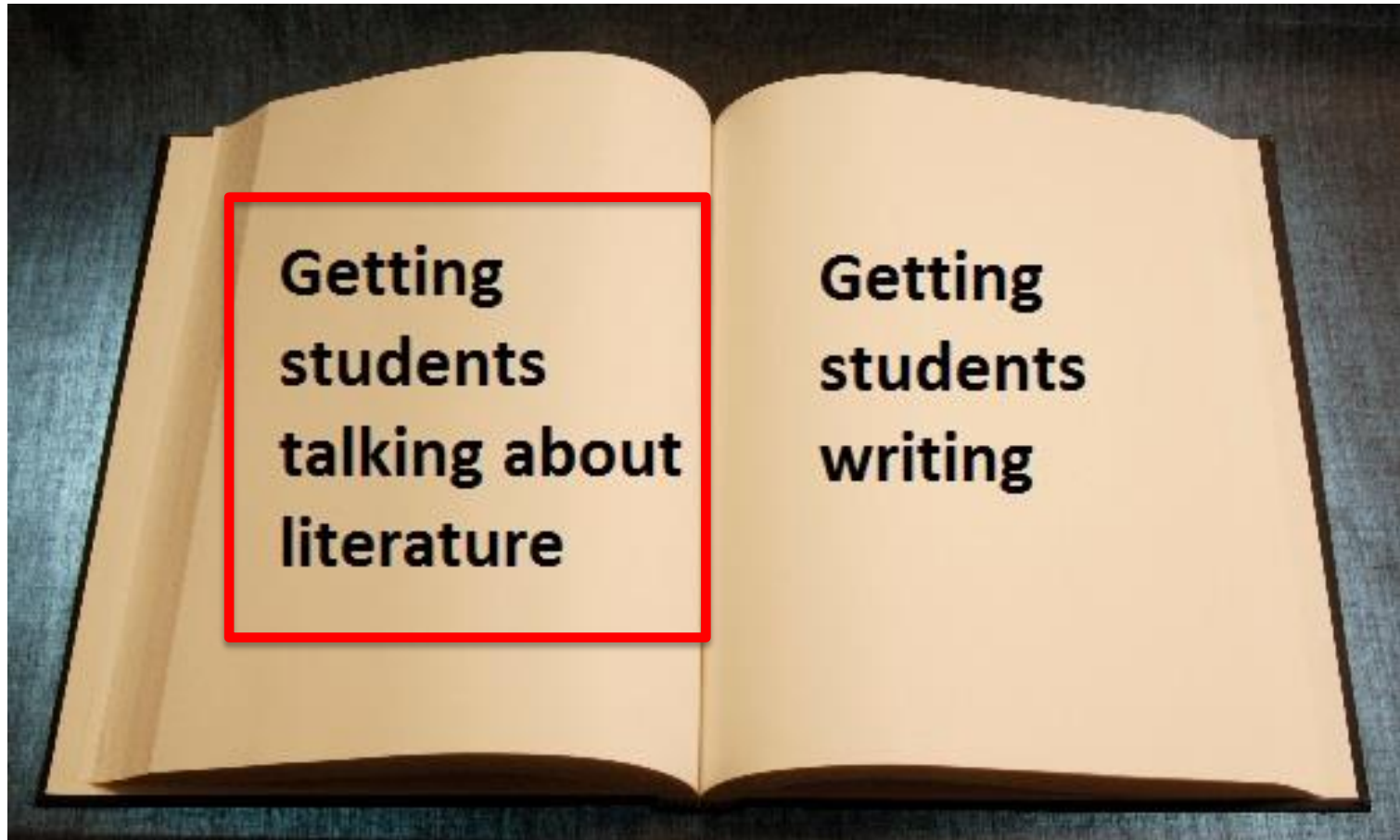


Designing Tasks with Literature

Edmund Dudley

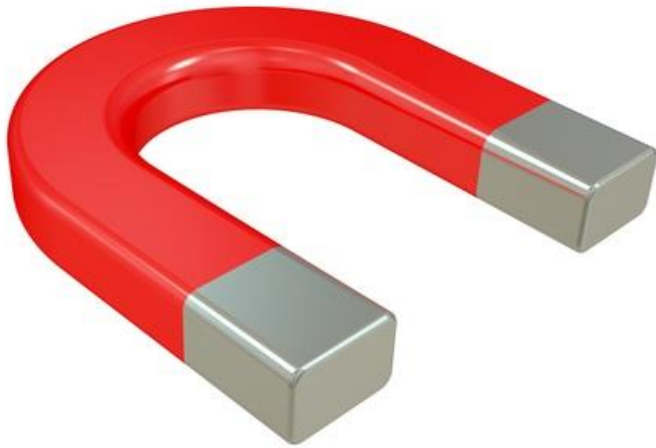
English Teachers' Day,
PH Vienna, 30 November 2016

