

Tuesday 2<sup>nd</sup> March

# Pronouns Revision

Watch the video on nouns and pronouns on Espresso, the complete the quizzes and activity.

[https://central.espresso.co.uk/espresso/primary\\_uk/subject/module/video/item367942/grade2/module305324/collection361824/section361767/index.html](https://central.espresso.co.uk/espresso/primary_uk/subject/module/video/item367942/grade2/module305324/collection361824/section361767/index.html)

## Pronouns

**Definition:** A pronoun is a word that takes the place of a noun in a sentence.

**Purpose:** To avoid having to repeat the names of things.

**Style:** Used in all writing styles.

Some words that can be used as pronouns:

I      you      he      she      we  
they      it      her      him      us  
them      mine      ours      theirs      his  
hers      theirs      our      this      that

Just discuss verbally.

Underline the pronouns in the following sentences:

- a) The cat saw it first.
- b) Mary gave them to him.
- c) She walked across the road when it was clear.
- d) Despite the rain, they still went out on their bikes.
- e) Whenever it stopped, he stood at the window.
- f) Despite seeing her, he still told them that she had left.

Replace the underlined word or words in each sentence with the correct **pronoun**.

When Sara came to the end of the road, Sara turned right.

↓

The pavement had a large hole and Sara fell into the hole.

↓

1 mark

Which option correctly completes the sentence below?

The child \_\_\_\_\_ story won the competition had worked very hard.

Tick **one**.

whom ☐

whose ☐

who's ☐

which ☐

Try a SATs Q



Some plants, such as sunflowers, die in winter. Others, such as daffodils, survive as bulbs underground.

Tick **one**.

plants

☐

sunflowers

☐

daffodils

☐

bulbs

☐

1 mark



Write a **pronoun** that could be used to replace the underlined words in the passage below.

Do not change the meaning of the sentence.

The heating in our school comes on in winter. This makes our school nice and warm.

Pronoun: \_\_\_\_\_

1 mark



# Answers

**Award 1 mark** for the correct pronoun inserted in each box.

When Sara came to the end of the road, Sara turned right.

↓  
she

The pavement had a large hole and Sara fell into the hole.

↓  
it

whose

☐☒☐☐

plants

☒☐☐☐

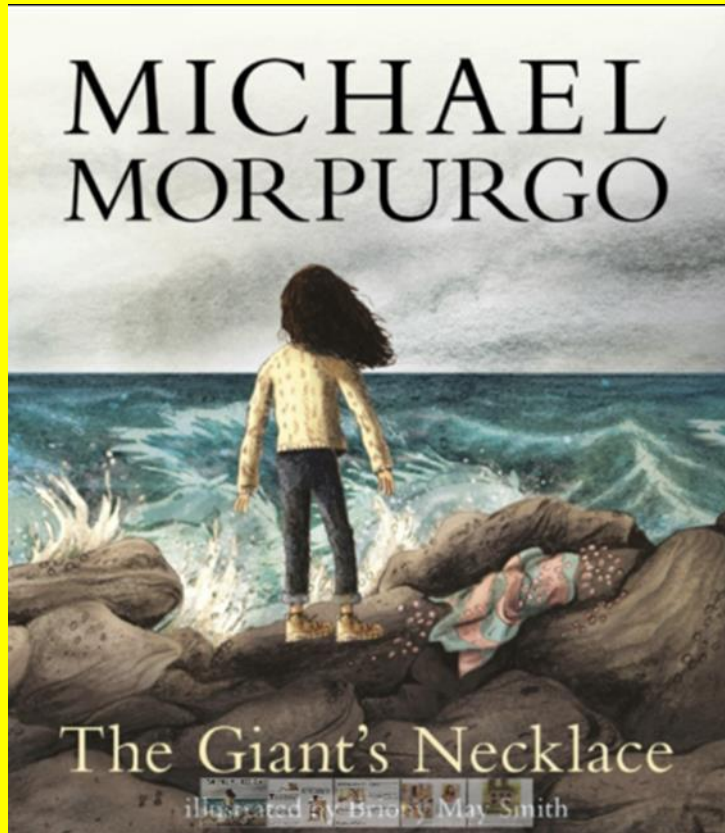
**Award 1 mark** for the correct pronoun.

*it*

**Also accept**

*us/me/you*

# Let's read to the end...



Add the time shared to your record. Found here:

[http://www.sherwood.lancs.sch.uk/serve\\_file/998540](http://www.sherwood.lancs.sch.uk/serve_file/998540)



Mother and the little children had full bellies and there was talk of sinking a fresh shaft. Times were good and promised to be better."

