

IMPORTANT Parent or Carer – Read this page with your child and check that you are happy with what they have to do and any weblinks or use of internet.

1. Watch the film again

- Watch *The Piano* for a second time. What do you notice when you watch it this time?
<https://vimeo.com/200936986>
- Make a list of the *Scene Order*. Use short notes to describe each scene.

2. Remind yourself about sentence punctuation.

- Use the *PowerPoint on Sentence Punctuation* or, if this is not possible, use the *Revision Card* to remind yourself.
- Read *Sentence Punctuation Missing*. Can you add capital letters and end-of-sentence punctuation to this piece of writing?

3. Now for some writing

- Write your own telling of the story of *The Piano*. Use your *Scene Order* list to help you. You could use the *Story Board* to plan with words and pictures before you begin.

Well done. Read your writing to a grown-up.

Try the Fun-Time Extra

- Record your version of the story and share it with somebody else. Explain to them about the original film.
- Watch the performance of *The Seven Ages of Man* again. Now pick part of the poem to learn by heart or recite to impress a grown-up! <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61z2fPAOr8g>

Scene Order

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Sentences

Sentences make sense by themselves.
They need at least one main clause.
Each clause has an **active verb**.



They went to battle.
The man led the way.
His friend is alongside him.
His worst fears became reality.
Was it his fault?

Can you spot the **active verb** in each sentence?



Sentences and their Punctuation

We **punctuate** sentences to make our writing clearer.
A **capital letter** goes at the beginning and the end is indicated by...
a **full stop**, **question mark** or **exclamation mark**.

not a complete sentence
- no verb.

He was playing **.**

sweetheart, now

not a complete sentence
- who is doing the verb?

What could he do **?**

That was a surprise **!**

smiled quietly

Punctuation does not
make a complete
sentence; it makes
the beginning and
ending clear.



Sentence Punctuation Missing



with tear filled eyes, the old man began to glide his gnarled fingers across the piano, which held many memories every time he touched a single ivory key, the memory grew stronger

as the melody continued to grow, a ghostly hand came into view his wife had presented herself with a heart-warming duet the bond was like no other.

however, after one kiss, she disappeared as the spirit of his wife faded, and the melody too, the smell of smoke filled his lungs all of a sudden, his comrade made a move almost instantly, he was hit continuing to cradle him in his arms, he knew he wasn't going to wake again although guilty, he still felt honoured to be a part of the war

the delight of his birthday now was shining in his youthful eyes he was overwhelmed with excitement crouching low, he opened the baby blue box and began to trot around on the wooden hobbyhorse

as the dull colours of grey faded to blue, his grandson joined the beautifully played tune the young boy contributed to the melody and played the final note they smiled at each other happily, with peace and tranquillity surrounding them

By Layla

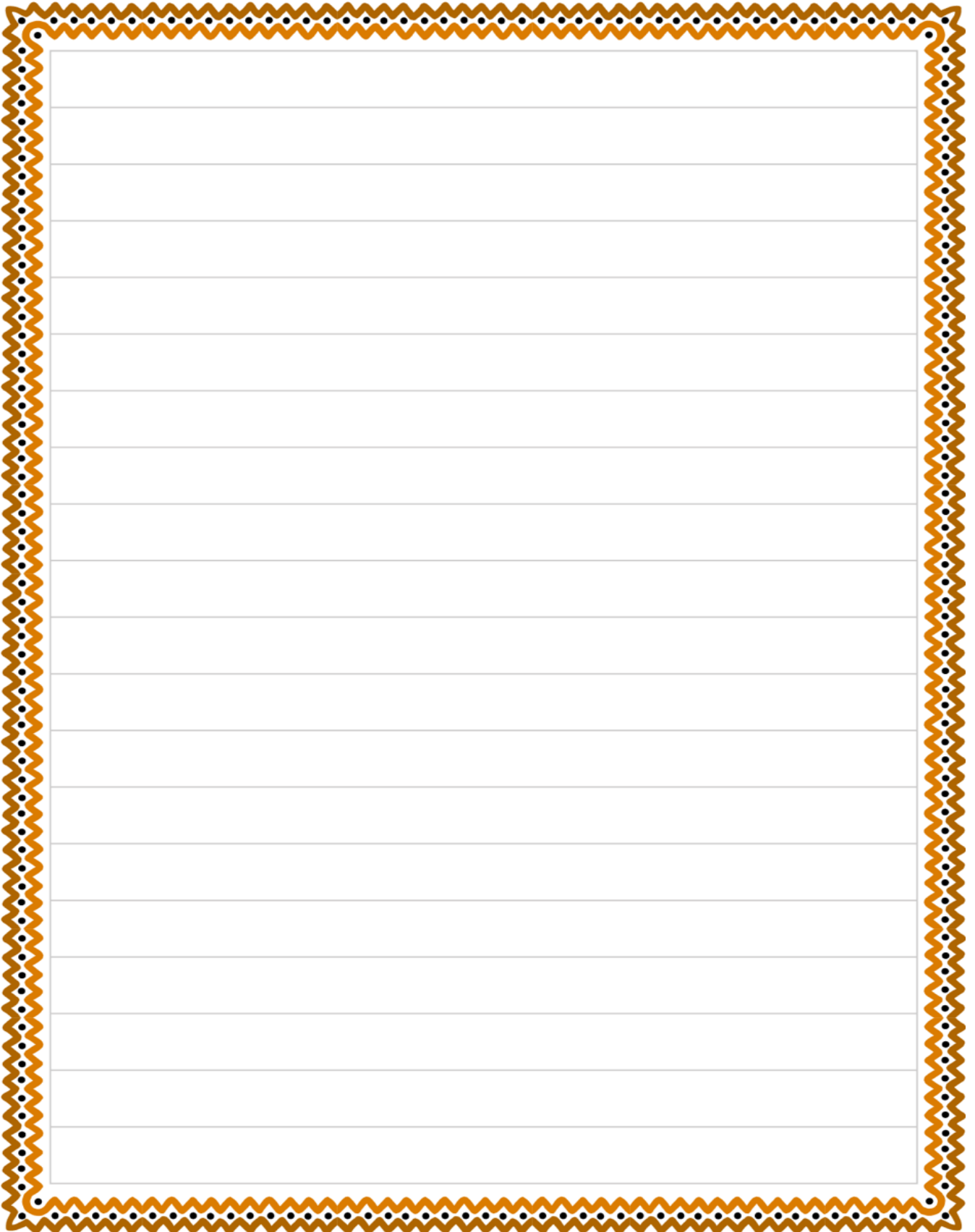
From <https://www.cjsdorset.org/the-piano/>

