

Narrative Reading Unit

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Introduction

The object of this unit is to provide suggestions, ideas and materials to support teachers in helping children to understand and respond to narrative texts, and to develop higher order reading skills. Children need to explore a range of comprehension strategies, using a variety of learning styles, that will enable them to probe beyond the literal. Key to the expansion of children's understanding will be the teacher's skill in questioning. All children need frequent exposure to 'open' questions that allow and encourage deduction, speculation, prediction, inference and evaluation. These should be part of the 'book talk' that takes place at various times in the classroom to enhance and develop children's analytical thinking.

Children need plenty of experience in tackling these kinds of questions orally before they can successfully attempt written answers. It will be helpful to most children if teachers frame the questions in as many different ways as possible, gradually incorporating into this oral work the kinds of wording that are typically used in written questions. Removing the obstacle of the unfamiliar language of written questions, by introducing it and explaining it orally, will enable children to demonstrate and teachers to assess what children do and do not understand about texts. Teachers may find it helpful to review past reading papers, list the relevant questions and think about how they can be adapted for use in various speaking and listening contexts, including shared and guided reading.

Four narratives are supplied in this unit: two short stories, which are worked on over several sessions and two extracts from novels, each studied for one session. After exploring one of the longer texts through reading, there is an opportunity to work with the children on converting part of the story into a playscript.

Resources

The resources include:

- lesson notes for each of the 10 lessons in the unit;
- a copy of each narrative text for the teacher to enlarge or turn into an overhead transparency and use for demonstrating reading strategies such as text marking and note making;
- a copy of the text to photocopy for pupils so that they can practise active reading strategies;
- annotated texts or sections of text for teachers to use as support during the shared reading sessions in order to unpick aspects of the text and lead the children through questioning and discussion to a deeper level of understanding. The annotations are designed to prompt discussion, and begin to include some of the more formal language of questions;
- suggested activities for independent work that build on and extend the speaking and listening that has taken place in the shared session. The writing tasks also include elements of formal question language and teachers will want to ensure that they provide a clear explanation of these where necessary: they are not intended as test questions.

Introduction

Resource Sheet

Purpose

1a–e	Lesson notes and resources for ‘The long walk’
2a–n	Lesson notes and resources for ‘The giant’s necklace’
3a–b	Lesson notes and resources for ‘Transforming narrative to playscript’
4a–d	Lesson notes and resources for ‘Freddie Pilcher’
5a–d	Lesson notes and resources for ‘Meatpie on the Masham Road’

Word level work

Word level teaching and learning is incorporated into the close reading of texts, particularly strategies for working out the probable meanings of unfamiliar words using context cues. However, focused spelling, like mental maths, needs concentrated daily attention so that writing words correctly with a fluent hand is automatic and children’s cognitive capacity is released to attend to the content and form of their writing. Ten minutes at the beginning of the literacy hour every day can be spent on sharpening up children’s spelling knowledge (W2 and 3).

Acknowledgements

‘The long walk’ by George Layton in *The Fib and other stories* published by Macmillan

‘The giant’s necklace’ by Michael Morpurgo in *The White Horse of Zennor* and also in *From Hereabout Hill* published by Mammoth

‘Freddie Pilcher’ by Pie Corbett (unpublished)

‘Meatpie on the Masham Road’ by Pie Corbett (unpublished)

Framework objectives

Year 6 Term 2

Text

1. to understand aspects of narrative structure, e.g.:
 - how chapters in a book (or paragraphs in a short story or chapter) are linked together;
 - how authors handle time, e.g. flashbacks, stories within stories, dreams;
 - how the passing of time is conveyed to the reader;
2. to analyse how individual paragraphs are structured in writing, e.g. comments sequenced to follow the shifting thoughts of a character, examples listed to justify a point and reiterated to give it force;
7. to identify the key features of different types of literary text, e.g. stock characters, plot structure, and how particular texts conform, develop or undermine the type, e.g. through parody;
8. to analyse the success of texts and writers in evoking particular responses in the reader, e.g. where suspense is well-built;

Sentence

4. to revise work on contracting sentences:
 - summary;
 - note making;
 - editing;

Year 6 Term 1

Word

7. to understand how words and expressions have changed over time, e.g. old verb endings *-st* and *-th* and how some words have fallen out of use, e.g. *yonder*, *thither*.

Narrative reading: unit plan for weeks 1 and 2

N.B. For the three days' work on 'The giant's necklace' beginning on day 3, the teacher needs to have read the first part of the story to the class outside the literacy hour, ideally on day 1 or 2.

Week	Day	Shared text, sentence, word level and speaking and listening	Guided reading/writing	Independent work	Plenary
1	1	Read first half of 'Long walk'. Demonstrate active reading strategies.		In pairs, close reading using active reading strategies.	Use conclusions from independent work to summarise verbally a response to a question.
	2	Read second half of 'Long walk'. Demonstrate strategies for reflecting on whole story.		Infer and deduce another character's point of view: write journal entry.	Identify techniques author used to enable readers to empathise.
	3	Read the next part of 'The giant's necklace', demonstrating active reading strategies.		Read on and apply active reading strategies.	Share responses, annotating the text as a model. Emphasise author's craft.
	4	Read the next part of 'The giant's necklace', demonstrating active reading strategies.		Write journal entry as response to story ending, reflecting on author's intent.	Identify hints in the text to the ending.
	5	Demonstrate close reading to identify author's techniques for 1) creating ambiguity and confusion, 2) handling time.		Write journal entry on overall impression of the story, citing evidence from the text.	Consider the structure of the story, and its genre.
2	6	Create checklist of key features of playscripts. Demonstrate first stage in converting narrative to play: identifying functions of elements of text.		Complete first stage of conversion to playscript. Text mark any queries.	Discuss points of difficulty and reach agreement.
	7	Demonstrate rewriting the story as a play, articulating decisions about conventional layout.		Continue with the process of transformation into a play, using checklist as a prompt.	Share techniques for tackling complexities of text.
	8	Collect ideas for fresh content. Use teacher scribing to start off a new scene.		Create own scene based on own ideas, applying conventions.	Partners check each other's work for correct use of conventions.
	9	Read 'Freddie Pilcher', demonstrating active reading strategies.		Summarise and predict, based on deduction and inference in shared reading.	Focus on language features required in answers.
	10	Read 'Meatpie on the Masham Road', demonstrating active reading strategies.		Answer questions requiring use of deduction and inference, building on shared reading.	Clarify the precise focus of the questions and strategies for answering them.

Resources

Lesson notes for days 1 and 2

Day 1

Shared text work – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

- Display an enlarged/OHT copy of the first half of ‘The long walk’ (Resource sheet 1a) up to ‘... don’t be frightened’, page 31 and distribute copies to pairs/individuals (Resource sheet 1b).
- Read the story aloud, using the sample questions and comments on Resource sheet 1c (annotated copy of story) as prompts. Model for the children how to text mark key words, phrases, sentences and passages for closer scrutiny. Demonstrate writing brief comments or notes in the margins, and encourage the children to make their own notes. Use paired talk to explore some of the questions. Intersperse your reading with opportunities for the children to read short passages independently before annotating them.

Independent work – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

Working in pairs, ask the children to

- Text mark and reread the paragraph of the description of the boy and the grandad as they leave the house (‘My mum gave us ... find out’) on page 29, then discuss and list the differences and similarities in appearance, based on the information in the text. They can use a chart or matrix of their own devising.
- Skim read and highlight all the boy’s spoken words up to this point. What do they notice?

Plenary – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

- Pose the following question for discussion: ‘This story is about a boy and his grandad. How does the author show the contrasts between the two characters?’ Children use the conclusions from their independent work and share ideas. Summarise a verbal answer to the question.

Day 2

Shared text work – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

- Recap on day 1’s work and briefly discuss whether any themes are emerging. Read the second half of the story, using the sample questions on Resource sheet 1c and continuing to demonstrate text marking and annotating. Intersperse your reading with opportunities for the children to read short passages independently before annotating them.
- After concluding the story, use the questions on Resource sheet 1d to reflect on the story as a whole, giving children time to discuss and prepare oral responses with a partner.

- Text mark key moments in the story, e.g. when Grandad arrives at the house, when he wipes his eyes, as he looks out of the bus window, when he looks at his plot in the graveyard.
- Remind the children that the story has been told from the boy's point of view. Ask them to imagine what Grandad's thoughts might be at these key moments. If necessary, model an example for them orally.

Independent work – reading response through journal

- Ask the children to compose individual journal entries of Grandad's thoughts and feelings at each or some of the key moments identified in shared reading.

Plenary – reading response

- Share a few responses, discussing how the children were able to imagine the character's thoughts and feelings. Help the children to identify any techniques the author used in the story that enabled them to empathise. Note these briefly.

‘The long walk’ by George Layton in *The Fib and other stories*

I loved it when my grandad took me out – just me and him. I never knew when I was going out with him. It just happened every so often. My mum’d say to me, ‘C’mon, get ready. Your grandad’s coming to take you out. Get your clogs on.’ That was the one thing that spoilt it – my clogs. Whenever my grandad took me out, I had to wear a pair of clogs that he’d given to me. Well, he’d made them you see, that was his job before he retired, clog-maker. I didn’t half make a noise when I was wearing them an’ all. Blimey, you could hear me a mile away. I hated those clogs.

‘Aw, Mum, do I have to put my clogs on?’

‘Now don’t ask silly questions. Go and get ready.’

‘Aw, please ask Grandad if I can go without my clogs.’

‘Do you want to go or don’t you?’

My mum knew I wanted to go.

‘Course I want to.’

‘Then go and put your clogs on.’

‘Oh, heck.’

Honest, I'd never seen anyone else wearing clogs. I wondered where my grandad would take me today. Last time I'd gone to the zoo with him. It was great. I was just about ready when I heard him knock at the front door. I knew it was my grandad, because he always had his own special knock. Everybody else used the bell. I could hear him downstairs, he was wearing clogs himself.

'I'm nearly ready, Grandad.'

I put on my windcheater that I'd been given last Christmas. It was maroon coloured. My friend Tony had got one as well only his was green, but I liked mine best. Then I went downstairs.

'Hello Grandad.'

My mum told me to give him a kiss.

'He's getting too big to give his old grandad a kiss, aren't you son?'

He always called me son.

'No, course not, Grandad.'

He bent down so I could kiss him on his cheek. He was all bristly and it made me laugh.

'Ooh Grandad, you haven't shaved today, have you?'

He was laughing as well. We were both laughing, we didn't really know why, and my mum started laughing. There we were, all three of us laughing at nothing at all.

'No, son, I haven't shaved. But it doesn't matter today. It'll bother nobody else today. There's just the two of us.'

'Where are we going, Grandad? Where are you taking us?'

He looked at me. His eyes were watering a bit and he wiped them with a dark blue hanky he always had in his top pocket.

'We're going on a walk, a special walk.'

He was almost whispering, as if he didn't want my mum to hear, bending down with his whiskery face next to mine.

'Where are we going, Grandad? Where are we going? Is it a secret?'

'You'll see son, when we get there.'

He looked a bit sad for a MINUTE, but then he smiled and put on his flat cap.

'C'mon son, let's get going.'

My mum gave us each a pack of sandwiches, and off we went. We must have looked a funny sight walking down the road together, me and my grandad. Him dressed in his flat cap and thick overcoat and clogs. Me in my maroon windcheater and short grey trousers and

clogs. But I was so happy. I didn't know where we were going and neither did anyone else. Only Grandad knew, and only I was going to find out.

'Are we walking all the way, Grandad?' He took such big strides that I was half walking and half running.

'No, son, we'll get a trackless first to get out a bit.'

By 'trackless' he meant a bus, and I'd heard him say it so often that I never wondered why he said trackless.

'I'll show you where I used to go when I was a lad.'

We didn't have to wait long before a bus came, and we went upstairs and sat right at the front. Grandad was out of breath when we sat down.

'Are you all right, Grandad?'

'Oh, aye, son. You get a better view up here.'

'Yes Grandad, you do.'

Soon we were going through the 'posh part' where the snobs lived. This was on the other side of the park.

'At one time there were no roof on't top deck. That were before the trackless. Completely open it was – daft really.'

The conductor came round for our fares.

