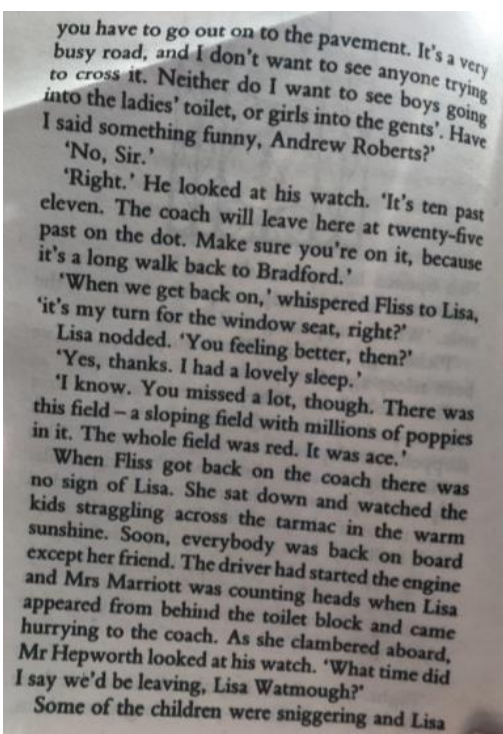
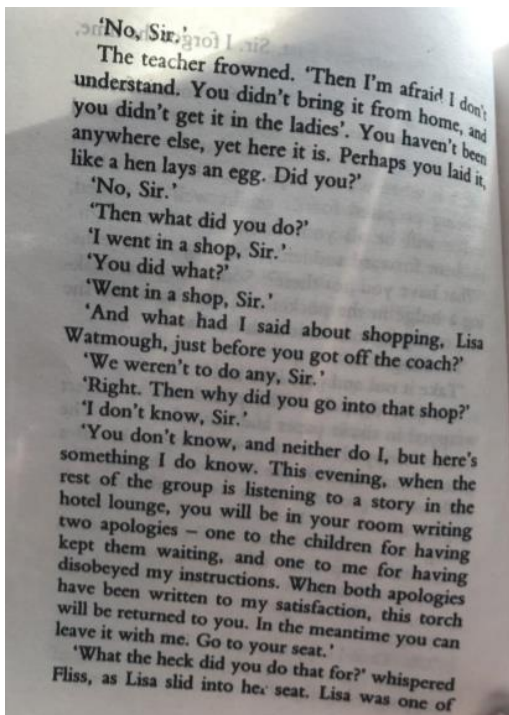
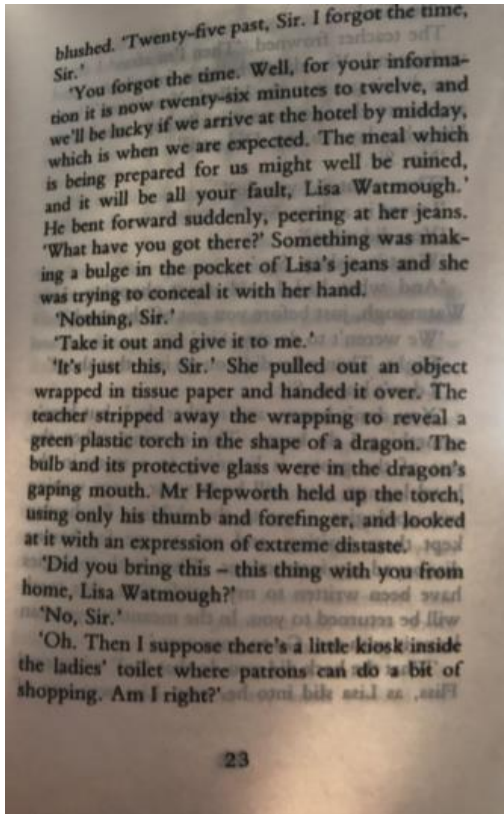


Here are the pages for Chapters 4-6 -not the best quality I'm afraid as had a few issues with technology at home! But you should be fine to read them online without needing to print them out.





those girls who seldom step out of line and are rarely in trouble at school.

