



THE BOURNE ACADEMY

Year 9 English

Autumn Term Homework Booklet

What do I have to do?

Each week your English teacher will assign a particular extract. For your homework, you will need to **read this carefully, check your comprehension (your understanding of the text) and answer all of the questions that relate to the extract.**

These will be marked each week in class so it is important that you complete them on time.

Why do I have to do this?

Homework is a really good way for you to practise the skills you have been learning in class! In your GCSE English Language exam you will have to read an extract from a random text and will be asked questions **exactly** like these. The more you are able to read and think about texts in detail, the better you will do in your exams. You deserve to do well so make sure you try your very best!

What sorts of techniques should I be looking for?

Use the table below as a guide to help you:

Simile	When you compare one thing to another using the words 'like' or 'as'.	<i>She was as brave as a lion.</i>
Personification	Giving human characteristics to an object or animal.	<i>Lightning danced across the sky.</i>
Alliteration	When words that start with the same sound are used repeatedly in a phrase or sentence.	<i>Gary grumpily gathered the garbage.</i>
Metaphor	When you use one thing to describe another.	<i>Life is a rollercoaster.</i>
Onomatopoeia	A word that mimics (or sounds like) the object or action it refers to.	<i>The bridge collapsed creating a tremendous boom.</i>
Repetition	Repeating a word or a phrase.	<i>"The apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath."</i>

Top tip: If you're stuck, think about word class (eg. noun, adjective, verb etc.) and whether they have any particular connotations (e.g. positive, negative, powerful, etc.)

Still not sure?

Read the first extract to look at some example answers—if you're still unsure please speak to your teacher before your homework is due and they will do their best to help you. Some of these extracts are challenging but we still expect you to try your very best and complete as much as you can.



EXAMPLE EXTRACT AND ANSWERS

Winter's Bone by Daniel Woodrell

Taken from the opening to 'Winter's Bone', Ozark teenager Ree Dolly is faced with an unresponsive mother and a criminal father. Alone, she does what she can do to manage the household and take care of her two younger siblings.

5	Ree Dolly stood at break of day on her cold front steps and smelled coming flurries and saw meat. Meat hung from trees across the creek. The carcasses hung pale of flesh with a fatty gleam from low limbs of saplings in the side yards. Three halt haggard houses formed a kneeling rank on the far Creekside and each had two or more skinned torsos dangling by rope from sagged limbs, venison left to the weather for two nights and three days so the early blossoming of decay might round the favour, sweeten that meat to the bone.
10	Snow clouds had replaced the horizon, capped the valley darkly, and chafing wind blew so the hung meat twirled from jiggling branches. Ree, brunette and sixteen, with milk skin and abrupt green eyes, stood bare-armed in a fluttering yellow dress, face to the wind, her cheeks reddening as if smacked again. She stood tall in combat boots, scarce at the waist but plenty through the arms and shoulders, a body made for loping after needs. She smelled the frosty wet in the looming clouds, thought of her shadowed kitchen and lean cupboard, looked to the scant woodpile, and shuddered. The coming weather meant wash hung outside would freeze into planks, so she'd have to stretch clothes line across the kitchen above the woodstove, and the puny stack of wood split for the potbelly would not last long
15	enough to dry much except Mom's underthings and maybe a few T-shirts for the boys. Ree knew there was no gas for the chain saw, so she'd be swinging the axe out back while winter blew into the valley and fell around her.
20	Jessup, her father, had not set by a fat woodpile not split what there was for the potbelly before he went down the steep yard to his blue Capri and bounced away on the rut road. He had not set food by nor money, but promised he'd be back soon as he could with a paper sack of cash and a trunkload of delights. Jessup was a broken-faced, furtive man given to uttering quick pleading promises that made it easier for him to walk out the door and be gone, or come back inside and be forgiven.
25	Walnuts were still falling when Ree saw him last. Walnuts were thumping to ground in the night like stalking footsteps of some large thing that never quite came into view, and Jessup had paced on this porch in a worried slouch, dented nose snuffling, lantern jaw smoked by beard, eyes uncertain and alarmed by each walnut thump. The darkness and those thumps out in the darkness seemed to keep him jumpy. He paced until a decision popped into is head, then started down the steps, going fast into the night before his mind could change. He said, "Start lookin' for me soon as you see my face. 'Til then, don't even wonder."
30
35	Mom sat in her chair beside the potbelly and the boys sat at the table eating what Ree fed them. Mom's morning pills turned her into a cat, a breathing thing that sat near heat and occasionally made a sound. Mom's chair was an old padded rocker that seldom rocked, and at odd instants she'd hum ill-matched snips of music, notes unrelated by melody or pitch. But for most of any day she was quiet and still, wearing a small lingering smile prompted by something vaguely nice going on inside her head. She was a Bromont, born to this house and she'd once been pretty. Even as she was now, medicated and lost to the present, with hair she forgot to wash or brush and deep wrinkles growing on her face, you could see she'd once been as comely as any firl that ever danced barefoot across this tangled country of Ozark hills and hollers. Long, dark and lovely she had been, in those days before her mind broke and the parts scattered and she let them go.

Check your comprehension!

1. What was the weather like when Ree was standing on the step?
2. Who does Ree live with?
3. Why is Ree's life difficult?

Q1—Look at lines 7-10 and write down four things we learn about Ree Dolly:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 30 –39 and think about the language used to describe Ree’s mother.

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you’ve highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer’s techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. cats are notoriously lazy animals. This not only describes how lifeless and ineffective Ree’s mother is, but also dehumanises her, forcing us to judge her and feel sympathy towards Ree.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood

Taken from the opening to 'The Handmaid's Tale', Our protagonist finds herself being imprisoned in an old school after a catastrophic event has changed the USA.