'One and t'lad to the basin.'

I'd never heard of the basin before. I asked my grandad what it was.

'What's the basin, Grandad?'

'That's where we start our walk.'

'What basin is it? Why is it called "basin"?''

'The canal basin, it's where the canal starts. You'll see.'

By now we were going through a brand new shopping centre.

'Hey look Grandad, that's where that new bowling alley is. My friends Tony and Barry have been. They say it's smashing.'

Grandad looked out of the window.

'That's where I used to play cricket a long time ago.'

'Where the bowling alley is?'

'That's right, son, when they were fields. It's all changed now. Mind, where we're going for a walk, it's not changed there. No, it's just the same there.'

We heard the conductor shout 'basin'.

'C'mon, son, our stop, be careful now.'

While we were going down the stairs, I held tight to my grandad. Not because I thought I might fall, but I was scared for him. He looked as though he was going to go straight from the top to the bottom.

‘Are you all right, Grandad? Don’t fall.’

He just told me not to be frightened and to hold on tight.

‘That’s right, you hold on to me, son, you’ll be all right, don’t be frightened.’

We both got off the bus, and I watched it drive away. I didn’t know where we were, but it was very quiet.

‘It’s nice here, isn’t it, Grandad?’

‘This is where my dad was born, your great-grandad.’

It was a lovely place. There weren’t many shops and there didn’t seem to be many people either. By the bus stop there was a big stone thing full of water.

‘Hey, Grandad, is that where the horses used to drink?’

‘That’s right, son. I used to hold my grandad’s horse there while it was drinking.’

I couldn’t see anything like a basin.

I wondered where it was.

‘Where’s the basin, Grandad?’

‘We’ve got to walk there. C’mon.’

We went away from the main street, into a side street, past all these little houses. I don’t think any cars ever went down this street because there was washing strung out right across the road all the way down the street.

Outside some of the houses were ladies washing the front step and scraping that yellow stone on the edges. A lot of the houses had curtains over the front door, so you could leave the door open and the wind didn't blow in. Mind you, it wasn't cold even though it was October. It was nice. The sun was shining, not hot, but just nice. When we got further down the street, I saw that it was a cul-de-sac.

'Hey, Grandad, it's a dead end. We must've come the wrong way.'

Grandad just smiled.

'Do you think that I'm that old, that I can't remember the way? Here, look.'

He took my hand and showed me the way. Just before the last house in the road was a tiny snicket. It was so narrow that we had to go through behind each other. I wouldn't even have noticed this snicket if my Grandad hadn't shown it to me.

'Go on, son, through there.'

It was very dark and all you could see was a little speck of light at the other end, so you can tell how long it was.

'You go first, Grandad.'

'No, after you, son.'

I didn't want to go first.

‘No, you’d better go first, Grandad. You know the way, don’t you?’

He laughed and put his hand in his pocket and brought out a few boiled sweets.

‘Here you are. These are for the journey. Off we go for the last time.’

I was just going to ask him what he meant, but he carried on talking. ‘I mean it’ll soon be winter, won’t it? Come on.’

And off we went through the dark passage. Grandad told me that when he was a kid they used to call it the Black Hole of Calcutta. Soon we reached the other end and it was quite strange because it was like going through a door into the country. We ended up at the top of some steps, high up above the canal basin, and you could see for miles. I could only see one barge though, in the basin. We went down the steps. There were a hundred and fifteen steps – I counted them.

Grandad was going down slowly so I was at the bottom before him.

‘Grandad, there are a hundred and fifteen steps there. C’mon, let’s look at that barge.’

I ran over to have a look at it and Grandad followed me.

‘It’s like a house isn’t it, Grandad?’

‘It is a house. Someone lives there. C’mon, let’s sit here and have our sandwiches.’

And we did.

The sun was very big and round, though it wasn’t very hot, and the leaves on the trees were golden, and the reflection in the water made the canal look golden. There was nobody else about, and all the noises that you never notice usually suddenly sounded special, different. Like the siren that let the workers know it was dinner time. I’ve heard sirens lots of times since then but they never sound so sweet. The same with the train. It must have been miles away because I couldn’t see any steam or anything, and you had to listen quite hard, but behind the hum of the country and town sounds mixed together you could hear this knockety-knock.

When we’d finished our sandwiches we walked along the canal. Grandad showed me how to open the lock gates, and we were both puffed out afterwards because it was hard work. After a while we walked away from the canal, up a country lane. I don’t suppose we were really that far away from home, but we seemed to be miles out in the country, and soon we came to a village. My Grandad said we’d catch a bus home from there, but first he wanted to show me something, and he took hold of my hand. I didn’t have a clue where he

was taking me, but I got a shock when we ended up in the graveyard. It had gone cold now. I wanted to go home.

‘C’mon, Grandad, let’s go home now.’

But he didn’t seem to be listening properly.

‘In a minute, son, I just want to show you summat.’

And hand in hand we walked among the gravestones.

‘There you are son, there’s my plot. That’s where I’ll be laid to rest.’

I didn’t know what to say.

‘When, Grandad?’

‘Soon.’

He smiled and looked very happy and he bent down and pulled out a couple of weeds. It was a very neat plot.

‘C’mon, son, we’d best get going now.’

When I told my mum that night that Grandad was going to die soon, she got very cross and told me not to talk like that.

‘He’s as fit as a fiddle is your grandad. Don’t you talk like that.’

It happened three days later, at dinner time. It came as a great shock to everybody, except of course to me and Grandad.

THE LONG WALK
in *The Fib and other stories*
by George Layton

THE LONG WALK

I loved it when my granddad took me out – just me and him. I never knew when I was going out with him. It just happened every so often. My mum'd say to me, 'C'mon, get ready. Your granddad's coming to take you out. Get your clogs on.' That was the one thing that spoiled it – my clogs. Whenever my granddad took me out, I had to wear a pair of clogs that he'd given to me. Well, he'd made them you see, that was his job before he retired, clog-maker. I didn't half make a noise when I was wearing them an' all. Blimey, you could hear me a mile away. I hated those clogs.

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And we did.

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look golden. There was nobody else about, and all the noises that you never notice usually suddenly sounded special, different. Like the siren that let the workers know it was dinner time. I've heard sirens lots of times since then but they never sound so sweet. The same with the train. It must have been miles away because I couldn't see any steam or anything, and you had to listen quite hard, but behind the hum of the country and town sounds mixed together you could hear this knockety-knock.

When we'd finished our sandwiches we walked along the canal. Grandad showed me how to open the lock gates, and we were both puffed out afterwards because it was hard work. After a while we walked away from the canal, up a country lane. I don't suppose we were really that far away from home, but we seemed to be miles out in the country, and soon we came to a village. My grandad said we'd catch a bus home from there, but first he wanted to show me something, an he took hold of my hand. I didn't have a clue where he was taking me, but I got a shock when we ended up in the graveyard. It had gone cold now. I wanted to go home.

'C'mon, Grandad, let's go home now.'

But he didn't seem to be listening properly.

'In a minute, son, I just want to show you summat.'

And hand in hand we walked among the gravestones.

'There you are son, there's my plot. That's where I'll be laid to rest.'

I didn't know what to say.

'When, Grandad?'

'Soon.'

He smiled and looked very happy and he bent down and pulled out a couple of weeds. It was a very neat plot.

'C'mon, son, we'd best get going now.'

When I told my mum that night that Grandad was going to die soon, she got very cross and told me not to talk like that.

'He's as fit as a fiddle is your grandad. Don't you talk like that.'

It happened three days later, at dinner time. It came as a great shock to everybody, except of course to me and Grandad.

Day 1

What do we find out from the first 3 sentences? What impression do we form of how the boy feels about his granddad?

THE LONG WALK

I loved it when my granddad took me out – just me and him. I never knew when I was going out with him. It just happened every so often. My mum'd say to me, 'C'mon, get ready. Your granddad's coming to take you out. Get your clogs on.' That was the one thing that spoilt it – my clogs. Whenever my granddad took me out, I had to wear a pair of clogs that he'd given to me. Well, he'd made them you see, that was his job before he retired, clog-maker. I didn't half make a noise when I was wearing them an' all. Blimey, you could hear me a mile away. I hated those clogs.

'Aw, Mum, do I have to put my clogs on?'

'Now don't ask silly questions. Go and get ready.'

'Aw, please ask Granddad if I can go without my clogs.'

'Do you want to go or don't you?'

My mum knew I wanted to go.

'Course I want to.'

'Then go and put your clogs on.'

'Oh, heck.'

Honest, I'd never seen anyone else wearing clogs. I wondered where my granddad would

What ideas does the title suggest?

Contrast with first 3 words of the paragraph.

What does this sentence tell us about a) Mum, b) Granddad?

Why do you think he has to wear clogs for these outings?

take me today. Last time I'd gone to the zoo with him. It was great. I was just about ready when I heard him knock at the front door. I knew it was my grandad, because he always had his own special knock. Everybody else used the bell. I could hear him downstairs, he was wearing clogs himself.

'I'm nearly ready, Grandad.'

I put on my windcheater that I'd been given last Christmas. It was maroon coloured. My friend Tony had got one as well only his was green, but I liked mine best. Then I went downstairs.

'Hello Grandad.'

My mum told me to give him a kiss.

'He's getting too big to give his old grandad a kiss, aren't you son?'

He always called me son.

'No, course not, Grandad.'

He bent down so I could kiss him on his cheek. He was all bristly and it made me laugh.

'Ooh Grandad, you haven't shaved today, have you?'

He was laughing as well. We were both laughing, we didn't really know why, and my mum started laughing. There we were, all three of us laughing at nothing at all.

'No, son, I haven't shaved. But it doesn't matter today. It'll bother nobody else today. There's just the two of us.'

'Where are we going, Grandad? Where are you taking us?'

He looked at me. His eyes were watering a bit

Why might his eyes be watering?

What more do we learn from this passage about the relationship between the boy and the grandad?

What impression of the three characters do you gain from this paragraph?

and he wiped them with a dark blue hanky he always had in his top pocket.

‘We’re going on a walk, a special walk.’

He was almost whispering, as if he didn’t want my mum to hear, bending down with his whiskery face next to mine.

‘Where are we going, Grandad? Where are we going? Is it a secret?’

‘You’ll see son, when we get there.’

He looked a bit sad for a minute, but then he smiled and put on his flat cap.

‘C’mon son, let’s get going.’

My mum gave us each a pack of sandwiches, and off we went. We must have looked a funny sight walking down the road together, me and my grandad. Him dressed in his flat cap and thick overcoat and clogs. Me in my maroon windcheater and short grey trousers and clogs. But I was so happy. I didn’t know where we were going and neither did anyone else.

Only Grandad knew, and only I was going to find out.

‘Are we walking all the way, Grandad?’ He took such big strides that I was half walking and half running.

‘No, son, we’ll get a trackless first to get out a bit.’

By ‘trackless’ he meant a bus, and I’d heard him say it so often that I never wondered why he said trackless.

‘I’ll show you where I used to go when I was a

lad.’

Explain why you think he might be sad.

Why has the author used repetition here?

This passage to be discussed in detail in independent time.

Grandad’s memories of the past.

We didn't have to wait long before a bus came, and we went upstairs and sat right at the front. Granddad was out of breath when we sat down.

'Are you all right, Granddad?'

'Oh, aye, son. You get a better view up here.'

'Yes, Granddad, you do.'

Soon we were going through the 'posh part' where the snobs lived. This was on the other side of the park.

Granddad's memories

'At one time there were no roof on't top deck. That were before the trackless. Completely open it was – daft really.'

The conductor came round for our fares.

'One and t'lad to the basin.'

I'd never heard of the basin before. I asked my granddad what it was.

'What's the basin, Granddad?'

'That's where we start our walk.'

'What basin is it? Why is it called "basin"?''

'The canal basin, it's where the canal starts. You'll see.'

By now we were going through a brand new shopping centre.

'Hey look Granddad, that's where that new bowling alley is. My friends Tony and Barry have been. They say it's smashing.'

Granddad looked out of the window.

Granddad's memories

'That's where I used to play cricket a long time ago.'

'Where the bowling alley is?'

'That's right, son, when they were fields. It's all

Explain two ways in which things have changed from the past.

