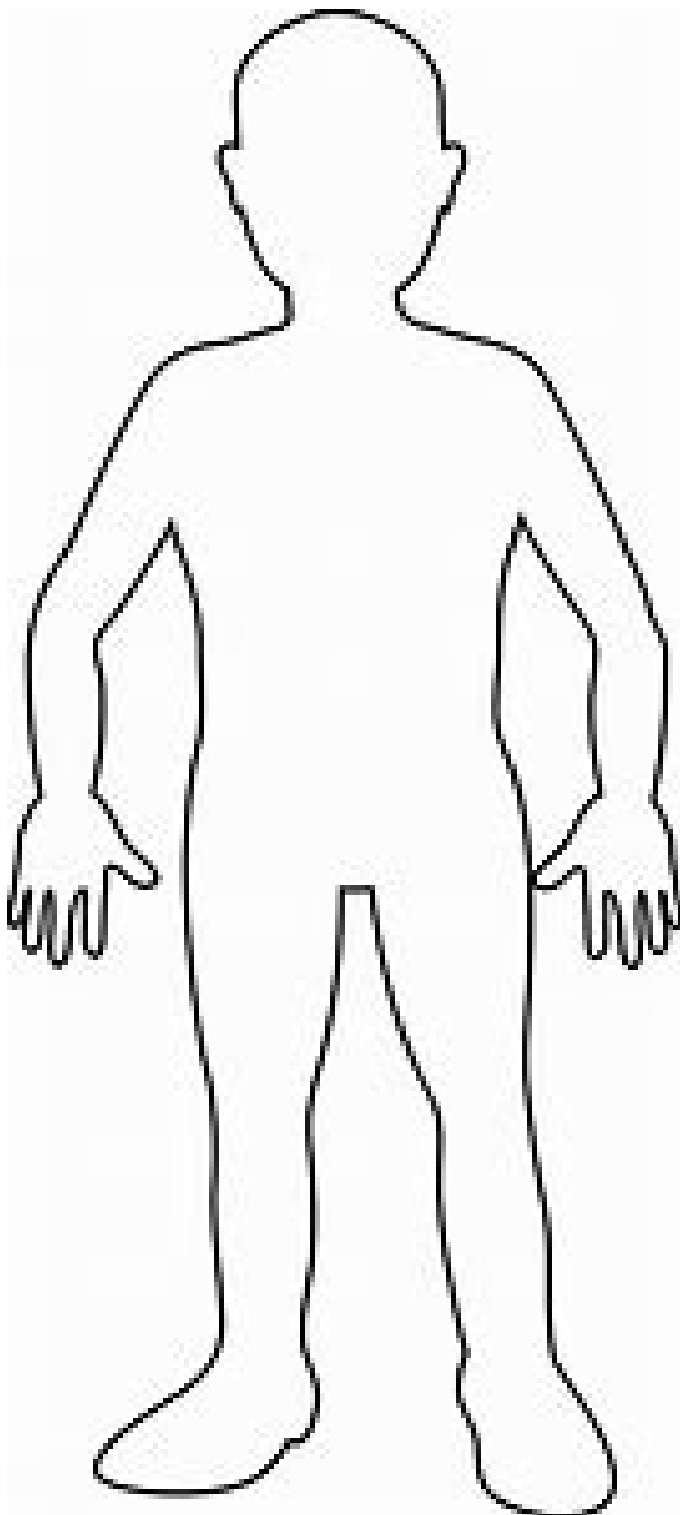


Room 13 Writing Tasks

Monday

Imagine the author would like to write another book in the same style as Room 13 and he has asked for your help!

- Reread Chapter One and think about the key points that you mapped out in your comic strip. Your introduction will need to have the same structure.
- Felicity's dream happened the night before a school trip. Where might your trip be to? Where might you stay? Possible choices might include: camp sites, hotels, a relative's house or even somewhere like Robinwood!



Design your main character.

Draw your character or colour in the template.

What is their name?

How old are they?

Are they a boy or girl?

What do they look like?

What is their best friend called?

What inner qualities do they have? (e.g., shy, dependable, loyal, brave, determined). As this is your main character, they are most likely to be positive traits! You could write these over your picture, inside the outline.

Can you use hint not tell to describe some of your character's qualities? For example, 'He carried the heavy bag with ease.' would hint that my character was strong.

Tuesday Jot down your thoughts for the questions below. They will help structure your writing.

