

Literacy

Pirate Story

I have attached my own story that we would use as our text in class. You may wish to read the whole of my story to your child first.

We then plan our story using the 6 box grid to include the introduction, the island description, life on the island, the unsuccessful escape, the rescue, the ending.

We would then work through each part of the story. I have then attached the parts we would work on this week Tuesday - Thursday. Please encourage your child to use as many adjectives as possible for description and vary how they begin sentences - try not to always use I.

You could encourage your child to edit their work ie check spellings and punctuation, after they have finished writing.

Our story will take at least two weeks to write in class. Your child may wish to illustrate each part of their story as they write it.

They were swarming onto the ship like ants, their cutlasses glinting in the Caribbean sunshine. They attacked from everywhere, jumping from the decks, swinging from the rigging and clambering over the side of the ship. Their cannons had blasted gaping holes into our sails slowing down our escape from the huge galleon that had appeared on the horizon only minutes earlier.

I knew it was do or die. Gripping tightly to my sword I trashed wildly at the pirate who had swung down and landed on the deck in front of me. He was older and more experienced but I was younger and fitter. Raising my weapon I thrust it into his chest with all my might. He fell to the ground but not before I had been sprayed with his pirate blood. The smoke from the cannons and the noise from the battle could not hide the fact that we were losing the battle. Men were falling all around me and our ship was quickly being plundered of all its treasure. It would soon be over.

The blast shook the ship to its very core. Thousands of wooden splinters flew through the air as the cannon ball exploded into the side of the ship. A gaping hole appeared just below the waterline.

Rapidly we began to take on water. We were sinking into the vast ocean beneath us and nothing could be done to save our ship. Slowly the mast began to tip towards the water and, as the enemy scurried away to their own vessel, we all knew that we had to abandon ship in the hope that we would be able to survive long enough in the sea to be rescued.

But which was worse, the sharks attracted to the wreck by the blood we had shed or the cold of the ocean seeping into our bones? Unless we were to be dragged to the bottom of the sea by the sinking ship we would have to take our chances and swim as far as we could in search of safety. Diving into the water with other members of the crew I began to swim in the hope of reaching land.

The gritty sand scratched against my face as I woke to find myself lying face down on a golden sandy beach. I must have washed up on the shore after drifting on the ocean for several days. Looking around me I saw the remains of the ship that I had sailed in. Rigging, sails and wood lay strewn along the beach. Standing up slowly I looked around me. The edge of the beach gave way to a lush green forest. Staggering towards the rain forest I saw other

unfortunate members of my crew lying motionless on the ground.

Stooping to pick up my dagger on the sand next to me, I walked towards the cool shade of the forest. The tall, slender trees above my head seem to go on forever. Sounds echoed throughout the forest. What they were I did not know. Staring up into the trees I saw birds of many colours stretching their wings and small hairy monkeys swinging from vine to vine. The smells was also incredible; bananas, coconuts, papaya. Reaching out I plucked a juicy ripe mango from the tree and sank my teeth into it. It was delicious. Standing quietly I listened to the rain forest come alive beneath my feet. Could I have found paradise? Or was I destined to be a prisoner here?

The days passed on the island and while life was not unpleasant it wasn't the place I wanted to be. I had built a shelter and found food and water easily however I did not want to spend the rest of my life marooned on the island alone. Thinking of the enemy who had attacked my ship made me more determined to escape and pursue them in order to get my revenge. But first I needed a plan in order to leave

the island. Fortunately the ship wreck had washed up many useful things on the beach and having collected together what I needed I began to build a raft. Using my small sharp knife I chopped down trees and tied them together with rope from the wreck. Exhausted, I sat on the sand and looked at what I hoped would take me off the island.

Lying on the sandy beach I was devastated as I watched my raft sink below the surface of the ocean. My escape route had been snatched away from me. How would I ever survive on the island alone? The thought was terrifying.

As the days passed I became more and more desperate. Food no longer seemed important and I began to think that I would die on the island.

Memories of my ship and my crew only made me feel more desolate. I was angry that I had been attacked on my ship and left to drift on the ocean. Days turned into weeks and I began to give up hope that I would ever be rescued.

Feeling weak and frightened I knew I only had the energy to try to save myself one more time.

Gathering drift wood from the beach I built a huge bonfire which I hoped, that when lit, would attract the attention of a ship. It was my last chance.

Exhausted, I lit the wood, lay back, closed my eyes and waited. Would I be successful this time? It was my last hope.

Suddenly I woke to the sound of shouting. Feeling weak and helpless I struggled to my feet and looked around me. Wading through the shallow waves pulling a rowing boat behind them were men. Looking past them out to sea I noticed a sloop ship anchored near the shore. It was flying the Jolly Roger flag. As I stared the men got closer to me. Nervously I waved my hand as they approached. I couldn't help wondering if they had come to rescue me or kill me on this island. As I stood there one of the men reached out to me and shook my hand. I breathed a sigh of relief. My torment was over. Hours later I sat on the sloop with a large tankard of rum in my hand. The pirates had explained how they had seen my huge fire burning and had sailed towards it to investigate. How ecstatic I was that they had. My time on the island was over. I thought back to my crew and captain who had perished in the battle. My happiness had turned to anger as I remembered my friends who had died because of the enemy. The anger built inside me until I knew that there was only one thing that I

had to do. I must hunt down the enemy and destroy them. It might take a while and I may encounter danger on the way but I was determined. I would, one day, have my revenge.

Story planning sheet
