

Week 2 - Activity 1

This text links to the writing activity for week 2: 'Doors - the world of possibility

Read this extract from *The Snow-Walker's Son* by Catherine Fisher. You can listen to the extract here: <https://soundcloud.com/talkforwriting/doors>

The door was the last one in the corridor.

As the flames flickered over it, they showed it was barred; a hefty iron chain hung across it, and the mud floor beneath was red with rust that had flaked off in the long years of locking and unlocking.

The keeper hung his lantern on a nail, took the key from a dirty string around his neck, and fitted it into the keyhole. Then he looked behind him.

'Get on with it!' the big man growled. 'Let me see what she keeps in there!'

The keeper grinned; he knew fear when he heard it. With both hands he turned the key, then tugged out the red chain in a shower of rust and pushed the door. It opened, just a fraction. Darkness and a damp smell oozed through the black slit.

He stepped well back, handed the stranger the lantern, and jerked his head. He had no tongue to speak with; she'd made sure he kept her secrets.

The stranger hesitated; a draught moved his hair and he gazed back up the stone passageway as if he longed suddenly for warmth and light. And from what I've heard, the keeper thought, you won't be seeing much of those ever again.

Then the man held up the lantern and pushed the door. The keeper watched his face intently in the red glow, and his great hand, as it clutched a luck-stone that swung at his neck. The man went in, slowly. The door closed.

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1. *The door was the last one in the corridor.*

What is the significance of the word *last*? Can you think of another context where the word *last* has a significant meaning? e.g. *the last chance*.

2. How do the opening lines (highlighted above) set the mood of the story? What are your immediate impressions?

3. Having spent a great deal of time reflecting on the significance of doors and their appearance, what does this description suggest to you?

4. Why has Fisher described the iron chain as being 'hefty'? What could the significance of this word be in the context of the story?

5. *Darkness and a damp smell oozed through the black slit.*

How does this make you feel as a reader? What is the relevance of both darkness and a damp smell? Do either of these surprise you; if so, why?

Week 2 - Activity 2

Jack's Tale

Judith Nicholls

Sun rises before me,
dazzles pathless flight.
In the corner of each eye
mists drift and fade,
dissolve against a lightening sky;
the tops of oaks sprawl
like giant undergrowth below.
*I dare not pause to gaze,
I dare not fall!*

Behind, as if in smoke,
the castle disappears.
My life is ruled by noise:
heart drums inside my chest,
the giant thud of angry steps
invades my ears.

Beneath one arm
a squirming weight of feathers,
crooked between waist and elbow,
squawks our whereabouts into the dawn,
scratches tales of panic into flesh.
*All thoughts are on escape;
all golden dreams have flown!*

Ahead, at last,
green stalks emerge from cloud
then cobwebs downwards,
stitching earth to sky.
I leap, grasp branches urgently
with outstretched hand;
half-slide, half fall
to blessed earth below,
to blessed land.



What do you **like** about this poem?
Is there anything you **dislike** about this poem?

What **patterns** can you find in this poem?

What does this poem **remind** you of? Another poem? A different piece of writing? A person?

What **puzzles** or questions does this poem raise?



Find some more poetry by Judith Nicholls, Roald Dahl or Michael Rosen. You could start looking here:

<https://childrens.poetryarchive.org/poet/judith-nicholls/>

<https://www.michaelrosen.co.uk/videos/>

<https://www.michaelrosen.co.uk/hypnotiser/>

<https://allpoetry.com/Roald-Dahl>

Week 2 - Activity 3

Read 'Night Bus Extract 1' from the Prisoner of Azkaban

IMPORTANT: Parent or Carer - read this page with your child and check that you are happy with the short PG rated clip from Prisoner of Azkaban.

- 1) How do you think Harry is feeling through these different events? Write some of his feelings on the text.

- 2) Watch the short clip of this scene from the film version. What do you think about the way that the film has shown this scene? Is there anything that you think they have missed out?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FArmRa092H0>

Night Bus – Extract 1

Harry has just lost his temper and has blown up Aunt Marge. He has fled the house.

Harry was several streets away before he collapsed onto a low wall in Magnolia Crescent, panting from the effort of dragging his trunk. He sat quite still, anger still surging through him, listening to the frantic thumping of his heart.

But after ten minutes alone in the dark street, a new emotion overtook him: panic. Whichever way he looked at it, he had never been in a worse fix. He was stranded, quite alone, in the dark Muggle world, with absolutely nowhere to go. And the worst of it was, he had just done serious magic, which meant that he was almost certainly expelled from Hogwarts. He had broken the Decree for the Restriction of Underage Wizardry so badly, he was surprised Ministry of Magic representatives weren't swooping down on him where he sat.