What is the effect of these sentences?

changed now. Mind, where we're going for a walk, it's not changed there. No, it's just the same there.'

We heard the conductor shout 'basin'.
'C'mon, son, our stop, be careful now.'

While we were going down the stairs, I held tight to my granddad. Not because I thought I might fall, but I was scared for him. He looked as though he was going to go straight from the top to the bottom.

What is the effect of this image?

'Are you all right, Granddad? Don't fall.'

He just told me not to be frightened and to hold on tight.

Why does Granddad tell the boy not to be frightened?

'That's right, you hold on to me, son, you'll be all right, don't be frightened.'

We both got off the bus, and I watched it drive away. I didn't know where we were, but it was very quiet.

'It's nice here, isn't it, Granddad?'

'This is where my dad was born, your great-granddad.'

Granddad's memories

It was a lovely place. There weren't many shops and there didn't seem to be many people either. By the bus stop there was a big stone thing full of water.

'Hey, Granddad, is that where the horses used to drink?'

'That's right, son. I used to hold my granddad's horse there while it was drinking.'

Granddad's memories

I couldn't see anything like a basin. I wondered where it was.

'Where's the basin, Granddad?'

'We've got to walk there. C'mon.'

Day 2

What is the main idea of this passage?

We went away from the main street, into a side street, past all these little houses. I don't think any cars ever went down this street because there was washing strung out right across the road all the way down the street. Outside some of the houses were ladies washing the front step and scraping that yellow stone on the edges. A lot of the houses had curtains over the front door, so you could leave the door open and the wind didn't blow in. Mind you, it wasn't cold even though it was October. It was nice. The sun was shining, not hot, but just nice. When we got further down the street, I saw that it was a **cul-de-sac**.

Explain what these words mean.

'Hey, Granddad, it's a **dead end**. We must've come the wrong way.'

Granddad just smiled.

'Do you think that I'm that old, that I can't remember the way? Here, look.'

He took my hand and showed me the way. Just before the last house in the road was a tiny **snicket**. It was so narrow that we had to go through behind each other. I wouldn't even have noticed this snicket if my granddad hadn't shown it to me.

Work out the meaning by reading on.

'Go on, son, through there.'

It was very dark and all you could see was a little speck of light at the other end, so you can tell how long it was.

What does this description make you think of? Why has the author chosen these words?

'You go first, Granddad.'

'No, after you, son.'

I didn't want to go first.

Why do you think he didn't want to go first?

‘No, you’d better go first, Granddad. You know the way, don’t you?’

He laughed and put his hand in his pocket and brought out a few boiled sweets.

‘Here you are. These are for the journey. Off we go for the last time.’

I was just going to ask him what he meant, but he carried on talking. ‘I mean it’ll soon be winter, won’t it? Come on.’

And off we went through the dark passage. Granddad told me that when he was a kid they used to call it the Black Hole of Calcutta. Soon we reached the other end and it was quite strange because it was like going through a door into the country. We ended up at the top of some steps, high up above the canal basin, and you could see for miles. I could only see one barge though, in the basin. We went down the steps. There were a hundred and fifteen steps – I counted them. Granddad was going down slowly so I was at the bottom before him.

‘Granddad, there are a hundred and fifteen steps there. C’mon, let’s look at that barge.’

I ran over to have a look at it and Granddad followed me.

‘It’s like a house isn’t it, Granddad?’

‘It is a house. Someone lives there. C’mon, let’s sit here and have our sandwiches.’

And we did.

The sun was very big and round, though it wasn’t very hot, and the leaves on the trees were golden, and the reflection in the water made the canal

What is the journey?

Explain why you think the author chose this image.

look golden. There was nobody else about, and all the noises that you never notice usually suddenly sounded special, different. Like the siren that let the workers know it was dinner time. I've heard sirens lots of times since then but they never sound so sweet. The same with the train. It must have been miles away because I couldn't see any steam or anything, and you had to listen quite hard, but behind the hum of the country and town sounds mixed together you could hear this knockety-knock.

When we'd finished our sandwiches we walked along the canal. Granddad showed me how to open the lock gates, and we were both puffed out afterwards because it was hard work. After a while we walked away from the canal, up a country lane. I don't suppose we were really that far away from home, but we seemed to be miles out in the country, and soon we came to a village. My granddad said we'd catch a bus home from there, but first he wanted to show me something, an he took hold of my hand. I didn't have a clue where he was taking me, but I got a shock when we ended up in the graveyard. It had gone cold now. I wanted to go home.

'C'mon, Granddad, let's go home now.'

But he didn't seem to be listening properly.

'In a minute, son, I just want to show you summat.'

And hand in hand we walked among the gravestones.

'There you are son, there's my plot. That's where I'll be laid to rest.'

How does the author build up the sense that there is something strange and unusual about the episode?

Why do you think he wants to go home?

I didn't know what to say.

'When, Grandad?'

'Soon.'

He smiled and looked very happy and he bent down and pulled out a couple of weeds. It was a very neat plot.

'C'mon, son, we'd best get going now.'

When I told my mum that night that Grandad was going to die soon, she got very cross and told me not to talk like that.

'He's as fit as a fiddle is your grandad. Don't you talk like that.'

It happened three days later, at dinner time. It came as a great shock to everybody, except of course to me and Grandad.

Why do you think he looks happy?

What is 'it'? Why has the author used these words?

Questions to discuss after finishing 'The long walk'

- Why do you think Grandad took his grandson to the graveyard?
- 'You'll see son, when we get there.' Why won't Grandad tell the boy where they are going?
- In the story, we don't know the boy's name. Why do you think the author chose not to tell us?
- We find out about Grandad's death suddenly at the end of the story. Why do you think the author ended the story this way?
- At several places in the story the author has hinted at what the ending will be. Find two examples.
- The final words in the story are 'me and Grandad'. Why do you think the author chose these as the final words?

Lesson notes for days 3, 4 and 5

The page numbers in these notes refer to the version of 'The giant's necklace' in *From Hereabout Hill* (reproduced here as Resource sheet 2a). Introduce the story and read up to '... before the sea took her away.' on page 11 before this first.

Day 3

Shared text work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

- Give copies of the story up to the paragraph 'Oh pay him no heed . . . nothing else to do.' (page 20) to pairs/individuals. Recap on the part you have read to them so far, noting the author's use of a break in the text at this point, as if a new episode or chapter might be beginning, and pointing out that the main character appears to have drowned a third of the way through the story. Ask for reactions to this and predictions about the rest of the story. Note these. Ask the children to read the next paragraph and then ask the question: how much time has passed? Discuss possibilities. Read on to page 14 in the book. Have a copy of the paragraph on page 14 ('At first . . . down again.') enlarged or on OHT (Resource sheet 2b). Using Resource sheet 2c for reference, analyse the use of language. How does the author enable us to visualise the cliff-climbing scene? Text mark and discuss key language features, e.g. the verbs the author has chosen. Notice the change of tense at the end of the paragraph: what does it imply?
- Ask them to read the next two paragraphs, then display an enlarged/OHT version of the paragraph beginning 'She had asked about the man-made walling . . .' on page 15 (Resource sheet 2d). Using Resource sheet 2e for reference, underline the words 'lodes' and 'adits' and discuss with the children strategies for working out the probable meanings of unfamiliar words like these, i.e. without using a dictionary. Establish through reading round the words that they are likely to be associated with mining, and guess at likely meanings. Make brief notes on sticky notes, e.g. 'lode, adit – check meanings' and also 'tin mines – Cornwall' to demonstrate that sometimes readers make notes to follow up later, in order not to break the flow of the story.
- Continue reading the story, pausing at the words 'adit' ('The adit became narrower and narrower') and 'lode' (. . . candles that lined the lode wall') to ask the children to deduce whether these sentences confirm the meanings of the words they ascribed earlier.
- Read on to 'She was in the shadows and they still could not see her.' (page 17).

Independent work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

Ask the children to read the next section of the story up to '... nothing else to do.' (page 20) to themselves. Assign two activities for the children to do during and after reading:

- text mark and annotate any words or phrases that suggest that there is something strange or unusual about the men
- summarise who they think the two men are and why they are there.

Plenary

- Share children's responses, text marking and annotating an enlarged copy of the same section of text as a model (Resource sheet 2f). Use Resource sheet 2g for your reference. Draw out in discussion the author's use of antiquated language to suggest that the men are from another time, and the use of descriptive vocabulary and of mysterious phrases that leave the reader with unanswered questions. Emphasise the author's evocation of an eerie atmosphere through the creation of a world that seems both real and unreal.

Day 4

Shared text work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

- Give out copies of the story, making sure that children have the same copies that they annotated yesterday. Continue to read from ‘He had a kind voice . . .’ to ‘. . . she smiled back.’ (page 20). Ask them to read the next three paragraphs closely, up to ‘. . . if he ever knew.’ (page 21), annotating the text when they find evidence of who the men are and why they are there. Take feedback from the children, asking them to cite their evidence (Resource sheet 2h). Use Resource sheet 2i for your reference. Establish that this episode is a story within a story. Read on, pausing to work out the meanings of any unfamiliar words, e.g. ‘perplexed’, ‘wrecking’, etc. up to ‘once again in their affection’ (page 26).
- Display an OHT/enlarged version (Resource sheet 2j) of the section beginning ‘She saw as she came round the corner . . .’ to ‘. . . presume that she is drowned’ on page 26. Use Resource sheet 2k for your reference. Ask the children what they can deduce from the Land Rover marked *Coastguard*. Do a close reading of this section, encouraging the children to deduce and infer from the text. Read to the end of this section to confirm what is presumed to have happened to Cherry.
- Read on to the end of the story.

Independent work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

- Ask the children to compose a brief reading journal entry that reflects their response to Cherry’s realisation that she is no longer alive. Ask them to consider whether we as readers realised the truth at the same time as Cherry, or whether there were hints earlier on in the story. Children can skim read from page 16 of the book and mark/note any such points.

Plenary

- Share the children’s responses and evidence. Draw their attention, if necessary, to the following: *She felt a strange affinity with him and his father.* (page 25). Ask them to explain what this means and why it is important to the story.

Day 5

Shared text work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

- Recap on yesterday's discussion about when they, as readers, realised what had happened to Cherry. Refer back to the hints the author made, and explain that you are going to look more closely at how the author managed to drop hints, without giving away the ending. Briefly discuss why he wanted to do this.
- Ask the children to find the part of the story where Cherry '... was on her feet suddenly and backing away.' (page 22). Talk through and complete enlarged Resource sheet 2l to help the children see that Cherry doesn't really understand what the young miner is trying to tell her, and he thinks Cherry knows she has died. Taking each numbered comment in turn, ask them to find and underline it in the text, and then discuss with their talk partner what they think the character is assuming or implying when they speak these words. Do the first one together as an example. As they feed back their ideas, write these in the appropriate thought bubbles for each character. Use Resource sheet 2m for your reference.
- Move on to considering how the author uses time in the story.
- Display an uncompleted version of the chart on Resource sheet 2n and involve the children in rapidly filling in the information to give an overview of the structure and time frame of the story, which takes place over approximately 24 hours.
- Ask the children to consider the other aspect of 'time' in the story: in what 'time' do the miners exist, and in what 'time' will Cherry now exist?

Independent work – reading, word and sentence level and speaking and listening

- Ask the children to reflect on the story as a whole, and on their discussions around the author's craft, and then make a journal entry in response to 'Write down what you think about the story, giving reasons for your ideas'.

Plenary

- Remind them of the planning frame they used last term when analysing and writing suspense stories, i.e. opening/build-up/dilemma/events/resolution. Investigate whether that frame fits this story, using Resource sheet 2n.
- Conclude with a question for them to ponder: is this a suspense story? A ghost story? An adventure story? Or something else?

The Giant's Necklace
in *From Hereabout Hill*
by Michael Morpurgo

The Giant's Necklace

So, a mining story to start with. For many years I used to go every summer to Zennor. I read Cornish legends, researched the often tragic history of tin mining in Penwith, wandered the wild moors above Zennor Churchtown. I wrote a book of five short stories called The White Horse of Zennor. This is the first.

