

English- Monday

This week we are going to take inspiration from Shadow Jumper.

You will have already read chapter 1 for Guided Reading last week but here it is again in case you need it:

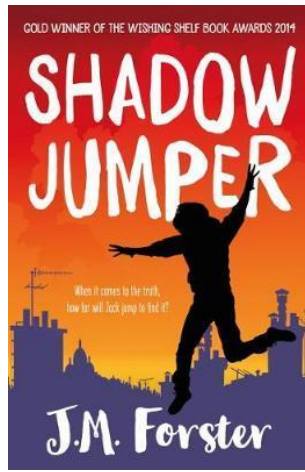
<https://www.jm-forster.com/read-the-first-chapter-of-shadow-jumper.html>

Today we are going to focus on how we could describe the rooftops that Jack sees in the book.

Think about:

- What kinds of buildings he will see? Is it just residential houses?
- What can he see when he looks down?
- What's the sky like? He only jumps at dusk so what will it look like?
- Does he see any animals? Birds? Cats?

Look through the following pictures and come up with some interesting adjectives to describe the buildings and the sky.













Look at the sky







Here are some of my ideas...

Clouds peppered the sky.

Swirling colours of red and orange blazed through the clouds.

Ominous dark clouds formed in the distance.

There's plenty more here: <https://describingwords.io/for/sky>

Here's some for the rooftops: <https://describingwords.io/for/roof>

Write a paragraph describing Jack looking at the rooftops. For example:

Jack paused on top of an old rickety building. It had to be the oldest building in the city. The windows were smashed and the ivy crawled through the cracks. It looked like no one had been inside in a very long time. Jack gasped as he took in the view. It was breathtaking. Clouds peppered the powder pink sky. Burning orange swirled around the clouds in the distance casting a golden glow over the buildings, which were a mish-mash of old and new. Far away, trendy rooftop bars buzzed with people taking in the sunset. Jack didn't need an audience. He stuck to the quiet, empty roofs that provided his perfect playground. Taking a deep breath, he jumped.

English - Tuesday

This is an extract taken from Chapter 1 of Shadow Jumper. Today you will innovate this piece of writing. The next page explains more.

The shadows were lengthening. Jack checked the laces on his trainers and got to his feet, taking care not to slip on the smooth tiles. He cast a look around him at the familiar spot; he'd chosen the perfect playground to practise his urban acrobatics. The shapes and angles created by the old city roofs — the steep pitches with terracotta clay ridges along the peaks, and the gentler, easy slopes — were brilliant for what he had in mind. He studied the distances between the shadows made by the chimneys, searching for where he'd place his feet. He was ready.

He took a couple of deep breaths and shook his arms to relax the taut muscles. Then he stepped forwards and jumped, one leg stretched in front of the other, like an athlete soaring over hurdles, his eyes fixed on their target. For a fleeting moment his body filled to bursting with a tingling thrill before he landed with a grunt in a narrow band of shade.

He steadied himself, one hand on the wall of a chimney, and looked for his next secure place. Then he set off again, somersaulting over low ledges and scrambling up a steep pitch. At the top, he bounced off a chimney wall, twisting in the air to change direction.

As he touched down on the slates, his foot slipped. His arms windmilled as he tried to stop himself tumbling. The next instant he was on his back, slithering at high speed towards the guttering. He scrabbled about, trying to gain a foothold. His body was out of control, hurtling relentlessly downwards.

He slid faster and faster. The sheer drop loomed below him. A wave of panic swept over him as he careered towards it, fingers sliding uselessly off the slates. A sob rose in his throat. He didn't want to die, but it really did feel like the end. Any second now he'd plunge off the edge.

When we innovate, we don't change every single word. Often, we just change the adjectives and maybe a few verbs. A thesaurus might help you think of a word that's **better** than the one in the original text. If you can't think of something **better**, leave that word and move on.

This is the first paragraph. I've highlighted which words I might want to change. (I still might decide not to change some of the words I've highlighted)

The shadows were **lengthening**. Jack checked the laces on his trainers and got to his feet, taking care not to **slip** on the **smooth** tiles. He **cast** a look around him at the **familiar** spot; he'd chosen the **perfect** playground to practise his **urban acrobatics**. The **shapes** and **angles** created by the old city roofs — the **steep** pitches with terracotta clay ridges along the peaks, and the **gentler**, **easy** slopes — were **brilliant** for what he had in mind. He **studied** the distances between the shadows made by the chimneys, **searching** for where he'd place his feet. He was **ready**.

