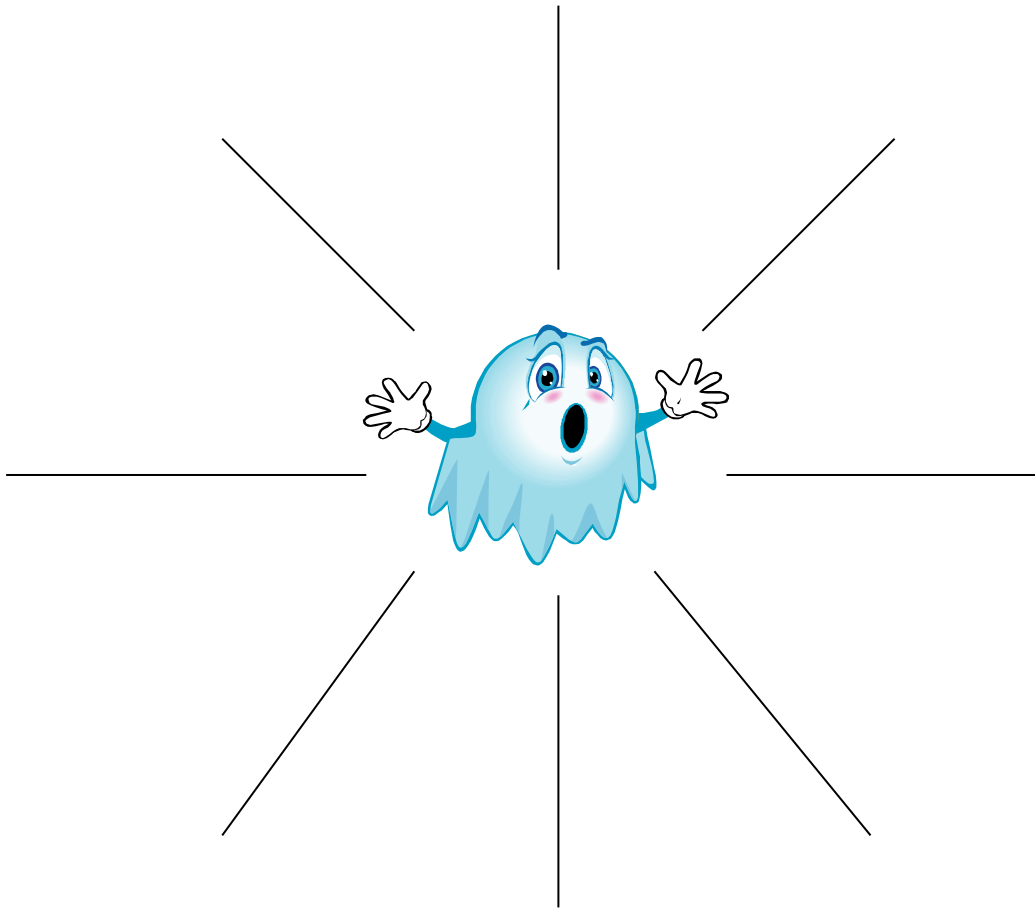


Gothic Writing

How many adjectives or descriptive phrases can you think of to describe a ghost?



Now write a description of a ghastly ghost, straight out of a Gothic Horror story...

Gothic Horror depends on a frightening atmosphere. That's the feelings and emotions created by the words used.

Create a word bank that you think could be used to build up a spooky atmosphere.

Haunted	Frozen	Lonely
Gloomy		

What kind of place could these words be describing? Make a list of scary places you could describe.

Supernatural Settings

A setting is the location for a story. Gothic Horror uses a lot of unusual and frightening settings. Choose one from the list you made on the previous page.

What can your five senses detect in this setting?

Sight:

Smell:

Hearing:

Touch:

Taste:

We've studied how to write similes in lessons. Write five new similes to describe different features of your setting.

For example:

The castle door opened with a noise like a screeching ghost.

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

Write a full and detailed description of your haunted location. Once it's done, read through the checklist and make any corrections that you need to!