The necklace stretched from one end of the kitchen table to the other, around the sugar bowl at the far end and back again, stopping only a few inches short of the toaster. The discovery on the beach of a length of abandoned fishing line draped with seaweed had first suggested the idea to Cherry; and every day of the holiday since then had been spent in one single-minded pursuit, the creation of a necklace of glistening pink cowrie shells. She had sworn to herself and to everyone else that the necklace would not be complete until it

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The Giant's Necklace

reached the toaster; and when Cherry vowed she would do something, she invariably did it.

Cherry was the youngest in a family of older brothers, four of them, who had teased her relentlessly since the day she was born, eleven years before. She referred to them as 'the four mistakes', for it was a family joke that each son had been an attempt to produce a daughter. To their huge delight Cherry reacted passionately to any slight or insult whether intended or not. Their particular targets were her size, which was diminutive compared with theirs, and her dark flashing eyes that could wither with one scornful look, her 'zapping' look, they called it. Although the teasing was interminable it was rarely hurtful, nor was it intended to be, for her brothers adored her; and she knew it.

Cherry was poring over her necklace, still in her dressing gown. Breakfast had just been cleared away and she was alone with her mother. She fingered the shells lightly, turning them gently until the entire necklace lay flat with the rounded pink of the shells all uppermost. Then she bent down and breathed on each of them in turn, polishing them carefully with a napkin.

'There's still the sea in them,' she said to no one in particular. 'You can still smell it, and I washed them and washed them, you know.'

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'You've only got today, Cherry,' said her mother coming over to the table and putting an arm round her. 'Just today, that's all. We're off back home tomorrow morning first thing. Why don't you call it a day, dear? You've been at it every day – you *must* be tired of it by now. There's no need to go on, you know. We all think it's a fine necklace and quite long enough. It's long enough surely?'

Cherry shook her head slowly. 'No,' she said. 'Only that little bit left to do and then it'll be finished.'

'But they'll take hours to collect, dear,' her mother said weakly, recognising and at the same time respecting her daughter's persistence.

'Only a few hours,' said Cherry, bending over, her brows furrowing critically as she inspected a flaw in one of her shells, 'that's all it'll take. D'you know, there are five thousand, three hundred and twenty-five shells in my necklace already? I counted them, so I know.'

'Isn't that enough, Cherry?' her mother said desperately.

'No,' said Cherry. 'I said I'd reach the toaster, and I'm going to reach the toaster.'

Her mother turned away to continue the drying-up.

'Well, I can't spend all day on the beach today, Cherry,' she said. 'If you haven't finished by the time we come away, I'll have to leave you there. We've got

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to pack up and tidy the house – there'll be no time in the morning.'

'I'll be all right,' said Cherry, cocking her head on one side to view the necklace from a different angle. 'There's never been a necklace like this before, not in all the world. I'm sure there hasn't.' And then, 'You can leave me there, Mum, and I'll walk back. It's only a mile or so along the cliff path and half a mile back across the fields. I've done it before on my own. It's not far.'

There was a thundering on the stairs and a sudden rude invasion of the kitchen. Cherry was surrounded by her four brothers who leant over the table in mock appreciation of her necklace.

'Ooh, pretty.'

'Do they come in other colours? I mean, pink's not my colour.'

'Who's it for? An elephant?'

'It's for a giant,' said Cherry. 'It's a giant's necklace, and it's still not big enough.'

It was the perfect answer, an answer she knew would send her brothers into fits of laughter. She loved to make them laugh at her and could do it at the drop of a hat. Of course she no more believed in giants than they did, but if it tickled them pink to believe she did, then why not pretend?

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She turned on them, fists flailing and chased them back up the stairs, her eyes burning with simulated fury. 'Just 'cos you don't believe in anything 'cept motorbikes and football and all that rubbish, just 'cos you're great big, fat, ignorant pigs ...' She hurled insults up the stairs, and the worse the insult the more they loved it.

Boat Cove just below Zennor Head was the beach they had found and occupied. Every year for as long as Cherry could remember they had rented the same granite cottage, set back in the fields below the Eagle's Nest and every year they came to the same beach because no one else did. In two weeks not another soul had ventured down the winding track through the bracken from the coastal path. It was a long climb down and a very much longer one up. The beach itself was almost hidden from the path that ran along the cliff top a hundred feet above. It was private and perfect and theirs. The boys swam in amongst the rocks, diving and snorkelling for hours on end. Her mother and father would sit side by side on stripey deck chairs. She would read endlessly and he would close his eyes against the sun and dream for hours on end.

Cherry moved away from them and clambered over the rocks to a narrow strip of sand in the cove beyond

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the rocks, and here it was that she mined for the cowrie shells. In the gritty sand under the cliff face she had found a particularly rich deposit. She was looking for pink cowrie shells of a uniform length, colour and shape – that was what took the time. Occasionally the boys would swim around the rocks and in to her little beach, emerging from the sea all goggled and flipped to mock her. But as she paid them little attention they soon tired and went away again. She knew time was running short. This was her very last chance to find enough shells to complete the giant's necklace, and it had to be done.

The sea was calmer that day than she had ever seen it. The heat beat down from a windless, cloudless sky; even the gulls and kittiwakes seemed to be silenced by the sun. Cherry searched on, stopping only for a picnic lunch of pasties and tomatoes with the family before returning at once her shells.

In the end the heat proved too much for her mother and father, who left the beach earlier than usual in mid-afternoon to begin to tidy up the cottage. The boys soon followed because they had tired of finding miniature crabs and seaweed instead of the sunken wrecks and treasure they had been seeking. So, by tea-time Cherry was left on her own on the beach with strict instructions to keep her hat on, not to bathe alone

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and to be back well before dark. She had calculated she needed one hundred and fifty more cowrie shells and so far had only found eighty. She would be back, she insisted, when she had finished collecting enough shells and not before.

Had she not been so immersed in her search, sifting the shells through her fingers, she would have noticed the dark grey bank of cloud rolling in from the Atlantic. She would have noticed the white horses gathering out at sea and the tide moving remorselessly in to cover the rocks between her and Boat Cove. When the clouds cut off the warmth from the sun as evening came on and the sea turned grey, she shivered with cold and put on her sweater and jeans. She did look up then and saw the angry sea, but she saw no threat in that and did not look back over her shoulder to Boat Cove. She was aware that time was running out so she went down on her knees again and dug feverishly in the sand. She had to collect thirty more shells.

It was the baleful sound of the foghorn somewhere out at sea beyond Gunnards Head that at last forced Cherry to take some account of the incoming tide. She looked for the rocks she would have to clamber over to reach Boat Cove again and the winding track that would take her up to the cliff path and safety, but they were gone. Where they should have been, the sea was

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already driving in against the cliff face. She was cut off. In a confusion of wonder and fear she looked out to sea at the heaving ocean that moved in towards her, seeing it now as a writhing grey monster breathing its fury on the rocks with every pounding wave.

Still Cherry did not forget her shells, but wrapping them inside her towel she tucked them into her sweater and waded out through the surf towards the rocks. If she timed it right, she reasoned, she could scramble back over them and into the Cove as the surf retreated. She reached the first of the rocks without too much difficulty; the sea here seemed to be protected from the force of the ocean by the rocks further out. Holding fast to the first rock she came to and with the sea up around her waist, she waited for the next incoming wave to break and retreat. The wave was unexpectedly impotent and fell limply on the rocks around her. She knew her moment had come and took it. She was not to know that piling up far out at sea was the first of the giant storm waves that had gathered several hundred miles out in the Atlantic, bringing with it all the momentum and violence of the deep ocean.

The rocks were slippery underfoot and more than once Cherry slipped down into seething white rock pools where she had played so often when the tide was out. But she struggled on until, finally, she had climbed

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high enough to be able to see the thin strip of sand that was all that was left of Boat Cove. It was only a few yards away, so close. Until now she had been crying involuntarily; but now, as she recognised the little path up through the bracken, her heart was lifted with hope and anticipation. She knew that the worst was over, that if the sea would only hold back she would reach the sanctuary of the Cove.

She turned and looked behind her to see how far away the next wave was, just to reassure herself that she had enough time. But the great surge of green water was on her before she could register either disappointment or fear. She was hurled back against the rock below her and covered at once by the sea.

She was conscious as she went down that she was drowning, but she still clutched her shells against her chest and hoped she had enough of them at last to finish the giant's necklace. Those were her last thoughts before the sea took her away.

Cherry lay on her side where the tide had lifted her and coughed until her lungs were clear. She woke as the sea came in once again and frothed around her legs. She rolled on her back, feeling the salt spray on her face and saw that it was night. The sky above her was dashed with stars and the moon rode through the clouds.

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She scrambled to her feet, one hand still holding her precious shells close to her. Instinctively she backed away from the sea and looked around her. With growing dismay she saw that she had been thrown back on the wrong side of the rocks, that she was not in Boat Cove. The tide had left only a few feet of sand and rock between her and the cliff face. There was no way back through the sea to safety.

She turned round to face the cliff that she realised now would be her last hope, for she remembered that this little beach vanished completely at high tide. If she stayed where she was she would surely be swept away again and this time she might not be so fortunate. But the cold seemed to have calmed her and she reasoned more deliberately now, wondering why she had not tried climbing the cliff before. She had hurried into her first attempt to escape and it had very nearly cost her her life. She would wait this time until the sea forced her up the cliff. Perhaps the tide would not come in that far. Perhaps they would be looking for her by now. It was dark. Surely they would be searching. Surely they must find her soon. After all, they knew where she was. Yes, she thought, best just to wait and hope.

She settled down on a ledge of rock that was the first step up on the cliff face, drew her knees up to her chin to keep out the chill, and waited. She watched

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as the sea crept every closer, each wave lashing her with spray and eating away gradually at the beach. She closed her eyes and prayed, hoping against hope that when she opened them the sea would be retreating. But her prayers went unanswered and the sea came in to cover the beach. Once or twice she thought she heard voices above her on the cliff path, but when she called out no one came. She continued to shout for help every few minutes, forgetting it was futile against the continuous roar and hiss of the waves. A pair of raucous white gulls flew down from the cliffs to investigate her and she called to them for help, but they did not seem to understand and wheeled away into the night.

Cherry stayed sitting on her rock until the waves threatened to dislodge her and then reluctantly she began her climb. She would go as far as she needed to and no further. She had scanned the first few feet above for footholds and it did look quite a simple climb to begin with, and so it proved. But her hands were numbed with cold and her legs began to tremble with the strain almost at once. She could see that the ledge she had now reached was the last deep one visible on the cliff face. The shells in her sweater were restricting her freedom of movement so she decided she would leave them there. Wrapped tight in the towel they

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would be quite safe. She took the soaking bundle out of her sweater and placed it carefully against the rock face on the ledge beside her, pushing it in as far as it would go. 'I'll be back for you,' she said, and reached up for the next lip of rock. Just below her the sea crashed against the cliff as if it wanted to suck her from the rock face and claim her once again. Cherry determined not to look down but to concentrate on the climb.

At first, she imagined that the glow above her was from a torch. She shouted and screamed until she was weak from the effort of it. But although no answering call came from the night, the light remained pale and beckoning, wider than that of a torch. With renewed hope Cherry found enough strength to inch her way up the cliff, until she reached the entrance to a narrow cave. It was filled with a flickering yellow light like that of a candle shaken by the wind. She hauled herself up into the mouth of the cave and sat down exhausted, looking back down at the furious sea frothing beneath her. She laughed aloud in triumph. She was safe! She had defied the sea and won! Her one regret was that she had had to leave her cowrie shells behind. She would fetch them tomorrow after the tide had gone down again.

For the first time now she began to think of her family and how worried they would be, but the

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thought of walking in through the front door all dripping and dramatic made her almost choke with excitement.

As she reached forward to brush a sharp stone from the sole of her foot, Cherry noticed that the narrow entrance to the cave was half sealed in. She ran her fingers over the stones and cement to make sure, for the light was poor. It was at that moment that she recognised exactly where she was. She recalled now the giant fledgling cuckoo one of her brothers had spotted being fed by a tiny rock pipit earlier in the holidays, how they had quarrelled over the binoculars and how, when she had finally usurped them and made her escape across the rocks, she had found the cuckoo perched at the entrance to a narrow cave some way up the cliff face from the beach.

