

# Year 6 Writing Project

27<sup>th</sup> April - 1st May



Task 1: (Monday) Watch Treasure Island Episode 2:

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/teach/class-clips-video/english-ks2-treasure-island-pt2/zrvcxyc>

## Treasure Island

### 2. The Squire and the treasure map

**Narrator:** As the strangers lay siege to the Benbow Inn, Jim and his mother escape with their lives and make it to the local squire's house. Squire Trelawney sends the militia to deal with the pirates and then, with the help of Jim's friend, Doctor Livesey, they inspect Billy Bones' parchment. It's a map. The key to Captain Flint's treasure - the greatest pirate hoard in the world.

**Squire:** Livesey, you can give up being a doctor. And you young Jim, you can forget the Benbow Inn. In three weeks time we shall have the best ship and the choicest crew in England. I shall be admiral. You shall be doctor. Jim shall be cabin boy - and -

**Messenger:** Squire - the blind beggar is dead. Your horses rode him down and killed him. It was an accident.

**Mother:** It is a shame, that's for sure.

**Squire:** I regard it as an act of virtue, Ma'am, like killing a cockroach. The others?

**Messenger:** All escaped, sir, slipped away into the night.

**Mother:** And that is a shame too.

**Squire:** Dashed shame. But where was it? Yes, yes, yes... The treasure! We shall find the treasure and bring it home! What do you think of that, young Jim?

**Jim:** I shall do my best not to let you down, Squire!

**Mother:** He'll be a credit to the undertaking.

**Squire:** Yes, jolly good show.

**Dr Livesey:** There's only one man I'm afraid of.

**Squire:** Who's that? Name the dog, sir!

**Dr Livesey:** You! For you cannot hold your tongue.

**Squire:** Well...

If you are unable to access the video, here is the script.

**BBC**  
School Radio

Treasure Island

**Dr Livesey:** We must none of us go alone until we get to sea - and from first to last, sir, you must not breathe a word of what we've found.

**Squire:** Dr Livesey, you're in the right of it as always. But worry not. I shall be as silent as the grave. More brandy? To the treasure!

**Jim:** To the treasure!

Task 2: (Tuesday) To retrieve and infer information about the Treasure Island video clip.

Answer the following questions.

1. Where do Jim and his mother escape to?

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2. What is the map a key to?

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3. What will Jim's job be on the ship?

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4. The Squire says, 'I regard it as an act of virtue.' What does the word 'virtue' mean in this sentence?

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5. What happened to the pirates? Were they caught?

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6. Who is the one man Dr Livesey is afraid of? Why is he afraid of him?

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7. Why must they not 'breathe a word of what we've found'?

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8. Find and copy the simile the Squire uses to assure Dr Livesey that he will not breathe a word of what they've found?

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9. How do you think Jim feels about what they're about to do? How do you know?

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10. What do you think will happen next?

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### Task 3: (Wednesday) Identify the features of a diary.

Think about how a diary is different to a narrative.

Dear Diary,

12th June 2017

It is my third day in this hell hole and I can honestly say that things are not getting any better! I had hoped that mum's advice would be right and I'd settle in eventually. However, that is yet to be the case. Why would she agree to send me to a place like this?

Today has been particularly dreadful and I am feeling down in the dumps! The morning started like every other - a shrill alarm clock was sounded out across the whole of the camp. This was an early warning of the horror that was about to commence! Like zombies, we hastily dressed in the discarded clothes which were nearest to hand and stumbled towards the canteen, which squatted just beyond the pine forest. A foul stench greeted us, warning us to stay away. Before we could turn to leave and retreat to the relative safety of our dorm rooms, we saw that one of the bossy, over-enthusiastic instructors was ushering us in, where things were only going to get worse. Despondently, we joined the snaking line and finally arrived at the serving counter, where a range of vile-looking food lay lifelessly before us: cold fried eggs, which appeared to have a jelly-like substance covering them; congealed bacon swimming in grease; and baked beans which were as hard as bullets and seemed to have separated from the sauce. Appetizing it was not!

After forcing down the bare minimum of food, I reluctantly headed to my first activity: rock-climbing. Now to say I wasn't looking forward to this would be an understatement! Heights are my worst enemy and now I was to spend the next two hours attempting to avoid the instructor's gaze and hopefully prevent myself having to ascend up the terrifyingly-high wall. I think, perhaps, that I might be more keen to take part if I felt my safety weren't in jeopardy; if my life wasn't hanging in the balance. The instructors at Little Wonder Summer Camp are possibly some of the friendliest people that I have ever met. However, this does not mean I trust these spotty, newly-qualified teenagers to look out for my safety: they are barely older than me! The harnesses provided are threadbare and worn, whilst the helmets are dented and the strap buckles loose. This does not offer much hope! Yet, of course, I am selected first (I truly believe they look for the least confident to go first, purely for their own amusement) and I gingerly scaled the much-used wall, my legs quivering, my hands sweating all the while ensuring that I never looked down.

After a full day's worth of horrifyingly-energetic activities, I returned to my dormitory, which I share with five total strangers. Obviously, upon arrival, I had been separated from the few friends I had arrived with and forced into this uncomfortable situation with children who are more keen on staring at their iPad screen than engaging in conversation. Due to mum's insistence that I wouldn't 'need' my iPad, I have nothing in common and every night have retreated to my bed. If you can call it a bed. This camp bed is quite possibly the most uncomfortable thing I have ever slept on; a washing line might provide more comfort! A scratchy sheet and a lumpy pillow, both with their own unique stench, are also provided ensuring that a decent night's sleep will never occur.

I honestly can't imagine how this trip will ever get better. Oh well, only four more days to get through!

Task 4: (Thursday) To plan a diary entry as Jim.

Plan your diary entry with Jim telling his diary about what happened with the pirates and finding the map.

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| <b>Introduction</b> |  |
| <b>Paragraph 1</b>  |  |
| <b>Paragraph 2</b>  |  |
| <b>Paragraph 3</b>  |  |

Task 5: (Friday) To write a diary entry from the perspective of Jim.

Remember to use a range of punctuation and inform the reader about Jim's thoughts and feelings.