
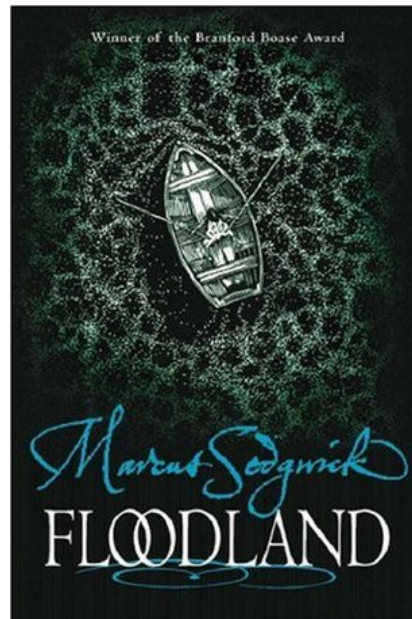


L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

After your SpAG starter, listen to chapter 2.

->  <https://youtu.be/B-QsA94mSw8>

-> If you want to read along (the pages at the end have chapter 1-2 on them.



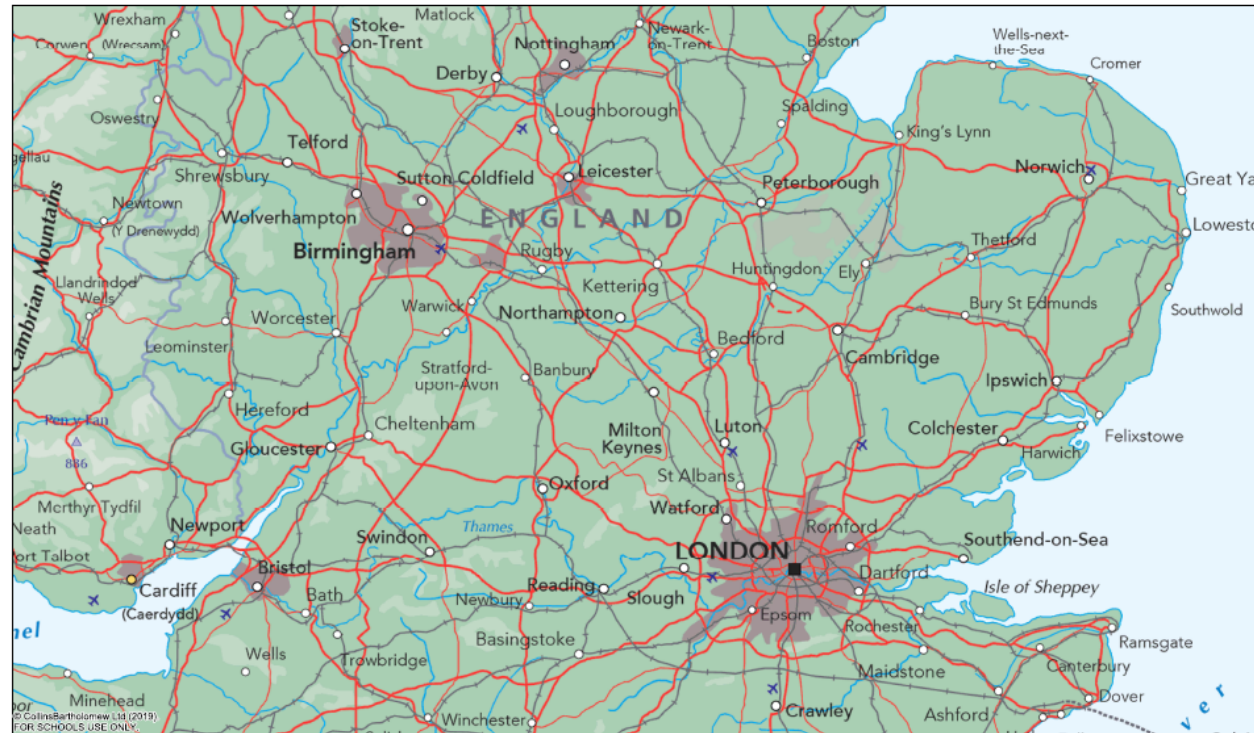
~~L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.~~

What do we know about where the story is set?

