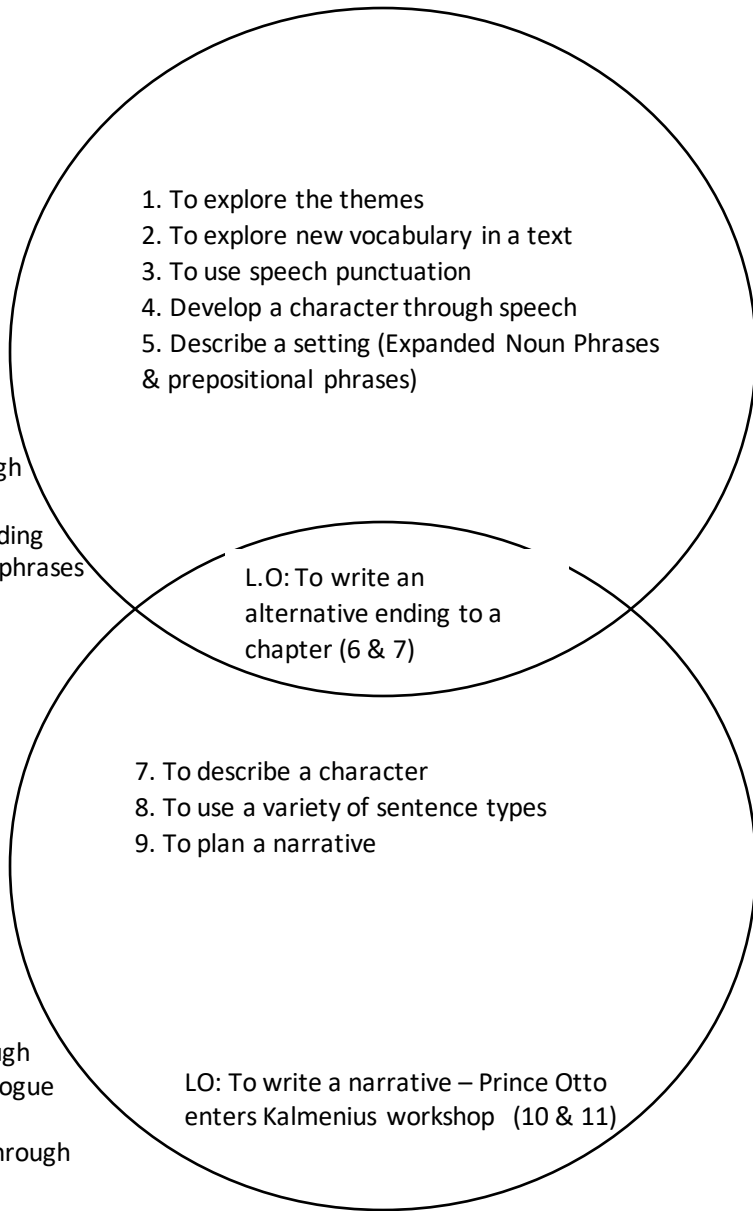


# *Clockwork* by Philip Pullman

Key theme: Vanity

Tier 2 words: guards, tavern, carriage, apprentice, physician, demise, gulped, revealed



SC:  
 Develop character through effective dialogue  
 Create atmosphere including through expanded noun phrases

SC:  
 Develop character through action and effective dialogue  
 Create atmosphere including through expanded noun phrases  
 Use a variety of sentence types and lengths

1. Key themes: Vanity. Appearances can be deceptive. Links to Dorian Gray.
2. Tier 2 words: guards, tavern, carriage, apprentice, physician, demise, gulped, revealed
3. Drama followed by writing dialogue of being the guards on duty the night the carriage returned. Modelling split speech for the HAPs to extend.
4. Focus on how the show not tell around the speech alters the way the character is portrayed. Talk about alternatives to said but model how sometimes you don't need a said alternative and having too many different words can look clunky. It can better to use a few simple ones: whispered, said and asked and add verbs describing what they are doing as they speak. Interweave with sentences that don't have a said verb.
5. Focus on using expanded noun phrases and prepositional phrases to describe the tavern
- 6 & 7. Write a narrative based on the guards going to a tavern after seeing the carriage

