



## Lesson 16



WALT: infer from the text *so that we can take meaning from it.*

## Being a reader

When I am learning to read, I am decoding words in the text.

p-l-ay-ing



Reading broadens my knowledge and widens my vocabulary, allowing me to link this to my previous and new learning.

When I am learning to read, I practise reading with fluency, intonation and at an appropriate pace.

When I read, I am learning to take meaning from different texts.



I am learning to read because it allows me to make more sense of the world around me.

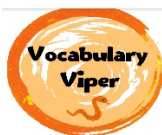


I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



When I am reading, I am igniting my imagination.

When I am reading, I use a range of skills to understand the text



Yesterday, we used what we already knew from earlier in the story to help us understand what we are reading currently.

Today, we are going to practise that skill in the next section of the text.

Coraline kept the key around her neck, but she put the grey marbles beneath her pillow; and in bed that night, Coraline dreamed a dream.

She was at a picnic, under an old oak tree, in a green meadow. The sun was high in the sky and, while there were distant fluffy white clouds on the horizon, the sky above her head was a deep, untroubled blue.

There was a white-linen cloth laid on the grass, with bowls piled high with food – she could see salads and sandwiches, nuts and fruit, jugs of lemonade and water and thick chocolate milk. Coraline sat on one side of the tablecloth while three other children took a side each. They were dressed in the oddest clothes.

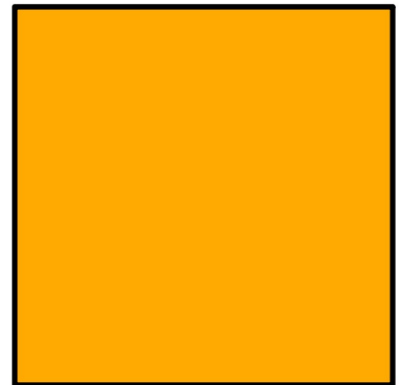
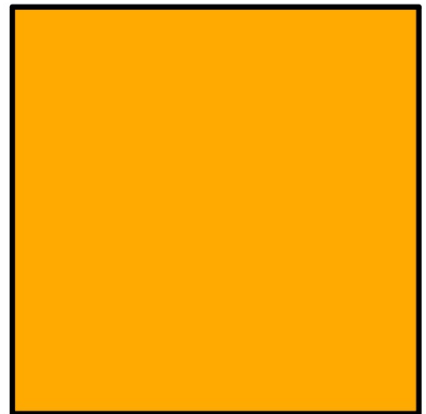


The smallest of them, sitting on Coraline's left, was a boy with red-velvet knee-britches and a frilly white shirt. His face was dirty, and he was piling his plate high with boiled new potatoes and with what looked like cold, whole, cooked trout. 'This is the finest of picnics, lady,' he said to her.

'Yes,' said Coraline. 'I think it is. I wonder who organised it.'

'Why, I rather think you did, miss,' said a tall girl, sitting opposite Coraline. She wore a brown, rather shapeless dress, and had a brown bonnet on her head which tied beneath her chin. 'And we are more grateful for it and for all than ever words can say.' She was eating slices of bread and jam, deftly cutting the bread from a large golden-brown loaf with a huge knife, then spooning on the purple jam with a wooden spoon. She had jam all around her mouth.

'Aye. This is the finest food I have eaten in centuries,' said the girl on Coraline's right. She was a very pale child, dressed in what seemed to be spiders' webs, with a circle of glittering silver set in her blonde hair. Coraline could have sworn that the girl had two wings – like dusty silver butterfly wings, not bird wings – coming out of her back.



The girl's plate was piled high with pretty flowers. She smiled at Coraline, as if it had been a very long time since she had smiled and she had almost, but not quite, forgotten how. Coraline found herself liking this girl immensely.

And then, in the way of dreams, the picnic had ended and they were playing in the meadow, running and shouting and tossing a glittering ball from one to another. Coraline knew it was a dream then, because none of them ever got tired or winded or out of breath. She wasn't even sweating. They just laughed and ran in a game that was partly tag, partly piggy-in-the-middle, and partly just a magnificent romp.

Three of them ran along the ground, while the pale girl fluttered a little over their heads, swooping down on butterfly wings to grab the ball and swinging up again into the sky before she tossed the ball to one of the other children.