Cherry sat transfixed as the story of the disaster unfolded. She heard how they had been trapped by a fall of rock, about how they had worked to pull them away, but behind every rock was another rock and another rock. She heard how they had never even heard any sound of rescue. They had died, he said, in two days or so because the air was bad and because there was too little of it.



"Father has never accepted it; he still thinks he's alive, that he goes home to Mother and the

little children each evening. But he's dead, just like me. I can't tell him though, for he'd not understand and it would break his heart if he ever knew."

"So you aren't real," said Cherry, trying to grasp the implications of his story. "So I'm just imagining all this. You're just a dream."

"No dream, my girl," said the young man, laughing out loud. "No more'n we're imagining you. We're real right enough, but we're dead and have been for a hundred years and more. Ghosts, spirits, that's what living folk call us. Come to think of it, that's what *I* called us when I was alive."

Cherry was on her feet suddenly and backing away.

"No need to be afeared, little girl," said the young man, holding out his hand towards her. "We won't harm you. No one can harm you, not now. Look, he's started the fire already. Come over and warm yourself. Come, it'll be all right, girl. We'll look after you. We'll help you."

Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video.

"But I want to go home," Cherry said, feeling the panic rising to her voice and trying to control it. "I know you're kind, but I want to go home. My mother will be worried about me. They'll be out looking for me. Your light saved my life and I want to thank you. But I must go, else they'll worry themselves sick, I know they will."

"You going back home?" the young man asked, and then he nodded. "I s'pose you'll want to see your family again."

"Course I am," said Cherry, perplexed by the question. "Course I do."

"'Tis a pity," he said sadly. "Everyone passes through and no one stays. They all want to go home, but then so do I. You'll want me to guide you to the surface, I s'pose."

"I'm not the first then?" Cherry said. "There's been others climb up into the mine to escape from the sea? You've saved lots of people."

"A few," said the tinner, nodding. "A few."

"You're a kind person," Cherry said, warming to the sadness in the young man's voice. "I never

thought ghosts would be kind."

"We're just people, people who've passed on," replied the young man, taking her elbow and leading her towards the fire. "There's nice people and there's nasty people. It's the same if you're alive or if you're dead. You're a nice person, I can tell that, even though I haven't known you for long. I'm sad because I should like to be alive again with my friends and go rabbiting or black-berrying up by the chapel near Treveal like I used to. The sun always seemed to be shining then. After it happened I used to go up to the surface often and move amongst the people in the village. I went to see my family, but if I spoke to them they never seemed to hear me, and of course they can't see you. You can see them, but they can't see you. That's the worst of it. So I don't go up much now, just to collect wood for the fire and a bit of food now and then. I stay down here with Father in the mine and we work away day after day, and from time to time someone like you



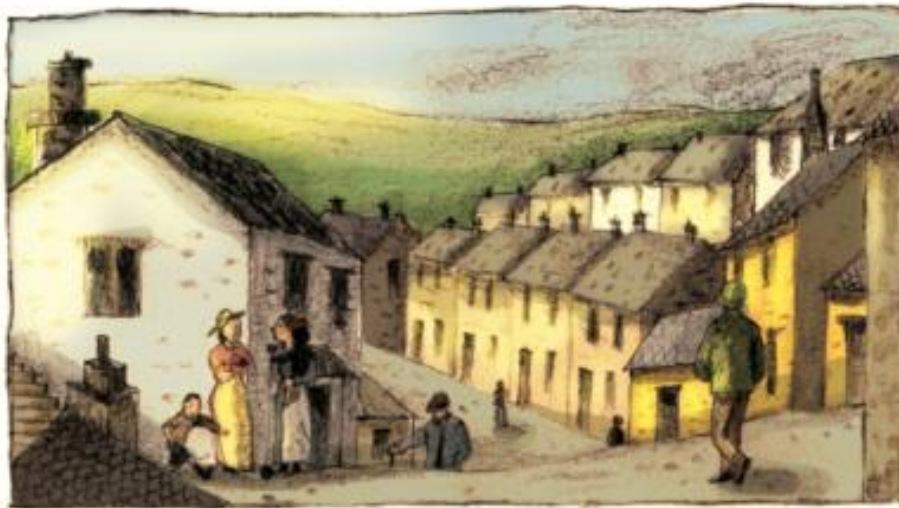
comes up the tunnel from the sea and lightens our darkness. I shall be sad when you go."