5	<p>We slept in what had once been the gymnasium. The floor was of varnished wood, with stripes and circles painted on it, for the games that were formerly played there; the hoops for the basketball nets were still in place, though the nets were gone. A balcony ran around the room, for the spectators, and I thought I could smell, faintly like an afterimage, the pungent scent of sweat, shot through with the sweet taint of chewing gum and perfume from the watching girls, felt-skirted as I knew from pictures, later in mini-skirts, then pants, then in one earring, spiky green-streaked hair. Dances would have been held here; the music lingered, a palimpsest* of unheard sound, style upon style, an undercurrent of drums, a forlorn wail, garlands made of tissue-paper flowers, cardboard devils, a revolving ball of mirrors, powdering the dancers with a snow of light.</p>
10	<p>There was loneliness in the room, and expectation, of something without a shape or name. I remember that yearning, for something that was always about to happen and was never the same as the hands that were on us there and then, in the small of the back, or out back, in the parking lot, or in the television room with the sound turned down and only the pictures flickering over lifting flesh.</p>
15	<p>We yearned for the future. How did we learn it, that talent for insatiability? It was in the air; and it was still in the air, an afterthought, as we tried to sleep, in the army cots that had been set up in rows, with spaces between so we could not talk. We had flannelette sheets, like children's, and army-issue blankets, old ones that still said U.S. We folded our clothes neatly and laid them on the stools at the ends of the beds. The lights were turned down but not out. Aunt Sara and Aunt Elizabeth patrolled; they had electric cattle prods slung on thongs from their leather belts.</p>
20	<p>No guns though, even they could not be trusted with guns. Guns were for the guards, specially picked from the Angels. The guards weren't allowed inside the building except when called, and we weren't allowed out, except for our walks, twice daily, two by two around the football field which was enclosed now by a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. The Angels stood outside it with their backs on us. They were objects of fear to us, but of something else as well. If only they would look. If only we could talk to them. Something could be exchanged, we thought, some deal made, some trade-off, we still had our bodies. That was our fantasy.</p>
25	<p>No guns though, even they could not be trusted with guns. Guns were for the guards, specially picked from the Angels. The guards weren't allowed inside the building except when called, and we weren't allowed out, except for our walks, twice daily, two by two around the football field which was enclosed now by a chain-link fence topped with barbed wire. The Angels stood outside it with their backs on us. They were objects of fear to us, but of something else as well. If only they would look. If only we could talk to them. Something could be exchanged, we thought, some deal made, some trade-off, we still had our bodies. That was our fantasy.</p>
30	<p>We learned to whisper almost without sound. In the semi-darkness we could stretch out our arms, when the Aunts weren't looking, and touch each other's hands across space. We learned to lip-read, our heads flat on the beds, turned sideways, watching each other's mouths. In this way we exchanged names, from bed to bed : Alma. Janine. Dolores. Moira. June.</p> <p>A palimpsest is a piece of paper that has been used more than once which still shows signs of the earlier writing or art work. It is like an echo of what was there before.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. Where is our main character?
2. How are the women treated?

Q1—Look at lines 21-27 and write down four things we learn about the Angels/Guards:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 1-9 and think about the language used to describe the room they are staying in. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. the use of the word palimpsest suggests that they can still hear or feel the echo of what used to happen in the room)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Chrysalids by John Wyndham, 1955

David lives in a post-apocalyptic world where all mental and physical abnormalities are ritualistically purged. After being outed as psychics, David and his friends flee to the Fringes. This extract is from the opening chapter of the novel.

	<p>When I was quite small I would sometimes dream of a city – which was strange because it began before I even knew what a city was. But this city, clustered on the curve of a big blue bay, would come into my mind. I could see the streets, and the buildings that lined them, the waterfront, even boats in the harbour; yet, waking, I had never seen the sea, or a boat . . .</p>
5	<p>And the buildings were quite unlike any I knew. The traffic in the streets was strange, carts running with no horses to pull them; and sometimes there were things in the sky, shiny fishshaped things that certainly were not birds.</p>
10	<p>Most often I would see this wonderful place by daylight, but occasionally it was by night when the light lay like strings of glow-worms along the shore, and a few of them seemed to be sparks drifting on the water, or in the air.</p>
	<p>It was a beautiful, fascinating place, and once, when I was still young enough to know no better, I asked my eldest sister, Mary, where this lovely city could be.</p>
15	<p>She shook her head, and told me there was no such place – not now. But, perhaps, she suggested, I could somehow be dreaming about times long ago. Dreams were funny things, and there was no accounting for them; so it might be that what I was seeing was a bit of the world as it had been once upon a time – the wonderful world that the Old People had lived in; as it had been before God sent Tribulation*.</p>
20	<p>But after that she went on to warn me very seriously not to mention it to anyone else; other people as far as she knew, did not have such pictures in their heads, either sleeping or waking, so it would be unwise to mention them.</p>
	<p>That was good advice, and luckily I had the sense to take it. People in our district had a very sharp eye for the odd, the unusual, so that even my left-handedness caused slight disapproval. So, at that time, and for some years afterwards, I did not mention it to anyone – indeed, I almost forgot about it, for as I grew older, the dream came less frequently, and then very rarely.</p>
25	<p>But the advice stuck. Without it I might have mentioned the curious understanding I had with my cousin Rosalind, and that would certainly have led us both into very grave trouble – if anyone had happened to believe me. Neither I nor she, I think, paid much attention to it at that time: we simply had the habit of caution. I certainly did not feel unusual. I was a normal little boy, growing up in a normal way, taking the ways of the world about me for granted.</p>
	<p>(*Tribulation is the name given to the apocalyptic event that wipes out a large part of the population in the novel)</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. What does David dream of?
2. What causes people to show 'slight disapproval' of David?

Q1—Look at lines 1-7 and write down four things we learn about the city that David dreams of:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 5-17 and think about the language used to describe the dreams David has. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>the use of past tense to describe the airplanes shows us how the world has changed and reverted back to the days before technology</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

Great Expectations by Charles Dickens

Pip (an orphan) has been summoned to play with Estella, the adopted daughter of Miss Havisham. In this extract from chapter 8, Pip arrives at the mansion house and meets Miss Havisham for the first time.

5	<p>I was half afraid. However, the only thing to be done being to knock at the door, I knocked, and was told from within to enter. I entered, therefore, and found myself in a pretty large room, well lighted with wax candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it. It was a dressing room, as I supposed from the furniture, though much of it was of forms and uses then quite unknown to me. But prominent in it was a draped table with a gilded looking-glass, and that I made out at first sight to be a fine lady's dressing-table.</p>
10	<p>Whether I should have made out this object so soon, if there had been no fine lady sitting at it, I cannot say. In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.</p>
15	<p>She was dressed in rich materials - satins, and lace, and silks - all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on - the other was on the table near her hand - her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets, and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the looking-glass.</p>
20	<p>It was not in the first few moments that I saw all these things, though I saw more of them in the first moments than might be supposed. But, I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had withered like the dress, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to see some ghastly waxwork at the Fair, representing I know not what impossible personage lying in state. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a vault under the church pavement. Now, waxwork and skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.</p>
25	

Check your comprehension!

1. How does Pip feel?

.....

2. What does Miss Havisham remind Pip of?

.....

Q1—Look at lines 1– 6 and write down four things we learn about the room that Pip enters:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 11-27 and think about the language used to describe Miss Havisham.

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. the fact that Miss Havisham wears white portrays her as innocent and vulnerable.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

Eragon by Christopher Paolini

Taken from the opening to 'Eragon', an evil magician, known as a Shade, lies in wait for an elf and one of the last remaining dragon eggs, with an army of Urgals (ogre-like creatures) by his side.