In this session



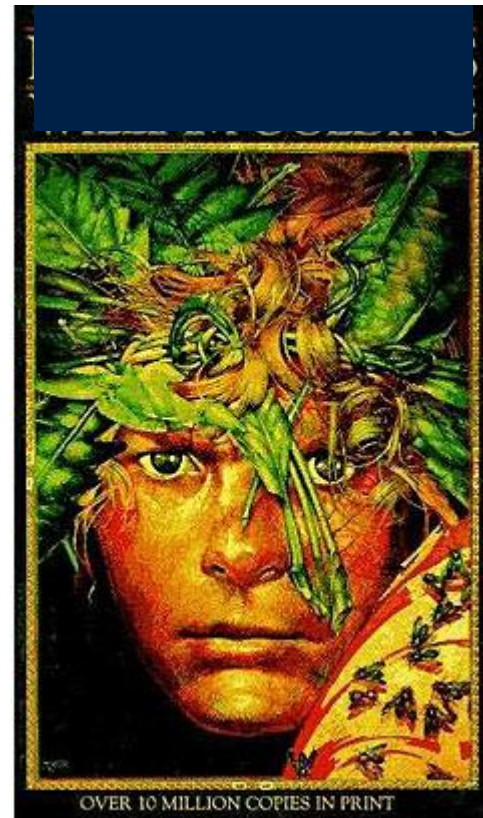
Getting students interested

Magnet and hook



Choosing a book

Looking at covers



1984 or Lord of the Flies?

spear	night	bed	leaves
lights	smoke	report	trial
savage	green	arrests	forest

1984 or Lord of the Flies?

spear	night	bed	leaves
lights	smoke	report	trial
savage	green	arrests	forest

1984 – an extract

It was always at night—the arrests invariably happened at night. The sudden jerk out of sleep, the rough hand shaking your shoulder, the lights glaring in your eyes, the ring of hard faces round the bed. In the vast majority of cases there was no trial, no report of the arrest. People simply disappeared, always during the night.



1984 – an extract

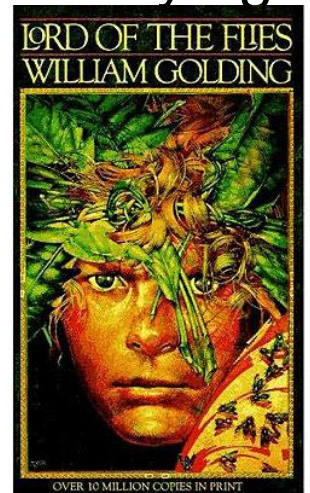
It was always at night—the arrests invariably happened at night. The sudden [redacted] out of sleep, the rough hand shaking your shoulder, the lights [redacted] in your eyes, the [redacted] of hard faces round the bed. In the vast majority of cases there was no trial, no report of the arrest. People [redacted] disappeared, always during the night.



Lord of the Flies – an extract

“Smoke!”

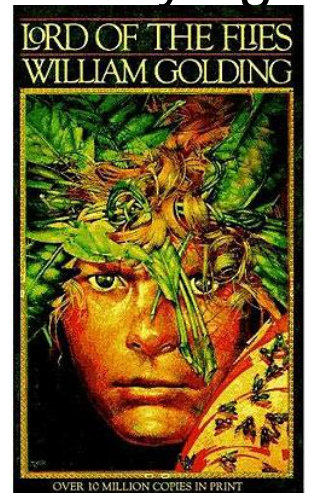
He wormed his way through the thicket toward the forest, keeping as far as possible beneath the smoke. Presently he saw open space, and the green leaves of the edge of the thicket. A smallish savage was standing between him and the rest of the forest, a savage striped red and white, and carrying a spear.



Lord of the Flies – an extract

“Smoke!”

saw open space, and the green leaves of the edge of the thicket. A smallish savage was standing between him and the rest of the forest, a savage striped red and white, and carrying a spear.



Choosing a book

Open-ended questions

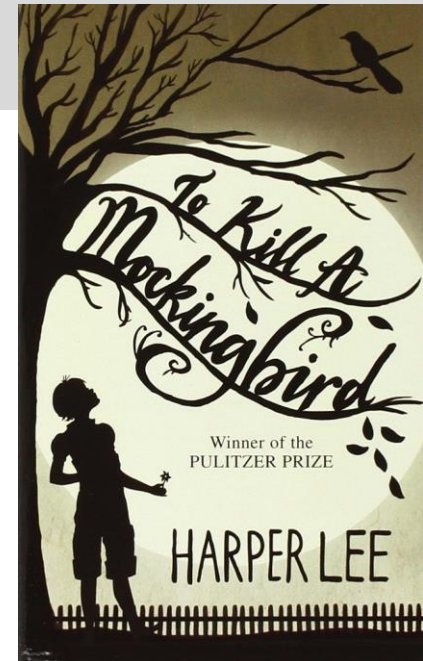
A jury never looks at a defendant it has convicted, and when this jury came in, not one of them looked at Tom Robinson. The foreman handed a piece of paper to Mr. Tate who handed it to the clerk who handed it to the judge...

What is happening?

Who is Tom?

What is he accused of doing?

