

Friday 29th January 2021

WALT: Summarise part of a text

What have we read so far?

Chapter 8 (pages 107–121)

The other mother removes the sleeping Coraline from the mirror. Coraline wakes and suggests a challenge to the other mother: if she finds her parents and the three lost souls she must be allowed to return home; if she is unable to do so, then she will remain dutifully with the other mother and allow her to sew buttons into her eyes. The other mother agrees to the wager and swears her agreement on her right hand. Coraline searches the house. By looking through the hole in the stone, a grey glass marble is revealed to be the first flickering soul. She finds the second soul clutched in the hand of a poorly formed version of the young Miss Spinks and Miss Forcible, which exists in a form of cocoon adhered to a wall.



Vocabulary Check

miser

noun [C] • disapproving

UK  /'maɪ.zə/ US  /'maɪ.zə/

someone who has a strong wish to have money and hates to spend it

formless

adjective

UK  /'fɔːm.ləs/ US  /'fɔːr.m.ləs/

without clear shape or structure

indistinctly

adverb

UK  /,ɪn.dɪ'stɪŋkt.li/ US  /,ɪn.dɪ'stɪŋkt.li/

in a way that is not clear:

- He mumbled indistinctly, and I couldn't tell what he wanted.
- The mangroves beyond the stream loomed indistinctly through the morning haze.

expressionless

adjective

UK  /ɪk'spreʃ.ən.ləs/ US  /ɪk'spreʃ.ən.ləs/

not showing what someone thinks or feels:

- He has such an expressionless **face/voice**.

Modelled reading - Chapter 9 (Part 1)

Reading rulers ready!



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

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CHAPTER 9

Outside, the world had become a formless, swirling mist with no shapes or shadows behind it, while the house itself seemed to have twisted and stretched. It appeared to Coraline that it was crouching and staring down at her, as if it were not really a house but only the idea of a house – and the person who had had the idea, she was certain, was not a good person. There was sticky web-stuff clinging to her arm, and she wiped it off as best she could. The grey windows of the house slanted at strange angles.

The other mother was waiting for her, standing on the grass with her arms folded. Her black-button eyes were expressionless, but her lips were pressed tightly together in a cold fury.

When she saw Coraline she reached out one long white hand, and she crooked a finger.

Coraline walked towards her. The other mother said nothing.

'I've found two,' said Coraline. 'One soul still to go.'

The expression on the other mother's face did not change. She might not have heard what Coraline said.

'Well, I just thought you'd want to know,' said Coraline.

'Thank you, Coraline,' said the other mother coldly, and her voice did not just come from her mouth. It came from the mist, and the fog, and the house, and the sky. She said, 'You know that I love you.'

And, despite herself, Coraline nodded. It was true: the other mother loved her. But she loved Coraline as a miser loves money, or a dragon loves its gold. In the other mother's button eyes, Coraline knew that she was a possession, nothing more. A tolerated pet, whose behaviour was no longer amusing.

'I don't want your love,' said Coraline. 'I don't want anything from you.'

'Not even a helping hand?' asked the other mother. 'You have been doing so well, after all. I thought you might want a little hint, to help you with the rest of your treasure hunt.'

'I'm doing fine on my own,' said Coraline.

'Yes,' said the other mother. 'But if you wanted to get into the flat in the front – the empty one – to look around, you would find the door locked, and then where would you be?'

'Oh.' Coraline pondered this for a moment. Then she said, 'Is there a key?'

The other mother stood there in the paper-grey fog of the flattening world. Her black hair drifted about her head, as if it had a mind and a purpose all of its own. She coughed, suddenly, in the back of her throat, and then she opened her mouth.

The other mother reached up her hand and removed a small, brass, front-door key from her tongue.

'Here,' she said. 'You'll need this to get in.'

She tossed the key, casually, towards Coraline, who caught it, one-handed, before she could think about whether she wanted it or not. The key was still slightly damp.

A chill wind blew about them, and Coraline shivered and looked away. When she looked back she was alone.

Uncertainly, she walked round to the front of the house and stood in front of the door to the empty flat. Like all the doors, it was painted bright green.

'She does not mean you well,' whispered a ghost-voice in her ear. 'We do not believe that she would help you. It must be a trick.'

Coraline said, 'Yes, you're right, I expect.' Then she put the key in the lock, and turned it.

Silently the door swung open, and silently Coraline walked inside.

The flat had walls the colour of old milk. The wooden boards of the floor were uncarpeted and dusty with the marks and patterns of old carpets and rugs on them.

There was no furniture in there, only places where furniture had once been. Nothing decorated the walls; there were discoloured rectangles on the walls to show where paintings or photographs had once hung. It was so silent that Coraline imagined that she could hear the motes of dust drifting through the air.

She found herself to be quite worried that something would jump out at her, so she began to whistle. She thought it might make it harder for things to jump out at her, if she was whistling.

First she walked through the empty kitchen. Then she walked through an empty bathroom, containing only a cast-iron bath, and, in the bath, a dead spider the size of a small cat. The last room she looked at had, she supposed, once been a bedroom;

she could imagine that the rectangular dust-shadow on the floorboards had once been a bed. Then she saw something, and smiled, grimly. Set into the floorboards was a large metal ring. Coraline knelt and took the cold ring in her hands, and she tugged upward, as hard as she could.

Terribly slowly, stiffly, heavily, a hinged square of floor lifted: it was a trapdoor. It lifted, and through the opening Coraline could see only darkness: She reached down, and her hand found a cold switch. She flicked it without much hope that it would work, but somewhere below her a bulb lit, and a thin yellow light came up from the hole in the floor. She could see steps, heading down, but nothing else.

- What shape was the dust-shadow?
- Where do you think the steps lead to?

Friday 29th January 2021

WALT: Summarise part of a text

In pairs, discuss what happened in this part of the chapter

Model how to **summarise** what happened when Coraline first saw the other mother (page 125)



How Do You Summarise?

Write the original text in a **shorter version**.

Use your **own words** to restate the important points.

Include the **main point**.

Shorter Version of Original

Use Your Own Words

Main Point

A circular illustration of a young boy with dark hair, wearing a red and white striped shirt, sitting at a desk and writing in a notebook with a blue pen. The notebook has some text on it, and there is a small 'twinkl' logo on the desk.

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WALT: Summarise part of a text

Task: **Summarise** what happened when Coraline saw the other mother (page 125-127)



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