She had asked about the man-made walling, and her father had told her of the old tin mines whose lodes and adits criss-crossed the entire coastal area around Zennor. This one, he said, might have been the mine they called Wheel North Grylls, and he thought the adit must have been walled up to prevent the seas from entering the mine in a storm. It was said there had been an accident in the mine only a few years after it was opened over a hundred years before, and that the mine had had to close soon after when the mine

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owners ran out of money to make the necessary repairs. The entire story came back to her now, and she wondered where the cuckoo was and whether the rock pipit had died with the effort of keeping the fledgling alive. Tin mines, she thought, lead to the surface, and the way home. That thought and her natural inquisitiveness about the source of light persuaded her to her feet and into the tunnel.

The adit became narrower and lower as she crept forward, so that she had to go down on her hands and knees, sometimes flat on her stomach. Although she was out of the wind now, it seemed colder. She felt she was moving downwards for a minute or two, for the blood was coming to her head and her weight was heavy on her hands. Then, quite suddenly, she found the ground levelling out and saw a large tunnel ahead of her. There was no doubt as to which way she should turn, for one way the tunnel was black, and the other way was lighted with candles that lined the lode wall as far as she could see. She called out, 'Anyone there? Anyone there?' She paused to listen for the reply; but all she could hear now was the muffled roar of the sea and the continuous echoing of dripping water.

The tunnel widened now and she found she could walk upright again, but her feet hurt against the stone and so she moved slowly, feeling her way gently with

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each foot. She had gone only a short distance when she heard the tapping for the first time, distinct and rhythmic, a sound that was instantly recognisable as hammering. It became sharper and noticeably more metallic as she moved up the tunnel. She could hear the distant murmur of voices and the sound of falling stone. Even before she came out of the tunnel and into the vast cave she knew she had happened upon a working mine.

The cave was dark in all but one corner and here she could see two men bending to their work, their backs towards her. One of them was inspecting the rock face closely whilst the other swung his hammer with controlled power, pausing only to spit on his hands from time to time. They wore round hats with turned up brims that served also as candlesticks, for a lighted candle was fixed to each, the light dancing with the shadows along the cave walls as they worked.

Cherry watched for some moments until she made up her mind what to do. She longed to rush up to them and tell of her escape and to ask them to take her to the surface, but a certain shyness overcame her and she held back. Her chance to interrupt came when they sat down against the rock face and opened their canteens. She was in the shadows and they still could not see her.

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'Tea looks cold again,' one of them said gruffly. 'Tis always cold. I'm sure she makes it wi' cold water.'

'Oh stop your moaning, Father,' said the other, a younger voice, Cherry felt. 'She does her best. She's five little ones to look after and precious little to do it on. She does her best. You mustn't keep on at her so. It upsets her. She does her best.'

'So she does, lad, so she does. And so for that matter do I, but that don't stop her moaning at me and it'll not stop me moaning at her. If we didn't moan at each other, lad, we'd have precious little else to talk about, and that's a fact. She expects it of me, lad, and I expects it of her.'

'Excuse me,' Cherry said tentatively. She felt she had eavesdropped for long enough. She approached them slowly. 'Excuse me, but I've got a bit lost. I climbed the cliff, you see, 'cos I was cut off from the Cove. I was trying to get back, but I couldn't and I saw this light and so I climbed up. I want to get home and I wondered if you could help me get to the top?'

'Top?' said the older one, peering into the dark. 'Come closer, lad, where we can see you.'

'She's not a lad, Father. Are you blind? Can you not see 'tis a filly. 'Tis a young filly, all wet through from the sea. Come,' the young man said, standing up and beckoning Cherry in. 'Don't be afeared, little girl,

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we shan't harm you. Come on, you can have some of my tea if you like.'

They spoke their words in a manner Cherry had never heard before. It was not the usual Cornish burr, but heavier and rougher in tone, more old-fashioned somehow. There were so many questions in her mind.

'But I thought the mine was closed a hundred years ago,' she said nervously. 'That's what I was told, anyway.'

'Well, you was told wrong,' said the old man, whom Cherry could see more clearly now under his candle. His eyes were white and set far back in his head, unnaturally so, she thought, and his lips and mouth seemed a vivid red in the candlelight.

'Closed, closed indeed, does it look closed to you? D'you think we're digging for worms? Over four thousand tons of tin last year and nine thousand of copper ore, and you ask is the mine closed? Over twenty fathoms below the sea this mine goes. We'll dig right out under the ocean, halfway to 'Merica afore we close down this mine.'

He spoke passionately now, almost angrily, so that Cherry felt she had offended him.

'Hush, Father,' said the young man taking off his jacket and wrapping it round Cherry's shoulders. 'She doesn't want to hear all about that. She's cold and wet.

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Can't you see? Now let's make a little fire to warm her through. She's shivered right through to her bones. You can see she is.'

'They all are,' said the old tinner pulling himself to his feet. 'They all are.' And he shuffled past her into the dark. 'I'll fetch the wood,' he muttered, and then added, 'for all the good it'll do.'

'What does he mean?' Cherry asked the young man, for whom she felt an instant liking. 'What did he mean by that?'

'Oh pay him no heed, little girl,' he said. 'He's an old man now and tired of the mine. We're both tired of it, but we're proud of it see, and we've nowhere else to go, nothing else to do.'

He had a kind voice that was reassuring to Cherry. He seemed somehow to know the questions she wanted to ask, for he answered them now without her ever asking.

'Sit down by me while you listen, girl,' he said.

'Father will make a fire to warm you and I shall tell you how we come to be here. You won't be afeared now, will you?'

Cherry looked up into his face which was younger than she had expected from his voice; but like his father's, the eyes seemed sad and deep set, yet they smiled at her gently and she smiled back.

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'That's my girl. It was a new mine this, promising, everyone said. The best tin in Cornwall and that means the best tin in the world. 1865 it started up and they were looking for tanners, and so Father found a cottage down by Treveal and came to work here. I was already fourteen, so I joined him down the mine. We prospered and the mine prospered, to start with. Mother and the little children had full bellies and there was talk of sinking a fresh shaft. Times were good and promised to be better.'

Cherry sat transfixed as the story of the disaster unfolded. She heard how they had been trapped by a fall of rock, about how they had worked to pull them away, but behind every rock was another rock and another rock. She heard how they had never even heard any sound of rescue. They had died, he said, in two days or so because the air was bad and because there was too little of it.

'Father has never accepted it; he still thinks he's alive, that he goes home to Mother and the little children each evening. But he's dead, just like me. I can't tell him though, for he'd not understand and it would break his heart if he ever knew.'

'So you aren't real. I'm just imagining all this. You're just a dream.'

'No dream, my girl,' said the young man laughing

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out loud. 'No more'n we're imagining you. We're real right enough, but we're dead and have been for a hundred years or more. Ghosts, spirits, that's what living folk call us. Come to think of it, that's what I called us when I was alive.'

Cherry was on her feet suddenly and backing away.

'No need to be afeared, little girl,' said the young man holding out his hand towards her. 'We won't harm you. No one can harm you, not now. Look, he's started the fire already. Come over and warm yourself. Come it'll be all right, girl. We'll look after you. We'll help you.'

'But I want to go home,' Cherry said, feeling the panic rising to her voice and trying to control it. 'I know you're kind, but I want to go home. My mother will be worried about me. They'll be out looking for me. Your light saved my life and I want to thank you. But I must go else they'll worry themselves sick, I know they will.'

'You going back home?' the young man asked, and then he nodded. 'I s'pose you'll want to see your family again.'

'Course I am,' said Cherry perplexed by the question. 'Course I do.'

'Tis a pity,' he said sadly. 'Everyone passes through and no one stays. They all want to go home, but then

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so do I. You'll want me to guide you to the surface I s'pose.'

'I'm not the first then?' Cherry said. 'There's been others climb up into the mine to escape from the sea? You've saved lots of people.'

'A few,' said the tinner nodding. 'A few.'

'You're a kind person,' Cherry said, warming to the sadness in the young man's voice. 'I never thought ghosts would be kind.'

'We're just people, people who've passed on,' replied the young man, taking her elbow and leading her towards the fire. 'There's nice people and there's nasty people. It's the same if you're alive or if you're dead.

You're a nice person, I can tell that, even though I haven't known you for long. I'm sad because I should like to be alive again with my friends and go rabbiting or blackberrying up by the chapel near Treveal like I used to. The sun always seemed to be shining then. After it happened I used to go up to the surface and move amongst the people in the village. I went often to see my family, but if I spoke to them they never seemed to hear me, and of course they can't see you. You can see them, but they can't see you. That's the worst of it. So I don't go up much now, just to collect wood for the fire and a bit of food now and then. I stay down here with Father in the mine and we work away day after day. From time to

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time someone like you comes up the tunnel from the sea and lightens our darkness. I shall be sad when you go.'

The old man was hunched over the fire rubbing his hands and holding them out over the heat.

'Not often we have a fire,' he said, his voice more spritely now. 'Only on special occasions. Birthdays, of course, we always have a fire on birthdays back at the cottage. Martha's next. You don't know her; she's my only daughter – she'll be eight on September 10th. She's been poorly, you know – her lungs, that's what the doctor said.' He signed deeply. 'Tis dreadful damp in the cottage. 'Tis well nigh impossible to keep it out.' There was a tremor in the old man's voice that betrayed his emotion. He looked up at Cherry and she could see the tears in his eyes. 'She looks a bit like you, my dear, raven-haired and as pretty as a picture; but not so tall, not so tall. Come closer, my dear, you'll be warmer that way.'

Cherry sat with them by the fire till it died away to nothing. She longed to go, to get home amongst the living, but the old man talked on of his family and their little one-roomed cottage with a ladder to the bedroom where they all huddled together for warmth, of his friends that used to meet in the Tinnners' Arms every evening. There were tales of wrecking and smuggling, and all the while the young man sat silent, until there was a lull in the story.

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'Father,' he said. 'Think our little friend would like to go home now. Shall I take her up as I usually do?' The old man nodded and waved his hand in dismissal.

'Come back and see us sometime, if you've a mind to,' he said, and then put his face in his hands.

'Goodbye,' said Cherry. 'Thank you for the fire and for helping me. I won't forget you.' But the old man never replied.

The journey through the mine was long and difficult. She held fast to the young tinner's waist as they walked silently through the dark tunnels, stopping every now and then to climb a ladder to the lode above until finally they could look up the shaft above them and see the daylight.

'It's dawn,' said the young man, looking up.

'I'll be back in time for breakfast,' said Cherry setting her foot on the ladder.

'You'll remember me?' the young tinner asked, and Cherry nodded, unable to speak through her tears. She felt a strange affinity with him and his father. 'And if you should ever need me, come back again. You may need me and I shall be here. I go nowhere else.'

'Thank you,' said Cherry. 'I won't forget. I doubt anyone is going to believe me when I tell them about you. No one believes in ghosts, not up there.'

'I doubt it too. Be happy, little friend,' he said. And

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he was gone, back into the tunnel. Cherry waited until the light from the candle in his hat had vanished and then turned eagerly to the ladder and began to climb up towards the light.

She found herself in a place she knew well, high on the moor by Zennor Quoit. She stood by the ruined mine workings and looked down at the sleeping village shrouded in mist, and the calm blue sea beyond. The storm had passed and there was scarcely a breath of wind even on the moor. It was only ten minutes' walk down through the bracken, across the road by the Eagle's Nest and down the farm track to the cottage where her family would be waiting. She began to run, but the clothes were still heavy and wet and she was soon reduced to a fast walk. All the while she was determining where she would begin her story, wondering how much they would believe. At the top of the lane she stopped to consider how best to make her entrance. Should she ring the bell and be found standing there, or should she just walk in and surprise them there at breakfast? She longed to see the joy on their faces, to feel the warmth of their arms around her and to bask once again in their affection.

She saw as she came round the corner by the cottage that there was a long blue Land Rover parked in the lane, bristling with aerials. '*Coastguard*' she read on

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the side. As she came down the steps she noted that the back door of the cottage was open and she could hear voices inside. She stole in on tiptoe. The kitchen was full of uniformed men drinking tea, and around the table sat her family, dejection and despair etched on every face. They hadn't seen her yet. One of the uniformed men had put down his cup and was speaking. His voice was low and hushed.

