

Friday 9th July 2021

WALT: Retrieve examples of figurative language

Lesson 13



What does it mean to retrieve?

WALT: Retrieve figurative language so we can develop a deeper understanding of the text and consider the impact on the reader.

Being a reader

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

p-l-ay-ing

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.











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

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













Prior learning:

Previously, we have used key words in a question to retrieve information from a text.

Today, we will retrieve examples of **figurative language** which have been used in this chapter. We will then think about the impact these vocabulary choices have on us as the reader and why the author might have chosen to use them. You may also decide to use some of these examples to improve your own work when you are being a writer.

Figurative language – words or phrases used to help convey a meaning (**personification**, **simile**, **metaphor**)

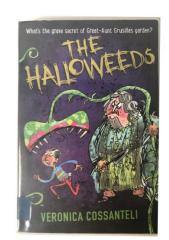
Can you remember what these terms mean and how they are used?

Reading - Chapter 11

As we read, we will confirm the meaning of our new vocabulary through context.

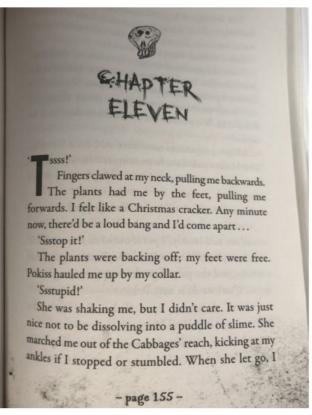
flourishes - to grow well

brandishing - to wave something in anger or excitement



ancestors - a person someone has descended from (not immediate family) $\dots \dots \dots$

As you read the text, look out for examples of figurative language (similes, metaphors, personification)



V - What does the verb 'briskly' suggest? Can you think of a synonym?

crumpled up. My legs felt like Bone Jelly. A shape whened the doorway.

No damage, I hope? Aunt Grusilla shook the darkened the doorway. No damage, 1 nope.

No damage, 1 nope.

raindrops off her umbrella, showering Lambkin who raindrops off her units looking like a drowned rat was at her heels, already looking like a drowned rat Pokiss sniffed. 'Rough boy, Nasssty.' Pokiss sniffed. Record in you, Dandelion, declared 'I am disapped Aunt Grusilla. 'I can't have you hurting my Halloweeds. Did your parents not teach you to respect Nature?' 'There's nothing natural about those things.' I shuddered. They nearly ate the cat, then they tried to 'All living organisms must feed,' said Aunt Grusilla. 'The Halloweeds have been nurtured from cuttings. They are very precious and must be kept alive - at any 'One of them's dead,' I said. 'You chopped it down.' Aunt Grusilla shut her umbrella with a snap. 'Dead wood, she said briskly. 'I put it out of its misery. It will soon be replaced.' She looked at Boy's row of geranium cuttings, and the pair of garden snippers lying beside them. 'Can't we do it now, Pokiss?' Pokiss's dishwater eyes flickered. 'Too soon. Tomorrow. All Hallows' Eve.' My brain was still un-fuzzing itself from shock. 'Do what?' - page 156 -

nformed me. 'We have very special plans for you. Do mormed me. 'We have very special plans for you. Do not know much about gardening, Dandelion?'

I wiped a globule of Cabbage-slime off my jeans. 'I used to help Dad sometimes.'

'Then you will know that a good gardener must sometimes cut part of a plant away. Pruning it helps it stay healthy and strong—' grabbing at my hand, she forced it down on the table, squeezing each of my fingers in turn — 'And if you choose your cuttings carefully, they will put down roots and grow.' She picked up the snippers, snapping them open and shut. 'Just one finger, Dandelion. There are people who would give a great deal more than that, for what we are offering you. A Halloweed of your very own.'

'Those things grow from *fingers*?' Eyeing the snippers, I tried to snatch my hand back but Aunt Grusilla held on to it.

'Plants can live for thousands of years, Dandelion. With the right care and attention, there is no reason why they can't live for ever. And for as long as your Halloweed flourishes, so will you, without ever growing a day older.'

