

Year 6 Week 2 Spring 2

Focus: Words ending in **-ent, -ence, -ency**

Look Say Cover Write Check

Spellings	1st Attempt	2nd Attempt	3rd Attempt	4th Attempt	5th Attempt
<i>innocent</i>					
<i>innocence</i>					
<i>decent</i>					
<i>decency</i>					
<i>frequent</i>					
<i>frequency</i>					
<i>confidence</i>					
<i>obedience</i>					
<i>independent</i>					
<i>independence</i>					

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The Magic Pen

By
Kirsty Lakey

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey



"Everyone stop," said Miss Fisher, interrupting the English lesson. "Listen to this." She held up someone's book and began reading: "*Crows circled the crumbling turrets like guards protecting their dying king. Moonlight pierced the castle's grimy windows.*"

Miss Fisher beamed. "Beautiful writing Sam, as usual. Well done. Five minutes left, so let's see what wonderful writing you all manage to do!"

Bill looked down at his own English book and silently read back what he'd written: *There was a castle. It was a big one. Some birds flew in the air. The birds looked nice.*

Bill chewed his pen. It was rubbish - as usual. He stared at the picture of the castle Miss Fisher had shown them, hoping for a good idea. None came.

Beside him, his best friend Freddy scribbled away. Bill glanced down at Freddy's work as he wrote the word 'wizard'.

"That's a good word," thought Bill. He started a new sentence: *In the castle lived a wizard.* He paused before adding *with a long beard.*

"Stop writing please," said Miss Fisher.

Bill sighed with relief, just like he did every Tuesday afternoon when their writing lesson finished. He quickly closed his book.

"Coming to play football?" Freddy asked him as they walked out of school. Bill was about to say yes when he spotted his older sister, Molly, sitting on her bike.

"Oh no, I can't," Bill groaned. "I've got to go shopping for my gran's birthday present."

Freddy gave him a sympathetic look. "Maybe later then. I'll be at the field."

Bill nodded miserably as Freddy ran off.

Molly grinned at him. "What's wrong with you?" she asked. "Did you get into trouble?"

Bill climbed onto the back of Molly's bike. "Not yet," he said, "but I will when Miss Fisher reads my rubbish writing again."

"I doubt it," said Molly, pushing off. "She knows you're useless by now... owl!" Bill punched her shoulder. "Stop that or you can walk to the shops!"

Feeling better, Bill smiled as the bike gained speed. Soon they arrived at the high street.

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"There's a shop which I think will definitely have something for Gran," Molly said as she chained up her bike. "It's just down this side street."

Bill wandered behind Molly. He'd never been down here before. Generally, he avoided shops whenever he could. Apart from sweet shops.

"Here we are," Molly said, coming to a stop.

Bill looked up. "*Treasures and Delights*," he read. The shop windows were crowded with old furniture and paintings. "Molly," he frowned, "it looks like it's full of rubbish."

"It's not rubbish!" Molly insisted. "They are antiques. Plus, it's much better inside. Come on."

Molly pulled him into the shop. Inside was even more crowded. Bill squeezed past a bulky wardrobe and stepped over a battered suitcase bursting with all sorts of hats. Turning, he gasped. Glaring at him was a large stuffed parrot.

Molly giggled. "I thought it was real the first time I saw it too."

"I don't think Gran would like a dead parrot," said Bill.

Molly rolled her eyes. "I know that, but she would like one of those." She pointed to a wobbly-looking table. It was covered with lots of little decorated boxes.

Bill slowly nodded, "Yeah, I think she would." He wandered over, dodging a rusty wheelbarrow filled with even rustier tools. "What about this one?" He picked up a box painted with purple flowers. Molly shook her head.

She held up two boxes. "I like these." One was covered with silver stars and the other was plain wood.

"Great, how about that one?" Bill pointed to the wooden box.

Molly wrinkled her nose.

"Okay then. The one with the stars," Bill suggested.

"Hmm, no. I don't think so."

"But you said you liked them," Bill shrugged.

"I know... I know," said Molly, putting down the boxes. She gazed across the table. "I just can't decide."

"Here's a good one," Bill picked up a bright green box.

"No, that's horrible!"

It looked perfectly fine to Bill. "Well, I don't know," snapped Bill. "Why don't you just choose?"

"Are you sure?" Molly asked.

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"Yes!" He stood for a few moments as Molly picked up box after box, looked at them closely, sighed, then put them back. Bored, Bill looked around him.

Balanced on a stack of books was a pair of ancient football boots. "Back in a minute," Bill said, making his way over to them. He picked one up. The brown leather was cracked, and the laces were missing. He checked out the worn studs, replaced the boot and wandered further into the shop.

A lamp in the shape of a rabbit caught his eye. There was a switch between the rabbit's ears. Bill pushed it, and to his surprise the lamp came on, lighting up the rabbit's body with an eerie green glow. "I do not like that," Bill mumbled.

He was about to switch it off when he noticed something glittering by the lamp. He peered down. Lying there was an old-looking silver pen. It was engraved with swirling patterns and topped with a blue glass ball. Bill pulled a crumpled bit of paper out of his pocket. If the lamp worked, then maybe the pen might? He picked it up; it was surprisingly heavy. Bill liked the way it felt.

He began to write: *My name is Bill*

Bill looked in surprise. His writing was much neater than normal. He continued: *I am standing in an emporium bursting with curious delights.*

Bill blinked. He had never written such an amazing sentence in his life. He wasn't sure he even knew what emporium meant. "I could have done with you earlier," he whispered to the pen. He touched its swirling patterns. The pen felt warm and somehow comforting.

"Let's get this one," called Molly. She was waving the star-covered box in the air. Bill went to put the pen back, but instead his fingers curled tightly around it. He knew that once he'd paid his share for Gran's present, he definitely couldn't afford the pen. If ever.

"Perhaps I could just borrow it," he thought, "and bring it back tomorrow." With a thudding heart, he slipped the pen in his pocket. "Coming," he called, his voice cracking.

Having paid for the box, Molly was now walking out through the shop door. Bill's cheeks grew hot as he hurried after her. He was almost at the door when he felt a hand grip his shoulder.

Read chapter 1 first...



Comprehension Questions

1. Bill didn't play football with Freddy after school because...
 - a he didn't like sport.
 - b he had to finish off his writing.
 - c he had to go shopping with his sister.
 - d his mum was waiting for him.
 - e everyone was in a rush to get home.
2. In the shop, Bill snapped at Molly because...
 - a she was being indecisive.
 - b she wouldn't let him touch anything.
 - c she was in his way.
 - d she wouldn't let him look at the football boots.
 - e she chose something horrible for Gran.
3. Which two objects did Bill handle before picking up the pen?
 - a football boots and a lamp
 - b a decorated box and a rusty hammer
 - c a stuffed parrot and a battered suitcase
 - d a wooden box and a dusty doll
 - e a broken mirror and a well-thumbed book
4. What did Molly buy from the shop?
 - a a box with a secret compartment
 - b a bright green box
 - c a box painted with purple flowers
 - d a plain wooden box
 - e a box covered with stars
5. With a thudding heart, he slipped the pen in his pocket.
In the sentence above, the word slipped means that Bill...
 - a acted stealthily.
 - b forgot something.



- c fell over.
- d acted clumsily.
- e found the pen slippery to touch.



PSHE Unlocking your mind

When we decide we
wanted to go...



We may ask this question...



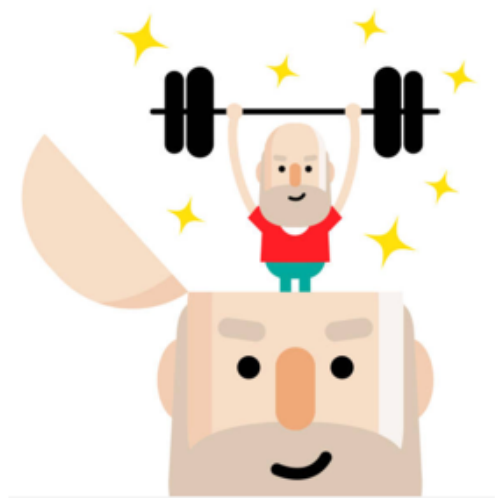
Today, we are looking at that amazing thing inside your head...YOUR BRAIN.



We are looking at whether you think people have a fixed mindset or a growth mindset... more of that in a moment!

Did you know that...

