



Friday 16th July 2021

WALT: Summarise a text

Lesson 16



What does it mean to summarise?

WALT: Summarise a text *so we can demonstrate our understanding of what we have read and communicate our thoughts, feelings and ideas.*

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.



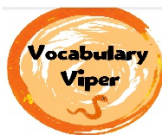
I am learning to read because it gives me the power to develop myself as an individual and as a part of society.



When I am reading, I am igniting my imagination.



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



Today we are going to finish reading our text.

We will then **summarise** our learning and demonstrate our understanding of what we have read by completing a book review.

Reading - Chapter 14 (pages 210 - 217)

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

twined - twisted together

writhing - to squirm (usually in pain)



terracotta - something made from hard clay, red-brownish in colour



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

For the first time since Buttercup Day, we slept at the Hall that night.

I dreamed. In my dream, I woke up to find Pokiss standing over me, staring down at me with strange, silvery eyes. I couldn't move, or scream, the way you can't in dreams. All I could do was lie there.

Lion-toothed, sharp of claw,

Bones rule, ever more.

Here lives and breathes a true-born Bone,

Or these walls crumble, stone by stone.

As her lips moved, the words echoed around my head. When I woke up properly, I was twitchy and sweating.

I slept with the lamp on, after that.

When I woke again, I could tell by the light that it was very early morning.

We're going home today, I thought. I stood by the window, looking out over the moat as the milky sky turned morning-fresh blue. The sound of creaking wheels made me glance down into the courtyard. Jack was down there, with Lambkin-Wolfsnarl at her heels. She was pushing a wheelbarrow full of . . .

I leant further out of the window, staring.

Halloweeds.

Tugging on jeans and a T-shirt, I ran downstairs. Buttercup was asleep at the foot of the stairs. Jumping over her, I nearly landed in a large pile of rhinoceros dung. Swerving away from it, I noticed the beetle.

It was large-ish, purple-ish and spotty-ish and it was very busy rolling a little lump of rhinoceros poo into a ball. A dung beetle. And not just any old dung beetle. A Greater-Spotted Giant Purple One-Horned Dung Beetle! I'd seen the pictures - I was sure of it. Mum and Dad had gone all the way to the rainforest, when all they actually needed to do was drive down the motorway to the wildlife park . . .

I caught up with Jack down by the river. The Halloweeds were writhing and snapping at flies as she loaded them on to the *Biscuit*.

'What are you doing?' I asked.

Jack hunched one shoulder. Her hat was tipped low over her nose. 'Goodbyes are better said before breakfast. Or not at all.'

'But our train doesn't go until after lunch,' I reminded her. 'We're not leaving for ages yet.'

'No,' said Jack, 'but I am.'

'Where are you going?'

'Who knows?' said Jack. 'Until I get there. One last adventure.'

'You said we could have adventures together,' I reminded her.

'You have Martha to look after,' said Jack. 'And the Grub.'

'They'll be all right,' I said. 'They won't need me once Mum and Dad are home.'

Jack shook her head. 'They do need you,' she said. 'And you need them. You should be with the people you love while you can. A lifetime is never as long as you think.'

'Why do you want to take *them*?' I looked at the *Halloweeds*. They seemed to be enjoying their outing from the *Glass House*. Trailing its tendrils in the water, Jack's dived suddenly, coming up with a fish in its jaws. 'I can look after them for you,' I offered – although keeping flesh-eating Cabbages at 32 Shakespeare Road

was likely to have its awkward moments. 'I won't let anything happen to them.'

'Something has to happen to them, in the end,' said Jack. 'Nothing lasts for ever. That's not how it works.'

A package on the floor of the *Biscuit* had caught my eye. Between the folds of a length of sailcloth, I caught the glint of metal. I leant over and pulled the cloth away. The *Dent de Lyon*.

'You don't mind, do you?' asked Jack. 'You won't need it.' She pushed back her hat and smiled. 'You're strong enough and sharp enough without it. On the inside, where it counts.'

I looked at the *Halloweeds*' fleshy stems. That blade would slice through them like butter. And then what? I thought of Boy and Uncle Dandelion, and of what had happened to Aunt Grusilla. A bad feeling was uncurling inside me. 'Jack, what are you going to do?'

'Nothing,' said Jack. 'Yet. One day, when the Time is right. I just want to know that it's up to me – that I have the choice. That's what I came back for.'

'Don't go,' I begged. 'Come with us. You belong with us.'

But Jack shook her head. 'I belong to the past,' she said. 'Not the future. It's better to keep things in order. Look after the Beak for me, won't you? The Barnacle is in the stables – he'll want to stay with the horses.' The

little white donkey had made firm friends with Death. I nodded. 'The girl from the farm is coming for them after breakfast. And the people from the wildlife park are coming for Buttercup. Everybody's going,' I complained. 'What will happen to the Hall? It will be empty. No *true-born Bone*. No anybody.'

