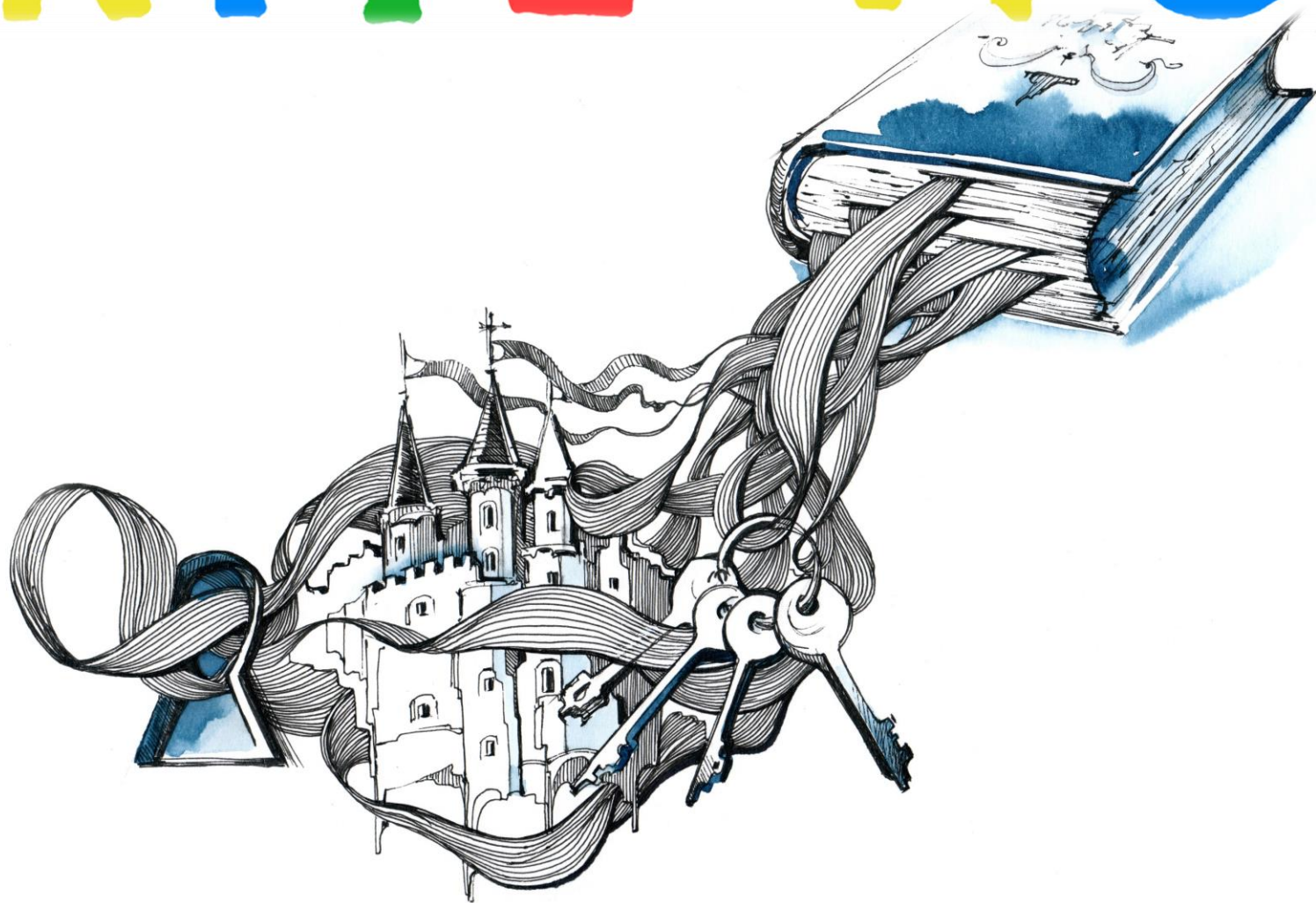


WRITE NOW!



2

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2. Time and Space

Extracts from Literature

WRITE NOW!

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1. Suggestions for how to use the extracts

In this booklet, you will find some extracts from different novels where writers have used time and / or space in interesting ways.

As you read them, think about:

1. How the writer has used time / space as part of the story.
2. How the writer had used language or images to express a sense of time or space.
3. How time or space can represent something more – such as a feeling, a way of being, or a particular theme or point of view.