'You're sure the towel is hers, no doubts about it?'

Cherry's mother shook her head.

'It's her towel,' she said quietly, 'and they are her shells. She must have put them up there, must have been the last thing she did.'

Cherry saw her shells spread out on the open towel and stifled a shout of joy.

'We have to say,' he went on. 'We have to say then, most regrettably, that the chances of finding your daughter alive now are very slim. It seems she must have tried to climb the cliff to escape the heavy seas and fallen in. We've scoured the cliff top for miles in both directions and covered the entire beach, and there's no sign of her. She must have been washed out to sea. We must conclude that she is missing. We have to presume that she is drowned.'

Cherry could listen no longer but burst into the room shouting.

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'I'm home, I'm home. Look at me, I'm not drowned at all. I'm here! I'm home!'

The tears were running down her face.

But no one in the room even turned to look in her direction. Her brothers cried openly, one of them clutching the giant's necklace.

'But it's me,' she shouted again. 'Me, can't you see? It's me and I've come back. I'm all right. Look at me.'

But no one did, and no one heard.

The giant's necklace lay spread out on the table.

'So she'll never finish it after all,' said her mother softly. 'Poor Cherry. Poor dear Cherry.'

And in that one moment Cherry knew and understood that she was right, that she would never finish her necklace, that she belonged no longer with the living but had passed on beyond.

At first, she imagined that the glow above her was from a torch. She shouted and screamed until she was weak from the effort of it. But although no answering call came from the night, the light remained pale and beckoning, wider than that of a torch. With renewed hope Cherry found enough strength to inch her way up the cliff, until she reached the entrance to a narrow cave. It was filled with a flickering yellow light like that of a candle shaken by the wind. She hauled herself up into the mouth of the cave and sat down exhausted, looking back down at the furious sea frothing beneath her. She laughed aloud in triumph. She was safe! She had defied the sea and won! Her one regret was that she had had to leave her cowrie shells behind. She would fetch them tomorrow after the tide had gone down again.

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would be quite safe. She took the soaking bundle out of her sweater and placed it carefully against the rock face on the ledge beside her, pushing it in as far as it would go. 'I'll be back for you,' she said, and reached up for the next lip of rock. Just below her the sea crashed against the cliff as it wanted to suck her from the rock face and claim her once again. Cherry determined not to look down but to concentrate on the climb.

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Contrast.

Concise description of feelings.

Effective simile.

Suggests she has defeated her enemy in a battle.

It is as if the sea is a powerful person.

Implies she has no doubt she will get home safely.

Connective phrase suggests a possibility.

Image suggests a person.

Concise description of feelings.

Descriptive verb conveys effort.

Personification suggests sea is angry at her escape.

Short sentence for dramatic effect.

She had asked about the man-made walling, and her father had told her of the old tin mines whose lodes and adits criss-crossed the entire coastal area around Zennor. This one, he said, might have been the mine they called Wheel North Grylls, and he thought the adit must have been walled up to prevent the seas from entering the mine in a storm. It was said there had been an accident in the mine only a few years after it was opened over a hundred years before, and that the mine had had to close soon after when the mine owners ran out of money to make the necessary repairs. The entire story came back to her now, and she wondered where the cuckoo was and whether the rock pipit had died with the effort of keeping the fledgling alive. Tin mines, she thought, lead to the surface, and the way home. That thought and her natural inquisitiveness about the source of light persuaded her to her feet and into the tunnel.

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Refers back to last paragraph
– the entrance to the cave has
been sealed up.

Most likely nouns, because of sentence structure. People/ things/animals/places? Definitely to do with tin mines. Read on for more clues.

Must be some sort of hole if it has been walled up. Sounds like a cave, if sea can get in it. Probably the entrance to the cave in last paragraph. Maybe entrance to a mine?

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Adit = some kind of tunnel or mine entrance.

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‘Top?’ said the older one, peering into the dark. ‘Come closer, lad, where we can see you.’

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Old-fashioned language

'Tea looks cold again,' one of them said gruffly. 'Tis always cold. I'm sure she makes it wi' cold water.'

'Oh stop your moaning, Father,' said the other, a younger voice, Cherry felt. 'She does her best. She's five little ones to look after and precious little to do it on. She does her best. You mustn't keep on at her so. It upsets her. She does her best.'

'So she does, lad, so she does. And so for that matter do I, but that don't stop her moaning at me and it'll not stop me moaning at her. If we didn't moan at each other, lad, we'd have precious little else to talk about, and that's a fact. She expects it of me, lad, and I expect it of her.'

'Excuse me,' Cherry said tentatively. She felt she had eavesdropped for long enough. She approached them slowly. 'Excuse me, but I've got a bit lost. I climbed the cliff, you see, 'cos I was cut off from the Cove. I was trying to get back, but I couldn't and I saw this light and so I climbed up. I want to get home and I wondered if you could help me get to the top?'

'Top?' said the older one, peering into the dark. 'Come closer, lad, where we can see you.'

'She's not a lad, Father. Are you blind? Can you not see 'tis a filly. 'Tis a young filly, all wet through from the sea. Come,' the young man said, standing up and beckoning Cherry in. 'Don't be afeared, little girl,

18

Old-fashioned language.

They are father and son sharing a drink they've brought with them – maybe to work?

Rarely used in modern speech.

Old-fashioned language.

The Giant's Necklace

we shan't harm you. Come on, you can have some of my tea if you like.'

They spoke their words in a manner Cherry had never heard before. It was not the usual Cornish burr, but heavier and rougher in tone, more old-fashioned somehow. There were so many questions in her mind.

'But I thought the mine was closed a hundred years ago,' she said nervously. 'That's what I was told, anyway.'

'Well, you was told wrong,' said the old man, whom Cherry could see more clearly now under his candle.

His eyes were white and set far back in his head, unnaturally so, she thought, and his lips and mouth seemed a vivid red in the candlelight.

'Closed, closed indeed, does it look closed to you? D'you think we're digging for worms? Over four thousand tons of tine last year and nine thousand of copper ore, and you ask is the mine closed? Over twenty fathoms below the sea this mine goes. We'll dig right out under the ocean, halfway to 'Merica afore we close down this mine.'

He spoke passionately now, almost angrily, so that Cherry felt she had offended him.

'Hush, Father,' said the young man taking off his jacket and wrapping it round Cherry's shoulders. 'She doesn't want to hear all about that. She's cold and wet.'

She is puzzled, as is the reader.

Implies that she suspects they are miners.

Why is he using a candle?

Vivid red associated with blood.

Suggests a skull.

Phrase suggests something weird, against nature.

His comments imply???

Old-fashioned language.

He behaves kindly as a normal person would.

The Giant's Necklace

Can't you see? Now let's make a little fire to warm her through. She's shivered right through to her bones. You can see she is.'

*Phrases add to air of mystery:
Who are they?*

'They all are,' said the old tinner pulling himself to his feet. 'They all are.' And he shuffled past her into the dark. 'I'll fetch the wood,' he muttered, and then added, 'for all the good it'll do.'

*She is more puzzled, as are
the readers.*

'What does he mean?' Cherry asked the young man, for whom she felt an instant liking. 'What did he mean by that?'

Old-fashioned language.

'Oh pay him no heed, little girl,' he said. 'He's an old man now and tired of the mine. We're both tired of it, but we're proud of it see, and we've nowhere else to go, nothing else to do.'

*Raises more questions for the
reader. Adds to sense of
unreality.*

He had a kind voice that was reassuring to Cherry. He seemed somehow to know the questions she wanted to ask, for he answered them now without her ever asking.

'Sit down by me while you listen, girl,' he said.

'Father will make a fire to warm you and I shall tell you how we come to be here. You won't be afeared now, will you?'

Cherry looked up into his face which was younger than she had expected from his voice; but like his father's, the eyes seemed sad and deep set, yet they smiled at her gently and she smiled back.

‘That’s my girl. It was a new mine this, promising, everyone said. The best tin in Cornwall and that means the best tin in the world. 1865 it started up and they were looking for tanners, and so Father found a cottage down by Treveal and came to work here. I was already fourteen, so I joined him down the mine. We prospered and the mine prospered, to start with. Mother and the little children had full bellies and there was talk of sinking a fresh shaft. Times were good and promised to be better.’

Cherry sat transfixed as the story of the disaster unfolded. She heard how they had been trapped by a fall of rock, about how they had worked to pull them away, but behind every rock was another rock and another rock. She heard how they had never even heard any sound of rescue. They had died, he said, in two days or so because the air was bad and because there was too little of it.

‘Father has never accepted it; he still thinks he’s alive, that he goes home to Mother and the little children each evening. But he’s dead, just like me. I can’t tell him though, for he’d not understand and it would break his heart if he ever knew.’

The Giant's Necklace

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'Father has never accepted it; he still thinks he's alive, that he goes home to Mother and the little children each evening. But he's dead, just like me. I can't tell him though, for he'd not understand and it would break his heart if he ever knew.'

'So you aren't real. I'm just imagining all this. You're just a dream.'

'No dream, my girl,' said the young man laughing

A story within a story.

Tin miners, to dig out the tin from underground rocks.

Confirms they are both tin miners.

They died in the mine when it collapsed.

Old enough to work in 1865.

It is possible to be dead, but still think you are alive.

They are both dead really.

She saw as she came round the corner by the cottage that there was a long blue Land Rover parked in the lane, bristling with aerials. ‘*Coastguard*’ she read on the side. As she came down the steps she noted that the back door of the cottage was open and she could hear voices inside. She stole in on tiptoe. The kitchen was full of uniformed men drinking tea, and around the table sat her family, dejection and despair etched on every face. They hadn’t seen her yet. One of the uniformed men had put down his cup and was speaking. His voice was low and hushed.

‘You’re sure the towel is hers, no doubts about it?’

Cherry’s mother shook her head.

‘It’s her towel,’ she said quietly, ‘and they are her shells. She must have put them up there, must have been the last thing she did.’

Cherry saw her shells spread out on the open towel and stifled a shout of joy.

‘We have to say,’ he went on. ‘We have to say then, most regrettably, that the chances of finding your daughter alive now are very slim. It seems she must have tried to climb the cliff to escape the

heavy seas and fallen in. We've scoured the cliff top for miles in both directions and covered the entire beach, and there's no sign of her. She must have been washed out to sea. We must conclude that she is missing. We have to presume that she is drowned.'

The Giant's Necklace

he was gone, back into the tunnel. Cherry waited until the light from the candle in his hat had vanished and then turned eagerly to the ladder and began to climb up towards the light.

She found herself in a place she knew well, high on the moor by Zennor Quoit. She stood by the ruined mine workings and looked down at the sleeping village shrouded in mist, and the calm blue sea beyond. The storm had passed and there was scarcely a breath of wind even on the moor. It was only ten minutes' walk down through the bracken, across the road by the Eagle's Nest and down the farm track to the cottage where her family would be waiting. She began to run, but the clothes were still heavy and wet and she was soon reduced to a fast walk. All the while she was determining where she would begin her story, wondering how much they would believe. At the top of the lane she stopped to consider how best to make her entrance. Should she ring the bell and be found standing there, or should she just walk in and surprise them there at breakfast? She longed to see the joy on their faces, to feel the warmth of their arms around her and to bask once again in their affection.

She saw as she came round the corner by the cottage that there was a long blue Land Rover parked in the lane, bristling with aerials. 'Coastguard' she read on

What is a Coastguard? Why would he be at Cherry's house?

The Giant's Necklace

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What is the effect of this image? Why do they look like this?

Implies they will see her soon.

Who could they be? What uniform?

Why do people use low hushed voices? What does this suggest?

His voice was low and hushed.

'You're sure the towel is hers, no doubts about it?'

Cherry's mother shook her head.

Her mother thinks she has died.