- Your mind is **VERY POWERFUL**
- Your mind controls your **THOUGHTS**
- Your mind allows you to **FOCUS**
- Your mind will help you **ACHIEVE**



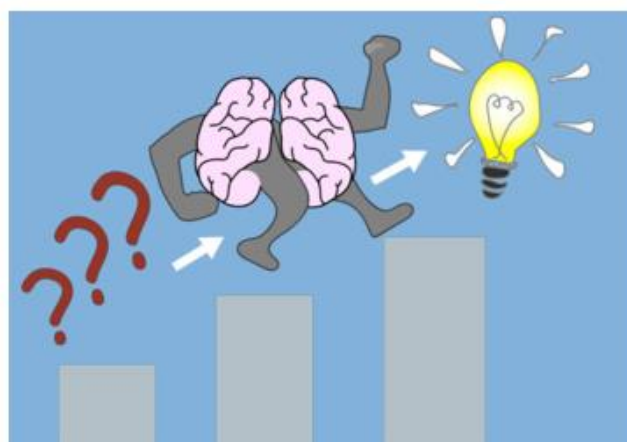
Can you unlock your mind?
Can you lock your mind?



...YES YOU CAN!
You can do both.
It is a choice.

Carol Dweck, a famous psychologist, says there are two types of mindsets:

Fixed
Mindset



Growth
Mindset

Growth mindset is...



Let's understand the fixed mindset

Fixed mindset

People think you can ONLY be good at something if you are born 'gifted' or 'talented'.

You either think you have a talent for something, or you don't. There is nothing you can do to change it, no matter how hard you try.

People think they are born:

- Good at maths
- Brilliant at tennis
- Able to sing like an opera diva!
- Able to nail the dragon flip on a skateboard on the first go!

The problem with this mindset is that if you believe you are born great at things (or not), then you also believe that you can't practise or try hard to improve because it wouldn't make a difference. You either have it or you don't.

So people who struggle think it will always be this way, and people who don't struggle assume that they are intelligent for life. They are both wrong!

People with a fixed mindset say some of these things...

We are all rubbish at maths in our family.

I have always been bright.

My memory has always been bad;
I can't remember things.

I am not very confident.

I don't have the co-ordination for sport.

Hard work is for other people; I am a natural.

Let's understand the growth mindset

Growth mindset

People believe that their intelligence and ability can be improved with effort and the right strategies.

- They confront challenges.
- They have a passion for learning.
- They view failure as a springboard for growth.

This mindset is linked to happiness and achievement in life.

People with a GROWTH mindset say some of these things...

I am not able to do this... YET!

If I put more effort in, I will get better.

Feedback will help me to get better.

I welcome new challenges.

I sometimes make mistakes and that is good because I can learn from them and get even better.

I can improve in this area, if I practise.

What might you think in each mindset?

TASK:

- Look at these two people, each with a different mindset.
- Which mindset are you and why?
- Does it change depending on different situations in your life?
- Are you someone who thinks that you are just born intelligent?



Let's **STAY** on our **AWESOME MISSION** and understand how we can get a **growth mindset** and **change those fixed mindset voices** we hear in **our heads**.

When your brain tries to tell you, 'you can't do this because XXXXX', make sure you tell it that it is talking nonsense! Control those thoughts and don't allow them to get you into a fixed mindset headlock.



That means we have to wrestle some of the other negative thoughts away.

There are ways of doing this.

Activity: The Worry Jar

- What are the things you tend to worry about which might stop you from trying something new or hard?
- Write them down on strips of paper (or you can write them down in your booklet).
- Put those strips of paper in a worry jar – any jam jar or a pot will do.
- In a week's time, look at the strips of paper again (maybe with a parent or sibling) and see if the worries still apply.
- Throw away the ones that don't.
- Take a look at the ones that are still worrying you. Is there someone you can talk to about these?



**You can only change the way you think if you practise.
You need to get the right kind of practice.**

- Practise skills which will help you achieve your goals.
- Do your research or ask for help so that you know what to practise.
- Practise specific things.
- Test yourself from memory.
- Practise things over and over again.
- Practise things in different ways.
- Challenge yourself.

"All highly competent people continually search for ways to keep learning, growing, and improving."

Benjamin Franklin

At secondary school, you will...

- Do subjects you have never done before
- Be asked to work in ways that are new
- Work with people who are different to you
- Find work challenging because it is a new key stage
- Find that you have forgotten a lot because you haven't been in school for a while
- Be with people who you think are more clever than you
- Be with people who you think are perhaps not as clever as you.

What will your brain say when you face these things?

Will it say 'I can't do it', 'I won't ever be able to do it' OR will it say, 'I am going to try hard, practise and not give up'?

Don't fear failure. Failure is how we learn to be better!

Most people who have success have all made lots of mistakes and 'failed' before that success.

If you don't believe us...

J.K. Rowling was 32 years old when the first Harry Potter book was published. 12 publishers rejected her manuscript. She never gave up, even though 12 publishers didn't think Harry Potter would come to much.

“Failure taught me things about myself that I could have learned no other way. I discovered that I had a strong will, and more discipline than I had suspected.”
- J.K. Rowling

Use this time before Year 7 to have a go at things.

**TASK:**

- Identify three things that you say you 'can't do'. Write them down.
- Now write each thing down using a growth mindset approach. For example, 'I can't do maths' turns into, 'I am going to practise the things in maths that I can't do yet'.
- Think of something you've always wanted to get better at. Write it down. How could you practise that thing now?

Year 7 is about trying your best, giving new things a try,
not labelling yourself, making mistakes and practice,
practice, practice.

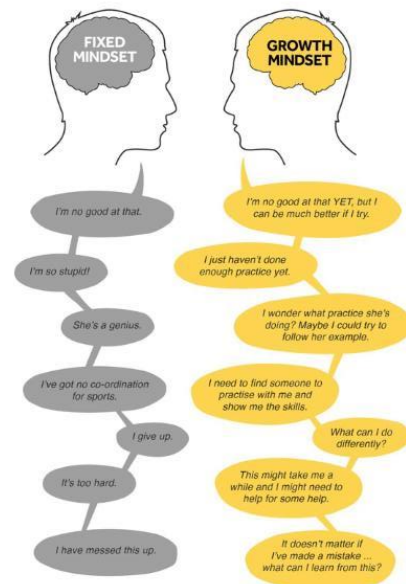
Keep the RIGHT mindset and you will BE AWESOME!

Session 2

Unlocking your mind

TASK:

- Look at these two people, each with a different mindset.
- Which mindset are you and why?
- Does it change depending on different situations in your life?
- Are you someone who thinks that you are just born intelligent?



The Worry Jar

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- 2.
- 3.

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Spelling Word Match-Up!

This week, we are learning adjectives ending in 'ent' and how they become nouns that end in 'ence' or 'ency'. Can you match the correct noun or adjective to the correct sentence?

innocent	innocence	decent	decency	excellent
excellence	confident	confidence	existent	existence

1. The jury found the international jewel thief _____ so he left the court laughing deviously.
2. Thanks to his _____ training regime, the athlete crossed the line to win a gold medal at the Olympic Games and he celebrated wildly.
3. As he was low on _____, the out-of-form footballer clumsily missed yet another penalty.
4. Gina had been falsely accused of breaking her mum's best vase so she needed to prove her _____.
5. Locked inside the museum display case and watched dutifully by security guards, the oldest dinosaur bone in _____ was on display.
6. The hard-working student proudly accepted his award for _____ in engineering studies.
7. After endlessly visiting every café in the foreign town, Miss Prim still hadn't found a _____ cup of tea!
8. Feeling _____, the dance troupe walked assuredly into the talent show auditions.
9. The headteacher was impressed that the girl had had the _____ to come and confess to accidentally breaking the school's greenhouse window.
10. After losing comprehensively in every game so far this season, the chances of the netball team winning the league were non- _____.

Challenge Task

Can you highlight the ambitious adverbs that have been used in every sentence?

Spelling Word Match-Up! Answers

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Can you highlight the ambitious adverbs that have been used in every sentence?

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Bill held his breath.

"Excuse me." It was a man's voice.

Bill's chest tightened.

The man spoke again. "Was that your sister? She forgot this."

Bill turned to face a short, white-haired man. In his hand, he held up Molly's purse.

"Oh, right. Thanks," Bill mumbled. He glanced back at the door, but Molly had left. "I'd better go catch her up."

The man peered at Bill through his small round glasses. "Are you alright?" he asked.

"Er, yes," Bill squeaked. Was he imagining the pen growing hot through his pocket?

"You look a little ill."

"No, no, I'm fine." Bill took a step back. "I'd better go. Thanks."

Bill ran out of the shop and he kept running until he caught up with Molly.

She stared at him. "What's wrong with you?"

"Nothing!" Bill snapped, tossing Molly her purse. "You need to look after your stuff. Then I won't get stopped when I'm trying to leave a shop."

