

Vocab Mat for Suspense Narrative - Mr Linden's Library

<p><u>Pronoun</u></p> <p>she her hers herself he him his himself it its itself they them their themselves</p>	<p><u>Noun /Expanded noun phrase</u></p> <p>library shop store place premises setting surroundings shelving counter cover spine binding the dust layered book with battered leather cover the twisting, suffocating vines threatening tendrils of green leaves</p>	<p><u>Adjective</u></p> <p>dingy peculiar ominous unnerving forbidding enticing weaving</p>	<p><u>Determiner/ Article</u></p> <p>a an the many several enough another</p>
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<p><u>Figurative language</u></p> <p><u>(Personification, Metaphor, Simile)</u></p> <p>the books peered down on her pages whispering her name the words danced terror strangled her her books were her only friend. as dark as a demon's soul</p>	<p><u>Conjunction</u></p> <p>FANBOYS (for, and, nor, but, or, yet, so) whilst as because since although even though</p>	<p><u>Verb</u></p> <p>appeared revealed discovered caught sight noticed apologised entwined suffocated strangled</p>	<p><u>Adverb</u></p> <p>hesitantly cautiously eagerly impatiently threateningly with caution in trepidation</p>	<p><u>Relative pronoun</u></p> <p>who whose which that where when</p>
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Creating suspense using short sentences

Short, simple sentences can create tension, suspense or urgency, whereas longer compound or complex sentences slow down the reader.

Use the rule of three:

She was pinned down. Panic rose in her heart. Her screams were muffled.

Then you could follow with a longer, more detailed sentence to change the pace for the reader.

As the branches pulled tighter and tighter, the weaving vines gagged her cries and all that could be heard was the whispered sound coming from the pages of the book.



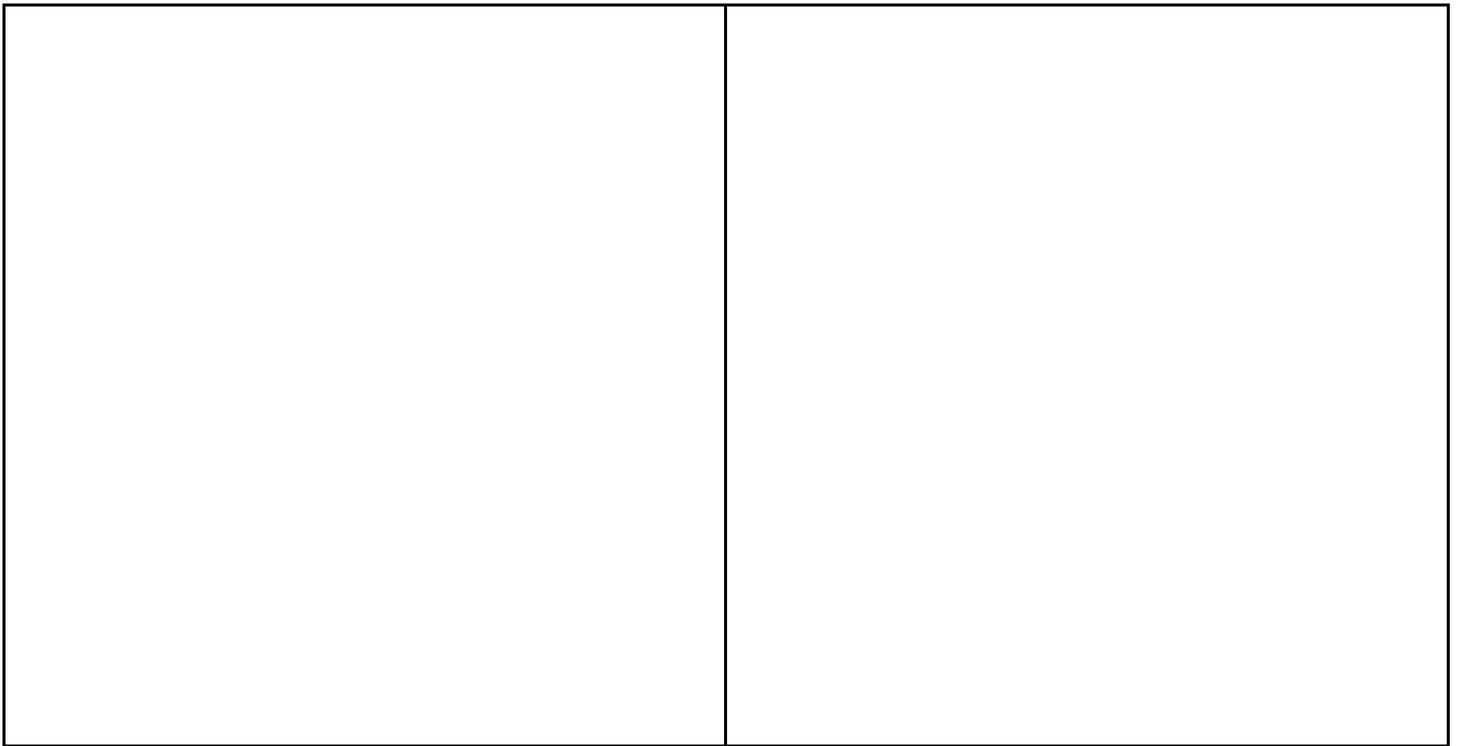
Can you show different shifts in formality in your narrative?