Here I've crossed out the original word (so you can see what was originally there) and replaced it with alternatives:

The shadows were ~~lengthening~~ **expanding**. Jack checked the laces on his trainers and got to his feet, taking care not to ~~slip~~ **skid** on the **smooth** ~~slippery~~ tiles. He ~~cast a look~~ **gazed** around him at the **familiar** ~~well-~~ **known** spot; he'd chosen the **perfect** **ideal** playground to practise his ~~urban acrobatics~~ **rooftop antics**.

Go back on the previous page, start copying it into your book and replace words where you can.

English – Wednesday

<https://www.jm-forster.com/read-the-first-chapter-of-shadow-jumper.html>

Chapter 1 ends on a cliffhanger. We're going to stop just before he sees whatever it is that makes him scream! Imagine he has just started to fall and gets caught on the hook.

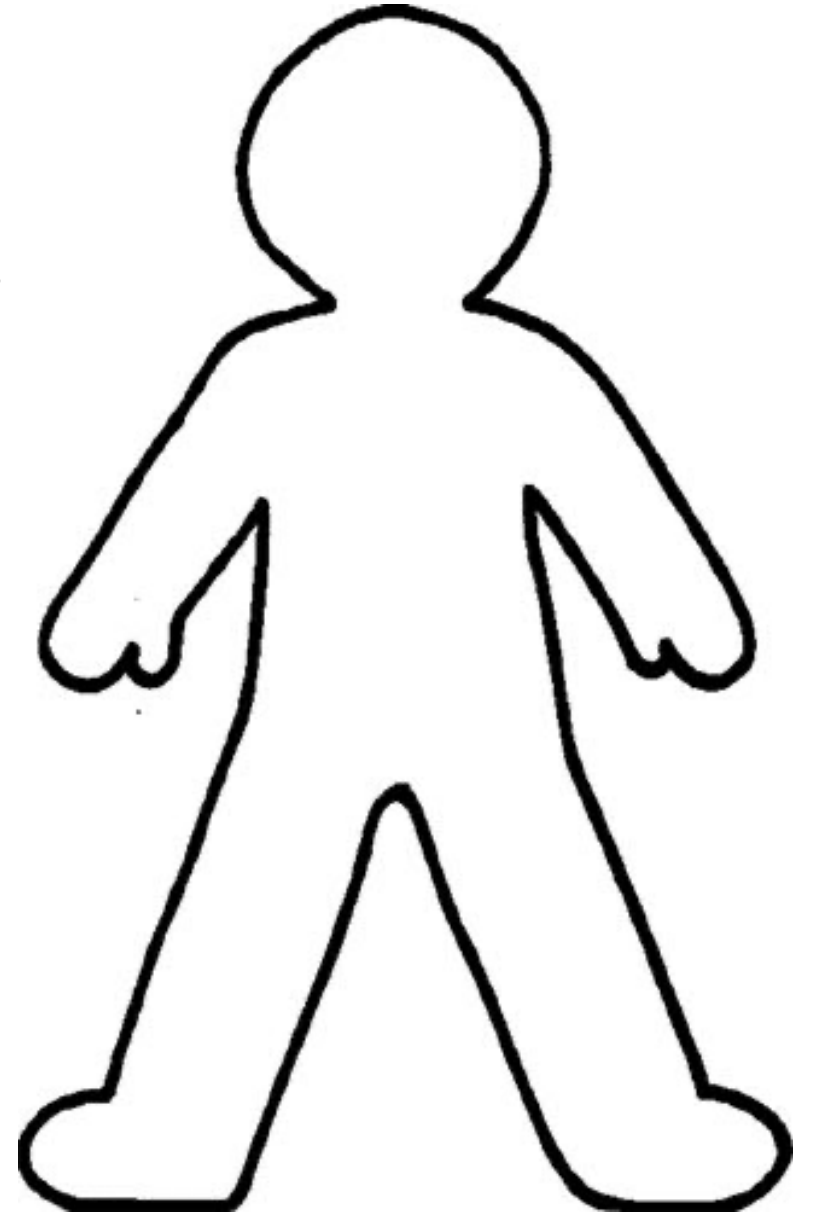
Draw the outline of Jack in your books (make it big!):

