

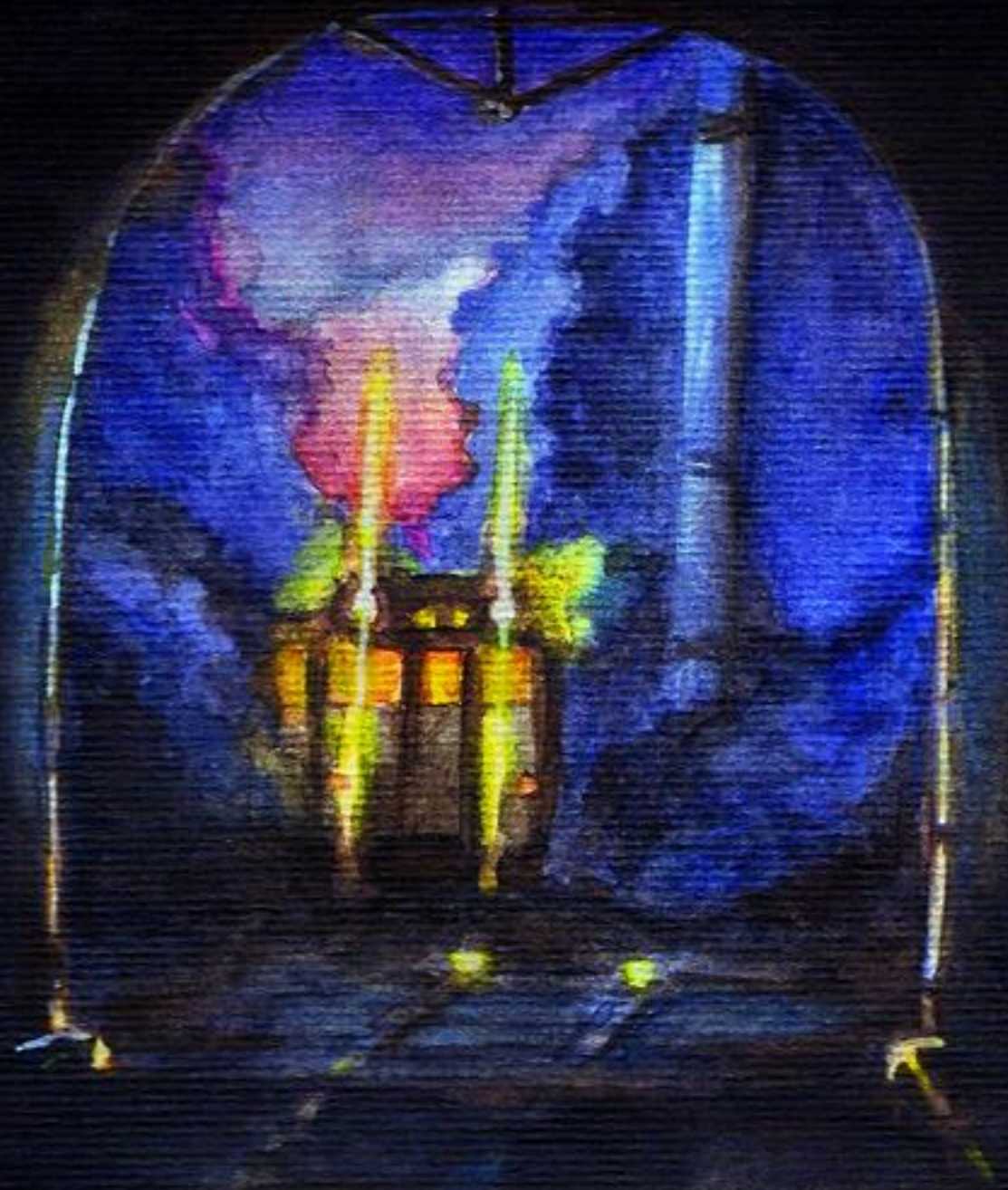
The Tunnel

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The Tunnel is a historical story that we will be basing our SPaG and creative writing on for the next two weeks.

Today the focus is sentence level work.

Watch the video
Read the story
Complete the activity



Friday 8th January 2021

WALT recap clauses

S2S: I can...

