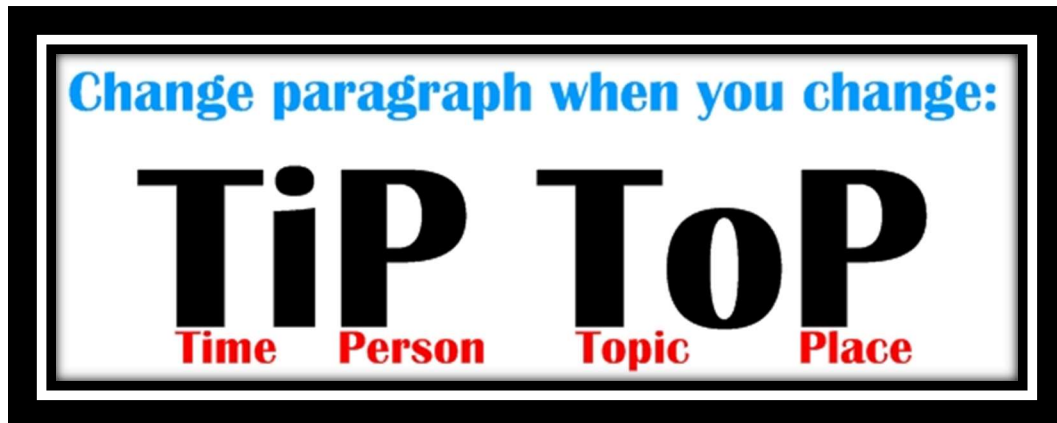


Thursday Writing.

L.O. To know when to start a new paragraph.

Lots of schools teach rules about the length of paragraphs. They may say that a paragraph should be 100 to 200 words long, or be no more than five or six sentences. But a good paragraph should **not** be measured in characters, words, or sentences. The true measure of your paragraphs should be ideas.

We start a new **paragraph** to signal that the person, place, time or topic of the sentences has changed. In fiction text, **paragraphs** are usually used to mark breaks in time. A new **paragraph** may also be started if the point of view switches from one character to another.



In the WAGOLL below, read through and see where you think a new paragraph should begin. If you are typing, edit the document like I did and state in another **colour** why the paragraph has changed. If you are writing, don't copy the whole text – just the sentence where the paragraph changes and state why.

A big clue, in the original version there were six paragraphs.

Shared Write 2020

The Fountain's Curse

Rays of sunshine embraced Franklin as he left the comfort of his mother's Ford car. He punched the air in triumph as he entered the grand, picturesque shopping centre. It was his birthday and he had money that he could spend on anything he wanted! He glanced around enthusiastically and his eye caught an iridescent fountain in the centre of the shops. Cascading water trickled down into the pool below. Colourful, vibrant banners decorated the walls surrounding it. Delectable chocolate treats stood temptingly behind the stained glass panels of a sweet shop (waiting to be eaten). Franklin entered; his mouth watered with expectation.

Paragraph changes to show change of topic.

Without warning, the mall plummeted into eternal darkness. A blaring alarm was like a knife scraping on a plate. Franklin was paralysed with fear; it seized him in its jaws. In the

distant gloom, he could hear a spine-chilling noise. The noise was gradually getting louder and louder. "Wh-who's there?" he stuttered under his breath whilst peering into the inky, black darkness. Dread swept through him like a tidal wave but nothing was there... Smash! Terror surged through Franklin again and he grabbed a broomstick from behind him. "Who's there?!" he demanded defiantly as he brandished his impromptu weapon. A cold shiver ran down his spine. His fight or flight instinct kicked in as crimson, red eyes glared at him through the gloom. "AAAAR" he yelled as he dashed towards the menacing shadow. Luckily for Franklin, it was just a Roomba! Well a broken Roomba now. "Phew, I'll have to send a cheque to the shopkeeper later." he exhaled in relief. Franklin turned around and saw that the shop door was now wide open – beckoning him to come through. He was baffled and wide-eyed. As he staggered over the threshold into the abyss, he could make out a faint glow of light within the fountain itself. Hesitantly, the innocent boy approached it. Black, inky gloop oozed rapidly from the pool as the fountain water began to bubble like a cauldron. An eerie shadow swept beneath the surface. A blood-curdling scream echoed from deep within Franklin's soul as he realised what the deathly shadow was. His instinct of survival took over his body and he bolted away from the fountain. He slipped on the deathly liquid and crashed to the marble floor. Fear engulfed him. The monstrous creature, that rose from the fountain pool, snarled at him. It viciously leapt towards him – ready to obliterate his soul. Franklin scampered to his feet and fled towards the ray of sunlight in the distance. He was praying for an exit. He lumbered through the exit door and the warmth of the sun embraced him. Warily, Franklin staggered towards the gathering crowd of shoppers in the car park. He breathed a sigh of relief. The gruelling nightmare was over. Franklin took another step further into reality and, before he could even scream for help, his foot was grabbed by a slimy tentacle and it slammed him to the ground with such force crimson blood oozed from his broken nose. It began to drag him back inside. He tore helplessly at the ground, his nails scratching desperately at its surface. The beast was relentless and Franklin's strength faded. Safety was so close...

While you are here... Take time to look at the amazing language in this shared write. The children came up with some brilliant vocabulary. Copy down your top 5 sentences from the piece.