1. Where are you walking in your dream? Fliss walks along a road, high above the sea. Remember it should be creepy but not too obvious (like a graveyard) It could be through a wood, along a canal/river, clifftop path, alleyway, shortcut etc...
2. What can you hear? (Fliss hears the sea as her setting is near the beach) Can you relate the sounds you can hear to your setting? (think what things are usually found there)
3. What is the place you arrive at? (e.g., a hotel) What do the gates look like? (think about their size, what they are made from, if they have anything unusual on them)
4. How does the gate open?
5. How does your main character feel?
6. What does the place look like?
7. Where does your character go next? What is the atmosphere like? How many of the 5 senses can you use to build up the tension?
8. Your character enters 'The Room of Doom'. What is it like? Is there lots in the room or is it fairly empty? What does your character see in the centre of the room? Remember it needs to be enclosed so that they can't see what's inside straight away.
9. What happens when you open the box? (look back at the main story, the author **doesn't** tell us what is inside.) It could be a noise, a movement, an interruption etc...
10. What happens that causes your character to wake up? How do they feel? How can you show this? (sweating, racing heart, tingling up spine etc...)

Wednesday Reread Room 13 Chapter One again. You can magpie any vocabulary or sentence starters that might be useful.

Read through your notes.

Have a go at writing your 'dream'. Try and include:

- Hint not tell
- 5 senses
- Setting description
- Fronted adverbials
- Short sentences for effect
- Variety of parenthesis
- Expanded noun phrases.

Thursday /Friday Once you've had a go at writing, ask an adult to read it with you. Does it sound like you want it to? Have you missed out any punctuation or words? Edit for SPAG and spelling with a different colour. (you can type your work if you prefer!)

I'd love you to share your work with me- share via our Class twitter page or ask an adult to email it to me via our school office. I look forward to reading your creepy work!! Mrs Haffey 😊



This is what Fliss dreamed the night before the second year went to Whitby.

She was walking on a road high above the sea. It was dark. She was alone. Waves were breaking at the foot of cliffs to her left, and further out, the moonlight made a silver path on the water.

In front of her was a house. It was a tall house, looming blackly against the sky. There were many windows, all of them dark.

Fliss was afraid. She didn't want to go inside the house. She didn't even want to walk past but she had no control over her feet. They seemed to go by themselves, forcing her on.

She came to a gate. It was made of iron, worked into curly patterns. Near the top was a bit that was supposed to be a bird in flight – a seagull perhaps – but the gate had been painted black, and the paint had run and hardened into little stalactites along the bird's wings, making it look like a bat.

was a smell like damp earth. When she was very close the voice whispered, 'The Bed of Dread,' and then the shape sat up and reached out for her and she screamed. Her screams woke her and she lay damp and trembling in her bed.

Her mother came and switched on the light and looked down at her. 'What is it, Felicity? I thought I heard you scream.'

Fliss nodded. 'I had a dream, Mum. A nightmare.'

'Poor Fliss.' Her mother sat down on the bed and stroked her hair. 'It's all the excitement, I expect – thinking about going away tomorrow.' She smiled. 'Try to go back to sleep, dear. You've a long day ahead of you.'

Fliss clutched her mother's arm. 'I don't want to go, Mum.'

'What?'

'I don't want to go. I want to drop out of the trip.'

'But why – not just because of a silly dream, surely?'

'Well, yes, I suppose so, Mum. It was about Whitby, I think. A house by the sea.'

'A house?'

'Yes.' She shivered, remembering. 'I was in this house and something horrible was after me. Can I drop out, Mum?'

The gate opened by itself, and as she went through Fliss heard a voice that whispered, 'The Gate of Fate.' She was drawn along a short pathway and up some stone steps to the front door, which also opened by itself. 'The Keep of Sleep,' whispered the voice.

The door closed silently behind her. Moonlight shone coldly through a stained-glass panel into a gloomy hallway. At the far end were stairs that went up into blackness. She didn't want to climb that stairway but her feet drew her along the hallway and up.

She came to a landing with doors. The stairs took a turn and went on up. As Fliss climbed, it grew colder. There was another landing, more doors and another turn in the stair. Upward to a third landing, then a fourth, and then there were no more stairs. She was at the top of the house. There were four doors, each with a number. 10. 11. 12. 13. As she read the numbers, door thirteen swung inward with a squeal. 'No!' she whispered, but it was no use. Her feet carried her over the threshold and the voice hissed, 'The Room of Doom.'

In the room was a table. On the table stood a long, pale box. Fliss thought she knew what it was. It filled her with horror, and she whimpered helplessly as her feet drew her towards it. When she was close she saw a shape in the box and there

Her mother sighed. 'I suppose you could, Felicity, if you're as upset as all that. I could ring Mrs Evans first thing, tell her not to expect you, but you might feel differently in the morning.' She smiled. 'Daylight makes us forget our dreams, or else they seem funny – even the scary ones. Let's decide in the morning, eh?'

Fliss smiled wanly. 'OK.' She knew she wouldn't forget her dream, and that it would never seem funny. But it was all right. She was in control of her feet (she wiggled them under the covers to make sure), and they weren't going to take her anywhere she didn't want to go.