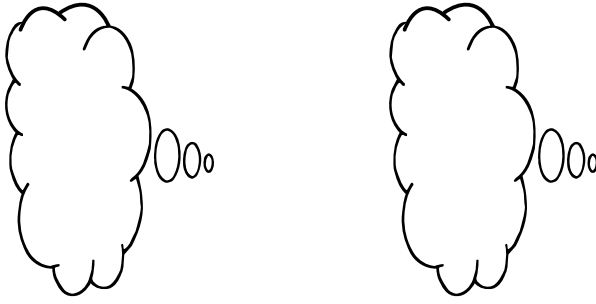
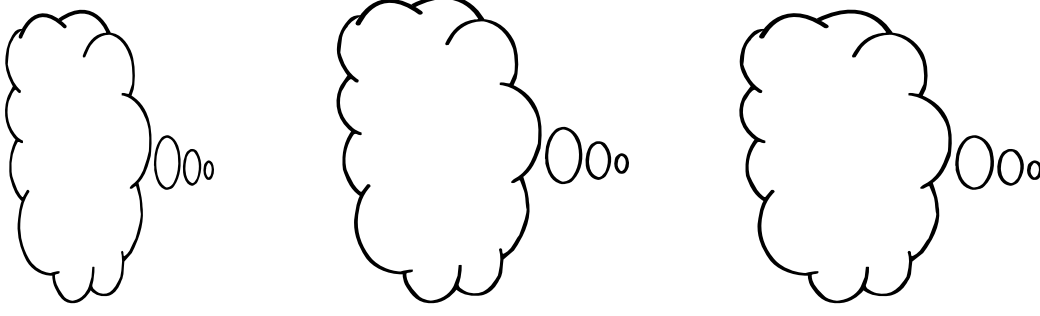
'It's her towel,' she said quietly, 'and they are her shells. She must have put them up there, must have been the **last thing she did.**'

Cherry thinks she will get to finish her necklace.

Cherry saw her shells spread out on the open towel and stifled **a shout of joy.**

'We have to say,' he went on. 'We have to say then, most regrettably, that the chances of finding your daughter alive now are very slim. It seems she must have tried to climb the cliff to escape the heavy seas and fallen in. We've scoured the cliff top for miles in both directions and covered the entire beach, and there's no sign of her. She must have been washed out to sea. We must conclude that she is missing. We have to presume that she is drowned.'

Cherry could listen no longer but burst into the room shouting.

<p>When Cherry says ...</p> <p>2. They'll be out looking for me. Your light saved my life.</p>	<p>She is implying ...</p> 
<p>When the young miner says ...</p> <p>1. No one can harm you, not now.</p> <p>3. S'pose you'll want to see your family again?</p> <p>5. You can see them but they can't see you. That's the worst of it.</p>	<p>He is implying ...</p> 

<p>When Cherry says ...</p> <p>2. They'll be out looking for me. Your light saved my life.</p>	<p>She is implying ...</p> <p>I nearly died, but I'm alive.</p> <p>Like you saved my life.</p>
<p>When the young miner says ...</p> <p>1. No one can harm you, not now.</p> <p>3. S'pose you'll want to see your family again?</p> <p>5. You can see them but they can't see you. That's the worst of it.</p>	<p>He is implying ...</p> <p>Not now you're dead.</p> <p>I understand that you still care about them, even though you're dead.</p> <p>You will find out how upsetting this is when it happens to you.</p>

Overview of 'The giant's necklace'

Where?	In the kitchen at the cottage	On the beach	On the cliff	In the cave/tin mine	Back at the cottage
What time of day/night?	In the morning after breakfast	In the afternoon	At night	At night	Early next morning

Lesson notes for days 6, 7 and 8

Transforming part of 'The giant's necklace' into a playscript

Day 6

Shared text work – reading and speaking and listening

- Explain that you are going to take a section of the short story you have been working on and turn it into a playscript.
- Create two lists, headed 'Features of narratives' and 'Features of playscripts'. Ask the children to discuss with talk partners and note down as many features as they can for each list. Take feedback, discuss and agree. The 'Features of playscripts' can become a checklist to be added to and used later by the children for reference. Use Resource sheet 3a for your reference.
- Remind the children that in a play, everything has to be conveyed to the reader or audience through what the characters say and do. There are no passages of description, or characters' thoughts.
- Discuss with the children that when adapting a story into a script, they need to identify the conversations in the story that will become the dialogue in the play, who spoke the words and how the words were spoken, and other text in the story that may be used or adapted into stage directions for the actors. Point out that, occasionally, text in the story may have to be discarded in the playscript, or changed into extra dialogue: for example, descriptive passages.
- Demonstrate this process by using three different coloured highlighters and creating a key as follows: first colour to highlight words inside speech marks; second colour to highlight who spoke, and how they spoke; third colour to highlight other text. Start with the section of the story beginning 'Tea looks cold again . . .' (page 18 of 'The giant's necklace') up to 'She approached them slowly.' Explain your reasons for choosing each colour, i.e. how you identified which kind of text it is.

Independent work

- Ask the children to work through this part of the story, continuing the process of highlighting, and thinking carefully about each phrase in the text and what function it is performing.
- Ask them to text mark any points where they had difficulty in coming to a decision.

Plenary

- Identify points of difficulty, scribe alternatives and discuss which is preferable.

Day 7

Shared text work – reading, writing and sentence level

- Referring back to the checklist of playscript features, remind pupils of the layout of a play, showing examples if possible. (N.B. It is advisable not to use plays with a narrator, as this confuses the issue of moving the action along through speech and dialogue alone.)
- Use demonstration-writing to transform the first few paragraphs of the highlighted part of the story into playscript (from 'Tea looks cold . . .'). Explain as you go along the decisions you are making about layout, the conversion of some verbs and adverbs into stage directions, and the cutting of sections that relate to the characters' thoughts or feelings. Use Resource sheet 3b for your reference.
- Ask the children to monitor what you are writing against the checklist of key features.

Independent work – reading, writing and sentence level

- Ask the children to carry on from where you stopped, converting their highlighted narratives into playscripts.
- Remind them to use the checklist for reference.

Plenary

- Ask children to share how they tackled parts of the text where speech was mixed in with information about who spoke, and their thoughts or feelings, i.e. all three coloured highlighters were used. For example, how did they convert the following: ‘What does he mean?’ Cherry asked the young man, for whom she felt an instant liking. ‘What did he mean by that?’

Day 8

Shared text work – speaking and listening, writing, sentence and word level

- Remove the checklist from view, and ask children in pairs to note down as many key features of playscripts as they can. Display the checklist. Recap on how to incorporate stage directions, based on the work done so far.
- Tell the children that up to now, they have been able to concentrate on applying the conventions of playscript to existing content, because they have been using someone else’s story. Explain that today they are going to create their own playscript by inventing some content, and writing it according to playscript conventions.
- Remind the children that in the story the younger miner led Cherry to the way out of the mine, then returned to his father. Ask them to imagine what conversations the two men might have had after Cherry had gone. Collect a few ideas, e.g. the younger one may have wondered aloud if Cherry would come back; they might have talked about the storm that brought her there and about other storms they remembered; the old man might have talked about his daughter Martha; they might have shared some food.
- Ask the children to discuss their ideas in pairs, and take some feedback so that there is a variety of suggestions to choose from.
- Choose one of the options and use teacher scribing to compose a few lines of dialogue, using and encouraging the children to use oral rehearsal before committing ideas to writing.

Independent work – writing, sentence and word level

- Ask the children to compose a short scene of dialogue, either continuing from the shared text you scribed, or using their own ideas.
- Remind them to refer regularly to the checklist to ensure that they are applying the conventions correctly.

Plenary

- Hear a couple of volunteers’ scenes, then ask children to swap scripts with a partner and check each other’s work against the checklist.

Checklist of key features of playscripts

- No speech marks.
- Each person's speech starts on a new line.
- Character's name in the left-hand margin denotes who is speaking.
- The setting is briefly described at the beginning of the scene.
- Stage directions for the actors, explaining how the characters say their lines, or any actions they make while saying those lines, are in brackets after the character's name, e.g.

Wizard (*waving his wand threateningly*): **I'm warning you!**

Witch (*sneering*): **As if I care!**

- Movements by the characters, including exits and entrances, are written on separate lines, often in italics, and in the present tense, e.g.

The wizard grabs his hat and rushes out, followed by the frog.

- Plays are usually divided into a number of scenes. If there is a change of time or place, a new scene is needed.

No speech marks

Old man (gruffly):	Tea looks cold again. 'Tis always cold. I'm sure she makes it wi' cold water.
Younger man:	Oh stop your moaning Father. She does her best. She's five little ones to look after and precious little to do it on. She does her best. You mustn't keep on at her so. It upsets her. She does her best.
Old man:	So she does, lad, so she does. And for that matter so do I, but that don't stop her moaning at me and it'll not stop me moaning at her. If we didn't moan at each other, lad, we'd have precious little else to talk about, and that's a fact. She expects it of me, lad, and I expects it of her. <i>"She felt she had..." has been cut.</i> <i>Cherry approaches them slowly.</i> (character's feelings)
Cherry (tentatively):	Excuse me, but I've got a bit lost. I climbed the cliff, you see, 'cos I was cut off from the Cove. I was trying to get back, but I couldn't and I saw this light and so I climbed up. I want to get home and I wondered if you could help me get to the top? <i>Story text converted into a stage direction.</i> <i>Old man peers towards her voice.</i>
Old man:	Top? Come closer, lad, where we can see you.
Younger man:	She's not a lad, Father. Are you blind? Can you not see 'tis a filly. 'Tis a young filly, all wet through from the sea. <i>He stands up and beckons Cherry in.</i>
Cherry (nervously):	Come, don't be afeard, little girl, we shan't harm you. Come on, you can have some of my tea if you like.
Old man (becoming angry):	But I thought the mine was closed a hundred years ago. That's what I was told, anyway. Well you was told wrong. Closed, closed indeed, does it look closed to you? D'you think we're digging for worms? Over four thousand tons of tin last year and nine thousand of copper ore, and you ask is the mine closed? Over twenty fathoms below the sea this mine goes. We'll dig right out under the ocean, halfway to 'Merica afore we close down this mine. <i>The younger man takes off his jacket and wraps it round Cherry's shoulders.</i>

Story text contracted into stage direction.

Story text converted into stage direction.

Story text converted into stage direction and inserted into the middle of a character's speech.

Story text converted into a stage direction, with some text cut.

Lesson notes for 'Freddie Pilcher' by Pie Corbett

Day 9

Shared text work – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

- Display enlarged copy/OHT of the story (Resource sheet 4a), with only the opening paragraph visible. Ask the children to read it, then to jot down as many ideas, questions and thoughts as they can about these two sentences. Use Resource sheet 4c (annotated copy of the story) for your reference.
- Share initial responses, discuss some of the questions raised, and possible answers.
- Give out copies of the story (Resource sheet 4b) to the children so that they can text mark. Read up to 'Through the bottom of a milk bottle' aloud, demonstrating for the children how to interrogate the text, and how they can deduce and infer from a limited amount of information.
- Model for the children ways to underline, circle or in other ways mark a text, and make notes and comments in the margins.
- Use paired talk to explore some of the questions.
- Ask the children to read and text mark the next two paragraphs, take some feedback, then read aloud to the end, using Resource sheet 4c for your reference.

Independent work – reading, writing, sentence and word level

- Give the children a copy of Resource sheet 4d 'Questions about "Freddie Pilcher"'.
• Explain that for question 1, in order to summarise information in the text, they will need to skim read, looking for and marking any evidence of what Freddie looks like. For question 2, which asks them to predict, they will need to refer to the notes they and you have made in shared reading, before they make their predictions.
- You may wish some children to complete their independent work on OHT so that it can be shared with the class, if this is appropriate and is part of your usual practice.

Extended plenary

- Share children's responses, drawing out in the discussion successful ways of writing concisely, e.g. there is no need to incorporate the question into the answer.
- Highlight the need for conditional verbs in answers which predict possible future events, e.g. *might, could, may, would*, etc. and suitable connectives, e.g. *It is likely that, perhaps, possibly, maybe, it could be that*, etc.

From ‘**Freddie Pilcher**’ by **Pie Corbett**

Grandma Pugh sized the baby up like a pig at the cattle market. There was a pause and then she pronounced.

‘He’s got nice long legs.’ She smacked her lips together in approval. But then she frowned and leaned forwards. Everyone waited anxiously. The baby had opened his eyes and was staring up at her from his cot. ‘But that squint won’t do!’ she declared firmly, turning her back on him and tut-tutting.