Checklist

- Paragraphs
- Capital letters for names and sentence starts
- Full stops, exclamation marks etc.
- Powerful adjectives
- Interesting similes and/or metaphors

Poetry from other cultures

Research a national culture of your choice.

Make notes under the headings to help you.

Activities/rituals of the culture:

Items the culture uses or produces:

Beliefs and values of people in that culture:

Island Man
by Grace Nichols

Morning
And the Island man wakes up
To the sound of blue surf
In his head
The steady breaking and wombing

Wild seabirds
And fisherman pulling out to sea
The sun surfacing defiantly

From the east
Of his small emerald island
He always comes back groggily groggily

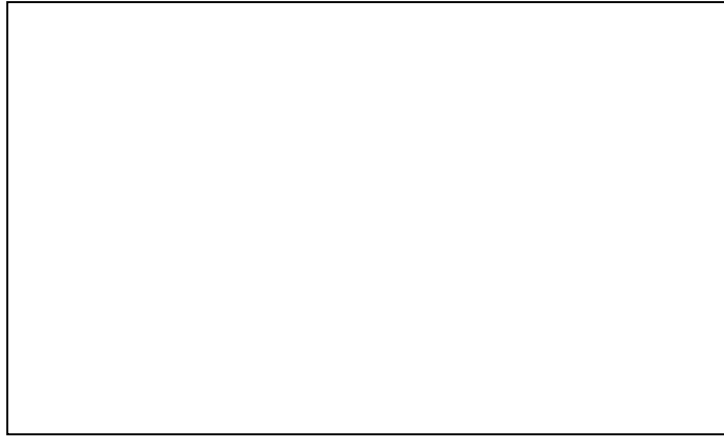
Comes back to sands
Of a grey metallic soar
To surge of wheels
To dull North Circular roar

Muffling muffling
His crumpled pillow waves
Island man heaves himself

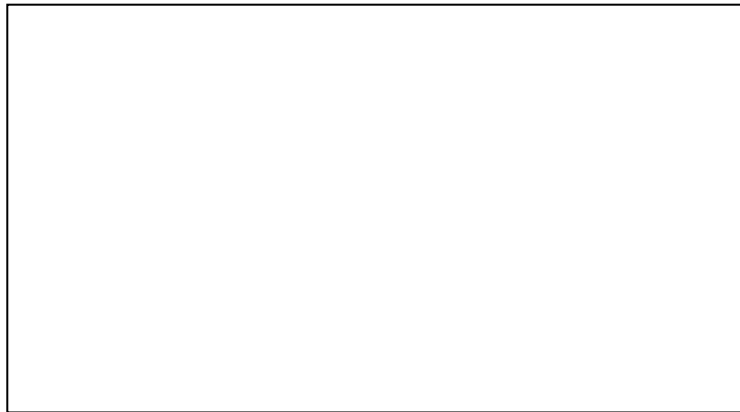
Nothing's Changed - Tatamkhulu Afrika

Next to each stanza identify a language technique and comment on what it suggests about the place that the speaker is in.

Small round hard stones click
under my heels,
seeding grasses thrust
bearded seeds
into trouser cuffs, cans,
trodden on, crunch
in tall, purple-flowering,
amiable weeds.



District Six.
No board says it is:
but my feet know,
and my hands,
and the skin about my bones,
and the soft labouring of my lungs,
and the hot, white, inwards turning
anger of my eyes.



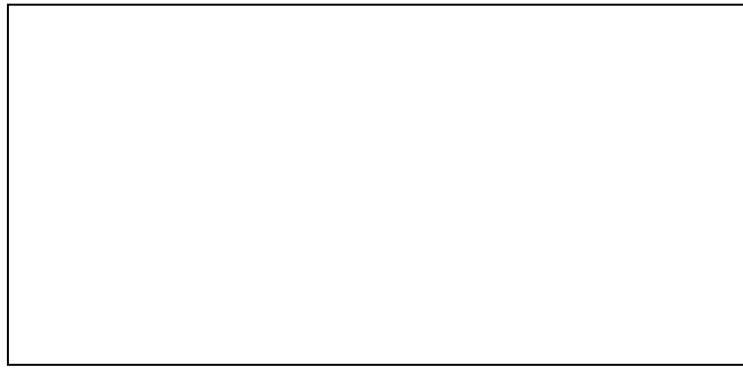
Brash with glass,
name flaring like a flag,
it squats
in the grass and weeds,
incipient Port Jackson trees:
new, up-market, haute cuisine,
guard at the gatepost,
whites only inn.



