



Home Learning N5 Skills Builder Booklet

Contents

P.2) The Book Thief
P.5) Gathering Information
P.8) American Soldier
P.11) Metro Article
P.12) Conventions Of An Article
P.13) Features Of A Newspaper
P.15) Have We Gone Mad?
P.16) Sonnet 18
P.17) Sonnet 130
P.18) Explicit vs Implicit
P.20) Gothic Tales
P.22) What Is The Question?
P.24) The Invisible Man
P.25) 1st Date
P.26) The Bit You Read First
P.28) Writing Frame
P.30) Transactional Writing H.S.
P.31) Extension Activities

The Book Thief – Martin Zusack

DEATH AND CHOCOLATE

First the colors. Then the humans. That's usually how I see things. Or at least, how I try.

***HERE IS A SMALL FACT ***

You are going to die.

I am in all truthfulness attempting to be cheerful about this whole topic, though most people find themselves hindered in believing me, no matter my protestations. Please, trust me. I most definitely can be cheerful. I can be amiable. Agreeable. Affable. And that's only the A's. Just don't ask me to be nice. Nice has nothing to do with me.

***Reaction to the *** AFOREMENTIONED fact Does this worry you? I urge you-don't be afraid. I'm nothing if not fair.

-Of course, an introduction.

A beginning.

Where are my manners?

I could introduce myself properly, but it's not really necessary. You will know me well enough and soon enough, depending on a diverse range of variables. It suffices to say that at some point in time, I will be standing over you, as genially as possible. Your soul will be in my arms. A color will be perched on my shoulder. I will carry you gently away.

At that moment, you will be lying there (I rarely find people standing up). You will be caked in your own body. There might be a discovery; a scream will dribble down the air. The only sound I'll hear after that will be my own breathing, and the sound of the smell, of my footsteps.

The question is, what color will everything be at that moment when I come for you? What will the sky be saying?

Personally, I like a chocolate-colored sky. Dark, dark chocolate. People say it suits me. I do, however, try to enjoy every color I see-the whole spectrum. A billion or so flavors, none of them quite the same, and a sky to slowly suck on. It takes the edge off the stress. It helps me relax.

***A SMALL THEORY ***

People observe the colors of a day only at its beginnings and ends, but to me it's quite clear that a day merges through a multitude of shades and intonations, with each passing moment.

A single hour can consist of thousands of different colors.Z`

Waxy yellows, cloud-spat blues. Murky darknesses. In my line of work, I make it a point to notice them.

As I've been alluding to, my one saving grace is distraction. It keeps me sane. It helps me cope, considering the length of time I've been performing this job. The trouble is, who could ever replace me? Who could step in while I take a break in your stock-standard resort-style vacation destination, whether it be tropical or of the ski trip variety? The answer, of course, is nobody, which has prompted me to make a conscious, deliberate decision-to

make distraction my vacation. Needless to say, I vacation in increments. In colors. Still, it's possible that you might be asking, why does he even need a vacation? What does he need distraction from?

Which brings me to my next point.

It's the leftover humans.

The survivors.

They're the ones I can't stand to look at, although on many occasions I still fail. I deliberately seek out the colors to keep my mind off them, but now and then, I witness the ones who are left behind, crumbling among the jigsaw puzzle of realization, despair, and surprise. They have punctured hearts. They have beaten lungs. Which in turn brings me to the subject I am telling you about tonight, or today, or whatever the hour and color. It's the story of one of those perpetual survivors-an expert at being left behind.

It's just a small story really, about, among other things:

- * A girl
- * Some words
- * An accordionist
- * Some fanatical Germans
- * A Jewish fist fighter
- * And quite a lot of thievery

I saw the book thief three times.

BESIDE THE RAILWAY LINE

First up is something white. Of the blinding kind. Some of you are most likely thinking that white is not really a color and all of that tired sort of nonsense. Well, I'm here to tell you that it is. White is without question a color, and personally, I don't think you want to argue with me.

***A REASSURING ANNOUNCEMENT ***

Please, be calm, despite that previous threat. I am all bluster- I am not violent. I am not malicious. I am a result. Yes, it was white.

It felt as though the whole globe was dressed in snow. Like it had pulled it on, the way you pull on a sweater. Next to the train line, footprints were sunken to their shins. Trees wore blankets of ice.

As you might expect, someone had died.

They couldn't just leave him on the ground. For now, it wasn't such a problem, but very soon, the track ahead would be cleared and the train would need to move on.

There were two guards.

There was one mother and her daughter.

One corpse.

The mother, the girl, and the corpse remained stubborn and silent.

"Well, what else do you want me to do?"

The guards were tall and short. The tall one always spoke first, though he was not in charge. He looked at the smaller, rounder one. The one with the juicy red face.

"Well," was the response, "we can't just leave them like this, can we?"

The tall one was losing patience. "Why not?"

And the smaller one damn near exploded. He looked up at the tall one's chin and cried, "Spinnst du! Are you stupid?!" The abhorrence on his cheeks was growing thicker by the moment. His skin widened. "Come on," he said, traipsing over the snow. "We'll carry all three of them back on if we have to. We'll notify the next stop." As for me, I had already made the most elementary of mistakes. I can't explain to you the severity of my self-disappointment. Originally, I'd done everything right: I studied the blinding, white-snow sky who stood at the window of the moving train. I practically inhaled it, but still, I wavered. I buckled-I became interested. In the girl. Curiosity got the better of me, and I resigned myself to stay as long as my schedule allowed, and I watched. Twenty-three minutes later, when the train was stopped, I climbed out with them.

1. Is the extract written in a first or third person narrative?

- *How do you know this?*

2. The opening to *The Book Thief* has an element of Fantasy to it.

- Can you find any examples in the text to support this viewpoint?

3. "It felt as though the whole globe was dressed in snow. Like it had pulled it on, the way you pull on a sweater."