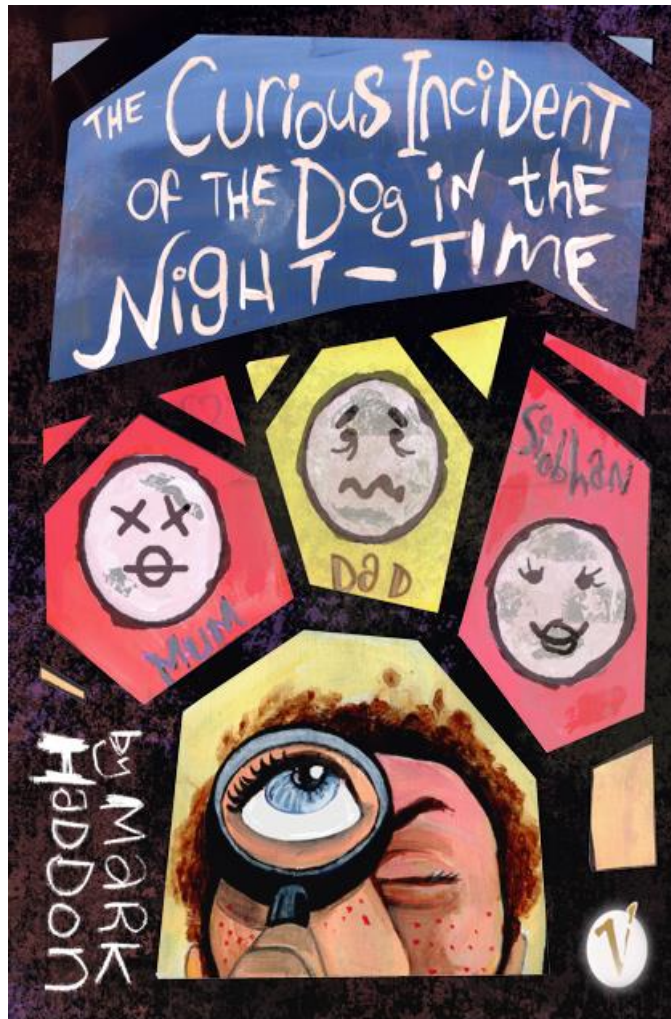
What do you think the verdict will be?



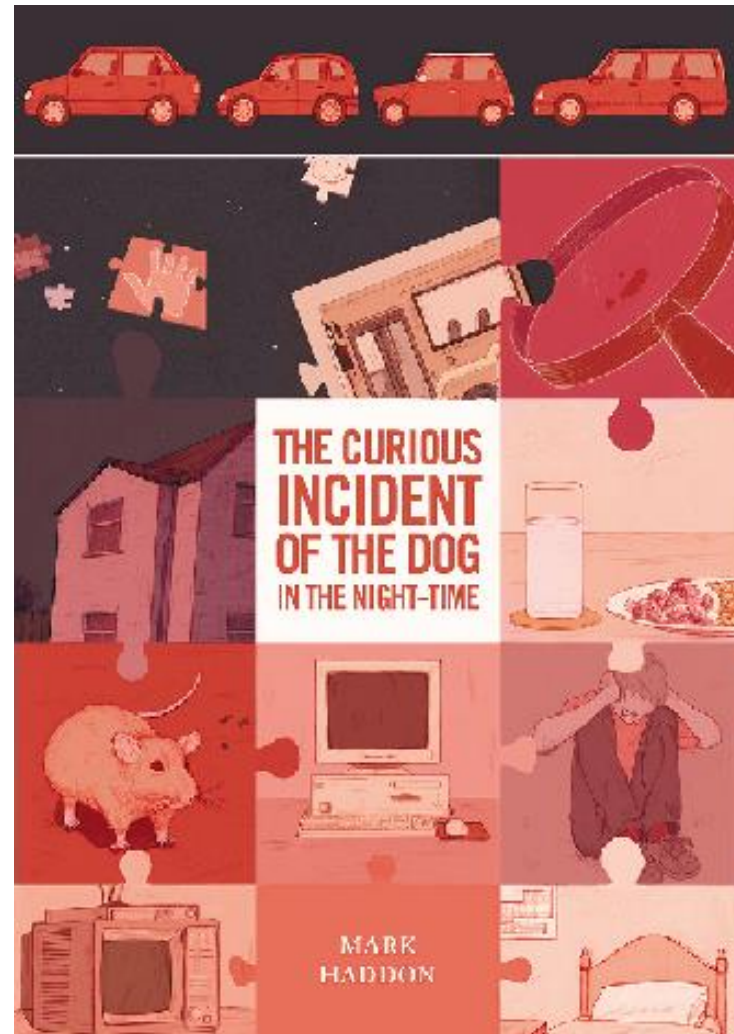
A kutya
különös esete
az éjszakában



Comparing covers



Edmund Dudley



An opening paragraph

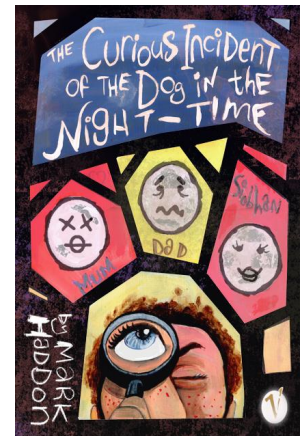
The Curious Incident...

2

It was 7 minutes after midnight. The dog was lying on the grass in the middle of the lawn in front of Mrs Shears' house. Its eyes were closed. It looked as if it was running on its side, the way dogs run when they think they are chasing a cat in a dream. But the dog was not running or asleep. The dog was dead. There was a garden fork sticking out of the dog. The points of the fork must have gone all the way through the dog and into the ground because the fork had not fallen over. I decided that the dog was probably killed with the fork because I could not see any other wounds in the dog and I do not think you would stick a garden fork into a dog after it had died for some other reason, like cancer for example, or a road accident. But I could not be certain about this.