"Alright, alright—calm down. Thanks." Molly stuffed the purse away. "Do you want me to drop you off to play football?"

"No thanks," Bill shivered. "I just want to go home."

Now that Bill was back in his bedroom, he felt a lot better. He shut his door firmly and sat at his desk. Taking the pen carefully out of his pocket, he lay it down on top of a never-used-before writing pad. It really was a cool pen. Now, what to write? His empty stomach rumbled. That gave him an idea.

Bill began writing. Words poured onto the page as the pen flew along each line. Bill barely had to think about it. This writing was easy. This writing felt wonderful. His wrist ached as he wrote faster still, before coming to a sudden stop.

Bill blinked and read back the neat handwriting before him: *What could be more wonderful to devour for dinner than a mound of fat, sizzling sausages? Nicely browned, they fairly melt in the mouth. However,*

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the plate would be incomplete without slivers of golden potatoes. Chipped and fried, fluffy on the inside and crispy on the out. A tantalising treat... but no vegetables please!

Bill smiled. All the times he'd struggled with his writing when all he'd needed was a decent pen. He looked more closely. His writing was joined-up properly, and he'd even managed some fancy flicks on the end of his letters! Maybe he would borrow the pen for a bit longer? Give himself a chance to save up and then go and buy it properly. It wasn't like he was stealing... just keeping it safe until he could pay for it.

Bill barely had time to shove the pen into his drawer as Molly burst (even though he'd told her not to a million times before) into his room.

"Tea's ready," she said. "Dad's done loads of sausages and chips, but he's forgotten to do the veg." She disappeared back downstairs. "Hurry up!" she yelled.

Bill stared after her and then back at his writing. "That's a great coincidence," he thought before rushing off to eat his favourite tea.

The following day, sitting in his classroom, Bill realised he was actually looking forward to the school day. Next to him, Freddy was talking about yesterday's football match. Bill barely heard a word. He was studying the glass ball on the top of his pen.

Freddy suddenly stopped talking. "Where did you get that?" he asked, nodding at the pen.

"I bought it yesterday." It wasn't exactly a lie. He had almost bought it. He just didn't have the money yet.

"Can I have a go?" Freddy grabbed at the pen.

"No!" Bill shouted. But it was too late. Freddy had the pen. He scribbled on the back of a worksheet, frowned, then scribbled again. "Best take it back mate," Freddy said. "It doesn't work."

To Bill's dismay, he could see Freddy was right. The paper was blank.

"Give it here." He grabbed the pen back. "Oh, please let it still work," Bill thought frantically. Holding his breath, he tried to write his name. To his relief *'Bill'* appeared on the page.

"See!" he grinned.

"Weird," Freddy shrugged.

Miss Fisher entered the classroom.

"Good morning, everyone," she beamed, dropping a stack of blank booklets on the desk in front of Bill and Freddy. "It's writing assessment morning!"

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The class groaned. "But we did writing yesterday!" complained Freddy.

"Very observant," Miss Fisher agreed with him. "The thing is, this is a school, and you'll find that in a school you tend to write every day. Now you and Bill give out those booklets please."

As he grabbed half the booklets, Bill slipped the pen into his pocket. He felt a flutter of excitement. He couldn't believe he was getting the chance to use the pen in an assessment already. He'd do really well for sure!

"What I'd like you to write about this morning is *the unexpected*. Now, I'm leaving it up to you, but something unexpected must happen—something which surprises your characters."

"What, like a party?" Freddy asked.

"It could be," Miss Fisher nodded.

"Or a present?" a voice called from the back.

"Yes," said Miss Fisher. "Or a piece of news, a visit... anything like that. As long as it's unexpected."

"Bill, I'm going to write about you scoring a goal," Freddy grinned, but Bill was busy staring at the swirls on the pen.

He barely heard Miss Fisher tell them they had an hour and to begin. The swirling pattern seemed to grow deeper and larger in front of him. Deeper and larger. Deeper and larger until he couldn't see anything else.

He felt a sharp dig in his ribs. "Ow!" he complained.

"Sorry mate," Freddy said. "But I've asked you about ten times now."

"Asked me what?"

"For that," said Freddy, nodding at Bill's booklet. "It's time to hand them in."

"W... what?" Bill stammered in confusion.

"Time's up," Freddy said, grabbing Bill's booklet and passing it down the row. "Weren't you listening?"

Bill looked wide-eyed around the classroom. Everyone was handing their booklets back. He checked his watch. It was an hour later; he must have fallen asleep or been daydreaming. Bill gripped the edge of his desk. He'd blown it.

"Must have been good... what you were writing," Freddy said as he stood.

"What do you mean?" Bill asked miserably.

"I've never seen you write so fast," Freddy said. "How many extra pieces of paper did you ask for?"

Bill felt ice cold. He'd been writing for an hour, and he couldn't remember anything about it.

- 1) **Get a small, thick stack of paper to make your flipbook with.** You can use a notebook or pad of sticky notes, or bind your own stack of paper using glue, staples, or a paper clip. Small rectangles like a quarter of a piece of paper is a great size! Use lightweight paper for your flipbook so the pages are easy to flip.



- 2) **Use a pencil to draw an image on the first piece of paper.** This image will be the first sequence of your flipbook animation, so draw whatever you want to be the starting point. Draw the image toward the bottom right corner of the sheet of paper so it's visible when you're flipping through the book later on. Draw in pencil so you can erase any mistakes you make along the way. Go over the pencil with ink once you're finished with your animation.



- 3) **Draw the same image on the next sheet of paper, varying it slightly.** Draw the image around the same spot on the page as the first image you drew. This image will be the second sequence in your animation, so it should display a little movement from the first image. For example, if you were trying to create an animation of a stick-figure person waving their hand, you would start by drawing the figure with their hands down at their sides on the last page of the stack. On the next page up, you would draw the same stick-figure person in the same spot on the page, but this time one of his hands would be slightly moved upward.

- 4) **Continue drawing slightly varied images on each subsequent sheet of paper.** Always draw the next image or sequence of animation on the page that's on top of the previous image you drew. These slightly varied images will create the animation when you flip through your book. For example, in the waving stick-figure person animation, you would continue to draw the stick-figure person on each subsequent page, with his hand gradually moving higher up in each drawing. Once his hand is fully in the air in an image you draw, you would then start to draw images of his hand moving back down to his side. This would create the look that he's waving his hand up and down in the final animation.

- 5) **Use colour to make your flipbook animation more interesting.** Try using a marker or coloured pencils to fill in the images you draw. Use the same colours in each sequence of your animation so your animation looks fluid and continuous when you flip through your flipbook.





6) **Flip through your flipbook to watch your animation** once it's finished. Hold your thumb on the bottom-right edge of the stack and slowly pull upward, flipping through each page of the book. Flip through the pages fast enough that your animation looks fluid, but not so fast that you accidentally skip over pages in the sequence.

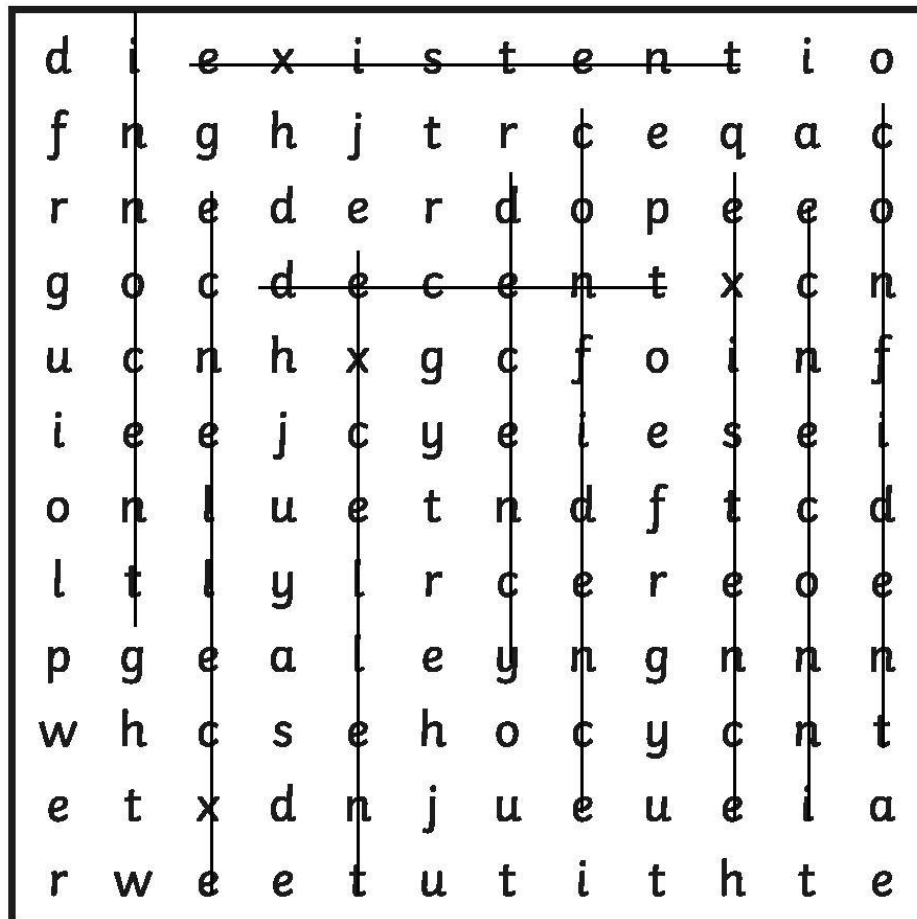
Adjectives which end in -ent become nouns ending in -ence or -ency.

