Term 5 Week 2 – English Task 2

Use this table to help you get started with identify the features then use all your knowledge from this year to find any more. Remember you can use one of the descriptions provided or you can use the one you found yesterday.

Extra Challenge:

If you want to challenge yourself further, you could analyse more than one text or if features are missing, think how or where you might add them in.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Feature</th>
<th>Example</th>
<th>Why has it been used?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Figurative language</strong></td>
<td>(metaphors, similes, personification, alliteration)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prepositions</strong></td>
<td>(locations of places/items. E.g. in, on under, through)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Technical and specific language</strong></td>
<td>(pronounce, names)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Power vocabulary</strong></td>
<td>(adjective, adverbs)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1.

They saw a valley far below. They could hear the voice of hurrying water in the rocky bed at the bottom; the scent of trees was in the air, and there was a light on the valley-side across the water. Bilbo never forgot the way they slithered and slipped in the dusk down the steep zig-zag path into the secret valley of Rivendell.

The air grew warmer as they got lower, and the smell of pine-trees made him drowsy, so that every now and again he nodded and nearly fell off, or bumped his nose on the pony’s neck. Their spirits rose as they went down and down. The trees changed to beeth and oak, and there was a comfortable feeling in the twilight. The last green had almost faded out of grass when they came at length to an open glade not far above the banks of the stream.

"Hmmm... it smells like elves!" thought Bilbo and looked up at the stars. They were burning bright and blue. Just then there came a burst of song like laughter in the trees.
The brick he had touched quivered—it wriggled—in the middle, a small hole appeared—it grew wider and wider—a second later they were facing an archway large enough even for Hagrid, an archway on to a cobbled street which twisted and turned out of sight.

"Welcome," said Hagrid, "to Diagon Alley."

He grinned at Harry's amazement. They stepped through the archway. Harry looked quickly over his shoulder and saw the archway shrink instantly back into solid wall.

The sun shone brightly on a stack of cauldrons outside the nearest shop. Cauldrons—All sizes—Copper, Brass, Pewter, Silver—Self Stirring—Collapsible said a sign hanging over them.

Harry wished he had about eight more eyes. He turned his head in every direction as they walked up the street, trying to look at everything at once: the shops, the things outside them, the people doing their shopping. A plump woman outside an apothecary was shaking her head as they passed.

A low, soft hooting came from a dark shop with a sign saying Eeylops Owl Emporium—Tawny, Screech, Barn, Brown and Snowy. Several boys of about Harry's age had their noses pressed against a window with broomsticks in it. There were shops selling robes, shops selling telescopes and strange silver instruments Harry had never seen before, windows stacked with barrels of bat spleens and eels' eyes, tottering piles of spell books, quills and rolls of parchment, potion bottles, globes of the moon...

They had reached a snowy-white building which towered over the other little shops