

English Language: Week beginning 1st June 2020

These tasks will help you to improve your reading skills, which will include making inferences and choosing relevant quotations.

If you need any help, email office@grangepark.kent.sch.uk and then your email will be forwarded on to me and I can help you. Mrs Dixon

LO: To be able to choose relevant quotations.

Starter:

You are going to read an extract, but before you do...

All writers think carefully about the words they choose. The following words have been selected from a fictional extract in which the writer describes a creature.



Using as many of these words as you can, write a short paragraph describing a creature of your choice. It could be a real or imagined creature.

Task 1:

Here are some words from the extract you will read. Match each word to the correct definition:

Word	Definition
mogs	flourished or became beautiful
rainbow-hued	completely
scrawny	covered with fine, soft hair
mythical	rainbow-coloured
utterly	pious or devoutly religious
rippling	like something out of a myth
recall	remember
cobblestones	small round stones used to cover road surfaces
indifference	unattractively thin and bony
godly	slightly wet
downy	lack of interest
moist	cats (especially ones which are not pedigree)
bloomed	moving in a way that resembles a series of small waves

Now read the extract on the following page, and answer the questions which follow.

Source 1: 21st Century Fiction

This extract is taken from a novel written in 2011 by Carol Birch about a boy's relationship with a group of exotic animals in London. In this extract, the boy has his first ever encounter with a tiger.

Jamrach's Menagerie

Of course, I'd seen a cat before. You couldn't sleep for them in Bermondsey, creeping about over the roofs and wailing like devils. They lived in packs, spiky, wild-eyed, stalking the wooden walkways and bridges, fighting with the rats. But this cat ...

The sun himself came down and walked on earth.

Just as the birds of Bermondsey were small and brown, and those of my new home were large and rainbow-hued, so it seemed the cats of Ratcliffe Highway must be an altogether superior breed to our scrawny south-of-the-river mogs. This cat was the size of a small horse, solid, massively chested, rippling powerfully about the shoulders. He was gold, and the pattern painted so carefully all over him, so utterly perfect, was the blackest black in the world. His paws were the size of footstools, his chest snow white.

I'd seen him somewhere, his picture in a poster in London Street, over the river. He was jumping through a ring of fire and his mouth was open. A mythical beast.

I have no recall of one foot in front of the other, cobblestones under my feet. He drew me like honey draws a wasp. I had no fear. I came before the godly indifference of his face and looked into his clear yellow eyes. His nose was a slope of downy gold, his nostrils pink and moist as a pup's. He raised his thick, white dotted lips and smiled, and his whiskers bloomed.

I became aware of my heart somewhere too high up, beating as if it was a little fist trying to get out.

Nothing in the world could have prevented me from lifting my hand and stroking the broad warm nap of his nose. Even now I feel how beautiful that touch was. Nothing had ever been so soft and clean. A ripple ran through his right shoulder as he raised his paw - bigger than my head - and lazily knocked me off my feet. It was like being felled by a cushion. I hit the ground but was not much hurt, only winded, and after that it was a dream. There was, I remember, much screaming and shouting, but from a distance, as if I was sinking underwater. The world turned upside down and went by me in a bright stream, the ground moved under me, my hair hung in my eyes. There was a kind of joy in me, I do know that - and nothing that could go by the name of fear, only a wildness. I was in his jaws. His breath burned the back of my neck. My bare toes trailed, hurting distantly. I could see his feet, tawny orange with white toes, pacing the ground away, gentle as feathers.

Task 2:

Of course, I'd seen a cat before. You couldn't sleep for them in Bermondsey, creeping about over the roofs and wailing like devils. They lived in packs, spiky, wild-eyed, stalking the wooden walkways and bridges, fighting with the rats. But this cat ...

The sun himself came down and walked on earth.

Practise selecting quotations from a text.

Which word or phrase in the section above makes the cats sound ...

	Quotations
Dangerous	
Aggressive	
Evil or wicked	
Noisy	
Sneaky	

Task 3:

Read the next part of the text, below:

Just as the birds of Bermondsey were small and brown, and those of my new home were large and rainbow-hued, so it seemed the cats of Ratcliffe Highway must be an altogether superior breed to our scrawny south-of-the-river mogs. This cat was the size of a small horse, solid, massively chested, rippling powerfully about the shoulders. He was gold, and the pattern painted so carefully all over him, so utterly perfect, was the blackest black in the world. His paws were the size of footstools, his chest snow white.

I'd seen him somewhere, his picture in a poster in London Street, over the river. He was jumping through a ring of fire and his mouth was open. A mythical beast.

List **four** things you learn about the tiger in this part of the text:

1.

2.

3.

4.

Task 4:

Read the statements below and decide whether they are true or false. For each one, find and write down a quotation which justifies your decision:

The tiger is similar to the cats in Bermondsey.

True/False because

The tiger is big.

True/False because

The narrator is not impressed by the tiger.

True/False because