



Thursday 15th July 2021

WALT: Retrieve and record information

Lesson 15



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.



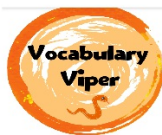
I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



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 13 (pages 195 - 209)**

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

**topiary** - a plant which has been  
..... trimmed into a shape



**pomegranate** - a fruit  
.....



**obstinate** - not easily controlled, overcome or adhered to  
.....



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

It was four days later when the letter came, I was leading the Monoceros Rarissimus over the draw-bridge for her morning walk. Martha sat on her back, wearing Boy's top hat with the parrot perched on top of it.

The rain had cleared after what Martha called Buttercup Day, when Pokiss and Aunt Grusilla had gone their separate ways, and the sun had come out. We spent our time in the woods, or paddling the *Biscuit* around the moat. At night we curled in patchwork hammocks on the *Goose* or camped on deck, under the stars.

As the post van braked, I limped to a halt. My foot

What was Martha wearing?



still hurt. When Jack had seen my Mechanically-Minced toe, she had saddled Death, put me up in front of her and ridden to the nearest hospital. The car park attendant had told us off for parking Death in the hospital car park, even though we'd stuck a ticket on his neck, but when he saw all the blood, he'd changed his mind and gone to get me a wheelchair. The tip of my toe had come right off. The doctor said that if I'd picked it up and got there sooner, they could have stitched it back on for me. I wasn't that bothered. I still had ten fingers; I could spare half a toe.

'What?' said Martha, when she saw the postman staring.

'Master D. Bone? Miss M. Bone? Letter for you.'

I took the envelope he was holding out. The stamps were brightly coloured and foreign. Somebody had crossed out the address with thick black lines, scrawling *Daundelyon Hall, Witches' Cross* in its place, but you could still make out what it said:

*32 Shakespeare Road.*

I knew that handwriting. For a moment, I forgot to breathe.

As the postman reversed down the lane, I slit open the envelope, unfolding the thin sheet of blue paper. There was a row of *xxxxxx* scribbled on the back and a doodled picture of a beetle. My heart was beating so



What does this choice of phrase suggest?

hard, I had to hold on to Buttercup's horn to steady myself.

I read it aloud: 'Dearest Dan and Martha, I hope you're both well and happy, and looking after the Grub. Dad and I have been having rather an exciting time in the rainforest. We set off with another couple, Mr and Mrs Goode, who have been here before and offered to be our guides. We even thought we had found the Greater-Spotted Giant Purple One-Horned Dung Beetle! (It turned out to be the Lesser-Spotted sort, which was disappointing, but then a very rare spider got into our tent and bit your father, so that cheered us up.)

'Everything was going fine until the Goodes turned out to be not very nice people. They tied us to a tree and ran off with everything we had – even Dad's *SpongeBob SquarePants* watch!

I stopped, remembering the last time I'd seen that watch – in the photograph Mr Stilton had shown us, that last day at school. The clasped, severed hands: no bodies, no faces to prove whom they had *really* belonged to . . .

'Go on,' said Martha, impatient.

'There we were, tied up in the middle of nowhere for two whole days! We were a tiny bit worried – we had heard that the local people were cannibals – but the ones who rescued us turned out to be charming. They took us

back to meet the rest of the tribe. They had had a big feast the night before and gave us some of the leftovers. (We couldn't work out exactly what it was. They called it Long Pig, but I thought it tasted more like roast chicken.)

'We never did find out what happened to Mr and Mrs Goode.

'Still no sign of that pesky G-S.G.P.O-H.D.B., I'm afraid, but never mind.'

'The What?' asked Martha.

'Greater-Spotted Giant Purple One-Horned Dung Beetle,' I told her. 'Don't interrupt – this is the important bit.'

'By the time you get this, we'll be on our way home. You three are more important than any beetle and I can't wait to see you all again and give you a hug. Kiss the Grub from me, and say hello to Caramel. Lots of love, Mum  
xxx

'P.S. Dad has drawn you some pictures of the G-S.G.P.O-H.D.B.'

'Gorgonzola Guacamole Gugelhupf!' said Martha. (She'd been taking lessons from the parrot.) She gave a little bounce. 'Dan, it was my *spell*. It worked – I brought them back!'

'Mmm,' I said, looking back at the letter. 'Or the whole thing was just a mistake . . .'

Martha ignored that. 'We have to go,' she said. If they

get home and we're not there, they won't know where we are. They'll fuss.' She paused. 'Can you take a rhinoceros on a train?'

'Buttercup doesn't belong to us,' I reminded her. 'She belongs at the wildlife park. She probably wants to go home as much as you do.'