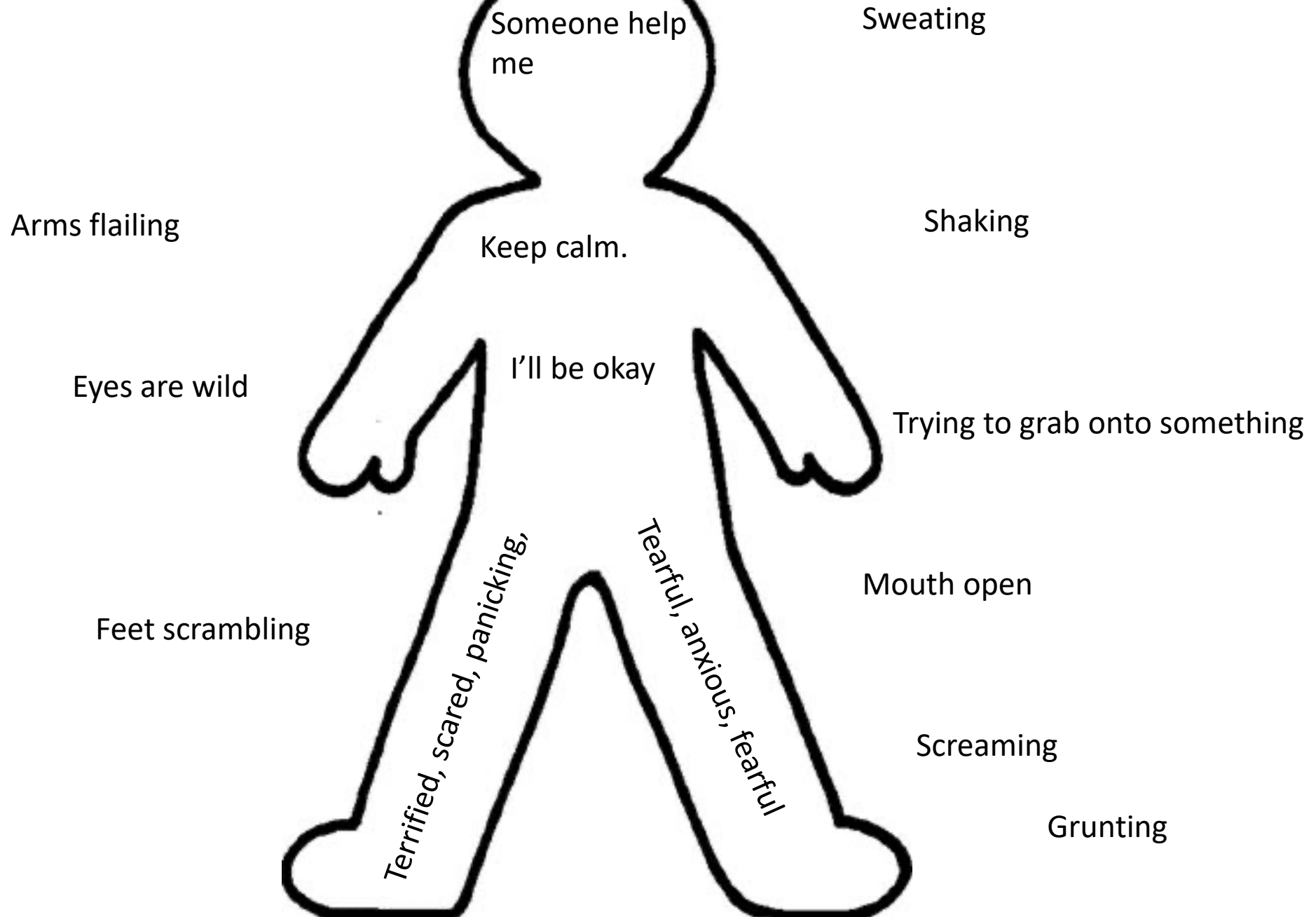
Write down what **emotions** you think Jack will be feeling **inside** the drawing.

Write what **thoughts** will be running through his mind **inside** the drawing.

How will this look on the **outside**? E.g. shaking, sweating.

An example is on the next page.