What information can we find out about its Geography from the

A

following three maps?



Digimap for Schools  
Collins Bartholomew  
Made with Natural Earth

Scale 1:1470000  
0 20 40 60 80 100 120 140 160 180 200 km  
Projection: WGS84 Web Mercator, Scale at 52.1°N

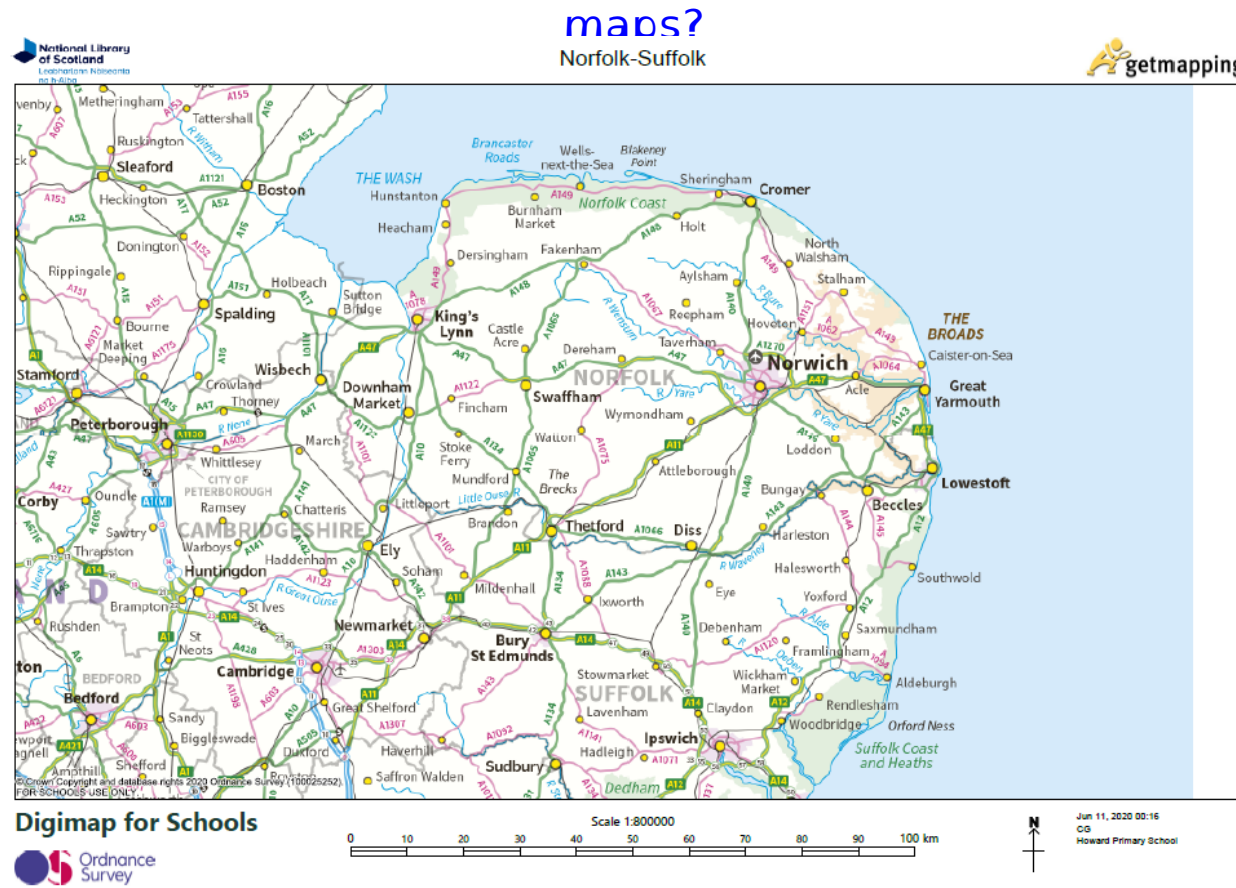
Jun 11, 2020 00:11  
CG  
Howard Primary School

~~L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.~~

What do we know about where the story is set?