- recognise a clause
- use different clauses in my writing

Can you remember
the different types
of clauses?

Copy the link into your
browser to watch the video on
two types of clauses.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pWS3Cbf5h9U>



Activity 1 – main and subordinate clauses

Creating Sentences Using Subordinate Clauses

Can you extend these sentences by adding a subordinate clause at the **beginning**, in the **middle** and at the **end**? You can choose a different subordinate clause for each variation.

Remember to think about punctuation.

Existing sentence

Katy took a deep breath and blew out her candles.

I think it's my turn to do the washing up.

Extended sentences

After we sang Happy Birthday, Katy took a deep breath and blew out her candles.

Katy, who was 9-years-old today, took a deep breath and blew out her candles.

Katy took a deep breath and blew out her candles before we cut into the cake.

Existing sentence

The whole car was full of our camping equipment.

Extended sentences

The bird flew down and landed on our bird table.

James lit the rocket and the fuse started to fizz.

There is another type of clause that we learnt. Can you remember what it is?

Find out by copying the link into your browser to watch the video.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/topics/zwwp8mn/articles/zsrt4qt>



Activity 2 – Challenge!

Find 3 relative clauses in the story

Write them in your book

Underline the relative clause

Remember:

A relative clause can be used to give additional information about a noun.

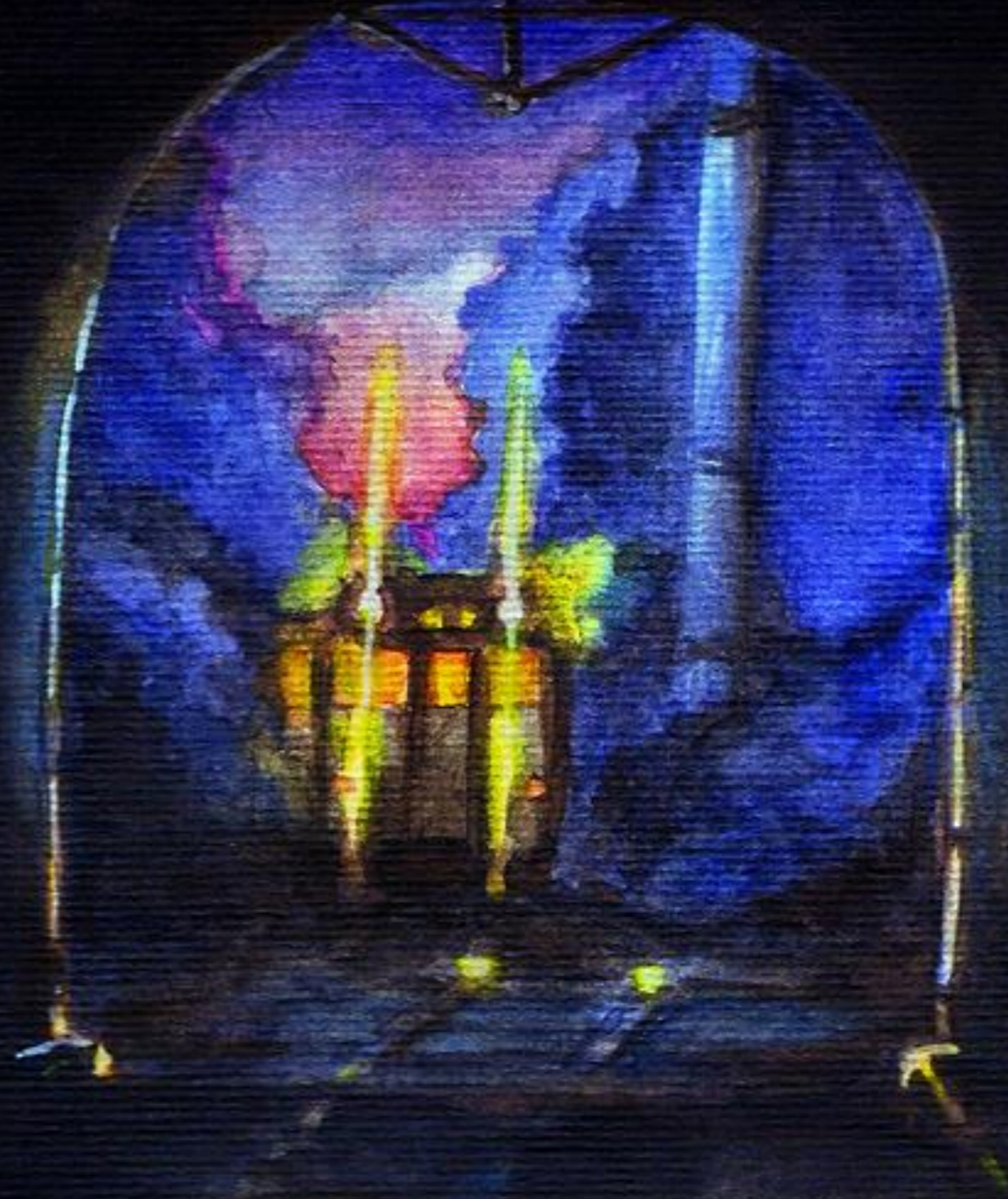
They are introduced by a relative pronoun like 'that', 'which', 'who', 'whose', 'where' and 'when'. For example:

I won't stand by the man who smells of slime.

In this example, the relative clause is 'who smells of slime'. It provides more information about the man. The relative pronoun, 'who', is used to connect these clauses in the sentence.

Henry had always hated the dark.

At night, Miss Hill put up the blackout curtains. When the light was off, the gloom descended and you couldn't see a thing. He had to learn to feel his way to bed. The stairs were unfamiliar, so too, the creaking boards and the smell of lye soap from the metal tub that was dragged out on a Saturday for his bath.



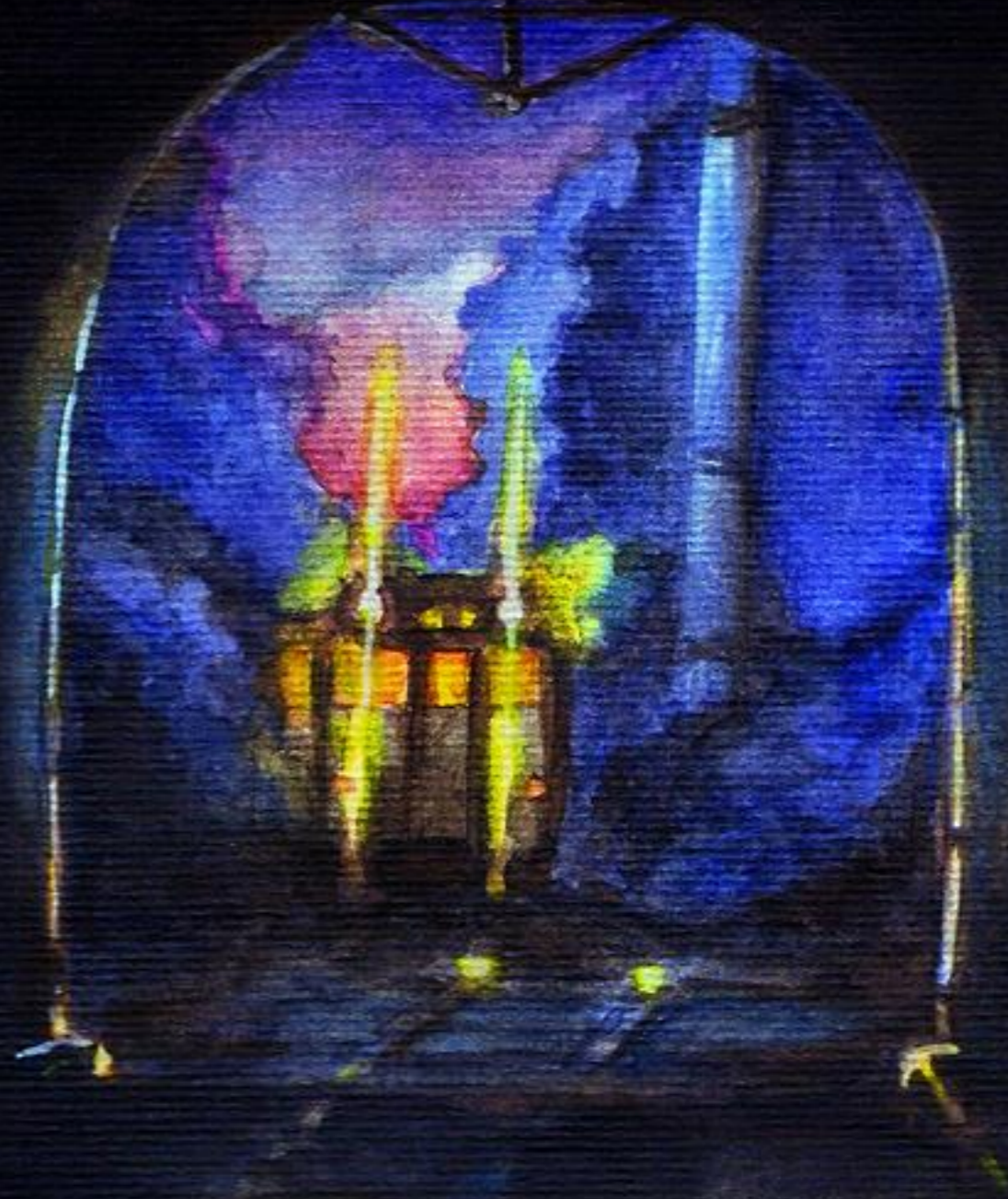
Oakridge Lynch village was nothing like the grimy London tenement block where Henry had spent his first ten years. Here, the valleys were a lush green: not a single street lamp and, at night, the darkness was full of owls, badgers digging for worms and foxes yelping. Every morning, Henry woke to the sound of a cockerel. At home, the streets had been packed with people rushing to work, cars and buses trundling by and the air was full of street cries. Here, chickens scratched in the backyard, rows of vegetables sprouted in gardens and only the odd cart and donkey passed the little cottage.