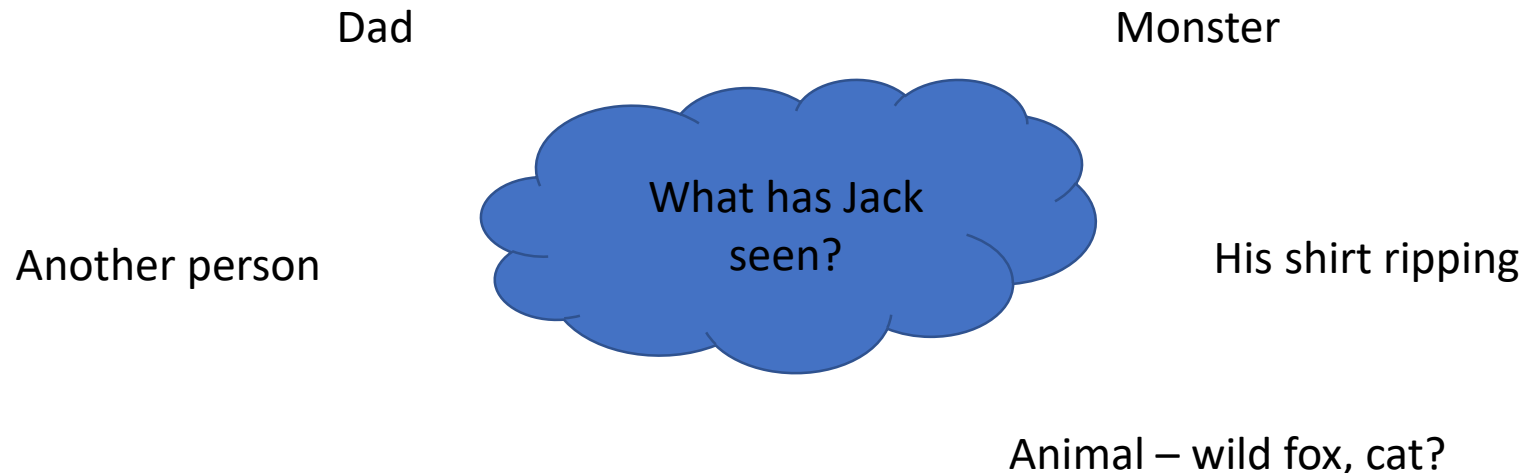




English - Thursday

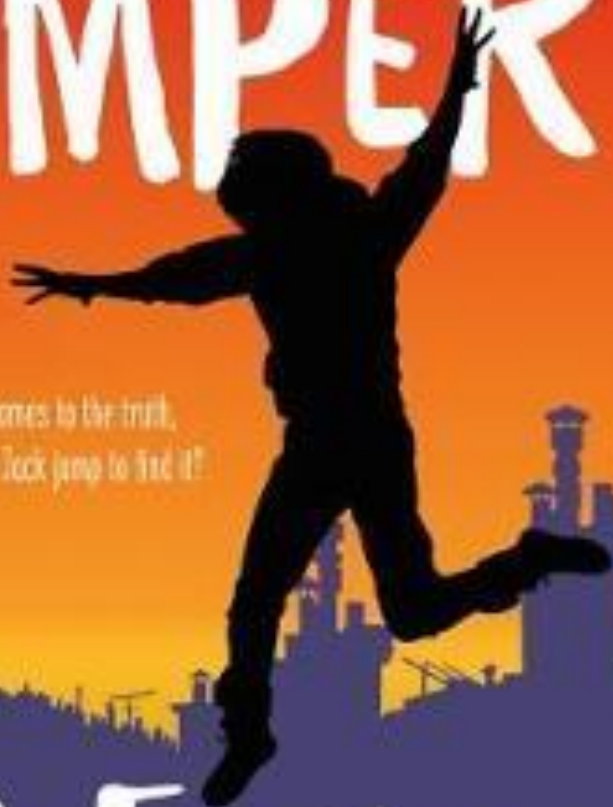
<https://www.jm-forster.com/read-the-first-chapter-of-shadow-jumper.html>

Today we are going to predict what happens next and write the next part of the story. Have a think about Jack has seen that has caused him to scream. What could it be? Mind map some ideas.



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SHADOW JUMPER



Think about how the first chapter is written.

What tense is it in?

What person?

You're going to carry on the story in the style of the author. You only need to write 1– 2 paragraphs but it should explain why Jack is screaming.

Remind yourself of how chapter 1 ended:

“Aaaaah!” he yelled as he came to a sudden stop. His top must have snagged on a nail or something because he was now suspended with his shirt rucked up around his chest, the gathered fabric slicing into his armpits. His legs dangled over the edge of the roof.

“Calm down,” he said to himself, taking a few deep breaths. “You’re okay.”

His body ached all over but he needed to pull himself together. His next move would either save him or create a crumpled, messy heap in the street below. If he could just see what his shirt was caught on.

Shakily, he twisted his head around.

And then he started to scream.

Here's a finished example:

And then he started to scream.

Chapter 2

“Help! Someone help! Please!”

