



Wednesday 14th July 2021

WALT: Retrieve and record information

Lesson 14



What does it mean to retrieve?

WALT: retrieve and record information *so we can develop a deeper understanding of the 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.

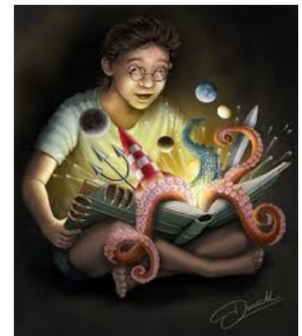
When I am learning to read, I practise reading with fluency, intonation and at an appropriate pace.

I am learning to read because it allows me to make more 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



Reading - Chapter 12 (pages 174 - 194)

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

digested - break down food

.....

hilt - the handle of a weapon or tool

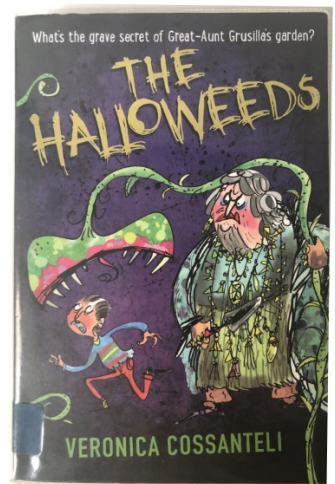
....

tendrils - a climbing plant that grows in a spiral form

.....

weevil - a small beetle

.._...





CHAPTER TWELVE

Sir Lyon had fought the English at the Battle of Hastings with this sword in his hand. My ancestor, the great warrior. It's hard to feel like a great warrior when you are shuffling around on your knees. It's even harder when the last thing you want to do is kill your enemy, because that means killing your friend.

No, the *last* thing I wanted to do was watch my sister get slowly digested by a giant vegetable. I tightened my grip on the hilt.

I'm sorry, Jack. I'm so, so sorry.

Martha jerked and strained in the plant's coils. The smell of rotting meat was suffocating in the cramped

- page 174 -

tomb. Side-stems came snaking towards me, wrapping themselves around my knees, twining towards my sword arm, tying me down. Even the baby Hallowed was snapping. Martha had green drool running down her face. I couldn't put it off any longer. I raised the Lion's Tooth, taking careful aim with the point, ready to lunge.

Jack, if there was any other way...

Quite suddenly, everything changed. In a flurry of tendrils, the Hallowed shrank away, its coils going slack.

'Martha!' I urged, but she was already scrambling free, crawling towards me, wiping the dribble from her eyes. The baby Hallowed was cowering in its pot.

'I never even touched it,' I said. 'What's the matter with them?'

Then I saw the beetle. Nothing special: a little brown beetle with a long snout, making its way along the sword's blade.

'They can't be afraid of *that*,' said Martha.

'Yes, they can,' I told her. 'It's a weevil. Weevils feed on their leaves, then they lay weevil eggs in the roots. The grubs hatch out and start chewing. If they chew up enough root, the plant dies. That's why Aunt Grusilla is so obsessed with unicorns. Unicorn dung keeps the Halloweds away.'

- page 175 -

V - What synonym could replace this verb in the sentence?

I stood guard over Martha, sword raised, as she dropped through the grating. The Hallowed stayed pressed against the tomb wall. As I lowered my legs down after her, I caught my breath: in the flickering green light, a skull was grinning at me. Sir Lyon? I laid the Lion's Tooth down beside it.

'Thanks for that,' I said – although it wasn't actually the sword that had saved us. People think insects don't matter. They may be small, but they can make big things happen. In the end, the beetle is mightier than the sword.

Martha was quiet on our way back through the tunnel. Weirdly quiet, for Martha.

'African bat bug,' I said, when I couldn't bear it any longer.

'Bristly rose slug,' said Martha automatically.

'Codling moth.'

'Devil's coach horse.'

We were on Green spoonworms by the time we reached the secret door back into the kitchen.

There was no sign of Jack but, on the other side of the wall, we could hear Aunt Grusilla.

'... not at all pleased with you, Pokiss. You didn't catch that unicorn and now you've lost the Heir. I want him found – or I shall string you up from the Hanging

Tree myself. By your feet.'

'Pygmy will be back.' Pokiss sounded sulky. 'Still have smallest. Smallest ssmells,' she added. 'Who will mop it?'

'You,' said Aunt Grusilla. 'Serves you right. Unwrap the horrid little thing. If it's the only one left, we might as well know if it's boy or girl. You know how to tell, I suppose?'