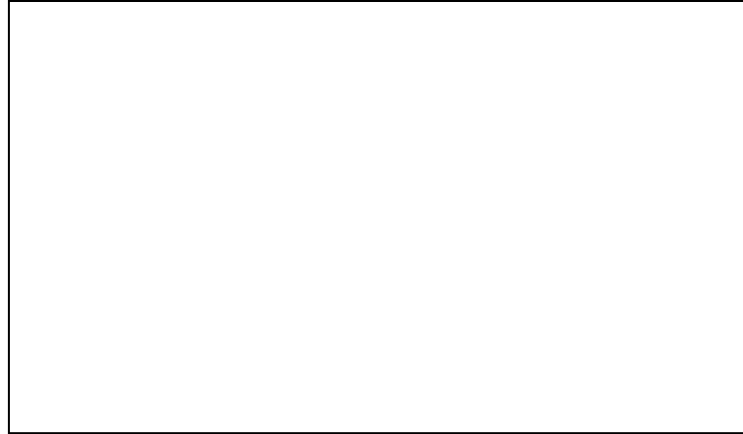
No sign says it is:
but we know where we belong.



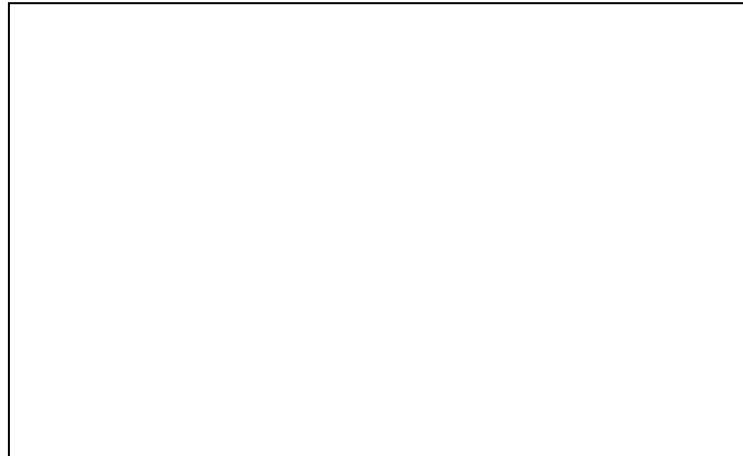
I press my nose
to the clear panes, know,
before I see them, there will be
crushed ice white glass,
linen falls,
the single rose.



Down the road,
working man's cafe sells
bunny chows.
Take it with you, eat
it at a plastic table's top,
wipe your fingers on your jeans,
spit a little on the floor:
it's in the bone.



I back from the glass,
boy again,
leaving small mean O
of small mean mouth.
Hands burn
for a stone, a bomb,
to shiver down the glass.
Nothing's changed.



Persuasive Writing

Listed below are the persuasive features you have looked at in class:

- A Alliteration**
- F Facts**
- O Opinions**
- R Rhetorical Questions**
- R Repetition**
- E Emotive Language**
- S Second person**
- T list of Three**

Underline 5 persuasive features you can find in this extract. Label them around the side:

Homeless and Hungry at Christmas

When the snow is falling outside and Christmas is coming, doesn't everybody feel festive? Not everybody. There are hundreds of homeless people in Rotherham spending Christmas on the streets this year. Desperate, lonely, hungry: the homeless have nowhere to go.

Can you imagine what it would be like to be homeless this Christmas? As you look around at your family inside, warm and happy, spare a thought for those less fortunate than you. Those who are outside, cold and hungry.

