

The OTHER SIDE OF TRUTH

WEEK 2, LESSON 1

L1: I can retell a dramatic moment from a story



SC: I have juxtaposed speech and action

SC: I have used 3rd person perspective

SC: I have used past tense

Chapter 9 recap...



Sade and Femi bolted out of the café.



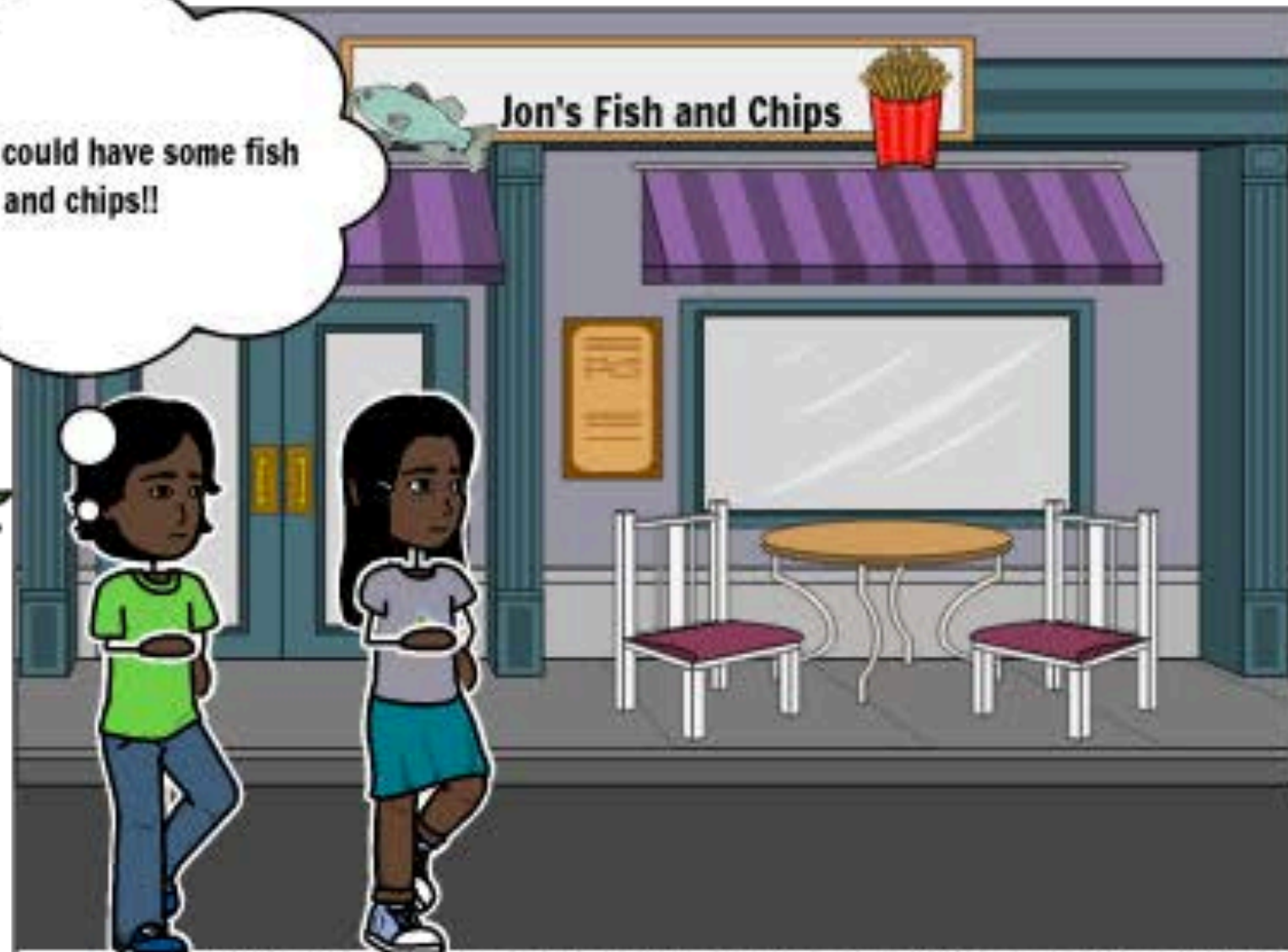
They walked to the Number 36 bus to go to the London College of Art.



