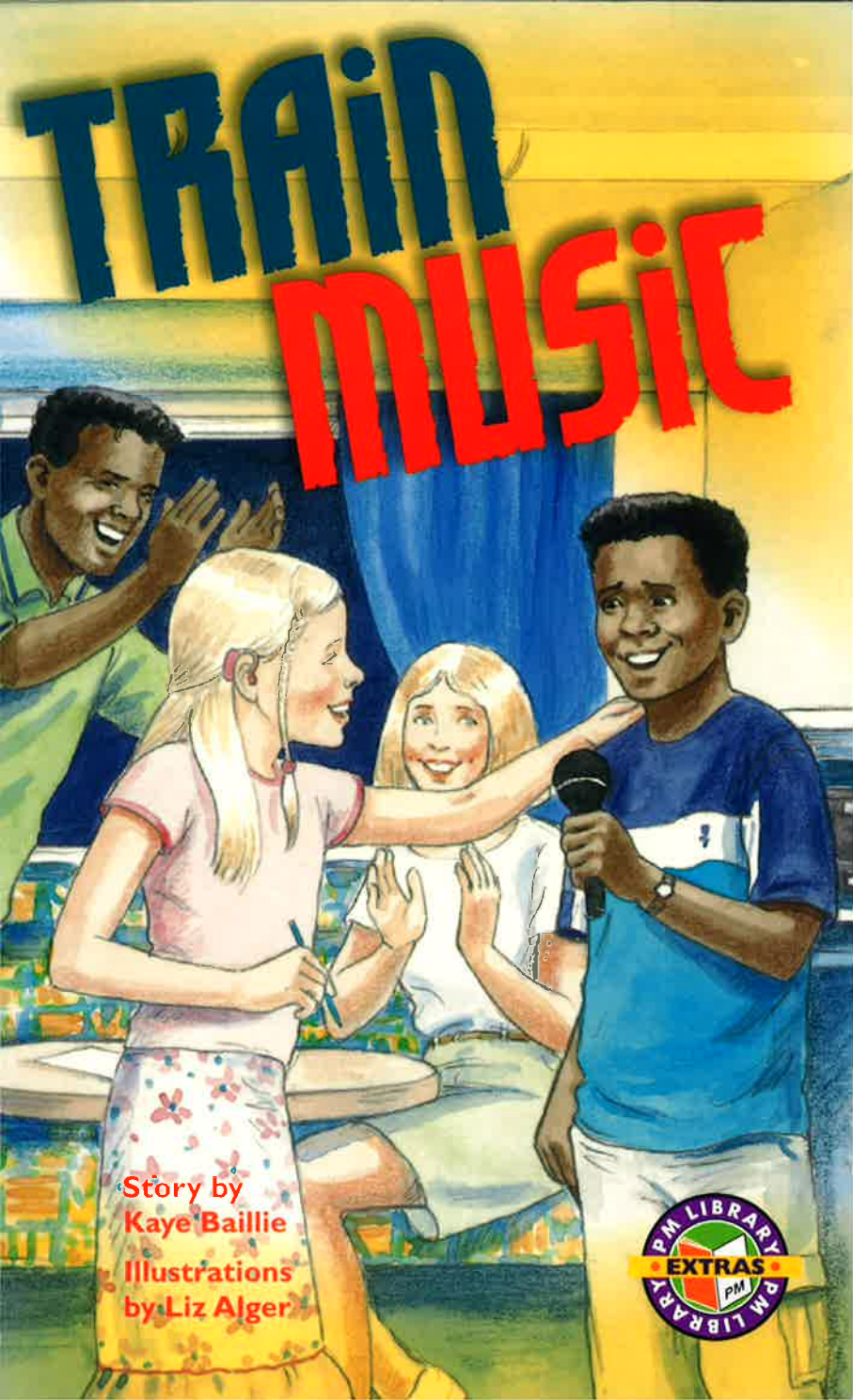
Train Music



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Train Music

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Key vocabulary

train, fear, uncomfortable, disappear, holiday, diversion, people, talking, discomfort, making, conversation, karaoke, competition, fantastic

