

# Recognising Plurals

Underline all of the plural nouns in this extract.

## Chapter One

### Of Crowns and Caverns

Guster the dragon lay in the mouth of his cave. He itched. His back itched and his belly itched. His fingers and his toes itched. Even his eyes and ears and nose itched. It was unbearable.

Guster felt like this every autumn. While the leaves on the trees flushed into their autumn finery, Guster's green summer scales slowly changed to copper. This was a mountain dragon trick which kept them safe from human eyes. Humans couldn't spot green scales against the grass, red scales against autumn leaves or white scales against snow. Guster thought that humans must be very stupid.

Guster rolled on the rocky ground. He scratched his back and scraped his shoulders. His head wriggled and his legs flailed. It did no good. If only there were some way to soothe his scaly skin...

*Extract from the Twinkl Originals KS2 story 'The Wurmstooth Crown'*



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Guster twisted to his feet. "Ma?" he yelled into the darkness. "I'm going swimming."

Metal clanged and crashed as Guster's mother, Redbreath, clambered over her treasure hoard.

"Guster, my crystal, my gem, my jewel," she intoned. Redbreath's rich, melodic voice could charm wild animals to walk into her jaws. "The lake is far too cold to swim in. I don't want an icicle for a son." Redbreath picked at her teeth with a silver dagger. She wore an emerald-studded tiara over her right ear and at least one ring on each talon.

Redbreath's hoard had once been the envy of dragons for miles around. Now, Guster and Redbreath were the only dragons left.

"I don't care about being an icicle," said Guster. He sprang out of the cave and onto the mountainside. "My scales itch."

"Guster, you're a dragon, not a fish," Redbreath protested. "Have some dignity."

But Guster was already clambering, with leathery wings awkwardly outstretched, onto the rocky outcrop that he used as a launching pad.

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It was a crisp morning and an impish breeze tangled the treetops. Birds swooped, hares ran and lizards scuttled. Guster and Redbreath's cave was at the top of the very tall, very pointy Wurmstooth Mountain. In the valley far below, the lake rocked this way and that. The sunlight stretched along its surface like a diving board.

Guster gripped the familiar stone. He could imagine the cool lake water washing his itches away. He crouched and wriggled. Just as he was about to leap, he spotted something that looked wrong – very wrong.

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