

Lesson Plan

Teacher's name: LAURA SALCIUC

Date: 15th May 2023

School: “Petru Rareș National College” Suceava

Form: IX B bilingual Romanian – English social science

Level: upper-intermediate -B2

Form size: 15 students

Time: 50 minutes

Unit: Careers

Lesson topic: Story writing

Main skills: speaking, listening, reading, writing

General Aims:

- Ss will develop their critical/analytical thinking skills;
- Ss will develop their reading and writing skills;
- Ss will broaden their cross curricular knowledge;
- Ss will prepare how to extend their learning skills outside the class;

Specific Aims: at the end of this lesson Ss will:

- Be able to use the reading skills acquired in other contexts (eg FCE exam);
- Be able to think creatively and use their imagination;
- Be able to use past tenses;
- Develop speaking and listening skills;

Objectives:

By the end of the lesson, the students will have been able to:

O1- use written language to write a story;

O2-use past tenses

O3- encourage creative writing by using visual and listening input;

O4- freely express their opinions on the required issues in an accurate and fluent way;

O5- acquire new vocabulary and information relevant to the topic

O6 -understand the homework assignment;

O7 - use techniques for oral presentation

Teaching aids:

- hand-outs;
- PC, internet, video projector;
- White board
- power point presentations

the course **Make technology your friend**, Tenerife 2023

stories extracted from <https://learnenglish.britishcouncil.org/general-english/stories>;

Stages of the lesson	Time	Activities	Objectives	Strategies		Evaluation
				Methods/techniques	Resources	
Lead –in	3'	Teacher starts the lesson by asking students if they like reading stories and what their favourite story is and why. They express their opinion in pairs	Familiarise the students with the topic encourage speaking, working in pairs;	speaking listening		Check prior knowledge
Pre-writing	15'	T discusses the information about story writing in the textbook Upstream upper-intermediate	O5	listening speaking reading		Check prior knowledge

				Note-taking		
Reading	20'	Ss are split into 5 groups (A, B, C), each group is made up of 3. Each group receives a hand-out with a different story that they are supposed to read in silence and write down notes. Then the T asks Ss to regroup so that each group is formed of one A, B, C and tell each other their story as if it were their own. While the students are reading, the teacher helps around with any unfamiliar words	<i>Develop reading skills and speaking skills</i>	reading speaking	https://learnenglish.britishcouncil.org/general-english/stories https://www.storyjumper.com/sjeditor/edit/160931151/salciuclaura	

Presentation of the 5 stories	15'	Each group decides upon a spokesperson from the group who will present their story. The others listen and at the end debate which story is the most interesting.	O1 O2	speaking		
Homework assignment	2'	Ss will be asked to write their own story, using the app story jumper	O3 O6	writing	https://www.storyjumper.com/class/books/5328801/people	

Materials: hand-outs stories extracted from <https://learnenglish.britishcouncil.org/general-english/stories>; PC, internet, video projector, white board

The skier by Chris Rose

Afel was only a very small boy when he first saw snow. But it wasn't real snow that he saw. No, there was no real snow where he lived. He saw the snow in a picture book. The book had lots of pictures of children playing in big white fields. He asked his mother, 'What are those white fields?', and his mother laughed and said, 'That's snow!' She tried to explain to him what snow was, but Afel didn't really understand. Sometimes there was rain where he lived, but not very much, so it was very difficult for him to understand what this cold, ice rain that his mother described was. It didn't matter. Even when he was only a very small boy, Afel was already in love with snow.

He dreamed about snow all the time, trying to imagine how it really was. He thought of big white fields. He thought of the big, heavy clothes the children playing in the snow wore. He thought about feeling cold. He dreamed of being able to fly across the white fields of snow.

Then, when Afel was twelve years old, the next thing happened. One day he was watching the TV at his uncle's house. His uncle had a big, new TV, with all the satellite channels. Afel was watching one of the satellite channels and a programme came on, and the programme was full of snow. Lots and lots of it. And not only snow – there were people flying across the snow. They looked like strange animals, like fantastic birds. They had hats which covered all their heads and big goggles over their eyes. They wore brightly coloured clothes. And on their feet, they had things that looked like strange shoes.

'What are those?' he asked his uncle excitedly.

'Skis,' replied his uncle. 'And those people are called skiers.' Afel was in love. Here was the snow, and here were people who were flying across the snow. It was just like one of his dreams. It was perfect. At that moment, he decided. He wanted to be a skier.

He asked his uncle what the programme was.

'The Winter Olympics,' said his uncle. 'It's like the normal Olympics, but for sports where you need snow – skiing, ice skating, bobsleigh, those sorts of things. They have it every four years.'

Afel found out that the next Winter Olympics was in Vancouver in Canada, in 2010.