7. Describe Dr Kalmenius pg 29 – 31. Magpieing from Scrooge description
8. Recognising main and subordinate/relative clauses. Read up to page 58 – subordinate clauses (adverbials), embedded clauses and relative clauses. Modelling how to vary sentence length through short sentences followed by those with clauses and conjunctions. Extending HAPs with examples of multi-subordination or omitting relative pronoun, and showing the interspersions of simple and compound sentences.
9. Plan for extended write -  
 Structure:  
 1st paragraph – finally arriving after wolf attack  
 2nd paragraph – entering workshop, description and feelings, introduce menace of Kalmenius to reader,  
 3rd paragraph – dialogue – all about the dynasty – showing Prince's vanity

SC:

Develop character through action and effective dialogue  
Create atmosphere including through expanded noun phrases

Structure:

Describing setting of the inn  
Conversation between the guards

With heads bowed against the harsh winds, the two guards finally pushed open the doors of the Royal Tavern. It had been a long, hard day and the warmth from the Tavern had never been so comforting. Exhausted, they slumped against the bar where the jolly inn keeper, Hans, greeted them beaming from ear to ear.

"Looks like you've had a tough shift lads," he smiled as he gave them two foaming tankards of fresh ale.

The men weaved between the crowds of villagers, all laughing and joking after a day at work. They sought refuge in a quiet corner next to the roaring fire place.

"I just can't believe it," Erwin whispered, when he felt finally safe that they would not be overheard. He shivered, remembering the ghastly sight they had seen.

Aldrich glanced nervously over his shoulder. "It was the way his arm just kept going. It was like a clock hand. It wasn't right."

"We're going to have to tell someone," Erwin interjected.

"But who?" Aldrich asked. "No one will ever believe us."

SC:

Develop character through action and effective dialogue  
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Use a variety of sentence types and lengths

1st paragraph – finally arriving after wolf attack

2nd paragraph – entering workshop, description and feelings, introduce menace of Kalmenius to reader,

3rd paragraph – dialogue – all about the dynasty – showing Prince's vanity

Blustering winds howled their warning as the prince approached his destination. It had been an hour since the sad demise of the baron and Otto was finally started to regain his calm nature. The mines of Shatzburg - finally! Bringing the sledge to a standstill, he carefully lifted Florian out. He was barely moving. Time was precious. Snow crunched underfoot and he powerfully strode towards the ancient oak door of the famous workshop.

The door to the workshop was hidden in shadow. It was uninviting and unwelcoming. Prince Otto, cradling his stone-cold son, pushed the door open and stepped inside. From all around of the room, he heard the sound of ticking, tapping, clanging. Fragments of metal cogs were strewn across the old wooden worktops, papers and books scattered across the floor. A mysterious, cloth-covered figure stood motionless in the far corner. The prince stood still, listening to his own heart beating like thunder in his chest. Beside the desk was a man in a dark cloak, with a hood covering his face. He slowly rose to his feet and lowered his hood, revealing vicious eyes which blazed into Prince Otto's.

"Well, look who we have here!" sneered Dr Kalmenius, a grin spreading across his lips. "What brings such royalty?"

"I have no one else to turn to," replied Prince Otto, trying to steady his own voice. "My son has moments left. You must save him. It is the only way to continue the dynasty."

