jobs.

Protests against police violence and racial hatred then began in Minneapolis, before quickly spreading across the world, as people took to the streets to campaign against the police using unnecessary force against black people in the US.

There were demonstrations everywhere, including UK cities London, Cardiff and Manchester. Celebrities including Ariana Grande and Halsey joined in protests in the States too.

The majority of the protesters walked peacefully, carrying Black Lives Matter signs and calling for justice. But in some parts of the US, demonstrations became violent.

Although US President Donald Trump called George's death a tragedy, he has also been accused of glorifying violence, after threatening protesters in a tweet that said: "when the looting starts, the shooting starts".

For the first time in Mr Trump's presidency, Twitter tagged the tweet with a message that said it "violated [broke] their rules about glorifying violence". Twitter hid the tweet but did not remove it as they feel "it is in the public's interest" to see it.

At a speech in Minneapolis, the brother of George Floyd spoke at a rally, where he called for "peace" and "justice" through voting, rather than violence.

As First News went to press, the National Guard (the US reserve military force for domestic emergencies) was being sent to several states across the country.



A FLYING FUTURE



THE world's largest electric plane has made its first flight.

The all-electric eCaravan, which can carry nine people, took off from a Washington airport and managed to stay in the air for 28 minutes.

The plane is more environmentally-friendly and costs less to operate than normal planes. It's hoped it will be in commercial use in 2021.



columns

Grammatical Features:

PROTESTS have been taking place all over the world following the death of George Floyd in Minneapolis, USA, after he was held down by police officers.

During his arrest, George Floyd, who is black, died after white police officer Derek Chauvin knelt on his neck. The officer has since been charged with murder, while three other police officers involved in the arrest have lost their jobs. Protests against police violence and racial hatred then began in Minneapolis, before quickly spreading across the world, as people took to the streets to campaign against the police using unnecessary force against black people in the US. There were demonstrations everywhere, including UK cities London, Cardiff and Manchester. Celebrities including Ariana Grande and Halsey joined in protests in the States too. The majority of the protesters walked peacefully, carrying Black Lives Matter signs and calling for justice. But in some parts of the US, demonstrations became violent. Although US President Donald Trump called George's death a tragedy, he has also been accused of glorifying violence, after threatening protesters in a tweet that said: "when the looting starts, the shooting starts". For the first time in Mr Trump's presidency, Twitter tagged the tweet with a message that said it "violated [broke] their rules about glorifying violence". Twitter hid the tweet but did not remove it as they feel "it is in the public's interest" to see it. At a speech in Minneapolis, the brother of George Floyd spoke at a rally, where he called for "peace" and "justice" through voting, rather than violence. As First News went to press, the National Guard (the US reserve military force for domestic emergencies) was being sent to several states across the country.

Facts and Evidence not opinions.

Third person

Present perfect tense

Direct quotes

Mostly past tense

The Present Perfect Tense

Past Tense

Before he **came** to our town, Kashaan **was** in Birmingham.

His mum **got** a new job so the family **moved** here.

When I **met** Kashaan, he **spoke** with a 'Brummie' accent.

Present Perfect Tense

My friend Kashaan **has lived** in this town for five years.

We **have been** best friends all that time.

His dad says he **has taken** on the way I speak.



It's all about the timing...

Past tense is used for activities or events that started and finished in the past.

Present perfect tense is used for activities that started in the past but are still true now, or have an effect on what is happening now.

Sort these sentences into past tense and present perfect tense:

1. Michael's mother and father have been sailing from island to island to find their son.
2. Michael and Stella fell overboard.
3. They have lost their son.
4. Stella has been barking for over an hour.
5. Michael's appearance has changed a lot since being on the island.
6. Michael's mother and father looked very sad appealing for the safe return of their son.

Sort these sentences into past tense and present perfect tense:

Past Tense

- 2. Michael and Stella fell overboard.
- 6. Michael's mother and father looked very sad appealing for the safe return of their son.

Present Perfect Tense

- 1. Michael's mother and father have been sailing from island to island to find their son.
- 3. They have lost their son.
- 4. Stella has been barking for over an hour.
- 5. Michael's appearance has changed a lot since being on the island.

Today's Task

Today you will be planning the newspaper report that you will be writing tomorrow.

You will be writing the newspaper report after Michael has been found.

Read the end of Chapter 3 and Chapter 4 to help with paragraph 2 and the end of Chapter 10 to help with paragraph 4 (these are attached below).