'I do want to,' agreed Martha, with a sigh. 'Only... I may never get to ride a rhinoceros again.'

'And there's Jack,' I said. 'We'd better go and tell her.' I knew how Martha felt. I'd longed to go home, and see Mum and Dad again, more than anything else in the world. Now it was going to happen – and all I could think of was what we had to leave behind. 'She'll be on the *Goose*. Come on.'

We found Jack polishing the ship's wheel. Lambkin-Wolfsnarl was with her, curled up asleep on a scrap of old sailcloth, twitching as he dreamed.

'I miss the old days,' she admitted, stroking beeswax into the wooden spokes. 'All that sky and sea, and nothing in between. Sometimes I think: just one last voyage... But the *Goose* is too old to fly any more.'

She read our letter, then folded it up and handed it back. 'You'll be leaving, then.'

'Come with us,' I said. 'Please. Come and live with us. Mum and Dad won't mind.'



What does this choice of vocabulary suggest?

'You can bring the Beak and Barnacle and Lambkin-Wolfsnarl,' added Martha. 'You belong with us. We're your family.'

Jack had gone back to polishing her spokes. 'We should have a party,' she said without looking up. 'A Parting Party.'

'It's the fifth of November tomorrow,' I said. 'That means...'

Martha clapped her hands. 'It's Bonfire Night!'

The next day, Caramel brushed the hay off her bike and roared across the drawbridge, with Jack riding pillion behind her. They came back with bursting saddlebags and a cloud of smiley-faced helium balloons tied to the number plate.

'Schnitzel!' said the parrot, very much alarmed, and spent the rest of the afternoon up a tree.

'In some parts of the world,' said Jack, 'they invite the dead to parties. They wake them up and dance with them. I like that.' She looked thoughtfully towards the Glass House where Boy had the peace and quiet he'd wanted at last. Aunt Grusilla, who didn't take up much space any more, was sharing a grave with Uncle Dandelion.

'I get cross when people wake me up,' objected Martha. 'Do we really want a load of cross dead people



How do you think Martha is feeling?

What choices of vocabulary tell you this?



hanging about?'

'We'll let them lie,' said Jack, rather to my relief. I had already got closer to Sir Lyon and Lady Clotilda than I'd have chosen to. 'They can come if they feel like it.'

I don't know if any ghosts came floating out of the Glass House that night. If they did, I hope they enjoyed themselves. Jack had spent the afternoon chopping up coffins. By the time the sun went down, we had heaped the wood into one huge pile in the centre of the courtyard. Once it was lit, the flames flickered and danced, leaping upwards to the inky sky. Fairy lights glittered in Boy's topiary bushes, over the arch of the gatehouse and along the edges of the drawbridge. The lion and the unicorn guarding the front doors wore garlands of dandelion flowers around their necks, and Martha had given all the suits of armour a party hat and a balloon.

Caramel had draped a cloth over Buttercup's broad back and turned her into a walking table. She wandered about as she pleased and everyone helped themselves to sandwiches and handfuls of crisps as she passed, while jugs of lemonade and purple fruit punch cooled in an ice-filled coffin.

As I reached out for a chicken leg, the rhinoceros tossed her head, her horn sparkling.

- page 201 -



What figurative language choice has the author made to describe the fire in the courtyard?

What does this choice of language show us?

## Modelled task

Skim and scan page 196 to identify whether the following statements are true or false:

The stamps were blue.

The postman reversed out of the lane.

still hurt. When Jack had seen my Mechanically-Minced toe, she had saddled Death, put me up in front of her and ridden to the nearest hospital. The car park attendant had told us off for parking Death in the hospital car park, even though we'd stuck a ticket on his neck, but when he saw all the blood, he'd changed his mind and gone to get me a wheelchair. The tip of my toe had come right off. The doctor said that if I'd picked it up and got there sooner, they could have stitched it back on for me. I wasn't that bothered. I still had ten fingers; I could spare half a toe.

'What?' said Martha, when she saw the postman staring.

'Master D. Bone? Miss M. Bone? Letter for you.'

I took the envelope he was holding out. The stamps were brightly coloured and foreign. Somebody had crossed out the address with thick black lines, scrawling *Daundelyon Hall, Witches' Cross* in its place, but you could still make out what it said:

*32 Shakespeare Road.*

I knew that handwriting. For a moment, I forgot to breathe.

As the postman reversed down the lane, I slit open the envelope, unfolding the thin sheet of blue paper. There was a row of *xxxxxx* scribbled on the back and a doodled picture of a beetle. My heart was beating so

Thursday 15th 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, provide an explanation for the ones which you think are false using evidence from the text.

Page 198 - Martha had been taking lessons from the parrot.

Page 199 - Jack was polishing his shoes.

