

Thursday 25th June 2020

Reading – retrieval (fact finding)

Carrying on our retrieval work, we would like you to read the next section of 'Goosebumps: The Werewolf of Fever Swamp.' Then, you're going to write your own retrieval questions in the style of those that we have seen in the past couple of days. Go back and check these out for inspiration.

We're looking for at least six questions. Use a range of question types. It might be a bit boring (and easy) if EVERY question starts with 'What...' and then only needs a one-word answer.

Send in the questions you create because on Friday, we'll be posting a list of our favourites that you might want to challenge yourself with.

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Here are some phrases to help with your questions:

- According to the text, ...
- Give **two** reasons why...
- Write down **three** things you are told about ...
- ...Tick two.
- Using evidence from the text, ...
- Give as much detail as you can.
- Tick one box in each row to show whether each statement is **true** or **false**.
- 1 mark, 2 marks or 3 marks?

It was hot and wet under the trees. The air felt sticky against my face. The broad palm leaves were so low, I could almost reach up and touch them. They nearly blocked out the sun, but shafts of yellow light broke through, beaming down on the swamp floor like spotlights.

Scratchy weeds and fern leaves brushed against my bare legs. I wished I'd worn jeans instead of shorts. I kept close to my sister as we made our way along a narrow, winding trail. The binoculars, strapped around my neck, began to feel heavy against my chest. I should've left them at home, I realized.

"Pretty," Emily said, brushing a bug off her shoulder. "I'm going to come back here with my camera and take pictures of this pond. Look at the great light."

I followed her gaze. The near end of the pond was darkened by long shadows. But light slanted down through the trees at the other end, forming what looked like a bright curtain that spilled into the still pond water.

"It is kind of cool," I admitted. I wasn't really into ponds. I was more interested in wildlife.

I let Emily admire the pond and the water lilies a little longer. Then I headed around the pond and deeper into the swamp.

My sandals slapped over the wet ground. Up ahead, a swarm of tiny gnats, thousands of them, danced silently in a shaft of sunlight.

"Yuck," Emily muttered. "I hate gnats. It makes me itchy just to look at them." She scratched her arms.

"It's so noisy here," Emily complained, stepping over a decaying log.

She was right. The most surprising thing about the swamp was all the sounds.

A bird trilled from somewhere above. Another bird replied with a shrill whistle. Insects chattered loudly all around us. I heard a steady *tap-tap-tap*, like someone hammering on wood. A woodpecker? Palm leaves crackled as they swayed. Slender tree trunks creaked. My sandals made *thup thup* sounds, sinking into the marshy ground as I walked.

"Hey, look," Emily said, pointing. She pulled off her dark glasses to see better.

We had come to a small, oval-shaped pond. The water was dark green, half hidden in shade. Floating on top were white water lilies, bending gracefully over flat green lily pads.