In the London College of Art they asked the lady at the reception about their uncle.



Sade and Femi are back on the road lost in London.



As they walked by the cafes they could feel how hungry they were but they had no money for any food.

We'll be finding out what happened next in today's lesson!

“They stood there shivering beneath the lifeless branches of a bare tree while the chilly afternoon air wound long shadowy fingers around them.”.

What imagery comes to mind in this description and what effect does this have on the reader

Now we will read from "I can't walk anymore" on page 82 up till page 84 "what kind of place had they come to?"

building.
'I can't walk any more!' Femi's voice quavered.
Sade peered into the alleyway. It was too
murky to see beyond the entrance. The damp
smell was like the open drains in Alade Market
after a downpour. It would be horrible to spend
a night in there. But before she could say any-
thing, Femi thrust down the holdall just inside
the alley and curled himself up like a snail on
top of it.

'Femi, please -' Sade began. She broke off in horror as a shape rose up from the deeper shadows of the alley.

'Clear off! This place is mine!'

Femi sprang up wildly, colliding into Sade. The man's arm swept down towards their bag and snatched it.

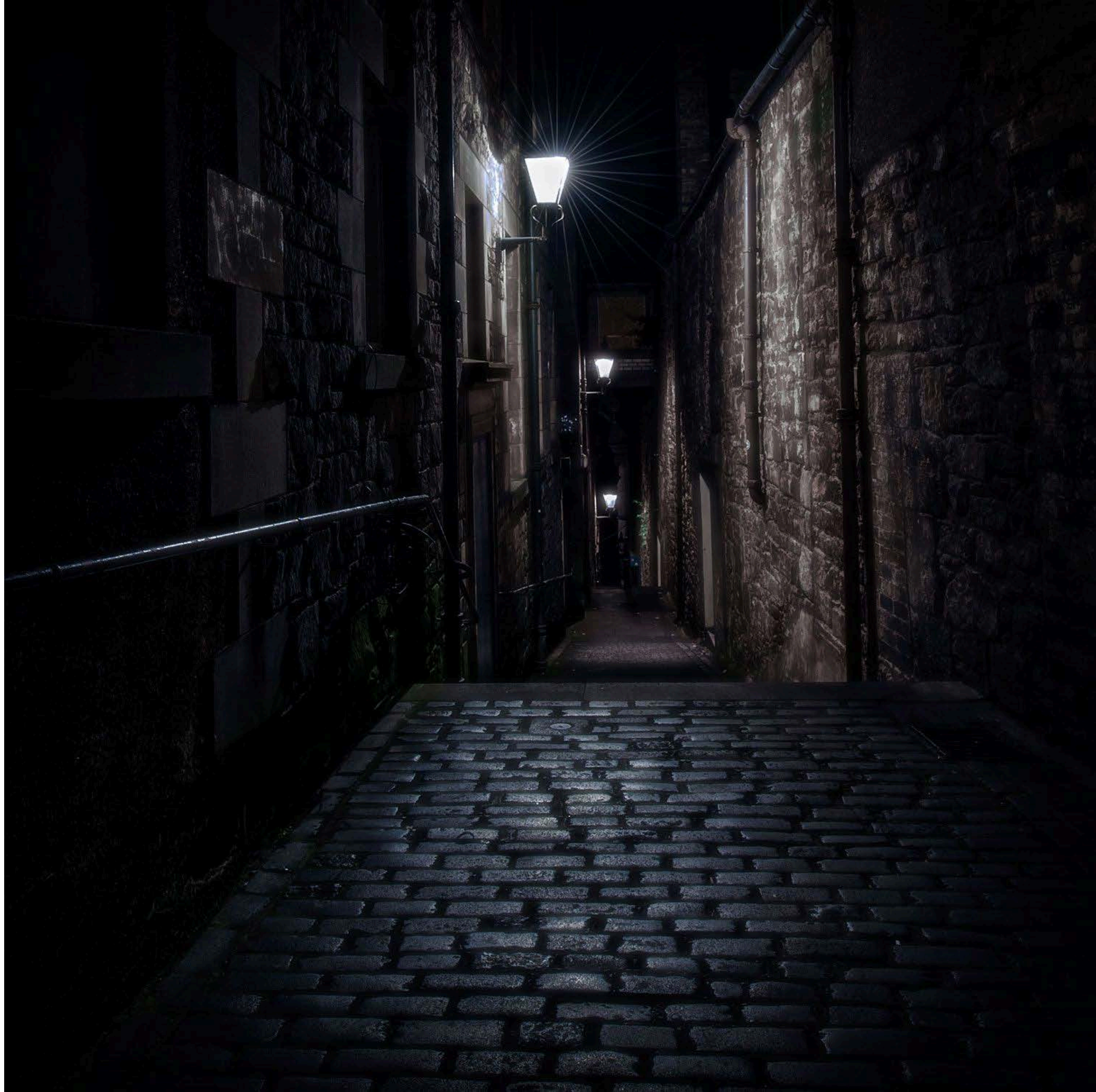
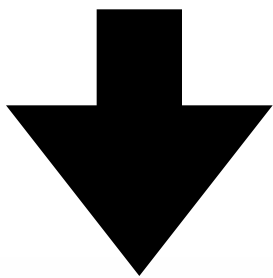
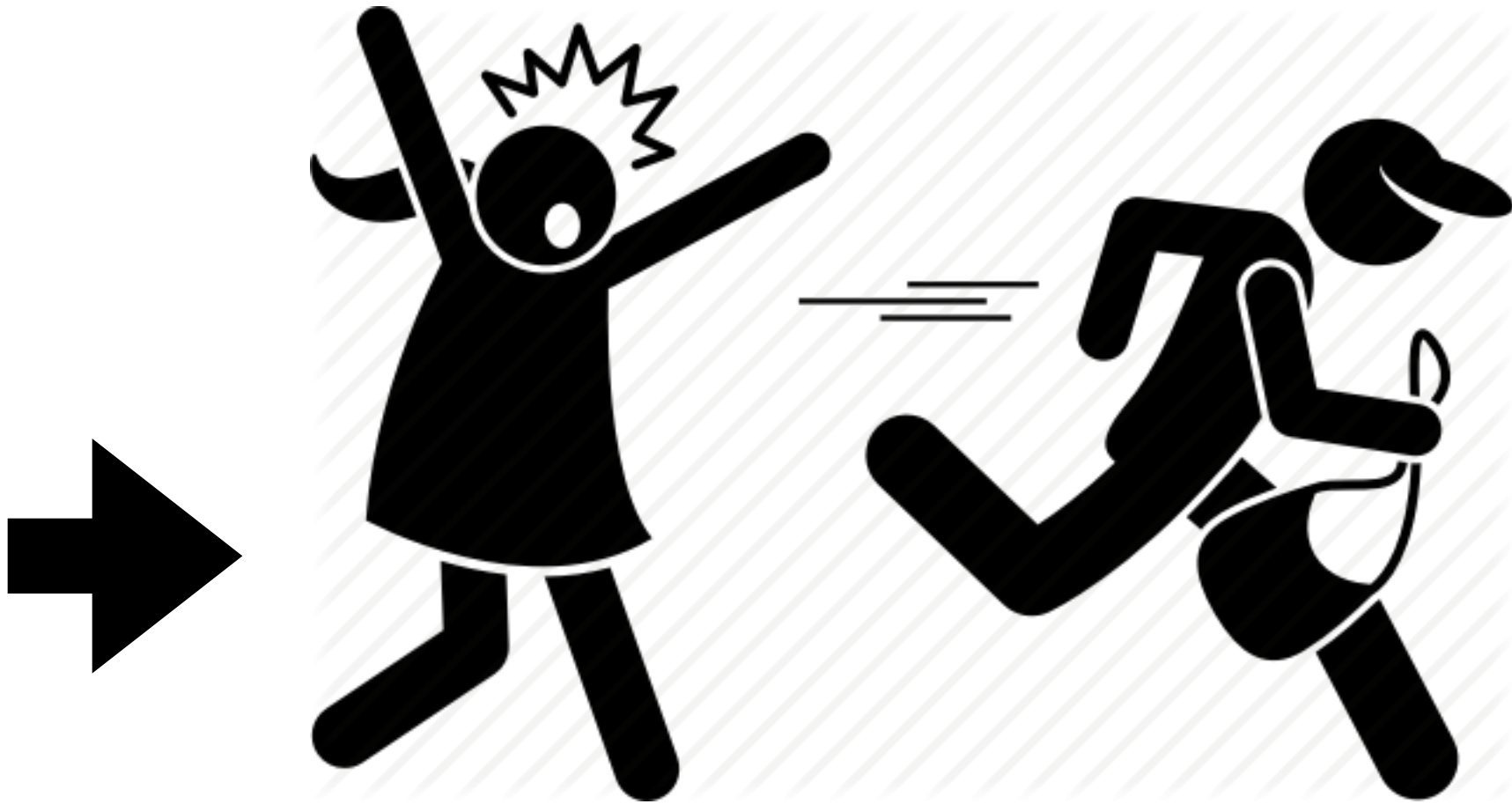
'I said clear off! Everything here is mine!' he growled like an old lion defending his den. His eyes were concealed under a hat but they had heard enough. There was not the slightest chance of retrieving their bag. They fled.