Feed a mouth this Christmas. Donate to South Yorkshire's 'Homeless and Hungry at Christmas' fund. Please donate generously.

www.homelessandhungryatchristmas.co.uk

Use the **AFORREST** techniques to write a persuasive leaflet to convince people to give their money to an animal charity.

Refer to the example below for ideas.

Garden centres should sell plants, not pets!

Garden centres are major retailers of pets. Selling in a garden centre environment encourages impulsive purchases. If you have a pet-selling garden centre in your area, please urge the management to stop selling live animals. Their pet departments need not shut down; they can still sell food and accessories. Rather than contributing to the problem of animals being bred, bought and abandoned, garden centres should encourage people to adopt a companion animal from a local rescue centre.



Pets...



We call ourselves a nation of animal lovers... but are we?

Animal Aid exposes and campaigns peacefully against all animal abuse, and promotes a cruelty-free lifestyle

Please make cheques payable to Animal Aid and post to: The Old Chapel, Bradford Street, Totteridge, Kent TN9 1AR

You can also donate online at www.animalaid.org.uk or by phone on 01732 364546

Please Support Animal Aid

I enclose a donation of £

Please send me a FREE information pack about Animal Aid's work.

name:

address:

postcode:

email:

tel: age (if 18 or over):

Please tick this box if you would only like to receive information from charitable organisations.

Each year, millions of 'exotic' animals are stolen from the wild, whilst rabbits, guinea pigs, cats, dogs, rats, fish and hamsters are mass-produced to supply the pet trade. They are sold in pet shops, garden centres, on the internet and through newspaper adverts.

www.animalaid.org.uk



BENEFITS OF SPAYING/NEUTERING

BENEFITS TO CATS

- Longer, healthier lives.
- Decreased risk of reproductive system health problems.
- Prevention of uterine or ovarian cancer and decreased risk of breast cancer.
- Prevention of testicular cancer and decreased incidence of prostate disease.

BENEFITS TO YOU

- Cats are friendlier after being altered.
- Neutered males are much less likely to mark territory.
- Spaying eliminates your female cat's heat cycle, characterized by incessant yowling, nervousness, and attraction of unwanted males.
- Reduced incidence of behavior problems.
- Decreased likelihood of biting.

BENEFITS TO THE COMMUNITY

- TNR reduced fighting, smell, and noise in stray cats.
- Saves millions of dollars that communities spend on managing homeless pets.
- Decreases the burden on animal shelters inundated by homeless pets.
- Homeless cats and dogs are less likely to land in situations where cruelty could occur.
- Eventually, communities can become "no-kill" when pet homelessness is no longer an issue.

ST. LOUIS AREA RESCUE RESOURCES

LOCAL TNR RESOURCES
 St. Louis Feral Cat Outreach – 314-669-5228
 St. Louis Veterinary Center – 314-773-6400

LOW COST SPAY/NEUTER
 Carol House Quick Fix Clinic – 314-771-PETS
 BARC – 314-771-PETS
 Operation Spot – 314-995-8678
 Pound Pals Nooterville – 314-776-SPAY
 SNP Alliance (IL) – 618-488-2656
 Hartz Second Chance (IL) – once monthly \$20 feline spay/neuter – 618-975-4434

LOW COST VETERINARY CARE
 Carol House Quick Fix Clinic – 314-771-PETS
 Humane Society of Missouri – 314-802-5700
 Red Rover (grant program) – 916-429-2457

ST. LOUIS AREA SHELTERS & RESCUES
 Please find area organizations at www.tenthlifecats.org/resources or call 314-808-2454"


ATHLETES FOR ANIMALS

This brochure has been made possible through a generous grant from Athletes for Animals (athletesforanimals.org), "a united team of professional athletes with a shared passion for rescuing and protecting the welfare of homeless pets nationwide."