'What happens if they die?' But I already knew the answer. I'd seen what happened. 'Boy . . .' I drew a shuddering breath. 'You did it! You cut down his plant

and you killed him!'

"It was his job to look after the plants,' said Aunt
"It was his job to look after the plants,' said Aunt
Grusilla coldly. 'But he let your uncle's die, and refused
to feed the others properly. People should do as they
to feed the others properly. People should do as they
are told. You do as you're told, don't you, Dandelion?

are told. You do as you're told, don't you, Dandelion?

You're a good boy. Aren't you?'

Her ringed fingers dug into my wrist, hurting me,
'Mmm,' I said, shifting. 'But couldn't we wait until
I'm older?' I suggested. 'I'm only eleven. I don't need a
Halloweed yet.'

'Whatever's the point of growing you twice as large?' said Aunt Grusilla. 'You'll only eat more. And Daundelyon Hall depends upon you, now your uncle is gone. We can't risk anything happening to you. You may choose your finger,' she added graciously. 'Which one will you say goodbye to?'

I didn't want to say goodbye to any of them. After eleven years together, I was attached to them all. 'No!' Pulling my hand free, I clenched my fists. 'They're mine.'
'Ungrateful child!' Appt Green lle

'Ungrateful child!' Aunt Grusilla's chins quivered with annoyance. 'You're not afraid of one little *snip-snap*, are you? Come along, Dandelion. Be a man.'

But that was just it. If I let them do it, I never would be a man. I'd be eleven for ever. Martha would grow up; so would the Grub. I thought of them both bigger than me, bossing me around . . .

*Page 158 _

- page 157 -

I - Why did the character clench their fists?

Then I remembered Jack's warning. Let her think you're the Heir she's always wanted.

I'm not afraid.' It was easier to sound like I meant it if I didn't look at the snippers. 'I'll choose my finger. I'll have to think about it. It may take me quite a long time.'

'Dear little Dandelion!' Aunt Grusilla pinched my cheek. I just stopped myself from jerking my head away. I knew you would be sensible. Run along, then. As a treat, Pokiss will make you some miced buns for supper.'

Tssss.

I heard the soft hiss and felt those dishwater eyes on my back as I turned and ran.

Luckily, Pokiss had run out of mice. Aunt Grusilla was annoyed, and ordered her to put more cheese in the Mechanical Mouse Mincers.

'I like cheese,' I said hopefully, but I got snails' eggs on toast instead, while Aunt Grusilla gobbled her fillet of snake in fungus gravy. The toast was crunchy and I was too busy worrying about Martha and Caramel, and what time Jack would come, to pay much attention to the little jellied balls sliding down my throat.

The Grub didn't want to go into its drawer that night. It thrashed about and threw its bottle on the floor.

Reaching for it under my bed, where it had rolled, I found one of Martha's pens: blueberry-scented purple, found one of Martha's pens: blueberry-scented purple, was a large face on each of my fingers, was gling them at I drew faces on each of my fingers, was gling them at I drew face on each of my fingers, was gling face, smiley face, smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, angry thumb – then a crying face on the smiley face, and the smil

Wrestling with the last nappy of the day, I realized that when Jack and I went down into the tunnels we would have to leave the Grub behind. Before popping the poppers on its sleepsuit, I picked up Martha's purple pen and drew a blueberry-scented eye on its tunnny where nobody would see it. Keep watch while I'm gone. Let it be safe. Please.

There was no point getting into pyjamas: I would stay up, and wait for Jack. The Grub's eyes had closed at last. I stood by the open window, listening to the drumming of the rain and wondering how high the water had risen in the dungeon. The wind blew in, spattering me with raindrops. I was shivering and my bed looked warm. I kicked off my shoes and climbed in. No danger of falling asleep: I was too worried about Martha. Much too worried. Much, much...

- page 159 -

- Page 160 -

R - What did Aunt Grusilla gobble?