Analysing the text

- 1 Who is the narrator? Are they male / female? How old are they? Why do you think that?
- 2 Look at the detail that the narrator provides. What does that tell you about the kind of person they are?
- 3 What questions do you have as a result of reading this chapter?



Passages reduced to dialogue

“How old are you?”

“I am 15 years and 3 months and 2 days.”

“And what, precisely, were you doing in the garden?”

“I was holding the dog,”

“And why were you holding the dog? Why were you holding the dog?”

“I like dogs.”

“Did you kill the dog?”

“I did not kill the dog.”

“Is this your fork?”

“No.”

“You seem very upset about this. I am going to ask you once again...”

Missing narrative

He was asking too many questions and he was asking them too quickly. They were stacking up in my head like loaves in the factory where Uncle Terry works. The factory is a bakery and he operates the slicing machines. And sometimes a slicer is not working fast enough but the bread keeps coming and there is a blockage. I sometimes think of my mind as a machine, but not always as a bread-slicing machine. It makes it easier to explain to other people what is going on inside it.

The policeman took hold of my arm and lifted me onto my feet. I didn't like him touching me like this.

And this is when I hit him.

Prompts for discussion and writing

- Describe the incident above from the perspective of the policeman
- Explain Christopher's bread metaphor in your own words
- Write about an occasion when you felt confused or frustrated. How did it feel?

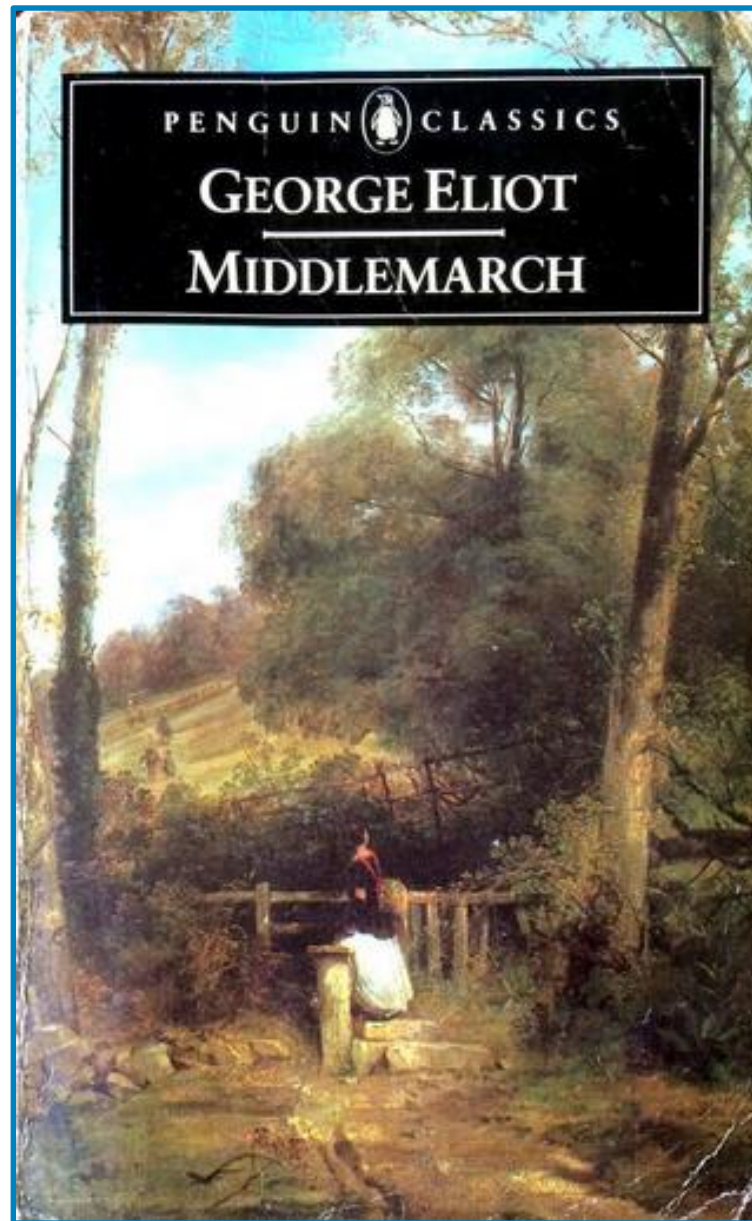


Working with extracts

Replace the words in **red** with an appropriate example or synonym

As Mr C's **vehicle** was passing out of the gateway, it arrested the entrance of a **vehicle** driven by a **woman** with **an employee** seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr C was looking absently before him; but the **woman** was quick-eyed and threw a nod and a **greeting** in the nick of time...

Do you recognise the novel?



Edmund Dudley

Markers of genre and setting

As Mr Casaubon's carriage was passing out of the gateway, it arrested the entrance of a pony phaeton driven by a lady with a servant seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr Casaubon was looking absently before him; but the lady was quick-eyed, and threw a nod and a 'how do you do?' in the nick of time. In spite of her shabby bonnet and very old Indian shawl, it was plain that the lodge-keeper regarded her as an important personage, from the low curtsey which was dropped on the entrance of the small phaeton.