I thought I knew the answer. Daundelyon Hall would crumble away, left to the weevils and the woodworm and the Deathwatch beetle. The Glass House would splinter and fall while a thousand years of Bones slept, unbothered, underneath . . .

'Life's like the river,' said Jack. 'It can't stay still, has to keep moving. This is for you, Dan. Something to remember me by.'

I thought for a moment that she had passed me a dead mouse, then I realized it was her moustache.

'I knew there was something different about you.' I stared at her, then down at the soft thing in my hand. 'Your moustache! It suits you. Not having one, I mean.'

Jack shrugged. 'I don't need it any more. Keep it; it may come in useful one day. And there's this. Here, take it.'

A little *Flying Goose*: the one I had seen in her cabin, carved out of wood.

'It's a different flag,' I said. Below the smiling skull was not just one bone, but three.

Jack nodded. 'You, Martha and the Grub. Say goodbye to them all for me, Dan.'

Jack climbed on board, whistling to Lambkin-Wolfsnarl who jumped in after her, tail waving. As she picked up the paddle, I felt a sudden urge to rush forward and jump in too. *I'm coming with you. Wait for me . . .* I felt the words rise up in my throat but then I thought of Martha, waking up and finding me gone, and I knew I couldn't do it . . .

Casting off from the bank, Jack raised her hand in a final, four-fingered salute. As the current caught it, the *Biscuit* bobbed merrily down-river, growing smaller and smaller. All I could see of Jack now was her hat, tipped over her nose, as the Halloweeds twined around her. Then the river curved around the edge of the Deepness and there was nothing left to see at all.

The train wasn't crowded; we had a table all to ourselves. The parrot, shut up in a cat basket, was muttering darkly to himself about *devilled kidneys* and *death by chocolate*. Martha's dinosaurs were packed in her suitcase. Instead, she had a second basket on her lap. Green eyes gleamed through the wickerwork: it was the grey cat.

'Isn't it funny?' said Martha, as we pulled out of Witches' Cross station. 'When we arrived, everything

was All Wrong. Now it's All Right. Except for Jack leaving, of course. We can all start living happily ever after.'

'Ever after is a long time,' I said.

The thought of *ever after* had been niggling at me since I'd drawn my curtains that morning and seen what was on my window sill: a small terracotta pot, filled with soil. In the middle of it, something green, just beginning to sprout: a slender shoot poking up out of something that looked like a shrivelled green bean.

It wasn't a bean.

It was the tip of my toe.

It hadn't been a dream, after all. Pokiss – or Eliza – had been at Daundelyon Hall last night; I had my very own Halloweed. How many days was it since I'd grown any older? Did I feel any different? I wasn't sure. And what was I going to do about it? I had time to make up my mind. Mum was always complaining I grew out of my clothes too fast. She'd be pleased that I'd slowed down; it would take her a while to notice that I'd stopped altogether. If it was Pokiss who took my toe, I reckoned it was Eliza Fishblood, the girl from long ago, who gave it back. Eliza, who knew what Jack knew: it's having the choice that matters.

Gazing out of the window as trees and hedges and fields full of cows flashed past, I considered my options.

The tiny cabbage-thing in my backpack was delicate, only just alive.

I could care for it, give it what it needed, keep it safe from weevils – and stay eleven for ever.

Or I could ignore it, stamp on it, feed it weedkiller, let it die – and grow up.

The future was up to me. All I had to do was choose.


How could we summarise the key events?

Author:
Veronica Cossanteli

Illustrator:
Mark Beech

<p>A book review by: _____</p> <p>Book title: _____</p> <p>What is the book about?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>Who are the main characters?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>Where is the story set?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p>	<p>What did you like about this book?</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>_____</p> <p>Rating: ☆☆☆☆☆</p> <p>Draw your favourite part of the story.</p> <div style="border: 1px solid black; height: 80px; width: 100%;"></div>
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Book Review



Book Title _____

Author _____

Illustrator _____

Genre (tick as many as apply to your book)

<input type="checkbox"/> fiction	<input type="checkbox"/> scary	<input type="checkbox"/> animal story
<input type="checkbox"/> non-fiction	<input type="checkbox"/> fairy tale	<input type="checkbox"/> biography
<input type="checkbox"/> fantasy	<input type="checkbox"/> adventure	<input type="checkbox"/> historical
<input type="checkbox"/> humour	<input type="checkbox"/> sports	<input type="checkbox"/> mystery
<input type="checkbox"/> other		

Plot

Event 1 _____

Event 2 _____

Event 3 _____

Setting

Picture of the setting

Character

Name _____

Personality _____

Physical Appearance _____

How I feel about this character and why: _____

Cause and Effect of one of the events in the book

Cause	➔	Effect
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My Star Rating

☆☆☆☆☆☆

Why I rated the book _____ stars

This book made me feel _____ because _____

draw how you felt!