Story Board

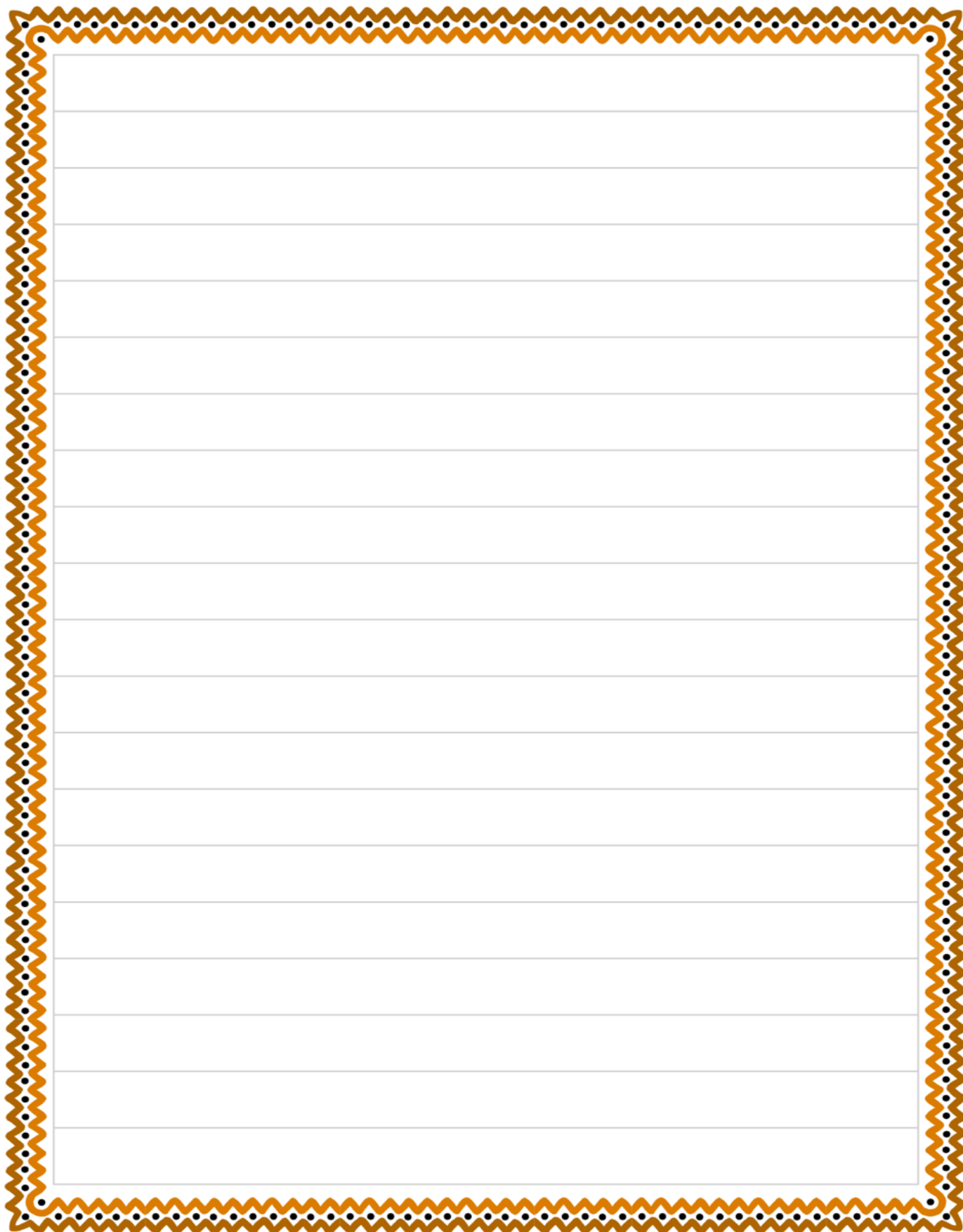
1.	2.	3.
4.	5.	6.

The Piano

Write your version of the story here.



A large rectangular writing area with a decorative orange and black zigzag border. The interior is ruled with horizontal lines, providing space for writing a story.



The Seven Ages of Man by William Shakespeare.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61z2fPAOr8g>

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then, the whining schoolboy with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow.
Then a soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.