Remember, Michael promised to keep Kensuke's existence a secret so he shouldn't be mentioned at all.

Thursday 18th June 2020

L.O – I am learning to plan a newspaper report.



Lead Paragraph Summarise the story. Include the 5Ws. Who is the story about? When did it happen? What happened? Where did it happen? Why did it happen?	
Paragraph 2 Explain the events that happened the day that Michael and Stella disappeared. Include a quote e.g. from his mother or father or Michael.	
Paragraph 3 Explain the events that happened whilst he was missing. Consider the police/coast guard's roll in the search. Did they keep searching or give up? What did his mother and father do? Did they find any leads?	
Paragraph 4 Explain the events that lead to Michael being rescued. Include a quote.	
Paragraph 5 What is life like now for the family now that they've been reunited? Is anything different?	
Reporting Phrases	
Key Vocabulary	

Chapters 3 and 4.

It is so dark out there. Black. Stella's barking. She's up by the bow. She hasn't got her harness clipped on.



Those were the last words I ever wrote in my log. After that it's just empty pages.

I tried calling Stella first, but she wouldn't come. So I left the wheel and went forward to bring her back. I took the ball with me to sweeten her in, to tempt her away from the bow of the boat.

I crouched down. "Come on, Stella," I said, rolling the ball from hand to hand. "Come and get the ball." I felt the boat turn a little in the wind, and I knew then I shouldn't have left the wheel. The ball rolled away from me quite suddenly. I lunged after it, but it was gone over the side before I could grab it. I lay there on the deck watching it bob away into the darkness. I was furious with myself for being so silly.

I was still cursing myself when I thought I heard the sound of singing. Someone was singing out there in the darkness. I called out but no one replied. So that was what Stella had been barking at.

I looked again for my ball, but by now it had disappeared. That ball had been very precious to me, precious to all of us. I knew then I had just lost a great deal more than a football.

I was angry with Stella. The whole thing had been her fault. She was still barking. I couldn't hear the singing any more. I called her again, whistled her in. She wouldn't come. I got to my feet and went forward. I took her by the collar and pulled. She would not be moved. I couldn't drag her all the way back, so I bent down to pick her up. She was still reluctant. Then I had her in my arms, but she was struggling.

I heard the wind above me in the sails. I remember thinking: this is silly, you haven't got your safety harness on, you haven't got your lifejacket on, you shouldn't be doing this. Then the boat veered violently and I was thrown sideways. With my arms full I had no time to grab the guard rail. We were in the cold of the sea before I could even open my mouth to scream.

The terrors came fast, one upon another. The lights of the *Peggy Sue* went away into the dark of the night, leaving me alone in the ocean, alone with the certainty that they were already too far away, that my cries for help could not possibly be heard. I thought then of the sharks cruising the black water beneath me – scenting me, already searching me out, homing in on me – and I knew there could be no hope. I would be eaten alive. Either that or I would drown slowly. Nothing could save me.

I trod water, frantically searching the impenetrable darkness about me for something, anything to swim towards. There was nothing.

Then a sudden glimpse of white in the sea. The breaking of a wave perhaps. But there were no waves. Stella! It had to be. I was so thankful, so relieved not to be all alone. I called out and swam towards her. She would keep bobbing away from me, vanishing, reappearing, then vanishing again. She had seemed so near, but it took several minutes of hard swimming before I came close enough to reach out and touch her. Only then did I realise my mistake.

Stella's head was mostly black. This was white. It was my football. I grabbed it and clung on, feeling the unexpected and wonderful buoyancy of it. I held on, treading water and calling for Stella. There was no answer. I called and I called. But every time I opened my mouth now, the seawater washed in. I had to give her up. I had to save myself if I could.

There was little point in wasting energy by trying to swim. After all, I had nowhere to swim to. Instead, I would simply float. I would cling to my football, tread water gently and wait for the *Peggy Sue* to come back. Sooner or later they had to discover I was overboard. Sooner or later they would come looking for me. I mustn't kick too much, just enough to keep my chin above the water, no more. Too much movement would attract the sharks. Morning must come soon. I had to hang on till then. I had to. The water wasn't that cold. I had my football. I had a chance.