The next thing I knew, someone was shaking my

Be last 'Sleepyhead! Wake up!' Juck? Heavy with sleep, my eyes didn't want to

open. Is it after midnight? t's almost dawn, you dozy boy.' The voice was not lak's 'It's Halloween. Your special day!'

I was wide awake now. Aunt Grusilla was bending over me, still in her nightgown (size Walrus, Extra [arge] and white nightcap. Without her mouse epebrows, spider-leg lashes and beetle-juice blush, her face was pale and bald. I struggled up on my pillows. Martha! How long had I been asleep for? Where was lack? Why hadn't she come?

'Hurry up, Dandelion.' Aunt Grusilla peeled the covers off me. She didn't seem to notice that I'd gone to bed in my jeans. 'Pokiss is waiting. It is Time.'

"Time for what?' I knew the answer. The back of my neck tingled and I felt something like the flapping of bat wings in my stomach.

'Put your shoes on,' ordered Aunt Grusilla. 'We're going out to the Glass House. Pokiss is sharpening the snippers.'

'Can't we do it later?' I pleaded. 'It's not properly Halloween yet. Not until tonight.'

'Nonsense,' said Aunt Grusilla. 'Dawn is the perfect time for a new beginning, the start of a new life: a new

falloweed.'
As she dragged me out into the corridor I looked hack at the Grub, asleep on its stomach with Martha's iguanodon pressed against its cheek. I hoped the Eye

would keep it safe. Aunt Grusilla towed me down the stairs. The front doors stood open; outside the darkness was fading into the milky light of dawn. There was something strange about the silence. I realized what it was: the rain had stopped.

You could just run away. Aunt Grusilla wouldn't catch you. Hide in the Deepness. Find Jack.

But how could I run away from Martha and the

And Jack didn't care. She wanted me to lose a finger, so she didn't have to spend the rest of forever being

It was too late anyway: Pokiss was standing in the doorway, blocking my escape. In one hand she held a little flowerpot, full to the brim with earth. From her other hand dangled something sharp and silvery: the newly-sharpened snippers. My stomach-bats flapped

Between them, Aunt Grusilla and Pokiss bundled me downstairs. The front doors stood open; I shivered, not just because of the cold. Oh Jack, why didn't

- Page 162 -

Then something did come. Ghostly in the grey light, trooted through the gatehouse: a white beast with a single horn. We all froze. I heard Pokiss's sharp hiss. 'Unicorn!' breathed Aunt Grusilla.

There was something familiar about that unicorn. I'd seen it before - grazing in the Deepness, beneath Jack's ship. I looked at its spiralled horn and remembered the piece of driftwood in the captain's cabin, waiting to be carved . . . As we all stared at it, the 'unicorn' lifted its tail and deposited something on the ground: a string of hay-flecked balls. I sniffed. A smell was hanging on the air.

'Dung!' Aunt Grusilla was ecstatic. 'Pokiss - pick it up! Lower the portcullis! Don't let it go away!'

The stillness broke. Pokiss dived for the gatehouse while Aunt Grusilla flung herself at the unicorn, in a sort of rugby tackle. Kicking out its back legs, it galloped away from her.

YEE-HAW! YEE-HAW!

Pokiss stopped in her tracks, halfway to the portcullis. 'Doesn't sssound like unicorn ...'

'How do you know?' panted Aunt Grusilla, chasing after the Barnacle. 'I don't care what it sounds like. I just want more of that dung! Don't stand there gawping, Pokiss - help me catch the beast!'

- page 163 -

I felt a touch on my shoulder. Jack separated herself I felt a touch on my should be shadows. 'Come on,' she whispered. 'We have

to get into the kitchen. get into the sale. I thought you weren't coming.' I told her, as we

slipped back indoors. Pokiss was still awake at midnight, up to her tricks, said Jack. I realized we were going to need a distraction. It takes time to carve a unicorn horn. And the Barnacle wasn't too keen on wearing it.'

'Suppose they catch him?' I asked.

