

# Monday



Think back to what we read last week and then read the following extracts.



'Zeus,' said the man mournfully. 'He chained me here and left me to rot.'

Virgo ran to the boulder and tried to push it. It was immense – and it wasn't budging.

'I can't move it,' she said. 'There must be another way.'

'There is none,' the prisoner declared, looking straight at Elliot. 'But I can move it. Simply free me from my chains.'

'Out of the question,' said Virgo, the panic rising in her voice again. 'We'll stay here. The Council will come eventually.'

'In another two hundred and fifty years,' said the prisoner. 'You and I can afford to wait. I don't think our mortal friend has the time.'

'You reckon you can move that boulder?' asked Elliot. 'No offence, but you don't look like you work out much.'

The prisoner laughed his sad laugh again. 'I am stronger than I look. If you free me, I swear on the Styx you will leave this cave.'

'How are you going to do that?' asked Elliot.

'I have many powers,' said the man, his eyes boring straight into Elliot's soul. 'Powers that the Gods don't understand. Powers that the Gods fear. That's why I'm here. I can do what the Gods cannot.'

'Elliot, don't listen to—' Virgo started.

'I understand mortals,' the prisoner continued with greater strength, the

intensity of his stare making Elliot feel as though he was invading his mind, trespassing among his thoughts, intruding on his feelings. 'I know their dearest hopes, I understand their deepest fears. I understand wanting something so badly your heart might burst with longing. I understand loving someone so deeply the thought of losing them is worse than death. You know how that feels, don't you, Elliot?'

Elliot froze. How did he . . . ?

'Elliot – come away from him,' said Virgo. 'Come and help—'

'Free me from these chains!' pleaded the man desperately, holding his manacles out towards Elliot. 'We have both been wronged. But I can help you, Elliot. I can give you what you want most in the world. Just the touch of your hand. A mortal touch. That's all I need to free me. I'm begging you. Help me. Let me help you. Let me help your mother . . .'

'You can—?'

'Elliot! Elliot, don't listen to him,' said Virgo, leaving the boulder and breaking into a run towards him.

Elliot drew a halting breath. If this man could read his mind, perhaps he could heal his mum's? The idea of Mum back to her old self, back to the happy, healthy woman that he loved and needed, overwhelmed him. The months of hiding his fears as he watched her slip away from herself started to well up

from the pit of his stomach and Elliot had to force them back down his throat before they burst out of his mouth. This man could cure Mum. That was what Elliot wanted most in the world. That was all he wanted.

He raised his fingers towards the chains, but Virgo was at his side.

'No – don't,' she said, grabbing his arm.

Elliot shook her off as his right foot overtook his left, bringing him closer to the thick iron shackles.

'Elliot, you can't,' Virgo insisted, standing in front of him. 'The rules clearly state—'

Elliot stopped and looked into Virgo's terrified face.

'Her rules,' said the man's voice in the cave, or maybe in Elliot's own head.

'Not yours, Elliot . . .'

There was an eternal pause as Elliot looked from the silver-haired Constellation in front of him to the wretched man behind her.

'I'm sorry,' said Elliot. 'I have no choice.'

Elliot shoved Virgo to one side and made a frantic dive towards the prisoner. But Virgo was quick. She grabbed Elliot by the ankles, pulling him to the floor just before his fingertips could reach the chains.

'No! You – don't – know – what – you're – doing . . .' she panted.

But Elliot was possessed with the strength of someone a moment away from

the thing they wanted most in the world. He gave one almighty kick to free himself from Virgo's grip, hauled himself to his knees and threw himself towards the chains held in Prisoner Forty-two's outstretched, bony fingers.

And this time, he made it.

Elliot clasped his fist around the shackles between the prisoner's wrists.

What impression do you have of Prisoner Forty-two at this point?

How does he make you feel?

Would you want to meet him? Why/why not?

What have you found out about this character?

How do Elliot and Virgo feel about him?

Complete the next slide with information you have gathered about Prisoner Forty-two so far. You could look back at last week's extracts to help you.

