

This recount can be used as a fictional text in the English curriculum, specifically as a resource to explore the nature of a recount. 'A Strange Year' is a fun and engaging way of getting pupils used to the features of a narrative text. A suggested area of the curriculum to fulfil is highlighted below, along with some more specific references to the Literacy Strategy:

Curriculum Links

EN2 Language structure and variation

6) To read texts with greater accuracy and understanding, pupils should be taught to identify and comment on features of English at word, sentence and text level, using appropriate terminology [for example, how adjectives and adverbs contribute to overall effect, the use of varying sentence length and structure, connections between chapters or sections]

Literacy - Year 5, Term 1

Text Level 21 – Identify features of a recount:

- introduction to orientate reader
- chronological sequence
- supporting illustrations
- degree of formality
- use of connectives e.g. first, next, later

Text Level 24 – Write recounts based on a topic, subject or personal experiences for:

- a) a close friend and
- b) an un-known reader

Sentence Level 3 - to discuss, proof-read and edit their own writing for clarity and correctness:

e.g. by creating more complex sentences, using a range of connectives, simplifying clumsy constructions
Other literacy links: (Y5 Term 3) TL3 changing view, (Y6 Term 1) TL6 complex sentences SL5 narrative perspective, (Y6 Term 3) TL15 explanation texts

Ten ideas of how to use this recount:

1. Record some-one reading out the recount to familiarise pupils.
2. Pupils can draw what they believe Rosa to look like.
3. Children can join in/mime, some parts of the story.
4. Carry out sorting (next page) to identify order and paragraph topic.
5. Pupils can make a storyboard/timeline of events using connectives.
6. Role-play conversation with Rosa's daughter, using similar informal language and chronological order.
7. Interview Rosa's 'neighbours'.
8. Highlight some word level work on verbs, openers, tenses, adding adjectives and adverbs to the story.
9. Pupils can re-write the story, substituting parts of it, the characters and changing details but keeping the same structure.
10. Children can tell a similar story from the point of view of some other Send a Cow animals or a person helped by them e.g. chicken/cockerel, bee, goat or a Ugandan child.

There are Powerpoint slides that go with the recount in this folder.

Please let us know at Send a Cow if you use this recount in a fun and interesting way, by emailing: education@sendacow.org.uk

Last year, some very funny things happened to me. I wasn't expecting any of them at the time, but when I look back on it now, I smile to myself. My name is Rosa, by the way, and I am half Ugandan. Uganda is a beautiful country in Africa. In fact, it's where I am now, telling this story.

Anyway, about a year ago I became pregnant, I was so proud! The people that I was staying with wanted me to be properly cared for. So they kindly found me a place that was more comfortable for a mother. I was very grateful and they even paid for me to go on the journey to the new house. We drove carefully past lakes, plains and jungle on the way.

When I got there I was warmly greeted by what looked like the whole village! Everyone gave me a hug and sang songs to me. I have never seen so many happy people before! It was very noisy but extremely nice. Next, I was shown to my spacious house with an open plan layout. The bedroom linked right into the bathroom and the lounge, I absolutely loved it. Excitedly, I looked around and saw that it would give me lots of space to move in and feel at home. I happily thought to myself that this was the nicest house I had ever lived in. I even shed a tear.

After I had moved in, the people next door came to visit and were so good to me. They were very poor but so friendly, giving me tasty food all the time and cleaning my house. This was a real treat, just what a pregnant lady needs! Before long, I was ready to give birth. What a hard job that was. It was worth it though, I had the most beautiful daughter and I would have done anything for her. I would also have done anything for my neighbours. 'So, what can I do?' I thought. 'Well, I could let them have some milk as I always have plenty.' At that time, my daughter was drinking milk, but even so, I was able to give my neighbours about eight litres a day.

Over the next few weeks the neighbours still kindly looked after me, more hugs and pampering. Meanwhile, they drank the milk and sold any spare at the market. I didn't mind though as I really don't get on at markets (everyone poking and giving you funny looks). My calf grew stronger and stronger, first drinking milk and then eating from the new crop of vegetables and greens. The neighbours were looking much healthier too, after drinking milk and eating vegetables and some of the children wore new, different clothes. Energetically, they ran and skipped around, having fun but not forgetting to do their homework, lovely children.

After a while I noticed that the vegetables and grass outside my house were all growing at great speed. Usually around here they go brown in the heat. These tomatoes, cabbages and spinach were superb. I got to eat some of the tasty vegetables every now and then. People would come and visit, have a look at my house and be amazed at the plants too. I think my neighbours became famous around then.

Later that year my daughter was really growing up, ready to meet new people. The house got a bit small for the two of us and so I was thinking of a nice way of asking her to leave. Luckily, the neighbours must have been thinking the same because they arranged for my daughter to get her own lovely house around the corner in the village. In a way they owed me that favour, because with the milk they had sold, they paid for school fees, bought soap, sugar, shoes and medicine. They had really gone up in the world.

I will always remember the day that my calf left the house to live in the cow shed across the way. It was very sad, but I knew she would enjoy her new house and be looked after by her human neighbours too. She will also be able to produce some milk for them soon. It seems like the whole village loves us both now, and to think, I had never even been here a year ago. What a difference a year makes!

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