

**Learning objective: Investigate the opening to *Skellig*. Revise our understanding of antonyms.**

**Framework objectives:**

- R2 – use appropriate reading strategies to extract particular information, eg highlighting, scanning
- R6 – adopt active reading approaches to engage with and make sense of texts
- R8 – infer and deduce meanings using evidence in the text, identifying where and how meanings are implied

**Starter:**

Give the students the set of words and ask them to identify how we might match the words in the two columns.

Encourage everyone to offer an answer.

Remind students that these types of pairs are called antonyms.

**Introduction:**

Look at the opening two paragraphs of *Skellig* together. Ask students to point out any words which might suggest the story is of a particular genre.

How does the writer 'hook' us to the story? What might interest us and make us want to read on?

**Development:**

Read up to the end of the first paragraph in chapter 3. Students go back through and find words which are used to describe the house and the garden – divide the class up into five groups and allocate each group a page to skim and scan. Explain that they should write the words down from the book, putting them in quotation marks like this: "dust and dirt". Put this example on the board to start everyone off.

When everyone has finished make a list on the board of the words groups found and ask students to record all the words in their books.

**Extension:**

Think of antonyms for the words we have found. Choose a selection if all of them is too many. Offer students thesauruses to extend their ideas.

**Plenary:**

What have we learnt so far in this novel? What are the differences between the way the house and the garden are described? What do we think might happen next?

Big	Quiet
Loud	Messy
Quick	Tall
Short	Small
Tidy	Slow

I found him in the garage on a Sunday afternoon. It was the day after we moved into Falconer Road. The winter was ending. Mum had said we'd be moving just in time for the spring. Nobody else was there. Just me. The others were inside the house with Dr. Death, worrying about the baby.

He was lying there in the darkness behind the tea chests, in the dust and dirt. It was as if he'd been there forever. He was filthy and pale and dried out and I thought he was dead. I couldn't have been more wrong. I'd soon begin to see the truth about him, that there'd never been another creature like him in the world.