



Lesson 2



WALT: identify how text structure can contribute to meaning *so that we can understand how an author engages the reader. We can then try these skills in our own writing.*

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.

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

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

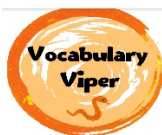


I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



When I am reading, I am igniting my imagination.

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



In this story, Anne Fine often uses *italics*, especially when characters are speaking.

So what are *italics* and when does an author use them?

Italics are a way to emphasise key points in a printed text, to identify many types of creative works (such as book or song titles), to highlight foreign words or phrases, or, when quoting a speaker, *a way to show which words they stressed.*

During our reading today, we're going to look out for the author's use of italics and see if it confirms our definition.

As we read, we're going to consider the text structure ...

±	Effective beginning? How has the author captivated or hooked you in?
	Engaging moment of change? How has the author revealed that there is a change?
	Increase/decrease in tension? How has the author thrust you into the story?
	Strong ending? How has the author concluded that section of the story?

Helen came into school today in the worst mood. She looked peculiar, and her eyes were red and puffy. She wouldn't speak to anyone, and if anybody spoke to her, she simply shrugged and turned away. She buried her head in her arms on her desk lid, and waited for first bell.

'Is anything wrong?'

A muffled, 'No!'

'What's up, Helly?'

'Nothing!'

She lifted her head and practically spat it out. We were a bit shocked. She has to be the gentlest person in our class, normally. There must have been something terribly wrong.

And you could tell that Mrs Lupey thought so, too, when she came in.

'What's up, Helen? Anything the matter?'

Another muffled, 'No!'

She didn't even raise her head, or try to sound the slightest bit polite.

Mrs Lupey looked round at all the rest of us. With

Helen's head safely buried on her desk, she let a look of: 'Does anyone here have any idea what's wrong with her?' spread over her face, and we all shook our heads and shrugged.

Then first bell rang.

'Seats, please,' said Mrs Lupey. 'Register.'

There was a note tucked in the register, sent down from the office. We waited while she pulled it out of the envelope, read it, and made a little face, glancing at Helen. Then she picked up her pen.

'Number off!'

'One,' called out Anna Artree. 'Two,' shouted Leila Assim. That's how we do our register. It's one of Mrs Lupey's Great Ideas to Save Time. Everyone's numbered in alphabetical order, and then each day we rattle through the numbers from one to thirty-four. I'm twenty-two.

'Eighteen.' 'Nineteen.' 'Twenty.'

Silence.

(Helen is twenty-one.)

Usually Mrs Lupey doesn't fuss. If we get held up on a number because someone's rushing through last night's homework, or scrabbling on the floor for something they've dropped, she just glances up to check they're there, and then she says the number herself, and we just carry on. This time she didn't.

'Twenty-one?'

Everyone looked towards Helen, who was still trying to bury herself in her desk lid.

'Mission Control calling Twenty-one,' said Mrs

Lupey. She was watching Helen closely. 'I know you're out there, Twenty-one. Speak to me. Please.'

Silence. We were all watching now. When Helen Johnston acts as awkward as this, then something's very wrong.

Mrs Lupey gave her a moment, then:

'Please . . . ? Pretty, pretty please . . . ?'

'Oh, shut *up!*' Astonishingly, Helen leaped to her feet and scraped her chair legs back across the floor. She lifted her desk lid and slammed it down so hard her pens flew off in all directions. 'Leave me *alone*, for heaven's sake!'

And rushing across the room, she wrenched the classroom door open and banged out, leaving it swinging on its hinges.

Everyone stared.

'Well!' Mrs Lupey said ruefully after a moment. 'I handled that really well, didn't I?'

She looked quite shaken.

'It's not *your* fault,' Alice assured her. 'She wouldn't speak to any of us, either. Not a word.'

Mrs Lupey glanced at the note lying on the pages of the register. Then she looked thoughtfully through the open doorway. Far off, more doors were banging, one by one.

'I think I'd better send someone after her,' she said. 'Just to sit with her in the cloakroom, till she's calmed down.'

She looked directly at me.

'Kitty,' she said.

She took me totally by surprise. 'Why *me?*' I

squawked, and pointed across the room. 'You ought to send Liz. Liz is her best friend.'

'You,' Mrs Lupey said. 'You are the Chosen One. Go, now, before she rushes out of school and gets run over.'

Liz tried to back me up. You could tell she, too, thought Mrs Lupey had picked the wrong person.

'Can't I go too?'

'No.' Mrs Lupey put her fingertips together and looked over them, first at me, then at Liz.

'No offence, Liz,' she said. 'But I think, this once, Kitty here might be just the right man for the job.'

(You can see why we've ended up calling her Loopy.)

I stood and started packing my books into my school bag.

'Don't worry about that,' said Mrs Lupey. 'Just get after her.'

'But what about my classes?'

Mrs Lupey stepped out from behind her desk and held the classroom door open.

'Go!' she said.

Extraordinary. I shovelled my school bag under my desk, and hurried to the door.

As I went past her, she saluted me.

'We're counting on you, Twenty-two,' she said. I think it was some sort of joke.

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<p><u>Engaging moment of change</u> How has the author revealed that there is a change?</p>	
<p><u>Increase/decrease in tension</u> How has the author thrust you into the story?</p>	
<p><u>Strong ending</u> How has the author concluded that section of the story?</p>	