- *What literary device is this an example of?*

- *Why has the author used it?*

4. Who do you think the narrator might be?

- *Support your answer with relevant evidence from the text.*

5. Tension is described as a feeling of *nervousness* before an important or difficult event:

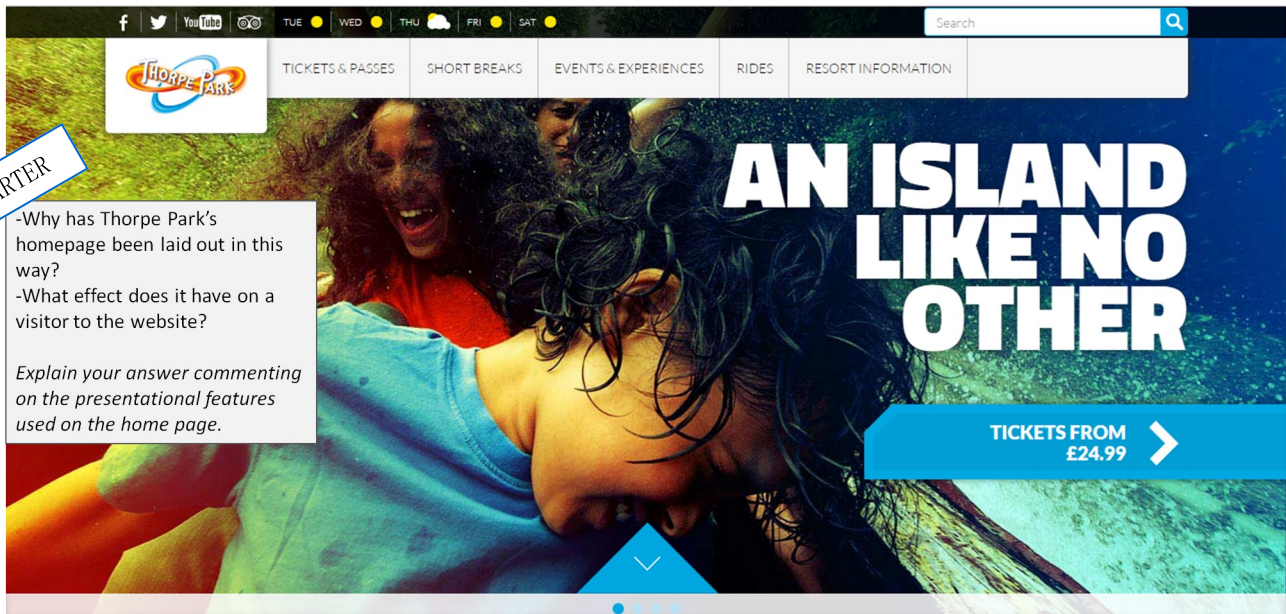
- *How is tension created in this opening to The Book Thief?*

Extension

1. Look up and write down the meanings to any unknown vocabulary that you have come across in this extract.
2. Write a blurb for the back cover of the book based purely on what you know of the story so far.
3. Write the next chapter...

GATHERING INFORMATION

L.O. To analyse different ways of presenting and finding information.



1. You have persuaded a parent to take you to Thorpe Park, but you have to organise it all.

Write down where you can find the answer to the following questions and why...

You are going tomorrow, what will the weather be like?

What is the best way to get there?

How much will it cost?

I'm not sure if the Saw ride is open, is it?

2. There are lots of different ways of organising information.

Diagrams and images can give the reader a lot of information.

Look at this poster:

What information does the reader gain about smoking from looking at the image? ***Explain your answer fully.***



3. Scan the Recycling Leaflet to answer these questions.
Remember, when scanning, identify a key word in the question and then look for that word in the text.

What should you do if you want a smaller bin?

When are the help line opening hours?

If you wish to reserve a small bin when is the deadline?

Remember to answer questions in full sentences!

We can make this information available in other formats and languages on request. See helpline number below.

www.wigan.gov.uk/brownbins

Helpline: 01942 404364

Helpline Opening Hours:
8am - 6pm - Monday to Friday
8am - 12.30pm - Saturday

Your New Brown Bin Recycling Service

WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

If you are happy to receive a normal sized (240 litre) bin, you do not need to do anything. A normal sized bin will be delivered to you in the next few months. **If you feel you need a smaller bin (120 litre) due to lack of space or mobility issues you need to:**

Contact the helpline or go online to request a smaller bin before **9 April 2010** quoting ref **BWK2**.

REMEMBER!

You need to register before **9 April 2010** to reserve your small bin.

recycle for Wigan Borough

This leaflet is printed on 100% recycled paper, and can be recycled via your paper sack. Thank you for supporting recycling in Wigan Borough.

4. This is an index from a car servicing manual.

What do you notice about the way information is organised? Why do you think this is?

How could you use this text to help you find more information on Rear Axles?

D	Deck Lid Lock, Power	8, 86
	Dr-Flapper, Rear Window	54
	Differential, Controlled	54
	Dimensions, Exterior	25-45, 93
	Dimensions, Interior	21-45
	Directional Signals	92, 94
	Distributor, Ignition	84, 99
	Door Locks	84, 87
	Drive Line	63, 70, 71
E	Engine Cooling	67, 92, 98
	Engine Features	60, 94, 99
	Engine Lubrication	97, 105
	Engine Specifications	92, 94, 99
	Equipment, Optional	25-45, 46-59
	Exhaust System	25-45
	Exhaust Valves	60, 96
F	Fan, Radiator	66, 98
	Fenders, Front	7, 8
	Fenders, Rear	16, 83, 97
	Four-Barrel Carburetor	69, 92, 97
	Front End Design	76, 101
	Front Suspension	78, 101
	Full-Flow Oil Filter	68, 69, 97
G	General Engine Specifications	92, 94, 99
	General Specifications	92, 93
	Generator Regulator	67, 98
	Glass, Soft Ray	64
	Grille Compartment	20A
	Guide-Matic	52
H	Head Warning Flasher	18, 51
	Headlamps, Front	6, 55
	Heater, Defroster	13, 58
	Hood Insulation	59
	Horn	70, 71, 92, 102
	Ignition System	80, 94
	Instrument Panel	1, 20A
	Interior Valves	24A, 43A
	Insulation, Body	24A, 43A
L	Level Control, Automatic	21, 53
	License Plate	4, 7, 8
	Lights, Backup	97
	Lights, Cornering	9, 99
	Lights, Headlamp	6, 99
	Lights, Headlamp	6, 99
	Lights, Parking Stop	7
	Lock, Deck Lid, Power	55
	Locks, Hood	85
	Lubricants	97, 105
	Luggage Compartment	97, 186
M	Milestones	106-114
	Mirrors	25-45
N	New Features	4-21
O	Oil Change	105
	Oil Filter, Full-Flow	68, 69, 97
	Optional Equipment	25-45, 46-59
P	Parking Brakes	80, 104
	Parking Lights	69, 94
	Pistons	80, 94
	Power Door Locks	52
	Power Door Locks	52
	Power Seats	50
	Power Steering	74, 60
	Power Windows	55
	Propeller Shaft	70, 71, 102
R	Radiator	67, 97
	Radiator Fan	66, 98
	Radio Antenna	30, 56
	Rear Axle Ratio	70, 71, 92, 102

DESIGN YOUR OWN INFORMATION LEAFLET...