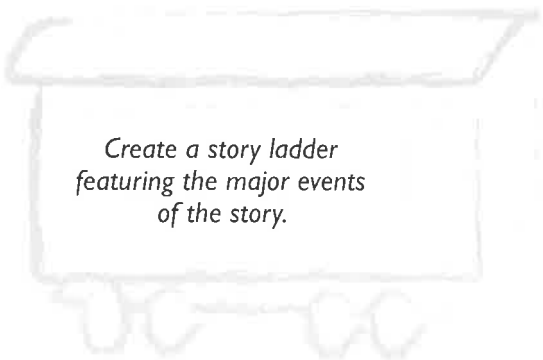
Grammatical conventions

- Similes: She had hair like a pyramid
- Direct speech/speech marks: 'Hello, I'm Bev and this is my husband, Alan,' the woman said.
- Asking questions/using question marks: 'Do you like art? What about sports?'

Spelling

- Homophones: stationary/stationery, heard/herd, through/threw
- Prefix 'un': uncomfortable
- Prefix 'dis': disappear, disappointment, discomfort
- Suffix 'ly': randomly, badly, finally, mostly
- Compound words: everyone, together, everywhere, breakfast
- Syllabification: can/di/date, con/ver/sa/tion, per/for/mance

Creative thinking task – Knowledge



Create a story ladder featuring the major events of the story.

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CHAPTER 1

LAST DAY OF TERM



Martin watched from his cabin window as another town disappeared behind the rattling train. As he reached for a book from his suitcase he cringed at the thought of what had happened yesterday at school.

Mr Henri had randomly called students to the front of the class to give a three-minute talk on their holiday plans as well as what they hoped to achieve next term. Martin had sat frozen in the classroom with his palms sweating and his heart racing.

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Speaking in front of people was his biggest fear. Just the thought of it terrified him. Quickly he had made up reasons why he couldn't do the talk. *I'm feeling sick… I'm about to vomit… I've been bitten by a bull ant and my leg is swollen… anything… just don't let him pick me…*

Mr Henri had looked around the room for the next candidate then called, 'Martin.'

Mr Henri's words had echoed in Martin's mind. He had almost fainted but was saved by the bell.

'We're out of time today so you'll be first up next term, Martin. When we get back, you can tell us what you actually did on your holiday and what your plans are for next term.'

Martin had nodded as he wiped his hands on his trousers. He just knew that this hideous task would weigh him down for the next two weeks and spoil his holiday.

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CHAPTER 2

THE DINING CAR



Martin was glad to be on a train with his Uncle Ernest. They were going to Perth to see Martin's grandfather for the holidays. Uncle Ernest was a social person who seemed happy to be in the lounge car mingling, but Martin was just as happy reading in his cabin with the door shut.

'Yes,' he thought happily, 'two days and nights where nobody can reach me. And no school for two whole weeks!'

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There was a sudden knock on Martin's door. 'Martin, come on. It's dinner time.' It was Uncle Ernest.

Martin opened the door, 'Oh, thanks, I am hungry. Are there many people in the dining car?'

'Of course, it will be full. We're at the first sitting. I'm looking forward to seeing who we'll meet tonight.'

'What do you mean?' asked Martin, frowning.



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'Each table seats four people. We'll sit with someone new at each meal.'

'Oh, you're kidding. Maybe the train wasn't such a good idea.'

'Nonsense. You'll enjoy yourself. Just relax and join in.'



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Martin dragged his feet as he followed his uncle to the dining car.

The waiter showed them to their table, and Martin was relieved to see it was empty. But, to Martin's disappointment, they weren't alone for long. Martin had only just picked up the menu when two people sat down opposite them.

'Hello, I'm Bev and this is my husband, Alan,' the woman said with a wide toothy smile.

They sat down and Alan quickly began talking about everything from home-made jams to political problems. Martin didn't need to worry about making conversation – Alan barely stopped long enough to take a breath.

Martin just nodded and smiled. But he didn't want to seem rude, so he also put in the occasional, 'Oh, really?'