d i e x i s t e n t i o
 f n g h j t r c e q a c
 r n e d e r d o p e e o
 g o c d e c e n t x c n
 u c n h x g c f o i n f
 i e e j c y e i e s e i
 o n l u e t n d f t c d
 l t l y l r c e r e o e
 p g e a l e y n g n n n
 w h c s e h o c y c n t
 e t x d n j u e u e i a
 r w e e t u t i t h t e

innocent
 innocence
 decent
 decency
 excellent

excellence
 confident
 confidence
 existent
 existence

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innocent
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The following morning, Bill couldn't stop rubbing his eyes.

"What's up with you?" Freddy asked as they walked into school.

"Not much sleep," Bill yawned. "I was watching... something on my phone."

That sounded better than admitting that he'd spent the night worrying. Bill was convinced his writing would be rubbish and nothing to do with what they'd been asked to write about, and he'd be humiliated. He'd come up with a plan: 1. avoid Miss Fisher and 2. avoid Miss Fisher.

"Bill!" It was Miss Fisher calling from the staffroom. So much for his plan. "Come here for a moment please."

"What did you do?" Freddy muttered.

Bill tried to look casual, which wasn't easy with bright red cheeks.

Leaving Freddy, he slowly came to a halt in front of Miss Fisher. She gave him a quick smile.

"I'm just marking." She gestured to the pile of booklets. With a sinking heart, Bill could see his lying on the top. "Your work Bill..." Miss Fisher paused. "It looks a bit different."

Bill swallowed. "I, um, got a new pen and I've," he coughed, "been trying really hard."

"That's good to hear," Miss Fisher nodded. "A new pen?"

Bill nodded.

"Can I see it please?"

Very reluctantly Bill took the pen from his pocket and, holding it tight, lifted it just enough so Miss Fisher could get a brief look.

"That looks like a very special pen," observed Miss Fisher.

"It is," Bill croaked.

"Can you write something for me," Miss Fisher pushed a pad towards him. "Anything please."

Bill hesitated.

Miss Fisher looked about. "Why don't you just copy down one of these book titles?" She nodded at a pile of books beside her.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey

Bill skimmed the titles. He chose the shortest one—*Snow*—and copied it in his beautiful, flicked handwriting.

Miss Fisher's smile grew wider, and Bill sensed her relax. "That's beautiful, Bill. You've made tremendous progress!"

Bill couldn't help himself—he grinned back.

"Could you copy a longer title?" Miss Fisher asked and settled back to watch Bill write: *Crash! A book about lightning*.

"It's like watching an artist at work." Miss Fisher looked delighted. "I'm really proud of you Bill. You must have been working very hard."

Bill's grin dimmed a little, and he slipped the pen away.

"I mustn't keep you any longer, and I need to mark your work. I've only read the first few sentences."

Bill hurried away to his next lesson. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all? Even if he had written rubbish, Miss Fisher was really pleased with his handwriting.

Running around the corner, he bumped straight into Molly.

"Careful," complained Molly, picking up her bag.

"Oh, it's just you," Bill muttered and went to leave.

"Hang on," Molly grabbed his arm. "You got up so late Dad had to go to work, and I never saw you either."

"Molly, I'm going to be late for history."

"Pardon me!" Molly raised her eyebrow. "I've got drama club after school, and Dad says you need to get the milk and bread. We've run out."

"Okay," said Bill as he tried to leave again.

"Write it down!"

"What?"

"Bill, I mean it. I'm not having you forget and then I have to go later."

"But..."

"Write it down."

Bill could see his sister wasn't going to back off.

"Fine!" He pulled his pen out and scribbled across the back of his hand: *Milk bread*. "Satisfied?"

"Indeed I am. You may go now."

Bill rolled his eyes and, as he ran past, knocked Molly's bag off her shoulder again. He laughed at her yell of protest and just made it to history in time.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey

As the day went on, Bill didn't get a chance to use his pen again. He was just finishing his lunch when an older boy came up to him. "Mr Cliff wants to see you now," he told Bill before wandering off.

Bill, who had been enjoying his chocolate pudding, suddenly felt sick.

This must be about his writing. If Mr Cliff, the head teacher, wanted to see him, then this was going to be a lot more serious than he thought.

"Are you going to tell me what's going on?" Freddy demanded.

"I... I don't know," Bill mumbled, reluctantly pulling himself up.

"Do you want me to come with you?" Freddy asked.

Bill shook his head. If he was going to be yelled at, or even worse, then he didn't want anyone else there. Even though he took the longest way possible to Mr Cliff's office, he still got there too quickly. The door stood wide open, and Mr Cliff waved him inside.

"Sit down, Bill." Mr Cliff smoothed down his red tie. Bill sat.

"Did you manage to finish your lunch?"

Bill nodded.

"Good, good. I wanted to talk to you about some writing you did for Miss Fisher yesterday." Mr Cliff tapped the booklet in front of him.

Bill gurgled.

"I've read it, Bill, and I must say..." Mr Cliff paused. "It actually made me cry."

"Oh no," thought Bill, hanging his head. "It was so bad it made a man cry."

"It was just so sad."

"That's right," thought Bill. "My writing is sad and rubbish."

Mr Cliff sighed. "And so beautiful."

Bill jerked his head back up.

"You've written such a tragic story, and you've done it beautifully. It's quite the best thing I've read in a while. Where did you get the idea from?"

"Oh," Bill's mouth went dry. "Just... thinking and em... thoughts... really."

"I see, I see," nodded Mr Cliff. "Well, Bill, I must say congratulations are in order. You got top marks."

Bill's eyes widened. It was okay after all, more than okay—it was awesome! He'd not written rubbish, but something brilliant. He grinned from ear to ear.

"Oh, Bill, I meant to ask—what did Freddy and Molly think about being in your story?"

This was news to Bill. "I... haven't told them."

"Perhaps that's best," Mr Cliff chuckled. "They do both come to a gruesome end."

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey

"Er, yes," Bill agreed.

Suddenly the office grew dark. Mr Cliff looked puzzled and crossed to the window.

Bill jumped up and followed him. Outside, swirling in the air, were great white snowflakes.

"But it's June," said Mr Cliff, scratching his head. "You don't get snow in June."

The sky grew darker still. A huge flash of lightning cracked across the sky, followed by another and another. Mr Cliff jumped back. "That's weird," he muttered.

Just then, the caretaker knocked at the door. "Here, Mr Cliff. A great lorry just rolled up with a delivery they insist is ours!"

"Oh?" said Mr Cliff, distracted by the snow and lightning.

"They're trying to unload huge barrels of milk with bits of bread floating in it!"

Bill slowly looked down at his hand. It was still written there: *Milk bread*

Read Chapter 3 first...



Open-Ended Questions

1. Look at the paragraph beginning *That sounded better....*

Find and copy one word that means 'embarrassed'.

2. Look at the paragraph beginning *"I'm just marking...* to the paragraph ending *...he grinned back.*

Why do you think Miss Fisher asked Bill to write something down?

3. Look at the paragraph beginning *Miss Fisher's smile...* to the paragraph ending *the pen away.*

What evidence is there to suggest that Bill was beginning to feel guilty.

4. Look at the paragraph beginning *As the day...* to the paragraph ending *pulling himself up.*

Why did Bill *reluctantly* pull himself up?

5. Look at the paragraph beginning *As the day...* to the paragraph ending *...snow and lightning.*

What impressions do you get of Mr Cliff?

Give two impressions using evidence from the text to support your answer.

Impression	Evidence

BETTER FUTURE BRIGHTER HOPE



PSHE

Lost but not lost

BETTER FUTURE BRIGHTER HOPE



We need to think about how to manage change and all the things that will be different when you go to secondary school.