5	<p>Wind howled through the night, carrying a scent that would change the world. A tall Shade lifted his head and sniffed the air. He looked human except for his crimson hair and maroon eyes.</p> <p>He blinked in surprise. The message had been correct: they were here. Or was it a trap? He weighed the odds, then said icily, "Spread out; hide behind trees and bushes. Stop whoever is coming ... or die."</p>
10	<p>Around him shuffled twelve Urgals with short swords and round iron shields painted with black symbols. They resembled men with bowed legs and thick, brutish arms made for crushing. A pair of twisted horns grew above their small ears. The monsters hurried into the brush, grunting as they hid. Soon the rustling quieted and the forest was silent again.</p>
15	<p>The Shade peered around a thick tree and looked up the trail. It was too dark for any human to see, but for him the faint moonlight was like sunshine streaming between the trees; every detail was clear and sharp to his searching gaze. He remained unnaturally quiet, a long pale sword in his hand. A wire-thin scratch curved down the blade. The weapon was thin enough to slip between a pair of ribs, yet stout enough to hack through the hardest armor.</p>
20	<p>The Urgals could not see as well as the Shade; they groped like blind beggars, fumbling with their weapons. An owl screeched, cutting through the silence. No one relaxed until the bird flew past. Then the monsters shivered in the cold night; one snapped a twig with his heavy boot. The Shade hissed in anger, and the Urgals shrank back, motionless. He suppressed his distaste — they smelled like fetid meat — and turned away. They were tools, nothing more.</p>
25	<p>The Shade forced back his impatience as the minutes became hours. The scent must have wafted far ahead of its owners. He did not let the Urgals get up or warm themselves. He denied himself those luxuries, too, and stayed behind the tree, watching the trail. Another gust of wind rushed through the forest. The smell was stronger this time. Excited, he lifted a thin lip in a snarl. "Get ready," he whispered, his whole body vibrating. The tip of his sword moved in small circles. It had taken many plots and much pain to bring himself to this moment. It would not do to lose</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. Why did the Shade not look human?

2. What was good about the Shade's sword?

3. Why was the Shade angry?

Q1—Look at lines 6-9 and write down four things we learn about the Urgals

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 15-19 and think about the language used to describe the Shade’s feelings towards the Urgals.

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you’ve highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer’s techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. The Urgals are only with the Shade because he needs them for some greater purpose; it is only out of necessity that he remains in their presence.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The City of Bones by Cassandra Clare

Taken from the opening of 'The City of Bones' in which a Shadowhunter attempts to destroy a demon in the middle of a nightclub.

	<p>Inside, the club was full of dry-ice smoke. Coloured lights played over the dance floor, turning it into a multi-coloured fairyland of blues and acid greens, hot pinks and golds.</p>
5	<p>The boy in the red jacket stroked the long razor-sharp blade in his hands, an idle smile playing over his lips. It had been so easy-a little bit of a glamour on the blade, to make it look harmless. Another glamour on his eyes, and the moment the bouncer had looked straight at him, he was in. Of course, he could probably have gotten by without all that trouble, but it was part of the fun-fooling the mundies, doing it all out in the open right in front of them, getting off on the blank looks on their sheeplike faces.</p>
10	<p>Not that the humans didn't have their uses. The boy's green eyes scanned the dance floor, where slender limbs clad in scraps of silk and black leather appeared and disappeared inside the revolving columns of smoke as the mundies danced. Girls tossed their long hair, boys swung their leather-clad hips, and bare skin glittered with sweat. Vitality just poured off them, waves of energy that filled him with a drunken dizziness. His lip curled. They didn't know how lucky they were. They didn't know what it was like to eke out life in a dead world,</p>
15	<p>where the sun hung limp in the sky like a burned cinder. Their lives burned as brightly as candle flames-and were as easy to snuff out.</p>
20	<p>His hand tightened on the blade he carried, and he had begun to step out onto the dance floor when a girl broke away from the mass of dancers and began walking toward him. He stared at her. She was beautiful, for a human-long hair nearly the precise color of black ink, charcoaled eyes. Floor-length white gown, the kind women used to wear when this world was younger. Lace sleeves belled out around her slim arms. Around her neck was a thick silver chain, on which hung a dark red pendant the size of a baby's fist. He only had to narrow his eyes to know that it was real-real and precious. His mouth started to water as she neared him. Vital energy pulsed from her like blood from an open wound. She smiled, passing him, beckoning with her eyes. He turned to follow her, tasting the phantom sizzle of her death on his lips.</p>
25	<p>It was always easy. He could already feel the power of her evaporating life coursing through his veins like fire. Humans were so stupid. They had something so precious, and they barely safeguarded it at all.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. What does the boy have to hide?

2. What did the boy think was 'part of the fun'?

3. What does the boy think about humans?

Q1—Look at lines 10-16 and write down four things that can be seen in the nightclub.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 17-29 and think about the language used to describe the girl. How is she presented? Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. The colour of her gown would suggest innocence, and we therefore feel concern for her when the boy follows her with his knife; we think she could be in danger.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

Twilight by Stephenie Meyer

Taken from the opening chapters of 'Twilight', this is the moment when Bella, sat in the cafeteria at lunch, sees the Cullen family (a family of vampires) for the first time.

	<p>It was there, sitting in the lunchroom, trying to make conversation with seven curious strangers, that I first saw them.</p>
5	<p>They were sitting in the corner of the cafeteria, as far away from where I sat as possible in the long room. There were five of them. They weren't talking, and they weren't eating, though they each had a tray of untouched food in front of them. They weren't gawking at me, unlike most of the other students, so it was safe to stare at them without fear of meeting an excessively interested pair of eyes. But it was none of these things that caught, and held, my attention.</p>
10	<p>They didn't look anything alike. Of the three boys, one was big — muscled like a serious weight lifter, with dark, curly hair. Another was taller, leaner, but still muscular, and honey blond. The last was lanky, less bulky, with untidy, bronze-colored hair. He was more boyish than the others, who looked like they could be in college, or even teachers here rather than students.</p>
15	<p>The girls were opposites. The tall one was statuesque. She had a beautiful figure, the kind you saw on the cover of the Sports Illustrated swimsuit issue, the kind that made every girl around her take a hit on her self-esteem just by being in the same room. Her hair was golden, gently waving to the middle of her back. The short girl was pixielike, thin in the extreme, with small features. Her hair was a deep black, cropped short and pointing in every direction.</p>
20	<p>And yet, they were all exactly alike. Every one of them was chalky pale, the palest of all the students living in this sunless town. Paler than me, the albino. They all had very dark eyes despite the range in hair tones. They also had dark shadows under those eyes — purplish, bruise-like shadows. As if they were all suffering from a sleepless night, or almost done recovering from a broken nose. Though their noses, all their features, were straight, perfect, angular.</p>
	<p>But all this is not why I couldn't look away.</p>
25	<p>I stared because their faces, so different, so similar, were all devastatingly, inhumanly beautiful. They were faces you never expected to see except perhaps on the airbrushed pages of a fashion magazine. Or painted by an old master as the face of an angel. It was hard to decide who was the most beautiful — maybe the perfect blond girl, or the bronze-haired boy.</p>
30	<p>They were all looking away — away from each other, away from the other students, away from anything in particular as far as I could tell. As I watched, the small girl rose with her tray — unopened soda, unbitten apple — and walked away with a quick, graceful lope that belonged on a runway. I watched, amazed at her lithe dancer's step, till she dumped her tray and glided through the back door, faster than I would have thought possible. My eyes darted back to the others, who sat unchanging.</p>
	<p>"Who are they?" I asked the girl from my Spanish class, whose name I'd forgotten.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. What is Bella doing when she first notices them?

