

WALT: Identify the author's use of imagery

What have we read so far?

Chapter 6 (pages 81–93)

The next morning, Coraline meets her other father in the kitchen. He confesses that the other mother has fabricated all that Coraline sees. She finds that her other mother has now locked the door back to her own world and has the key. She explores the facsimile of the drawing room and discovers a snow globe, which contains two little people. Coraline leaves the flat and goes through the trees, noticing that the farther she goes, the less distinct and realistic the shapes become. Eventually she comes upon a nothingness where she is joined by the cat. She returns to the flat where her other mother offers her a bag of beetles to eat. When Coraline refuses her suggestion of spending the evening with her, she becomes angry and locks Coraline inside a mirror.

Chapter 7 (pages 97–103)

Coraline meets three strange shapes trapped inside the mirror. They are revealed to be children whose souls have been stolen by the other mother (they refer to her as a beldam). As she falls asleep, she hears a hushed voice advising her to look through the stone.



Vocabulary check

compliant

adjective

UK  /kəm'plaɪ.ənt/ US  /kəm'plaɪ.ənt/

formal

willing to do what other people want you to do:

- *a compliant child*

dutiful

adjective

UK  /'dʒuː.tɪ.fəl/ US  /'duː.tɪ.fəl/

doing everything that you should do:

- *a dutiful son/husband*

nondescript

adjective

UK  /'nɒn.dɪ.skɪpt/ US  /'nɑːn.dɪ.skɪpt/

very ordinary, or having no interesting or exciting features or qualities:

- *Their offices are in a nondescript building on the edge of town.*

Synonym

characterless

WALT: Identify the author's use of imagery

What is Imagery?

Imagery is a way of using **figurative language** in order to represent ideas, actions or objects. While it is largely about painting a picture in the reader's mind, using imagery actually means that the writing appeals to all five of the reader's physical senses - not just sight.



Common Examples of Imagery

- Taste: The familiar tang of his grandmother's cranberry sauce reminded him of his youth.
- Sound: The concert was so loud that her ears rang for days afterward.
- Sight: The sunset was the most gorgeous they'd ever seen; the clouds were edged with pink and gold.

Modelled reading - Chapter 8

Reading rulers ready!

Remember to put your hand up if you hear a word that you don't know the meaning of.

CHAPTER 8

The other mother looked healthier than before: there was a little blush to her cheeks, and her hair was wriggling like lazy snakes on a warm day. Her black-button eyes seemed as if they had been freshly polished.

She had pushed through the mirror as if she were walking through nothing more solid than water and had stared down at Coraline. Then she had opened the door with the little silver key. She picked Coraline up, just as Coraline's real mother had when Coraline was much younger, cradling the half-sleeping child as if she were a baby.

The other mother carried Coraline into the kitchen and put her down, very gently, upon the counter-top.

Coraline struggled to wake herself up, conscious only for the moment of having been cuddled and

loved, and wanting more of it; then realising where she was, and who she was with.

'There, my sweet Coraline,' said her other mother. 'I came and fetched you out of the cupboard. You needed to be taught a lesson, but we temper our justice with mercy here, we love the sinner and we hate the sin. Now, if you will be a good child who loves her mother, be compliant and fair-spoken, you and I shall understand each other perfectly and we shall love each other perfectly as well.'

Coraline scratched the sleep-grit from her eyes.

'There were other children in there,' she said. 'Old ones, from a long time ago.'

'Were there?' said the other mother. She was bustling between the pans and the fridge, bringing out eggs and cheeses, butter and a slab of sliced pink bacon.

'Yes,' said Coraline. 'There were. I think you're planning to turn me into one of them. A dead shell.'

Her other mother smiled gently. With one hand she cracked the eggs into a bowl, with the other she whisked them and whirled them. Then she dropped a pat of butter into a frying pan, where it hissed and fizzled and spun as she sliced thin slices of cheese. She poured the melted butter and the cheese into the egg mixture, and whisked it some more.

'Now, I think you're being silly, dear,' said the

other mother. 'I love you. I will always love you. Nobody sensible believes in ghosts anyway. That's because they're all such liars. Smell the lovely breakfast I'm making for you.' She poured the yellow mixture into the pan. 'Cheese omelette. Your favourite.'

Coraline's mouth watered. 'You like games,' she said. 'That's what I've been told.'

The other mother's black eyes flashed. 'Everybody likes games,' was all she said.

'Yes,' said Coraline. She climbed down from the counter and sat at the kitchen table.

The bacon was sizzling and spitting under the grill. It smelled wonderful.

'Wouldn't you be happier if you won me, fair and square?' asked Coraline.

'Possibly,' said the other mother. She had a show of unconcernedness, but her fingers twitched and drummed and she licked her lips with her scarlet tongue. 'What exactly are you offering?'