I kept telling myself that over and over again. But the world stayed stubbornly black about me, and I could feel the water slowly chilling me to death. I tried singing to stop myself from shivering, to take my mind off the sharks. I sang every song I could remember, but after a while I'd forget the words. Always I came back to the only song I was sure I could finish: 'Ten Green Bottles'. I sang it out loud again and again. It reassured me to hear the sound of my own voice. It made me feel less alone in the sea. And always I looked for the grey glint of dawn, but it would not come and it would not come.

Eventually I fell silent and my legs just would not kick any more. I clung to my football, my head drifting into sleep. I knew I mustn't, but I couldn't help myself. My hands kept slipping off the ball. I was fast losing the last of my strength. I would go down, down to the bottom of the sea and lie in my grave amongst the seaweed and the sailors' bones and the shipwrecks.

The strange thing was that I didn't really mind. I didn't care, not any more. I floated away into sleep, into my dreams. And in my dream I saw a boat gliding towards me, silent over the sea. The *Peggy Sue*! Dear, dear *Peggy Sue*. They had come back for me. I knew they would. Strong arms grabbed me. I was hauled upwards and out of the water. I lay there on the deck, gasping for air like a landed fish.

Someone was bending over me, shaking me, talking to me. I could not understand a word that was being said. But it didn't matter. I felt Stella's hot breath on my face, her tongue licking my ear. She was safe. I was safe. All was well.

I was woken by a howling, like the howling of a gale through the masts. I looked about me. There were no masts above me, there were no sails. No movement under me either, no breath of wind. Stella Artois was barking, but some way off. I was not on a boat at all, but lying stretched out on sand. The howling became a screaming, a fearful crescendo of screeching that died away in its own echoes.

I sat up. I was on a beach, a broad white sweep of sand, with trees growing thick and lush behind me right down to the beach. Then I saw Stella prancing about in the shallows. I called her and she came bounding up out of the sea to greet me, her tail circling wildly. When all the leaping and licking and hugging were done, I struggled to my feet.

I was weak all over. I looked all about me. The wide blue sea was as empty as the cloudless sky above. No *Peggy Sue*. No boat. Nothing. No one. I called again and again for my mother and my father. I called until the tears came and I could call no more, until I knew there was no point. I stood there for some time trying to work out how I had got here, how it was that

I'd survived. I had such confused memories, of being picked up, of being on board the *Peggy Sue*. But I knew now I couldn't have been. I must have dreamed it, dreamed the whole thing. I must have clung to my football and kept myself afloat until I was washed up. I thought of my football then, but it was nowhere to be seen.

Stella, of course, was unconcerned about all the whys and wherefores. She kept bringing me sticks to throw, and would go galloping after them into the sea without a care in the world.

Chapter 10

Killer Men Come

He became very nervous, very anxious, sending me often to the hilltop with the binoculars to see if the junk had returned. But as time went by, as the immediate threat receded, he became more his own self again. Even so, I felt he was always wary, always slightly on edge.



Because he was keeping so many of my paintings now, we found we were running out of good painting shells. So early one morning we set off on an expedition to find some more. We scoured the beach, heads down, side by side, just a few feet apart. There was always an element of competition with our shell collecting – who would find the first, the biggest, the most perfect. We had not been at it long and neither of us had yet found a single shell, when I became aware that he had stopped walking.

“Micasan,” he breathed, and he was pointing out to sea with his stick. There was something out there, something white, but too defined, too shaped, to be a cloud.

We had left the binoculars behind. With Stella yapping at me all the way, I raced back along the beach and up the track to the cave house, grabbed the binoculars and made for the top of the hill. A sail! Two sails. Two white sails. I bounded down the hillside, back into the cave and pulled out a lighted stick from the fire. By the time I reached the beacon Kensuke was already there. He took the binoculars from me and looked for himself.

“Can I light it?” I asked. “Can I?”

“All right, Micasan,” he said. “All right.”

Chapter 10

Killer Men Come

I thrust the lighted stick deep into the beacon, in amongst the dry leaves and twigs at its core. It lit almost instantly and very soon flames were roaring up into the wood, licking out at us as the wind took them. We backed away at the sudden heat of it. I was disappointed there were so many flames. I wanted smoke, not flames. I wanted towering clouds of smoke.

"Do not worry, Micasan," Kensuke said. "They see this for sure. You see."

We took turns with the binoculars. Still the yacht had not turned. They had not seen it. The smoke was beginning to billow up into the sky. Desperately I threw more and more wood onto the fire, until it was a roaring inferno of flame and dense smoke.