And then, without a word about it being spoken, the game was over and the four of them went back to the picnic cloth, where the lunch had been cleared away, and there were four bowls waiting for them, three of ice-cream, one of honeysuckle flowers piled high.

They ate with relish.

'Thank you for coming to my party,' said Coraline. 'If it is mine.'





'The pleasure is ours, Coraline Jones,' said the winged girl, nibbling another honeysuckle blossom. 'If there were but something we could do for you, to thank you, and to reward you.'

'Aye,' said the boy with the red-velvet britches and the dirty face. He put out his hand and held Coraline's hand with his own. It was warm now.

'It's a very fine thing you did for us, miss,' said the tall girl. She now had a smear of chocolate ice-cream all around her lips.

'I'm just pleased it's all over,' said Coraline.

Was it her imagination, or did a shadow cross the faces of the other children at the picnic?

The winged girl, the cirlet in her hair glittering like a star, rested her fingers for a moment on the back of Coraline's hand. 'It is over and done with for us,' she said. 'This is our staging post. From here, we three will set out for uncharted lands, and what comes after no one alive can say . . .' She stopped talking.

'There's a *but*, isn't there?' said Coraline. 'I can feel it. Like a rain cloud.'

The boy on her left tried to smile bravely, but his lower lip began to tremble and he bit it with his upper teeth and said nothing. The girl in the brown bonnet shifted uncomfortably and said, 'Yes, miss.'

'But I got you three back,' said Coraline. 'I got Mum and Dad back. I shut the door. I locked

it. What more was I meant to do?

The boy squeezed Coraline's hand with his. She found herself remembering when it had been her, trying to reassure him, when he was little more than a cold memory in the darkness.

'Well, can't you give me a clue?' asked Coraline. 'Isn't there *something* you can tell me?'

The beldam swore by her good right hand, said the tall girl, 'but she lied.'

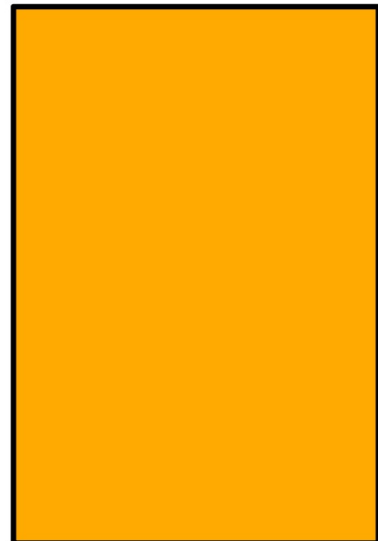
'M-my governess,' said the boy, 'used to say that nobody is ever given more to shoulder than he or she can bear.' He shrugged as he said this, as if he had not yet made his own mind up whether or not it was true.

'We wish you luck,' said the winged girl. 'Good fortune and wisdom and courage – although you have already shown that you have all three of these blessings, and in abundance.'

'She hates you,' blurted out the boy. 'She hasn't lost anything for so long. Be wise. Be brave. Be tricky.'

'But it's not *fair*,' said Coraline, in her dream, angrily. 'It's just not *fair*. It should be over.'

The boy with the dirty face stood up and hugged Coraline tightly. 'Take comfort in this,' he whispered. 'Th'art alive. Thou livest.'





Why do you think the author chose to use the expanded noun phrase 'untroubled blue' to describe the sky?

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What can you conclude about the fact that the girl was able to cut the bread 'deftly'?

The girl's plate was piled high with pretty flowers. She smiled at Coraline, as if it had been a very long time since she had smiled and she had almost, but not quite, forgotten how. Coraline found herself liking this girl immensely.

And then, in the way of dreams, the picnic had ended and they were playing in the meadow, running and shouting and tossing a glittering ball from one to another. Coraline knew it was a dream then, because none of them ever got tired or winded or out of breath. She wasn't even sweating. They just laughed and ran in a game that was partly tag, partly piggy-in-the-middle, and partly just a magnificent romp.

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Why do you think the author chose to liken the feeling of a 'but' coming to a rain cloud'?

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Why do you think the boy advised Coraline to 'be tricky'?