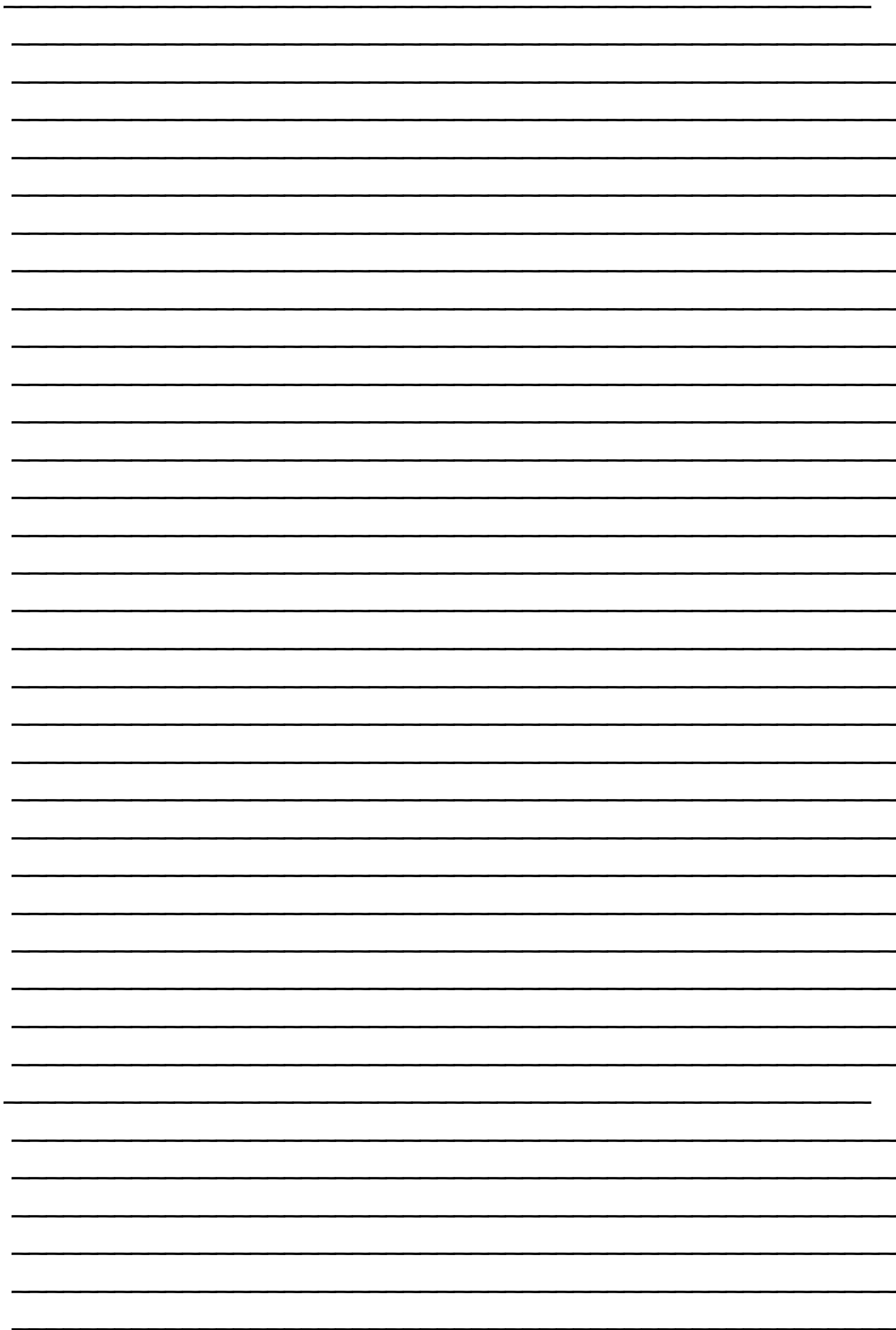
ATHLETES FOR ANIMALS

CARING FOR COMMUNITY CATS



Together, we can help homeless cats have the chance at healthy lives that they deserve.





