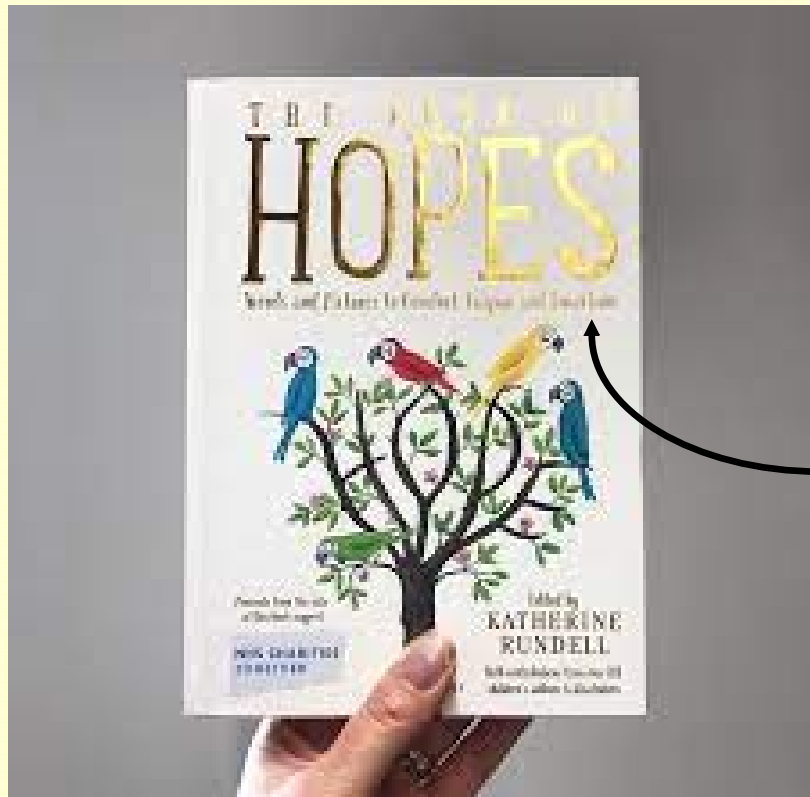


Tuesday 20th April 2021

Reading - Murkaster

LO: To order events in chronological order.



Murkaster - By Frank Cottrell-Boyce.

Taken from The Book of Hopes

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

Read the text.

How do you think the elephants got to Murkaster?

If this was not a short story, what do you think could happen next?

Thinking Together



ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ

STUVWXYZ

When does this event take place?

The clouds came to Murkaster.

But they did not go away again.

They sat there on the roofs and in the squares and streets and gardens, until it was wiped off the map.

I
Do

What reading strategies can I use to help me? *Skim reading.*

①

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

When does this event take place?

And a dozen elephants trumpeted their happiness at finding each other and their trumpeting tore the murk apart like tissue paper and unwrapped a city – with domes and towers and bridges and minarets and water-ways – the city Sunny had lived in, but never till that moment seen. |

We
Do

Last event.

What reading strategies can I use to help me?

Skim reading.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Arrange these events into the correct chronological order. Remember we have done the first and last one.

You
Do

Grabbing her mask and snorkel, she dashed outside. The moment she opened the door, she could hear something breathing. "The murk has a voice," she said

"It's just one of those words that make you feel nice but don't actually mean anything." There were a lot of words like that in the Murkaster dialect. For instance, 'view'.

The elephant waved her around in the air. What was it doing? What did it want?

There was a painting on the dining room wall in the Hotspur house called Foggy Day. It showed a foggy day. There was another called Cumulostratus – which showed thick, grey clouds with streaks of golden yellow shining through the gaps. What were the streaks of yellow?

Sunny swung the trunk this way and that, steering her elephant towards the nearest elephant, then leading the two to the next elephant and the next until she brought a dozen elephants together in the centre of the murk. "Now sing!" she cried. "Sing me a city."

But she did see an eye – a deep, dark eye, set in a wrinkle of murk, staring at her. "The murk," reasoned Sunny, "has an eye. So it must have a head. If it has a head it must have a bottom. Which means the murk must have an end!"

lifting her with its trunk. High into the damp air she rose until she was, yes, above the murk. The sky was blue. The distance was green. And sometimes blossom white. Above her head, streaks of yellow!