'Tsss,' said Pokiss.

'Dan!' whispered Martha, behind me. 'They've got the Grub!'

As I took a quick step forward, there was a sudden TWANG! A yell of pain bubbled up inside me. I clamped my lips together, clenching my fists, trying to keep it in. I tilted the dying glow from my watch down to where blood oozed, dark and sticky, from between steel teeth.

'Eew!' squeaked Martha, wrinkling her nose.

'Did you hear that?' demanded Aunt Grusilla.

'Mousies,' said Pokiss. 'In the walls.'

'Didn't I tell you to put more cheese in the Mechanical Mouse-Mincer?' complained Aunt Grusilla.

Bong! Bong! Bong!

Dizzy with pain, it took me a moment to realize what I was hearing.

I - How is the character feeling? How do you know?

Bing-bong! Bing-bong! Bing-bong!

All over the house, clocks were chiming the hour. The last to strike was the grandfather clock in the hall, the elephant of all clocks: *DUNG! DUNG! DUNG! DUNG!*

Jack, I guessed. *She must have gone round winding them all up.*

'Nooooo!' Aunt Grusilla gave a terrible cry. 'I won't have it!' she roared. 'I'll stop them! Pokiss – come with me! Bring the hammer! Quick!'

There were hurried footsteps and the sound of a closing door. Then a wail from the Grub – they'd left it behind. I shone my watch beam around the edges of the secret door. *There!* I'd found what I was looking for: another evil little wooden face. As I reached for its tongue, the door slid back and we stepped through.

'Poor little Grub,' said Martha, scooping it up. 'They put it in a *coffin!*'

I sank into a chair and tried to prise the Mechanical Mouse-Mincer off my toe. Aunt Grusilla and Pokiss would be back any moment, but it was as if my batteries had run out. I was cold and wet, my eyes felt gritty from lack of sleep, and my minced toe was throbbing so hard I could feel it all over my body.

'Did you hear that?' demanded Martha. 'That thing that sounded like thunder? It was my stomach

rumbling. I'm *starving*. Do you suppose there's anything you can actually *eat* in that fridge?'

'Careful,' I warned her. 'I wouldn't touch anything Pokiss keeps in her fridge if I were you. It's probably full of bats' brains and pickled toad.'

'It isn't.' Martha was standing in front of the open fridge, just staring. 'Dan, she's got *pizza*. And pasta sauce and yogurt and grapes and . . . and *nice things*.' She looked in the freezer compartment. 'Veggie burgers. And *ice cream*. Do you think she'd notice, if some of her pizza wasn't there?'

'Tricksy little pizza-thief!' said a voice from the doorway.

The pizza box crashed to the floor.

As Pokiss came towards us, I lunged forward on my good foot, making a grab for the goblin.

'Martha – take the Grub! Run!' I yelled, as I tweaked the goblin's tongue to the left. With the Grub in her arms, Martha dived for the door. I tried to follow, but when I put my weight on my injured foot pain ripped through me. The world rocked and blurred; I had to catch hold of the kitchen table to stop myself from falling. I hopped forward, but too late. The door slid shut in my face.

'Dan!' From behind the wall I heard Martha's scream.

V - What does this choice of language suggest?

I felt Pokiss's cold fingers at the back of my neck. Gripping my collar, she pushed me backwards into a chair. 'All Hallows' Eve,' she hissed in my ear. 'Time for Happy Ever After.' Something flashed in her hand. The snippers.

'No!' I struggled to stand up but Pokiss pushed me back again.

'Bleeding all over Pokiss's clean floor,' she said reproachfully. 'Sstealing her pizza.'

'I'll buy you more pizza,' I told her. 'Loads – any flavour you like – if you just let us go. Aunt Grusilla will never know. You don't want us here. You don't even like us. Let me go, Pokiss, and you'll never have to see any of us again.'

'Tsss! Pokiss can't do that.' Almost, she sounded sorry. 'Must always be a Bone at Daundelyon Hall. Pokiss promised. Pokiss keeps her promises.' She opened up the snippers. 'Ssnicker sssnack...'

'Eliza Fishblood,' Jack stood in the doorway. Something flashed in Pokiss's dishwater eyes. 'Pokiss,' she hissed. 'Not Eliza. Not any more.'

'You remember her, though, don't you?' said Jack. 'Eliza never meant anybody any harm, did she? She knew about herbs and made her own ointments and helped the sick...'