What information can we find out about its Geography from the three

B



~~L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.~~

What do we know about where the story is set?

What information can we find out about its Geography from the three maps?

C



~~L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.~~

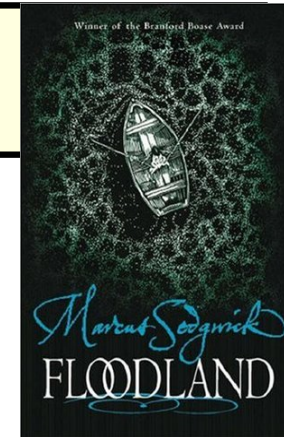
Please record here, what you noticed about the Geography of the Norwich area.

Where else can you get facts from? Add 5 more facts.

Norwich

L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

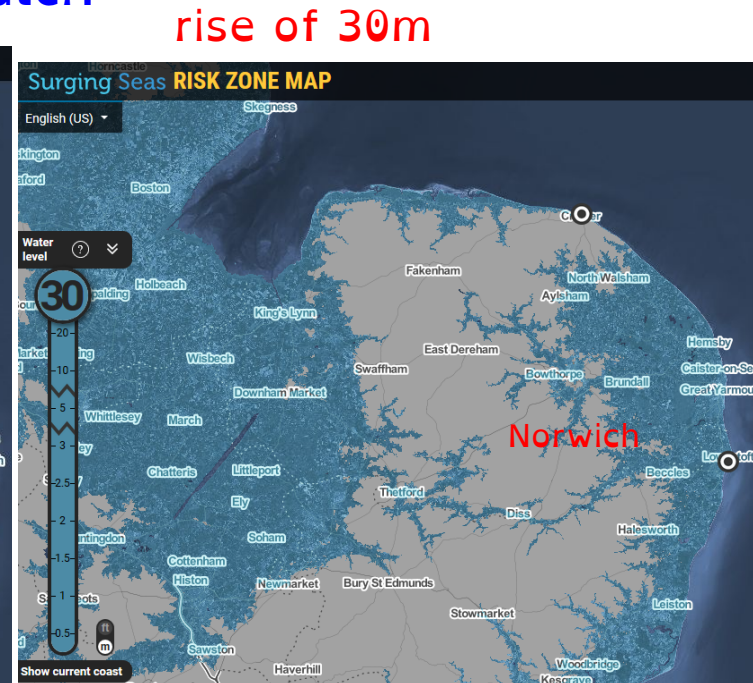
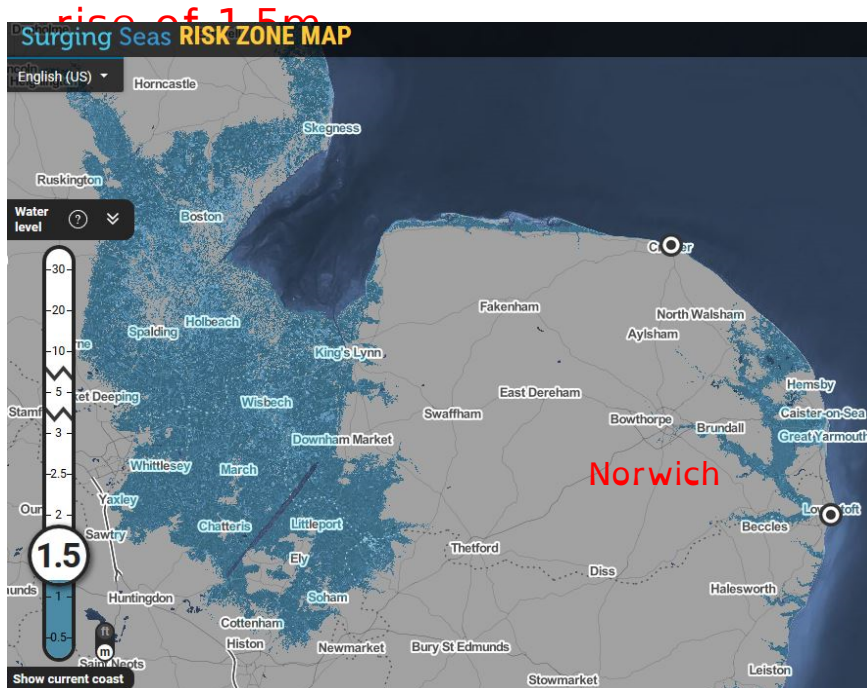
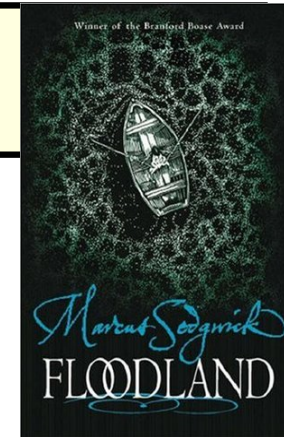
Norwich is situated in the county of Norfolk.  
What could have caused the area to be flooded?