Rucksacks bumping on their backs, they kept running. The man stayed in his alley but the terror followed them as they ran along a dimly lit parade. They were both panting by the time they reached the only brightly lit shop. It displayed posters of videos and a large sign saying OPEN UNTIL 11 P.M.! Breathing heavily, they pushed open the glass door and made for a corner as far as possible from the counter. For a minute or so they stood rooted to the floor, trying to calm down. Around them were shelves of videos. Instead of James Bond, Superman or any other video star, however, Sade still saw the terrifying Darth Vader of the Alley looming up above them, his arm sweeping

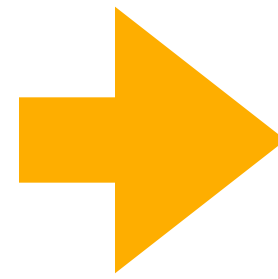
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away their holdall. What would he do with their clothes? What would he do with the beautiful aso-oke Mama had made for her with its own matching bag? A bag with a broken lining. Mama's present had barely survived the customs officer's scissors, only to be seized by a stranger in a stinking alley. What kind of place had they come to?

Let's digest what has just happened!



WHAT IS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THESE LOSSES?



L1: I can retell a dramatic moment from a story

*Today, you will be
retelling the alleyway
encounter and bag
snatch.*

L1: I can retell a dramatic moment from a story

A key success criteria we will practice together first is how to juxtapose speech and action to create a sense of drama and tension.*

- * To juxtapose means to place (different) things side by side.
- * In this case, to combine **what the characters said** with **what they did physically**, to create interesting drama.

L1: I can retell a dramatic moment from a story

Juxtaposing speech and action: example one

SPEECH

ACTION

“Femi please - ” Sade began. She broke off in horror as a shape rose up from the deeper shadows of the alley.

Juxtaposing speech and action: example two

SPEECH

ACTION

“Clear off!” growled the man roughly, then lunged toward the children and grabbed their brown holdall.

What might each character say at various points?

