

HOME LEARNING

Year 7 – English - Pack 11

Activity 1 – Spoken Language

At the moment it is difficult to travel anywhere. Many years ago, there were limited choices of travel due to what transport was available. What else might have been difficult for people to travel? How many different types of transport can you think of that we use today? Discuss with a trusted adult. Have you ever travelled on transport other than a car?

Some historic transport is still around today for people to enjoy and experience.

Activity 2 – Reading



This extract is taken from the first chapter of the book 'The Railway Children'. This text begins with the three children and their mother travelling by train to a new house.

At first they enjoyed looking out of the window, but when it grew dark they grew sleepier and sleepier, and no one knew how long they had been in the train when they were roused by Mother's shaking them gently and saying - 'Wake up, dears. We're here.'

They woke up, cold and melancholy, and stood shivering on the draughty platform while the luggage was taken out of the train. Then the engine, puffing and blowing, set to work again, and dragged the train away. The children watched the tail-lights of the guard's van disappear into the darkness.

This was the first train the children saw on the railway which was, in time, to become so very dear to them. They did not guess then how they would grow to love the railway, and how soon it would become the centre of their new life, nor what wonders and changes it would bring them. They only shivered and sneezed and hoped the walk to the new house would not be long. Peter's nose was colder than he ever remembered it to have been before. Roberta's hat was crooked, and the elastic seemed tighter than usual. Phyllis's shoelaces had come undone. 'Come,' said Mother, 'we've got to walk. There aren't any cabs here.'

The walk was dark and muddy. The children stumbled a little on the rough road, and once Phyllis absently fell into a puddle, and was picked up damp and unhappy. There were no gas-lamps on the road, and the road was uphill. The cart went at a foot's pace, and they followed the gritty crunch of its wheels. As their eyes got used to the darkness, they could see the mound of boxes swaying dimly in front of them.

A long gate had to be opened for the cart to pass through, and after that the road seemed to go across fields - and now it went downhill. Presently a great dark lumpish thing showed over to the right.

'There's the house,' said Mother. 'I wonder why she's shut the shutters.'

'Who's she?' asked Roberta.

'The woman I engaged to clean the place, and put the furniture straight and get supper.'

There was a low wall and trees inside.

'That's the garden,' said Mother.

'It looks more like a dripping-pan full of black cabbages,' said Peter.

The cart went on along by the garden wall, and round to the back of the house, and here it clattered into a cobblestoned yard and stopped at the back door.

There was no light in any of the windows.

Everyone hammered at the door, but no one came.

The man who drove the cart said he expected Mrs Viney had gone home.

'You see your train was late,' said he.

'But she's got the key,' said Mother. 'What are we to do?'

'Oh, she'll have left that under the doorstep,' said the cart man; 'folks do hereabouts.' He took the lantern off his cart and stooped.

'Ay, here it is, right enough,' said he.

He unlocked the door and went in and set his lantern on the table.

'Got e're a candle?' said he.

'I don't know where anything is.' Mother spoke rather less cheerfully than usual.

He struck a match. There was a candle on the table, and

he lighted it. By its thin little

glimmer the children saw

a large bare kitchen

with a stone floor.

There were no

curtains, no

hearthrug. The

kitchen table from

home stood in the

middle of the

room. The chairs

were in one

corner, and the

pots, pans,

brooms, and

crocery in

another. There was

no fire, and the black grate

showed cold, dead ashes.

As the cart man turned to go out after he had brought in the boxes, there was a rustling, scampering sound that seemed to come from inside the walls of the house.

'Oh, what's that?' cried the girls.

'It's only rats,' said the cart man. And he went away and shut the door, and the sudden draught of it blew out the candle.

'Oh dear,' said Phyllis, 'I wish we hadn't come!' and she knocked a chair over.

'Only the rats!' said Peter, in the dark.



- 1) Who wrote the book "The Railway Children?"
- 2) What were the names of the three children in the story?
- 3) How did the children and their mother get from the station to their new home?
- 4) Find and write the sentence that tells you that the children were not looking forward to the walk.
- 5) How does Peter describe the look of the garden?
- 6) Write the phrase that tells us how slowly the cart travelled.
- 7) What does the cart man say is making the scampering sounds in the walls of the house?

- 8) Write a sentence from the text that leads the reader to understand that the train the children arrived on was powered by a steam engine.
- 9) Which of the following words is nearest to the meaning to 'melancholy'
mellow minute misty miserable
- 10) What adjective is used to describe the station platform?
- 11) Name the three sorts of lighting referred to in the text.
- 12) Mother says she "engaged a woman to clean the place". Which of the following words could correctly replace the word "engaged?"
asked employed offered needed

Activity 3 – Writing

The extract has been written without any pictures to support it. Present the story as a comic strip. Include detailed pictures showing that the story is set in the past. Include dialogue (speech) between the characters in each picture.

Use the space below the picture to re-write the story in your own words. You can set it out like the table below on A4 paper and divide the paper up into boxes.

Picture	Picture	Picture
Story events	Story events	Story events

If you have queries about this work, please contact me at

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