It is going to be a great time to meet new people and to try new things.



Have you ever felt lost?

Sometimes we all feel lost and it might be during the following situations:

- Moving schools
- Moving home
- Going to a new club
- Playing a new sport
- Trying a new skill or task
- Solving a problem



Starting a new school can make you feel a bit lost **BUT remember that you are NOT ALONE.**



We can often have fears of being lost and that is okay.

You don't need to worry about being lost and here is why!

1. You usually have an older student as your guide on the first few days, as well as a map.
2. You will be shown where to go and probably dropped off in the next place.
3. Everyone else in your form class will be feeling the same.
4. Your tutor is there to help you.
5. Most schools provide maps and walk you round the school so that you know where to go.
6. For the first day, or more, you and your class are usually all together in one place anyway.
7. Some schools just have a few year groups in at the start so that it is quieter.
8. You can ask someone bigger where to go – they will want to help.
9. Some schools have older students who are specifically there to help.
10. Schools are full of staff who want to help you – ask them!

Being physically lost is more obvious, but sometimes we can also feel emotionally lost. These are some of the signs:

Missing what you know

Not interested in hobbies

Unable to concentrate



Wishing things were the same as before

Lack motivation

Feeling numb

Feeling hopeless

Feeling helpless

If you are worried then sometimes you can experience:

Feeling sick

Feeling tired or
having no energy

Trouble sleeping

Feeling tense

Feeling anxious

Having a
headache

Not feeling
hungry



We all have times when we feel a bit strange because everything is different. This is a normal part of going through change and it does pass.



Remember 'growth mindset'?
Now is the time to remind yourself of that!

On your worksheet, change the statements on the left so that they are positive and hopeful. Your brain sometimes tells you negative things that are not based on fact. Your job is to tell your brain that there is another way to think and that it is wrong sometimes!

Statement	Transform it!
I won't ever fit in.	This is not true – I will find people who are like me; I just need to find them!
I will always be lost.	
I can't do these subjects.	
I won't make friends like I had in Year 6.	
I miss my primary school.	
One of your own:	

Matthew suggests some ways to help when you feel both kinds of 'lost' – emotionally and physically!

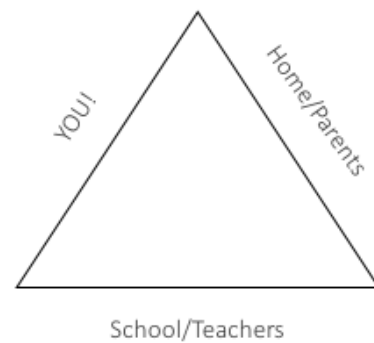
1. Ask your way around.
2. Accept help and find your 'go-to' person – someone you feel able to go to if you have questions or concerns. Your tutor might be that person.
3. Be honest – tell people how you feel.
4. Do your research – work out where things are.
5. Make sure you have your Triangle of Trust (more in a moment).
6. Don't look back – focus on this new world.



This is the Triangle of Trust

- Write down who is in your Triangle of Trust. Put their names on the triangle on your worksheet.
- Who can you talk to about different things?
- What three things make you feel happy and good?
- Where is your safe place to just relax?

Miss Lee's Triangle of Trust:



Starting anything new is both exciting and a bit scary BUT it is worth it because being at secondary school is going to build on all of the great things you have experienced at primary school. It is the time when you are going to work out what kind of person you want to be and the kind of things you like.

Soon you will be in a routine and everything will become familiar. That 'new Year 7' feeling doesn't last very long.

After a week, you will start to feel at home.

Now start to let yourself feel excited!



Secondary school will be great because you meet loads of new people.

That means there will be more room to swim and more fish to jump around with!

Session 5

Lost but not lost

**Remember when Matthew Syed talked about a 'growth mindset'?
Now is the time to remind yourself of that!**

Change the statements on the left so that they are positive and hopeful. Your brain sometimes tells you negative things that are not based on fact. Your job is to tell your brain that there is another way to think and that it is wrong sometimes!

Statement	Transform it!
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I can't do these subjects.	
I won't make friends like I had in Year 6.	
I miss my primary school.	
One of your own:	

This is the Triangle of Trust

Write down who is in your Triangle of Trust.
Put their names on the triangle.

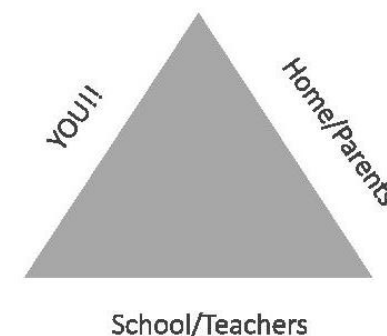
Who can you talk to about different things?

What three things makes you feel happy and good?

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.

Where is your safe place
to just relax?

Mr Burton's Triangle of Trust:



Cursive Handwriting Practice

Practise your weekly spelling words using cursive handwriting.

innocent

innocence

decent

decency

excellent

excellence

confident

confidence

existent

existence

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey



There was no denying it.

The only things Bill had written about that day were snow, lightning and milk bread. The lightning had just stopped, there was still a smattering of snowflakes dusting the playground, and an angry lorry driver was driving away with a lorry full of milk-soaked bread.

Not forgetting the sausages and chips his dad had cooked for tea the other night, Bill stared at his pen, and the hairs on the back of his neck prickled.

Everything he'd written had actually happened. He made sure he left school alone and went straight to his bedroom. He placed the pen on top of his desk, sat on his bed and just stared at it. Bill didn't know how long he sat there, and he jumped as Molly (again without knocking) burst into his room.

"What are you sitting in here for?" she asked. "Did you remember to go to the shop?"

Bill blinked at her.

"You forgot, didn't you!" Molly folded her arms. "Well, Freddy is here, so you can go with him now. Freddy!" she yelled.

Bill didn't answer. Molly frowned and crossed over to him. "Bill, what's wrong?" she asked. "Are you not well?"

Bill didn't feel very well, but he had no idea how to explain it to Molly.

"What's going on?" Freddy asked as he walked in. "What happened with Mr Cliff?"

"Mr Cliff?" Molly asked.

"Yeah," said Freddy. "He wanted to see Bill today." Freddy crossed to Bill's desk. "Still got this old pen?"

Bill jumped up. "Put it down!" he shouted.

"Okay, I'm sorry!"

Molly stood. "Bill, where did you get that pen from, and why did Mr Cliff want to see you?"

Bill looked from Freddy's confused face to Molly's concerned one. "I stole it."

"What!" said Molly.

"You stole a pen from Mr Cliff?" Freddy scratched his head.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey

"No. I stole it when I went shopping with Molly." Bill sat stiffly back on the bed; then he told them everything.

"So, let's get this straight," said Molly, glancing at the pen. "You're telling us that whatever you write with this pen actually comes true?"

Bill nodded.

"Couldn't it just be a coincidence?" Freddy asked. "I mean, loads of people have sausages and chips."

"But what about the lightning and the snow?" Bill raised his hands. "You all saw that!"

"Yes, but it is possible, under certain circumstances, to have freak weather," Molly said slowly.

"But is it possible to have freak lorries carrying freak barrels of milk with freaky bits of bread in them?" Bill's voice rose to a shout.

"It might have been a prank," murmured Molly, but she didn't sound convinced. All three of them stared at the pen. "There's only one way to be sure," Molly said.

"What do you mean?" asked Freddy.

Molly looked at Bill.

"What?" asked Bill. "Oh no. I'm not writing another thing with that pen!"

"We'll work out what to write together," Molly said patiently. "It doesn't have to be really dramatic."

Bill paced his room.

"Yeah," said Freddy. "You could write about me being picked to play for England. Or we could win the lottery!"

Bill glared at Molly.

"No," Molly said. "That would draw too much attention."

"Aw!" groaned Freddy. "Alright then... what?"

"We need to do a proper experiment," Molly thought for a moment. "We need maybe three or four things—not totally amazing in themselves, but happening in a specific order so that it couldn't be a coincidence."

"Go on," said Bill.

"Like it rains for a specific length of time, and then..."—Molly nodded towards Bill's broken skateboard—"... your skateboard could miraculously become mended."

"Could we have a pizza delivery... please!" begged Freddy.

"We're not ending up with someone else's pizza," said Molly. "There's been enough stealing already." She looked meaningfully at Bill.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey

"Maybe it could be an extra pizza which your neighbour doesn't want," suggested Freddy.

"Okay, that could work," agreed Molly. "Then Dad could come back from work with the milk and bread!" She repeated her meaningful look at Bill.

"Dad could then find Mum's ring he was so upset about losing," said Bill quietly.

