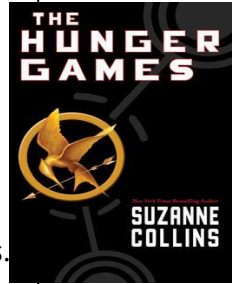


**Year 6 Writing Lesson 5 Friday 26<sup>th</sup> June 2020 L.O. TBAT describe atmosphere, setting and action**

Task: Look carefully at the extracts below, this is from Katniss and Peeta's journey on the train to the capitol. Think carefully about the difference between the place in which they have grown up District 12, and the Capitol.

- 1) Read the extract and highlight important vocabulary which describes the sights, sounds and feelings of the journey and arrival in the capitol.
- 2) Look at the images and generate some nouns, verbs and adverbs to describe the things you can see.
- 3) Write a poem using the ideas you have generated. It must have 3 stanzas (verses) and include description of sights, sounds, smells, and show not tell sentences for feelings.



the door swings shut behind me.  
There are still a few lights inside, but outside it's as if night has fallen again. I realize we must be in the tunnel that runs up through the mountains into the Capitol. The mountains form a natural barrier between the Capitol and the eastern districts. It is almost impossible to enter from the east except through the tunnels. This geographical advantage was a major factor in the districts losing the war that led to my being a tribute today. Since the rebels had to scale the mountains, they were easy targets for the Capitol's air forces.

Peeta Mellark and I stand in silence as the train speeds along. The tunnel goes on and on and I think of

71

the tonnes of rock separating me from the sky, and my chest tightens. I hate being encased in stone this way. It reminds me of the mines and my father, trapped, unable to reach sunlight, buried for ever in the darkness.

The train finally begins to slow and suddenly bright light floods the compartment. We can't help it. Both Peeta and I run to the window to see what we've only seen on television, the Capitol, the ruling city of Panem. The cameras haven't lied about its grandeur. If anything, they have not quite captured the magnificence of the glistening buildings in a rainbow of hues that tower into the air, the shiny cars that roll down the wide paved streets, the oddly dressed people with bizarre hair and painted faces who have never missed a meal. All the colours seem artificial, the pinks too deep, the greens too bright, the yellows painful to the eyes, like the flat round discs of hard candy we can never afford to buy at the tiny sweet shop in District 12.

The people begin to point at us eagerly as they recognize a tribute train rolling into the city. I step away from the window, sickened by their excitement, knowing they can't wait to watch us die. But Peeta holds his ground, actually waving and smiling at the gawking crowd. He only stops when the train pulls into the station, blocking us from their view.

72

Stanza

Images

District 12



The train arriving in the Capitol



The railway station in the Capitol

