

Writing Week 3

Poetry of Emotion

1) NASTY: Abstract and concrete nouns

WALT recall and recognise poetry skills (Year 4)

2)NASTY: Expanded Noun Phrases and Prepositional Phrases to add detail

WALT recognise new poetry skills and discuss the impact on the reader (year 5)

3)NASTY:Convert nouns into verbs using suffixes

WALT explore emotions through words

4)NASTY:Convert adjectives into verbs using suffixes

WALT explore emotions using poetic techniques

5)NASTY:synonyms and antonyms

WALT write a poem of emotion

Day 2

NASTY WRITING!

Adding Detail - Using Expanded Noun Phrases and Prepositional Phrases



Can you find....?

Day 2

NASTY WRITING!

Tick the two adjectives that would fit within each of the sentences below to create a concise noun phrase.

1) The _____ animal toppled off the edge of the cliff.

rare ☐

huge ☐

clumsy ☐

2) The _____, _____ door creaked.

old ☐

modern ☐

rusty ☐

Day 2

NASTY WRITING!

ANSWERS

1) The _____ animal
toppled off the edge of the cliff.

rare ☐

huge ☒

clumsy ☒

2) The _____ door creaked.



old ☒

modern ☐

rusty ☒

WALT recognise new poetry skills and discuss the impact on the reader (year 5)

Poetry can use lots of different devices to get the poet's message to the reader:

-  1) figurative language - you've used lots of these before such as personification, metaphors, similes and alliteration
-  2) rhythm - listen to this popular children's story to hear the rhythm
- 3) syllables - syll-a-bles - we can split words up into syllables to create rhythm
- 4) precise vocabulary choices - we don't have too many words in a poem, so we need to be wise about the ones we choose.

WALT recognise new poetry skills and discuss the impact on the reader (year 5)

Liar



Poem from *My Life as a Goldfish and other poems* by Michel Rooney

I told a whopper, a fib, a lie.

Slipped out of my mouth. It was slimy, sly.

Save me, it hissed. A secret must hide.

So I opened my bag and it slithered inside.

It fed in the dark, grew fat on my shame

as I carried it with me. It whispered my name.

My friend, it kept saying, *there's no need to frown.*

But that load of my shoulder was dragging me down.

It wouldn't stay still and it started to smell.

I stumbled and tripped on my words. I fell.

In horror, I watched as my lie tumbled out.

Down by my feet it lay, wriggling about.

A crowd gathered round. They let out a cry

It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie

It is. I admit it, I quietly replied.

And the lie took it's last gasp, shrivelled and died.

9 syllables

10 syllables

Can you count
the rest of the
syllables?

Look at the words/phrases underlined.

How do you think the poet is feeling?

How do the words help the reader
to know this?

WALT recognise new poetry skills and discuss the impact on the reader (year 5)

Liar



Poem from *My Life as a Goldfish and other poems* by Rachel Rooney

I told a whopper, a fib, a lie. 9
Slipped out of my mouth. It was slimy, sly. 10
Save me, it hissed. A secret must hide. 9
So I opened my bag and it slithered inside. 12
It fed in the dark, grew fat on my shame 10
as I carried it with me. It whispered my name. 12
My friend, it kept saying, *there's no need to frown.* 11
But that load of my shoulder was dragging me down. 12
It wouldn't stay still and it started to smell. 11
I stumbled and tripped on my words. I fell. 10
In horror, I watched as my lie tumbled out. 11
Down by my feet it lay, wriggling about. 10
A crowd gathered round. They let out a cry 10
It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie 12
It is. I admit it, I quietly replied. 12
And the lie took it's last gasp, shrivelled and died. 11

The words used make me think that the poet is struggling with the lie. They don't like lying and it is making them feel bad.

The lie feels like a heavy rock that they have to carry around with them.

WALT recognise new poetry skills and discuss the impact on the reader (year 5)

Challenge for all:

Liar

Poem from My Life as a Goldfish and other poems by Rachel Rooney

I told a whopper, a fib, a lie.

Slipped out of my mouth. It was slimy, sly.

Save me, it hissed. A secret must hide.

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It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie. It's a lie

It is. I admit it, I quietly replied.

And the lie took it's last gasp, shrivelled and died.

Try to learn the poem so that you can perform it. Maybe you could turn it into a rap? You could even perform it to your family or film it for your teachers to see.

Think about the rhythm. Which syllable would you emphasise?

(Brown bear, brown bear, what can **you see?**)

Too shy? Why not coach a family member to read it out for you?