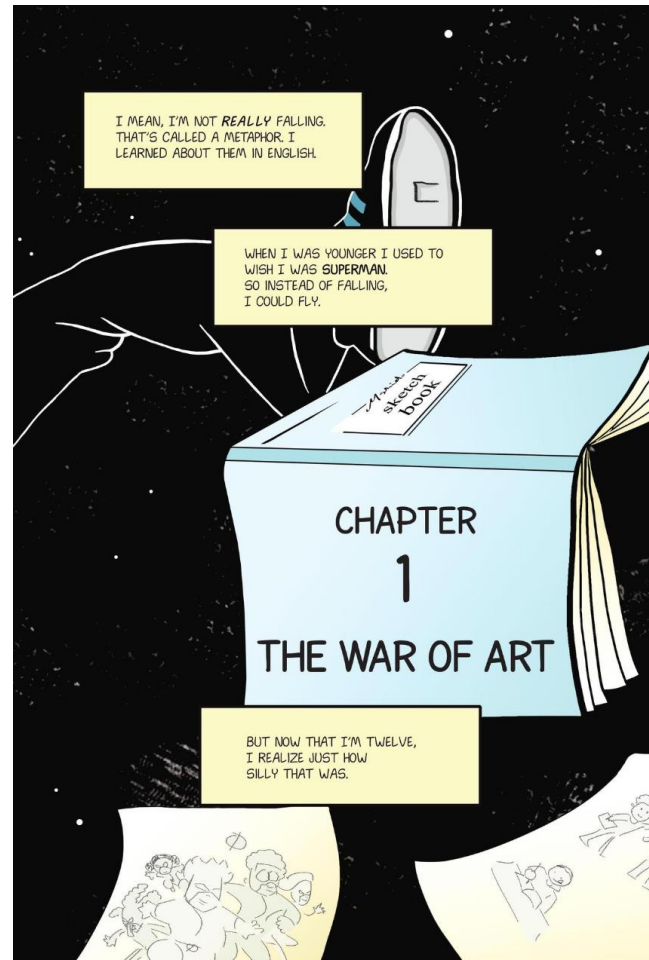
You should also pay attention to:

1. Use of paragraphing – especially effective single word or sentence paragraphing
2. Vocabulary
3. Punctuation use
4. Techniques like similes and metaphors
5. How image and shape can tell a story

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2. New Kid: Jerry Craft

Extract taken from where Jordan is being made to go to a school where he doesn't fit in and uses space to represent how lost he feels



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3. Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban: J. K. Rowling

This extract is taken from when Hermione and Harry use the time-turner to travel back in time to save Buckbeak.

Harry stared up into the grave face and felt as though the ground beneath him were falling sharply away. He had grown used to the idea that Dumbledore could solve anything. He had expected Dumbledore to pull some amazing solution out of the air. But no... their last hope was gone.

“What we need,” said Dumbledore slowly, and his light blue eyes moved from Harry to Hermione, “is more time.”

“But –” Hermione began. And then her eyes became very round. “OH!”

“Now, pay attention,” said Dumbledore, speaking very low, and very clearly. “Sirius is locked in Professor Flitwick’s office on the seventh floor. Thirteenth window from the right of the West Tower. If all goes well, you will be able to save more than one innocent life tonight. But remember this, both of you: you must not be seen. Miss Granger, you know the law – you know what is at stake... You – must – not – be –seen.”

Harry didn't have a clue what was going on. Dumbledore had turned on his heel and looked back as he reached the door.

"I am going to lock you in. It is –" he consulted his watch, "five minutes to midnight. Miss Granger, three turns should do it. Good luck."

"Good luck?" Harry repeated as the door closed behind Dumbledore. "Three turns? What's he talking about? What are we supposed to do?"

But Hermione was fumbling with the neck of her robes, pulling from beneath them a very long, very fine gold chain.

"Harry, come here," she said urgently. "Quick!"

Harry moved toward her, completely bewildered. She was holding the chain out. He saw a tiny, sparkling hourglass hanging from it.

"Here –"

She had thrown the chain around his neck too.

"Ready?" she said breathlessly.

“What are we doing?” Harry said, completely lost.

Hermione turned the hourglass over three times.

The dark ward dissolved. Harry had the sensation that he was flying very fast, backward. A blur of colors and shapes rushed past him, his ears were pounding, he tried to yell but couldn't hear his own voice –

And then he felt solid ground beneath his feet, and everything came into focus again –

He was standing next to Hermione in the deserted entrance hall and a stream of golden sunlight was falling across the paved floor from the open front doors. He looked wildly around at Hermione, the chain of the hourglass cutting into his neck.

“Hermione, what –?”

“In here!” Hermione seized Harry's arm and dragged him across the hall to the door of a broom closet; she opened it, pushed him inside among the buckets and mops, then slammed the door behind them.

“What – how – Hermione, what happened?”