Reasons for  
the flooding

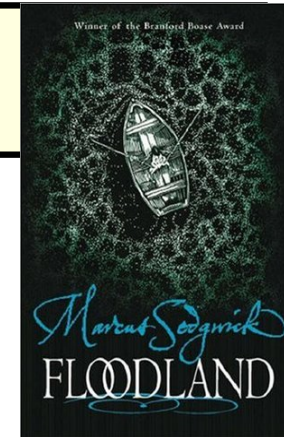
L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

An increase of global temperatures causes ice to melt and eventually leads to freshwater release into the oceans. Norwich would be under great threat from the water.



L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

How would you feel and what would you do if the area that you live in was flooded forever?

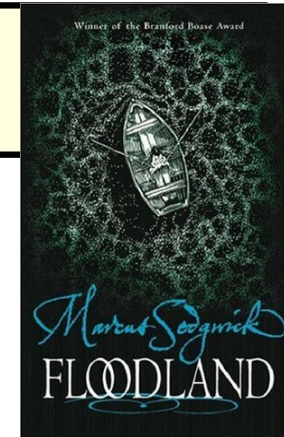


Loosing my  
home to flooding



L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

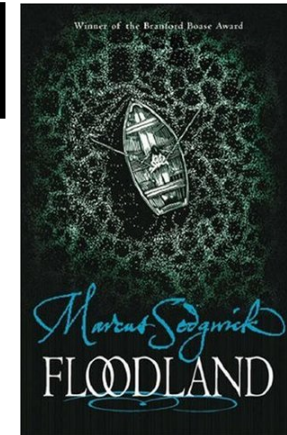
Task I: Read chapter 1 and 2 and find words, phrases, sentences that describe the setting.



L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

The text is set in the not so far future where people have to fight for survival and terrible things happen.

- 1) What effect does it have on the reader?
- 2) Which other books have you read or do you know at set in the future?
- 3) What effect does this have (did have on you when you were little)?
- 4) How do you think Zoe feels? Why?



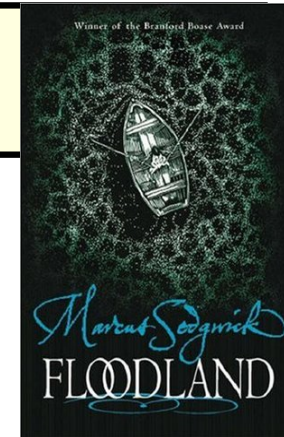
**Have you ever heard of or read ...?**

The Lorax or City of Ember,  
The Last Wild trilogy (by Piers Torday),  
Mortal Engines series (Philip Reeve),  
The Boy in the Tower by (Polly Ho-Yen) ...

What could be the purpose of such stories?

L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

Task 2: Predict what's going to happen next. Explain what makes you think/predict that.



L.O. I can use clues from the text to describe a setting.

Self assessment - Write down:

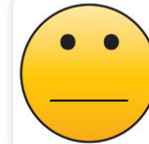
What did you find easy?

