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)

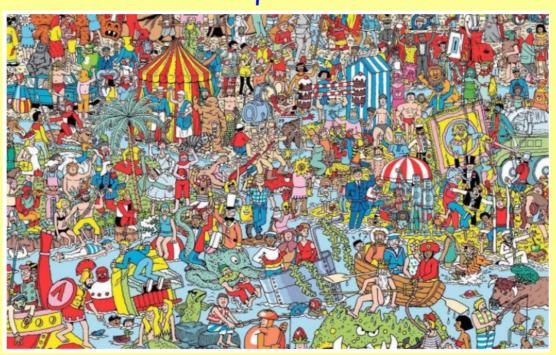
3)NASTY: Convert nouns into verbs using suffixes WALT explore emotions through words

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	N	ASTY WRITIN	q!				
Tick the two adjectives that would fit within each of the sentences below to create a concise noun phrase.							
1) The _		 •					
toppled off the edge of the cliff.							
rare		huge	clumsy				
2) The _		,	door creaked.				
old		modern	rusty				

Day 2	NASTY WRITIN	19!
	ANSWERS	
1) Thetoppled off	the edge of the cl	animal iff.
rare 🗌	huge	clumsy
2) The	,	_ door creaked.
old 🔽	modern	rusty

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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 Gches Rogges ables I told a whopper, a fib, a lie. 10 syllables

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. 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?

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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.

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Challenge for all:

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?