2. What is it that captures her attention about them?

3. Why couldn't Bella look away?

Q1—Look at lines 3-7 and write down four things that Bella notices about the group.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 17-32 and think about the language used to describe the group. How are they presented?

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. To Bella, this group of people is incredibly beautiful, almost captivatingly so. However, the word 'inhumanly' almost foreshadows Bella's eventual discovery that they are, in fact, vampires.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Count of Monte Cristo by Alexandre Dumas

Taken from the opening to 'The Count of Monte Cristo', the crew of the *Pharoon*, a French trading ship, are returning to port in France. They lost their Captain at sea and are bringing home the news of his death. One of the shipmates, Dantes, is the first to leave the ship.

3 He was a fine, tall, slim young fellow of eighteen or twenty, with black eyes, and hair as dark as a raven's wing; and his whole appearance bespoke that calmness and resolution peculiar to men accustomed from their cradle to contend with danger.

5 "Ah, is it you, Dantès?" cried the man in the skiff. "What's the matter? and why have you such an air of sadness aboard?"

"A great misfortune, M. Morrel," replied the young man, "a great misfortune, for me especially! Off Civita Vecchia we lost our brave Captain Leclere."

"And the cargo?" inquired the owner, eagerly.

10 "Is all safe, M. Morrel; and I think you will be satisfied on that head. But poor Captain Leclere——"

"What happened to him?" asked the owner, with an air of considerable resignation. "What happened to the worthy captain?"

"He died."

"Fell into the sea?"

15 "No, sir, he died of brain-fever in dreadful agony." Then turning to the crew, he said, "Bear a hand there, to take in sail!"

20 All hands obeyed, and at once the eight or ten seamen who composed the crew, sprang to their respective stations at the spanker brails and outhaul, topsail sheets and halyards, the jib downhaul, and the topsail clewlines and buntlines. The young sailor gave a look to see that his orders were promptly and accurately obeyed, and then turned again to the owner.

Check your comprehension!

1. What is the general mood of this extract?
2. What is the name of the man in charge?
3. How did the Captain die?

Q1—Look at lines 1-3 and write down four things we learn about Dantes:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 4-16 and think about the language used to describe Dantes as a likeable character. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

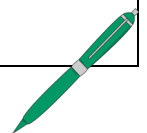
Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>By saying that the "young sailor gave a look", it shows that he is so respected that he does not need to use words to force the men. One command from him and the crew "promptly and accurately" follow them. These adverbs highlight how keen they are to please him as they not only waste no time, but also are precise. This quickly establishes Dante as a man we also admire and like, just as the oth-</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

Life of Pi by Yan Martel

Taken from the mid-point of 'Life of Pi', a young Pi has escaped a ship wreck and found himself on a lifeboat, with only a few of the zoo animals his family were transporting from India to Canada for company. Here, he is attempting to save the life of a tiger named Richard Parker.

	<p>The ship sank. It made a sound like a monstrous metallic burp. Things bubbled at the surface and then vanished. Everything was screaming: the sea, the wind, my heart. From the lifeboat I saw something in the water.</p>
5	<p>I cried, "Richard Parker, is that you? It's so hard to see. Oh, that this rain would stop! Richard Parker? Richard Parker? Yes, it is you!"</p> <p>I could see his head. He was struggling to stay at the surface of the water.</p>
10	<p>"Jesus, Mary, Muhammad and Vishnu, how good to see you, Richard Parker! Don't give up, please. Come to the lifeboat. Do you hear this whistle? TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE! You heard right. Swim, swim! You're a strong swimmer. It's not a hundred feet."</p> <p>He had seen me. He looked panic-stricken. He started swimming my way. The water about him was shifting wildly. He looked small and helpless.</p>
15	<p>"What are you doing, Richard Parker? Don't you love life? Keep swimming then! TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE! Kick with your legs. Kick! Kick! Kick!" He stirred in the water and made to swim.</p>
20	<p>"And what of my extended family—birds, beasts and reptiles? They too have drowned. Every single thing I value in life has been destroyed. And I am allowed no explanation? I am to suffer hell without any account from heaven? In that case, what is the purpose of reason, Richard Parker? Is it no more than to shine at practicalities—the getting of food, clothing and shelter? Why can't reason give greater answers? Why can we throw a question further than we can pull in an answer? Why such a vast net if there's so little fish to catch?"</p>
25	<p>His head was barely above water. He was looking up, taking in the sky one last time. There was a lifebuoy in the boat with a rope tied to it. I took hold of it and waved it in the air.</p> <p>"Do you see this lifebuoy, Richard Parker? Do you see it? Catch hold of it! HUMPF! I'll try again. HUMPF!"</p>
30	<p>He was too far. But the sight of the lifebuoy flying his way gave him hope. He revived and started beating the water with vigorous, desperate strokes.</p> <p>"That's right! One, two. One, two. One, two. Breathe when you can. Watch for the waves. TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE! TREEEEEE!"</p> <p>My heart was chilled to ice. I felt ill with grief. But there was no time for frozen shock. It was shock in activity. Something in me did not want to give up on life, was unwilling to let go, wanted to fight to the very end. Where that part of me got the heart, I don't know.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. What is the general mood of this extract?
2. What other animals were in the zoo?.....
3. What was the weather like at sea?