“We've gone back in time,” Hermione whispered, lifting the chain off Harry's neck in the darkness.

“Three hours back...”

Harry found his own leg and gave it a very hard pinch. It hurt a lot, which seemed to rule out the possibility that he was having a very bizarre dream.

“But –”

“Shh! Listen! Someone’s coming! I think – I think it might be us!” Hermione had her ear pressed against the cupboard door.

“Footsteps across the hall... yes, I think it’s us going down to Hagrid’s!”

“Are you telling me,” Harry whispered, “that we’re here in this cupboard and we’re out there too?”

“Yes,” said Hermione, her ear still glued to the cupboard door. “I’m sure it’s us. It doesn’t sound like more than three people... and we’re walking slowly because we’re under the Invisibility Cloak – “

She broke off, still listening intently.

“We’ve gone down the front steps...”

Hermione sat down on an upturned bucket, looking desperately anxious, but Harry wanted a few questions answered.

“Where did you get that hourglass thing?”

“It’s called a Time-Turner,” Hermione whispered, “and I got it from Professor McGonagall on our first day back. I’ve been using it all year to get to all my lessons. Professor McGonagall made me swear I wouldn’t tell anyone. She had to write all sorts of letters to the Ministry of Magic so I could have one. She had to tell them that I was a model student, and that I’d never, ever use it for anything except my studies... I’ve been turning it back so I could do hours over again, that’s how I’ve been doing several lessons at once, see? But...”

“Harry, I don’t understand what Dumbledore wants us to do. Why did he tell us to go back three hours? How’s that going to help Sirius?”

Harry stared at her shadowy face.

“There must be something that happened around now he wants us to change,” he said slowly. “What happened? We were walking down to Hagrid’s three hours ago...”

“This is three hours ago, and we are walking down to Hagrid’s,” said Hermione. “We just heard ourselves leaving...”

Harry frowned; he felt as though he were screwing up his whole brain in concentration.

“Dumbledore just said – just said we could save more than one innocent life...” And then it hit him. “Hermione, we’re going to save Buckbeak!”

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4. The Time Machine: H. G. Wells

This extract is taken from Chapter Eleven where the time traveller goes into the future.

‘I HAVE already told you of the sickness and confusion that comes with time travelling. And this time I was not seated properly in the saddle, but sideways and in an unstable fashion. For an indefinite time I clung to the machine as it swayed and vibrated, quite unheeding how I went, and when I brought myself to look at the dials again I was amazed to find where I had arrived. One dial records days, and another thousands of days, another millions of days, and another thousands of millions. Now, instead of reversing the levers, I had pulled them over so as to go forward with them, and when I came to look at these indicators I found that the thousands hand was sweeping round as fast as the seconds hand of a watch—into futurity.

‘As I drove on, a peculiar change crept over the appearance of things. The palpitating greyness grew darker; then—though I was still travelling with prodigious velocity—the blinking succession of day and night, which was usually indicative of a slower pace, returned, and grew more and more marked. This puzzled me very much at first. The alternations of night and day grew slower and slower, and so did the passage of the sun across the sky, until they

seemed to stretch through centuries. At last a steady twilight brooded over the earth, a twilight only broken now and then when a comet glared across the darkling sky. The band of light that had indicated the sun had long since disappeared; for the sun had ceased to set—it simply rose and fell in the west, and grew ever broader and more red. All trace of the moon had vanished. The circling of the stars, growing slower and slower, had given place to creeping points of light. At last, some time before I stopped, the sun, red and very large, halted motionless upon the horizon, a vast dome glowing with a dull heat, and now and then suffering a momentary extinction. At one time it had for a little while glowed more brilliantly again, but it speedily reverted to its sullen red heat. I perceived by this slowing down of its rising and setting that the work of the tidal drag was done. The earth had come to rest with one face to the sun, even as in our own time the moon faces the earth. Very cautiously, for I remembered my former headlong fall, I began to reverse my motion. Slower and slower went the circling hands until the thousands one seemed motionless and the daily one was no longer a mere mist upon its scale. Still slower, until the dim outlines of a desolate beach grew visible.

‘I stopped very gently and sat upon the Time Machine, looking round. The sky was no longer blue. North-eastward it was inky black, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the pale white stars. Overhead it was a deep Indian red and starless, and south-eastward it grew brighter to a glowing scarlet where, cut by the horizon, lay the huge hull of the sun, red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point on their south-eastern face. It was the same rich green that one sees on forest moss or on the lichen in caves: plants which like these grow in a perpetual twilight.

