



Guided Reading, week commencing 18th January 2021

Task 3, Wednesday.

Varjak Paw

Your next task is to think about how the author helps us to understand more about Varjak's feelings and behaviour.

- 1) Listen again to Mr. Gamage read the extract on the blog.
- 2) Read it again quietly to yourself.

TASK 3: Guided reading – Varjak Paw		
<u>L/O: Infer details about a character from a text</u>	What I think	My teacher thinks
<i>I can remember to:</i>		
Find words and phrases to support an idea.	☐	☐
Decide on a viewpoint and justify it.	☐	☐
Use clues from various places in the text to understand a character.	☐	☐

Today, we are going to consider the tools an author uses to tell us about a character. In this passage, several sentences have been highlighted in yellow.

What do you notice about these sentences? What kind of sentences are they?

There are no speech marks (") but it is a character, 'talking to themselves' – who is it?

Are the questions always resolved (answered)?

Does the author's use of these questions help us to understand more about Varjak's personality?

Do you think Varjak will be successful in his mission to find a dog? Why do you think this?



Varjak could see for miles and miles. There were no walls or trees to block his view any more. Just open space, rippling out ahead of him, beneath him, above him. He was standing in space and it was a long way to fall.

He peered down the inside of the wall. He could see nothing through the trees. The Gentleman's cats and the Elder Paw were hidden by the tangled net of branches. There was no way back. He was truly on his own.

Had he done the right thing? Shouldn't he have helped his grandfather? He couldn't get the picture out of his mind: the Elder Paw, limp, like a broken toy.

Tremors were coming up from somewhere deep within him, racking him open. Varjak blocked them, stopped them, pushed them back down. The Elder Paw knew what he was doing. He'd planned it. He was willing to lay down his life, so Varjak could have the chance to go Outside, and find a dog.

All he could do now was go on. **But where?**

Ahead of him was a sea of lights, stretching far away into the darkness. Varjak couldn't tell what they were or where they led. He looked up. Another sea of lights: the moon and stars, cold and distant. They made him giddy in the pit of his stomach, so dizzy he could almost feel the wall slip out from under him.

He closed his eyes and counted to ten. It didn't work. The view was too big; he was too small. A pure-bred Mesopotamian Blue had no place on top of a wall. But then, as his family said, he wasn't much of a Blue. **So who was he?**

Beneath the giant sky, he was no one. He was nothing.

Varjak's stomach lurched. He was going to be sick if he stayed on the wall any longer. Down. He had to get down, and quickly – the black cats would be looking for him. **But how?** He couldn't climb down the wall: it was sheer. He'd over-balance and crash if he tried.

There was a tree Outside the wall, just one. He could climb down a tree, if only he could make it that far.

He stretched out a paw. His pad slipped on the wet moss that cloaked the stone. He clung on with his claws and regained his balance. A blast of bitterly cold wind almost pushed him over the edge. Another wave of giddiness washed over him. The wind seemed to taunt him with its song. *Too high*, it sang. *Too high, too soon!* Varjak tried to shut it out, but the song was everywhere. *You've gone too high too soon. You'll never make it to that tree!*

He ignored it, positioned his tail for extra balance and took another step along the mossy stone. It was like walking on ice: treacherous: impossible. In his mind, he saw himself slip, slide, skid off that wall, smash to pieces on the ground below. He shuddered.

Think of something else, he told himself. Think of the Way. **What was it?** Slow-Time. Moving Circles. Shadow-Walking.

Varjak staggered towards the tree. *Too high*, whistled the wind.

"Slow-Time!" he yelled back. He wasn't going to let the wind beat him.

"Moving Circles!" He wasn't going to let the wall beat him.

"Shadow-Walking!" Because he was Varjak Paw, and he knew the Way.

Varjak walked the wall like he'd been walking walls all his life. He was light and springy on his paws. It worked: the Way actually worked! He wasn't dizzy any more. He didn't feel sick.

I'd like to see Julius do this, he thought.

Now he just had to step into the tree, and he could climb down easily. He'd done the hard part. Varjak grinned, and pounced onto the nearest branch.

CRACK!

Falling...

Didn't test it? Stupid!



The wind whipped into his face as he fell towards the ground. He closed his eyes –

– and everything went black.