'Perfect,' he thought. 'Enough time for me to become a brilliant skier. Then I'll go to the Winter Olympics, and win the gold medal for skiing.'

'But there's no snow here!' people told him. 'Where are you going to ski?'

Afel didn't care. He made himself a pair of skis from two pieces of wood. He tied them to his feet and practised skiing holding two sticks in his hands. At first he couldn't move, but he practised and practised and practised until he could move quite quickly across the sand or the earth where he lived. He tried to fly down the hills like the people on TV, but he couldn't. He could only move slowly.

'Never mind,' he thought. 'It's a start ...'

'How will you go to the Olympics?' people asked him. 'Our country doesn't even have a team that goes to the Winter Olympics. Why don't you take up athletics instead? You don't need lots of expensive equipment to practise. Our country is very good at athletics. We have lots of runners. And every time we win lots of medals at the Olympics. But no skiing, no.'

Afel didn't care. He found that Jamaica had sent a bobsleigh team to the Olympics a few years ago.

'If Jamaica has a bobsleigh team,' he thought, 'then our country can have a skier.'

So every night, out in the middle of the desert, Afel now practises skiing down sand dunes. He dreams that the yellow sand and brown earth of the desert is the white, white snow of the mountains he saw on the television. He dreams that the yellow sand and brown earth are as gold as the medal he will bring home with him, when he is the world champion.

Coming back up by Chris Rose

So we're driving along, a road in the middle of nowhere, a few trees now and then on each side of the road, mountains in the distance, there hasn't been a town for ages and then you see this sign, not really a proper sign at all, just a piece of card with some words scribbled on it: 'Bungee Jumping, 5km', and an arrow pointing to the left. I can't even see a road going left, and there's certainly no sign of any bungee jumping, but you insist, the idea has taken you, you're crazy about it, you've always wanted to do bungee jumping. I know, you think I'm boring because I don't want to go.

'Go on!' you insist. 'We don't even have to do the bungee jumping, we can just go there and see what's happening. It'll be interesting!' As usual, you get your way. I give in and off we go along this dirt road, for what seems much more than five kilometres to me. But then, after driving for ages, suddenly, out of nowhere, some trees appear, like a small wood.

'This must be the place,' you say. The road narrows into just a path, so we pull over to the side of the road. I couldn't drive down there if I wanted to. As soon as we're out of the car we can hear voices: people shouting and laughing. They sound like young people, they sound like they're having a good time.

We slowly walk to where the noise and people are. In the middle of the wood there's a group of about 20 people. The youngest are about 15 or 16, while some of them are perhaps in their late 20s.

They look up and see us, then say hello to us. They're polite, friendly even, but I feel like we're interrupting a private party – gatecrashing something they're doing.

Once there had been a river running through the middle of the forest, but now there was just a dry ditch. It doesn't matter; nobody is interested in swimming. A metal bridge crosses the ditch. The bridge doesn't look too stable. I think the kids had built it themselves. There's a big group of the kids in the middle of the bridge. They're all leaning over and looking down into the ditch. They're all shouting and laughing. Another person is hanging from a long piece of elastic rope in the middle of the ditch. He is laughing like he is mad. The other people slowly pull him up to the bridge. As the guy comes to the top he looks exhilarated and shocked, but also very, very happy.

I look at you and can see what you're thinking.

'I want to do that!' you say. I knew it. And you know what I want to say: 'Danger!!! Damage to internal organs! Safety procedures! Damage to your eyes! The rope can burn you! You can get tangled up in the rope! You can dislocate your arm or your leg! It's certain that you will get bruises on your arms! What happens if the rope breaks? Who knows who these people are? Have you any idea how far away from a hospital we are?' I don't say it, but, yes, you're right, I am thinking it. I don't say anything, because I know that you won't have answers for any of my questions. You know that I'm right, really.

You've always been a lot more adventurous than me. I know you think I'm boring and safe and always worried about danger and risk.

Perhaps you're right. Perhaps I am too boring.

I don't know why people do it. I really don't know. I remember when I was a kid, my friend had a bicycle that had no brakes. We used to take his bike without brakes and go down a big hill on it. I think about that, that old bike so many years ago, and I remember how I felt then.

I breathe in, close my eyes, don't think about anything. I jump. I think I'm going forever and wonder when I'll stop. But it feels great. I feel scared and thrilled and alive. Then there's a pull and I'm going back up again, and, yes, it is dangerous, but, yes, it is thrilling. But the most exciting, thrilling, wonderful thing of all is seeing your face as I come back up to the bridge.