Pokiss's fingers curled into claws. 'Witch, they called

- page 180 -

her. Witch! Witch!

'They took Eliza away, didn't they?' Jack's voice was quiet and steady. 'They did terrible things to her.'

Pokiss was trembling. 'With their squeezers and stretchers and smashers. Squeeze the witch! Stretch the witch! Smash the witch! Hang the witch!'

'But Eliza didn't hang,' said Jack. 'She made a bargain. In return for her life, she promised my mother that she would be mistress of Daundelyon Hall for ever. To keep that promise, she had to become the witch they said she was. She became—'

'Pokissss.'

'But Eliza isn't gone. She's still here. And Eliza would never hurt anyone.' Jack tipped back her hat, her one eye holding Pokiss's. 'Eliza,' said Jack, 'would let the boy go.'

I held my breath. The silence stretched out...

It was broken by Martha, banging on the wall. 'Dan? Dan? Are you all right? I can't make it open!'

I could hear the Grub whimpering. They both sounded scared. Pokiss's grip on my wrist had loosened. I pulled my hand free and limped over to the beam, reaching for the goblin's tongue. The door groaned open and Martha tumbled through.

Pokiss hadn't moved. I could hear the soft hiss of her breath, like a punctured football. 'Pokiss knew you'd

- page 181 -

R - How are Pokiss' eyes described?

come back.' She was looking at Jack. 'Flitted away like a moth in the night, but Pokiss knew your Weed would bring you back in the end. Your mother wanted it gone, dead. *Get rid of it*, she said: *snicker-snack*. But Pokiss didn't.' She hesitated, still with that odd, flickering silver light in her eyes. 'Pokiss kept it and hid it in a secret place.'

'Sir Lyon's tomb,' I said. 'I've just met it. It was about to eat Martha.'

'No hard feelings,' said Martha generously. 'It's OK.' Jack was frowning. 'But . . . why?'

Pokiss wiped her nose on her pyjama sleeve. 'It's yours,' she said. 'It's not for *her* to say what happens to it. Your Weed: your choice . . . *sss!*'

A furious bellow, like a bee-stung bull, made us all jump. '*Pokiss!*' It was Aunt Grusilla. 'Pokiss, where are you? My *hair!* My hair is TICKING!' She burst in through the kitchen door, still in her nightgown and cap, Lambkin pattering at her heels. She was cradling something in her arms; something with a nodding plume of parrot feathers. It took me a moment to realize what it was.

'What a *cheat!*' declared Martha. 'All that patting it and primping it and putting fish in it, and the whole time it was a *wig!*' Aunt Grusilla ignored her, pushing the pale mound

of her hair at Pokiss. 'Make it STOP!' We could all hear it. The clock had a very loud tick and didn't say five past one any more. 'Bad luck, Mother,' said Jack. 'Not even you can hold back Time for ever.'

Aunt Grusilla whirled around. 'You! What are *you* doing still alive?' she demanded.

It was at that moment that, in a flash of blue and gold, the parrot came swooping through the doorway, circling the room before landing on a rafter. He cocked his head; his bright yellow eye fixed on Pokiss.

'The parrot feathers!' I realized what he was staring at. The Beak hadn't forgotten his murdered girlfriend - and he'd seen a chance for revenge. 'Pokiss, put down the wig!

But it was too late. The bird was already diving, beak wide open and talons outstretched. '*Pretty Polly!*' he screamed. '*Stuffed! Stufado! Porca, Punschkrapfen, Pasta Puttanesca!*'

Pokiss dropped the wig, and fled.

Lambkin came out from under the kitchen table and pounced, shaking his head and growling as he savaged the mound of hair. As Aunt Grusilla roared at him, lashing out with her foot, there was the clang of a bell and a thunderous knocking on the front doors. Snatching up her hair and ramming it back on her

head, Aunt Grusilla billowed out of the kitchen. We all crowded after her. A large van was parked outside.

NICKETT & FLOGGITT

said the large letters painted on the side.

**IF YOU WANT IT, WE CAN GET IT
CHEAP AT HALF THE PRICE**

The driver wore jeans and a checked shirt and had a pencil tucked behind his ear. He got out of his van and pushed a clipboard towards us. 'Special delivery for Bone, Daundelyon Hall.'

'Yes!' exclaimed Aunt Grusilla. 'My unicorn!'

'Yeah. Whatever,' said the van man. 'Just sign here.'

A splintering sound came from the back of the removal van and the tip of a horn appeared.

Martha clutched my arm. 'A unicorn! A real one!'