Create an information leaflet on a subject that you find interesting and would want to inform others about...

Things to consider:

How is information made easy to access?

What techniques can you use to engage an audience?

Who is your target audience, how is that going to affect the language that you use?

Use half a page in your book to create your leaflet.

American Soldier – General Tommy Franks

Chapter One

Planting Seeds

WYNNEWOOD, OKLAHOMA JUNE 1950

My understanding of the world and its consequences -- of right and wrong, good and evil -- began when I was five in central Oklahoma. That may be hard to believe, but it's true. It was my father, Ray Franks, who taught me those lessons.

"You pull up just as hard as you push down, Tommy Ray," Dad said. He was trimming two-by-fours for our barn roof with a handsaw on the tailgate of the old Ford pickup. The saw blade snarled down through the board and ripped up with a thinner sound. His right arm, tanned like leather under the short sleeve of a washed-out shirt, bulged as he leaned his stocky weight into the saw.

It was summer, nice in the shade of the cottonwood trees near the barn. I was barefoot, in faded bib overalls that were getting short in the legs, sitting in the dirt, watching my father work, listening closely, as always, to his soft-spoken words. He smiled a lot and liked to josh around. But when we were alone together, my dad often took a moment to explain the things he'd learned in his life.

"Here, Tommy Ray," he said, tossing me a couple of splintery cuttings. "You can play with these blocks."

"But, Dad, they ain't *real* toys."

"*Aren't* real toys," he corrected, flipping another board end to me. "But they are, you see. A few years back, kids had to make do with toys their daddies made for them. They couldn't just drive to the five-and-dime in town and buy ready-made."

I fingered the wood, still hot from the saw blade. "How come?"

He wiped his face with a handkerchief, laid another plank across the tailgate, and lined up the saw. "Well, Tommy Ray, we had a war. Most of the countries in the whole world were fighting. America had to fight the Germans and the Japanese. Millions and millions of guys my age and younger were soldiers and sailors and flyers and had to go fight."

Fight, I thought. That was like when the barnyard chickens went rolling around, pecking and squawking. Or like when the big kids walking to school in the winter threw ice balls. But what would make a million soldiers and sailors fight?

"How come, Dad?"

"Bad people, Tommy Ray. The Japanese attacked us at a place called Pearl Harbor. It went on for years, and a lot of our boys didn't come home."

"Where'd they go?"

Father laid down the saw and smiled that soft grin he had when he needed to explain something sad, like when Ginger the cat got hit by a truck. "Well, those boys got killed. They died for America, Tommy Ray."

My mother said people went to heaven when they died. Those boys went to fight and just kept going till they got to heaven.

"Did you go fight?"

"I was in the Army Air Corps, Tommy Ray. I fixed airplanes for the boys to fly. I didn't have to fight, but I think my job was important."

In my mind's eye, I could see my father fixing airplanes with shiny propellers. He could mend anything -- the electric water heater for the bathroom, the truck, the tractor, all the different plows and reapers. Folks were always bringing their broken things to the farm for Ray Franks to fix. Mother told me that Dad could never say no if people needed help.

"Did you go to Pearl Harbor?"

My father shook his head, smiling. "No, Tommy Ray. I went to a place called the Panama Canal Zone. They've got palm trees down there, and really pretty birds called parrots."

"Mother didn't have to fight, did she?"

"The ladies stayed home and worked really hard, son. Lots of men, too. The whole country went to work. People planted victory gardens for their food. The boys in my Scout troop collected tin cans and newspapers. Things were scarce. That's why children couldn't always have new toys, why their dads or uncles had to make them blocks and doll houses."

My father always explained things so I could see a picture. So many years later, I recall that afternoon clearly. This was my first appreciation of war. What I learned was clear: Bad people started wars, and Americans had to go fight. I already understood about cats getting run over. About steers going to the slaughterhouse. Now I saw that whenever wars were started, some boys didn't come home.

"Will I have to go fight?"

My father stacked the trimmed boards up against the fender and sighed. "Tommy Ray, I hope not. But you get used to playing with those blocks I just cut, because there are more bad people starting trouble again in a place called Korea. I think America is in for another trying time, son."

I set my blocks in a square and then leaned forward to scratch in the dirt between my ankles, fascinated by the little rust-colored bugs swarming up from the ground. They looked angry, like a million soldiers.

"Oh, hey ... " I yelped. The bugs were crawling up my legs and biting. "Dad ..."

He snatched me up with one arm and shook the flapping legs of my overalls. "Tommy Ray, you were sitting on an anthill. Those little devils are red ants, son. They're nasty."

We were at the garden spigot now, and Dad ran the water over my ankles. It felt cool. But in my mind I pictured crowds of soldiers with guns like my father's 12-gauge shotgun, boiling out

of the ground, just like the ants.

That night, I had my bath, said my prayers, and my mother tucked me in. But I couldn't go to sleep right away. I'd learned important new information out in the shade of the cottonwoods. When there are wars, boys go to fight, mothers work hard, and kids like me go without toys.

1. Why do you think the writer decided to name this chapter *Planting Seeds*

2. Why does the writer split up speech into different paragraphs?

- *Explain your answer fully*

3. “*Fight*, I thought. That was like when the barnyard chickens went rolling around, pecking and squawking.”

