

Reading - Summer 1 Week 5 - Home Learning

Session 1

Today, you are going to be looking at a spooky story called Trappers Hill. First of all, read the story and then start to think about any words or phrases which helped create a creepy atmosphere and build tension. Make a note of these words/phrases by entering them into the table, explaining why you think it is a good choice of vocabulary or structure. There is an example to help you with this.

How to share your work:

- Write your answers into your exercise book and take a picture of your work.
- Type your answers directly into the boxes on this page or use Google Docs to edit.

Once you've completed the work, submit your work to Google Classroom following this set of instructions:

1. Go to classroom.google.com
2. Click the class - Classwork - the assignment.
3. To attach an item, click 'Add or create' and select 'Google Drive', 'Link' or 'File' depending on what type of file you have created.
4. The status of your work will change to 'Turned in'.

Den paused for breath at the first ring of earthworks. He could feel his heart rate finally returning to normal, despite the hard climb, so he reckoned he had put enough distance between himself and home. Of course, he would go back – just not yet. Everyone would need a little more time to calm down.

Looking around, he could see the sun edging closer to the horizon. Even so, he felt there was enough time to stay out a little longer and still get home before darkness descended completely. He would certainly appreciate the solitude. He relaxed as he watched the last day-visitors departing through the gate far below, leaving him the last living soul on the hill.

He had always loved this sacred place. Centuries ago, Trappers Hill had been an Iron Age hill fort – hence the earthworks. A small chapel had once stood at the top where now there was a small copse of beech and horse chestnut. It had even been the sight of a gallows, offering a warning to any who considered highway robbery to be a worthwhile occupation.

Having regained his breath, Den decided to see if he could find the shallow old maze that lay beyond the copse. Local legend said that it had been cut into the rabbit-cropped turf of the hillcrest by a lonely pupil from the ancient boarding school down in the town. Desperate to escape the jibes of his privileged classmates and the beatings of his strict masters, the poor lad would flee to this spot whenever he could.

Emerging from the trees, Den saw through the gathering gloom a figure standing in the middle of the maze. Trying to mask his disappointment, he approached with a mixture of caution and curiosity. Who else could possibly want to be up here at this time? The silence was shattered by the squabbling rooks high in the trees. The figure turned to look at Den. It was a boy – pale, thin, probably around ten or eleven. There was a sadness in his eyes, yet he managed a smile, saying, “Now I’ve got to find my way out again. I say, could you help me?”

“Why don’t you just walk straight across?” replied Den, feeling suddenly rather chilly and noticing that he was now in the shadow of the woods.

“Ah, now that wouldn’t be playing the game, would it?” countered the boy with a hint of a smile. “The right thing would be for you to follow the maze into the centre and then you can lead me out.”

“Well, I really ought to ...”

“Go on, I dare you,” interrupted the lad. “You’re right by the beginning. How difficult could it be?”

Against his better instincts, he took a first step into the shallow trench that marked the entrance. He was now approaching the first turn.

Suddenly, Den was struck by a deep sense of foreboding. He tried to cut across the maze but, strangely, he couldn’t. He turned and retraced his footsteps.

“Wait! What are you doing?” cried the boy but Den didn’t stop to answer. By the time he was back at the entrance, he was sprinting. He bolted back through the copse and stumbled down the hill.

Back on the hilltop, the rooks squawked their disappointment and the figure disappeared.

Copse – small group of trees

Earthworks – a large artificial bank of soil or earth that can be used as a fortification; a place where the earth has been banked up to make a wall or structure

Words and Phrases which Create Atmosphere and Tension

[illegible]