	<i>Build up to attack</i>	<i>Bag snatch</i>	<i>Afterwards</i>
 <i>Sade (speech)</i>		<p><i>“NO! It’s all we have!” Sade <u>retorted</u>.</i></p>	<p><i>“Let’s try going in there” <u>suggested</u> Sade, “it says it’s open till 11pm.”</i></p>
 <i>Femi (speech)</i>			<p><i>“What shall we do Sade?” Femi questioned fearfully.</i></p>
<i>Man in alleyway (speech)</i>	<p><i>“Whar you kids doin’ here?!” growled a voice in the shadows .</i></p>		

Action phrases

	<i>Build up to attack</i>	<i>Bag snatch</i>	<i>Afterwards</i>
<i>Sade (action)</i>		<i>Sade recoiled, her heart pounding.</i>	
<i>Femi (action)</i>	<i>Femi darted back in fright...</i>		<i>Panting frantically, Femi followed his sister towards a brightly lit shop front.</i>
<i>Man in alleyway (action)</i>	<i>He sprang wildly to his feet...</i>		

L1: I can retell a dramatic moment from a story

Using the table prompts to help you, write a paragraph retelling the alleyway encounter.



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CLASS BOOK:

**Finish reading chapter 10 and
complete chapter 11.**

officer's scissors, only to be seized by a stranger in a stinking alley. What kind of place had they come to?

Femi dug Sade in the ribs and juttred his chin towards the back of the shop. A man was eyeing them from behind the counter.

'Can I help you?' he asked loudly. He didn't sound as if he wanted to be helpful. Sade pursed her lips together. What could she say? The kind of help they needed was impossible. Mama would have understood how hopeless it was. She would have summed it up with one of her proverbs.

Even the best cooking pot will not produce food by itself.

Of course they needed help!

'I said, can I help you?' Video Man repeated, a little more loudly and abruptly. Sade lingered a few seconds before extending her hand to her brother.

'Come on, Femi,' she murmured and turned towards the door. But at that moment the door

was flung open and four boys with dark glasses and woolly hats pulled down low over their foreheads burst inside. Shouting and swearing, they sent video boxes flying off the shelves, then kicked the stands. Sade and Femi cowered back into the corner. The boys ignored them. Two of them ripped the posters from the window alongside the children. Laughing, they tore them into pieces. Video Man grabbed his telephone. He rasped out a message to the police. But as soon as he had slammed down the receiver and lifted the counter bar to chase his intruders, they darted back out into the street.

'That'll teach you to mess with our mates!' the last one to leave yelled at Video Man. He punched the air as if they had just scored a goal. Seconds later a sharp crack shattered the front window. Sade and Femi had remained riveted in their corner, almost in a stupor. First Darth Vader of the Alley, now this! But the sound of the crack, followed by glass splintering, sent Sade's mind spinning.

Grabbing Femi's hand, she bolted towards the door. They had to be well out of the way when the police came. But Video Man got there before them and thrust his key into the lock.

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'Don't think you're getting away with this!' he puffed grimly. His face glowed a furious red.

'I know how you kids work together! Sent you in as decoys, didn't they? Distracting me, so I didn't see 'em coming! Well, you can tell your story to the police!'

II. Police Business and Cool Gaze

*T*HERE is a great banging and rattling on the iron gates. They have finished eating dinner and are watching television. Papa hurries to the window, draws back the curtain just a little and peers out through the bars on the window. The sky is dark but lights are flashing above the gates.

'Police! Police! Open de door! Open de door! I say open de door!'

'Oh my God! What have they come for now, Folarin?' Mama runs across the sitting room and puts out her hand to grip Papa's shoulder.

'Open am! Open am! Or we go break dis gate o!'
Papa calls to Joseph. The old man hobbles while Papa strides across the drive to the gate. Sade and

inside and glanced around the shop. The man looked especially tall with his high black helmet next to the woman with her pot-shaped hat. As Video Man spoke in a furious stream, both officers listened with folded arms. The policeman's gaze shifted so silently and coolly that, before she could look away, Sade found herself caught for a moment. Video Man broke off.