Page 199 - Wolfsnarl was snoring as he dreamed.

Page 200 - Martha brushed the hay off her bike.

Page 201 - Jack chopped up coffins.

Page 202 - Martha was toasting marshmallows.

**Challenge:**

Look at the letter to Dan and Martha from their parents. How do you think Dan and Martha would respond back? How would their responses be similar or different to each other and why?

I looked at Martha, who was toasting a marshmallow. 'Is Buttercup wearing Aunt Grusilla's diamonds?'

Martha giggled. 'She looks so much prettier in them than Aunt Gruesome did, don't you think?'

Lambkin-Wolfsnarl was in a pearl tiara; Martha had tried slipping an emerald bracelet over the parrot's head but he had yanked it off, with a fierce foot, and flung it on the floor.

'*Nacho Princessatarta!*' he had screeched at Martha, flapping his wings at her. '*Polpettine! Albondigas! Frikadeller! Gebaktsballen!*'

'What's he saying?' demanded Martha, backing away.

'Meatballs,' translated Jack, apologetically. 'Ignore him, Martha. He has shocking manners.'

We bobbed for apples, and ate doughnuts with no hands and played Pin-the-Wart-on-the-Witch.

'How far do you think Pokiss got,' wondered Martha, 'before Aunt Gruesome chopped her down?'

Midnight had come trotting home, wet, cold and riderless, when the grisly events in the Glass House were all over – we had to wind up the portcullis on creaking, rusty chains to let him in. Everyone thought Pokiss was gone for good: nothing left but a scattering of bones by the roadside somewhere.

I knew better.

'She's not dead,' I said. 'Some people keep spare house keys, or spare spectacles. Pokiss kept a spare Halloweed. She had two fingers missing, didn't you see?'

Martha frowned. 'Why would she want to cut off another one?'

'She knew what might happen if my mother lost her temper,' guessed Jack. 'Or maybe it was because of the weevils...'

We had got rid of the Hallowe evils. Caramel had ridden her bike to the nearest garden centre and come back with a spray can of Weevil-Off Special Formula and a bottle of something called BOOM-GRO.

'My Uncle Ferdy grows prize marrows,' she explained. 'He feeds them on this stuff and they grow twice as big as anybody else's. You don't need actual blood and bones.'

'I'm glad Pokiss is still alive,' decided Jack. 'She deserves a second chance.'

I agreed, but I couldn't help wondering who it was out there, with her crows and her plant pot and her grimoire. If it was Eliza, then I wished her luck. If it was Pokiss... I shivered.

Fireworks took our minds off lost witches, good or bad. The darkness exploded into clouds of sparkles and

spangles, spitting and glittering, as Jack set them off on the drawbridge. (The animals, including Buttercup, were all safely shut up in the Hall, in case the bangs and flashes upset them. A startled rhinoceros is never the best sort.)

As stars showered down over Daundelyon Hall, the smell of gunpowder hung in the air.

'It takes me back,' said Jack, breathing it in. 'Cannonballs and battles at sea.' She tipped her head back, watching a flash of light spiral, screaming, up into the night sky. 'What do you suppose is up there? Heaven? Aliens? Or just lots of nothing?'

Nobody answered, because nobody knew.

'I wouldn't mind finding out,' said Jack. 'One last adventure...'

'I don't want it to end,' said Martha, when the last sparkler had fizzled out. 'I want it to go on and on and on being this evening.'

'There's been enough holding back Time,' said Jack.

'Your future's waiting for you, Martha.'

'But I don't know what's in it,' complained Martha.

'Why can't the future be like television, when they say *Coming up next...* and show you all the best bits before they happen?'

'Supposing they showed you something horrible?' I argued. 'You'd wouldn't know when it was coming;

you'd be waiting and waiting...'

Martha shook her head, obstinate. 'I'd still want to know.'

'I met a fortune-teller once,' said Jack. 'Her name was Crystal Lil. It was after I lost my eye.'

'Did you lose it in a fight?' Martha wanted to know.

'No,' said Jack. 'It was one starry night on the Spanish Main. A pirate named Dead-Eye Dick balanced a pomegranate on my head and bet me his wooden leg that he could split it with an arrow, blindfold, at twenty paces. He lost the bet and I lost my eye, although I did gain a leg. It came in very useful for games of French cricket on deck when we were becalmed. The point is, Crystal Lil said it was a shame for a handsome lad with a fine moustache to be missing an eye - she was a little short-sighted - so she gave me this.'

I saw her hand go up to her eyepatch, then she was holding out her hand. On her palm rolled something like a large marble, the moon shining in its mirrored surface.

I'd just taken a sip of lemonade. Now it went the wrong way, fizzing up my nose, making me sneeze.

