



Lesson 8



WALT: retrieve information *so that we can take deeper meaning from a text*

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.

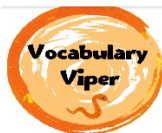


I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



When I am reading, I am igniting my imagination.

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



Vocabulary check

ratty - [redacted]

abandoned - [redacted]

resign - [redacted]

radiant - [redacted]

fashion plate - [redacted]

Grim Reaper - [redacted]

[redacted]

winnowing - [redacted]

Dynasty - [redacted]

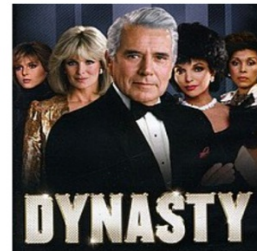
infinitesimal - [redacted]

waspish - [redacted]

amphitheatre - [redacted]

times

ravenous - [redacted]



Mum's had boyfriends before, of course. Goggle-eyes wasn't the first. For a long time it was Simon, who was tall and dark and a bit wet, and wore nice suits. I liked Simon. He was the only person in the world who could sit down and help Jude with her arithmetic homework without her ending up in floods of tears. 'Now you have to go next door and borrow from Mr and Mrs Hundreds,' he'd remind her, over and over again. 'Don't forget to pay back Mrs Tens.' He never got ratty, like Mum and I do. He never abandoned her in the middle of a sum, saying, 'I'm sure you've got it now.' I used to sit the other side of the kitchen table, admiring his patience, with Floss tightly clenched between my knees so she couldn't break away under the table and spread dribble and cat hairs over Simon's nice suits. Floss is friendly and sweet but she's terribly messy, and Simon works in a very posh bank.

Then Simon got the push, I'm not sure why, but I suspect he was too wet for Mum. She went a few months without anyone, and said she quite liked it,

and wasn't going to bother with fellows in future. 'I'd rather stay home and watch telly,' she said. Whenever she really needed a partner for something, she took a woman friend from work. And sometimes she borrowed Reinhardt from next door in return for their really long loan of our ladder.

Then, one day, she met Gerald Faulkner. Don't ask me where and why and how. All I know is, one day my mother's her normal, workaday Oh-God-I-hate-my-job-I'm-going-to-resign-what's-on-telly self, and the next she's some radiant, energetic fashion plate who doesn't even *hear* when you tell her it's the last episode of her favourite series, and she's going through last year's babysitter list like the Grim Reaper, winnowing out all the old biddies who've cracked and gone off to spend their last years with their daughters-in-law, and all the bright teenagers who made it to college.

'I can't find *anyone* for Friday night!'

'Why don't you stay home and watch Dynasty with us?'

She sweeps round, all fancy skirts and high heels and different eye make-up.

'Oh, lovies! *You* watch it, and then you can tell me what happens.'

How old does she suddenly think we are? Three? And who was he, this man who had made all the difference? I'd heard his voice. He rang up early one evening before Mum even got home from work. I was the one who picked up the phone because Jude just ignores it whenever it rings. It could go on and

on for hours, and she'd never bother to pick it up. She's odd that way.

I lifted the receiver and sang out our number. There was a little silence, then a voice said,

'Hello. Is that Kitty or Judith?'

'Yes,' I said. (Well, it *was*.)

There was another, infinitesimal pause. I got the feeling that, if he'd ever been introduced to me in person, he might have come out with something either funny or waspish. But all he actually said was,

'This is Gerald Faulkner. Please tell your mother I managed to get tickets, and the film starts at eight.'

I said, 'Oh.' (I hadn't realized she'd be going out again. I thought she was going to stay in and help with Jude's cardboard Roman amphitheatre. We'd promised to knock up a few woolly ravenous beasts.)

'Thank you,' he said, and then, after a pause, 'Goodbye.'

I didn't say anything back, so after a couple more seconds of silence, he just hung up.

I went into the kitchen, where Jude was sitting with Floss in her arms.

'That was him,' I told her. 'They're going out again tonight. He called you Judith.'

She made a face but didn't say anything; and two minutes later Mum came through the door, loaded with shopping and all bright-eyed.

'Did anyone phone?'

She *never* comes in asking 'Did anyone phone?' If I tell her Granny's rung, or Simon's rung, or someone

from the hospital office where she works wants a quick word with her, she only groans.

Jude gave me a look, as if to say: See? And I wished that I hadn't picked up the phone in the first place. But a message is a message. So,

'Mr Faulkner rang about some film,' I told her. 'I expect you forgot to tell him that you were stopping home tonight, to make Jude's woolly ravenous beasts.'

She got the point.

'Sweetheart!' All guilt and glossy lipstick, she swooped down on Jude. 'We'll finish your amphitheatre tomorrow, I promise.'

'Tonight's the last possible night.' I poured cold water on this plan of hers. 'We already put this off twice, remember? She has to take the whole thing into school in the morning.'

Mum went out all the same at half-past seven.

1. Identify the change in Mum.
2. How do we know that it is a change in Mum? Evidence in the text?

Then, one day, she met Gerald Faulkner. Don't ask me where and why and how. All I know is, one day my mother's her normal, workaday Oh-God-I-hate-my-job-I'm-going-to-resign-what's-on-telly self, and the next she's some radiant, energetic fashion plate

Bonus points - what can we infer from this change?

Identify 3 ways in which Mum has changed after meeting Gerald.

1.

2.

3.

What do these changes tell the reader?