She shook her head miserably. 'I don't know, Fliss. I don't even need a torch - I've got a better one at home. You'll think I'm crazy, but I couldn't help it - it was as though my feet were going by themselves.'

'Oh, don't you start,' groaned Fliss.

'What d'you mean?'

'Nothing. Forget it.' She looked out of the window. They passed a sign. North Yorkshire Moors National Park. The coach was climbing. Fliss gazed out as green pasture gave way to treeless desolation. She shivered.



'Hey look!'

A boy on the right-hand side near the front of the coach stood up and pointed. Everybody looked. Out of the bleak landscape rose three white, dome-shaped objects, like gigantic mushrooms breaking through the earth. As the coach carried them closer, they saw a scatter of low buildings and a fence. The great spheres, gleaming in the sunlight, looked like objects in a science-fiction movie.

'Wow! What are they, Sir?'

Mr Hepworth got up. 'That's the Fylingdales early-warning station,' he told them. 'Inside those domes is radar equipment, operated by the British and American forces. It maintains a round-the-clock watch for incoming missiles. They say it would give us a three-minute warning.' He smiled wryly. 'Three minutes in which to do whatever we haven't done yet and always wanted to.'

Room 13 Chapters 4, 5 and 6

'What would you do, Sir?' asked a grinning Waseem Kader.

'What would I do?' The teacher thought for a moment. 'I think I'd get a brick and throw it through the biggest window I could find.' He smiled. 'I've always fancied that.'

'Oh, I wouldn't, Sir - I'd run to the Chinese and get chicken chop-suey ten times and gobble it right quick.'

'Yeah!' cried Sarah-Jane Potts. 'That's what I'd do and all - we wouldn't have to pay, would we, Sir?'

'I'd get a big club and smash our Shelley's head in,' said Ellie-May. 'I hate her.'

'There'd be no point, fathead!' sneered a boy behind her. 'She'd be dead in three minutes anyway.'

The noise level rose. Excited voices called back and forth across the coach as everybody tried to outdo everybody else in what they'd do with their last three minutes. The fact that many of them would have needed several hours or even days to carry out their plans was disregarded, and the discussion continued till the vehicle topped the highest rise and Mrs Marriott raised her voice, drawing everybody's attention to the ruins of Whitby Abbey, which were now visible in the hazy distance.

Gary Bazzard knelt, leering at Fliss over the back of his seat. 'See - that's where Dracula lives - in the ruins. Old Hepworth told us.'

'Old Hepworth told you no such thing.'

The boy's remark had coincided with a lull in conversation as everybody strained for a glimpse of the abbey, and Mr Hepworth had heard it. 'Old Hepworth told you that Bram Stoker, who created the character of Dracula, was inspired to do so after having seen the ruined abbey. Dracula does not live there or anywhere else. He is a figment of Stoker's imagination, Gary Bazzard, and sometimes I wish the same might be said of you.'

There was laughter at this. The boy's cheeks reddened as he resumed his seat. Fliss smiled faintly, gazing out at the distant ruins and beyond them to the sea.

It was ten past twelve when the coach drew up outside The Crow's Nest Hotel. Mr and Mrs Wilkinson, who ran it, were standing on the top step waiting for them. Lisa flushed, remembering what Mr Hepworth had said about it being all her fault. She hoped he wouldn't point her out to the Wilkinsons as the culprit.


'Check under your seats and on the luggage rack,' warned Mrs Marriott, as everybody stood up. 'Don't leave any of your property in the coach.'

