



# *Trash* by Andy Mulligan

Key theme: Humanity

Tier 2 words: offend, foreigners, authority, circumstances, corruption

Text specific words: dump site, pesos, trash, Behala, marshes  
dock, mission school, cop, wallet

# Trash

1. To explore the themes of a text
2. To explore new vocabulary in a text
3. To use precise descriptive vocabulary
4. To use precise descriptive vocabulary

SC:

Precise adjective choice – including Power of three  
Precise verb choices

5 & 6. To write a description

7. To use dialogue effectively in first person
8. To build cohesion
9. To create tension
10. To plan a narrative

11 & 12. To write a narrative

13 & 14. Plan a narrative with a change of pace

15 & 16. Invent a narrative

1. Theme: Humanity
2. Tier 2 words: offend, foreigners, authority, circumstances, corruption, Text specific words: dump site, pesos, trash, Behala, marshes, dock, mission school, cop, wallet
3. Look at Skellig description and pick out precise adjective and verb choices. Describe bedroom trying to use power of three.
4. Watch video of Manilla dump. Improve descriptive sentences using word bank of precise adjectives and verbs. Look at shades of meaning with synonyms e.g. Birds circled overhead. Birds flew overhead. Birds flapped overhead.
5. & 6. Write a description of the dump in first person.

7. Look at how writing Trash in first person makes it effective. List first person pronouns. Write in first person about the Oliver clip, writing as Oliver meeting Artful Dodger. Writing dialogue looking at characters' movement around speech. GD challenge : split speech and change in register depending on the characters.
8. Recap when to start a new paragraph – TipTop e.g. change of time, individual, place etc. Provide with text that they have to divide into paragraphs. Then teach cohesion through the use of pronouns and synonyms within a paragraph. Provide with paragraph to rewrite more cohesively.
9. Analysing extract from Trash to pick out features that create tension: short sentences, rhetorical questions or thoughts, sense of things closing in or running out of time, not knowing/uncertainty/not obvious. Writing extract as being alone at the Vench as it is getting dark.
10. Writing as Raphael at his aunt's house when the police arrive. Planning adverbials and similes.

1. Light, relaxed atmosphere.
2. Police appear. Lights, voices, crunching on leaves.
3. Raphael tries to look unobvious. Tense and anxious
4. Police start to question Raphael
5. Bundle in car & drive away

11 & 12. Write narrative. HAPs challenge: Write half the story from Raphael's pov then from the aunt's or the police.

13. Planning – character, location and threat. Provide basic narrative structure and rich vocabulary on forest setting:

1. forest setting and character introduction
2. slowly building tension and fear – someone following them
3. writing action, grappling and escape

14. Planning – oral storytelling lesson

15 & 16. Invent a narrative where a character is chased in the forest

SC:

To use precise descriptive vocabulary  
Write with cohesion  
Create tension

SC:

To use precise descriptive vocabulary  
Write with cohesion  
Create tension

5. To write a description

SC:

Precise adjective choice – including Power of three

Precise verb choices

I edged into the slums of Manila and held my breath as the repugnant stench of rot, decay and human waste burnt my nostrils. Whole families of five or six were perched in tiny, cardboard houses with sagging, damp rooves made from tyres and rusted, corrugated iron. Behind the mass of miniature shacks, a mountain of litter towered above the city, stretching outwards and onwards like a never-ending ocean of decay and despair. Cans, plastic, food, sharp objects and much more lay lifeless and dead upon the unwanted mounds of the city's old belongings.

Working tirelessly, with large baskets strapped to their backs, despondent scavengers of all ages collected, sorted and discarded the rubbish, in hope of finding something of value. They were skeletal, frail, desperate. They had an admirable speed and strength at which they worked; they hauled heavy bags onto their backs and their twig-like fingers were nimble and fast-moving as they examined each bag for items of value. Aggressive vultures circled above looking down on the ant-like workers below. Their frightening cries did nothing to distract the despondent people who laboured tirelessly.