'Maybe,' I said. Something about that horn wasn't right...

'Feisty beast,' said the van man. 'It's been crashing about in there all the way up the motorway.' He opened up the back of the van, lowering the ramp then jumping smartly out of the way.

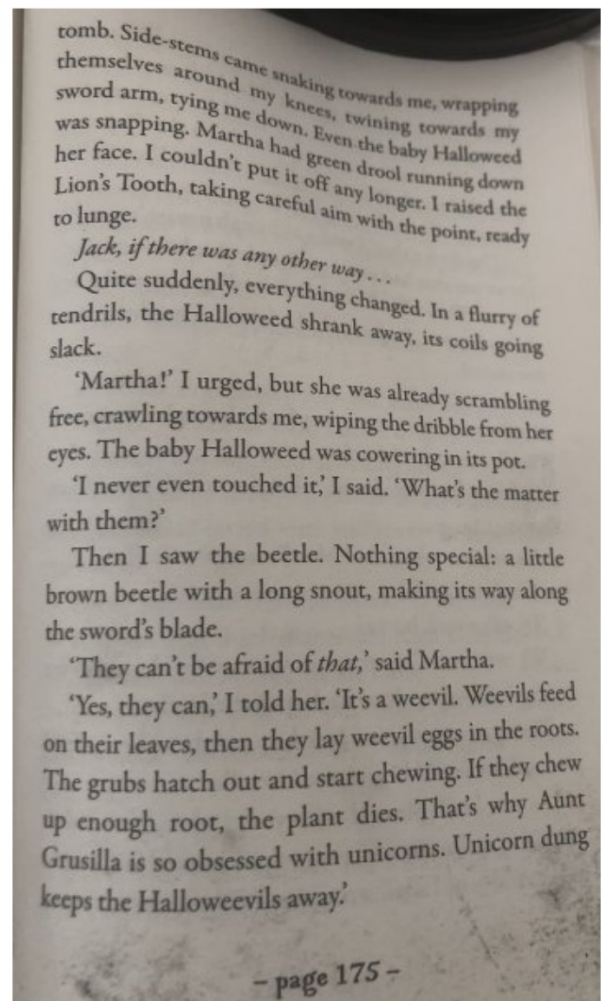
We all held our breath.

Modelled task

Skim and scan page 175 to identify whether the following statements are true or false:

The weevil was purple.

Halloweeds are scared of weevils.



Wednesday 14th July 2021

WALT: Retrieve and record information

Main task - Finish reading the chapter then skim and scan to identify whether the statements are true or false

Page 176 - Martha was noisy on her way back through the tunnel.

Page 178 - The clocks were chiming.

Page 179 - Pokiss had a pizza in the fridge.

Page 180 - Pokiss used to be called Nellie Fishblood.

Page 183 - The parrot had green eyes.

Page 184 - The driver had a special delivery for Daundelyon Hall.

Page 187 - Martha decided to call the rhino 'Butterfly'.

Page 191 - The rhino charged into Aunt Grusilla.

Challenge: Write your own true and false statement about chapter 12.

Nothing happened. The man gave the side of the van a thwack. From the darkness within came a snort and the clank of a chain. The next moment something large, wrinkled and furious came charging down the ramp. We all took a step backwards. The unicorn galumphed as far as it could before reaching the end of its chain. Pulled up short, it stood pawing the ground and swinging its head. It looked about as friendly – or mythical – as an armoured tank.

'That is *not* what I ordered,' said Aunt Grusilla. 'Do I look stupid? I ordered a unicorn. That is a rhinoceros.'

The van man looked at his clipboard. 'Not what it says here. Monoceros Rarissimus. Signature required on receipt.'

'It's sweet,' said Martha. 'Can I stroke it?'

'It's stolen,' I said. 'It's an Indian rhinoceros and it was stolen from a wildlife park. I saw it in the paper when we were on the train, coming here.'

'I wouldn't know anything about that.' The van man seemed in a hurry to be gone. 'I just make the deliveries.'

'There's been a mistake.' Aunt Grusilla glared at the Monoceros Rarissimus. 'Where's Pokiss?'

'There.' Jack pointed.

Midnight burst out of the stable block in a hailstorm of hooves. He reared up at sight of the Monoceros, then took off at a gallop, heading for the drawbridge. Pokiss

was crouched low over his neck, her cobweb hair streaming out from under her bobble hat. Behind her, one to each side, like an escort of small black fighter planes, flew a pair of crows.