'They won't,' said Jack. 'After all those years of giving donkey rides, he doesn't like people very much. Don't worry: he can look after himself."

In the kitchen, she went straight over to the black beam with the evil little goblin faces carved into it. 'Where are you?' she muttered, taking a torch from her pocket and shining its light over them. 'There you are!' A goblin with bulging eyes was sticking its tongue out at her. Excuse me, said Jack, and tweaked its tongue to the left. As it moved, there was a groaning sound and the wall shifted. Jack stepped through the gap, with me at her heels.

The torchlight flickered over a flight of narrow steps; there was nowhere to go but down. By the time we reached the bottom, the door had creaked shut again behind us. The air - what there was of it - smelt

- page 164 -

V/I - What does this choice of language suggest?

and a bit ratty, and the walls felt slimy against more and a bit ratty, and the walls felt slimy against them but it more difficult; if I shrank away from one, I bumped into more other. My feet were wet. The torchlight glinted the off water; quite a lot of water. There was a sudden skitter and a squeak; something ran past me, going the other way.

'Mind your head,' warned Jack. 'The ceiling gets lower. And stay close.'

Soon we were crawling, my wet jeans clammy against my legs. Jack carried the torch between her teeth, like a pirate's dagger; I didn't like the wavering shadows it made. When she stopped suddenly, I didn't notice in time and went into the back of her.

'Mmmph. Sorry.'

'Ssssh!' She had taken the torch out of her mouth. 'Listen!'

I could hear scrabbling sounds. I don't mind rats, but I prefer it when they're not running over my hands in dark tunnels. Then — very loudly and definitely — somebody sneezed.

'Caramel!'

'Dan? Is that you?'

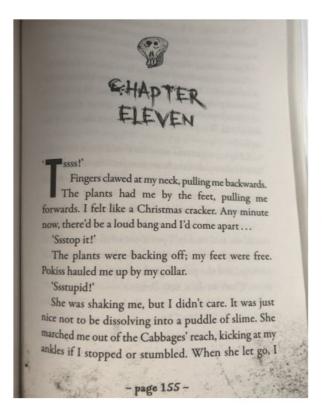
It didn't take us long to reach her - or rather, to reach the mound of rubble that blocked the tunnel in between us.

Roof's cared in, said Jack, moving the torch beam over it. We're going to have to shift it.

The runnel had widened just enough for me to crawl The tunnel had widened had error to rescue up beside Jack. 'Caramel? We were coming to rescue you! How did you get out?' The water came in over our ledge.' Caramel's voice was muffled. 'We had to swim. Martha got tired of the was mulited.

frog stroke and was hanging on to the wall when she found a gap leading into this tunnel, then we got stuck, As she stopped for another explosive sneeze, we could hear the rubble rattling. T've moved a lot of it, she added hopefully. 'If you work on it from that side, we'll soon be through." 'But,' I said, 'where's Martha?' 'She went to look for another way out.' Caramel sounded anxious. 'The tunnel branches off down another passage behind us. She said she wouldn't be long, but ... Dan, she's been gone for ages.' I thought of Martha lost, somewhere in the maze of dark tunnels. I thought of rushing water and broken ankles and collapsing ceilings and red-eyed rats the size of cars. 'Why did you let her go on her own?' I heard Caramel's sigh. 'You'll understand,' she said sadly, 'when you see where she went.' Lying propped on our elbows, Jack and I pulled at chunks of brick, piece by piece, until our fingers bled. - Page 166 -

Modelled task





Look at page 155:

Find examples of figurative language the author has used to create an image in the readers mind.

How does the author give the impression that the Halloweeds are dangerous and scary?

WALT: Retrieve examples of figurative language Main task:

Read the rest of the chapter.

Look at page 171. Find and copy descriptive phrases and figurative language which the author uses to create an image of:



The room Dan is in The plant he can see The finger

Support: Find and copy adjectives used to describe the plant.