That had been Freddie Pilcher’s first meeting with Grandma Pugh. Since then, ten years had passed. Much to his grandmother’s satisfaction, his legs had not let her original pronouncement down. She had been correct. The boy was a regular beanpole.

Grandma Pugh had also been correct about his eyesight. At first, he had worn glasses. The lenses were so thick that it was like looking at the world through the bottom of a milk bottle.

When he was old enough Freddie had been to hospital to have an operation. Now he no longer squinted. He still wore glasses. Without them, he was like a fish out of water. His mother had to fix his glasses to his ears with sticking plaster; otherwise he kept losing them. And as she kept saying, they might be National Health but that

wasn't the point. Freddie not only had poor eyesight, but he was also clumsy.

Freddie did not really seem suited to schoolwork. But there was one thing that he was good at and it was all on account of the length of his legs. His grandma had been right to be proud of him. He could jump.

Freddie was the best jumper in school. Not only could he leap the furthest but also the highest. At break-times, he entertained the little ones by leaping over the school wall into Mrs Hobson's garden and then rapidly vaulting back. She had been up to see the Head Teacher several times because somebody had been trampling on her vegetables.

It was badgers, Freddie suggested, when quizzed by Miss Harpy – definitely badgers. His dad had terrible problems with badgers. Only last week he had lost two rows of carrots. Freddie had woken one night and heard them rampaging through the garden, a whole herd of them. They rooted up the lawn, dug up the vegetables and crunched up the snails like boiled sweets. Terrible things, badgers. All the other children nodded their heads sagely. There was a moment's pause in class three as everyone pondered on the dreadful damage that badgers could do.

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From 'Freddie Pilcher' by Pie Corbett

Deduce whose mother she is from surname. (Freddie's mum's.)

What are cattle? What happens at a cattle market? Why has the author chosen this simile?

'Pronounced' makes her seem important. Why is everyone anxious? Her opinion matters.

Suggests she might eat him!

Meaning? Reread previous sentence: to do with eyes?

Phrase with two meanings, literal and figurative.

Can deduce his age.

What is the effect of this simile? How does it help us to picture Freddie?

Contributes to picture of Freddie.

Meaning? Refers to glasses that he kept losing, which were free.

Grandma Pugh sized the baby up like a pig at the cattle market. There was a pause and then she pronounced.

'He's got nice long legs.' She smacked her lips together in approval. But then she frowned and leaned forwards. Everyone waited anxiously. The baby had opened his eyes and was staring up at her from his cot. 'But that squint won't do!' she declared firmly, turning her back on him and tut-tutting.

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What does this idiomatic phrase mean? What does it suggest about Grandma P?

Why is a pig at the cattle market? Suggests baby is an oddity.

Can deduce Freddie was a baby.

a regular = just like a

Meaning? Look within word at 'pole'. Connects back to 'his legs', so probably to do with his height.

Contributes to picture of Freddie.

Freddie not only had poor eyesight, but **he** **was also clumsy.**

Freddie did not really seem suited to schoolwork. But there was one thing that he was good at and it was all on account of the length of his legs. His grandma had been right to be proud of him. **He could jump.**

Short sentence for effect.

Specific verbs have cumulative effect.

Freddie was the best jumper in school. Not only could he leap the furthest but also the highest. At break-times, he entertained the little ones by **leaping** over the school wall into Mrs Hobson's garden and then rapidly **vaulting** back. She had been up to see the Head Teacher several times because somebody had been **trampling** on her vegetables.

Economical phrase: can deduce he is suspected of causing the damage and is being questioned.

It was badgers, Freddie suggested, **when** **quizzed by** Miss **Harpy** – definitely badgers. His dad had terrible problems with badgers. Only last week he had **lost two rows of carrots.**

What does this name suggest? Harpy = mythical female beast.

Meaning? Something had destroyed vegetable plot.

Words chosen for effect. Suggest wild dangerous destructive beasts.

Freddie had woken one night and heard them **rampaging** through the garden, a whole **herd** of them. They **rooted** up the lawn, **dug up** the vegetables and **crunched up** the snails like boiled sweets. Terrible things, badgers. **All the** **other children nodded** their heads **sagely.**

Why do they support Freddie?

Meaning? Two meanings: a herb and a wise person. Sagely = wisely.

Meaning? Verb that looks like 'wonder' – happens during a pause, so can deduce it is something one does silently.

There was a moment's pause in class three as everyone **pondered** on the dreadful damage that badgers could do.

Summarise what we have found out about Freddie as a person.

1. He is not clever at school.
2. He can jump amazingly.
3. He can make up convincing lies, blaming the damage to Mrs H's garden on badgers.
4. Other children like him: they all supported his badger story and no one told on him.

Questions about ‘Freddie Pilcher’

1. Use the information from the story to write a brief description in your own words of Freddie Pilcher’s physical appearance.
2. This is the opening chapter of a book. From what you have read so far, speculate on what might happen in other chapters. You will need to bear in mind what you have found out about Freddie and any other characters that have appeared.

Lesson notes for 'Meatpie on the Masham Road' by Pie Corbett

Day 10

Shared text work – reading, sentence and word level and speaking and listening

- Distribute copies of the story to individuals (Resource sheet 5b) and display an enlarged/OHT copy (Resource sheet 5a) to annotate with the class.
- Read the story, using the sample questions and comments on Resource sheet 5c as prompts. Model for the children how to text mark key words, phrases, sentences and passages for closer scrutiny.
- Demonstrate writing brief comments or notes in the margins, and encourage the children to make their own notes. Use paired talk to explore some of the questions.
- Ask the children to read and text mark occasional paragraphs independently, and take some feedback.

Independent work – reading, writing, sentence and word level

- Give the children a copy of Resource sheet 5d 'Questions about 'Meatpie on the Masham Road'.
- Tell them that when they tackle questions 1, 2 and 3, they must first find the quotes and text mark them in their copy of the story so they can re-read them in context, before they answer the questions.

Extended plenary

- Share children's answers to the four questions, drawing out in the discussion the need to be very clear about exactly what the question is asking, and strategies for answering.

From ‘**Meatpie on the Masham Road**’ by **Pie Corbett**

‘It’s a tortoise, I tell you, it’s a tortoise.’ There we were, tearing towards Masham and I saw this tortoise, making its way up the side of the road. At first, I couldn’t believe it. We shot past so quickly. But I knew that I had seen it. Its little head poking out as it ambled along.

Honestly, my dad never believes anything I say. Take for instance the time that I saw a UFO in Mrs Carter’s garden. Well, I wasn’t to know that it was her new satellite dish, was I?

Anyone would think that I exaggerated. Next thing, he’ll need glasses. I mean there it was, plain as a plum pudding. Well, as plain as a tortoise can be – and he just whizzes by without a care in the world.

‘Will you sit still and stop distracting me. If you carry on like that we’ll have a crash.’ You see – he’s getting grumpy now. The next thing, he’ll be threatening to stop the car and leave me by the side of the road.

‘But if we don’t go back, she’ll be squashed!’ I was pleading by now. ‘I tell you it was a tortoise and it’s in great peril.’

‘Nonsense, it must have been a brick or something. What do you think a tortoise is doing at the side of a busy road?’

‘Well, it’s not out shopping,’ I snapped back. ‘It’s in mortal danger Dad, and you’ve got to do something. I mean if we don’t go back it’ll be just like murder!’

It took all of ten miles with me pleading and begging. I would have gone down on bended knees but in the back of a Vauxhall that’s not too easy. Give him his due, Dad came off at the next roundabout, went all the way round it and drove back slowly along the other side of the road so we could look out of the window.

‘There it is. I told you.’

‘Steady on there,’ grunted Dad.

We pulled over onto the verge. Dad wouldn’t let me get out of the car. He said that I might

get excitable and put off passing motorists. I could see him bending down and picking something up. A moment later he was coming back.

‘You’re right,’ he said as he clambered back into the car. Under his jacket he had a tortoise.

‘Here, you hold it, while I drive.’

So, I sat in the back of the car holding the tortoise. It kept quite still and felt rather cold. At first I wondered if the shock of seeing Dad had been too much for it. (Well, you should see him . . .)

I could feel its claws. The shell was criss-crossed like a noughts and crosses game in shades of brown. It looked as if it had been dragged through several hedges backwards.

‘I don’t think that this tortoise has had a good time,’ I muttered.

Dad didn’t reply. He turned up the car heater and drove towards home.

‘Lord alone knows what your Mother will say,’ was his only comment.

From **'Meatpie on the Masham Road'**
by **Pie Corbett**

'It's a tortoise, I tell you, it's a tortoise.'

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Dad didn't reply. He turned up the car heater and drove towards home.

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From 'Meatpie on the Masham Road' by Pie Corbett

Who are 'we'? Read on to
find out.

'It's a tortoise, I tell you, it's a tortoise.'

There **we** were, tearing towards Masham and I
saw this tortoise, making its way up the side of
the road. At first, I couldn't believe it. We **shot**
past so quickly. But I knew that I had seen it.
Its little head poking out as it **ambled** along.

Contrast two verbs.

Effect of word = pace of
tortoise. If unsure of
meaning, try to work out
from context, prior
knowledge.

Informal, chatty style.

Honestly, my dad never believes anything I
say. Take for instance the time that I saw a
UFO in Mrs Carter's garden. **Well**, I wasn't to
know that it was her new satellite dish, was I?

What does it add to our
picture of the child?

Anyone would think that I exaggerated. Next
thing, he'll need glasses. I mean there it was,
plain as a plum pudding. Well, as plain as a
tortoise can be – and he just whizzes by
without a care in the world.

Informal, chatty style.

'Will you sit still and stop distracting me. If
you carry on like that we'll have a crash.'
You
see – he's getting grumpy now. **The next thing**,
he'll be threatening to stop the car and leave
me by the side of the road.

This suggests he has done
this in the past. What does it
add to our picture of the
child?

'But if we don't go back, she'll be squashed!'
I was pleading by now. 'I tell you it was a
tortoise and it's in great peril.'

'Nonsense, it must have been a brick or
something. What do you think a tortoise is
doing at the side of a busy road?'

What is the effect of this sentence? How does it contribute to the style?

‘Well, it’s not out shopping,’ I snapped back. ‘It’s in mortal danger Dad, and you’ve got to do something. I mean if we don’t go back it’ll be just like murder!’

It took all of ten miles with me pleading and begging. I would have gone down on bended knees but in the back of a Vauxhall that’s not too easy. Give him his due, Dad came off at the next roundabout, went all the way round it and drove back slowly along the other side of the road so we could look out of the window.

‘There it is. I told you.’

‘Steady on there,’ grunted Dad.

What is the image we get from these words and why is it effective?

We pulled over onto the verge. Dad wouldn’t let me get out of the car. He said that I might get excitable and put off passing motorists. I could see him bending down and picking something up. A moment later he was coming back.

‘You’re right,’ he said as he clambered back into the car. Under his jacket he had a tortoise.

‘Here, you hold it, while I drive.’

What does this phrase imply?

So, I sat in the back of the car holding the tortoise. It kept quite still and felt rather cold. At first I wondered if the shock of seeing Dad had been too much for it. (Well, you should see him . . .)

I could feel its claws. The shell was criss-crossed like a noughts and crosses game in shades of brown. It looked as if it had been dragged through several hedges backwards.

‘I don’t think that this tortoise has had a good time,’ I muttered.

Dad didn’t reply. He turned up the car heater and drove towards home.

‘Lord alone knows what your Mother will say,’ was his only comment.

Explain what you think the author means by these words.

Questions about 'Meatpie on the Masham Road'

1. *'It's in great peril' 'it's in mortal danger' 'it'll be just like murder!'*
Explain as fully as you can a) why you think the narrator uses these words and b) what they tell us about the narrator.
2. *'Give him his due, Dad came off at the next roundabout, went all the way round it and drove slowly back down the other side of the road.'*
What does this tell us about Dad?
Find and copy another example of Dad's behaviour that shows a similar response.
3. *'Lord alone knows what your Mother will say,' was his only comment.*
What impression of the narrator's mum do we form from reading these words?
4. Is 'Meatpie on the Masham Road' a good title for this story? Give your reasons.