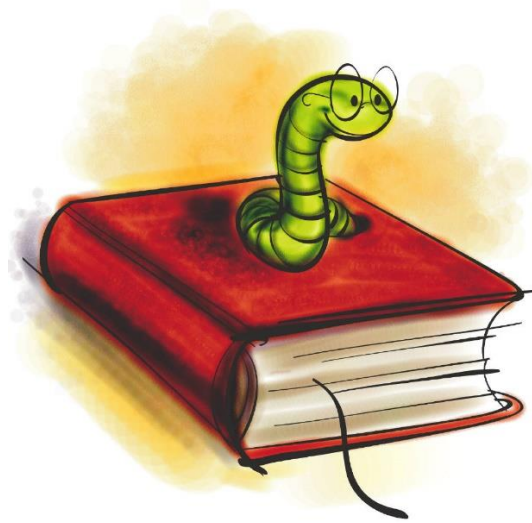


Year 9: Great Short Stories



Name: _____

Tutor Group: _____ English Group: _____

LANGUAGE TECHNIQUES		NARRATIVE STYLES		TODOROV'S THEORY OF EQUILIBRIUM	
Simile	Indirect comparison: something is like something else	Linear	Events are told chronologically	Equilibrium	Otherwise known as normality (whatever that may be for the characters)
Onomatopoeia	Words that sound out loud the same as what they are describing	Non-Linear	Events are not told chronologically	Disequilibrium	A conflict or disruption of the equilibrium by an action or event
Alliteration	The same consonant sound is repeated	Dual	Told from two perspectives	Recognition of Disequilibrium	A recognition that the disruption or conflict has occurred
Personification	Giving human qualities to something that isn't human	Cyclical	Ends the same way it begins	Attempt to repair	An attempt to fix the issue or repair the damage
Adverb/Adjective	Describing words for verbs and nouns	Framed	A story within a story	New Equilibrium	A new equilibrium starts
Imagery	Creating a word picture using vivid vocabulary	TYPES OF NARRATOR		CLASSIC NARRATIVE ARCH 	
Motaphor	Direct comparison	Limited 3rd person	External narrator with knowledge of one character's feelings (he/she)		
Senses	Sight, sound, smell, touch and taste	Omniscient 3rd person	External narrator- knowledge of more than one character's feelings (he/she)		
Assonance	the same vowel sound is repeated	1st person	Told from a character's perspective (I)		
Hyperbole	exaggerating something for effect	2nd person	Directed to the reader (you)	VOCABULARY	
Oxymoron	Where two opposing words normally not associated are brought together: 'cold heat'	Unreliable narrator	When the perspective offered makes us question the narrator's credibility		
Colloquialism	language that is used in speech with an informal meaning	EXAMPLE SENTENCE TYPES		arcane	requiring secret or mysterious knowledge
STRUCTURAL TECHNIQUES		Declarative	The sun was shining.	cynical	believing the worst of human nature and motives
Atmosphere	The mood or tone set by the writer	Interrogative	What is the weather like outside?	elated	exultantly proud and joyful in high spirits
Climax	The most intense or decisive point	Exclamatory	It's the heaviest rain in 100 years!	fractious	easily irritated or annoyed
Dialogue	The lines spoken by characters	Imperative	Come here now!	haughty	having or showing arrogant superiority to
Exposition	The start where ideas are initiated	Tricolon (rule of three)	The thrashing, screaming, hell-raising storm.	hypocrisy	pretending to have qualities or beliefs that you do not have
Flashback	(Analepsis) Presents past events	Anadiplosis	From the sky the rain was falling, falling in torrents.	inept	generally incompetent and ineffectual
Flash-forward	(Prolepsis) Presents future events	Polysyndeton	Hailstones bounced and leapt and danced and threw themselves onto my umbrella.	intrepid	invulnerable to fear or intimidation
Foreshadowing	Hints what is to come (can mislead)	Asyndeton	Hailstones bounced, leapt, danced, threw themselves onto my umbrella.	novice	someone new to a field or activity
Motif	A recurring element in a story	Anaphora	Sun shone into the garden. Sun was filling the sky. Sun was blinding me.	plethora	extreme excess
Resolution	The answer or solution to conflict	Epistrophe	It was the best weather. I found it the worst weather.	vociferous	conspicuously and offensively loud
Setting	A geographical/historical moment				
Spotlight	Emphasis is placed on something				
Shift	A switch or change of focus				
Tension	The feeling of emotional strain				
Prequels	That tells the part of a story that happened before the story in another movie, book, etc.				
Sequels	The next instalment of a story				
Prologue	The introduction to a literary work				
Epilogue	Concluding section that rounds out the design of a literary work				



Lesson 1: How does Samsani structure 'The Subway' to create effect?

