

Folder of work

Grade 1



Dulaya Weerakoon

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**Is the moon tired?**

**By Christina Rossetti**

Is the moon tired? She looks so pale

Within her Misty Veil;

She scales the sky from east to west

And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night

The moon shows papery white;

Before the dawning of the day,

She fades away.

**The Visitor**

**By Jack Prelutsky**

It came today to visit

And moved into the house

It was smaller than an elephant

But larger than a mouse

First ti slapped my sister

Then it kicked my dad

Then it pushed my mother

Oh! that really made me mad

It went and tickled Rover

And terrified the cat

It sliced apart my necktie

And rudely crushed my hat

It smeared my head with honey

And filled the tub with rocks

And when I yelled with anger

It stole my shoes and socks

That’s just the way it happened

It happened all today

Before it bowed politely

And softly went away.

**The hidden heart of me**

**By Julia Rawlinson**

I listening to them talking

When we all go out to play

And my mind is full of

Clever things I want to say.

I wait for the right moment

And I open up my mouth;

I line the words up ready…

But no clever things come out

I listen to them joking

As we’re walking home from school

And the words inside my head

All sound so funny and so cool.

I shouldn’t over-think it;

I should really jump right in-

But instead I walk in silence

And the jokes are trapped within

I listen to them listing

All the actors in our play

And I haven’t got a part.

Someone asks if I’m okay.

I find my head is nodding,

Though my heart is crying, “no!”

It’s saying I could act, too,

If I’d only have a go.

But I’m not the kind of person

Who just lets their feelings out.

I keep swallowing my words down,

While the noisy people shout.

They think I’m dull and grey

But if they’d really looked they’d see

There’s a rainbow-burst of color

In the hidden heart of me.

**From Pictures**

**By Linda Aksomitis**

Chapter 9

The sasquatch howled again, louder than the pack of coyotes Sam had heard at land of the Loon, raising their voices on moonlit nights.

His hands shook so much, his finger wouldn’t stay on top of the camera’s power switch. The bear thet’d seen yesterday had been only half as big as this Sasquatch-only half as dangerous.

What on earth are they going to do?

In all the stories Sam had read, nobody has ever described being as this close as this to a Sasquatch. In their videos, it seemed the people only had to point the camera at the creature and it ran away into the forest.

This sasquatch didn’t look as if it intended to run away. If he tried to take it’s picture it would probably grab the camera, crumple it up like a piece of tissue and run away. the sasquatches he’d read about on the websites had all sounded friendly. With 400 sightings every year, surely somebody else had seen an unfriendly one. He wished they’d said what it did to survive.

**From Petronas**

**By Tina Shaw**

“you have to fight magic with magic.” They sat on for a little while in silence. Then Baba looked at the boy. “what did you say?”

“um, you have to fight magic with magic” the girl’s black and blue eyes gleamed. “yes-but what kind of magic do *we* have?” Tulsi shrugged. “I don’t know”. “the way we live in the dessert,” said Baba. “is there any magic in that?” “um…” Tulsi scratched his head, looking very like his father. “what about the way we find the seeps?” said Baba. Tulsi looked up. “yes, with the water stick. that *is* a kind of magic I suppose, but…” “of course it is,’ said Baba, getting up. “come on.” “but where are we going?” “to the tower-that’s where all of this is coming from”. Baba scrabbled through her things and pulled out the water stick. She ran her hands over the worn wood. The stick could find water. But what else could it do? What other power does the stick have? It was time to find out. She pushed back the thoughts of her grandmother and the sand cat. Would it be safe? Baba started running, with Tulsi close behind. They crossed canals and hurried through empty courtyards. They both knew where to go. The Baba turned a corner and suddenly stopped. Tulsi crashed into her. “what is it?” he whispered. “I must have taken a wrong turn,” said Baba, puffing.” I don’t know where I am,”.

Tulsi was looking around anxiously. “this way, I think,”.

Again they ran, and again the got lost.

**Drama**

**Goldilocks**

Goldilocks is walking through the forest when she notices a little house.

What a dear little house! I have often wanted to see inside it. I wonder if the door is open? I wonder who lives here. I wish I could find my mittens. I left them in the garden last night. Oh! Porridge! Doesn’t it smell good! I’m very hungry. I suppose I mustn’t taste well just drip, about so big. I will take it out of this bowl-ugh! – That’s too hot. What about this? No, that’s too cold. It’s lovely-I must have a wee bit more, just another half spoonful. OH, it is so good. There! I’ve eaten it all up. Now I think I will have a little rest before I start home.This fine big handsome chair will do.Oh! It is too hard.Perhaps this one will be more comfortable.No,it’s much too soft.Look at that weeny-teeny little one.I’m sure that will be just right- and so it is! It’s a darling little chair.Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! I’ve broken it.What a pity! Well, I must rest somewhere. Suppose I try the bedroom. This big bed looks inviting. OH dear! This is mush too high. I feel as if I was sleeping on a mountain. How very provoking! This is much too low. Whoever heard of sleeping on the floor?That would never do. I had better see what the little one is like with the crazy coverlet. Oh, Um! How cozy! It’s like my very own bed at home. I mustn’t really go to sleep, but I might just close my eyes for a while and just pretend, yes oh!. I can’t keep awake,oh,good night, good night.

**Personal reflection**

From all the six pieces I have chosen and included into my folder of work, I straight forwardly choose Petronas by Tina Shaw.

This particular extract is the scene where the entire story turns epic- which is my style of stories. When I started reading chapter 13 for the first time, which is the chapter before the last, I couldn’t stop reading it. So, it encouraged me to turn the most epic scene into my folder of work.

This extract shows how Baba and Tulsi work together and face the mysterious Petronas and it’s secret of the city never stops growing and magic that gives you goosebumps.

The author, Tina Shaw, has been one of my most favorite authors along with Enid Blyton. Cloud rider, another of Tina Shaw’s books, has also been one of my favorites. I strongly recommend this magnificent story among all.