Molly swallowed. "That's a lovely idea, Bill," she nodded. "Let's do that."

Bill sat down at his desk.

"Just do it as a numbered list," Molly suggested.

Bill picked up his pen, took a deep breath and started writing:

1. *At 5:05 today it rains for 3 minutes.*
2. *Somehow my skateboard is mended.*
3. *That's followed by a pizza delivery (a spare one so no one loses out).*
4. *Dad comes home with milk and bread. He finds Mum's ring.*

With a shaking hand, Bill dropped the pen. They all watched the clock as it jumped forward. 5:03... 5:04... 5:05. Immediately, rain splattered hard against the bedroom window. Molly clutched Bill's arm, and Freddy's face paled. At exactly 5:08 it stopped. Freddy ran towards the window, catching his foot against the side of the desk. He sprawled forward, landing on the skateboard, which flew in the air and smacked hard against the wall.

Bill helped Freddy up while Molly wordlessly picked up the skateboard. Somehow the broken wheel had been bashed back in place. "Looks fine now," she whispered.

The doorbell rang.

No one moved.

It rang again.

Clutching each other, they stumbled downstairs. Bill opened the door.

"Hi, Bill," smiled Mrs Gregg, their neighbour. "We had some vouchers for free pizza. We'll never eat it all, so we thought you'd like some!" She held out a huge pizza box. "Don't you like pizza?" she asked as Bill hesitated.

"Yes, thank you, Mrs Gregg," said Molly, taking the box. "That's very kind of you."

Mrs Gregg beamed and left as Bill's dad walked down the path. "I had a feeling you'd forget," he said, holding up a shopping bag with a milk bottle poking out the top. He waited for Bill and Molly to move and glanced down. "What's that?" he muttered, bending over. When he stood up, he was holding a gold and pearl ring in his hand. "I don't believe it! It's your Mum's ring!"

Bill saw his dad's eyes fill with tears.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey

"That's great, Dad," croaked Molly, looking at Bill. "Let's get inside."

Molly pulled Bill and Freddy back upstairs.

"Bill's right," she said. "It's the pen. It's magic or something."

"I want to take it back," shivered Bill.

Molly nodded. "Bill, have you written anything else?"

Bill shook his head, "Not today... but yesterday I did a writing assessment."

"What did you write?" Molly asked.

"I can't remember," said Bill. Then he froze as he recalled Mr Cliff's words. "But you two were in it and..." he trailed off.

"What?" demanded Freddy.

"I don't know what happened, but somehow you both come to a gruesome end!"



"A what?" Freddy yelled. "Why did you write that?"

"I'm sorry," Bill wailed. "I didn't mean to. I didn't even know I had until Mr Cliff told me."

"But I don't want to come to a gruesome end! I don't want to come to any sort of end!"

Freddy yelled.

"Stop it!" Molly stepped between them. "This isn't helping. Bill can you remember anything you wrote?"

"I really can't," whispered Bill.

"What did Mr Cliff say?"

Bill thought hard. "Just that it was a tragic story, that it made him cry and that you two, you know..."

Freddy gave Bill a furious look.

"Okay." Molly took a deep breath and grabbed the edge of the desk, her knuckles whitening.

"Something terrible will happen." Freddy sank to the floor.

"Not necessarily," muttered Molly.

Freddy covered his face with his hands as Bill looked on helplessly.

"Bill, I need you to write exactly what I say," said Molly. She handed him the pen.

"Oh... okay," said Bill.

"Write: a crack appeared on Bill's bedroom window."

Bill did this. Freddy shuffled away from the window, and they waited. Slowly, the tiniest of cracks started to appear in the corner of the glass. Molly grabbed the paper from Bill and tore it up into tiny pieces. As she did, the crack disappeared, and the glass was whole again.

"What happened there?" asked Freddy, wide-eyed.

"Just like before," explained Molly. "Bill wrote something and it happened. Only, this time, I tore it up. Once the words were destroyed..."

"It stopped happening!" finished Bill.

"So, if we destroy Bill's story..." Freddy jumped up.

"Then it won't happen!" Bill looked at his sister gratefully. He went to hug her, but remembered Freddy and stopped.

"The only thing is, we don't know when Bill's story will start or even if it's already started." Molly folded her arms. "We need to get rid of it now."

"Bill can write for the story to somehow appear here, can't he?" said Freddy. "Then we just tear it up."

Molly nodded at Bill, who wrote just that. Nothing happened.

"Give it a specific time," said Freddy.

Bill added for the story to appear ten minutes from now. They waited. Again, nothing happened.

"What's going on?" asked Freddy.

"The story must be trying to get here," said Molly. "Something that we don't know about must be stopping it."

"If I don't know what it is, then I can't write for it to stop," realised Bill. "The last time I saw the story, it was in Mr Cliff's office."

Molly nodded. "Freddy, phone your parents and tell them you're staying here for a sleepover. Tonight, we're breaking into school and getting that story back."

Despite the warm night air, Bill shivered. A full moon cast long shadows against the school walls as Bill, Molly and Freddy stood outside the locked school gates. Bill glanced at his watch. It was 2 a.m.

"Write about the gates opening now," whispered Molly.

Bill took out his pen and began writing. The swirling pattern seemed stronger and stronger and stronger. The next thing he knew, Molly was shaking him and the pen was lying on the pavement.

"What happened?" mumbled Bill, noticing the gates were now open.

"You went into some sort of trance and wouldn't stop writing," whispered Molly, white-faced.

Freddy nodded. "Really strange stuff about the moon and ghosts and..." he shuddered.

Bill rubbed his head, "I don't remember. Did something weird happen?"

Molly and Freddy glanced at each other. "I tore that bit up before it got really out of hand," said Molly. "We can't use the pen anymore—it's too dangerous. We'll have to do this on our own."

"Fine by me," muttered Freddy.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey

Bill shoved the pen back in his pocket. They hurried through the open gates. Not surprisingly, all the doors they tried were locked. Eventually, they came to a side door with a keypad. "I don't suppose either of you know the code for this?" asked Molly.

"No, but these four keys are worn like they've been used the most," said Freddy.

"Yes," agreed Bill, "but we don't know which order they go in."

"No harm in trying." Freddy shrugged and began pressing the keys in different orders. Suddenly, there was a click. Freddy looked delighted. "I've done it," he grinned, pushing the door open. They rushed through. "Who needs the pen after all?" laughed Freddy.

Without pausing, they ran into a darkened corridor. Too late, Bill noticed a beam of red light shining across the corridor entrance. As he skidded through it, the building was filled with a loud jangling sound.

"We've set off the alarm system!" Molly said, grabbing Bill. The alarm echoed louder and louder throughout the building.

"What do we do?" Freddy yelled, putting his hands over his ears.

"Someone's bound to ring the police now," shouted Molly, pulling them to a quieter spot.

"You two go home," said Bill. "I wrote the story; I need to find it."

"Don't be stupid!" Molly punched his arm. "I'm not leaving you."

"Me neither," said Freddy, punching Bill's arm as well.

"Okay, stop the punching!" Bill rubbed his arm, but he was secretly relieved. "We need to find that story before the police get here. Follow me!" Bill sprinted away in the direction of Mr Cliff's office. Everything looked strange in the silvery darkness, and twice he took a wrong turn. Eventually they stood outside Mr Cliff's door.

"What now?" panted Freddy. "Do we kick it down?"

"I could always shoulder charge it," frowned Bill.

Molly stepped forward and turned the handle. The door opened.

"Oh," said Bill and Freddy in unison.

"Come on!" urged Molly.

They shut the door behind them and began searching. Bill went through two piles of papers on the desk. It wasn't there.

"Give us a hand with these filing cabinets," called Molly. Bill ran over and pulled open a drawer. They froze.

"What was that?" whispered Freddy.

Bill held his breath. It was definitely the sound of footsteps. They were coming closer.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey

"Hide," Molly mouthed. Bill slid the drawer shut as Molly and Freddy dived under the desk. Molly tried to pull Bill under too, but there was no room. Bill shoved the chair behind them so that they were hidden. Wildly, he looked about. The footsteps stopped outside the door. The handle was turning as Bill squeezed himself between the wall and a cabinet. The door swung open and the light clicked on.

Read chapter 4 & 5 first...



Spelling, Punctuation and Grammar

1. Add a **suffix** to the words in brackets to complete the sentences below.

The thought of (suffer) in Bill's story, made Freddy feel furious.

Molly (prefer) to put her energy into thinking of a solution.

(Transfer) the story from the school to Bill's house was impossible.

2. Insert a **dash** in the correct place in the sentence below.

The children couldn't use the pen anymore it was too dangerous.

