



Tricky words

Listen out for these words in the passage that I read to you.

shrunk – make smaller

bare – not covered

clod – lump of earth or clay

roost – birds rest at night

slink – to move sneakily

Task 1

Listen to the audio file link, named 'PART 2', on the web page.

Can you draw what you hear?

Part Two

Early February



Winter. Hard-frozen, deep-shrunken resting time. Twigs bare, earth clodded, grass bleached pale. Early dark, early to roost. Moon sails high, star-map glitters cold over the hills. Fox-shape slinks through the dark.

Change is coming. The smell of change spikes the air.

Task 2

Above is the same passage that I just read to you. Have a look. Do you notice any differences between how Linda Newbery (the author) writes in this passage compared to the rest of the book? Write down your thoughts.

Does she use different punctuation, different sentence structure or different language?

Why might she do this?

Lob was older than anyone could know. Not as old as the hills, but much older than the trees. Not as old as life, but much older than anyone living. Not as old as death, but far, far older than anyone born.

Although he'd lived in a lot of different places, he didn't change willingly. He might well have stayed longer at Clunny Cottage before setting off to find a new person. But something happened to make that impossible.

When Granny Annie moved to her new home in Clunton, the landlord sold the cottage and its garden to a builder, making himself a lot of money. A SOLD

notice went up, and a sign saying that four brand-new houses were to be built.



It was a grey, bleak February, and Lob spent much of the time sleeping in the cottage eaves. With no fire to lie by, he'd gone shrunken and small, weakened by winter and cold weather.

Usually, at this time of year, on the days when it wasn't quite so cold, he'd

look after the cabbages and the purple-sprouting broccoli. He'd turn over the leaf mould, and make sure Will's tools and pots were clean and ready. But now there were no tools. They'd been taken away when the cottage was emptied.

Lob waited.

After a while, a digger arrived, and moved with dinosaur slowness into Will's vegetable beds. Into *Lob's* vegetable beds. Lob watched, outraged.

Roaring yellow monster, slow moving, quick turning. Treads crush life. Head rears high, giant teeth gape. Fangs gouge, wrench, tear.

Stems and roots and leaves **mashed**²¹
and mangled in monster jaws.



Run at it, shout, batter with
fists.

Monster trundles on. Clumsy
blind brute.

Do you notice
anything about how
the point of view has
changed in this part
of the book?

The digger driver wasn't the sort of person who could see Lob. His radio was on in the cab, and he whistled cheerfully while he worked. He had no idea of the fierce little figure that rushed at him, green eyes glittering.

Task 3 – Performance time!

Miss Richardson is going to read you the next part of the story. I want you to pay close attention to the expression that I use as I read.

When it is finished, choose a section from the chapter today to read aloud, and perform. You must use your strong, loud, clear voice, speak slowly and thoughtfully and with great expression. The performance should be about 30 seconds to 1 minute so you can concentrate on these things. Will you use actions? When you perform, you may read from a paper, but make sure it is not in front of your face and read with your chin up and shoulders back

If you have an adult film your performance, then you can email it to me! I will see if Miss Bouette will put the best performed onto Instagram (with your permission, of course)!

Listen to the story by clicking on the 'Performance Task' button on the webpage.

The part Miss Richardson just read is below in case you want to use any of this.

At last the digger trundled off down the road, scattering strips of pressed mud.

Lob stood looking at the devastation. If he'd been given to despair, he would have despaired now. Instead he began tidying as best he could, collecting bits of twig and root, heaping them ready to be burned.

But it wasn't finished yet. Two days later, more strangers came to Clunny Cottage.

Some were smartly dressed, and carried boards with papers clipped to them; others wore helmets and bright yellow jackets. They went inside the cottage, making loud remarks that echoed emptily. Then they surrounded the ash tree, and one of the men chalked a red cross on its bark.

The ash tree that had stood for more than a hundred years, shading

Clunny Cottage, was in the way of the new houses, so it had to go.



Next day the executioners arrived, three of them. One slapped his hand against the mark on the tree's trunk, then rubbed the chalk off his palm. Another carried a heavy saw with crocodile teeth. Lob flung himself at them, waved his arms, shouted and stamped, but no one noticed.

The saw whined and screamed. Sharp teeth bit into bark. The shock juddered deep into the ground.

The tree tried to stand tall, but was wounded too badly. Soon it surrendered. Groans shuddered through every twig. Its leaves twitched and

writhed, its branches sagged. The core of its trunk²² screeched in agony.

At last the butchers had finished their work. They drank coffee from their flasks; they laughed and joked together.