- *What literary device is this an example of?*

- *Why has the author used it?*

4. The writer makes a comparison between soldiers and ants.

- *Why does the writer choose ants rather than another insect?*

5. What do you think will happen to the narrator in the next chapter?

- *Justify your response referring to the text*

Extension

1. Look up and write down the meanings to any unknown vocabulary that you have come across in this extract.

2. Write a blurb for the back cover of the book based purely on what you know of the story so far.

3.) Write the next chapter...

Modern-day Robin Hood robs bank to help the homeless: 'The banks had been bailed out but not the people'

A modern-day Robin Hood has told a court he robbed a bank so he could give much of the money to people made homeless by repossessions.

Corey Donaldson said he took £90,000 from a US lender to bail out those on the streets, who he met after losing his own home last year.

'I came up with the idea that since the banks had been bailed out, and the people had not, I was going to confiscate money from US Bank in Jackson, Wyoming, and redistribute it to the poor and homeless in America and that's what I did,' said the 39-year-old.

Australian Donaldson, who has lived in the US for 20 years, claimed explosives were planted around the bank on New Year's Eve, the court heard.

He allegedly told bank manager Jared Thomas Williams that members of a Mexican cartel were outside the building and were prepared to blow it up unless he was given almost £1.3million in cash.

'There were four military-grade explosives that had been buried in the snow, and they were prepared to detonate them,' Mr Williams said he was told.

Donaldson fled with a duffel bag stuffed with £90,000 – nearly all the cash in the building – but was arrested later in Utah after he was identified on CCTV cameras in the bank.

A friend, Kevin Day, also called police after Donaldson arrived at his home late one night and told him where to find £5,150 – a sum that made him 'emotional' because it had come 'at a good time'.

Investigators say they have recovered more than £19,000.

Judges have told Donaldson he cannot argue to the jury that he was justified in robbing the bank. But he insisted on describing how he saw his father lose his home to bank foreclosure and became 'determined to put people ahead of the law' following his own experiences with homelessness last year.

Donaldson, who is representing himself in the case, choked up as he told the jury in an emotional opening statement: 'I must say, I feel like a frightened child.'

The trial in Cheyenne, Wyoming, continues.

CONVENTIONS OF AN ARTICLE

Pun	A play on words, a witty comment or a joke
Sarcasm	The use of mocking or ironic language
Imperative	An order or command
Ellipsis	To build suspense or to show there is more to say...
Informal tone	The writing sounds relaxed and conversational
Triple listing	Using three words/adjectives to describe something
Biased opinion	A one-sided point of view
Alliteration	Words beginning with the same letter
Superlative	An adjective describing something as the best
Present tense	Writing as if something is happening now
Exclamation	Used to show excitement/shock/surprise or for emphasis
Rhetorical question	A question where the answer is obvious
Emotive language	Words which appeal to our feelings
Hyperbole	Saying something is better/greater than it actually is
Second person direct appeal	Speaking to the reader as an individual to make them feel involved
First person singular – I	Technique to make something sound personal
First person plural - We	A technique to suggest that everyone is involved

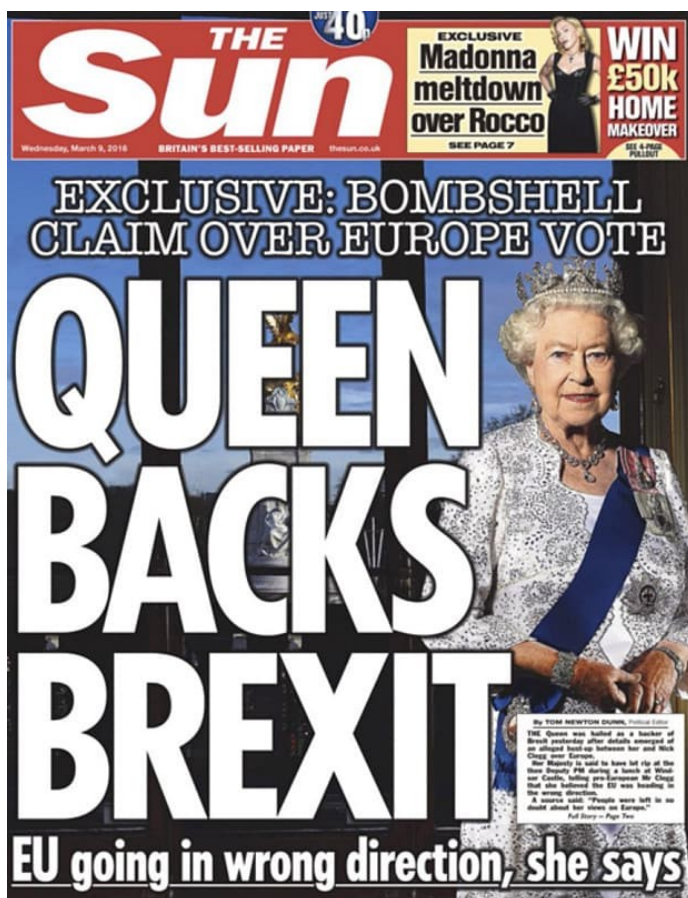
ACTIVITY - Article on p.11 will need to be printed off separately

1a.) Read through the 'Modern Day Robin Hood' article and highlight any of the conventions listed above; whilst annotating other features of a successful article.

1b.) What features of an article do you think it is missing?
2.) Why would those features make it a successful article?

FEATURES OF A NEWSPAPER

L.O. To explore the features of a newspaper article in order to create our own



1. Using the front page of *The Sun* newspaper to help you, list as many features of a newspaper article that you can...

2. What is the purpose of the headline of a newspaper?

Explain your answer fully, using *The Sun's* headline to support your response.

EXTENSION: Why did *The Sun* choose this particular headline?

A school is so infested with rats, they are invading classrooms during lessons and frightening students...

Using the table below create the most effective headline for this story:

rat	infested	school	frightens	students
rodent	filled	lessons	terrifies	pupils
animal	riddled	classroom	scares	children

- Explain why you have chosen your set of words. Why do you think they are the most effective?

EXTENSION: Create your own headline for this news story using less than four words. What effect does this have on your headline? Do you prefer it to your first one? Why?