Most exciting of all was Gertie, the pig that Miss Hill kept in a small, stone shed by the garden gate. "We're fattening her up, you and I," proclaimed Miss Hill, as she poured potato peelings and scraps into the trough. Henry scratched Gertie's back and tried not to think what hidden fate awaited the pig.



That misty morning, the 15th July 1940, Miss Hill checked that Henry had his gas mask packed and walked him up the lane to the village school. There they sang a hymn, prayed for the country and Henry sat squeezed onto a bench at the back of the schoolroom, clutching his copybook. Later, at lunchtime, he deposited himself on the grass outside and ate his bread and dripping sandwich. Miss Hill had tucked in a slice of beetroot as a treat. Some of the boys munched on turnips that they had dug up on the way to school, washed in a puddle and dried on the tufted grass at the side of the road.



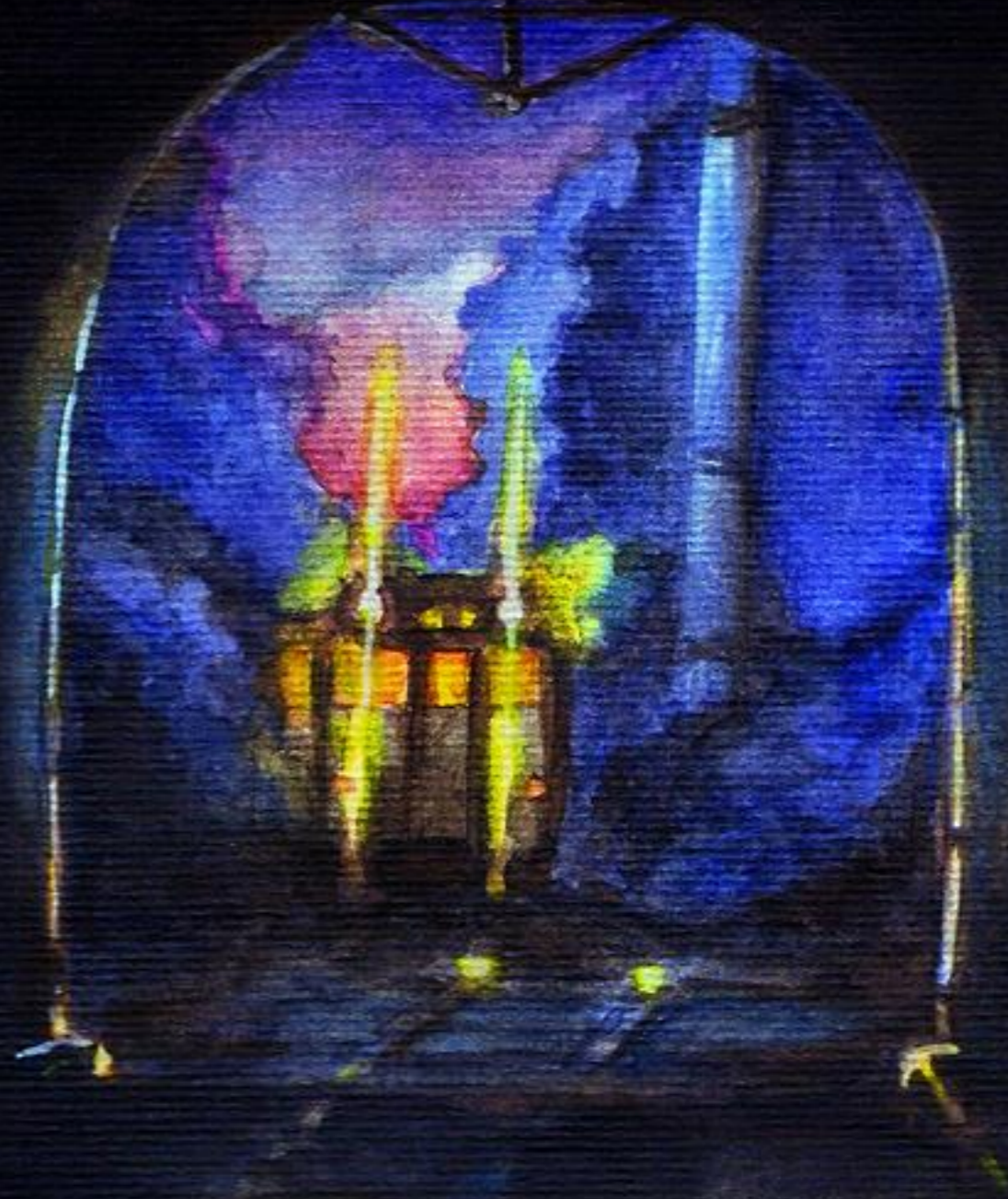
The afternoon stretched ahead; Henry's pen scratched as he tried his hand at copperplate. The schoolroom was silent as everyone worked. In the distance, they could hear planes and the sound grew closer until everyone stopped and looked up at the ceiling; the approaching engines roared and spluttered. Mr Weston yelled, "Under your desks!"