Task 1: Read the paragraph below. Find and correct the technical inaccuracies.

It was late evening and the sky was turning black when me and my dad got off the bus and started to walk hand in hand beside the busy road. The pavement sloped downwards towards a subway, beyond which was our house. You might expect a child of five or six to be scared of such a dark tunnel beneath the ground, but it didnt frighten me. I was past the phase of beleiving in monsters and, despite repeated warnings from my parents and teachers conserning speaking to strangers or accepting sweets from them, all grown-ups were good in my eyes. I knew some rather nasty children but adults were always there to sort things out. The news, with its daily reports of crime, meant nothing to me words like murder or mugging were not part of my vocabulary.

Identify and correct:

- 1 missing comma
- 1 missing colon
- 1 missing apostrophe
- 4 misspelt words

Task 2: Read Nahid Samsani's short story below, entitled 'The Subway'.

It was late evening and the sky was turning black when me and my dad got off the bus and started to walk hand in hand beside the busy road. The pavement sloped downwards towards a subway, beyond which was our house. You might expect a child of five or six to be scared of such a dark tunnel beneath the ground, but it didn't frighten me. I was past the phase of believing in monsters and, despite repeated warnings from my parents and teachers concerning speaking to strangers or accepting sweets from them, all grown-ups were good in my eyes. I knew some rather nasty children, but adults were always there to sort things out. The news, with its daily reports of crime, meant nothing to me: words like murder or mugging were not part of my vocabulary.

So I approached the subway with no apprehension. To my surprise, my dad tightened his grip on my hand and quickened his pace so that I had to almost run to keep up with him.

I had been there before, in the day, but at night it was quite different. The overhead lights had been broken, and the crunching sound of our footsteps on the shattered glass echoed sinisterly around the tunnel. As my eyes adjusted to the dim light I could just make out the puddles on the ground, and the graffiti on the grey, damp walls.

"What does it all mean, Daddy?" I asked, tugging at his sleeve, but my voice was drowned out by the sound of a motorcycle entering the tunnel behind us. It sped closer and closer until the roar of its engine was deafening, making the snarls and threats of its riders incomprehensible. As I turned my head, the motorcycle swept past my side, scraping my arm with its handlebar. I yelped in pain at my scorched arm, while the riders raced away, chuckling.

My dad bent down to inspect my grazed and bleeding arm anxiously. "Is it all right?" he asked. It felt like it was on fire and my eyes were brimming with tears, but I nodded, willing to say anything just to get away from this horrible, horrible subway as quickly as possible.

We started walking again but at the end of the subway, illuminated in the flow of a streetlamp, were the two men, sitting on their motorcycles menacingly, blocking our exit. They growled at us angrily, their faces twisted into resentful expressions, and occasionally shouted things I didn't understand.

Would they try to stop us getting out? Would they ride straight at us again? My dad sensed my hesitation. "Just keep moving," he said, "we'll be home soon."

Sure enough, when we approached, the motorcycle drove off, with a last few shouts. As we walked out of the subway, relieved, some small stones flew through the air, landing at our feet.

"Why didn't those men like us?" I asked my dad. "It was nothing... not important," he mumbled, not wanting to ruin the faith I had in human nature. But it was too late. The idealistic image in my head had been shattered.

Task 3: Connect each part of the story to its description. Then, identify where you think each new part of the story begins in 'The Subway'.

1- Exposition	The conclusion: conflict is resolved and the story concludes.
2- Rising Action	Characters and setting are introduced.
3- Climax	The tension begins to decrease.
4- Falling Action	The main problem or conflict is introduced.
5- Resolution / Denouement	The main event or danger the character faces, and the point of highest tension.

Task 4: Answer the questions below in full sentences.

1. Look carefully at the exposition. Do you think it is effective? How does the writer 'hook' the reader in?

2. Look closely at where the problem/conflict is introduced. Can you make any comments on the writer's use of language and description in this part of the story and throughout the extract? Are any other conflicts explored?

3. How does the writer appeal to the reader's senses during the rising action and throughout the story? Write down 2 examples of sensory imagery and explain the effects. An example has been given for you.