Re-writing an extract

Changing the genre and setting

Re-write the text as if it were an extract from:

- a contemporary novel
- a gangster story
- science fiction

Tweet the extract
(condense it into
140 characters)

As Mr Casaubon's carriage was passing out of the gateway, it arrested the entrance of a pony phaeton driven by a lady with a servant seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr Casaubon was looking absently before him; but the lady was quick-eyed, and threw a nod and a 'how do you do?' in the nick of time. In spite of her shabby bonnet and very old Indian shawl, it was plain that the lodge-keeper regarded her as an important personage, from the low curtsy which was dropped on the entrance of the small phaeton.

Summary activity

Checking and revising

- Work in groups
- Discuss what you have read
- Write a short summary of one chapter
- **Include one factual mistake**
- Read out the summaries and find the mistake

Focus on characters

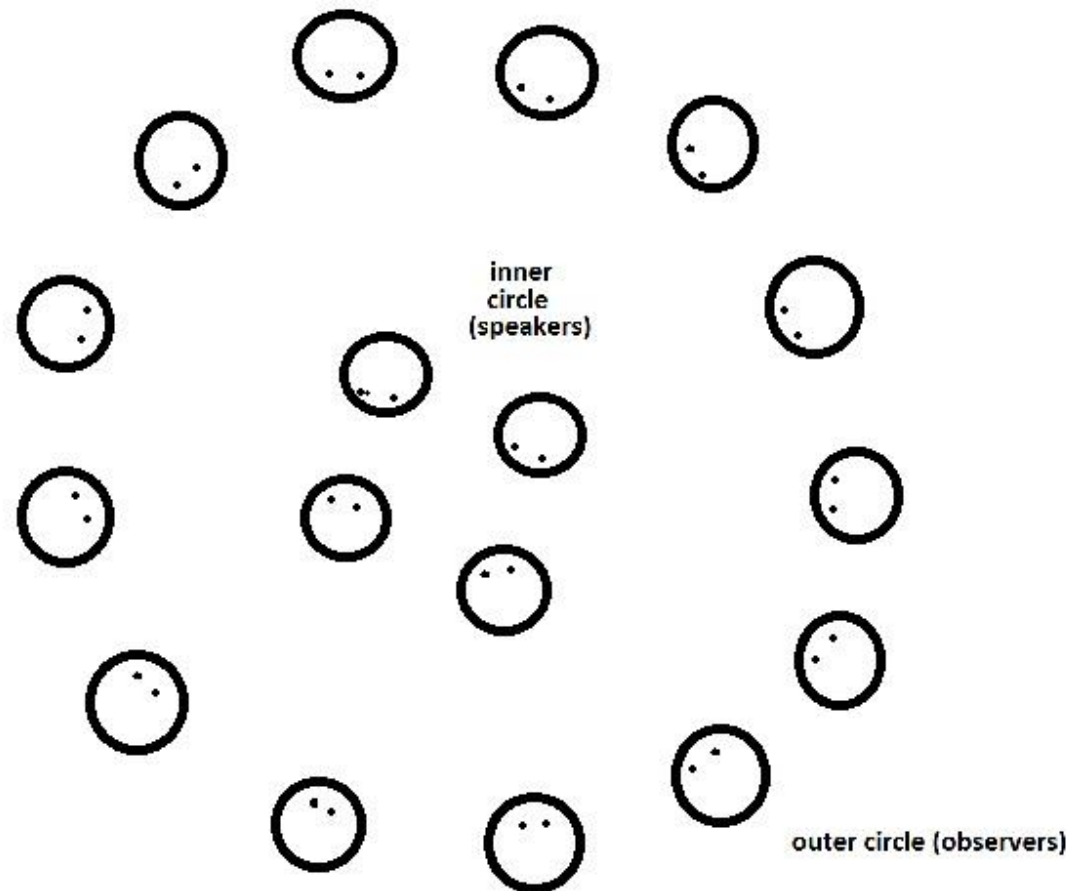
Exploring opinions and motives

- interviews
- fishbowl debates
- empty chair activities

Fishbowl

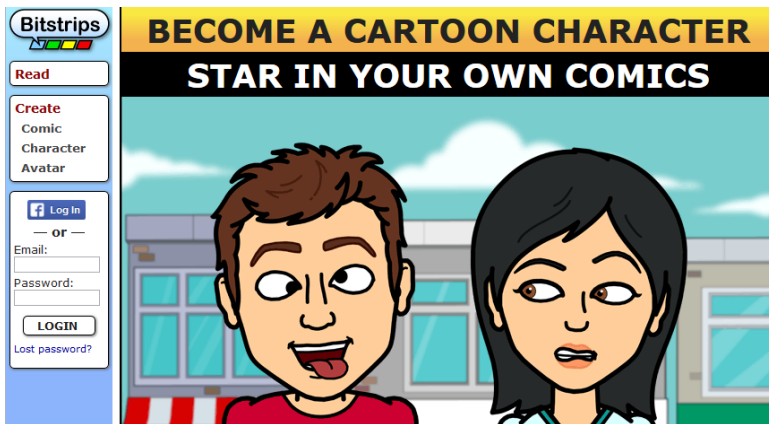
Outer circle roles

- Reporter
- Silent Contributor
- Reference Counter
- Comment Counter
- Shadower

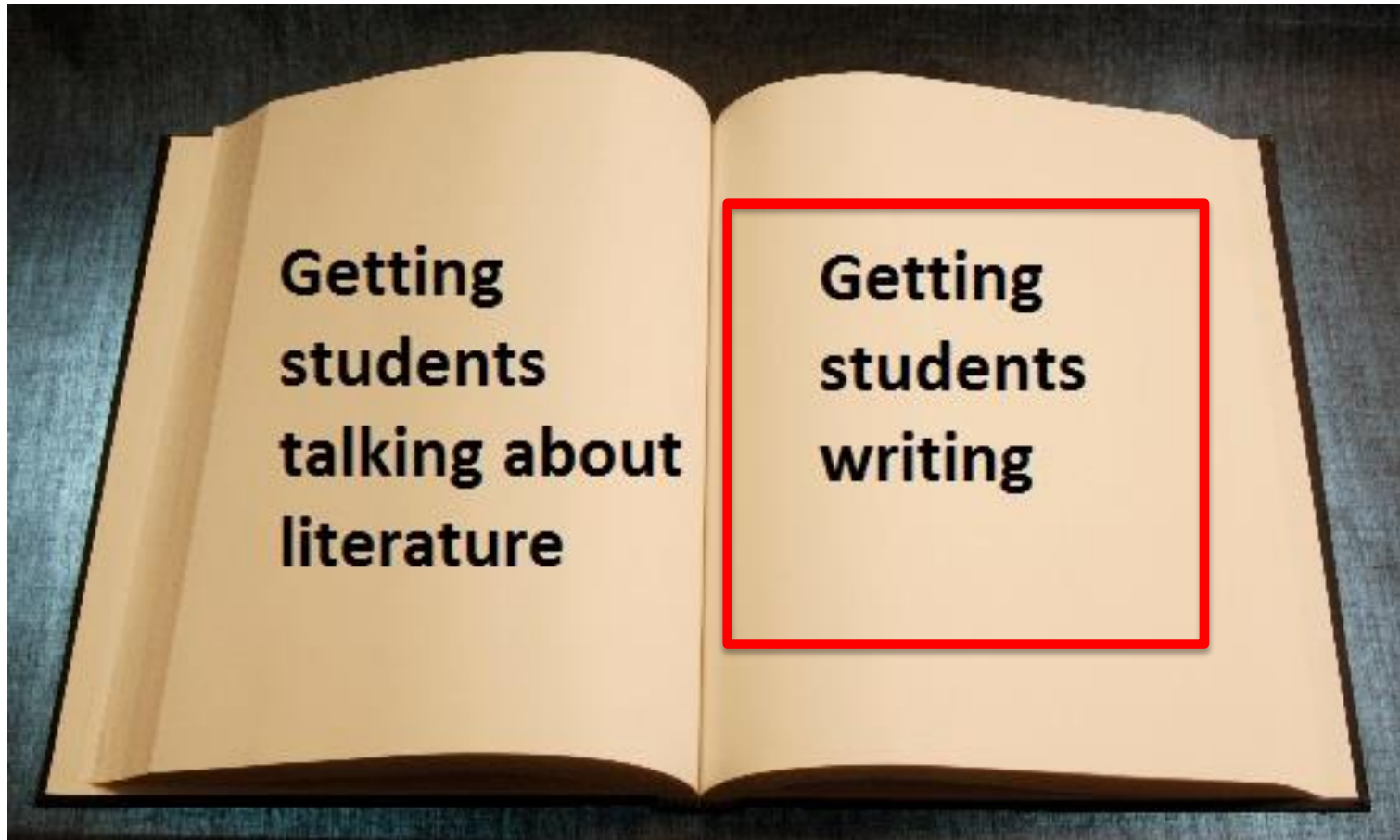


Drama and re-enactments

- Online comic strip generators, e.g. **bitstrip**
- smartphone videos



In this session





Working with blurbs...

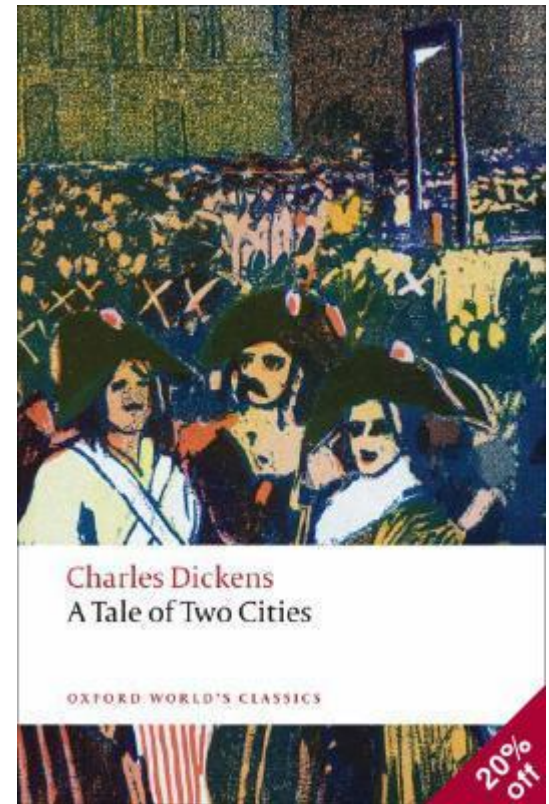
...you're doing it wrong!