Non Fiction Writing

Exploration & Adventure

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from *On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers*, Kate Marsden, (19th Century text- 1891)

*Kate Marsden was a British missionary and explorer who in 1891 set out on an expedition to Siberia to try to find a cure for leprosy. The following extract is taken from her account of this expedition, **On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers**, first published in 1893. Here, she describes her journey through a mosquito infested marsh and forest.*

More bogs and marshes for several miles; and then I grew so sleepy and sick that I begged to rest, notwithstanding our position on semi-marshy ground, which had not as yet dried from the heat of the summer sun. I was asleep in five minutes, lying on the damp ground with only a fan to shelter me from the sun.

On again for a few more miles; but I began to feel the effects of this sort of travelling – in 5 a word, I felt utterly worn out. It was as much as I could do to hold on to the horse, and I nearly tumbled off several times in the effort. The cramp in my body and lower limbs was indescribable, and I had to discard the cushion under me, because it became soaked through and through with the rain, and rode on the broad, bare, wooden saddle. What feelings of relief rose when the time or rest came, and the pitching of tents, and the 10 brewing of tea! Often I slept quite soundly till morning, awaking to find that the mosquitoes had been hard at work in my slumbers¹, in spite of veil and gloves, leaving great itching lumps, that turned me sick. Once we saw two calves that had died from exhaustion from the bites of these pests, and the white hair of our poor horses was generally covered with clots of blood, due to partly mosquitoes and partly to prodigious² 15 horse-flies. But those lepers³ – they suffered far more than I suffered, and that was the one though, added to the strength that God supply, that kept me from collapsing entirely.

My second thunderstorm was far worse than the first. The forest seemed on fire, and the rain dashed in our faces with almost blinding force. My horse plunged and reared, flew first to one side, and then to the other, dragging me amongst bushes and trees, so that I 20 was in danger of being caught by the branches and hurled to the ground. After this storm one of the horses, carrying stores and other things, sank into a bog nearly to its neck; and the help of all the men was required to get it out.

Soon after the storm we were camping and drinking tea, when I noticed that all the men were eagerly talking together and gesticulating. I asked what it all meant and was told 25 that a large bear was supposed to be in the neighbourhood, according to a report from a post-station close at hand. There was a general priming of fire-arms, except in my case, for I did not know how to use my revolver, so thought I had better pass it on to someone else, lest I might shoot a man in mistake for a bear. We mounted again and went on. The usual chattering this time was exchanged for a dead silence, this being our first bear 30 experience; but we grew wiser as we proceeded, and substituted noise for silence. We hurried on, as fast as possible, to get though the miles of forests and bogs. I found it best not to look about me, because, when I did so, every large stump of a fallen tree took the shape of a bear. When my horse stumbled over the roots of a tree, or shield at some object unseen by me, my heart began to gallop.

¹ **Slumbers:** Sleep

² **Prodigious:** Remarkable or impressive

³ **Lepers:** A person shunned or rejected for social reasons.

List six feelings the writer Kate Marsden experiences through and provide evidence for your choices.

(1 mark for correct feeling)

(1 mark for evidence to support)

1. Feeling: _____

Evidence:

2. Feeling: _____

Evidence:

3. Feeling: _____

Evidence:

4. Emotion: _____

Evidence:

5. Feeling: _____

Evidence:

6. Feeling: _____

Evidence:

Challenge question: How does the writer use language to describe the journey?

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Accounts from the first men on the Moon, Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin, (20th Century: 1969)

On 21st July 1969, the American astronauts Neil Armstrong and Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin became the first humans to set foot on the surface of the Moon. The following extract is taken from their account of the mission.

NEIL ARMSTRONG: The most dramatic recollections I had were the sights themselves. Of all the spectacular views we had, the most impressive to me was on the way to the Moon, when we flew through its shadow. We were still thousands of miles away, but close enough, so that the Moon almost filled our circular window. It was eclipsing the Sun, from our position, and the corona of the Sun was visible around the limb of the Moon as a gigantic lens-shaped or saucer-shaped light, stretching out to several lunar diameters. It was magnificent, but the Moon was even more so. We were in its shadow, so there was no part of it illuminated by the Sun. It was illuminated only by earthshine. It made the Moon appear blue-grey, and the entire scene looked decidedly three-dimensional.