What did you find difficult?

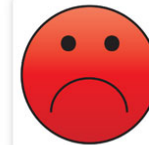
What puzzled you today or raised questions?



I can do this!



I'm getting there.



I need help!





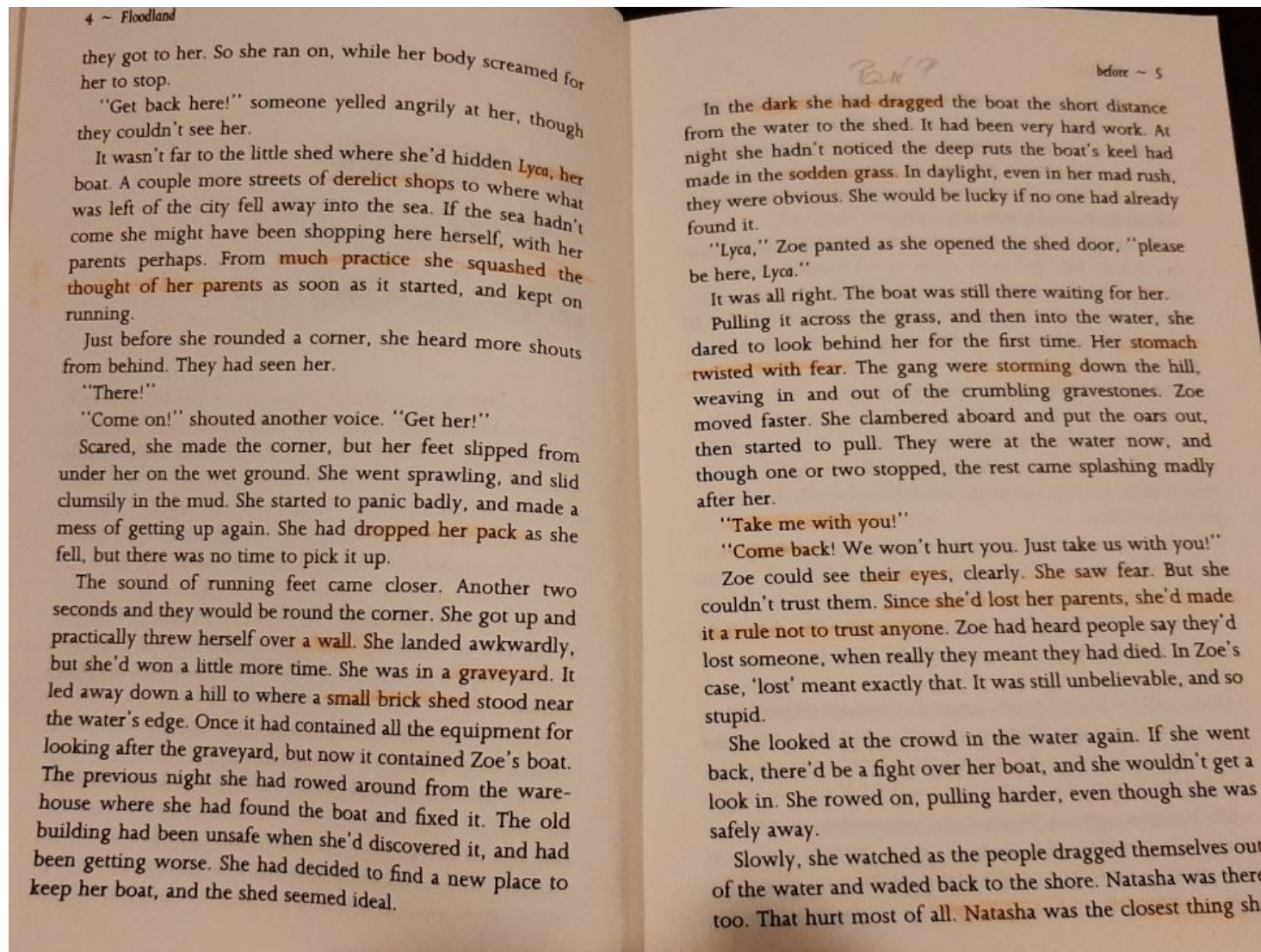
one

Island

Zoe ran. Harder than she had ever run in her life. Her feet pounded through the deserted streets of derelict buildings. Somewhere, not far behind, she could hear the gang coming after her. It felt as if her heart would burst, but she didn't slow down. She'd been planning to leave the island for a long time, but had been putting it off. It was a big decision to set out to sea in a tiny rowing boat. Now she had no choice.