Answer one of the questions below...

Think P.A.L.L.

Purpose
Audience
Language
Layout

What is it for?

Who is it for?

What sort of language will be used?

How will it be set out?

How do we know what to do?

*In this unit you will be assessed for your writing skills, including the presentation of your work.
Take special care with handwriting, spelling and punctuation.*

Think about the purpose, audience and, where appropriate, the format for your writing.

A guide to the amount you should write is given at the end of each question.

2. A travel magazine has asked for articles about places that offer a good day out.

Write an article for the magazine about the place of your choice.

[20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.

Write a lively article for your school or college magazine with the title: 'How To Survive Your GCSE Year'.

[20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.

- Use the 'Conventions of an Article' page to help you (p.12)

Create a plan and then begin your article. Once you have completed your article, check your work and then swap and peer assess your writing with a partner.

HAVE WE GONE MAD?

You should write about two sides of A4, excluding the addressess.

The following is an extract from a letter which appeared in a national newspaper:

'Have we gone mad? We are paying celebrities like pop stars and footballers more money in a week than most earn in a year. When there are so many people who are homeless or living in poverty, the money paid to these celebrities is completely wrong and unjustified.'

Who are we going to address the letter to?

What is the issue?

Write a letter to the newspaper giving your views on this issue.

What type of letter?

Agree or disagree?

Why? Give some examples.

DEBATE

Splitting the classroom in two, choose a side of the argument:

"The money paid to these celebrities is wrong and unjustified"

TRUE

UNDECIDED

FALSE

Prepare your arguments in preparation for the debate, consider:

What your argument is—can you justify it with evidence?

What will the opposing side argue? - Be prepared with your counter arguments.

BEGIN!

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

ACTIVITIES

1.) This is one of Shakespeare's many sonnets that he wrote, but what makes it a sonnet?

- **Points to consider:**

Structure

Rhyming Scheme

2.) The speaker of this sonnet begins by questioning whether they should compare the addressee of this sonnet to a summer's day.

- What problems does the speaker encounter when trying to do this? - *Look at each individual bit of imagery in the sonnet; what is being said about the problems of summer?*

3.) Do you think this sonnet (which tend to be about love) is a successful sonnet?

- *Explain your reasons why using evidence from the sonnet*

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

1.) Do you think this sonnet (which tend to be about love) is a successful sonnet?

- What problems does the speaker encounter? - *Look at each individual bit of imagery in the sonnet; what is being said about the the speaker's mistress?*

- *Explain your reasons why using evidence from the sonnet*

2.) Compare the presentation of love in Sonnet 18 and Sonnet 130

Points to consider:

- The use of imagery
- The rhyming couplet at the end of each sonnet

Your response should be detailed and refer to the poems using P. E. A.
Once finished swap and peer assess each other's work using green pen marking (including WWW & EBI comments).

EXPLICIT vs IMPLICIT

EXPLICIT

STATED CLEARLY AND IN
DETAIL, LEAVING NO ROOM
FOR CONFUSION OR DOUBT.

Synonyms: obvious, plain, clearly
expressed

IMPLICIT

SUGGESTED THOUGH NOT
DIRECTLY EXPRESSED.

Synonyms: implied, inferred,
suggested

IT WAS DARK SO I
DECIDED TO GET A BUS
HOME, RATHER THAN
WALK.

WHAT IS EXPLICIT?
WHAT IS IMPLICIT?

WRITE A
REPOSENSE
TO THE
QUESTIONS
IN YOUR
EXERCISE
BOOK.

I WAS BROUGHT UP ON
A COUNCIL ESTATE; JUST
ME, MUM AND MY
LITTLE SISTER JEMIMAH.

WHAT IS EXPLICIT?
WHAT IS IMPLICIT?

When
stating
what is
implicit,
use
P.E.A

A

James had arrived at home without his coat or bag. His parents asked James what had happened.

“Nothing,” James replied

“Nothing?” returned his Mum.

“I think I might have just left them in my tutor room,” James replied hesitantly.

As James walked upstairs he winced at the pain in his ribs and hoped that tomorrow would be a better day.

B

“Don’t move, don’t breathe, do not even blink!”

“Please...don’t!”

“Shut up, just shut up!”

“I promise you, I had nothing to do with it!”

“Shut up I said; none of that matters now.”

ACTIVITIES

1.) For both Text A and Text B state:

- What is explicit
- What is implicit

Answer the following questions on Text A:

2a.) What indicates that James isn’t being honest? *(Use P.E.A)*

2b.) How is tension created at the end of this text? *(Use P.E.A)*

Answer the following questions on Text B:

3a.) How does this text create tension? *(Use P.E.A)*

3b.) How does the writer indicate that one of the speakers in this text is frightened? *(Use P.E.A)*

4.) Create a piece of narrative writing about someone imagined that makes use of explicit and implicit meaning.

- Consider how you will give your reader information indirectly through your writing

Once you have finished, swap your writing with someone and get them to write:

+What is explicit

+What is implicit

Swap back, were they right?

Have they used P.E.A. to justify their answer?

GOTHIC TALES

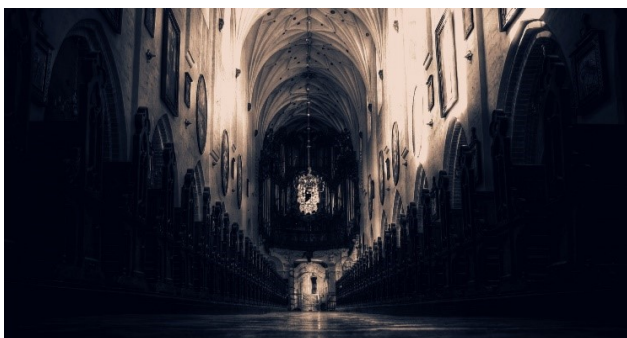
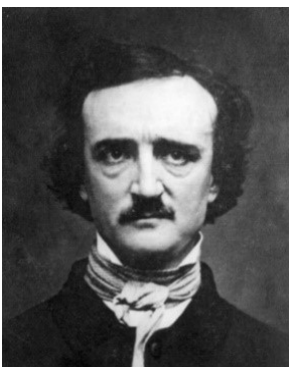
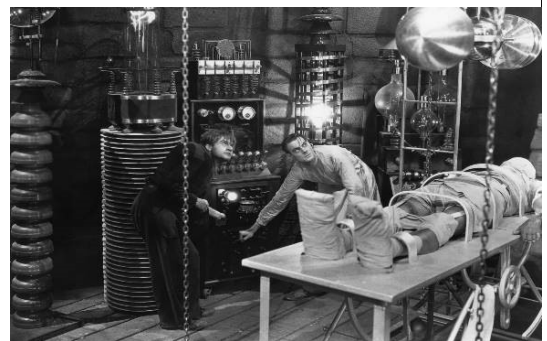
Gothic ('ɡoθɪk )