I was really aware, visually aware, that the Moon was in fact a sphere not a disc. It seemed almost as if it were showing us its roundness, its similarity in shape to our Earth, in a sort of welcome. I was sure that it would be a hospitable host. It had been awaiting its first visitors for a long time...

[*After touchdown*]The sky is black, you know. It's a very dark sky. But it still seemed more like daylight than darkness as we looked out the window. It's a peculiar thing, but the surface looked very warm and inviting. It was the sort of situation in which you felt like going out there is nothing but a swimming suit to get a little sun. From the cockpit, the surface seemed to be tan. It's hard to account for that, because later when I field this material in my hand, it wasn't tan at all. It was black, grey and so on. It's some kind of lighting effect, but out the window the surface looks much more light desert sand than black sand...

EDWIN E. ALDRIN [on the moon]: The blue colour of my boot has completely disappeared now into this –still don't know exactly what colour to describe this other than grey-cocoa colour. It appears to be covering most of the lighter part of my boot...very fine particles...

[*Later*] The Moon was a very natural and pleasant environment in which to work. It had many of the advantages of zero gravity, but it was in a sense less lonesome than Zero G, where you always have to pay attention to securing attachment points to give you some means of leverage. In one-sixth gravity, on the Moon, you had a distinct feeling of being *somewhere*...

As we deployed our experiments on the surface, we had to jettison things like lanyards, retaining fasteners, etc., and some of these we tossed away. The objects would go away with a slow, lazy motion. If anyone tried to throw a baseball back and forth in that atmosphere he would be have difficulty, at first, acclimatizing himself to that slow, lazy trajectory; but I believe he could adapt to it quite readily...

Odour is very subjective, but to me there was a distinct smell to the lunar material-pungent like gunpowder or spent cap-pistol caps. We carted a fair amount of lunar dust back inside the vehicle with us, either one our suits and boots or on the conveyor system we used to get boxes and equipment back inside. We did notice the odour right away.

1. Summarise Armstrong's description of the moon from beginning of the extract to the paragraph which ends 'had been awaiting its first visitors for a long time...' (4 marks)

2. How does Aldrin describe working on the moon? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

3. What happened to the objects that they had thrown away? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

4. List the two smells Aldrin compares the odour of the moon to? (2 marks)

Answer: a) _____

b) _____

Challenge: What are the similarities and differences in the two accounts?

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from *The Cruellest Journey*, Kira Salak, (21st Century: 2004)

*The following extract is taken from *The Cruellest Journey*, which was first published in 2004. Here the writer and adventure Kora Salak deceived the beginning of her 600-mile journey travelling solo in a kayak from Old Ségou in Mali to Timbuktu, following the route taken by the 19th Century*

In the beginning, my journeys feel at best ludicrous, at worst insane. This one is no exception. The idea is to paddle nearly 600 miles on the Niger River in a kayak, alone, from the Malian town of Old Ségou to Timbuktu. And now, at the very hour when I have decided to leave, a thunderstorm bursts open the skies, sending down apocalyptic rain, washing away the very ground beneath my feet. It is the rainy season in Mali, for which there can be no comparison in the world. Lightning pierces trees, slices across houses. Thunder racks the skies and pounds the earth like mortar fire, and every living thing huddles in tenuous shelter, expecting the world to end. Which it doesn't. At least not this time. So that we all give a collective sigh to the salvation of the passing storm as it rumbles its way east, and I survey the river I'm to leave on this morning. Rain or no rain, today is the day for the journey to begin. And no one, not even the oldest in the village, can say for certain whether I'll get to the end.

"Let's do it," I say, leaving the shelter of an adobe¹ hut. My guide from town, Modibo, points to the north, to further storms. He says he will pray for me. It's the best he can do. To his knowledge, no man has ever completed such a trip, though a few have tried. And certainly, no woman has done such a thing. This morning he took me aside and told me he thinks I'm crazy, which I understood as concern and thanked him. He told me that the people of Old Ségou think I'm crazy too, and that only uncanny good luck will keep me safe.