Challenge: Describe the effect these language choices have on the reader. Why has the author chosen to use each example?

taking too long. I tried not to think about the as of earth above me and the stream of cold water of earth and the stream of cold water past me. Aphid. Bean weevil. Carrot fly. Insects almed me down. Dagger mad. solding passed me down. Dagger moth. Eye gnat. somiture beetle...

Ilet out a squawk as something scuttled up my back and over my shoulder. Jack shone the torch at its and order at its departing bottom and long bald tail as it vanished into the rubble. A moment later Caramel let out an answering squawk the other side.

If Mr Rat can get through, said Jack, 'then so

She was right. It wasn't long after that before Caramel's white face appeared, smeary with rubble dust, her wet hair plastered to her head. As soon as the gap was big enough, I wriggled through to her side. Jack passed me the torch and I moved the beam over the tunnel walls.

'Where did Martha go?'

'There!' Caramel pointed to where a low brick arch, like a downturned mouth, marked the entrance to another passage.

I forgave her, straight away, for letting Martha go on her own. Martha would have wiggled through easily; I'd fit, just; Caramel wouldn't stand a chance.

'That's what comes of eating too much chocolate,'

- page 167 -

ulls. You don't fit through holes when you the said sadly. You don't fit through noise when you need to. If I ever get out of here, I'll just eat lettuce,'
There want room to hug her, so I gave her a pat,
Thore want room to hug her, so I gave her a pat,
Thore want room to hug her, so I gave her a pat,
Thore want room to hug her, so I gave her a pat,
the deshough there, not even Jack.' I took a d. Don't I told her. 'Anyway, I don't utilis, any grown-up could fit through there, not even Jack.' I took a deep breath. Somebody has to go after Martha – it's going to

ave to be me. I sort of hoped that somebody would come up with have to be me."

a better plan. Nobody did. better plan. Noted, and Jack, not giving me time to say that I wasn't. 'We can't have Caramel sneezing like a herd of elephants all over the place - she'll bring the rest of the roof down. I'll take her as far as the temple in the maze, then I'll come back for you. Don't forget to mark your way.' Digging in her pocket, she passed me a handful of her gold coins.

'Oh!' said Caramel. 'Chocolate?'

'Spanish doubloons,' said Jack. 'Sorry.'

Where does it go?' I asked doubtfully, looking at the tunnel.

I don't know,' admitted Jack. 'Maybe towards the Glass House . . .

'No!' I was already shivering; now my blood ran even colder. 'Not there! Jack, that's where the fingers are! They plant them and they grow into these huge, norrible Halloweeds. They feed off bodies, dead or

*page 168 -

they tried to eat me, but Pokiss rescued me. As and the put Pokiss rescue to the pokiss rescue to t

lek was gripping my arm; I saw the four fingers of Jack was 8. The court ingers of the other hand curling into her palm. 'How many of the other hand curling into her palm.' How many of her other name of parin. How many of these Halloweeds did you see? Could you tell them these Could you tell which was min-st diese rate of the state of the

I was quite busy trying not to get eaten, I said pologetically. There were three, I think. Two massive great things and a smaller one. I frowned. Aunt Grusilla. Pokiss. Lambkin. So where was Jack's?

What I can't help wondering, said Jack slowly, is why they kept me alive. It was an experiment, to start with, but that was over long ago. They didn't need me any more - and it's not as if my mother ever cared. So why didn't they end it?'

'Aunt Grusilla ended it for Boy,' I told her. 'She chopped down his Halloweed and he just shrivelled away. Uncle Dandelion's plant choked on a pudding. But yours has to be alive, or you wouldn't be here?

Caramel had been looking more and more bewildered. Now she gave another of her eruptingvolcano sneezes.

'Time to get her out of here,' said Jack, as fragments of ceiling rained down on us. 'The Halloweeds can

As Jack urged her away, Caramel pressed something

- page 169 -

meo my hand. I felt it crinkle: one of her little paper irds. 'A crane,' Caramel rold me. 'For long life – and good

As I squirmed through the gap beneath the archway, As I squirined the darkness pressed in around me. Jack had offered me the torch but I'd told her to keep it as I could use the light on my watch. Its glow was green and spooky; I wished I had taken the torch. The squirming was skinning my elbows; soon they were raw and aching.

