

Name: Date:

Finders keepers!

Write a spooky story in five paragraphs using this plan. The arrows tell you what happens. It's up to you to think of the details and to put the story into words.

<p>As she was digging...</p>	<p>Nancy finds an old coin. She decides to keep it.</p>
<p>Next morning, at the café...</p>	<p>Nancy's friend Ella notices Nancy has become strangely mean.</p>
<p>Later, at the library...</p>	<p>Nancy finds out the coin belonged to a mean old miser, who died long ago.</p>
<p>She phoned Ella straight away...</p>	<p>Nancy's meanness causes an argument with Ella. The friends fall out.</p>
<p>It was dark by the time she got there...</p>	<p>Nancy puts the coin back where she found it. She feels better.</p>

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TEACHER'S EXAMPLE

Finders keepers! – Paragraph plan

As she was digging, Nancy Smith saw something gleam. An old coin! Fancy finding that in Mum's garden. She brushed the mud off the coin. It must be a very old one, she decided, it was so rusty and battered. Green mould clung to it. Better tell Mum, she thought. But then she thought again. She looked around carefully. Nobody had seen her. Quietly, she slipped the thing into her pocket. Who could say? Maybe it would turn out to be valuable.

Nancy finds an old coin. She decides to keep it.

Next morning, at the café, she showed Ella the coin. Her friend reached out to take it, but Nancy closed her fist tightly. "No!" she spat. "It's mine! Hands off!" "You feeling OK, Nance?" asked Ella. "Only you made me pay for the cakes *and* the coffee? *And* it was your turn. That's not like you." "You saying I'm mean?" snarled Nancy, tipping sugar lumps into her bag.

Her friend Ella notices Nancy has become strangely mean.

Later, at the library, she found the newspaper story she'd been looking for. MISER'S HOARD FOUND, said the headline. Nancy's eyes glittered. A mean old miser had lived in her street years ago, the paper said. He'd died of hunger, too stingy to spend a single penny. Years later, a pile of old coins had turned up, hidden in his garden. Her coin must be part of that hoard! Her lips curled in a greedy sneer. Maybe there were more. Finders keepers!

Nancy finds out the coin belonged to a mean old miser, who died long ago.

She phoned Ella straight away. "I'm heading out there now, with a spade!" Ella sounded shocked. "You're not going digging at this time?" "Oh I see!" said Nancy. "You want me to wait till you've had time to get there first. Very smart. And I thought you were my friend!" "I am," said Ella. "It's you that's changed. That coin's changed you." And she hung up. Nancy stared at the twisted little coin. It couldn't be true. Could it?

Nancy's meanness causes an argument with Ella. The friends fall out.

It was dark by the time she got there. The garden was strange in the bleak, cold shadows. In her pocket, she could feel the coin, hard and sharp-edged. As she reached for the spade, the coin seemed to wriggle and dance, as if it were alive. Alive with greedy joy. Nancy started to dig. Then, with sudden anger, she pulled out the coin and threw it onto the ground. As she shovelled mud over it, the moon came out. A sigh of relief shook her. She went indoors to phone Ella. Under the moon, the empty garden lay bleak and cold.

Nancy puts the coin back where she found it. She feels better.