'Pokiss, where are you *going*?' Aunt Grusilla was trembling with rage, like milk about to boil. 'You made a promise, remember? I saved your life. That makes you mine. For ever.'

'Nothing really lasts for ever,' said Jack. 'Pokiss did everything you asked of her, for several lifetimes. She deserves a holiday. I don't think she'll be back.'

I didn't think so, either. I'd seen what Pokiss was carrying, clutched under her arm. Her *grimoire* and a flowerpot. I was pretty sure I knew what was growing in that pot. One green finger.

The van man had closed up the back of his van. Before he got back in his cab, he handed the end of the Monoceros's chain to Martha.

'Martha, you've caught a unicorn!' I said. 'You must be a virtuous maiden after all. . .'

'I don't want to be a virtuous maiden,' Martha objected. 'I want to be a witch.'

'Wait!' commanded Aunt Grusilla. 'I will *not* be fobbed off with that ugly beast when I *specifically* ordered a unicorn.'

Jack shrugged. 'Unicorn. Monoceros. It means the

same thing. One horn. Things don't always turn out quite the way you expect. Anyway, it's too late now.'

The key was already in the ignition. The van man waved a hand through the cab window, then he was gone, into the cloud of dust kicked up by Midnight's hooves. He made it through the portcullis just in time. It came crashing down after him, making us all jump and missing the back of the van by centimetres.

The Monoceros was clearly having a bad day. Towing Martha behind her, she was taking out her bad temper on a bush cut into the shape of a peacock. She ripped at it with her horn, then trampled it flat. Finally, just to make sure, she sat on it.

'She's so sweet,' said Martha fondly. 'I shall call her Buttercup. Can't we take this horrid chain off? It's hurting her neck and making her sad.'

'Better keep it on until she's settled down,' advised Jack. Taking the chain from Martha, she looped it around the stone unicorn that guarded one side of the Hall's doors. Pulling it tight, Jack glanced around her, frowning. 'Where's my mother?'

While we were admiring Buttercup, Aunt Grusilla had disappeared.

'The Glass House!' I suddenly had a bad feeling. I met Jack's one eye and knew she had it too.

The Glass House door was open. Inside, Aunt Grusilla was busy with the snippers. Leaf by leaf, stalk by stalk, tendril by tendril, she was hacking one of the Halloweeds into little pieces.

'That's the end of *her!*' she crowed, seeing our shocked faces. 'Hocus pocus, no more Pokiss!' As she brandished the snippers, the Halloweeds on either side of her flinched and trembled. Aunt Grusilla pointed the snapping blades at Jack. 'You shouldn't be here – and very soon you won't be. It's long past your death-time, miss! Pokiss and her sneaky lies – she should have finished you off long ago. Better late than never – and I know where that Halloweed of yours is hiding...'

With a jolt of fear, I saw that the end slab of Sir Lyon and Lady Clotilda's tomb had been pushed to one side. *Pokiss was here to fetch her plant. She must have left it open...*

Snippers in one hand, Aunt Grusilla held up a string of sausages in the other. The Halloweeds dribbled at the sight of them, writhing and snapping. Aunt Grusilla jabbed at them with the snippers and they drew back. Lambkin had crept out from behind a gravestone and was begging, up on his back legs. Aunt Grusilla kicked him away.

'Come out, my little shrinking violet! Come out, come out, wherever you are!' she coaxed, dangling the

sausages in front of the open tomb.
Nothing happened.

'Lovely juicy sausages!' wheedled Aunt Grusilla, stroking their smooth pinkness. 'Just for you...'

Slowly green tendrils came creeping out. They swayed this way and that, tasting the air, then began pulling towards the sausages.

'Come on, little Cabbage,' called Aunt Grusilla. 'Come to Mother...'

Jack's Halloweed burst out into the light, slime-strings of drool hanging from its jaws. Aunt Grusilla stepped backwards, dangling the sausages just out of reach. With her other hand, she took a grip on the snippers.

'No!' I said, as she lifted them. 'Don't!'

Aunt Grusilla was laughing. 'Say goodbye, dearest daughter!'

'Mother, please.' Jack was standing beside me, stiff and pale. 'Give me a little time. A day. An hour...'

'Haven't I given you enough time already?' snapped Aunt Grusilla. 'You owe me three hundred years and a great deal of potting compost! If you want more, give me the boy. He is the Heir and I *shall* have his finger!'

'No,' said Jack.

'Suit yourself,' said Aunt Grusilla, opening the snippers.