What he doesn't know is that the worst thing a person can do is tell me that I can't do something, because then I'll want to do it all the more. It may be a failing of mine. I carry my inflatable kayak through the narrow passageways of Old Ségou, past the small adobe huts melting in the rains, past the huddling goats and smoke of cooking fires, people peering out at me from the dark entranceways. It is a labyrinth of ancient homes, built and rebuilt after each storm, plastered with the very earth people walk upon. Old Ségou must look much the same as it did in Scottish explorer Mungo Park's time when, exactly 206 years ago to the day, he left on the first of his two river journeys down the Niger to Timbuktu, the first such trip by a Westerner. It is no coincidence that I've planned to leave on the same day and from the same spot. Park is my benefactor of sorts, my guarantee. If he could travel down the Niger, then so can I. And it is all the guarantee I have for this trip—that an obsessed nineteenth-century adventurer did what I would like to do. Of course, Park also died on this river, but I've so far managed to overlook that.

Hobbled donkeys cower under a new onslaught of rain, ears back, necks craned. Little naked children dare each other to touch me, and I make it easy for them, stopping and holding out my arm. They stroke my white skin as if it were velvet, using only the pads of their fingers, then stare at their hands for wet paint.

Thunder again. More rain falls. I stop on the shore, near a centuries-old kapok tree under which I imagine Park once took shade. I open my bag, spread out my little red kayak, and start to pump it up. A couple of women nearby, with colorful cloth wraps called *pagnes* tied tightly about their breasts, gaze at me cryptically, as if to ask: *Who are you and what do you think you're doing?* The Niger churns and slaps the shore, in a surly mood. I don't pretend to know what I'm doing. Just one thing at a time now, kayak inflated, kayak loaded with my gear. Paddles fitted together and ready. Modibo is standing on the shore, watching me.

"I'll pray for you," he reminds me.

I balance my gear, adjust the straps, get in. And, finally, irrevocably, I paddle away.

When Mungo Park left on his second trip, he never admitted that he was scared. It is what fascinates me about his writing—his insistence on maintaining an illusion that all was well, even as he began a journey that he knew from previous experience could only beget tragedy. Hostile peoples, unknown rapids,

malarial fevers. Hippos and crocodiles. The giant Lake Debo to cross, like being set adrift on an inland sea, no sight of land, no way of knowing where the river starts again. Forty of his forty-four men dead from sickness, Park himself afflicted with dysentery when he left on this ill-fated trip. And it can boggle the mind, what drives some people to risk their lives for the mute promises of success. It boggles my mind, at least, as I am caught up in the same affliction. Already, I fear the irrationality of my journey. I fear the very stubbornness which drives me forward.

The Niger erupts in a new storm. Torrential rains. Waves higher than my kayak, trying to capsize me. But my boat is self-bailing and I stay afloat. The wind drives the current in reverse, tearing and ripping at the shores, sending spray into my face. I paddle madly, crashing and driving forward. I travel inch by inch, or so it seems, arm muscles smarting and rebelling against this journey.

A popping feeling now and a screech of pain. My right arm lurches from a ripped muscle. But this is no time and place for such an injury, and I won't tolerate it, stuck as I am in a storm. I try to get used to the metronome-like pulses of pain as I fight the river. There is only one direction to go: forward.

1. **adobe:** a building material made from earth

1. How many miles is the narrator kayaking? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

2. How does the writer describe the rain in Mali? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

3. What is the name of the narrator's guide? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

4. What does the guide say he will do for her? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

5. How many river trips did Mungo Park make? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

6. What happened to Mungo Park on his journey? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

7. How does the narrator react to the children she meets? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

8. List four things the writer mentions to show how dangerous the trip is. (4 marks)

a) _____

b) _____

c) _____

d) _____

9. What does the narrator say 'drives her forward' in her journey? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

10. Why is the narrator in pain at the end of the extract? (1 mark)

Answer: _____

Challenge question: How would you describe the narrator, Kira Salak? Use evidence from the extract to support your views.