'Well, what are you going to do?' he demanded.

'Can you tell us again, sir – what exactly did you see these kids do?' asked Cool Gaze.

'I've just told you!' Tiny bubbles of froth appeared at the edge of Video Man's lips. 'The others sent 'em in to distract me. You could tell from the way they looked at each other! And three of 'em was black as these two.'

'But what did you actually see them do? Did either of these two kids do any of this?' Cool Gaze pointed to the mess strewn around the floor and the shattered window.

The woman officer took the children aside. She pulled a notepad and pencil out of her pocket.

'I need to know your names, your parents' names and where you live. I'll start with you.' Miss Police Business raised her eyebrows at Sade. The pencil remained poised above the pad.

Femi watch from inside next to Mama. She has an arm around each of them. They are silent and tense.

'I want proof of your identity and your warrant.' Papa's voice is strong. How can he sound so calm?

'Eh-en, so! You think say I dey play? Open am now, now!'

'I am not playing either. I follow the rules. Pass your warrant through here first. If it's in order I shall of course open up.'

Sade is squeezing Mama's hand.

Femi is crying. 'Why have they come, Mama? What are they going to do to Papa?'

What would the police do to them? The unspoken question whipped through Sade's brain as they huddled in the corner close to the shattered glass. Video Man had shut his ears to their pleas to let them go. Huffing and puffing, he stalked back and forth from his counter across the littered floor to the locked door. He cursed hooligans and he cursed the police for taking so long.

A flickering blue light and a siren announced the arrival of the police. Video Man's hand trembled as he jostled with the key. Two police officers, a man and a woman, stepped calmly

'Do you understand me?' Miss Police Business spoke a little louder and slower. 'You have to tell me your names.'

Sade stared at the notepad. Miss Police Business turned to Femi.

'Well, let me ask you then. What is your name?'

Femi's eyes remained glued on his trainers.

'Well, who are your parents? What are their names?' The voice was sharper now.

Sade felt as if her brain had crashed. Like Papa's computer. When that happened, you could tap in as many commands as you liked but nothing would come out.

'Do we know if they speak English?' asked Cool Gaze.

'Oh, they speak English all right. I heard 'em!' declared Video Man.

Cool Gaze now towered them.

'Look. If you've done nothing wrong, there's no need to be frightened.'

Papa has read the piece of paper and Joseph opens the gate. Men in khaki uniform and black berets surge into the yard. Papa is surrounded. Mama lets out a small cry.

'Stay here!' she orders the children and rushes out of the sitting room to get to the yard. By the time she sprints down the steps, the police have hustled Papa out of the gates.

'Where are you taking him?' Mama cries.

Sade glimpses Papa's white shirt among the khaki as police push him into the back of their truck. No one answers Mama. The children run outside. When they reach Mama, the truck is already roaring down the road.

Sade had never felt so cold in all her life. Frozen inside and out. None of the people standing in front of her and Femi made any sense. The crazed Video Man still frothing at the side of his whitened mouth like their neighbour's old guard-dog. Miss Police Business with an irritated frown like Sade's teacher, Miss Okoya, when a student had disobeyed her. Cool Gaze with his searching green eyes as pale as unripe almonds.

The police officers moved to the counter. They talked in low voices before coming back. Miss Police Business spoke briskly.

'If you refuse to tell us who you are and where you live, we shall have to take you to a place of safety.'

The Other Side of Truth

‘What? Aren’t you going to arrest ’em?’ butted in Video Man. ‘Make ’em tell you about their friends?’

‘Not enough evidence for that, sir,’ said Cool Gaze.

‘Useless lot!’ Video Man muttered loudly, turning his back.

‘Come on, you two!’ Miss Police Business pointed to the door. ‘You’re coming with us to the police station. The Emergency –’

Sade’s mind crashed again.

End