This novel starts with this old doctor who's in prison in Paris, during the French Revolution of 1066. He escapes to England and then there's this boring bit that lasts for a few hundred pages. (You can skip through some of these parts.) So the old doctor's daughter marries this French guy, but there's another English guy who looks just like the French guy, and he loves her, too. The French guy goes back to Paris and they put him in prison. Then they let him out. Then they put him in prison again. They want to kill him, but then the English bloke who looks just like him changes places with him and he gets killed instead. Or something like that.

Working with blurbs

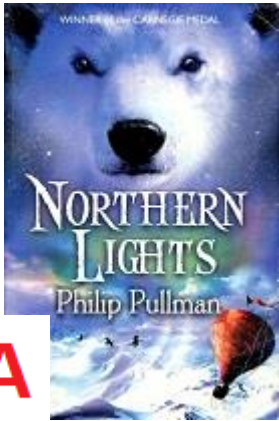
A Tale of Two Cities

Dickens' second historical novel, which he considered "the best story I have written," provides a highly-charged examination of human suffering and human sacrifice. Private experience and public history parallel one another as the political activities and personal responsibilities of these fictional characters, during the French Revolution, draw them into the Paris of the Terror.



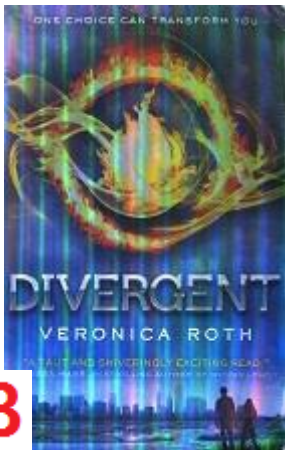
Working with blurbs

Matching



A

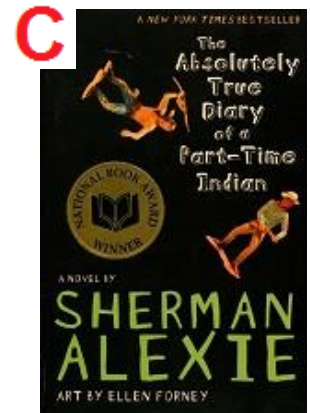
1. *When sixteen-year old Tris makes her choice, she cannot foresee how drastically her life will change...*



B

2. *When Lyra's friend Roger disappears, she and her daemon, Pantalaimon, set out to find him...*

3. *Junior is a budding cartoonist growing up on the Spokane Indian reservation...*



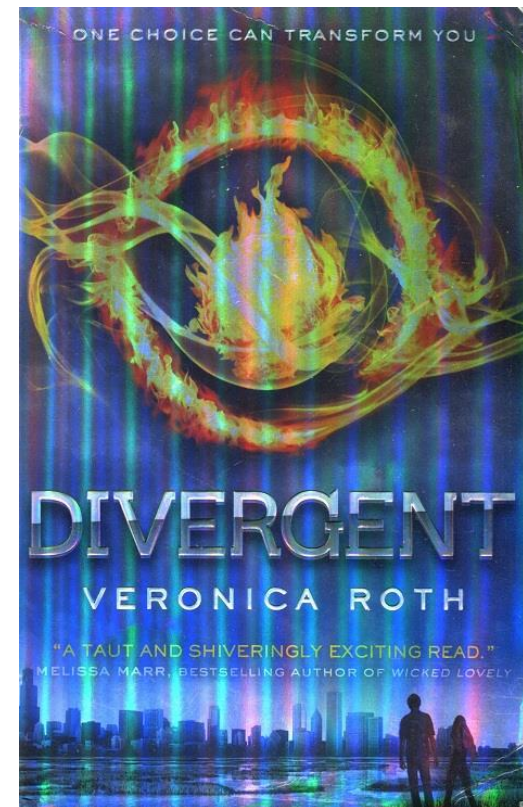
C

Working with blurbs

Writing

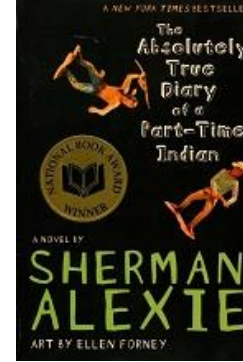
Beatrice Prior is sixteen years old. She lives with her family in the faction of Abnegation. Everyone's selfless there, but Beatrice feels like she doesn't fit in.

The Choosing Ceremony is coming up, and every sixteen year old has got to choose which faction they want to live the rest of their lives in: Abnegation, Erudite, Amity, Candor or Dauntless. What will Beatrice choose to do? One thing's for sure: her life will never be the same again.



Getting ready to write

From blurbs to beginnings



Junior is a budding cartoonist growing up on the Spokane Indian reservation. Born with a variety of medical problems, he is picked on by everyone but his best friend. Determined to receive a good education, Junior leaves the rez to attend an all-white school in the neighboring farm town where the only other Indian is the school mascot. Despite being condemned as a traitor to his people and enduring great tragedies, Junior attacks life with wit and humor and discovers a strength inside of himself that he never knew existed.

Inspired by his own experiences growing up, award-winning author **Sherman Alexie** chronicles the contemporary adolescence of one unlucky boy trying to rise above the life everyone expects him to live.