Q1—Look at lines 1-9 and write down four things we learn about the setting:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 9-30 and think about the language used to establish that Pi cares deeply for Richard Parker. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

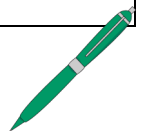
Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. By using the speech tag "cried" the writer is showing that Pi is desperate, almost screaming; a true sign of emotion. He follows this by repeating 'Richard Parker's' name three times, emphasising his eagerness for it to be the tiger he is seeing. This shows the audience how caring Pi is and strong his bond is</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Night Circus by Erin Morgenstern

Taken from the opening of 'The Night Circus', we are told the story of a mysterious circus that is only open during the night.

	<p>The circus arrives without warning.</p> <p>No announcements precede it, no paper notices on downtown posts and billboards, no mentions or advertisements in local newspapers. It is simply there, when yesterday it was not.</p>
5	<p>The towering tents are striped in white and black, no golds and crimsons to be seen. No color at all, save for the neighboring trees and the grass of the surrounding fields. Black-and-white stripes on grey sky; countless tents of varying shapes and sizes, with an elaborate wrought-iron fence encasing them in a colorless world. Even what little ground is visible from outside is black or white, painted or powdered, or treated with some other circus trick.</p> <p>But it is not open for business. Not just yet.</p>
10	<p>Within hours everyone in town has heard about it. By afternoon the news has spread several towns over. Word of mouth is a more effective method of advertisement than typeset words and exclamation points on paper pamphlets or posters. It is impressive and unusual news, the sudden appearance of a mysterious circus. People marvel at the staggering height of the tallest tents. They stare at the clock that sits just inside the gates that no one can properly describe.</p>
15	<p>And the black sign painted in white letters that hangs upon the gates, the one that reads:</p> <p><i>Opens at Nightfall</i> <i>Closes at Dawn</i></p> <p>"What kind of circus is only open at night?" people ask. No one has a proper answer, yet as dusk approaches there is a substantial crowd of spectators gathering outside the gates.</p>
20	<p>You are amongst them, of course. Your curiosity got the better of you, as curiosity is wont to do. You stand in the fading light, the scarf around your neck pulled up against the chilly evening breeze, waiting to see for yourself exactly what kind of circus only opens once the sun sets.</p>
25	<p>The ticket booth clearly visible behind the gates is closed and barred. The tents are still, save for when they ripple ever so slightly in the wind. The only movement within the circus is the clock that ticks by the passing minutes, if such a wonder of sculpture can even be called a clock.</p> <p>The circus looks abandoned and empty. But you think perhaps you can smell caramel wafting through the evening breeze, beneath the crisp scent of the autumn leaves. A subtle sweetness at the edges of the cold.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. How is this circus similar to a 'traditional' circus?
2. How does this circus look different from a 'traditional' circus?
3. How do people find out about the circus?

Q1—Look at lines 1-9 and write down four things we learn about the circus:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 10-29. How do we know people are interested and intrigued by the circus? Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>The writer opens the extract with a short, simple sentence gives a sense of mystery as, traditionally fayres and circuses are advertised for weeks in advance. The verb 'arrives' almost makes it sound alive, as if it has a mind of its own, forcing us to ask even more questions such as 'how' and 'why' and increasing anticipation.</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

How to Stop Time by Matt Haig

The opening to 'How to Stop Time' - a modern novel about a man who has a condition which prevents him from getting older.

I am old.

That is the main thing to tell you. The thing you are least likely to believe. If you saw me you would probably think I was about forty, but you would be very wrong.

I am *old* – old in the way that a tree, or a quahog clam, or a Renaissance painting is old.

5 To give you an idea: I was born well over four hundred years ago on the third of March 1581, in my parents' room, on the third floor of a small French château that used to be my home. It was a warm day, apparently, for the time of year, and my mother had asked her nurse to open all the windows.

'God smiled on you,' my mother said. Though I think she might have added that – should He exist – the smile had been a frown ever since.

10 My mother died a very long time ago. I, on the other hand, did not.

You see, I have a condition.

I thought of it as an illness for quite a while, but illness isn't really the right word. Illness suggests sickness, and wasting away. Better to say I have a condition. A rare one, but not unique. One that no one knows about until they have it.

15 It is not in any official medical journals. Nor does it go by an official name. The first respected doctor to give it one, back in the 1890s, called it 'anageria' with a soft 'g', but, for reasons that will become clear, that never became public knowledge. The condition develops around puberty. What happens after that is, well, not much. Initially the 'sufferer' of the condition won't notice they have it. After all, every day people wake up and see the same face they saw in the mirror yesterday. Day by day, week by week, even month by month, people don't change in very perceptible ways.

But as time goes by, at birthdays or other annual markers, people begin to notice you aren't getting any older.

20 The truth is, though, that the individual hasn't stopped ageing. They age exactly the same way. Just much slower. The speed of ageing among those with anageria fluctuates a little, but generally it is a 1:15 ratio. Sometimes it is a year every thirteen or fourteen years but with me it is closer to fifteen.

25 So, we are not immortal. Our minds and bodies aren't in stasis. It's just that, according to the latest, ever-changing science, various aspects of our ageing process – the molecular degeneration, the cross-linking between cells in a tissue, the cellular and molecular mutations (including, most significantly, to the nuclear DNA) – happen on another timeframe.

My hair will go grey. I may go bald. Osteoarthritis and hearing loss are probable. My eyes are just as likely to suffer with age-related presbyopia. I will eventually lose muscle mass and mobility.

30 A quirk of anageria is that it does tend to give you a heightened immune system, protecting you from many (not all) viral and bacterial infections, but ultimately even this begins to fade. Not to bore you with the science, but it seems our bone marrow produces more hematopoietic stem cells – the ones that lead to white blood cells – during our peak years, though it is important to note that this doesn't protect us from injury or malnutrition, and it doesn't last.

So, don't think of me as a sexy vampire, stuck for ever at peak virility. Though I have to say it can feel like you are stuck for ever when, according to your appearance, only a decade passes between the death of Napoleon and the first man on the moon

Check your comprehension!

1. What year was the speaker born in?

2. Why does he not get any older?
.....

3. What does his condition not protect him from?
.....

Q1—Look at lines 1-13 and write down four things we learn about the speaker:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 17 onwards and think about the language used to describe the speaker's condition and life. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>the adjective 'ever-changing' makes it seem like scientists cannot decide what is causing the speaker's condition, adding a sense of mystery and confusion, making the reader want to know how the character got this condition.</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The History of Bees by Maja Lunde

The opening to 'The History of Bees' - a modern novel set in three different time periods. This extract is told from the point of view of a Chinese working-class lady called Tao, in the year 2098.

Like oversize birds, we balanced on our respective branches, each of us with a plastic container in one hand and a feather brush in the other.

I climbed upwards, very slowly, as carefully as I could. I was not cut out for this, wasn't like many of the other women on the crew, my movements were often too heavy-handed. I lacked the subtle motor skills and precision required. This wasn't what I was made for, but all the same I had to be here, every single day, twelve hours a day.