‘The machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched away to the south-west, to rise into a sharp bright horizon against the wan sky. There were no breakers and no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slight oily swell rose and fell like a gentle breathing, and showed that the eternal sea was still moving and living. And along the margin where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt-pink under the lurid sky. There was a sense of oppression in my head, and I noticed that I was breathing very fast. The sensation reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering, and from that I judged the air to be more rarefied than it is now.

‘Far away up the desolate slope I heard a harsh scream, and saw a thing like a huge white butterfly go slanting and flittering up into the sky and, circling, disappear over some low hillocks beyond. The sound of its voice was so dismal that I shivered and seated myself more firmly upon the machine. Looking round me again, I saw that, quite near, what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly towards me. Then I saw the thing was really a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as yonder table, with its many legs moving slowly and uncertainly, its big claws swaying, its long antennæ, like carter’s whips, waving and feeling, and its stalked eyes gleaming at you on either side of its metallic front? Its back was corrugated and ornamented with ungainly bosses, and a greenish incrustation blotched it here and there. I could see the many palps of its complicated mouth flickering and feeling as it moved.

‘As I stared at this sinister apparition crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there. I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it

returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. I struck at this, and caught something threadlike. It was drawn swiftly out of my hand. With a frightful qualm, I turned, and I saw that I had grasped the antenna of another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast ungainly claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me. In a moment my hand was on the lever, and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly now as soon as I stopped. Dozens of them seemed to be crawling here and there, in the sombre light, among the foliated sheets of intense green.

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5. Two poems about time

These poems have been selected for the use of rhyme and rhythm to convey a sense of time.

What the Minutes Say by Anonymous

We are but minutes—little things!
Each one furnished with sixty wings,
With which we fly on our unseen track,
And not a minute ever comes back.

We are but minutes; use us well,
For how we are used we must one day tell.
Who uses minutes, has hours to use;
Who loses minutes, whole years must lose.

A New Time-Table by Anonymous

Sixty seconds make a minute:
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,—
All the good that's in my power.
Twenty hours and four, a day,—
Time for work, and sleep, and play.
Days, three hundred sixty-five
Make a year for me to strive
Eight good things for me to do,
That I wise may grow and true.

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6. Two poems about time by Maya Angelou

These poems have been selected for using time to represent a relationship

Passing Time

Your skin like dawn
Mine like musk

One paints the beginning
of a certain end.

The other, the end of a
sure beginning.

In and Out of Time

The sun has come
The mists have gone
We see in the distance our long way home
I was always yours to have
You were always mine
We have loved each other in and out of
time
When the first stone looked up at the
blazing sun
And the first tree struggled up from the
forest floor
I have always loved you more
You freed your braids, gave your hair to
the breeze
It hung like a hive of honey bees
I reached in the mass for the sweet
honeycomb there
God, how I loved your hair
You saw me bludgeoned by circumstance
Lost, injured, hurt by chance
I screamed to the heavens

Loudly screamed
Trying to change our nightmares into
dreams
The sun has come
The mists have gone
We see in the distance our long home
I was always yours to have
You were always mine
We loved each other in and out,
in and out, in and out of time

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7. Cider With Rosie: Laurie Lee

This extract is taken from Chapter One where Laurie describes an English village green like a jungle to show his confusion.

I was set down from the carrier's cart at the age of three; and there with a sense of bewilderment and terror my life in the village began.

The June grass, amongst which I stood, was taller than I was, and I wept. I had never been so close to grass before. It towered above me and all around me, each blade tattooed with tiger-skins of sunlight. It was knife-edged, dark, and a wicked green, thick as a forest and alive with grasshoppers that chirped and chattered and leapt through the air like monkeys.

I was lost and didn't know where to move. A tropic heat oozed up from the ground, rank with sharp odours of roots and nettles. Snow-clouds of elder-blossom banked in the sky, showering upon me the fumes and flakes of their sweet and giddy suffocation. High overhead ran frenzied larks, screaming, as though the sky were tearing apart.

For the first time in my life I was out of the sight of humans. For the first time in my life I was alone in a world whose behaviour I could neither predict nor fathom: a world of birds that

squealed, of plants that stank, of insects that sprang about without warning. I was lost and I did not expect to be found again. I put back my head and howled, and the sun hit me smartly on the face, like a bully.

From this daylight nightmare I was awakened, as from many another, by the appearance of my sisters. They came scrambling and calling up the steep rough bank, and parting the long grass found me. Faces of rose, familiar, living; huge shining faces hung up like shields between me and the sky; faces with grins and white teeth (some broken) to be conjured up like genii with a howl, brushing off terror with their broad scoldings and affection. They leaned over me – one, two, three – their mouths smeared with red currants and their hands dripping with juice.