

Link for the Book of Hopes' <https://literacytrust.org.uk/family-zone/9-12/book-hopes/>

Read a paragraph from the following story from the 'Book of Hopes' each day. I have shown you where to stop reading each day. We will complete the short story by the end of the week.

Daily task: Create a storyboard on paper for the short story. Summarise it in 5 bullet points and use these as the captions for your images. Take a picture and upload by Friday. If you can't upload a picture then you can write a short summary on Google docs and turn in by Friday.

Day 1: Read the paragraph below and complete the first part of the storyboard.

Bag for Life

'What's in the bag?' I ask for the umpteenth time.
Umpteenth ... Such a weird word. Ump-teenth, ump-teeth. The image of what an ump monster might look like appears in my head, complete with row upon row of garish teeth. It's funny how your mind occupies itself when you've got nothing to do but walk. I push aside a low hanging branch so it doesn't thwack me in the face.

'You'll find out soon, Amila,' says dad. His answers are always vague when I ask about the bag. 'I'm saving it for when we really need it.' He's told me that before.

Day 2: Read the next paragraph below and complete the second part of the storyboard.

Dad's been clutching the bag ever since we entered the forest. I'm not sure where or when he picked it up. It's the only thing either of us are holding; we left too

quickly to take anything else. The bag is from a supermarket – it's one of those 'bag for life' ones. It's orange and the writing on it is cracked and faded. The plastic's too thick to see through. Trust me, I've tried.

There's food inside, I know that much. It has to be food. Dad says we have to save it for when we're desperate, but I don't know how much more desperate we need to be. We've been walking for two days already and all I've eaten is a handful of blackberries and some wild mushrooms, which made my stomach cramp.

Day 3: Read the next paragraph below and complete the third part of the storyboard.

From the look of its weight and the way the bag swings, I think it's tins. Maybe tuna or baked beans or spaghetti hoops. Spaghetti hoops are my favourite. On toast with loads of butter. My mouth starts salivating at the thought of it.

Or perhaps it's dog food. Right now, I'm so hungry I'd even eat that. I'd probably enjoy it too.

'Can we eat the food yet?'

'No.'

'What about now?'

'No.'

Day 4: Read the next paragraph below and complete the fourth part of the storyboard.

'What about now?'

'No.'

That's about the extent of our conversations in the days that follow. My feet are sore, my back aches, my whole body feels like it's falling apart. We're never getting out of here.

I keep my eyes on the bag for life as it sways back and forth, back and forth. Maybe it's not tins. Maybe it's chocolate or biscuits or—

'Look!' says dad. 'Over there.' There's a massive grin on his face.

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Day 5: Read the last paragraph below and complete the last part of the storyboard.

I was so lost in my thoughts, I hadn't even noticed we'd left the forest. I follow dad's finger and see the buildings. There's smoke coming out of the chimneys.

'People!' I say.

'We're going to be alright,' says dad.

'But what about the food ...' I point at the bag. 'We never ate it.'

'No,' says dad. 'We didn't.'

Then he does what I've been wanting him to do ever since we entered the forest; he opens the bag.

I hold my breath and peer inside.

'Oh,' I say, and then I understand.

At the bottom of the bag, smooth and grey and speckled with dirt, are three large stones.

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Once your story board is complete, please upload a picture of it on Google classroom by Friday.