'Me,' said Coraline, and she gripped her knees under the table, to stop them from shaking. 'If I lose I'll stay here with you for ever and I'll let you love me. I'll be a most dutiful daughter. I'll eat your food, and play Happy Families. And I'll let you sew your buttons into my eyes.'

Her other mother stared at her, black buttons

unblinking. 'That sounds very fine,' she said. 'And if you do not lose?'

'Then you let me go. You let everyone go – my real father and mother, the dead children, everyone you've trapped here.'

The other mother took the bacon from under the grill and put it on a plate. Then she slipped the cheese omelette from the pan on to the plate, flipping it as she did so, letting it fold itself into a perfect omelette shape.

She placed the breakfast plate in front of Coraline, along with a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice and a mug of frothy hot chocolate.

'Yes,' she said. 'I think I like this game. But what kind of game shall it be? A riddle game? A test of knowledge? Or of skill?'

'An exploring game,' suggested Coraline. 'A finding-things game.'

'And what is it you think you should be finding in this hide-and-go-seek game, Coraline Jones?'

Coraline hesitated. Then, 'My parents,' said Coraline. 'And the souls of the children behind the mirror.'

The other mother smiled at this, triumphantly, and Coraline wondered if she had made the right choice. Still, it was too late to change her mind now.

'A deal,' said the other mother. 'Now eat up

your breakfast, my sweet. Don't worry, it won't hurt you.'

Coraline stared at the breakfast, hating herself for giving in so easily; but she was starving.

'How do I know you'll keep your word?' asked Coraline.

'I swear it,' said the other mother. 'I swear it on my own mother's grave.'

'Does she have a grave?' asked Coraline.

'Oh yes,' said the other mother. 'I put her in there myself. And when I found her trying to crawl out, I put her back.'

'Swear on something else. So I can trust you to keep your word.'

'My right hand,' said the other mother, holding it up. She waggled the long fingers slowly, displaying the claw-like nails. 'I swear on that.'

Coraline shrugged. 'OK,' she said. 'It's a deal.' She ate the breakfast, trying not to wolf it down. She was hungrier than she had thought.

As she ate, the other mother stared at her. It was hard to read expressions into those black-button eyes, but Coraline thought that her other mother looked hungry, too.

She drank the orange juice, but even though she knew she would like it she could not bring herself to taste the hot chocolate.

'Where should I start looking?' asked Coraline.

'Where you wish,' said her other mother, as if she did not care at all.

Coraline looked at her, and Coraline thought hard. There was no point, she decided, in exploring the garden and the grounds: they didn't exist, they weren't real. There was no abandoned tennis court in the other mother's world, no bottomless well. All that was real was the house itself.

She looked around the kitchen. She opened the oven, peered into the freezer, poked into the salad compartment of the fridge. The other mother followed her about, looking at Coraline with a smirk always hovering at the edge of her lips.

'How big are souls anyway?' asked Coraline.

The other mother sat down at the kitchen table and leaned back against the wall, saying nothing. She picked at her teeth with a long crimson-varnished fingernail, then she tapped the finger gently, tap-tap-tap, against the polished black surface of her black-button eyes.

'Fine,' said Coraline. 'Don't tell me. I don't care. It doesn't matter if you help me or not. Everyone knows that a soul is the same size as a beach ball.'

She was hoping the other mother would say something like, 'Nonsense, they're the size of ripe onions – or suitcases – or grandfather clocks,' but

the other mother simply smiled, and the tap-tap-tapping of her fingernail against her eye was as steady and relentless as the drip of water droplets from the tap into the sink. And then, Coraline realised, it *was* simply the noise of the water, and she was alone in the room.

Coraline shivered. She preferred the other mother to have a location: if she were nowhere, then she could be anywhere. And, after all, it is always easier to be afraid of something you cannot see. She put her hands into her pockets and her fingers closed around the reassuring shape of the stone with the hole in it. She pulled it out of her pocket, held it in front of her as if she were holding a gun, and walked out into the hall.

There was no sound but the tap-tap of the water dripping into the metal sink.

She glanced at the mirror at the end of the hall. For a moment it clouded over, and it seemed to her that faces swam in the glass, indistinct and shapeless, and then the faces were gone, and there was nothing in the mirror but a girl who was small for her age holding something that glowed gently, like a green coal.

Coraline looked down at her hand, surprised: it was just a pebble with a hole in it, a nondescript brown stone. Then she looked back into the mirror where the stone glimmered like an emerald. A trail

of green fire blew from the stone in the mirror, and drifted towards Coraline's bedroom.

What are the senses?



Where has the author used imagery to engage the reader's senses in his description of the stone?

- Senses:
- sight
 - sound
 - smell
 - touch
 - taste

Task

Read pages 108 to 110 and find examples of how the author has engaged the reader through using imagery related to the senses to describe Coraline's breakfast.

Challenge

Find examples of imagery used to describe Coraline's other mother.