Sensory Imagery	Effects
'the crunching sound of our footsteps on the shattered glass echoed sinisterly around the tunnel.'	The use of the onomatopoeic 'crunching', 'shattered', and 'echoed' create a sense of isolation and eerie quietness around the characters, as every sound is emphasised. Furthermore, the adverb 'sinisterly' highlights this ominous atmosphere.

4. Can you make any comments on the use of dialogue? How does the use of dialogue contribute to the story?

5. The story is written from a retrospective point of view. Highlight examples of where the writer's adult point-of-view is apparent. How does this contribute to the story?

6. Look closely at the resolution (the ending). Do you think it is effective? How does it make you feel?

Task 5: Plan a story where the final sentences of your narrative are: 'But it was too late. The idealistic image in my head had been shattered.'

1. Exposition: The Beginning

The start, or exposition, is where the characters and setting are established.

Character(s): *Hint: The few characters you include, the easier it is to include characterization. One character will have to be an innocent first-person narrator.*

Setting: *Think of just one setting where your first person narrator will lose their innocent, childish naivety,*

2. Rising Action: Introduction of the Problem or Conflict

After character and setting has been established, the main problem or conflict is introduced.

What is going to be the conflict that leads to your character losing their idealistic image?

3. Climax: The High Point

The climax is the high point of the story. It is the main event or danger that the character faces and the moment of greatest tension.

Extension: Imagery

Write a sentence to fit into your story which includes:

A metaphor:

A simile:

Onomatopoeia:

Juxtaposition:

5. Resolution: The End

The resolution, also often called denouement, which is French for "to untie" or "unraveling", is the conclusion of the story. Here, conflict is resolved and the story concludes.

But it was too late. The idealistic image in my head had been shattered.

4. Falling Action: Winding Down

Following the climax, the story begins to slowly wind down. This eventually leads to the final part of the story, the crisis resolution.

Lesson 2: How do authors use imagery to create descriptions of villains?

"...our door had been suddenly dashed open, and that a huge man framed itself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top-hat, a long frock-coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross-bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shoot eyes, and the high thin fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey."

- Dr Roylott from *The Speckled Band*, Arthur Conan Doyle

"Through the mist in front of him, Harry saw, with an icy surge of terror, the dark outline of a man, tall and skeletally thin, rising slowly from inside the cauldron. [...] The thin man stepped out of the cauldron, staring at Harry...and Harry stared back into the face that had haunted his nightmares for three years. Whiter than a skull, with wide, livid, scarlet eyes and a nose that was flat as a snake's with slits for nostrils..."

His hands were like large, pale spiders; his long white fingers caressed his own chest, his arms, his face; the red eyes, whose pupils were slits, like a cat's, gleamed still more brightly in the darkness. Voldemort turned his scarlet eyes upon Harry, laughing a high, cold, mirthless laugh."

- Lord Voldemort from *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, J.K Rowling

"A stoutly-built fellow of about five-and-thirty, in a black velveteen coat, very soiled drab breeches, lace-up half boots, and grey cotton stockings which enclosed a bulky pair of legs, with large swelling calves;—the kind of legs, which in such costume, always look in an unfinished and incomplete state without a set of fetters to garnish them. He had a brown hat on his head, and a dirty belcher handkerchief round his neck: with the long frayed ends of which he smeared the beer from his face as he spoke. He disclosed, when he had done so, a broad heavy countenance with a beard of three weeks' growth, and two scowling eyes; one of which displayed various parti-colored symptoms of having been recently damaged by a blow.."

- Bill Sikes from *Oliver Twist*, Charles Dickens

"He was most fifty, and he looked it. His hair was long and tangled and greasy, and hung down, and you could see his eyes shining through like he was behind vines. It was all black, no gray; so was his long, mixed-up whiskers. There warn't no color in his face, where his face showed; it was white; not like another man's white, but a white to make a body sick, a white to make a body's flesh crawl – a tree-toad white, a fish-belly white. As for his clothes – just rags, that was all. He had one ankle resting on t'other knee; the boot on that foot was busted, and two of his toes stuck through, and he worked them now and then. His hat was laying on the floor – an old black slouch with the top caved in, like a lid."

- Pap from *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Mark Twain

Task 1: Read the descriptions of villains above. Then, in each extract:

- Highlight in three different colours any adjectives / adverbs / verbs which create an unpleasant image for the reader
- Underline and annotate any language devices (SOAPAIMS) used to create an unpleasant image for the reader

Lesson 3: What are the 7 basic plot types?