Before, no one had bothered her. Zoe was a loner. Most of the people left on Norwich hung around together in groups, but she preferred to be on her own. It was safer that way, because you never knew whom you could trust.

Somehow, someone had found out about the boat she'd been hiding. A boat was an escape route, a way to get away from Norwich, which got smaller every year, as the sea kept on rising. It didn't matter that there could only be room for two people at most in her boat. Others had joined in the chase, and now a mob of about fifteen people was hot on her heels. There was only one way out; to get to her boat before



6 ~ Floodland

had to a friend. Zoe used to see her when the supply ships came, before they stopped coming. After that she saw her sometimes at the allotments, when she went to put some work in to earn food. They would only have a little chat, but it was enough to keep Zoe from cracking up. But now the allotments had sunk into chaos, too.

Zoe suddenly remembered their conversation the last time they'd met. She had been about to tell Natasha about her boat, and her plans to escape, but had decided not to. Maybe Natasha had guessed? From something Zoe had let slip? It didn't matter now. The crowd stood quietly, watching her as she rowed away.

Zoe didn't feel scared of them any more.

"Sorry," she said to herself, quietly. She began to cry, but she didn't stop rowing. Her uncut hair fell across her eyes, but she didn't stop to push it away. Still she rowed on, her thin hunched frame working the oars until finally she had to pause for breath.

Feeling around in her pocket she fished out her compass. It was the last thing she owned that had belonged to her parents. For that reason she'd kept it in a pocket. If she hadn't she'd have lost it when she dropped her pack. It was a little dented from her leap over the cemetery wall, but it was still working.

She pointed herself south-west, and rowed. She couldn't remember the name of the place the supply ship used to come from, but she knew the big bit of Britain was somewhere in that direction.

She was rowing away from all she had ever known. It was a strange thing. Before the previous night, she had only ever pretended to row. Her dad had taught her, in the same methodical way he did everything.

before ~ 7

"You'll need to know how to do this one day," he told her.

He'd taught her how to use the compass, as well as a lot of stuff about survival. Just in case the time came when she was on her own.

And so every now and then, when they weren't busy just trying to get by, they'd sit in an old bathtub and pretend to row.

Even though it had seemed like a game to Zoe at the time, he'd made sure she was doing it right anyway. And she knew just how to do it, the only thing that surprised her was how hard it was to pull the oars through the water.

"Why don't you look where you're going?" she'd asked her dad.

"When you're rowing, you mean?" he said.

"Yes. Why do you sit looking backwards?"

"It's just the way it's done," he said. "You couldn't row half as well facing forwards."

It had always seemed strange to her, but now it was even worse. There before her was Norwich getting smaller and smaller with each stroke. She was heading into the unknown, without even looking where she was going.

She rowed and rowed, until her small supply of food had gone. She had put the compass on the floor of the boat in front of her, and every few seconds she checked her direction against it. There was no sign of land now, and a creeping fear began to seep into her. She looked at the compass almost every stroke; it was her only chance now. Like magic, its tiny hand kept pointing in the same direction. It knew where she was going, even if she didn't. She lost all sense of time. The sun was somewhere way overhead, and beat on the back of

8 ~ *Floodland*

her neck, making her feel *dizzy*. She pushed her hair out of her eyes, but the sea wind blew it back across her face. She felt *faint*. She was in trouble. She had just enough awareness to pull in her oars. Then she slumped over them.

In her *stupor* she replayed the *nightmare* where she had lost her parents.