► Definitions

adjective

1. denoting, relating to, or resembling the style of architecture that was used in W Europe from the 12th to the 16th centuries, characterized by the lancet arch, the ribbed vault, and the flying buttress *See also [Gothic Revival](#)*
2. of or relating to the style of sculpture, painting, or other arts as practised in W Europe from the 12th to the 16th centuries
3. (*sometimes not capital*) of or relating to a literary style characterized by gloom, the grotesque, and the supernatural, popular esp in the late 18th century *When used of modern literature, films, etc, sometimes spelt: **Gothick***

DISCUSS WITH A PARTNER AND
WRITE DOWN SOME ADJECTIVES
IN A MINDMAP LIKE THE ONE
BELOW TO DESCRIBE THE
PICTURES...



TIME TO GET CREATIVE...

Using one of the pictures from earlier as inspiration, write an opening to a gothic story.

Remember to use

Who
Where
When

As well as features of Gothic stories!

Challenge!

Can you use similes, metaphors or personification to add greater detail?

Or a rhetorical question to add suspense.

WHAT IS THE QUESTION?



ACTIVITIES

1.) How many questions can you write down to ask about this picture?
Write down as many as you can in your exercise book.

Some useful words: WHO/WHAT/WHERE/WHY/HOW

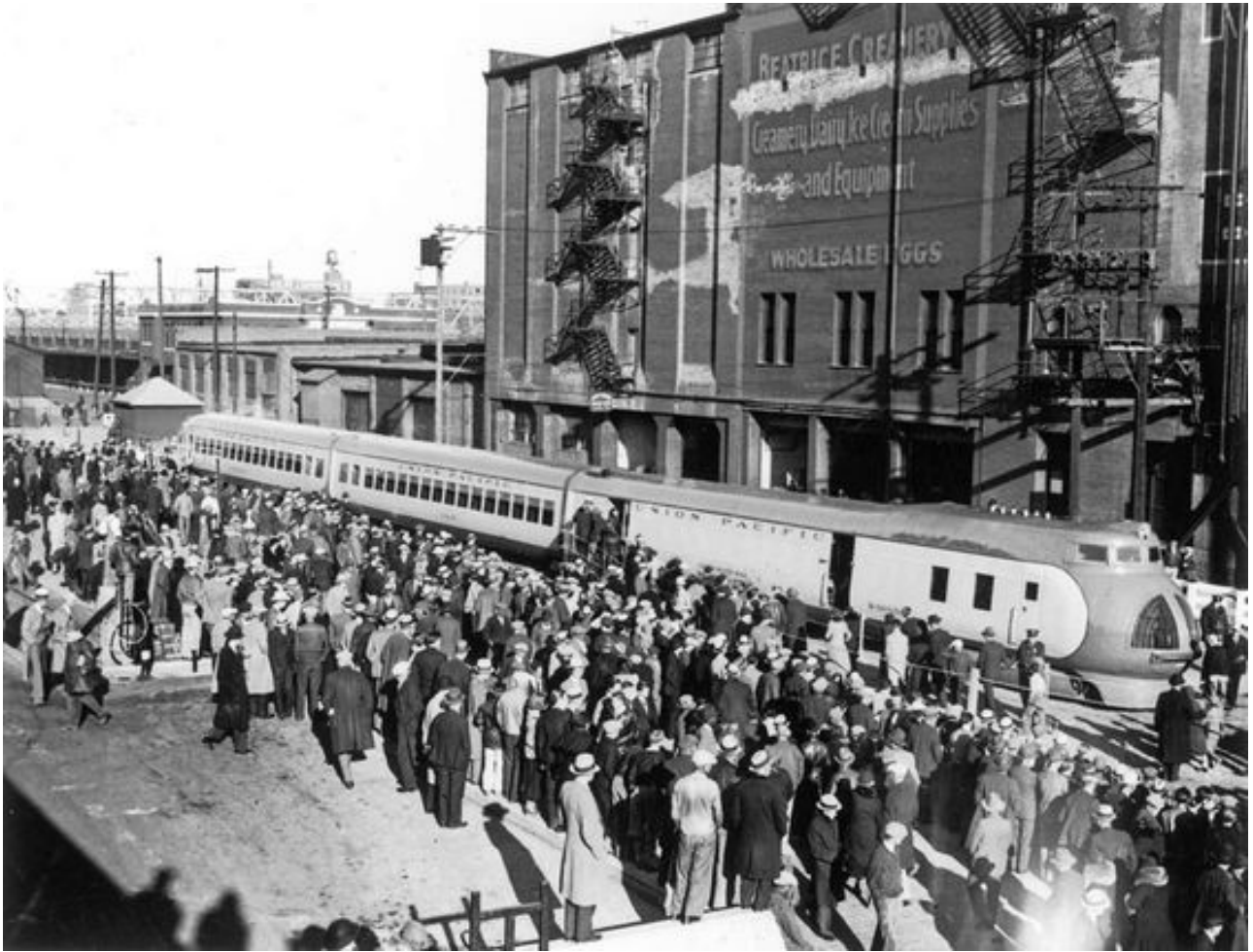
2.) Create a piece of writing using the image as your stimulus.

- YOU ONLY HAVE TWENTY MINUTES!

3.) Swap books with your partner: Write the next sentence/line for your partner that takes their work in a new direction.

- *Make it challenging!*

WHAT IS THE QUESTION?