Task 1: Christopher Booker came up with the theory that there are 7 basic plot types that every story follows. Watch the video on the plot types, and annotate the diagram below with examples and information about each of the 7 types.



Task 2: Match the plot type to the story.

TRAGEDY!
comedy
Journey and Return
Overcoming the Monster
QUEST
Rags to Riches
Rebirth

<i>Jaws</i> , Peter Benchley
<i>Diary of a Wimpy Kid</i> , Jeff Kenney
<i>The Lord of the Rings</i> , JRR Tolkien
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i> , William Shakespeare
<i>Oliver Twist</i> , Charles Dickens
<i>A Christmas Carol</i> , Charles Dickens
<i>The Wizard of Oz</i> , L Frank Baum

Task 3: Read the short story by Alice Walker, called 'The Flowers'. Then, answer the questions below.

It seemed to Myop as she skipped lightly from hen house to pigpen to smokehouse that the days had never been as beautiful as these. The air held a keenness that made her nose twitch. The harvesting of the corn and cotton, peanuts and squash, made each day a golden surprise that caused excited little tremors to run up her jaws.

Myop carried a short, knobby stick. She struck out at random at chickens she liked, and worked out the beat of a song on the fence around the pigpen. She felt light and good in the warm sun. She was ten, and nothing existed for her but her song, the stick clutched in her dark brown hand, and the tat-de-ta-ta-ta of accompaniment,

Turning her back on the rusty boards of her family's sharecropper cabin, Myop walked along the fence till it ran into the stream made by the spring. Around the spring, where the family got drinking water, silver ferns and wildflowers grew. Along the shallow banks pigs rooted. Myop watched the tiny white bubbles disrupt the thin black scale of soil and the water that silently rose and slid away down the stream.

She had explored the woods behind the house many times. Often, in late autumn, her mother took her to gather nuts among the fallen leaves. Today she made her own path, bouncing this way and that way, vaguely keeping an eye out for snakes. She found, in addition to various common but pretty ferns and leaves, an armful of strange blue flowers with velvety ridges and a sweet suds bush full of the brown, fragrant buds.

By twelve o'clock, her arms laden with sprigs of her findings, she was a mile or more from home. She had often been as far before, but the strangeness of the land made it not as pleasant as her usual haunts. It seemed gloomy in the little cove in which she found herself. The air was damp, the silence close and deep.

Myop began to circle back to the house, back to the peacefulness of the morning. It was then she stepped smack into his eyes. Her heel became lodged in the broken ridge between brow and nose, and she reached down quickly, unafraid, to free herself. It was only when she saw his naked grin that she gave a little yelp of surprise.

He had been a tall man. From feet to neck covered a long space. His head lay beside him. When she pushed back the leaves and layers of earth and debris Myop saw that he'd had large white teeth, all of them cracked or broken, long fingers, and very big bones. All his clothes had rotted away except some threads of blue denim from his overalls. The buckles of the overall had turned green.

Myop gazed around the spot with interest. Very near where she'd stepped into the head was a wild pink rose. As she picked it to add to her bundle she noticed a raised mound, a ring, around the rose's root. It was the rotted remains of a noose, a bit of shredding plowline, now blending benignly into the soil. Around an overhanging limb of a great spreading oak clung another piece. Frayed, rotted, bleached, and frazzled--barely there--but spinning restlessly in the breeze. Myop laid down her flowers.

And the summer was over.

Lesson 4: How does Bradbury use imagery to create atmosphere?

Task 1: Read the paragraph below. Find and correct the technical inaccuracies.

On this particular evening he began his journey in a westerly direction, toward the hidden sea. There was a good crystal frost in the air, it cut the nose and made the lungs blaze like a christmas tree inside; you could feel the cold light going on and off, all the branches filled with invisible snow. He listened to the faint push of his soft shoes through autum leaves with satisfaction, and whistled a cold quiet whistle between his teeth, ocasionaly picking up a leaf as he passed, exhamining its skeletal pattern in the infrequent lamplights as he went on, smelling it's rusty smell.

Identify and correct:

- A proper noun which should be a capital
- A comma which should be a semi-colon
- A misplaced apostrophe
- 3 misspelt words

Task 2: Watch the animation of Ray Bradbury's 'The Pedestrian'. It was written in 1951, but is set in an imagined dystopian future in 2053.