11 & 12. To write

a narrative

SC:

To use precise descriptive vocabulary

Write with cohesion

Create tension

The sky was black. The only light inside my cardboard home came from the moonlight flooding through the small, open windows and a gentle flickering candle. I was lying on my foam bed, leafing through my favourite comic, salvaged from the trash a few months back when I heard a strange sound for that time of night. It was a car engine. It was gently purring up the dirt track towards our home. "That's strange," I thought to myself. The hairs on my arms raised a little, as though I'd brushed past one of the electric fences surrounding the railway tracks. Why was someone driving through Behala at this time?

Then I heard the familiar sound of a siren screech through the air. A sickening panic crept through my body. It was the police. They knew. In a matter of seconds, red and blue lights illuminated our little shack and a booming voice, as though amplified by a megaphone, shouted, "The boy lives here! Raphael! Raphael!" Beads of sweat snaked down my back and I felt my dinner churning in my stomach. I was caught, trapped, cornered. Gardo's voice was in my ear immediately, "Act normal," he whispered. "Don't mess this up."

I plastered a plastic smile onto my face and opened the door with trembling hands. Many neighbours were watching, eyes fixed and mouths gaping.

"Good evening, Sir," I quaked, trying to ignore the whispered prayer my Aunt was now offering behind me.

"Raphael, you are coming with us. We have some questions," barked the fatter officer. I bowed my head. Then suddenly I was pushed aside by my aunt.

"You can't take him!" she screamed reaching out to the officers for sympathy. "Please don't take him!"

Seeing my chance, I bolted.

16 & 17. Invent a narrative

SC:

To use precise descriptive vocabulary

Write with cohesion

Create tension

Dusk was falling and the forest was bathed in a pink hue as the sun descended. It would take much less time to walk home through the forest, rather than round it, and I was already running late. With Reggie by my side, my loyal four-legged friend, I always felt safe and protected, so we took the overgrown path, desperate not to be late and risk Mum's temper. Reggie bounded through the undergrowth chasing rabbits, birds and badgers, enjoying the freedom the woods brought and wagging his tail excitedly. I watched him happily, cheering him on. Then, all of a sudden, he vanished from sight.

"Reggie! Reggie, come back!" I called, my usual voice beginning to waver when he did not instantly return. It was very unusual for him to stray too far or to ignore my calls.

I ran after him, clambering through the tangled vines and ivy which grew around the trees like a dark cloak, but he was nowhere to be seen. Then I retraced my steps, wondering if he had returned to the path after all. By now, the sun had disappeared and odd patches of moonlight flittered through the leaves illuminating the path only just enough to see. The trees looked like ghostly stooped figures, their crisp leaves brushing against my hair. I felt a cold, sickening dread rise from my feet to my brow, as I realised I was alone now and needed to get home, without Reggie.

Then from behind me, I heard the sound of a twig snap. Perhaps I wasn't alone. "Reggie," I thought. Then I heard the breathing, and I knew. It wasn't Reggie. Someone, something else was following me. Crack! A branch behind me split in two. It was getting closer. I dared to snatch a glance over my shoulder and caught sight of two amber piercing eyes. My heart was in my throat. A huge wolf, the colour of steel, was closing in. Inside my head, a slow drumbeat was gathering momentum. Where could I hide?

Without hesitating, I turned on my heel and sprinted as fast as I could through the undergrowth. The beast followed hungrily, springing expertly through the bushes. I knew he would outrun me. I tried to scramble over a hollowed-out tree and manoeuvre under the tangled vines that snaked across the forest floor. I turned to see if I had managed to lose the wolf but it seemed only to be getting closer. It was undeterred by the obstacles. Panting, sweating and shaking, I finally saw the exit. I was nearly there. I ran. It was my only hope. But, just then my foot caught on a root, and, before I could catch my balance, I tumbled towards the ground. The wolf was upon me. It snarled, bared its long, pointed teeth and licked its lips.