Panic and fear flooded Jack's body. Upon twisting his head round, he'd seen what his shirt had caught on. A hook. A hook so sharp it was slowly starting to tear through his shirt. He knew he only had seconds before he would fall again. This was it. He was going to die. Jack closed his eyes, awaiting his fate.

Suddenly, he felt something grab him. A window had opened next to him and a woman was leaning out holding onto his arm.

“Jeff! Help me!” she screamed as she strained to get a firm hold of Jack.

A heavily bearded man appeared in the window. His eyes widened with horror as he saw Jack dangling there, helpless. He lunged forward and grabbed hold of Jack's waistband in his jeans. With all his strength, he pulled Jack through the open window and threw him onto the wooden floor.

“Are you okay lad?”

Jack, panting heavily, gazed upwards to see the face of the man and the woman looming over him, their faces a mix of relief and confusion.

English - Friday

So, do you want to know why Jack was REALLY screaming? Well you shall find out AFTER you have edited and improved your work from yesterday. Check spelling, punctuation and improve it where you can.

If you did that yesterday then give yourself a pat on the back and spot the mistakes in this paragraph:

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a heavily bearded man appeared in the window

If you liked the first chapter of Shadow Jumper, maybe you could buy yourself a copy. Or you can wait until we go back to school and borrow a copy from the year 5 teachers.

As a reward for all your hard work this week, here is the start of chapter 2:

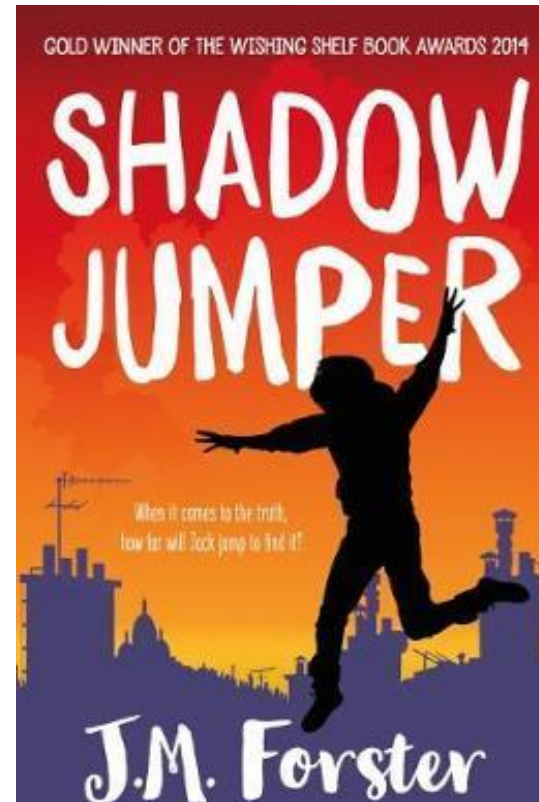
Chapter Two

Glaring down at Jack was a ghostly white face, surrounded by a mass of jet-black, spiky hair. The face had a wide, black mouth and enormous dark eyes.

Spots swam in front of Jack's eyes. He squeezed them shut, willing himself not to faint. The blood pulsed and hammered inside his head.

"Stop screeching and give me your hand!"

His eyes snapped open again. The figure gritted its teeth, its black lips parting and stretching into two thick parallel lines. It crouched on the roof, feet planted above him, leaning backwards, as it held onto his shirt with both hands. As the figure tugged harder, the stretched material bunched up around Jack's armpits and neck. His chafed flesh stung and he heard an ominous ripping as his shirt



started to tear.

"Quick. I can't hold on . . ."

With immense effort, Jack stretched upwards. A cool hand gripped his oiled, slippery fingers and pulled. For one hopeless moment, he thought there was *no way* it would be able to save him. But then it reached down with its other hand, letting go of his top and clutching his sleeved arm. With one hand followed by the other, as if pulling on a rope, it heaved him upwards. Tug by agonising tug, it hauled him away from the edge, his back scraping across the tiles and bumping over the ridges.

His whole body safely back on the roof, Jack flopped onto the tiles, trembling from shock. He closed his eyes, trying to ease the panicky sensation fizzing in the depths of his stomach.

"Lucky I was here."

Opening his eyes once more he turned towards the voice. Relief flooded his tense body. It was a girl; he could see that now. Her face was plastered with black and white make-up. She lay on her back gazing up at the sky, rubbing her right arm.

His throat contracted as if a massive ball of dust clogged his airway. He gave a tiny swallow. He'd never been so close to death before. "Th . . . thanks."

"You shouldn't be up here," the girl continued. "You're