- You could use speech to do this and demonstrate the emotions of the characters:

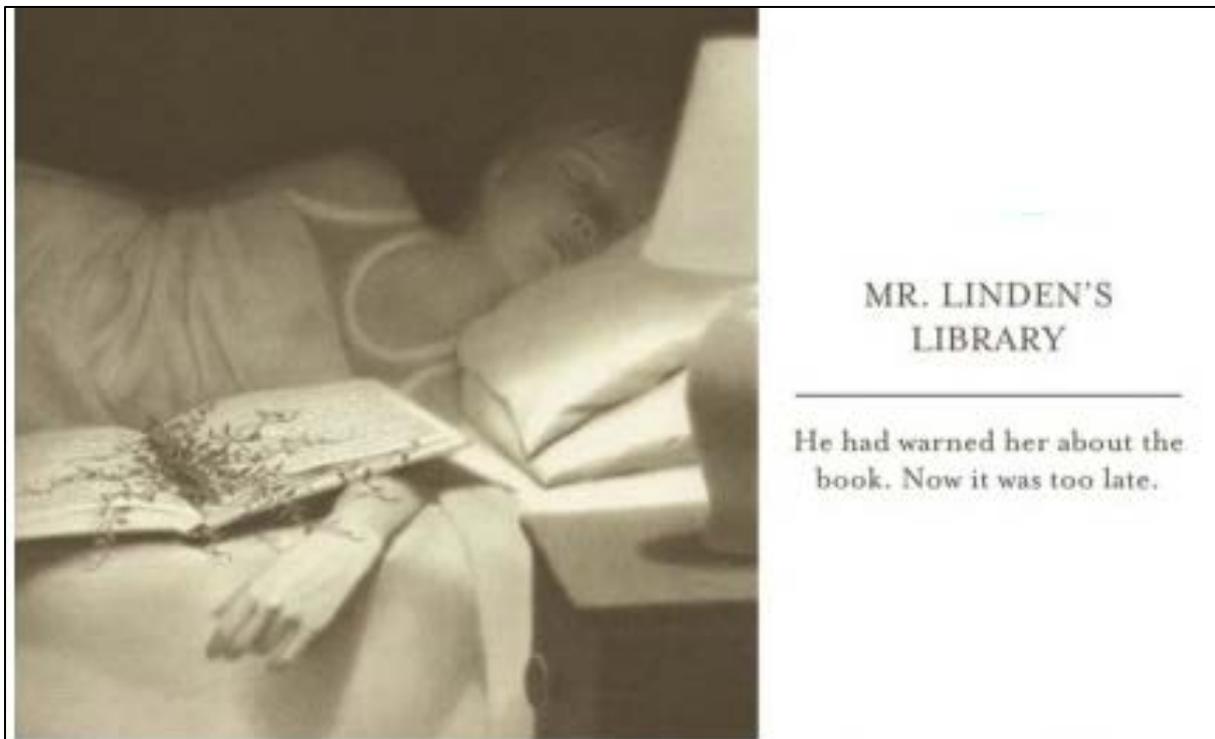
"N...no dear! That b...b...book's not for you," Mr Linden stuttered.

- Or shift formality by moving into second person and addressing the reader directly:

Now you wouldn't have ignored him... would you?



Picture Stimulus



WAGOLL: Suspense Narrative

NOTE: For the key paragraphs look at final two.

Mr Linden's Library

He had warned her about the book. Now it was too late...

Ding! The sound of the old-fashioned bell announced her entrance into the dimly lit shop. She had been walking past the store for weeks now on her way to school. It had taken her a while to get used to the unfamiliar streets of her new neighbourhood but she had grown in confidence and was finally feeling settled. Leaving West Peak had been such a wrench for Sally and her heart grew heavy each time she thought of the friends she had left behind. For weeks, she had isolated herself in her bedroom, refusing to accept the changes that had been thrust on her by her dad's new job. The only comfort she found was in escaping into the magical worlds of her books, which now served as her only friends. It was Sally's love of the endless possibilities of reading that had enticed her into Mr Linden's shop that day.

Inside, her eyes began to adjust to her dingy surroundings. The shelves of books towered above her, casting eerie shadows, that seemed to bend and follow her every movement. As ominous as this peculiar place was, Sally found peace amongst the books peering down at her.