'Not terribly good manners to snort lemonade all over people's eyes,' said Jack, wiping it on her sleeve.

Martha stared at it, fascinated. 'You can't actually see

with it, though. Can you?' 'That depends,' said Jack. 'If you're brave enough, take a look. Catch!'

We all jumped, but it was Martha who caught it and held it in her cupped hands.

'What do you see?' asked Jack.

'Nothing,' Martha sounded disappointed. 'Just me. My reflection.'

'That's where it all begins – with the person you are,' said Jack. 'The future doesn't just *happen*. You have to make it. Look harder.'

'I'm looking so hard it *hurts*,' complained Martha. 'All I can see is— Oh!'

'What?' Caramel and I crowded around her. 'What is it?'

'Mum!' Martha gave a little bounce and almost dropped the eyeball. 'And Dad!'

'Let me see!' I reached out, but she held the eye away from me. 'Wait. I can see Caramel. Who's that man?' Martha frowned. 'It's that man on the train – the hairy ginger person with the tarantula tattoo.'

'Oh!' Caramel had gone pink-ish. 'His name was Keith. I may have given him my phone number,' she admitted.

'You don't even *know* him!' said Martha, shocked. She gave the eye a shake. 'He won't go away!' she

complained. 'You're standing next to him, Caramel, wearing a *veil* and carrying a load of old flowers. And there's Mum again, in a silly hat – and why am I wearing a *dress*? I hate dresses . . . oh, *meatballs!*' She gave Caramel a stern look. 'I'm your *bridesmaid!*'

Caramel gave a sort of whimpery squeak. 'My legs have gone wobbly,' she muttered and sat down, hard, on the stairs.

'The future can be difficult to swallow – too much, too fast,' warned Jack. She held out her hand, but Martha passed the eye to me instead. 'What do *you* see, Dan?'

The eye was smooth and cold against my skin. I wasn't expecting to see anything except my own reflection, but then the ball's surface shivered like rippling water.

'Can you see them? Mum and Dad?' Martha was jostling me, trying to see too. I shook her off, lifting the ball out of her reach, not taking my eyes off it, not even daring to blink, in case what I'd seen disappeared.

There they were: small and far off, but Mum and Dad just as I remembered them. Although . . . as I watched, something was happening. Dad's hair was *slipping* backwards off his head; Mum was greyer now, with lines on her face. They seemed to shrink and hunch up – since when had Mum had all those

wrinkles, and why was Dad walking with a stick? Their faces shimmered and broke up; now it was Martha, but the wrong Martha – older than me, with lipstick on, then with silver hair and spectacles. And who was that tall, serious person – surely that couldn't be the *Grub*?

And what about me? Where was I? I turned the ball this way and that, searching. *There*. Staring back at me: ordinary me, the same as always.

My heart gave a sudden kick; I caught my breath.

I'd seen what was behind my reflection. Twining around my shoulders, nuzzling my ear, the sap bubbling from its fleshy cabbage jaws . . .

A Halloweed.

I spun round.

'Dan? What's the matter?' Martha was staring at me. 'You've gone all weird-looking.'

My hand was shaking. The eye fell from my hand and skittered across the floor. Lambkin-Wolfsnarl chased after it but Jack stopped it with the toe of her boot and picked it up, dropping it in her pocket.

'I saw a Halloweed . . . right here, behind me . . .'

'Stupid,' said Martha kindly. 'They're tucked up in the Glass House. You know they are.'

'The future's all right in its place,' said Jack, giving me a sideways look out of her one good eye. 'When it comes too close – that's when it gets scary.'

I knew what she meant: watching Mum and Dad and Martha and the Grub grow old had scared me more than a Halloweed ever could. But the plant I'd seen hadn't wanted to hurt me, I was sure of it. But *why not*? It was almost as if we belonged together, it and I.

I glanced down at my fingers: ten of them, all where they should be. So, apart from the usual things, like asteroids and super-volcanoes and the sun turning into a red dwarf and nostril hair and going bald, there was nothing to worry about. *Was there?*

'Have you looked in it, Jack?' asked Martha. 'It's *your* eye. What did you see?'

Jack shrugged. 'There's such a thing as having too much Future. It's all a bit of a blur. I saw you two in it once. A long time ago – I don't suppose your grandparents were even born.'

We stared at her. 'Did you know who we were?' I asked.

Jack hunched up a shoulder. 'When I was little – before the Halloweeds – I used to dream about what it would be like to have a brother or a sister. I reckoned that was all you were: imaginary. *Hey!*' She pulled away from Martha's pinch. 'What was that for?'

'Just proving it,' said Martha. 'I am *not* imaginary.'