Then, read the story together as a class.

To enter out into that silence that was the city at eight o'clock of a misty evening in November, to put your feet upon that buckling concrete walk, to step over grassy seams and make your way, hands in pockets, through the silences, that was what Mr Leonard Mead most dearly loved to do. He would stand upon the corner of an intersection and peer down long moonlit avenues of pavement in four directions, deciding which way to go, but it really made no difference; he was alone in this world of A.D., 2053 or as good as alone, and with a final decision made, a path selected, he would stride off, sending patterns of frosty air before him like the smoke of a cigar.

Sometimes he would walk for hours and miles and return only at midnight to his house. And on his way he would see the cottages and homes with their dark windows, and it was not unequal to walking through a graveyard where only the faintest glimmers of firefly light appeared in flickers behind the windows. Sudden grey phantoms seemed to manifest upon inner room walls where a curtain was still undrawn against the night, or there were whisperings and murmurs where a window in a tomb-like building was still open.

Mr Leonard Mead would pause, cock his head, listen, look, and march on, his feet making no noise on the lumpy walk. For long ago he had wisely changed to sneakers when strolling at night, because the dogs in intermittent squads would parallel his journey with barkings if he wore hard heels, and lights might click on and faces appear and an entire street be startled by the passing of a lone figure, himself, in the early November evening.

On this particular evening he began his journey in a westerly direction, towards the hidden sea. There was a good crystal frost in the air; it cut the nose and made the lungs blaze like a Christmas tree inside; you could feel the cold light going on and off, all the branches filled with invisible snow. He listened to the faint push of his soft shoes through autumn leaves with satisfaction, and whistled a cold quiet whistle between his teeth, occasionally picking up a leaf as he passed, examining its skeletal pattern in the infrequent lamplights as he went on, smelling its rusty smell.

'Hello, in there,' he whispered to every house on every side as he moved. 'What's up tonight on Channel 4, Channel 7, Channel 9? Where are the cowboys rushing, and do I see the United States Cavalry over the next hill to the rescue?'

The street was silent and long and empty, with only his shadow moving like the shadow of a hawk in mid-country. If he closed his eyes and stood very still, frozen, he could imagine himself upon the centre of a

plain, a wintry, windless Arizona desert with no house in a thousand miles, and only dry river beds, the streets, for company.

'What is it now?' he asked the houses, noticing his wrist watch. 'Eight-thirty p.m.? Time for a dozen assorted murders? A quiz? A revue? A comedian falling off the stage?'

Was that a murmur of laughter from within a moon-white house? He hesitated, but went on when nothing more happened. He stumbled over a particularly uneven section of pavement. The cement was vanishing under flowers and grass. In ten years of walking by night or day, for thousands of miles, he had never met another person walking, not one in all that time.

He came to a clover-leaf intersection which stood silent where two main highways crossed the town. During the day it was a thunderous surge of cars, the petrol stations open, a great insect rustling and a ceaseless jockeying for position as the scarab-beetles, a faint incense pattering from their exhausts, skimmed homeward to the far directions. But now these highways, too, were like streams in a dry season, all stone and bed and moon radiance.

He turned back on a side street, circling around towards his home. He was within a block of his destination when the lone car turned a corner quite suddenly and flashed a fierce white cone of light upon him. He stood entranced, not unlike a night moth, stunned by the illumination, and then drawn towards it.

A metallic voice called to him:

'Stand still. Stay where you are! Don't move!' He halted.

'Put up your hands!' 'But-' he said.

'Your hands up! Or we'll shoot!'

The police, of course, but what a rare, incredible thing; in a city of three million, there was only one police car left, wasn't that correct? Ever since a year ago, 2052, the election year, the force had been cut down from three cars to one. Crime was ebbing; there was no need now for the police, save for this one lone car wandering and wandering the empty streets.

'Your name?' said the police car in a metallic whisper. He couldn't see the men in it for the bright light in his eyes.

'Leonard Mead,' he said.

'Speak up!'

'Leonard Mead!'

'Business or profession?'

'I guess you'd call me a writer.'

'No profession,' said the police car, as if talking to itself. The light held him fixed, like a museum specimen, needle thrust through chest.

'You might say that,' said Mr Mead. He hadn't written in years. Magazines and books didn't sell any more. Everything went on in the tomb-like houses at night now, he thought, continuing his fancy. The tombs, ill-lit by television light, where the people sat like the dead, the grey or multi-coloured lights touching their faces, but never really touching them.