'Wait!' I took a step forward. 'You can have my finger. Take it - and leave Jack alone.'

'Dan, no!' Martha tried to pull me back, but I shook her off.

'Dan, you don't have to do this.' Jack's voice was urgent.

I just shook my head and kept on going, towards Aunt Grusilla and her snippers. I could hear my heart, pounding in my ears. One finger. It wasn't that big a price to pay... How many people get the chance to live for ever? The world had changed since Jack ran away from the Hall. Back then, there'd been no electricity; no cars or planes or computers. How different would it be in another three hundred years? Full of robots and space buses and flying houses and probably a load of other things nobody had even thought of yet. Did I want to miss all that?

Right now, I didn't much care. What mattered was stopping Aunt Grusilla: I wasn't going to let her kill Jack.

It was Lambkin's frantic barking that gave the first warning. Then we all felt it. The Glass House walls were vibrating. The ground began to shake. Jack glanced over her shoulder, and let out a shout.

'Dan, Martha! Get out of the way!'

Buttercup had broken her chain. The loose end came trailing after her as she galumphed at top speed towards the Glass House. She just kept on coming, like an asteroid hurtling through space.

We leapt for safety – all except for Aunt Grusilla. Jack's Halloweed had slithered back into Sir Lyon's tomb. Aunt Grusilla was trying to grab it back.

'Come out of there,' she told it furiously. 'You won't escape me, you great creeping cucumber! I shall get the weedkiller; you'll wither away...'

In spite of everything, I thought somebody ought to tell her. 'Aunt Grusilla – watch out!'

Some people never listen.

A group of rhinoceroses is called a *crash*. As Buttercup burst through the Glass House doors, you could see why. Glass tinkled, terracotta pots smashed, stems snapped, hanging baskets swung in wild circles, gravestones toppled. Aunt Grusilla was bending over, her arms inside the tomb, making wild stabs with the snippers. Her wide behind was directly in Buttercup's path...

Rhinoceroses have poor eyesight. Their brakes aren't good either. As Buttercup kept going, head down, her long horn passed straight through Aunt Grusilla's skirts and spiked the mound of her wig. Blinded by folds of flapping nightgown, the rhinoceros

tossed her head upwards, trying to free herself. On she dashed, with the wig impaled on her horn and Aunt Grusilla, bald as an egg and bellowing, riding on her nose. It seemed as if she would charge right through the Glass House and out the other side but, weighed down by a load of aunt, she suddenly ran out of steam. Stopping in her tracks, she rubbed her head against a gravestone, trying to scrape off her unwanted passenger.

Cautiously we came out of our hiding places. Aunt Grusilla had tumbled off Buttercup. Wrenching what was left of her wig off the horn, she stuck it back on her head. She didn't seem to be hurt, just purple with rage.

'She was lucky it was just her wig,' said Martha. 'She could have had a hole stuck through her like a doughnut.'

'I'm not so sure about the luck,' I said. 'Look at her Halloweed.'

While Aunt Grusilla was trying to drag Jack's plant out of the tomb, her own Halloweed had come snaking behind her, following the smell of sausages. Buttercup had trampled right over its stem. Mangled and bruised, oozing sap, it lay twitching on the ground.

We all looked at Aunt Grusilla.

'Nooooooooo!'

Rushing to the side of the dying plant, she dropped to her knees, trying to straighten bent stalks and fluff up wilting leaves.

'No, no, my blossom, my flower, my precious petal! Was it just the morning light coming through the glass roof – the first sunny day in weeks – or was her skin turning a curious shade of pale green?

'We shall make you better,' crooned Aunt Grusilla. 'We shall feed you.' She tried to cram the sausages into its jaws, but the Halloweed was past being greedy and lay quite limp.

Something was definitely happening to Aunt Grusilla . . .

She was losing her shape, blurring at the edges. It was a bit like watching candlewax melt.

'It's not over, my precious blossom,' she crooned.

But you could see that it was. Leaves rustled as Jack's Halloweed came twining out of its tomb to join Lambkin's. Stems swayed, tendrils curled and flexed as they reared up on either side of Aunt Grusilla.

Then they swooped.

It didn't last long. I know that because I closed my eyes; when I opened them again, it was all over. There was nothing to see, except a few wisps of hair.

Nobody spoke.

Except the parrot, fluffing his feathers on the head of a grieving angel.

'*Che cavolo!*' it cackled. '*Buon appetito!* Dish of the day – stuffed cabbage and bully beef!'