The trees were as old as a lifetime. The branches were as fragile as thin glass, they cracked beneath our weight. I twisted myself carefully, mustn't damage the tree. I placed my right foot on a branch even further up, and carefully pulled the left up behind it. And finally I found a secure working position, uncomfortable but stable. From here I could reach the uppermost flowers.

The little plastic container was full of the gossamer gold, carefully weighed out. I tried to transfer invisible portions lightly out of the container and over into the trees. Each individual blossom was to be dusted with the tiny brush of hen feathers, from hens scientifically cultivated for precisely this purpose. No feathers of artificial fibers had proven nearly as effective. It had been tested, and then tested again, because we had had plenty of time—in my district the tradition of hand pollination was more than a hundred years old. The bees here had disappeared back in the 1980s, long before The Collapse; pesticides had done away with them. A few years later, when the pesticides were no longer in use, the bees returned, but by then hand pollination had already been implemented. The results were better, even though an incredible number of people, an incredible number of hands were required. And so, when The Collapse came, my district had a competitive edge. It had paid off to be the ones who polluted the most. We were a pioneer nation in pollution and so we became a pioneer nation in pollination. A paradox had saved us.

I stretched as far as I could, but couldn't quite reach the blossom at the very top. I was about to give up, but knew I might be punished, so I tried once more. Our pay was docked if we used up the pollen too quickly. And our pay was docked if we used too little. The work was invisible. When at the end of the day we climbed down from the trees, there was no evidence of our work except for the red chalk X's on the tree trunks, ideally up to forty trees each day. It wasn't until autumn came and the trees were laden with fruit that we would know who among us had actually succeeded in their work. And by then we had usually forgotten which trees had been dusted by whom.

Check your comprehension!

1. Why are the workers pollinating the trees by hand?

.....

2. What did the pesticides do?

.....

3. How does Tao feel about the work that she does?

Q1—Look at lines 1-12 and write down four things we learn about the speaker:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 13-26 and look at how the process of and tools used for hand pollination is described. Highlight three quotations that describe the process or tools. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. 'The adverb 'scientifically' emphasises how the feathers and hens were created with and exact intention and using a specific process, which makes the reader think the scientists went to a lot of effort and they were desperate for their work to be successful.')</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Scarlet Letter by Nathaniel Hawthorn

The opening to a story written in 1850 about a woman who is convicted of adultery in a Puritan village.

A throng of bearded men, in sad-coloured garments and grey steeple-crowned hats, inter-mixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

5 The founders of a new colony, whatever Utopia of human virtue and happiness they might originally project, have invariably recognized it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site of a prison. In accordance with this rule it may safely be assumed that the forefathers of Boston had built the first prison-house somewhere in the vicinity of Cornhill, almost as seasonably as they marked out the first burial-ground, on Isaac Johnson's lot, and round about his grave, which subsequently became the nucleus of all the congregated
10 sepulchres in the old churchyard of King's Chapel. Certain it is that, some fifteen or twenty years after the settlement of the town, the wooden jail was already marked with weather-stains and other indications of age, which gave a yet darker aspect to its beetle-browed and gloomy front. The rust on the ponderous iron-work of its oaken door looked more antique than anything else in the New World. Like all that pertains to crime, it seemed never to have known a youthful era. Before this ugly edifice,
15 and between it and the wheel-track of the street, was a grass-plot, much overgrown with burdock, pig-weed, apple-pern, and such unsightly vegetation, which evidently found something congenial in the soil that had so early borne the black flower of civilised society, a prison. But on one side of the portal, and rooted almost at the threshold, was a wild rose-bush, covered, in this month of June, with its delicate gems, which might be imagined to offer their fragrance and fragile beauty to the prisoner as he
20 went in, and to the condemned criminal as he came forth to his doom, in token that the deep heart of Nature could pity and be kind to him.

25 This rose-bush, by a strange chance, has been kept alive in history; but whether it had merely survived out of the stern old wilderness, so long after the fall of the gigantic pines and oaks that originally overshadowed it, or whether, as there is far authority for believing, it had sprung up under the footsteps of the sainted Ann Hutchinson as she entered the prison-door, we shall not take upon us to determine. Finding it so directly on the threshold of our narrative, which is now about to issue from that inauspicious portal, we could hardly do otherwise than pluck one of its flowers, and present it to the reader. It may serve, let us hope, to symbolise some sweet moral blossom that may be found along the track, or relieve the darkening close of a tale of human frailty and sorrow.

Check your comprehension!

1. What building are people waiting outside of?
2. What is growing by the door?
3. What sort of clothes are the people wearing?

Q1—Look at lines 1-3 and write down four things we learn about the crowd:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 5-21 and look at how the prison is described. Highlight three quotations that describe the prison. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>'Using the adjective 'beetle-browed' the author has made the prison seem uninviting and unattractive. This would make the reader feel that the people who send people there must want the inmates to be unhappy whilst they serve their sentences.'</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

Rebecca by Daphne Du Maurier

Taken from the opening to 'Rebecca', An unnamed narrator tells us about a dream where she visits her old home, Manderley. In the dream, the driveway to the house seems to be very overgrown and almost unrecognisable to the narrator.

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

5 No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkempt, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized
10 what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their
15 branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

20 The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the
25 nameless parasites that grew beside them.

30 On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

35 There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand.

Check your comprehension!

1. How do you know the narrator is dreaming?
2. What does the lodge look like in the dream?
3. How does the narrator describe the driveway?

Q1—Read lines 1-4. List four things that you learn about the setting.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Read from lines 10-18 in detail. How does the writer use language to describe nature?

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. the vivid description of nature as an attacking force helps us to understand the narrator's anxieties about Manderley, and hints that her memories of this setting are not entirely positive).</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

A Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens

The following extract is taken from Charles Dickens' novel, A Christmas Carol, written in 1843. In this extract, the Ghost of Christmas Future takes the main character, Scrooge, to see a shop in a poor area of London.

5	<p>He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the Porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.</p>
10	<p>Quiet and dark, beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he roused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand, and its situation in reference to himself, that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder, and feel very cold.</p>
15	<p>They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognised its situation, and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offenses of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the stragglng streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.</p>
20	<p>Far in this den of infamous resort, there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a pent-house roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal, were bought. Upon the floor within, were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinise were bred and hidden in mountains of un-seemly rags, masses of corrupted fat, and sepulchres of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove, made of old bricks, was a grey-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age; who had screened himself from the cold air without, by a frowsy curtaining of miscella-neous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.</p>
25	<p>Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man, just as a woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them, than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. How is the Phantom described?
2. Why did Scrooge shudder?
3. What did the people in the obscure part of town look like?