The old man was hunched over the fire rubbing his hands and holding them out over the heat.

"Not often we have a fire," he said, his voice more sprightly now. "Only on special occasions. Birthdays, of course, we always have a fire on birthdays back at the cottage. Martha's next. You don't know her; she's my only daughter – she'll be eight on September 10th. She's been poorly, you know – her lungs, that's what the doctor said." He sighed deeply. "'Tis dreadful damp in the cottage. 'Tis well nigh impossible to keep it out." There was a tremor in the old man's voice that betrayed his emotion. He looked up at Cherry and she could see the tears in his eyes. "She looks a bit like you, my dear, raven-haired and as pretty as a picture; but not so tall, not so tall. Come in closer, my dear, you'll be warmer that way."

Cherry sat with them by the fire till it died away to nothing. She longed to go, to get home amongst the living, but the old man talked on of his family and their little one-room cottage with a ladder to the bedroom where they all huddled



together for warmth, of his friends that used to meet in the Tinnerns' Arms every evening. There were tales of wrecking and smuggling, and all the while the young man sat silent until there was a lull in the story.

"Father," he said. "I think our little friend would like to go home now. Shall I take her up as I usually do?"

The old man nodded and waved his hand in dismissal. "Come back and see us sometime, if you've a mind to," he said, and then put his face in his hands.



"Goodbye," said Cherry. "Thank you for the fire and for helping me. I won't forget you."



The journey through the mine was long and difficult. She held fast to the young tinner's waist as they walked silently through the dark tunnels, stopping every now and then to climb a ladder to the lode above until finally they could look up the shaft above them and see the daylight.



"It's dawn," said the young man, looking up.

"I'll be back in time for breakfast," said Cherry, setting her foot on the ladder.

"You'll remember me?" the young tinner asked, and Cherry nodded, unable to speak. She felt a strange affinity with him and his father. "And if you should ever need me, come back again. You may need me and I shall be here. I go nowhere else."

"Thank you," said Cherry. "I won't forget. I doubt anyone is going to believe me when I tell them about you. No one believes in ghosts, not up there."

"I doubt it too. Be happy, little friend," he said. And he was gone, back into the tunnel. Cherry waited until the light from the candle in his hat had vanished and then turned eagerly to the ladder and began to climb up towards the light.



She found herself in a place she knew well, high on the moor by Zennor Quoit. She stood by the ruined mine workings and looked down at the

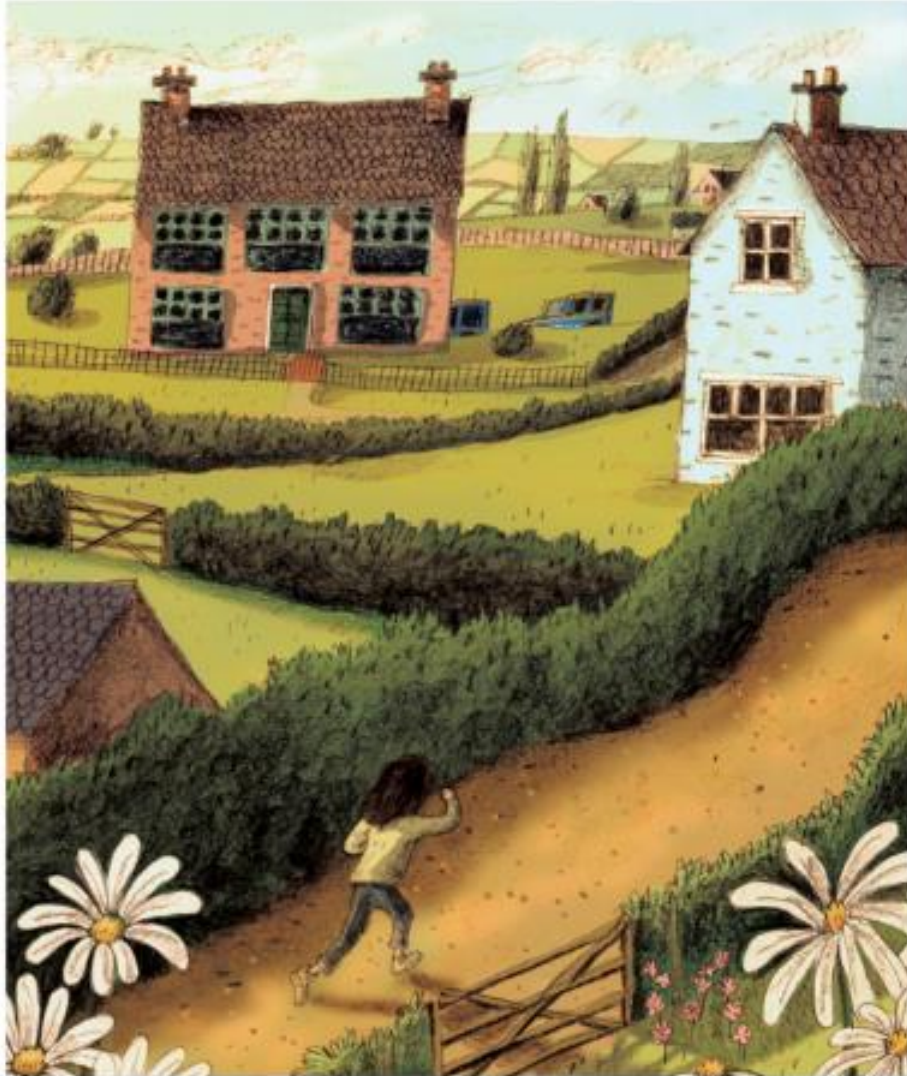
sleeping village shrouded in mist, and the calm blue sea beyond. The storm had passed and there was scarcely a breath of wind even on the moor. It was only ten minutes' walk down through the bracken, across the road by the Eagle's Nest and down the farm track to the cottage where her family would be waiting. She began to run, but her clothes were still heavy and wet and she was soon reduced to a fast walk. All the while she was determining where she would begin her story, wondering how much they would believe. At the top of the lane she stopped to consider how best to make her entrance. Should she ring the bell and be found standing there, or should she just walk in and surprise them there at breakfast? She longed to see the joy on their faces, to feel the warmth of their arms around her and to bask once again in their affection.