'No profession,' said the phonograph voice, hissing. 'What are you doing out?'

'Walking,' said Leonard Mead.

'Walking!'

'Just walking,' he said simply, but his face felt cold.

'Walking, just walking, walking?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Walking where? For what?'

'Walking for air. Walking to see.'

'Your address!'

'Eleven South Saint James Street.'

'And there is air in your house, you have an air conditioner, Mr Mead?'

'Yes.'

'And you have a viewing screen in your house to see with?'

'No.'

'No?' There was a crackling quiet that in itself was an accusation.

'Are you married, Mr Mead?'

'No.'

'Not married,' said the police voice behind the fiery beam. The moon was high and clear among the stars and the houses were grey and silent.

'Nobody wanted me,' said Leonard Mead with a smile.

'Don't speak unless you're spoken to!'

Leonard Mead waited in the cold night.

'Just walking, Mr Mead?'

'Yes.'

'But you haven't explained for what purpose.'

'I explained; for air, and to see, and just to walk.'

'Have you done this often?'

'Every night for years.'

The police car sat in the centre of the street with its radio throat faintly humming.

'Well, Mr Mead,' it said.

'Is that all?' he asked politely.

'Yes,' said the voice. 'Here.' There was a sigh, a pop. The back door of the police car sprang wide.

'Get in.'

'Wait a minute, I haven't done anything!'

'Get in.'

'I protest!'

'Mr Mead.'

He walked like a man suddenly drunk. As he passed the front window of the car he looked in. As he had expected, there was no-one in the front seat, no-one in the car at all.

'Get in.'

He put his hand to the door and peered into the back seat, which was a little cell, a little black jail with bars. It smelled of riveted steel. It smelled of harsh anti-septic; it smelled too clean and hard and metallic. There was nothing soft there.

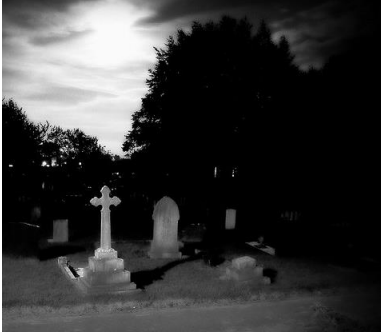



'Now if you had a wife to give you an alibi,' said the iron voice. 'But - '

'Where are you taking me?'

The car hesitated, or rather gave a faint whirring click, as if information, somewhere, was dropping card by punch-slotted card under electric eyes. 'To the Psychiatric Centre for Research on Regressive Tendencies. '

He got in. The door shut with a soft thud. The police car rolled through the night avenues, flashing its dim lights ahead.

The car moved down the empty river-bed streets and off away, leaving the empty streets with the empty pavements, and no sound and no motion all the rest of the chill November night.

	<p>"It was not unequal to walking through a graveyard where only the faintest glimmers of firefly light appeared in flickers behind the windows."</p>	<p>The simile of the streets being like a 'graveyard' creates an ominous setting, perhaps foreshadowing the gloomy end of the story. However, the alliterative 'faintest [...] firefly [...] flickers' has positive, calming connotations, juxtaposing with the eerie imagery of before. Alternatively, the idea that the light is 'behind the windows' could emphasise how alone the protagonist is on his night wanderings.</p>
		
		
		

EXTENSION: Go back through the story. Highlight any sensory imagery in 5 colours:

- Visual Imagery (sight)
- Auditory Imagery (sound)
- Gustatory Imagery (taste)
- Tactile Imagery (touch)
- Olfactory Imagery (smell)

Lesson 5: Can we plan a story with an unusual narrative voice?

Task 1: Read the paragraphs below from Michael Morpurgo's *War Horse*. Find and correct the technical inaccuracies.

My earliest memories are a confusion of hilly fields and dark damp, stables, and rats that scampered along the beams above my head. But I remember well enough the day of the hoarse sale. The terror of it stayed with me all my life.

I was not yet six months old, a gangling, leggy colt who had never been further than a few feet from its muther. We were parted that day in the terrible hubbub of the auction ring, I was never to see her again. She was a fine, working farm horse, getting on in years but with all the strenth and stamina of an old, irish draught horse quite evident in her force and hind quarters. She is sold in minites, and before I could follow her through the gates she was whisked out of the ring and away.