The children checked, then filed slowly along the

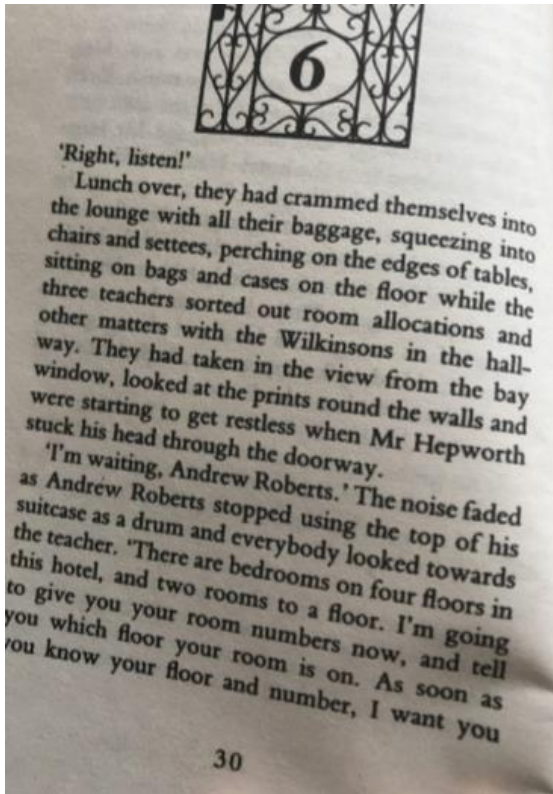
aisle and down on to the pavement. It was sunny, but a breeze blew from the sea, making it cooler than it would now be in Bradford. The driver went round the back and started unloading bags and cases, which their owners quickly claimed.

Fliss looked at the hotel. There was something vaguely familiar about the steps. The porch. Even the breeze, and the distant sound of the sea.

When everybody had their luggage Mr Hepworth led them into the hotel. Fliss looked at the iron bird on the black gate. For a moment she thought it was meant to be a gull, but then she remembered the name of the place and decided it was probably a crow. Somebody had made a poor job of painting it. Drips had run down to the edges of its wings and hardened there, giving them a webbed, spiky appearance, so that it looked more like a bat than a bird.



You could use part of this description for your picture of the hotel



Or you might decide to do a picture/diagram of the inside of the hotel.

Room 13 Chapters 4, 5 and 6

to pick up your luggage and walk quietly up to your room. What do I want you to do, Gemma Carlisle?

'Sir, go up to our room, Sir.'

'And how do I want you to go?'

'Walking quietly, Sir.'

'Right.' Mr Hepworth glared about the crowded room from under dark, bushy eyebrows. 'Walking quietly. Not charging up the stairs like a crazed rhinoceros, swinging your case, smashing vases and screaming at the top of your voice. And when you find your room, go in and wait. Don't touch anything, and don't start fighting about whose bed is which, or who's going to have this wardrobe or that drawer. The teacher responsible for your floor will come and sort all that out as soon as possible.' He put on his spectacles and began reading from a list.

'Joanne O'Connor, Maureen O'Connor, Felicity Morgan and Marie Nero, top floor, room ten.'

'Aw, Sir -'

'Moaning already, Felicity?'

'Me and Lisa wanted to be together, Sir.'

'Well you're not, are you? We'd be here all day if we started trying to put everybody with their best friend. Off you go.' He scanned his list

again. 'Vicky Holmes, Samantha Storey and Lisa Watmough, top floor, room eleven.'

Fliss carried her case up the stairs. There were brown photographs in frames all the way up. Ships and boats with sails. Old-time fisherfolk in bulky clothes. A wave breaking over a jetty.

Room ten contained a pair of bunk-beds and a double bed. There were two wardrobes, a chest of drawers and a dressing-table. The carpet was green and thin. A small washbasin stood in one corner. A brown photograph on the wall showed two children playing with a toy boat in a rock-pool.

Maureen went to the window. 'Hey! We're ever so high. You can see the sea from here.' Joanne and Marie went to look. Fliss put her case down and joined them. Beyond the road an expanse of close-mown grass, bisected by a footpath, stretched almost to the clifftop. There were wooden seats at intervals along the footpath. Away to the left was something which might be a crazy-golf course, while to the right stood a shelter with benches and large windows, and a telephone kiosk. In the shelter an old woman sat. She was dressed in black, and seemed to be looking straight at them. Beyond all this, glinting blue-grey under the sun, lay the sea.

'Isn't it lovely?' breathed Marie.

'Hmm.' Maureen's eyes followed a gull that swooped and soared along the line of the cliff. Joanne peered towards the horizon and thought she could make out the long, low shape of a ship - a tanker, perhaps.

Fliss gazed out to sea too, but she wasn't looking for a ship. She was thinking, Marie's right. It is lovely, but not nearly so beautiful as at night, when the moon makes a silver path across the water.