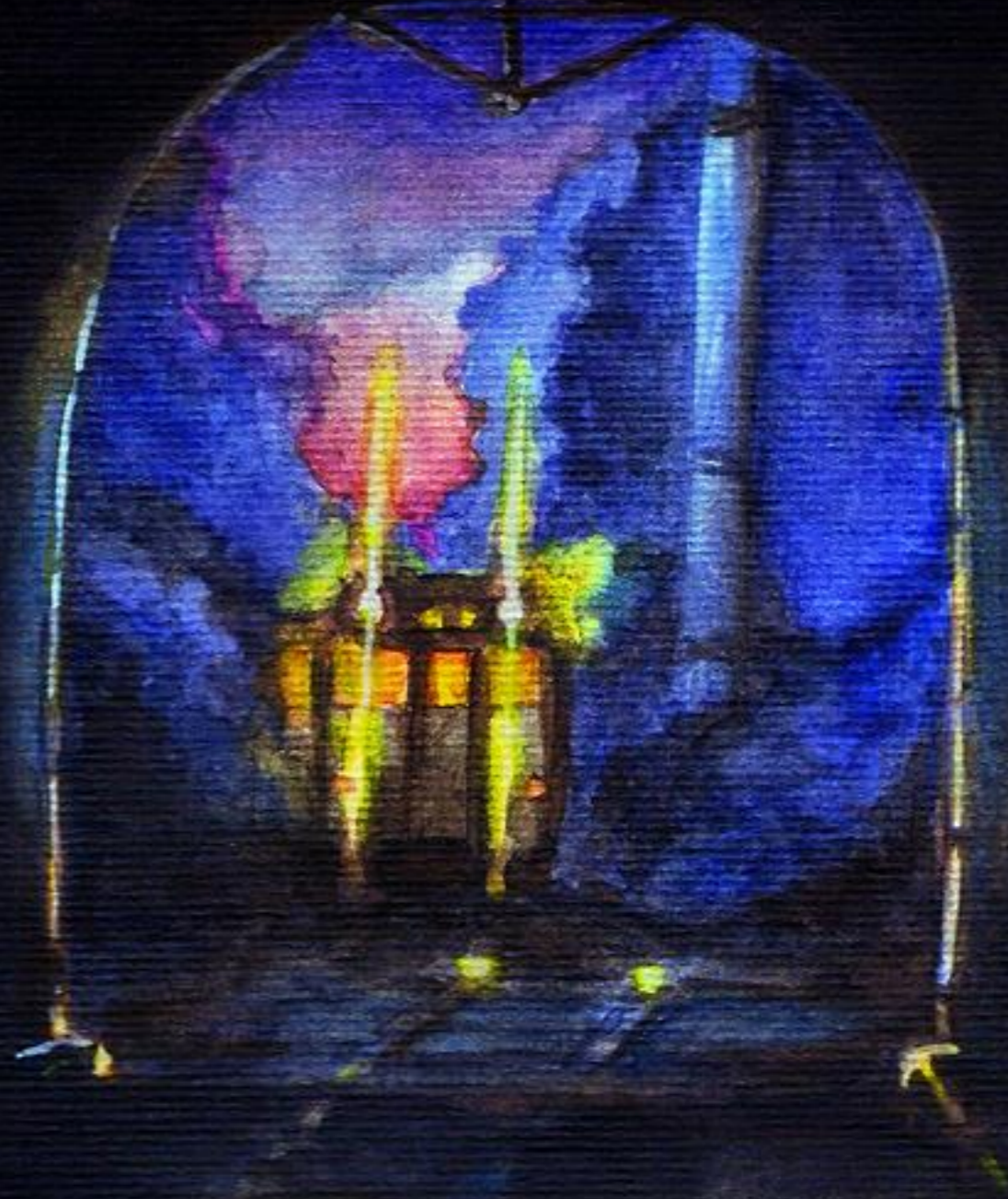
High above in the clouds, a Spitfire from Aston Down and a Hurricane from Kemble fought with a German bomber - a Junkers 88. Henry squeezed under a wooden desk next to Grace, closed his eyes and began to count. He had learned that trick in London when they sheltered in the underground. Counting backwards from a thousand kept your mind busy.



