

Fliss opened her eyes as the coach swung into a tight turn which nearly catapulted her into the aisle. 'What's happening - where are we?' ym a'n' 'Pickering,' said Lisa. 'We're stopping.' You've

been asleep ages."

Fliss looked out. They were rolling on to a big car-park with a wall round it. As the coach stopped, Mr Hepworth stood up at the front. 'This is Pickering,' he said. 'And we are making a toilet stop.' His eyes swept along the coach and locked on to those of a boy near the back. 'A toilet stop, Keith Halliday. Not a shopping stop. Not a sightseeing stop. Not a "let's buy packets of greasy fish and chips, scoff the lot before Sir sees us and then throw up all over the coach" stop. Have I made myself quite clear?' 'Sir.'

'Right. The toilets,' he pointed, 'are down there at the bottom of this car-park. To get into them,

you have to go out on to the pavement. It's a very you have to go one to see anyone trying busy road, and I don't want to see anyone trying to cross it. Neither do I want to see boys going into the ladies' toilet, or girls into the gents'. Have I said something funny, Andrew Roberts?" 'No, Sir.'

'Right.' He looked at his watch. 'It's ten past eleven. The coach will leave here at twenty-five past on the dot. Make sure you're on it, because it's a long walk back to Bradford.'

'When we get back on,' whispered Fliss to Lisa, 'it's my turn for the window seat, right?' Lisa nodded. 'You feeling better, then?'

Yes, thanks. I had a lovely sleep.

'I know. You missed a lot, though. There was this field – a sloping field with millions of poppies in it. The whole field was red. It was ace.'

When Fliss got back on the coach there was no sign of Lisa. She sat down and watched the kids straggling across the tarmac in the warm sunshine. Soon, everybody was back on board except her friend. The driver had started the engine and Mrs Marriott was counting heads when Lisa appeared from behind the toilet block and came hurrying to the coach. As she clambered aboard, Mr Hepworth looked at his watch. 'What time did I say we'd be leaving, Lisa Watmough?"

Some of the children were sniggering and Lisa

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.

blushed. 'Twenty-five past, Sir. I forgot the time, Sir.' You forgot the time. Well, for your informa-You forget the time, went, for your incoma-tion it is now twenty-six minutes to twelve, and we'll be lucky if we arrive at the hotel by midday, we'll be lucky if we are expected. The meal which is being prepared for us might well be ruined, and it will be all your fault, Lisa Watmough." and it will be all your have peering at her jeans. He bent forward suddenly, peering at her jeans. 'What have you got there?' Something was mak-ing a bulge in the pocket of Lisa's jeans and she was trying to conceal it with her hand. 'Nothing, Sir.'

'Take it out and give it to me.' 'It's just this, Sir.' She pulled out an object wrapped in tissue paper and handed it over. The teacher stripped away the wrapping to reveal a green plastic torch in the shape of a dragon. The bulb and its protective glass were in the dragon's gaping mouth. Mr Hepworth held up the torch, using only his thumb and forefinger, and looked at it with an expression of extreme distaste. Did you bring this - this thing with you from home, Lisa Watmough?" and matter and swaft

'Oh. Then I suppose there's a little kiosk inside the ladies' toilet where patrons can do a bit of shopping. Am I right?' or orni bile stil as , still

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on'No, Sir, grof L

The teacher frowned. 'Then I'm afraid I don't The teacher nowned, understand. You didn't bring it from home, and understand. You didn't bring it from home, and you didn't get it in the ladies'. You haven't been anywhere else, yet here it is. Perhaps you laid it, like a hen lays an egg. Did you?' 'No, Sir.'

'Then what did you do?' 'I went in a shop, Sir.'

- 'You did what?'
- 'Went in a shop, Sir.'

'And what had I said about shopping, Lisa Watmough, just before you got off the coach?' 'We weren't to do any, Sir.'

'Right. Then why did you go into that shop?' 'I don't know, Sir.'

'You don't know, and neither do I, but here's something I do know. This evening, when the rest of the group is listening to a story in the rest of the group is insening to a story in me hotel lounge, you will be in your room writing two apologies – one to the children for having two apologies – one to the children for having kept them waiting, and one to me for having disobeyed my instructions. When both apologies have been written to my satisfaction, this torch will be returned to you. In the meantime you can leave it with me. Go to your seat.' 'What the heck did you do that for?' whispered Fliss, as Lisa slid into he, seat. Lisa was one of

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 sciencefiction 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-theclock 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."

'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 d. 'I've always fancied that.' smile

'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 Gary Dazzard Mere that's where Dracula lives 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 full 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 scat. 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

ip. 'Don't leave any of your property in the coach.' he 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



'Right, listen!'

Lunch over, they had crammed themselves into the lounge with all their baggage, squeezing into chairs and settees, perching on the edges of tables, sitting on bags and cases on the floor while the three teachers sorted out room allocations and other matters with the Wilkinsons in the hallway. They had taken in the view from the bay window, looked at the prints round the walls and window, looked at the prints round the walls and were starting to get restless when Mr Hepworth stuck his head through the doorway.

'I'm waiting, Andrew Roberts.' The noise faded as Andrew Roberts stopped using the top of his suitcase as a drum and everybody looked towards the teacher. "There are bedrooms on four floors in this hotel, and two rooms to a floor. I'm going to give you your room numbers now, and tell you which floor your room numbers now, and use you which floor your room is on. As soon as you know your floor and number, I want you

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

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 rockpool.

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.

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'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.

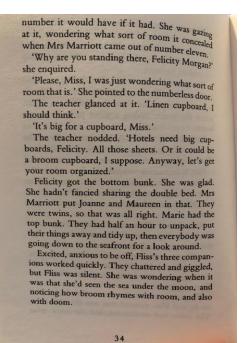
Fliss gazed out to sea too, but she wasn't look-ing for a ship. She was thinking, Marie's right. It is lovely, but not nearly so beautiful as at night, ht when the moon makes a silver path across the water.

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



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!





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)

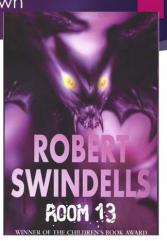
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Task Two: Planning your own descriptive paragraph

▶ 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 (<u>Slowly</u> 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

