Tuesday 5th October 2020

Good morning Year 6!

Reread the text up to 'fell into a deep sleep almost immediately'. Use three different colours to:

1. Highlight all the words/phrases that suggest John in tired from his walk.
2. Highlight all the words/phrases that suggest what the weather is like.
3. Highlight all the words to suggest the inn is a welcoming place.

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Tired Weather Welcoming Inn

John was tired to his bones. He was on a walking holiday and he had tramped for miles over the bleak and empty moors. His feet were sore and his legs felt as heavy as lead. His rucksack straps cut into his shoulders and his stomach rumbled with hunger. Then, to make matters worse, it started to rain. A thin cold rain that soaked through his clothes and chilled him. He needed to find a place to rest for the night. In his mind he had a vision of a welcoming country inn offering food, a hot bath and a soft, comfortable bed with clean sheets and a thick eiderdown. He looked about hopefully but the night had fallen and swirled around him like a thick cloak of darkness. He could barely see his hand in front of his face.

John stumbled on, then, at last, he came to an old road. It was little more than a country lane but John's spirits rose. He felt sure it would lead to a village or at least to a house or cottage where he could ask for a bed for the night. He stepped out with renewed energy and, before too long, he saw a dark shape looming up ahead of him. As he came closer he realised that it was an inn, though not the one he hoped to find. It was grim and gloomy and the windows were shuttered. There was not a glimmer of light showing anywhere. John's spirits fell but he strode up to the front door and used the old brass knocker to announce his presence. At first nothing happened so he hammered on the door again. Then a shaft of light appeared under the door and John heard the sound of bolts being pulled back and a key turning in the lock. A large, thickset man stood silhouetted in the doorway.

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Tired Weather Welcoming Inn

'You're hammering is enough to wake the dead,' he grumbled.

'Sorry,' said John, 'but I've been walking on the moors all day and I'm cold, soaked and famished. I need food, a hot bath and a comfortable bed or I won't last the night.'

'Then it's lucky for you that you're here,' replied the man. 'We pride ourselves on being the best inn for miles around. You'll not find a better place if you look from here 'til doomsday.'

'I'm more than happy to take your word for it,' said John stepping inside.

The landlord threw a couple of large logs onto the open fireplace and John warmed his hands on the leaping flames while steam rose from his wet clothes. Then he wolfed down a large bowlful of soup before making his way up to his room where he had a hot bath.

After his bath, John draped his clothes over the wooden chair to dry. He glanced at his reflection in the mirror. His face was ghostly pale and dark shadows skulked beneath his eyes. John shook his head at his sorry appearance. It's nothing that a good night's sleep won't put right, he told himself. He turned and tripped over his rucksack. He cursed his own clumsiness, picked the rucksack up and hung it from a hook that protruded from the wall. Then he climbed into bed, blew out the candle, pulled the covers up to his chin and fell into a deep sleep almost immediately.

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Thinking Together:

Why does the author emphasize how tired John is?

How does the weather reflect John's mood?

Explain why the author makes the inn sound welcoming.