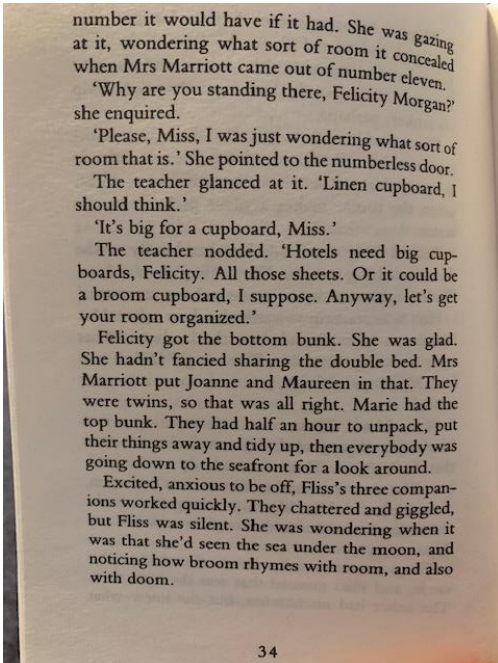
Behind them somebody knocked loudly on the door and flung it open. 'Hey, Fliss!' It was Lisa. 'We're right next door - come and see our room.'

Fliss was starting towards the door when Mrs Marriott's voice sounded on the landing. 'What are you doing there, Lisa Watmough? Didn't you hear Mr Hepworth say you were to wait in your room?'

'Yes, Miss.' There was a scampering noise. Lisa's face disappeared. Fliss waited a moment then looked out. There was nobody on the landing. The door of number eleven was half-open, and she heard Mrs Marriott asking Lisa if she didn't think she'd caused enough trouble for one day.

There were two other doors. One had twelve on it, and Fliss guessed that was the bathroom. The other had no number, but she knew what

Room 13 Chapters 4, 5 and 6



Task One: To draw the hotel.

You could imagine what the Crow's Nest hotel looks like using some of the description in the book. You might like to do a cross section of the inside of the hotel or, you could do like me and use Robinwood as the setting!



Room 13 Chapters 4, 5 and 6



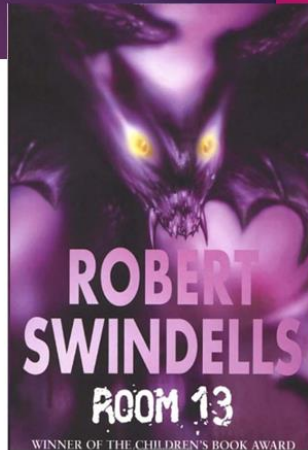
Here are some pics of the inside of the main building at Robinwood as a reminder for your picture/diagram or writing (see next page)

Commented [RH1]:



Task Two: Planning your own descriptive paragraph

- ▶ Jot down your ideas after reading Chapters 4-6.
- ▶ What's the lunch room like?
- ▶ Why is there a delay? (maybe you are having lunch or the rooms aren't quite ready)
- ▶ What can you see outside of the window?
- ▶ Which teacher speaks? They give out the room lists. Who are you with? Are you pleased or not?
- ▶ Do you talk to anyone? Who? What is said?
- ▶ Where is your room? How do you get to it? (think about Robinwood, up some stairs or out in different block-use your imagination-the choice is yours!). Describe the room.
- ▶ How do you see Room 13? (are you popping to the bathroom/to see a friend etc) What sort of room do you consider it to be? (storage/laundry/linen etc)
- ▶ How do you feel when you get back to your room?



Task Three:

- ▶ Have a go at a short piece of writing describing your arrival and going to your room.
- ▶ Use your notes to help structure your writing in a similar way to the book. (You can magpie bits from the book too!) You can write or type your work.
- ▶ Read it through!!
- ▶ Edit spellings and SPAG – can you vary your openers?: -ing starters (Feeling disappointed.....), adverbial openers of time/manner or place (Slowly glancing over her shoulder) , -ed clause (Surprised by the teacher's remark....)
- ▶ Read it through again!
- ▶ Remember the rules for speech. Check you have remembered to punctuate yours correctly.
- ▶ Share your work with Mrs Haffey @class5elves

