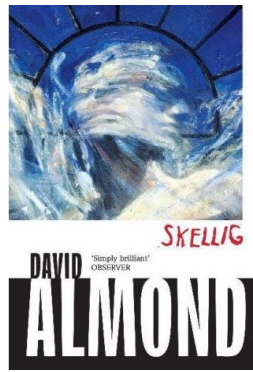
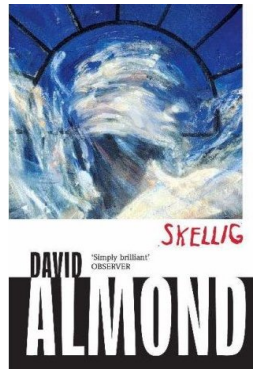


Tuesday 21st April 2020



Name three things that we learnt about the narrator's family in chapter one.

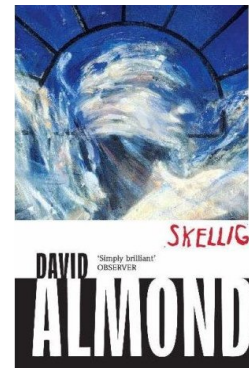
The setting



Today we are going to *visualise the setting* of the book from the description given by the author.

We are going to do this through the ideas in the text (infer) and the language used by the author.

Your initial response

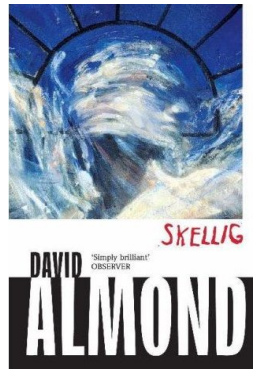


Click on the audio files below to hear Mrs Glanvill read chapter two and Mr Mussell read chapter three.

As we read, think about:

- **What** you think Michael has found in the garage.
- **Why** do you think it is in the garage?
- **What** do you think he should **do** about it?
- **How** would you **describe** the garage?

Your task



Use the text to sketch a detailed picture of the garage as Michael enters it for the first time. Annotate (label) your drawing. You can use colour if you want.

Think carefully about what he *sees*, *hears* and *feels* as he ventures in.

Extension:

Describe the garage in your own words:

- Use punctuation to make your sentences clear
- Add detail using adjectives, adverbs and powerful verbs
- Use similes and metaphors.

it even for danger money. There were old chests of drawers and broken wash-basins and bags of cement, ancient doors leaning against the walls, deck chairs with the cloth seats rotted away. Great rolls of rope and cable hung from nails. Heaps of water pipes and great boxes of rusty nails were scattered on the floor. Everything was covered in dust and spiders' webs. There was mortar that had fallen from the walls. There was a little window in one of the walls but it was filthy and there were rolls of cracked lino standing in front of it. The place stank of rot and dust. Even the bricks were crumbling like they couldn't bear the weight any more. It was like the whole thing was sick of itself and would collapse in a heap and have to get bulldozed away.

I heard something scratching in one of the corners, and something scuttling about, then it all stopped and it was just dead quiet in there.

Something little and black scuttled across the floor. The door creaked and cracked for a moment before it was still. Dust poured through the torch beam. Something scratched and scratched in a corner. I tiptoed further in and felt spider webs breaking on my brow. Everything was packed in tight – ancient furniture, kitchen units, rolled-up carpets, pipes and crates and planks. I kept ducking down under the hose-pipes and ropes and kitbags that hung from the roof. More cobwebs snapped on my clothes and skin. The floor was broken and crumbly. I opened a cupboard an inch, shone the torch in and saw a million woodlice scattering away. I peered down into a great stone jar and saw the bones of some little animal that had died in there. Dead bluebottles were everywhere. There were ancient newspapers and magazines. I shone the torch on to one and saw that it came from nearly fifty years ago. I moved so carefully. I was scared every moment that the whole thing was going to collapse. There