First lines

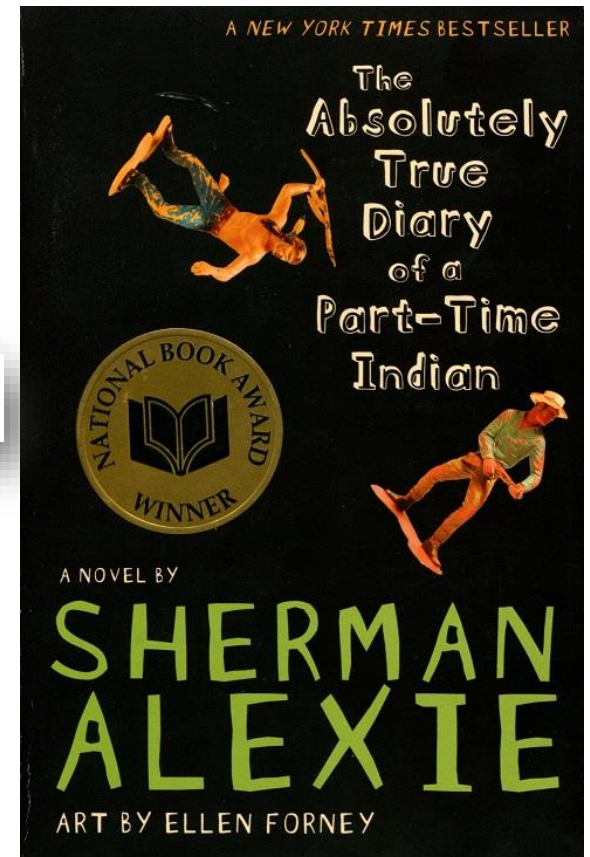
A I woke up at 7 am in the morning

B It's the first day of school today.

C I was born with water on the brain.

D My name is Junior and I'm Indian

E Today was the worst day of my life.



Sandwiching

Traveling between Reardan and Wellpinit, between the little white town and the reservation, I always felt like a stranger.

(Insert 4 words) ...in one place and half... (insert 4 words).

It was like being Indian was my job, but it was only a part-time job. And it didn't pay well at all.



Sandwiching

Traveling between Reardan and Wellpinit, between the little white town and the reservation, I always felt like a stranger.

I was half Indian in one place and half white in the other.

It was like being Indian was my job, but it was only a part-time job. And it didn't pay well at all.

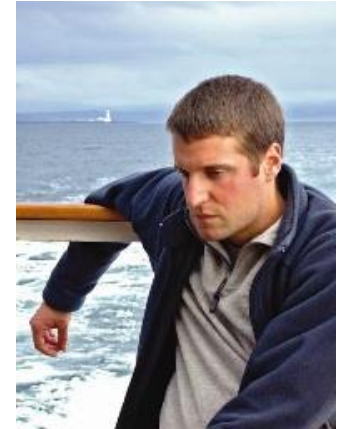


Sickness and cure

Type of sickness:



Cure:



Boy



Roald Dahl

I WAS HOMESICK during the whole of my first term at St Peter's. Homesickness is a bit like seasickness. You don't know how awful it is till you get it, and when you do, it hits you right in the top of the stomach and you want to die. The only comfort is that both homesickness and seasickness are instantly curable. The first goes away the moment you walk out of the school grounds and the second is forgotten as soon as the ship enters port.

Focusing on accuracy

Dictogloss

- Remove the text from view
- Dictate it quite slowly
- Students listen and take notes
- Repeat it
- Students try to re-construct the text from their notes
- Compare with the original

I WAS HOMESICK during the whole of my first term at St Peter's. Homesickness is a bit like seasickness. You don't know how awful it is till you get it, and when you do, it hits you right in the top of the stomach and you want to die. The only comfort is that both homesickness and seasickness are instantly curable. The first goes away the moment you walk out of the school grounds and the second is forgotten as soon as the ship enters port.

Describing sickness

Senses poem

Do you ever feel homesick or seasick? How does it feel?

Write a senses poem.

When I am homesick,

I see...

I hear...

I smell...

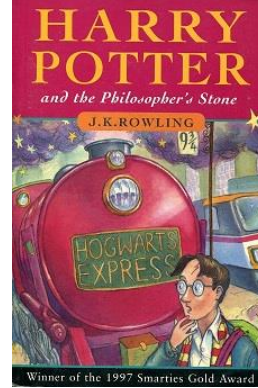
I taste...

I feel...





Edmund Dudley



‘I had a dream about a motorbike,’ said Harry, remembering suddenly. ‘It was flying.’

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beetroot with a moustache, ‘MOTORBIKES DON’T FLY!’

Dudley and Piers sniggered.

‘I know they don’t,’ said Harry. ‘It was only a dream.’

Translate from English into L1

wait

Translate back from L1 into English

Espresso stories

No more than 25 words

'The Dinosaur' by Augusto Monterroso

When he woke up, the dinosaur was still there.



Espresso stories online

<http://espressostories.com/>

'Bleeding Edge' by Chris Williams

It was all over. It came down to who had the quickest fingers.

'This is Ned' by Zac Petrich

Ned reached out and touched Cynthia's beautiful face. It made his hand cold so he

into the CLASSROOM

Literature

Amos Paran and Pauline Robinson

OXFORD

Designing Tasks with Literature

Edmund Dudley

English Teachers' Day,
PH Vienna, 30 November 2016

legyened.edublogs.org