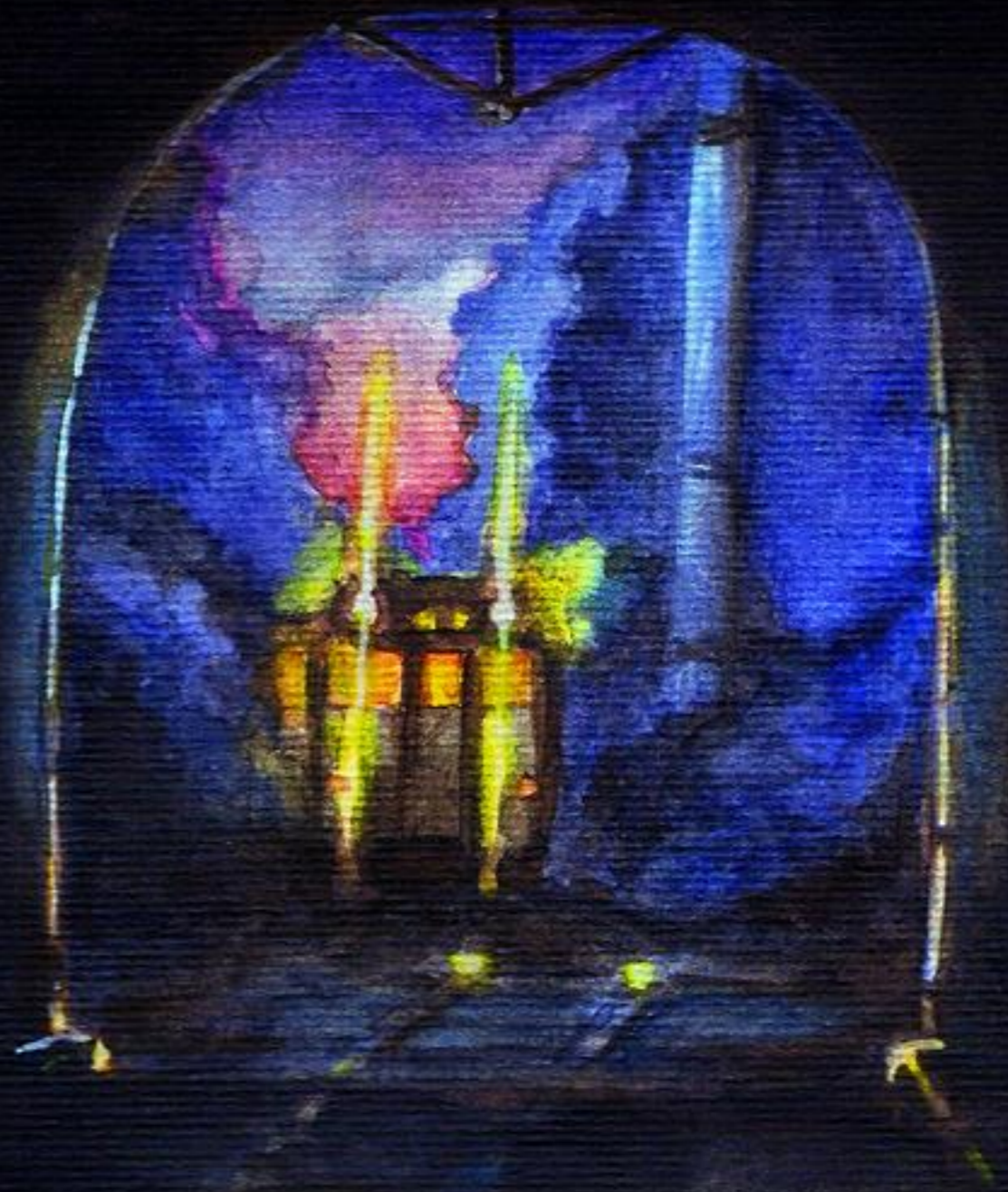
With engines screaming, the bomber shuddered overhead, scraping the school's bell tower. Mr Weston grabbed the wooden window pole and rushed outside to help capture the airman in Mrs Le Bailly's garden. Later, they heard that three of the airmen had managed to parachute down and had been taken willingly, but the pilot had stayed in the plane for too long, trying to guide it clear of the village. Miss Hill stated that the school had been missed: 'by a wing and a prayer'.



He had been standing by the gate all afternoon but no one had come to view the wreckage. A skylark fluttered up and a warm wind swept down the valley, ruffling the grass and calling to him. He daydreamed, remembering his Mum standing on Paddington station, her thin coat flapping as the train steamed out, carrying Henry and his gas mask away from everything he knew and loved.