Q1—Read lines 15-18. List 4 things you learn about the shop.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Read from lines 10-22 in detail. How does the writer use language to present the poverty-stricken town?

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

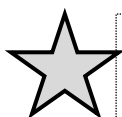
3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>Dickens' judicious language choices allow the reader a full sensory experience of this scene, emphasising the true and horrific nature of poverty.</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini

This source is an extract from 'The Kite Runner'. This scene takes place as Amir and his father (Baba) flee Afghanistan and are being smuggled into Pakistan by a man called Karim.

The rest of that ride is scattered bits and pieces of memory that come and go, most of it sounds and smells: MiGs roaring past overhead; staccatos of gunfire; a donkey braying nearby; the jingling of bells and mewling of sheep; gravel crushed under the truck's tires; a baby wailing in the dark; the stench of gasoline and vomit.

5 What I remember next is the blinding light of early morning as I climbed out of the fuel tank. I remember turning my face up to the sky, squinting, breathing like the world was running out of air. I lay on the side of the dirt road next to a rocky trench, looked up to the grey morning sky, thankful for air, thankful for light, thankful to be alive.

10 "We're in Pakistan, Amir," Baba said. He was standing over me. "Karim says he will call for a bus to take us to Peshawar."

I rolled onto my chest, still lying in the cool dirt, and saw our suitcases on either side of Baba's feet. Through the upside down V between his legs, I saw the truck idling on the side of the road, the other refugees climbing down the rear ladder. Beyond that, the dirt unrolled through fields that were like leaden sheets under the grey sky and disappeared

15 behind a line of bowl-shaped hills. Along the way, it passed a small village strung out atop a sunbaked slope.

My eyes returned to our suitcases. They made me sad for Baba. After everything he'd built, planned, fought for, fretted over, dreamed of, this was the summation of his life: one disappointing son and two suitcases.

20 Someone was screaming. No, not screaming. Wailing. I saw the passengers huddled in a circle, heard their urgent voices. Someone said the word "fumes." Someone else said it too. The wail turned into a throat ripping screech.

Baba and I hurried to the pack of onlookers and pushed our way through them. Kamal's father was sitting cross-legged in the centre of the circle, rocking back and forth, kissing

25 his son's ashen face.

"He won't breathe! My boy won't breathe!" he was crying. Kamal's lifeless body lay on his father's lap. His right hand, uncurled and limp, bounced to the rhythm of his father's sobs. "My boy! He won't breathe! Allah, help him breathe!"

Baba knelt beside him and curled an arm around his shoulder. But Kamal's father

30 shoved him away and lunged for Karim who was standing nearby with his cousin. What happened next was too fast and too short to be called a scuffle. Karim uttered a surprised cry and back pedalled. I saw an arm swing, a leg kick. A moment later, Kamal's father was standing with Karim's gun in his hand.

"Don't shoot me!" Karim cried.

35 But before any of us could say or do a thing, Kamal's father shoved the barrel in his own mouth. I'll never forget the echo of that blast. Or the flash of light and the spray of red. I doubled over again and dry-heaved on the side of the road.

Check your comprehension!

1. What have the refugees travelled to Pakistan inside?
2. How did the narrator feel when he breathed clean air?
3. What was the summation of Baba's life?.....
4. What happened to Kamal?

Q1—Read lines 1-5. List four things that Amir remembers about his journey to Pakistan.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Read from lines 5-19 in detail. How does the writer use language here to create a sense of Amir’s feelings?

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you’ve highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer’s techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. The writer encourages us to sympathise with Amir’s plight by allowing us this glimpse into his journey, and we are fully able to comprehend his gratefulness to be, not only breathing clean air once again, but to be alive at this moment in the extract.</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Illustrated Man by Ray Bradbury

Taken from the opening of a short story in which the narrator meets a man who struggles through life because of his special tattoos.

5	<p>It was a warm afternoon in early September when I first met the Illustrated Man. Walking along an asphalt road, I was on the final leg of a two weeks' walking tour of Wisconsin. Late in the afternoon I stopped, ate some pork, beans, and a doughnut, and was preparing to stretch out and read when the Illustrated Man walked over the hill and stood for a moment against the sky. I didn't know he was Illustrated then. I only knew that he was tall, once well muscled, but now, for some reason, going to fat. I recall that his arms were long, and the hands thick, but that his face was like a child's, set upon a massive body.</p>
10	<p>He seemed only to sense my presence, for he didn't look directly at me when he spoke his first words: "Do you know where I can find a job?"</p> <p>"I'm afraid not," I said.</p> <p>"I haven't had a job that's lasted in forty years," he said.</p>
15	<p>Though it was a hot late afternoon, he wore his wool shirt buttoned tight about his neck. His sleeves were rolled and buttoned down over his thick wrists. Perspiration was streaming from his face, yet he made no move to open his shirt.</p> <p>"Well," he said at last, "this is as good a place as any to spend the night. Do you mind company?"</p> <p>"I have some extra food you'd be welcome to," I said.</p>
20	<p>He sat down heavily, grunting. "You'll be sorry you asked me to stay," he said. "Everyone always is. That's why I'm walking. Here it is, early September, the cream of the Labor Day carnival season. I should be making money hand over fist at any small town side show celebration, but here I am with no prospects."</p> <p>He took off an immense shoe and peered at it closely. "I usually keep a job about ten days. Then something happens and they fire me. By now every carnival in America won't touch me with a ten-foot pole."</p> <p>"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked.</p>
25	<p>For answer, he unbuttoned his tight collar, slowly. With his eyes shut, he put a slow hand to the task of unbuttoning his shirt all the way down. He slipped his fingers in to feel his chest. "Funny," he said, eyes still shut. "You can't feel them but they're there. I always hope that someday I'll look and they'll be gone. I walk in the sun for hours on the hottest days, baking, and hope that my sweat'll wash them off, the sun'll cook them off, but at sundown they're still there." He turned his head slightly toward me and exposed his chest. "Are they still there now?"</p>
30	<p>After a long while I exhaled. "Yes," I said. "They're still there."</p> <p>The Illustrations.</p>

Check your comprehension!

1. Where is the story set?
2. What is strange about the Illustrated Man's choice of clothing?.....
.....
3. What does the Illustrated Man hope will happen to his tattoos?.....
.....

Q1—Look at lines 5-7 and write down four things we learn about the Illustrated Man:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 12 –20 and think about the language used to describe the Illustrated Man.