"Can I offer you some assistance dear?" A soft voice floated out of the darkness and, whilst barely audible, it startled her out of the dreamy state she had found herself caught up in. Turning, she caught sight of a small, elderly man, dressed surprisingly formally in a greying suit, which was adorned with a clearly treasured, shining pocket watch. His warm smile reassured Sally.

"Oh I was just looking. I ...I don't have any money with me you see," she stuttered shyly.

"No matter, dear. My library is here for all to borrow. Take your pick and you can return it when you're finished." He had moved out from behind the counter and swayed unsteadily on the stick, that was clearly keeping him from toppling over. For an hour, the hands of the clock danced round, without Sally noticing. She was too busy browsing the endless rows of stories - woodland adventures, romantic tales of travel, unexplained mysteries; how could she choose?

"I'm sorry dear, but I'll be closing up soon," Mr Linden apologised, as he held up the swinging timepiece. Her hand rested on a faded cover, her fingers leaving an imprint on the thin coating of dust. The book had been pushed to the back of the shelf and she had to stretch up on the tip of toes to retrieve it.

"This one!" she announced, decisively setting it down in front of the old man. The wave of fear that washed over Mr Linden's face, caught her by surprise.

"N-no dear! Not this one. Believe me this is not the book for you," he asserted, barely removing his gaze from its cover. Grownups always thought they knew

best. Her mum had always been reluctant to let her read some of her most loved bloodcurdling tales.

"Don't worry! I'll get it back to you in no time," she replied, quickly snatching the book from in front of him and dashing out onto the sun-streamed street.

Climbing the stairs that night, Sally was unaware of the shadow that followed her. The darkness slipped unnoticed into her room. It settled forebodingly on her bed. Hovering with all the intent of wickedness, it hung over the item she had casually tossed down. The item? You guessed it: Mr Linden's book. As she settled down under the covers, she picked it up; the binding was worn, like most beloved books tend to be, she thought to herself. Her eyes settled on the quizzical title - *The Trees That Wept*. The gold lettering and gilded leaf prints had caught her attention back in the shop. They had shone quite inexplicably through the layers of dust.

Opening to the first page, the book's spine creaked its disapproval. One line and one line only greeted her. This book is filled with the tears of a thousand trees - turn back. Sally grinned. What an opening! Her hand had already turned the page. Her mind was hungry for the words painted across the pages. As her eyes moved greedily across each line, she didn't notice the single, green sprout, emerging from the crease of the spine. One leaf became two. Two formed a branch. The branch climbed threateningly from the centre of the book. With each twisting tendril, the rising tree wrapped itself unrelentingly, first around Sally's fingers, moving to her wrists and then entwining her arms. She was pinned down. Panic rose in her heart. Her screams were muffled. As the branches pulled tighter and tighter, the weaving vines gagged her cries and all that could be heard was the whispered sound coming from the pages of the book. "We warned you. This is for every page you have ever caressed. For every one of your books. Each one formed from those weeping trees."

He had warned her about the book. Now it was too late.

Reading Challenge!

Read through the WAGOLL for our flashback narrative



If you were to visualise Mr Linden's Library, what would you picture and why? What words have helped you form this image?



Why did Sally not listen to Mr Linden's warning? Refer to the text for evidence.



The second paragraph has two tones - both light and dark. How does the author achieve this and how do they shift between them?



Need a helpful hint? Check out the planning points below:

(Remember that you can choose how long/short you want your narrative to be. If you want to just focus on the tree growing from the book, look at the last paragraph.)

Title: Mr Linden's Library

Paragraph 1: Backstory of main character

- Introduce the main character - Who is she? Where does she live? What is her backstory - anything unusual about her life? What is her personality like?
- Explain how she ended up at Mr Linden's library / shop.

Paragraph 2: Inside Mr Linden's library/shop and choosing book

- Describe the setting of Mr Linden's library/shop - focus on the senses: sights, sounds, smells.
- What does she notice that is strange about the place?
- Does Mr Linden introduce himself? What does he say?
- How does she find/choose the book?
- What is his reaction when he sees the book she has chosen?

- How does she manage to take the book away with her anyway?

Paragraph 3: At home and settling down to start book

- Where does she go to settle down with the book?
- Is there anything strange surrounding her? Does she notice?
- What does she see when she first looks down at the cover of the book? What made her choose it in the first place?

Paragraph 4: Reading and the growth of the tree

- What does she see when she first opens the book? What text is written there?
- What is her reaction?
- Describe the first growth coming from the book.
- Build up the suspense with short sentences showing how it grows bit by bit.
- What do the vines do to her? And how does she react?
- How can you end dramatically? - does she hear something? Is there a reveal of why this happened? Is her final thought Mr Linden's warning?