Harry shivered and looked up and down Magnolia Crescent. What was going to happen to him? Would he be arrested, or would he simply be outlawed from the wizarding world? He thought of Ron and Hermione, and his heart sank even lower. Harry was sure that, criminal or not, Ron and Hermione would want to help him now, but they were both abroad, and with Hedwig gone, he had no means of contacting them.

He didn't have any Muggle money, either. There was a little wizard gold in the money bag at the bottom of his trunk, but the rest of the fortune his parents had left him was stored in a vault at Gringotts Wizarding Bank in London. He'd never be able to drag his trunk all the way to London. Unless ... He looked down at his wand, which he was still clutching in his hand. If he was already expelled (his heart was now thumping painfully fast), a bit more magic couldn't hurt. He had the Invisibility Cloak he had inherited from his father — what if he bewitched the trunk to make it feather-light, tied it to his broomstick, covered himself in the Cloak and flew to London? Then he could get the rest of his money out of his vault and ... begin his life as an outcast. It was a horrible prospect, but he couldn't sit on this wall for ever or he'd find himself trying to explain to Muggle police why he was out in the dead of night with a trunkful of spellbooks and a broomstick.

Harry opened his trunk again and pushed the contents aside, looking for the Invisibility Cloak — but before he had found it, he straightened up suddenly, looking around him once more.

A funny prickling on the back of his neck had made Harry feel he was being watched, but the street appeared to be deserted, and no lights shone from any of the large square houses.

He bent over his trunk again, but almost immediately stood up once more, his hand clenched on his wand. He had sensed rather than heard it: someone or something was standing in the narrow gap between the garage and the fence behind him. Harry squinted at the black alleyway. If only it would move, then he'd know whether it was just a stray cat or — something else.

“Lumos” Harry muttered, and a light appeared at the end of his wand, almost dazzling him. He held it high over his head, and the pebble-dashed walls of number two suddenly sparkled; the garage door gleamed, and between them, Harry saw, quite distinctly, the hulking outline of something very big, with wide, gleaming eyes.

Harry stepped backwards. His legs hit his trunk and he tripped. His wand flew out of his hand as he flung out an arm to break his fall, and he landed, hard, in the gutter.

There was a deafening BANG and Harry threw up his hands to shield his eyes against a sudden blinding light ...

With a yell, he rolled back onto the pavement, just in time. A second later, a gigantic pair of wheels and headlights had screeched to a halt exactly where Harry had just been lying. They belonged, as Harry saw when he raised his head, to a triple-decker, violently purple bus, which had appeared out of thin air. Gold lettering over the windscreen spelled The Knight Bus.

For a split second, Harry wondered if he had been knocked silly by his fall. Then a conductor in a purple uniform leapt out of the bus and began to speak loudly to the night. ‘Welcome to the Knight Bus, emergency transport for the stranded witch or wizard. Just stick out your wand hand, step on board and we can take you anywhere you want to go. My name is Stan Shunpike, and I will be your conductor this eve—’

Book Review



Plot

Event 1 _____

Event 2 _____

Event 3 _____

Cause and Effect of one of the events in the book

Cause

Effect



My Star Rating



Why I rated the book _____ stars

Book Title _____

Author _____

Illustrator _____

Genre (tick as many as apply to your book)

☐ fiction

☐ scary

☐ animal story

☐ non-fiction

☐ fairy tale

☐ biography

☐ fantasy

☐ adventure

☐ historical

☐ humour

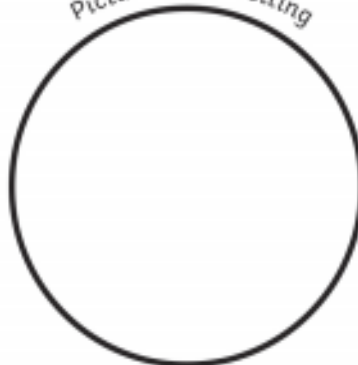
☐ sports

☐ mystery

☐ other _____

Setting

Picture of the setting



Character



Name _____

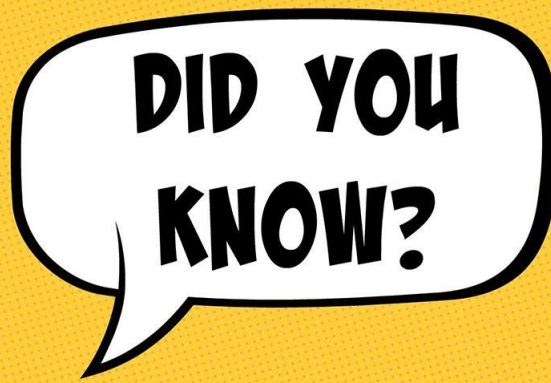
Personality _____

Physical Appearance _____

How I feel about this character
and why: _____

draw how you felt!





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