

## **Year 9 Term 5 Homework**

### **Task 5**

#### ***Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit* – from chapter 1**

My mother and I walked on towards the hill that stood at the top of our street. We lived in a town stolen from the valleys, a huddled place full of chimneys and little shops and back-to-back houses with no gardens, The hills surrounded us, and swept out into the Pennines, broken now and again with a farm or a relic from the war. There used to be a lot of old tanks but the council took them away. The town was a fat blot and the streets spread back from it into the green, steadily upwards. 5

Our house was almost at the top of a long, stretchy street. A flagged street with a cobbly road. When you climbed to the top of the hill and looked down you could see everything. Over to the right was the viaduct and behind the viaduct was where we had the fair once a year. I was allowed to go there on condition I brought back a tub of black peas for my mother. Black peas are like rabbit droppings to look at and they come in a thin gravy made of stock and gypsy mush but they taste wonderful. The gypsies made a mess and stayed up all night and my mother called them breeders but on the whole we got on very well. They turned a blind eye to toffee apples going missing, and sometimes, if it was quiet and you didn't have enough money, they still let you have a ride on the dodgems. We used to have fights round the caravans, the ones like me, from the street, we fought the posh ones from the Avenue. The posh ones went to Brownies and didn't stay for school dinners. 10 15 20

Once, when I was collecting the black peas, about to go home, the old gypsy woman got hold of my hand. I thought she was going to bite me. She looked at my palm and laughed a bit. 'You'll never marry,' she said, 'not you, and you'll never be still.' She didn't take any money for the peas, and she told me to run home fast. I ran and ran, trying to understand what she meant. I hadn't thought about getting married anyway. There were two women I knew who didn't have any husbands at all; they were old though, as old as my mother. They owned the paper shop and sometimes, on a Wednesday, they gave me a banana bar with my comic. I liked them a lot, and talked about them a lot to my mother. One day they asked me if I'd like to go to the seaside with them. I ran home, gabbled out their invitation, and was busy emptying my money box to buy a new spade, when my mother said firmly and forever, no. I couldn't understand why not, and she wouldn't explain. She didn't even let me go back to say I couldn't. Then she cancelled my comic and told me to collect it from another shop, further away. I was sorry about that. A couple of weeks later I heard my mother telling Mrs White about it. She said the women dealt in unnatural passions. I though she meant they put chemicals in their sweets. 25 30 35

#### **Task:**

This text is from the opening of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

- annotate what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the text
- Highlight features at the start of each paragraph
- Annotate where the writer changes this focus as the extract develops
- Identify/annotate any other structural features that interest you.