

Y7 Investigation, Inference and Interpretation Unit Homework - Autumn Term 1

You must, in this half term, complete **one of these tasks each week**. You must complete **at least one from each row**; the other ones you choose are up to you. The top row is the most challenging; aim high! All homework tasks are based on the piece of writing on the back of this sheet. Homework should be completed on paper and to a high standard.

Getting harder!

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<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Evaluating and creating</p>	<p>Write a description, using beautiful words and creepy, scary descriptions, of what you think he finds in the room.</p> <p>If you know, make up a different idea.</p> <p>Challenge: use all these bits of punctuation correctly in your description: . , ! ? :</p>	<p>Create your own story or poem about arriving home and finding that things are not as they are supposed to be - perhaps your dog is missing, or perhaps your parents have turned into robots, or perhaps it is something else completely.</p> <p>Try to use each of the following things at least once:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • simile • metaphor • alliteration • onomatopoeia <p>If you do not know what they are, find out first!</p> <p>Once you have created your story or poem, write it up in neat and illustrate it as you see fit.</p>	<p>Find five quotations from the story that show how scared the narrator is.</p> <p>For each quotation, try and explain why the quotation makes the reader think he is scared.</p> <p>Try to also think about the effect that your chosen quotations have on the reader.</p>	<p>Read the whole book that the extract comes from.</p> <p>If you are interested in reading the whole story, and do not have access to the library or a copy of the book, you can read the whole thing online here:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">http://books vampire.com/Vampire_Books /Lord_Loss .html</p> <p>Once you have read it, design a new front cover that you think is better than the original.</p>
<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Understanding and applying</p>	<p>Summarise the story in your own words in 5 bullet points (5 main events of the extract)</p> <p>Use your 5 bullet points to create a storyboard of the story. Use colour.</p> <p>Challenge: Underneath each, add in a relevant quotation from the story (a sentence or few words from the text, copied out exactly).</p>	<p>Write ten questions that the story makes you ask.</p> <p>Remember to start each with a capital letter, and end each with a question mark.</p> <p>Talk to a relative to help you think about what might be possible answers for each, with reasons why. Note them down.</p>	<p>Use the story to help you answer the following questions in full sentences:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What do you think the boy is scared of? 2. What clues are there that things are not right when he arrives home? 3. What do you think he finds behind the door at the end? 	<p>Research the rules of chess, if you don't already know them. Try to understand them.</p> <p>See if you can play a game of chess with one of your family members.</p>
<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Finding and processing</p>	<p>Find out what is meant by the following words.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • deter • sadistic • gouges • chink <p>Use each one in a sentence of your own.</p>	<p>Research Darren Shan on the internet. Find 10 really interesting facts about him that you did not know before. Present them as a poster, bullet points, or a mind map.</p>	<p>Draw a picture of the boy just before he opens the door.</p> <p>Challenge: Label it with quotations that show what is happening and how he feels.</p>	<p>Explain what happens in the story.</p> <p>Challenge: Use exactly 50 words.</p>

Extract from *Lord Loss* by Darren Shan

Home. I spot a chink of light in Mum and Dad's bedroom, where the curtains just fail to meet. It doesn't mean they're in - Mum always leaves a light on to deter burglars. I slip around the back and peer through the garage window. The car's parked inside. So they're here. This is where it all kicks off. Whatever 'it' is.

I creep up to the back door. Crouch, poke the dog flap open, listen for sounds. None.

The kitchen's cold. It shouldn't be - the sun's been shining all day and it's a nice warm night - but it's like standing in a refrigerator aisle in a supermarket.

I creep to the hall door and stop, again listening for sounds. None.

Leaving the kitchen, I check the TV room, Mum's fancily decorated living room - off-limits to Gret and me except on special occasions - and Dad's study. Empty. All as cold as the kitchen.

Coming out of the study, I notice something strange and do a double-take. There's a chess board in one corner. Dad's prize chess set. The pieces are based on characters from the King Arthur legends. Hand-carved by some famous craftsman in the nineteenth century. Cost a fortune. Dad never told Mum the exact price - never dared.

I walk to the board. Carved out of marble, ten centimetres thick. I played a game with Dad on its smooth surface just a few weeks ago. Now it's scarred by deep, ugly gouges. Almost like fingernail scratches - except no human could drag their nails through solid marble. And all the carefully crafted pieces are missing. The board's bare.

Up the stairs. Sweating nervously. Fingers clenched tight. My breath comes out as mist before my eyes. Part of me wants to turn tail and run. I shouldn't be here. I don't need to be here. Nobody would know if I backed up and...

I'm not going to leave her alone with Mum and Dad to face whatever trouble they're in. Like I told myself earlier - we're a family. Dad's always said families should pull together and fight as a team. I want to be part of this - even though I don't know what 'this' is, even though Mum and Dad did all they could to keep me out of 'this', even though 'this' terrifies me senseless.

The landing. Not as cold as downstairs. I try my bedroom, then Gret's. Empty. Very warm. The chess pieces on Gret's board are also missing. Mine haven't been taken, but they lie scattered on the floor and my board has been smashed to splinters.

I edge closer to Mum and Dad's room. I've known all along that this is where they must be. Delaying the moment of truth. Gret likes to call me a coward when she wants to hurt me. Big as I am, I've always gone out of my way to avoid fights. I used to think (fear) she might be right. Each step I take towards my parents' bedroom proves to my surprise that she was wrong.

The door feels red hot, as though a fire is burning behind it. I press an ear to the wood - if I hear the crackle of flames, I'll race straight to the phone and dial 999. But there's no crackle. No smoke. Just deep, heavy breathing... and a curious dripping sound.

My hand's on the door knob. My fingers won't move. I keep my ear pressed to the wood, waiting... praying. A tear trickles from my left eye. It dries on my cheek from the heat.

Inside the room, somebody giggles - low, throaty, sadistic. Not Mum, Dad or Gret. There's a ripping sound, followed by snaps and crunches.

My hand turns.

The door opens.

Hell is revealed.