**Activity 7**

Closer reading



Let’s look more closely at the opening of the story.

Re-read the opening, thinking about the words chosen by the writer.

What words has the writer used to try to show what Jack and Sarah are like? I have highlighted words that show what Jack is like here:

**Extract from One Chance 1.**

Outside, the evening was cold and wet. A squally wind howled, rattling the roof tiles and shaking the window frames of 13 Wager Road. Inside, shabby curtains were drawn, a humble fire crackled and a couple sat in silence. Jack stretched out on the tired couch with an amused smile, turning the page of his favourite novel. Sarah scowled, silently seething. She scanned the room, noticing the worn-out furniture, peeling paint and, in her opinion, a pointless, idle husband. She deserved so much more than this.

This is what these words make me think about Jack:

“The word ‘stretched’ makes me think Jack is lying down and very relaxed. He is reading one of his favourite novels or books which I think he has read many times. In addition, he appears to be happy and content because he has an ‘amused smile’.”

**Now it is your turn.**

**What words could you highlight that show us what Sarah is like?**

**Extract from One Chance 1.**

Outside, the evening was cold and wet. A squally wind howled, rattling the roof tiles and shaking the window frames of 13 Wager Road. Inside, shabby curtains were drawn, a humble fire crackled and a couple sat in silence. Jack stretched out on the tired couch with an amused smile, turning the page of his favourite novel. Sarah scowled, silently seething. She scanned the room, noticing the worn-out furniture, peeling paint and, in her opinion, a pointless, idle husband. She deserved so much more than this.

What do these words make tell you about what Sarah is like?



**Extract from One Chance 1.**

Outside, the evening was cold and wet. A squally wind howled, rattling the roof tiles and shaking the window frames of 13 Wager Road. Inside, shabby curtains were drawn, a humble fire crackled and a couple sat in silence. Jack stretched out on the tired couch with an amused smile, slowly turning the page of his favourite novel. Sarah scowled, silently seething. She scanned the room, noticing the worn-out furniture, peeling paint and, in her opinion, a pointless, idle husband. She deserved so much more than this.

Is there a difference between the outside and the inside?