The interesting most boring man by Chris Rose

People often said that Thierry Boyle was the most boring man in the world. Thierry didn't know why people thought he was so boring. Thierry thought he was quite interesting. After all, he collected stamps. What could be more interesting than stamps? It was true that he didn't have any other hobbies or interests, but that didn't matter for Thierry. He had his job, after all. He had a very interesting job. At least, Thierry thought it was interesting. Everybody else said that his job was boring. But he was an accountant! Why do people think that accountants are boring? thought Thierry. Thierry thought his job was fascinating. Every day, he went to his office, switched on his computer and spent seven and a half hours looking at spreadsheets and moving numbers around on them. What could be more interesting than that?

But Thierry was unhappy. He was unhappy because people thought he was boring. He didn't want to be boring. He wanted people to think that he was a very interesting person. He tried to talk to people about his stamp collection. But every time he talked about his stamp collection he saw that people were bored. Because people were bored when he talked about his stamp collection, he talked about his job instead. He thought people would be very interested when he talked about his job, but, no, people thought his job was even more boring than his stamp collection. Sometimes, people even went to sleep when he talked to them.

Thierry thought about how to make himself more interesting. He decided that he needed to be famous for something. He thought about his stamp collection and decided that perhaps his stamp collection could make him famous. Perhaps he had the biggest stamp collection in the world or perhaps he had a very valuable stamp. Yes, this was it, he decided.

He wrote a letter to a local newspaper and asked them if they wanted to come and write an article about a local man with the biggest stamp collection in the world. The local newspaper wrote a letter back to Thierry telling him that actually the Queen of England had the biggest stamp collection in the world. Thierry was very sad to learn this, but wrote back to the newspaper, telling them that he thought he had the most valuable stamp in the world. The newspaper wrote back to him, telling him that the most valuable stamp in the world cost 2,240,000 dollars, and asking him if he was sure that he had it. Thierry wasn't sure that he had it. In fact, he was sure that he didn't have it. Perhaps his whole collection was very valuable though ...

'Is it worth 10 million dollars?' asked the man from the newspaper on the telephone when Thierry called him.

'Erm, no, I don't think so ...'

'Forget it then,' said the man from the newspaper.

Thierry thought about other things to make himself famous. Perhaps he could be the best accountant in the world! Yes, this was it, he decided. He told a friend that he was the best accountant in the world.

'How do you know?' asked his friend.

'Well,' said Thierry, 'I have a good job, I like it ... it's very interesting ... spreadsheets ... numbers ... taxes ... finance ...' He saw his friend going to sleep. 'Hmmm,' he thought. 'Perhaps I'm not the best or the most interesting accountant in the world.'

'Listen, Thierry,' said his friend when he woke up again. 'Perhaps you don't have the biggest or the most valuable stamp collection in the world. Perhaps you aren't the best or the most interesting accountant in the world. But there is one thing – Thierry, you are probably the most boring man in the world.'

Yes! Of course! This was it. Thierry could be famous because he was the most boring man in the world. Now he saw that his friends were right. He phoned the newspaper again.

'Hello!' he said. 'Would you like to do an interview with the most boring man in the world?'

'The most boring man in the world?' said the man from the newspaper. 'Now that's interesting!'

Next week there was a big article in the newspaper. 'The Most Boring Man in the World!' There was a picture of Thierry in his office. There was a picture of Thierry with his stamp collection. There was an interview with Thierry and interviews with his friends. His friends said they went to sleep when Thierry talked about his job or his stamp collection.

The next day the BBC and CNN called Thierry. They wanted stories about the most boring man in the world. 'The most boring man in the world!' they said. 'That's so interesting!'

And so, finally, Thierry Boyle became the official Most Boring Man in the World. You won't find his name in the *Guinness World Records* book, because they said that it was impossible to decide exactly how boring somebody is, but it was no problem for Thierry. Now he was famous. Now he was so boring that he was interesting.

Every August. Every August for twelve years. Every August for twelve years we went to the same small town on holiday. Every August for twelve years we went to the same beach. Every August for twelve years my parents rented the same small house in the same small town near the same beach, so every morning of every August for twelve years I woke up and walked down to the same beach and sat under the same umbrella or on the same towel in front of the same sea.

There was a small café on the beach where we sat every day, and every day Mr Morelli in the café said 'Good morning!' to my parents, and then always patted me on the head like a dog. Every day we walked down to our red and white umbrella. Every day my father sat on his deckchair and read the newspaper then went to sleep. Every day my mother went for a swim in the sea and then went to sleep. Every lunchtime we ate the same cheese sandwiches which my mother made, and then every afternoon we went up to the café and ate an ice cream while my parents talked to Mr Morelli about the weather. Every summer for twelve years I sat there and read books and sometimes played volleyball with some of the other boys and girls who were there, but I never made any friends.

It was so boring.

Every August for twelve years the same family sat next to us. They were called the Hamiltons. We had a red and white umbrella, they had a green one. Every morning my parents said 'Good morning!' to Mr and Mrs Hamilton, and Mr and Mrs Hamilton said 'Good morning!' to my parents. Sometimes they talked about the weather.