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

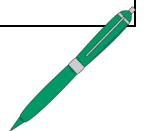
Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? (e.g. <i>metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.</i>)
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? (e.g. <i>By using the adverb 'heavily,' the writer implies that it is not only the Illustrated Man's body that is weighty but that he is also carrying a metaphorical burden with him. This, along with the animalistic verb 'grunted' suggests that he was treated poorly at a previous carnival, making the reader feel sympathy.</i>)
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Kite Runner by Khaled Hosseini.

Taken from the second chapter of the novel in which the narrator is remembering his childhood home.

5	<p>Everyone agreed that my father, my Baba, had built the most beautiful house in the Wazir Akbar Khan district, a new and affluent neighbourhood in the northern part of Kabul. Some thought it was the prettiest house in all of Kabul. A broad entryway flanked by rosebushes led to the sprawling house of marble floors and wide windows. Intricate mosaic tiles, handpicked by Baba in Isfahan, covered the floors of the four bathrooms. Gold-stitched tapestries, which Baba had bought in Calcutta, lined the walls; a crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling.</p>
10	<p>Upstairs was my bedroom, Baba's room, and his study, also known as "the smoking room," which perpetually smelled of tobacco and cinnamon. Baba and his friends reclined on black leather chairs there after Ali had served dinner. They stuffed their pipes--except Baba always called it "fattening the pipe"--and discussed their favourite three topics: politics, business, soccer. Sometimes I asked Baba if I could sit with them, but Baba would stand in the doorway. "Go on, now," he'd say. "This is grown-ups' time. Why don't you go read one of those books of yours?" He'd close the door, leave me to wonder why it was always grown-ups' time with him.</p>
15	<p>I'd sit by the door, knees drawn to my chest. Sometimes I sat there for an hour, sometimes two, listening to their laughter, their chatter.</p>
20	<p>The living room downstairs had a curved wall with custom-built cabinets. Inside sat framed family pictures: an old, grainy photo of my grandfather and King Nadir Shah taken in 1931, two years before the king's assassination; they are standing over a dead deer, dressed in knee-high boots, rifles slung over their shoulders. There was a picture of my parents' wedding night, Baba dashing in his black suit and my mother a smiling young princess in white. Here was Baba and his best friend and business partner, Rahim Khan, standing outside our house, neither one smiling--I am a baby in that photograph and Baba is holding me, looking tired and grim. I'm in his arms, but it's Rahim Khan's pinky my fingers are curled around.</p>

Check your comprehension:

1. What does the narrator call his father?
2. What did the narrator do when his father was in the study with his friends?.....
.....
3. What is the narrator doing in the picture that shows his bond with Rahim Khan?.....
.....

Q1—Look at lines 7-9 and write down four things about the study:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 1-6 and think about the language used to describe the house.

Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you've highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer's techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. By using the superlative adjectives, the writer helps the reader to understand how superior the house was in relation to the others in the area and to question what the narrator's father does in order to be able to afford such luxuries.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Homework week commencing:

The Thirty-Nine Steps by John Buchan

In this extract the narrator, Richard Hannay, is on the run from a gang of spies after escaping from a locked room in their farmhouse by using some explosive devices that he found there. Unable to travel away from the farm in daylight, he has now found a hiding place on top of a dovecote which

5	I woke with a burning head and the sun glaring in my face. For a long time I lay motionless, for those horrible fumes seemed to have loosened my joints and dulled my brain. Sounds came to me from the house – men speaking throatily and the throbbing of a stationary car. There was a little gap in the parapet to which I wriggled, and from which I had some sort of prospect of the yard. I saw figures come out – a servant with his head bound up, and then a younger man in knickerbockers. They were looking for something, and moved towards the mill. Then one of them caught sight of the wisp of cloth on the nail, and cried out to the other. They both went back to the house, and brought two more to look at it. I saw the rotund figure of my late captor, and I thought I made out the man with the lisp. I noticed that all had pistols.
10	For half an hour they ransacked the mill. I could hear them kicking over the barrels and pulling up the rotten planking. Then they came outside, and stood just below the dovecot, arguing fiercely. The servant with the bandage was being soundly rated. I heard them fiddling with the door of the dovecot, and for one horrid moment I fancied they were coming up. Then they thought better of it, and went back to the house.
15	All that long blistering afternoon I lay baking on the roof-top. Thirst was my chief torment. My tongue was like a stick, and to make it worse I could hear the cool drip of water from the mill-lade. I watched the course of the little stream as it came in from the moor, and my fancy followed it to the top of the glen, where it must issue from an icy fountain fringed with cool ferns and mosses. I would have given a thousand pounds to plunge my face into that.
20	I had a fine prospect of the whole ring of moorland. I saw the car speed away with two occupants, and a man on a hill pony riding east. I judged they were looking for me, and I wished them joy of their quest.
25	But I saw something else more interesting. The house stood almost on the summit of a swell of moorland which crowned a sort of plateau, and there was no higher point nearer than the big hills six miles off. The actual summit, as I have mentioned, was a biggish clump of trees – firs mostly, with a few ashes and beeches. On the dovecot I was almost on a level with the tree-tops, and could see what lay beyond. The wood was not solid, but only a ring, and inside was an oval of green turf, for all the world like a big cricket-field.

Check your comprehension!

1. How did the narrator feel when he woke up?
2. How long did the people spend searching the mill?.....
3. What did the narrator see in the wood that was interesting?.....

Q1—Look at lines 10-14 and write down four things the people were doing:

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.

Score: /4

Q2—Look at lines 15 –28 and think about the language used to describe Richard’s experience. Highlight three quotations you could potentially use in your answer. Number each quotation you’ve highlighted and write down the technique and effect used for each one below:

1. Technique:

Effect:

2. Technique:

Effect:

3. Technique:

Effect:

Peer/Self-assessment (make sure you use a green pen!)

	Have the writer’s techniques been identified and the correct subject terminology used? <i>(e.g. metaphor, simile, powerful verb, etc.)</i>
	Has the effect on the audience been clearly explained? <i>(e.g. By repeatedly including images of water, the writer guides the reader to imagine how incredibly dehydrated the narrator is and how desperate he is for a drink.)</i>
	Has a word explosion been <u>fully</u> completed for a pink slip?

I would award this work an ATL of



Earn a pink slip!

Select an example of ambitious vocabulary in this extract and complete a blank word explosion.



Extract name:

Definition of the word:

Is this word a verb, adverb,
adjective, noun?

Synonym (a word that means the same):

Antonym (a word that means the
opposite):

Draw a picture/doodle/symbol that
represents this word:

Rhymes with:

How many syllables?

Extract name:

Definition of the word:

Is this word a verb, adverb,
adjective, noun?

Synonym (a word that means the same):

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Draw a picture/doodle/symbol that
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opposite):

Draw a picture/doodle/symbol that
represents this word:

Rhymes with:

How many syllables?