

Y4: Internal Monologue

Audience:	Purpose:	Genre:

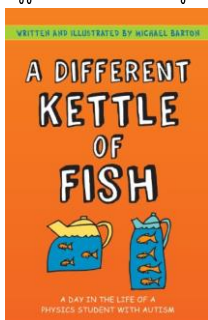
Learning Journey



Useful Vocabulary

Reading Link

A Different Kettle of Fish



Cross Curricular Links

We will be using London as the stimulus for our hot task. This links with our theme 'Raid, Invade and Stayed'.

Internal Monologue

	Great	Marvellous
Organisation	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1st person Three paragraphs Sentence openers Fronted adverbial 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. Rule of three 6. Dash 7. Ellipsis 8. 'ing' opener
Language	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 9. Feelings and emotions eg. Sad 10. Simile 11. Expanded noun phrase 	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 12. Rhetorical question 13. Repetition 14. Advanced adjectives 15. Hyphenated word 16. Metaphor 17. Alliteration
EXAMPLE	<p>I can feel the excitement buzzing through my veins as I step onto the football pitch. The bright green grass stretches out before me, inviting me to unleash my skills. The warm sun casts its golden rays upon the field, creating a perfect setting for an epic showdown.</p> <p>With a quick glance, I survey the opposing team. Their determined faces mirror my own determination. We all know that victory is within our grasp if we work as a unit.</p> <p>I take a deep breath, inhaling the scent of freshly cut grass. It tickles my nose, awakening my senses and preparing me for the battle ahead. The ball lies in the centre of the pitch, a sphere of potential waiting to be unleashed.</p> <p>As the whistle blows, my legs explode into action. My feet dance with the ball, moving in perfect sync. Like a maestro conducting an orchestra, I orchestrate each move and anticipate the action. Every pass, every shot, is executed with precision and intent.</p> <p>With each touch of the ball, my confidence soars. I become one with the game, allowing my instincts to guide me. The rhythm of the match pulses through my veins, urging me to push harder, run faster, and strive for greatness.</p> <p>I weave through the opposing players, leaving them in my dust. Their attempts to stop me are mere obstacles on my path to victory. The ball becomes an extension of myself, an instrument through which I express my passion and skill. The crowd roars with excitement as I approach the goal. Their cheers push me forward, urging me to give it my all. In this moment, time stands still. It's just me, the ball, and the net in front of me. I strike the ball with all my strength, watching as it soars through the air like a comet, destined for the back of the net.</p> <p>As the final whistle blows, I'm engulfed by a wave of triumph. We did it! The taste of victory is sweet, and I savour every moment. The pitch is my canvas, and today I painted a masterpiece of skill and determination.</p>	