The passage sloped downhill, Water was coming from somewhere, overtaking me in what started as a trickle then turned into more of a stream. I swallowed a mouthful of it by mistake; it didn't taste too good, so I wriggled with my chin up after that.

When the tunnel forked, I hesitated. Right - or left? 'Martha? Maaaaartha . . .' I was deafened by my own voice bouncing off the tunnel walls.

Da...a...an...he...e'...e...elp...

I froze. It was so faint, I wasn't even sure if I'd really heard it. Which fork had it come through? Right? Wrong, Left. I'm coming, Martha. I remembered how Caramel's sneezes had rattled the brickwork and didn't dare risk another shout. Dropping one of Jack's coins to mark the turning, hoping the water wouldn't carry it

- Page 170 -

gway, I set off again, faster now.

Ionly noticed the metal grating when it scraped the ton) head. One end of it was hanging loose from tunnel roof. Up above me, I thought I heard something rustle.

'Martha?'

I squeezed my head and shoulders through the gap into a small, box-like chamber, with stone slabs for walls and a floor of earth. There was no door or windows but a trickle of greenish light dribbled in where the slabs did not quite meet. Here and there the floor was littered with pale, knobbled shapes.

Close to my nose a little snail, striped like a peppermint, was climbing up the side of a flowerpot. It never reached the top - there was a sudden movement, a shiver of leaves and a crunch. The plant in the pot was no higher than a pencil: a single stem with a pair of leaves each side. A young cutting, putting down roots ... and I knew what had been cut.

I'd seen dead fingers before, dry and dusty, on the Egyptian mummies in the British Museum. This one had been fed and watered; it was greener and less shrivelled. You could still see the knuckle and the nail, poking out of the crumbly brown soil.

An image flashed in my brain: Pokiss's hands, with the extra half a finger missing. She'd planted herself

a spare Halloweed. If anything went wrong with a spare Hammer and August Grusilla her other one week his baby was Pokiss's Emergency losing her temper - this baby was Pokiss's Emergency Backup ...

Leaves rustled behind me.

'Martha?' Where was she? I tried turning round, but I was wedged too tightly. Something sticky landed on the end of my nose. I wiped it off with the back of my hand. Green. Slimy. Digestive juices . . . My heart gave a sickening kick.

I pulled myself up and on to my knees; the ceiling wasn't high enough to stand. Shuffling awkwardly round, I found myself face to face with another Halloweed - and this one was no baby. Thickstemmed, with leaves yellow from lack of light, its lower half was coiled like a cobra. Its upper half had Martha wrapped in a deadly hug. Above the rubbery leaf clamped over her nose and mouth, I could see her eyes, round and terrified. I could smell the plant's salami breath as its fleshy lips puckered, ready to start

Desperately, I looked around me for something, anything, to attack it with. Metal glinted on the ground at my feet. I had snatched it up and was slicing the air with it before I realized what it was. A sword. It was the double of the one Robo-Ancestor had been

bandishing in my bedroom: the *Dent de Lyon*. This bandishing in my bedroom: the Lion: the one Sir Lyon bad to be the *other* Tooth of the Lion: the one Sir Lyon bad taken to his grave.

I knew, now, where I was – and what the pale, inobbly objects scattered around me were. They were all that was left of my ancestors – the bones of Sir Lyon and Lady Clotilda de Beaune . . .

The sword was heavy in my hand. Go on. Use it.
What are you waiting for? Chop that thing up - snicker
mack - before it can suck all the juices out of Martha.

But how could I? That Halloweed belonged to somebody. Its sap was somebody's lifeblood. And I thought I knew whose. Jack.

I had two choices: I could let the plant kill Martha - or I could kill Jack.

<u>Learning re-cap:</u> Why do authors choose to use figurative language?