She saw as she came round the corner by the cottage that there was a long blue Land Rover parked in the lane bristling with aerials. *Coast-guard*, she read on the side. As she came down the steps she noticed that the back door of the cottage was open and she could hear voices inside. She stole in on tiptoe. The kitchen was full of uniformed men drinking tea, and around the table sat her family, dejection and despair etched on



every face. They hadn't seen her yet. One of the uniformed men had put down his cup and was speaking. His voice was low and hushed.



"You're sure the towel is hers, no doubts about it?"

Cherry's mother shook her head.

"It's her towel," she said quietly, "and they are her shells. She must have put them up there, it must have been the last thing she did."





Cherry saw her shells spread out on the open towel and stifled a shout of joy.

"We have to say," he went on. "We have to say then, most regrettably, that the chances of finding your daughter alive now are very slim. It seems she must have tried to climb the cliff to escape the heavy seas and fallen in. We've scoured the cliff top for miles in both directions and covered the entire beach, and there's no sign of her. She must have been washed out to sea. We must conclude that she is missing, and we have to presume that she is drowned."

Cherry could listen no longer but burst into the room, shouting.

"I'm home, I'm home. Look at me, I'm not drowned at all. I'm here! I'm home!"

The tears were running down her face.

But no one in the room even turned to look in her direction. Her brothers cried openly, one of them clutching the giant's necklace.

"But it's me!" she shouted again. "Me, can't you see? It's me and I've come back. I'm all right. Look at me."



But no one did, and no one heard.

The giant's necklace lay spread out on the table.

"So she'll never finish it after all," said her mother softly. "Poor Cherry. Poor dear Cherry."

And in that one moment Cherry knew and understood that she was right, that she would never finish her necklace, that she belonged no longer with the living but had passed on beyond.



Take a moment to reflect on the ending...

L.O. Justify a hypothesis, using close reading to locate clues.

### **Authorial Techniques**

What do you think about the ending?

When did you realise what had happened to Cherry?

At what point did Cherry realise?

How did Cherry react?

At what point in the story do you think she died?

Why do you think the author left this realisation to the end of the story? Why didn't he tell the reader earlier?

Or did he? ...

Are there any hints earlier in the story?

Justify the hypothesis - the author left hints earlier in the story that Cherry had died.

L.O. To justify a hypothesis, using close reading to locate clues.

Justify the hypothesis –  
The author left hints earlier in the story that Cherry had died.

Hint earlier	What does it suggest to the reader?
1. .... .....	..... .....
2. .... .....	..... .....
3. .... .....	..... .....

Download from  
the website.

5 hints needed  
please.