Wednesday 16th September 2020

L.O. Write a narrative

With heads bowed against the harsh winds, Colin and Mike (who were the two palace guards) trudged through the freezing, thick snow. They had huge greatcoats up to their shins. These two guards had ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> hardest and longest time in their shift earlier in the day. Howling wind blew the snow in all sorts of directions which made it even more difficult to walk through. The two exhausted men headed towards their favourite tavern to calm down and get everything out of their head. As they ~~edge~~ <sup>edged</sup> closer to the entrance, they began to take their snow ~~or~~ <sup>covered</sup> coats off. ✓

Stepping through the robust oak door, Colin and Mike ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> tiredly ordered two large pints of brandy each. The dishevelled barman was stony and wore scruffy clothes. Slowly, they walked towards the rear end of the tavern and sat down on an ~~empty~~ <sup>empty</sup> ~~barman~~ <sup>barman</sup> ~~course~~ <sup>course</sup> bench. Inside the pub was very ~~different~~ <sup>different</sup> to how it looked on the outside, the pub was mostly dark with ~~lots~~ <sup>lots</sup> of flickers of light from the candles. Melting ~~earrings~~ <sup>earrings</sup> wax dripped quickly from the candle to the wooden table. The barman handed them their brandy in a battered tankard. "No charges on you today sirs, you're keeping Gloucestershire safe," smiled the jolly man. The guards just nodded and ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> turned away. The warm air smelt like a mix of tobacco and freshly made sausages.

"To be honest, I don't know what we just witnessed back at the palace," whispered Colin. They didn't want people knowing what happened to prince ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> Otto just yet.

"I know right, you definitely don't see that everyday!" exclaimed Mike.

"Shush you noisy old pig," snapped Colin. "You're gonna make everyone hear us." ~~Mike~~ <sup>Mike</sup> was very ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~amused~~ <sup>amused</sup> of what would happen if people found out about what happened at the palace.

"Well, if anyone is a noisy old pig it's you so be quiet and

Wednesday 23rd September 2020

L.O. Write a narrative

Howling wind blew the ice cold snow into the steady sledge's direction. The ~~Rapidly~~ <sup>Rapidly</sup>, the forty snowflakes.

Finally they had arrived. It had been a tough journey since the Baron, ready to take his last breath, made a huge sacrifice that changed Prince Otto's life. Now, ~~Prince~~ <sup>Prince</sup> Otto and Florian were alone. There was no going back. ~~Little~~ <sup>Little</sup> Prince Florian ~~couldn't~~ <sup>couldn't</sup> move ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> every second passed, his ~~body~~ <sup>body</sup> became stiffer and stiffer ~~almost~~ <sup>almost</sup> like ~~clockwork~~ <sup>clockwork</sup>. The 5 year old boy was wrapped up warm in a ~~blanket~~ <sup>blanket</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> they reached there ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> destination, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~holding~~ <sup>holding</sup> his son, Prince ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> Otto trudged through the thick snow and through the mess of shatzberg. There was one and only one solution. It was a hard hard thing to do. He had to sacrifice himself.

He entered. Whilst on carrying his beloved son, Prince Otto stepped into the pitch black workshop. "Creak!" The deafening sound of the floor ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> his ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ears. Blood-stained blades were scattered across the wooden table. ~~Underneath~~ <sup>Underneath</sup> ~~above~~ <sup>above</sup> the table was the only source of light was a dusty, flickering lantern. As prince Otto ~~licked~~ <sup>licked</sup> his ~~finger~~ <sup>finger</sup> across the cabinet he felt a ~~chill~~ <sup>chill</sup> ~~stare~~ <sup>stare</sup> shiver down his spine. His hairs stood on ends. His face turned ice-cold. His body froze. The person he had been waiting for was there, right in front of him. It was Dr Kalorienius. The evil one slowly turned around and glared menacingly at his ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup> customer.

"Well, ~~it~~ <sup>it</sup> well, well to well look who we have here," scolded Dr Kalorienius with a wide grin on his face.

"I want nothing but to ~~continue~~ <sup>continue</sup> the royal dynasty for many generations to come," stated Prince Otto, trying to appear fearless. Dr Kalorienius had death in his eyes ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> that's why most people were terrified of him.