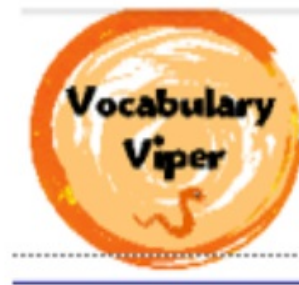




Lesson 14



WALT: Identify how structure and language impacts the reader *so that we can learn to write as readers.*

When re-reading the next section of text, we are going to use context and any other prior knowledge to work out the meaning of the highlighted words.

doorpost. Coraline jerked her head out of the way, but the door began to open once more.

'We're going to go home,' said Coraline. 'We are. Help me.' She ducked the snatching fingers.

They moved through her, then: ghost-hands lent her strength that she no longer possessed. There was a final moment of resistance, as if something were caught in the door, and then, with a crash, the wooden door banged closed.

Something dropped from Coraline's head height to the floor. It landed with a sort of a scuttling thump.

'Come on!' said the cat. 'This is not a good place to be in. Quickly.'

Coraline turned her back on the door and began to run, as fast as was practical, through the dark corridor, dragging her hand along the wall to make sure she didn't bump into anything or get turned around in the darkness.

It was an uphill run, and it seemed to her that it went on for a longer distance than anything could possibly go. The wall she was touching seemed warm and yielding now, and, she realised, it felt as if it was covered in a fine downy fur. It moved, as if it were taking a breath. She snatched her hand away from it.

Winds howled in the dark.

She was scared she would bump into something, and she put out her hand for the wall once more. This time what she touched felt hot and wet, as if she had put her hand in somebody's mouth, and she pulled it back with a small wail.

Her eyes had adjusted to the dark. She could half see, as faintly glowing patches ahead of her, two adults, three children. She could hear the cat, too, padding in the dark in front of her.

And there was something else, which suddenly scuttled between her feet, nearly sending Coraline flying. She caught herself before she went down, using her own momentum to keep moving. She knew that if she fell in that corridor she might never get up again. Whatever that corridor was was older by far than the other mother. It was deep, and slow, and it knew that she was there . . .

Then daylight appeared, and she ran towards it, puffing and wheezing. 'Almost there,' she called encouragingly, but in the light she discovered that the wraiths had gone, and she was alone. She did not have time to wonder what had happened to them. Panting for breath, she staggered through the door and slammed it behind her with the loudest, most satisfying bang you can imagine.

Coraline locked the door with the key, and put the key back into her pocket.

This time, we are going to think about how the author's word choice has impacted the reader.

Would any synonyms be better?

' I know that ... means ... so I think the author has used this word because he wants us to feel

doorpost. Coraline jerked her head out of the way, but the door began to open once more.

'We're going to go home,' said Coraline. 'We are. Help me.' She ducked the snatching fingers.

They moved through her, then: ghost-hands lent her strength that she no longer possessed. There was a final moment of resistance, as if something were caught in the door, and then, with a crash, the wooden door banged closed.

Something dropped from Coraline's head height to the floor. It landed with a sort of a scuttling thump.

'Come on!' said the cat. 'This is not a good place to be in. Quickly.'

Coraline turned her back on the door and began to run, as fast as was practical, through the dark corridor, dragging her hand along the wall to make sure she didn't bump into anything or get turned around in the darkness.

It was an uphill run, and it seemed to her that it went on for a longer distance than anything could possibly go. The wall she was touching seemed warm and yielding now, and, she realised, it felt as if it was covered in a fine downy fur. It moved, as if it were taking a breath. She snatched her hand away from it.

Winds howled in the dark.

She was scared she would bump into something, and she put out her hand for the wall once more. This time what she touched felt hot and wet, as if she had put her hand in somebody's mouth, and she pulled it back with a small wail.

Her eyes had adjusted to the dark. She could half see, as faintly glowing patches ahead of her, two adults, three children. She could hear the cat, too, padding in the dark in front of her.

And there was something else, which suddenly scuttled between her feet, nearly sending Coraline flying. She caught herself before she went down, using her own momentum to keep moving. She knew that if she fell in that corridor she might never get up again. Whatever that corridor was was older by far than the other mother. It was deep, and slow, and it knew that she was there...

Then daylight appeared, and she ran towards it, puffing and wheezing. 'Almost there,' she called encouragingly, but in the light she discovered that the wraiths had gone, and she was alone. She did not have time to wonder what had happened to them. Panting for breath, she staggered through the door and slammed it behind her with the loudest, most satisfying bang you can imagine.

Coraline locked the door with the key, and put the key back into her pocket.

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

What strategies could we take from our understanding of text structure and vocabulary choice to become better writers ourselves?