ACTIVITIES

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The Invisible Man by H. G. Wells, 1897

In this extract from Chapter 4, Dr Cuss tells Mr Bunting, the vicar, about his visit to the invisible man.

He left the door open behind him, and without looking at her strode across the hall and went down the steps, and she heard his feet hurrying along the road. He carried his hat in his hand. She stood behind the door, looking at the open door of the parlour. Then she heard the stranger laughing quietly, and then his footsteps came across the room. She could not see his face where she stood. The parlour door slammed, and the place was silent again. Cuss went straight up the village to Bunting the vicar. 'Am I mad?' Cuss began abruptly, as he entered the shabby little study.

'Do I look like an insane person?'

'What's happened?' said the vicar, putting the ammonite on the loose sheets of his forthcoming sermon.

'That chap at the inn —'

'Well?'

'Give me something to drink,' said Cuss, and he sat down. When his nerves had been steadied by a glass of cheap sherry, the only drink the good vicar had available, he told him of the interview he had just had.

'Went in,' he gasped, 'and began to demand a subscription for that Nurse Fund. He'd stuck his hands in his pockets as I came in, and he sat down lumpily in his chair. Sniffed. I told him I'd heard he took an interest in scientific things. He said yes. Sniffed again. Kept on sniffing all the time; evidently recently caught an infernal cold. No wonder, wrapped up like that! I developed the nurse idea, and all the while kept my eyes open. Bottles – chemicals – everywhere. Balance, test-tubes in stands, and a smell of – evening primrose. Would he subscribe? Said he'd consider it. Asked him, point-blank, was he researching. Said he was. A long research? Got quite cross. "A damnable long research," said he, blowing the cork out, so to speak.

"Oh," said I. And out came the grievance. The man was just on the boil, and my question boiled him over. He had been given a prescription, most valuable prescription – what for he wouldn't say. Was it medical?

"Damn you! What are you fishing after?"

I apologised. Dignified sniff and cough. He resumed. He'd read it. Five ingredients. Put it down; turned his head. Draught of air from window lifted the paper. Swish, rustle. He was working in a room with an open fireplace, he said. Saw a flicker, and there was the prescription burning and lifting chimneyward. Rushed towards it just as it whisked up chimney. So! Just at that point, to illustrate his story, out came his arm.

'Well?'

'No hand, just an empty sleeve. Lord! I thought, that's a deformity! Got a cork arm, I suppose, and has taken it off. Then, I thought, there's something odd in that. What the devil keeps that sleeve up and open, if there's nothing in it? There was nothing in it, I tell you. Nothing down it, right down to the joint. I could see right down it to the elbow, and there was a glimmer of light shining through a tear of the cloth. "Good God!" I said. Then he stopped. Stared at me with those black goggles of his, and then at his sleeve.'

'Well?'

'That's all. He never said a word; just glared, and put his sleeve back in his pocket quickly. "I was saying," said he, "that there was the prescription burning, wasn't I?"

Interrogative cough. "How the devil," said I, "can you move an empty sleeve like that?"

"Empty sleeve?"

"Yes," said I, "an empty sleeve."

"It's an empty sleeve, is it? You saw it was an empty sleeve?" He stood up right away. I stood up too. He came towards me in three very slow steps, and stood quite close. Sniffed venomously. I didn't flinch, though I'm hanged if that bandaged knob of his, and those blinkers, aren't enough to unnerve any one, coming quietly up to you.

Activities

- 1.) Why does Dr Cuss ask whether she is mad? (*Use P.E.A in your answer*)
- 2.) What is the effect of Dr Cuss' short sharp sentences as he tells the vicar what happened?
- 3.) Why do you think the invisible man is researching? (*Use P.E.A in your answer*)
- 4.) Why does the man that the doctor encountered wear goggles and bandages?
- 5.) How is tension built in this chapter?

EXTENSION

Using a dictionary, look up and write down the definitions of any words that you are unfamiliar with.

1st Date – She

I said I liked classical music.
It wasn't exactly a lie.
I hoped he would get the impression
That my brow was acceptably high.

5 I said I liked classical music.
I mentioned Vivaldi and Bach.
And he asked me along to this concert.
Here we are, sitting in the half-dark.

I was thrilled to be asked to the concert.
10 I couldn't care less what they play
But I'm trying my hardest to listen
So I'll have something clever to say.

When I glance at his face it's a picture
Of rapt concentration. I see
15 He is totally into this music
And quite undistracted by me.

1st Date – He

She said she liked classical music.
I implied I was keen on it too.
Though I don't often go to a concert,
It wasn't entirely untrue.

5 I looked for a suitable concert
And here we are, on our first date.
The traffic was dreadful this evening
And I arrived ten minutes late.

So we haven't had much time for talking
10 And I'm a bit nervous. I see
She is totally lost in the music
And quite undistracted by me.

In that dress she is very attractive –
The neckline can't fail to intrigue.
15 I mustn't appear too besotted.
Perhaps she is out of my league.

Where are we? I glance at the programme
But I've put my glasses away.
I'd better start paying attention
20 Or else I'll have nothing to say.

Wendy Cope

ACTIVITIES

- 1.) When reading the poems '1st Date—She' and '1st Date—He' do you think they should be read separately or together? *Explain your answer.*
- 2.) Summarise in less than twenty words the story of these poems.
- 3.) Is this a successful first date? What issues are the couple facing on the date? *Explain your answer.*
- 4.) What is the tone of this poem? Does it change or remain the same throughout the poem? *Explain your answer.*
- 5.) Can you write the sequel to these poems? Write '2nd Date—She' and '2nd Date—He', think about the things that each person might be thinking on their second date.

The Bit You Read First

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

-*The Bible*

Mother died today. Or maybe yesterday, I don't know. I had a telegram from the home: 'Mother passed away. Funeral tomorrow. Yours sincerely.' That doesn't mean anything. It may have been yesterday.

- *The Stranger (Albert Camus)*

In fairy-tales, witches always wear silly black hats and black coats, and they ride on broomsticks. But this is not a fairy-tale. This is about REAL WITCHES.

- *The Witches (Roald Dahl)*

It was a pleasure to burn.