Identify and correct:

- 1 inaccurate tense change
- 1 comma splice
- 1 missing capital for a proper noun
- 1 incorrect homophone
- 3 more misspelt words

Task 2: Complete the quiz below revising narrative styles and types, and other elements of classwork and homework you've studied so far.

1. The narrator in *War Horse* (the story above) is a young horse who sees their mother get sold. Is the narrative voice objective?
 - a) Yes- it is omniscient.
 - b) Yes- it has no reason not to be.
 - c) No- this voice cannot exist.
 - d) No- the narrative voice is emotionally involved.
2. What is the correct term for a narrator who is external to the story and has knowledge of more than one character's thoughts and feelings?
 - a) Limited third person
 - b) Omniscient third person
 - c) Unreliable narrator
 - d) First person narrator
3. What shifts does the above extract from *War Horse* contain? It may contain more than one.
 - a) None
 - b) A shift in time
 - c) A shift in place
 - d) A shift in atmosphere
 - e) A shift of character
4. What is another term for the resolution of a story?
 - a) Exposition
 - b) Rising Action
 - c) Climax
 - d) Denouement
5. Is the narrative voice in *War Horse* (the story above) linear?
 - a) Yes- it is written in chronological order.
 - b) No- it contains an analepsis.
 - c) No- it contains a prolepsis.
 - d) No- it contains many time shifts.
6. Which of the stories have you studied so far have a cyclical narrative?
 - a) Alice Walker, 'The Flowers'
 - b) Ray Bradbury, 'The Pedestrian'
 - c) Nahid Samsani, 'The Subway'
7. What is a motif in a story?
 - a) A recurring image
 - b) The answer / solution to conflict
 - c) A switch or change of focus
8. What person are you writing in if you use 'you' and directly address the reader?
 - a) First
 - b) Second
9. What is the correct name for a story within a story?
 - a) Dual narrative
 - b) Framed narrative
 - c) Cyclical narrative

Task 3: Read the extracts below, thinking carefully about what is unusual about the narrator or narrative voice and the effect of this. Answer the questions about narrative voice.

The Other Side of Truth, Beverley Naidoo

Sade is slipping her English book into her schoolbag when Mama screams. Two sharp cracks splinter the air. She hears her father's fierce cry, rising, falling.

"No! No!"

The revving of a car and skidding of tyres smother his voice.

Her bag topples from the bed, spilling books, pen and pencil to the floor. She races to the verandah, pushing past Femi in the doorway. His body is wooden with fright.

"Mama mi?" she whispers.

Papa is kneeling in the driveway, Mama partly curled up against him. One bare leg stretches out in front of her. His strong hands grip her, trying to halt the growing scarlet monster. But it has already spread down her bright white nurse's uniform. It stains the earth around them.

A few seconds, that is all. Later, it will always seem much longer.

1. What person is it written in? What is the effect of this?
2. Is it written in past or present tense? What is the effect of this?
3. Whose eyes do we 'see' through?
4. What does their voice 'sound' like?
5. How objective do you think that the narrator is?
6. Is there anything else you can say about the narrator or narrative voice?

Private Peaceful, Michael Morpurgo

Here is the voice of Tommo as an eighteen-year-old soldier:

I want to try to remember everything, just as it was, just as it happened.

I've had nearly eighteen years of yesterdays and tomorrows, and tonight I must remember as many of them as I can. I want tonight to be long, long as my life, not filled with fleeting dreams that rush me on towards dawn.

And here is the voice of Tommo as a child starting school:

Charlie is taking me by the hand, leading me because he knows I don't want to go. I've never worn a collar before and it's choking me. My boots are strange and heavy on my feet. My heart is heavy too, because I dread what I am going to. Charlie has told me often how terrible this school-place is: about Mr Munnings and his raging tempers and the long whipping cane he hangs on the wall above his desk. I don't want to go with Charlie. I don't want to go to school.

1. What person is it written in? What is the effect of this?
2. Is it written in past or present tense? What is the effect of this?

3. Whose eyes do we 'see' through?
4. What does their voice 'sound' like?
5. How objective do you think that the narrator is?
6. Is there anything else you can say about the narrator or narrative voice?

***Jaws*, Peter Benchley**

In thirty-five feet of water, the great fish swam slowly, its tail waving just enough to maintain motion. It saw nothing, for the water was murky with motes of vegetation. The fish had been moving parallel to the shoreline. Now it turned, banking slightly, and followed the bottom gradually upward. The fish perceived more light in the water, but still it saw nothing.