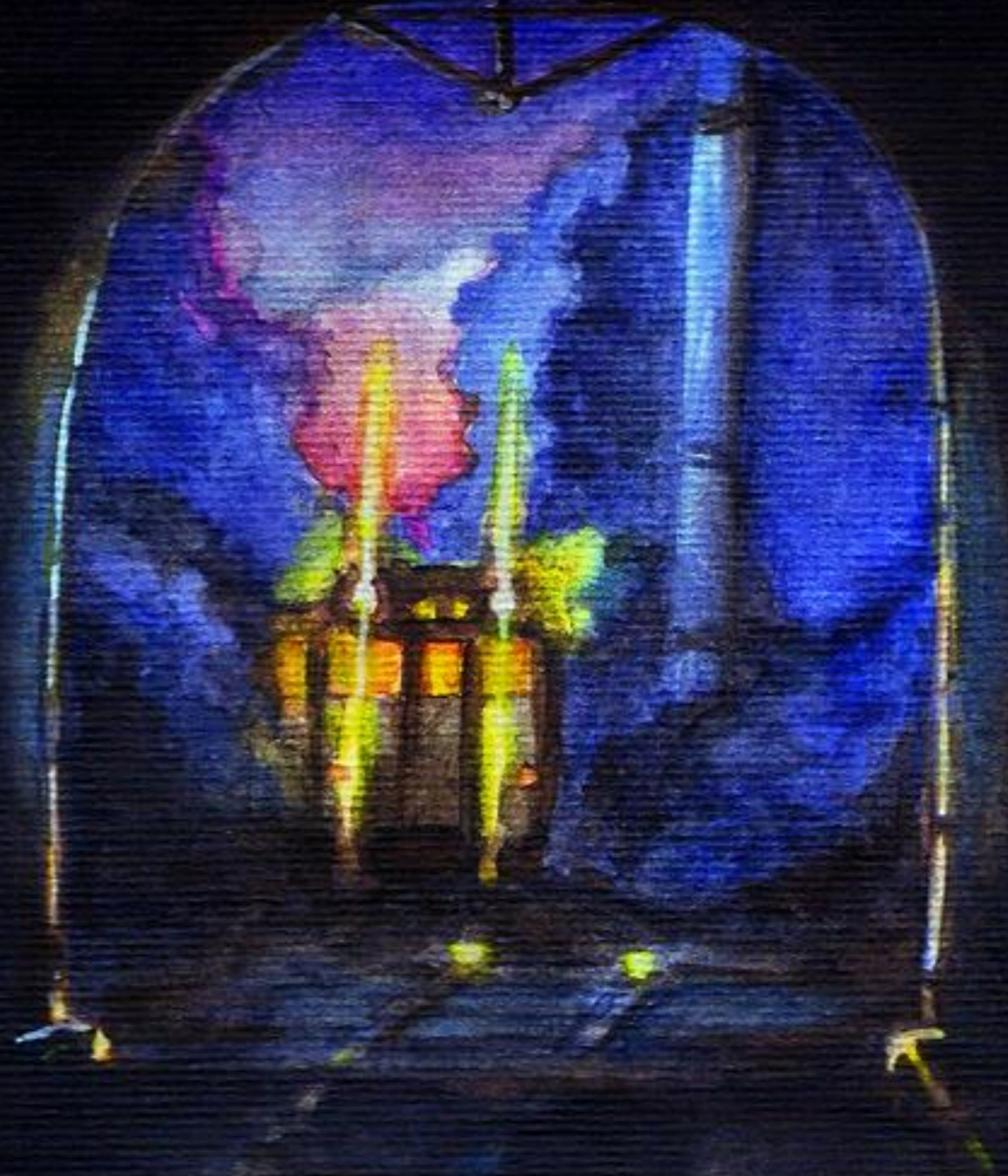
In the valley, below the village, ran the railway. Half an hour later, Henry walked along the tracks, his mind fixed on home. He could hear trains coming a long way off. The rails seemed to buzz a warning so that he could scramble up the bank and hide. The plan worked well enough until he came to Sapperton. Here, the train tracks disappeared into the dark mouth of the tunnel.



Henry stopped. To go back meant terrible trouble. School had ended a long time ago. Miss Hill would be fretting. At first, Henry didn't feel too bad. Behind him, he had the light from the tunnel's opening but, half way down, the tunnel curved: increasingly, the dark and cold closed round him like a poacher's steel trap. He pulled his piece of sacking cloth to him, stood and listened: his breathing echoed, his heart thumped and, somewhere ahead, water dripped and something scuttled. Suddenly it hit him, and it all seemed too much: the bomber screaming overhead, the school shuddering as it scraped the bell tower, the tangled, smoking wreckage and the strangeness of trees and green fields. He sat down and waited, rocking as he cried.



Thomas Restall, a railway ganger, found the little boy, crouched in the darkness. Henry had tried to walk home but his shoes, resoled with an old tyre, had worn thin and, besides, the darkness had held him fast in its shadows.



Early in the evening dusk,
as the stars started to freckle the
sky, Thomas brought Henry back
to Winsley Cottage. To his
surprise, Miss Hill drew him close
and whispered, "Oh Henry," as
she gently stroked his hair.
Inside, the kitchen lamp glowed.