-*Fahrenheit 451 (Ray Bradbury)*

I am an invisible man. No, I am not a spook like those who haunted Edgar Allan Poe; nor am I one of your Hollywood-movie ectoplasms. I am a man of substance, of flesh and bone, fiber and liquids—and I might even be said to possess a mind. I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me. Like the bodiless heads you see sometimes in circus sideshows, it is as though I have been surrounded by mirrors of hard, distorting glass. When they approach me they see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination—indeed, everything and anything except me.

- *Invisible Man (Ralph Ellison)*

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

- *The Raven (Edgar Allen Poe)*

It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

- *1984 (George Orwell)*

Activities

1.) Read the opening lines to famous pieces of literature on page 26.

A.) Which do you like best? Why?

B.) What genre do you think your favourite opener is? Why?

C.) if you had to recommend the book, who would you recommend it to? Why?

2.) When a writer begins, they always consider how they are going to engage their reader. For each of the opening lines on the previous page, write a brief description of how you think the writer is trying to engage the reader.

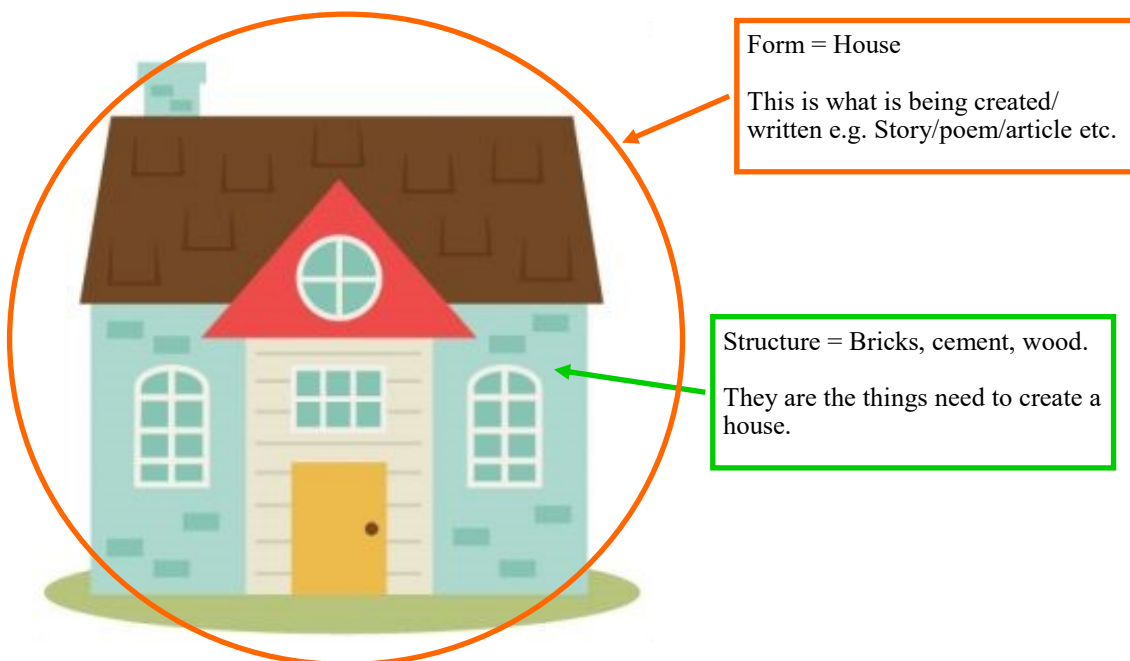
3.) In a few of the openings they only consist of one line. What are the advantages/disadvantages of this when trying to engage a reader? Why?

4.) Continue one of the openings and decide what you think will happen next. Be careful though, you only have **62 words** that you can add.

5.) How do writers use structure and language to create tension and suspense in the openings to stories?

- Use the opening lines on the opposite pages to help you (evidence)
- Ensure that you use P.E.A. When responding to this question.

Not sure what Structure and form are!?



WRITING FRAME

Before School

The playground was as clean as polished steel; there wasn't a soul in sight.
Only the sound of the Year 7's spoils the peace. The smell of

After a while some bright blue jumpers appeared through the gate and

Children were becoming increasingly numb as the cold began to eat through
their sweatshirts

The bell rang at last

At lunch-time:

Brightly coloured wrappers blew everywhere in the swirling wind, as the

Now it was hunger that threatened the children's existence, as

The warmth of the dining room hit the students like a damp dish-cloth, as all of their senses were overwhelmed by the sights, sounds, smells, feelings and tastes. You could see

The contrast with the fresh air was greater

These were the memories that the students would take away with them from school: the din, clash, sharpness and warmth of friendship when

“Oi! Are you coming with us, or are you going to stand there all day gawping at that wall!?”

Friends

TRANSACTIONAL WRITING HELP SHEET

Features of speech writing – in A FOREST.

- A Alliteration**
- F Facts**
- O Opinion**
- R Repetition / Rhetorical questions**
- E Emotive language**
- S Statistics**
- T Triples (Three, rule of)**

Write this list in your books, then underneath write A FOREST in the margin as written above. Next to each letter, write a sentence that uses the relevant technique.

Key Features of Writing to Persuade

- Emotive language
- Repetition
- Real life examples
- Rhetorical questions.
- Quotations
- Lists of three
- Statistics
- Facts and opinions
- Bullet point lists
- Alliteration
- Pictures / photographs
- Personal Pronouns (directed at reader)
- Graphs / tables / charts

Extension Activities

- Create a book review for a book that you have just finished.
- Ask your teacher for a random object—create a piece of writing around that object (Writing can be fiction/non-fiction/poetry etc.)
- Pocket: Rummage through your pockets and write about what you keep or find in your pockets.
- Using the Writing Frame to help you, create a piece of imaginative writing about your day at school.
- Outside the Window: What's the weather outside your window doing right now? If that's not inspiring, what's the weather like somewhere you wish you could be?
- Mirror, Mirror: What if you mirror started talking to you?
- Rewrite a Poem: Take any poem or short story you find anywhere. Rewrite it in your own words.
- Handle With Care: Write about a very fragile or delicate object.
- Old Endings Into New Beginnings: Take an old poem, story, or journal entry of yours and use the last line and make it the first line of your writing today.