3. Underline the **passive** part of the sentence below.

The handle was turning as Bill squeezed himself between the wall and a cabinet.

4. Underline the **two modal verbs** in the sentence below.

"Bill can write for the story to somehow appear here, can't he?" said Freddy.

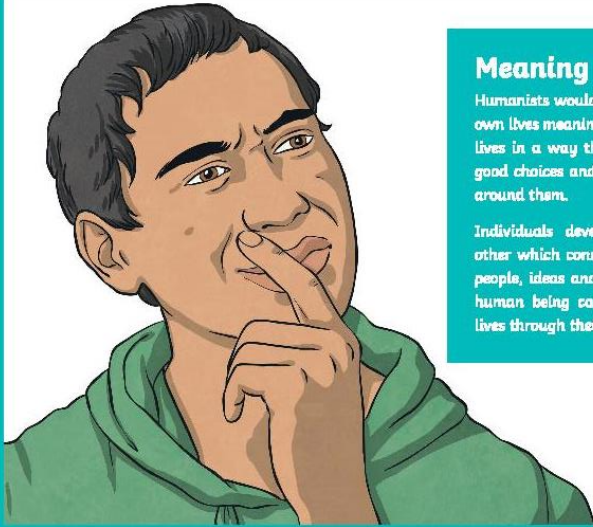


5. Complete the sentence below by adding a suitable **adverbial of manner**.

_____, Bill shoved the pen back in his pocket.



★ Humanist Beliefs



Meaning of Life

Humanists would argue that humans give their own lives meaning. People do this by living their lives in a way that is good. They try to make good choices and take an interest in the world around them.


Individuals develop relationships with each other which connects them to a wide range of people, ideas and the world. In this way, each human being can find meaning in their own lives through their ideas, thoughts and actions.

★ Humanist Beliefs

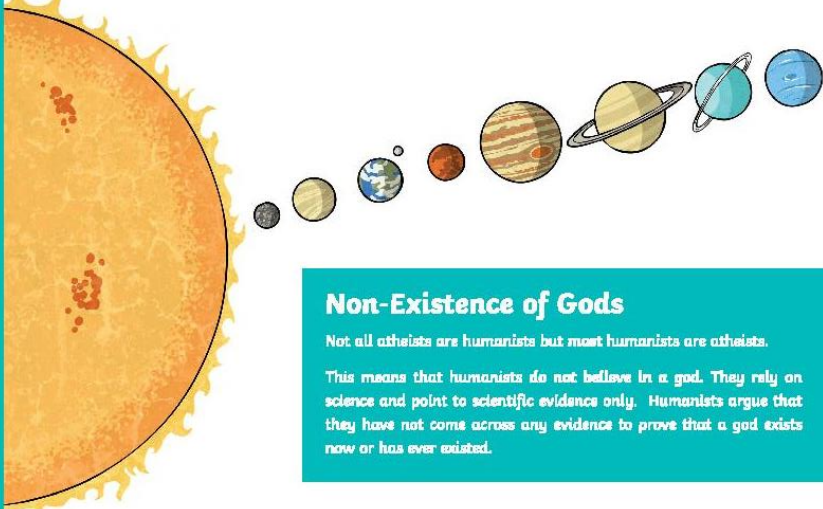
Reason

A statement that explains why something is the way it is - why someone does, thinks, or behaves in a certain way.

Reason is the process of thinking carefully and logically when deciding what to believe. Humanists believe they should base their conclusions on the evidence and facts, rather than on our emotions or feelings.



★★ Humanist Beliefs



Non-Existence of Gods

Not all atheists are humanists but most humanists are atheists.

This means that humanists do not believe in a god. They rely on science and point to scientific evidence only. Humanists argue that they have not come across any evidence to prove that a god exists now or has ever existed.



Meaning of Life

Humanists would argue that humans give their own lives meaning. People do this by living their lives in a way that is good, based on reason.

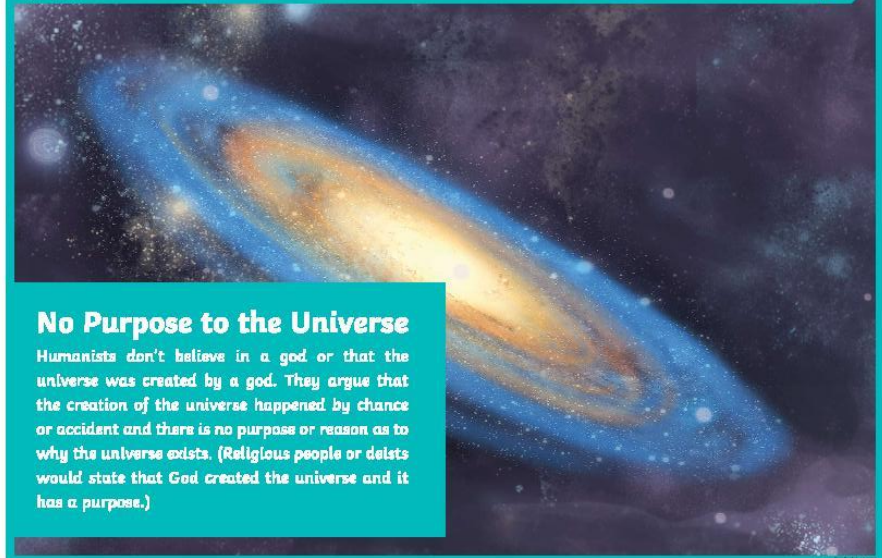
Humans make choices and take an interest in the world around them. They develop ideas and give opinions, as well as pursue their own interests.

Individuals develop relationships with each other which connects them to a wide range of people, ideas and the world. In this way, each human being can find meaning in their own lives through their ideas, thoughts and actions.



No Purpose to the Universe

Humanists don't believe in a god or that the universe was created by a god. They argue that the creation of the universe happened by chance or accident and there is no purpose or reason as to why the universe exists. (Religious people or deists would state that God created the universe and it has a purpose.)



Ethical Decisions

Humanists argue that in order to live good lives, humans need to make decisions by considering the positive and negative consequences of their actions. They do not believe it is possible to make perfect choices but we can use the information we have to make good choices for ourselves and others.

For example:

- We think about how to behave, knowing how it will make ourselves and other people think and feel.
- We can consider whether our actions will cause harm, and find alternative solutions to the problems that we are experiencing.



Science

The scientific method is a way of observing, measuring and conducting experiments. It is designed to help work out what is true by stating ideas and gathering evidence to support them. Scientists are expected to report their findings honestly and find the truth.



Rationality and Reason

Humanists believe they should base their conclusions on the evidence and facts, rather than on our emotions or feelings.

Reason: A statement that explains why something is the way it is - why someone does, thinks, or behaves in a certain way. Reason is the process of thinking carefully and logically when deciding what to believe.

Rational: Ability to think about things clearly, in a logical way. Ideas are based on facts, not on emotions or feelings.

Rationality: Being rational, being able to reason, holding rational opinions or beliefs.



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Humanist Beliefs

I can create a poster explaining humanist beliefs to others.



Non-Existence of Gods

Meaning of Life

Humanism

Reason

Ethical Decisions

Year: 6 Spring: 2 Week: 2

Focus: Words ending in **-ent,**
-ence, ency

Dictation

Her _____ increased over the year.

The baby's _____ with eating was coming along.

Each guide dog demonstrates perfect _____.

She was a _____ and _____ member of society.

All boat services between the islands were _____.

He proclaimed his _____ to the teacher.

They had the _____ to confess to the missing watch.

The schools were both categorised as _____.

The _____ of buses at this time of day is less.

Year: 6 Spring: 2 Week: 2
Focus: Words ending in **-ent,**
-ence, ency

Dictation (ANSWERS)

Her **confidence** increased over the year.

The baby's **independence** with eating was coming along.

Each guide dog demonstrates perfect **obedience**.

She was a **decent** and **innocent** member of society.

All boat services between the islands were **frequent**.

He proclaimed his **innocence** to the teacher.

They had the **decency** to confess to the missing watch.

The schools were both categorised as **independent**.

The **frequency** of buses at this time of day is less.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey



Bill shrank back as far as possible.

The footsteps entered the room, walked closer to the desk and stopped. "Please don't let Molly and Freddy get caught," Bill silently prayed. There was a buzzing sound and a muffled voice, just like a walkie-talkie.

The footsteps now came towards him. Bill took tiny silent breaths and tensed, ready to run if he had to. The walkie-talkie buzzed again. "Charlie-Echo-One receiving Charlie-Echo-Four-Three. Over," said a woman's voice.

"Molly was right," thought Bill. "It is the police."