The boy was resting, his arms dangling down, his feet and ankles dipping in and out of the water with each small swell. His head was turned towards shore, and he noticed that he had been carried out beyond what his mother would consider safe. He was not afraid, for the water was calm and he wasn't really very far from shore – only forty yards or so. But he wanted to get closer; otherwise his mother might sit up, spy him, and order him out of the water. He began to kick and paddle towards shore. His arms displaced water almost silently, but his kicking feet made erratic splashes and left swirls of bubbles in his wake.

The fish did not hear the sound, but rather registered the sharp and jerky impulses emitted by the kicks. They were signals, faint but true, and the fish locked on them, homing. It rose, slowly at first, then gaining speed as the signals grew stronger.

The boy stopped for a moment to rest. The signals ceased. The fish slowed, turning its head from side to side, trying to recover. The boy lay perfectly still, and the fish passed beneath him, skimming the sandy bottom. Again it turned.








The boy resumed paddling. He kicked only every third or fourth stroke; kicking was more exertion than steady paddling. But the occasional kicks sent new signals to the fish. The time it needed to lock on them, only an instant, for it was almost directly below the boy. The fish rose. Nearly vertical, it saw the commotion on the surface. The mouth opened, and with a final sweep of the sickle tail, the fish struck.

The boy's last – only – thought was that he had been punched in the stomach. The breath was driven from him in a sudden rush. He had not time to cry out, nor had he had the time, would he have known what to cry, for he could not see the fish. The fish's head drove the raft out of the water. The jaws smashed together, engulfing head, arms, shoulder, trunk, pelvis and most of the raft. Nearly half the fish had come clear of the water, and it slid forward and down in a belly flopping motion, grinding the mass of flesh and bone and rubber. The boy's legs were severed at the hip, and they sank, spinning slowly to the bottom.

1. What person is it written in? What is the effect of this?
2. Is it written in past or present tense? What is the effect of this?
3. Whose eyes do we 'see' through? What device is used here?
4. How is tension built up through the narrative structure?

5. Is there anything else you can say about the narrator or narrative voice?

Task 4: Plan two stories with unusual narrators or narrative voices.

1) Plan a dual narrative story entitled 'The Fair' or 'The Cat'.	
<p>Narrator 1:</p> 	<p>Exposition:</p> <p>Rising Action:</p> <p>Climax:</p> <p>Falling Action:</p> <p>Resolution:</p> 
<p>Narrator 2:</p> 	
<p>Setting:</p> 	
2) Plan a story with an unusual narrator entitled 'The Day I Died' or 'The Change'	
<p>Narrator: <i>How are they unusual? Are they dead? A child? An animal?</i></p> 	<p>Exposition:</p> <p>Rising Action:</p> <p>Climax:</p> <p>Falling Action:</p> <p>Resolution:</p> 
<p>Setting:</p> 	

Extension: Which of these would you rather write, and why?

Lesson 6: Can we plan a story based on an image?

Task 1: Look at the image carefully. Then, answer the questions below. There is no right or wrong answer- be imaginative!



1. What can you see? Time of day/Season?
2. What are people doing?
3. What other kinds of things do people do here?
4. What are the buildings made from?
5. What is hanging from the trees?
6. What does the windmill suggest?
7. What is this place? What other places could be nearby?
8. Why are there soldiers on guard?
9. What is the individual in the boat thinking?
10. What else unusual do you notice?

Task 4: Self-Assessment

- 1** = I haven't done this at all. It needs to be a target in my next writing assignment.
- 2** = I have done this but I think I could have developed it further and I may need to focus on this in my next writing assignment.
- 3** = I have done this really well. It is a strength in my writing.

Success criteria:	1	2	3
I can write an interesting story that my reader will want to read.			
I can write an effective opening.			
I can plan my story and think about the effects I want to create.			
I can use a clear opening—middle—ending structure for my story.			
I can use some interesting techniques like dual narrator/ first/ second person narration.			
I can use paragraphs to order my ideas.			
I can vary the length and structure of my paragraphs for effect.			
I can make the story flow in a cohesive (well ordered) manner / way so it makes sense and my reader can follow what is happening and make links.			
I can use a variety of simple, compound and complex sentences to add variety to my writing.			
I can use a variety of sentence punctuation like capital letters, full stops, question marks and commas.			
I can use ambitious punctuation like colons and semi colons.			
I can use accurate spelling, including ambitious words.			