I had thrown on almost the very last of the wood we had collected, when Kensuke said suddenly, "Micasan, it is coming. I think the boat is coming."

He handed me the binoculars. The yacht was turning. It was very definitely turning, but I couldn't make out whether it was towards us or away from us. "I don't know," I said. "I'm not sure."

He took the binoculars off me. "I tell you, Micasan, it come this way. They see us. I am very sure. It come to our island."

Moments later, as the wind filled the sails, I knew he was right. We hugged each other there on the hilltop beside the blazing beacon. I leaped up and down like a wild thing, and Stella went mad with me. Every time I looked through the binoculars now, the yacht was coming in closer.

"She's a big yacht," I said. "I can't see her flag. Dark blue hull, like the *Peggy Sue*." Only then, as I said it out loud, did I begin to hope that it could possibly be her. Gradually hope turned to belief, and belief to certainty. I saw a blue cap, my mother's cap. It was them! It was them! "Kensuke," I cried, still looking through the binoculars, "Kensuke, it's the *Peggy Sue*. It is. They've come back for me. They've come back." But Kensuke did not reply. When I looked round, I discovered he was not there.

Chapter 10

Killer Men Come

I found him sitting at the mouth of the cave house, with my football in his lap. He looked up at me, and I knew already from the look in his eyes what he was going to tell me.

He stood up, put his hands on my shoulders, and looked me deep in the eyes. "You listen to me very good now, Micasan," he said. "I am too old for that new world you tell me about. It is very exciting world, but it is not my world. My world was Japan, long time ago. And now my world is here. I think about it for long time. If Kimi is alive, if Michiya is alive, then they think I am dead long time ago. I would be like ghost coming home. I am not same person. They not same either. And, besides, I have family here, orangutan family. Maybe killer men come again. Who look after them then? No, I stay on my island. This is my place. This Kensuke's Kingdom. Emperor must stay in his Kingdom, look after his people. Emperor does not run away. Not honourable thing to do."

I could see there was no point in pleading or arguing or protesting. He put his forehead against mine and let me cry. "You go now," he went on, "but before you go, you promise three things. First, you paint every day of your life, so one day you be great artist like Hokusai. Second, you think of me sometime, often maybe, when you are home in England. When you look up at full moon, you think of me, and I do same for you. That way we never forget each other. Last thing you promise and very important for me. Very important you say nothing of this, nothing of me. You come here alone. You alone here in this place, you understand? I not here. After ten years, you say what you like. All that left of me then is bones. It not matter any more then. I want no one come looking for me. I stay here. I live life in peace. No people. People come, no peace. You understand? You keep secret for me, Mica? You promise?"

Chapter 10

Killer Men Come

"I promise," I said.

He smiled and gave me my football. "You take football. You very good at football, but you very much better painter. You go now." And with his arm round my shoulder he took me outside. "You go," he said. I walked away only a little way and turned round. He was still standing at the mouth of the cave. "You go now please." And he bowed to me. I bowed back. "Sayonara, Micasan", he said. "It has been honour to know you, great honour of my life." I hadn't the voice to reply.

Blinded with tears I ran off down the track. Stella didn't come at once, but by the time I reached the edge of the forest she had caught up with me. She raced out on to the beach barking at the *Peggy Sue*, but I stayed where I was hidden in the shadow of the trees and cried out all my tears. I watched the *Peggy Sue* come sailing in. It was indeed my mother and my father onboard. They had seen Stella by now and were calling to her. She was barking her silly head off. I saw the anchor go down.

"Goodbye, Kensuke," I whispered. I took a deep breath and ran out on to the sand waving and yelling.

I splashed out into the shallows to meet them. My mother just cried and hugged me till I thought I'd break. She kept saying over and over again, "Didn't I tell you we'd find him? Didn't I tell you?"

The first words my father said were, "Hello, monkey face."

Chapter 10

Killer Men Come

For almost a year my mother and father had searched for me. No one would help them, for no one would believe I could still be alive – not a chance in a million, they said. My father too – he later admitted – had given me up for dead. But never my mother. So far as she was concerned I was alive, I had to be alive. She simply knew it in her heart. So they had sailed from island to island, searching on until they had found me. Not a miracle, just faith.



<https://www.slideshare.net/ArsalAhmed4/ken-sukes-kingdom-64280180>