The policewoman stepped nearer. Bill could actually see the toes of her black shoes through the gap. He screwed his eyes shut.

"Currently checking the head teacher's office. Over," continued the policewoman.

Bill's fingernails dug into his palms. He could hear the policewoman moving in front of the cabinet. "All clear," she finally said. The light clicked off as she left the room.

Bill still didn't dare move.

After a few minutes, he heard the chair roll back. "Bill!" Molly whispered. "I think it's safe now."

Bill shuffled out of the gap.

"We need to keep looking," Molly whispered.

Silently, in the silvery moonlight, they searched through every drawer. There was no story. "What do we do now?" Bill muttered.

"Look," Freddy pointed to a noticeboard. Pinned in the centre was a poster for a school writing competition, part of which had been cut out. Scribbled along the bottom was Bill's name and age.

"It looks like Mr Cliff entered your story into a competition," whispered Freddy.

"That's why it isn't here," said Molly in a small voice. "It could be anywhere."

Bill looked at his sister. Her pale face was creased with tiredness.

He thought quickly. "Mr Cliff didn't tell me that when I was here. Then he was busy with the lorry... I think he must have done it at the end of the day!"

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lahey

"It might be in the school office waiting to be posted," said Molly. "But what if it's locked, and what if the police are still here?"

"Would these help?" Freddy grinned as he held up a huge bunch of keys. "They were in his desk, and there's one for the office here."

Bill and Molly nodded. Bill crept to the door, slowly opened it and peeked out. The corridor was empty. He gestured for the others to follow. Sticking together, they crept in the direction of the school office.

They rounded the last corner and then immediately jumped back. Standing near the office was the policewoman with a policeman. Bill, Molly and Freddy stared at each other; then Freddy worked the office key from the bunch and handed it to Bill. "Find your story," he mouthed. "Then come find me."

Bill frowned and then, to his amazement, Freddy dived back around the corner. "Hey, you two!" he yelled at the police. "Can't catch me!"

"Oi! Come back!" shouted the policeman, chasing after Freddy.

Bill checked. "They've gone," he said. "I can't believe Freddy did that."

"We've got to hurry," said Molly, following Bill into the office. "Freddy might need our help soon."

"Looks like someone had a fight in here," observed Bill.

Papers and letters were scattered all over the office floor.

"It might have been caused by your story trying to get to us," suggested Molly.

"That's good," said Bill, crouching down. "Hopefully it's still here then!"

Molly joined him, picking up papers and letters as they looked for the story. Bill shuffled further back, his feet bumping into the desk.

"Careful," Molly said sharply. She pointed to a large box balanced precariously on the edge of the desk. Bill checked it.

"It's really heavy," he panted, only managing to move the box back a little.

"What's that?" Molly asked, noticing an envelope mostly hidden under the box.

Together they shoved the box back further and eased the envelope out.

"Schools' Writing Competition," Bill read excitedly. "Molly! I think we've found it. It's been trapped here all the time."

Bill tore open the envelope. Inside was his booklet.

"There's a shredder over here," said Molly. "We need to destroy it!"

Bill nodded and then paused. In his hands he was holding the best thing he had ever written. "I didn't even get a chance to read it," Bill said.

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"I know," Molly answered quietly. "I'm sorry."

Bill strode over to the shredder, switched it on and fed in his booklet. The machine whirled as it destroyed his story, shredding it into thin strips.

"That's that then," said Molly.

"Let's find Freddy," Bill turned away from his ruined writing.

There was no sign of anyone. "Hope he's not been caught," muttered Molly. "Where would he go?"

Bill thought. "His favourite place is the gym. Let's try there."

The PE block appeared just as empty. Bill tried the changing room. "Locked," he said.

"Hang on," said a voice on the other side. The door opened.

"Freddy!"

"I locked myself in. I figured you'd come here eventually," Freddy explained. "Did you find it?"

"Yes," said Bill. "It's destroyed. But what about the police?"

"They've gone!" Freddy said proudly. "I ran outside and hid. They thought I'd run away, but I did what they least expected."

"Which was?" prompted Molly.

"I snuck back in while they were looking for me outside."

"Nice one," Bill smiled. "Now let's go home."

The following evening, Bill, Molly and Freddy watched the sea crashing below them. Bill held the pen above the swirling water.

"Are you sure?" Molly asked him.

Bill nodded. "I can't risk someone else finding the pen and using it. They could write anything. This way, no one will get their hands on it again."

"It'll get wrecked down there," agreed Freddy.

Bill counted down in his head then let the pen go. It dropped through the air before the sea swallowed it up.

"You know, I could help you with your writing," suggested Molly as they walked away.

"Thanks Molly," Bill said. "Sounds safer than a magic pen!"

It was September and Lucy Jones was walking across the beach. As she did, something metal glistened in the sand. She knelt down and scooped it up.

The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey

"Mum!" she shouted. "I've found this really nice silver pen."

"It probably doesn't work," her mum smiled.

"Let me try," said Lucy, pulling an old receipt out of her pocket. Lucy wrote on the back: *My name is Lucy.* "Mum, it works! Look how neat my handwriting is."

"You're right," her mum nodded. "Aren't you lucky to have found such a lovely pen?"

"I bet I write great stories with it," Lucy grinned; then she paused. Did the pen suddenly feel warm? No. She must have imagined it. Lucy ran after her mum, the pen safe, and surprisingly heavy, in her pocket.

Read Chapter 6 first...




Comprehension Questions

1. How did the children discover that Mr Cliff had entered Bill's story into a competition?
 - a because of a poster that Freddy noticed
 - b because they couldn't find Bill's story
 - c because of something written in Mr Cliff's diary
 - d because of a note scrawled on Mr Cliff's desk
 - e because of an opened letter that Molly found
2. When Freddy made himself known to the police, he was acting as a...
 - a decoy.
 - b fool.
 - c hero.
 - d criminal.
 - e coward.
3. Molly thought that the papers and letters were scattered all over the office floor because...
 - a people had been having a fight.
 - b the police had searched the area thoroughly.
 - c the cleaners had been interrupted.
 - d the office staff were an untidy bunch.
 - e of the power of the magic pen.
4. Where did Molly and Bill find the story?
 - a under a heavy box
 - b in the PE block
 - c next to the shredder
 - d pinned to a noticeboard
 - e in a filing cabinet
5. Lucy's mum told her daughter that the pen probably wouldn't work because...
 - a she didn't want her using a dangerous pen.
 - b it had been washed up by the sea.



- c Lucy struggled with her writing.
- d the pen was silver.
- e the pen was old and rusty.

Book Review		Star Rating:
	My Thoughts About the Story	
The Magic Pen by Kirsty Lakey £3.99		
What is the story about?		



Pollution

Pollution is when chemicals, gases, smoke or other harmful materials are introduced to, and damage, the environment.

Pollution can be caused by many different things such as the burning of **fossil fuels**.

In recent times, there has been growing concern about the damage that plastic is doing to the environment.



Glossary

fossil fuels: Coal, oil and gas used to power factories, cars and homes.

Where Is Plastic Found?

Plastic is **versatile** and cheap to make, so it is used to make lots of things. It is quite easy to tell when some items are plastic, such as drinks bottles and shopping bags.

However, plastic can be found in some surprising places:

- Some shampoos, face washes and toothpaste have plastic in them.
- Clothes made from material like nylon, polyester and lycra come from plastic.
- The outside of golf and tennis balls are made from plastic.



Glossary

versatile: Can be used in lots of different ways.

Why Does Plastic Damage the Environment?

The main problem with plastic is that it takes an extremely long time to **decompose**. A plastic bottle can last for up to 500 years. That means that a bottle dropped in the ocean or put in a **landfill site** today could still be there in the year 2518!

Plastic has **toxins** in it that are harmful to wildlife.

Glossary

decompose: Rot, decay, break down.

landfill site: Rubbish sites where refuse is buried underground.

toxins: Poisonous substances.



Why Does Plastic Damage Oceans?

Sea creatures can get stuck in plastic bags or the rings that hold drinks cans together. This can cause suffocation, starvation (because they can't get to food), or means that they cannot escape predators.

Sea turtles sometimes confuse plastic bags with jellyfish and eat them. This damages their insides and they can die. Around 70% of dead sea turtles are found to have eaten plastic.

Did You Know...?

- It is thought that by the year 2050, there will be more plastic than fish in the seas.
- 99% of seabirds have eaten plastic.



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Plastic Pollution

Identify five uses for plastic and explain why plastic is a suitable material for those objects.

Explain how the manufacture of plastics is a concern.

What effect do plastics have on the environment?

What can be done to improve the situation?