Use evidence from extracts up to this point only (try not to think about what you know if you have read ahead)



# PRISONER 42

Appearance What does the character look like?	Character What does the character behave like and do?	Situation What is happening to the character?

# Read the following extracts

Elliot clasped his fist around the shackles between the prisoner's wrists.

Immediately, plumes of black smoke rose from the chains that were securing the man to the rock, melting the links away like sand. The sound of maniacal laughing from deep within the Earth filled the cave, making an overwhelming din.

*'He's free!'* the laughter reverberated around the cave. *'He's free!'*

'Wha-what's happening?' Elliot shouted to Virgo.

Virgo yanked out her *What's What*.

'Prisoner Forty-two . . . er . . . chains . . . er . . . SOS!' she yelled at the parchment.

*'Sorry, I didn't get that,'* scrawled the invisible quill.

'I said—' Virgo began again, but her voice was drowned out as the ecstatic clamour from below the ground reached a deafening crescendo.

The prisoner rose to his feet and threw his head back with a victorious roar. When he brought it forward again, he was no longer the ancient, grey-haired scrap of a man Elliot had so pitied. He started to grow taller, stronger, younger.

Limp black hair slithered down his long, angular face, meeting a razor-thin beard that brought his chin into a piercing point. The shredded black robe began to mend until it swathed his body like a shadow. His dark, lifeless eyes seared into Elliot's skull. And around his throat hung a jet-black onyx heart inside a flame. The kardia of a Daemon.

The world stopped for a moment. The prisoner was the first to shatter the silence as he dusted himself down and admired his restored form.

'Thank you, Elliot,' he said as he towered over the boy on the floor. 'That's so much better. Those chains stopped me from feeling . . . quite myself.'

'Wh-who are you?' stammered Elliot.

'How remiss of me,' drawled the man. 'My apologies. Two millennia underground have dulled my manners. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Thanatos. Daemon of Death. King of the Daemons.'

'Nonsense,' scoffed Virgo. 'There are no Daemons left. Mighty Zeus destroyed them all.'

Thanatos held out his onyx kardia for Virgo to survey. 'I think I'm in a rather better position to judge that than you,' he glowered. 'And I know far more about "Mighty Zeus" than you could imagine . . .'

'I did what you asked,' said Elliot. 'You have to help my mum.'

'Not necessarily,' said Thanatos, stepping over him and grabbing a handful

of Virgo's silver hair, yanking her clean off the floor.

'Yes, you do!' said Elliot frantically. 'You said—'

'Ah – there's the thing,' said Thanatos, carrying Virgo across the cave, oblivious to her kicking and screaming. He reached the boulder and moved it aside as effortlessly as if it were made of spun sugar, stabbing daylight into the darkness. 'I said it. I never swore it. Vast difference.'

'You lied—' shouted Elliot, holding back angry tears. He charged at Thanatos, determined to knock the cheating Daemon into the middle of next week. But at the last moment, Thanatos deftly side-stepped the attack, sending Elliot crashing into the cave wall.

'And as for you, my dear,' said Thanatos gleefully, shaking Virgo by the hair, his eyes burning with delight, 'it's time you went back to the Zodiac Council where you belong. Now which piece of you shall I send first?'

Elliot pulled his winded body upright. 'Are you going to kill her?' he asked, unable to look at Virgo's tortured face.

'Gracious no – she's only a child. I'm not a savage,' said Thanatos, wrapping his fist more tightly around the hair. 'But I'm really going to enjoy not killing her.'

The Daemon walked slowly towards Elliot, dragging Virgo on the floor behind him as if she were a rubbish sack, and towered over Elliot's bruised body.

'I'm very grateful to you, Elliot,' he began. 'And as a token of my gratitude, I'll spare you seeing what I'm about to do to your girlfriend.'

'You're letting me go?' said Elliot, looking at Virgo, lying in a heap on the floor.

'Absolutely. I swore that you would leave this cave. Besides, I have no further use for you. You may go.'

Elliot knew that outside lay safety. But his feet wouldn't move.

'What about her?' he said, gesturing towards Virgo.

'You didn't care much for her a few moments ago,' said Thanatos. 'I suggest this would be a terrible time to start.'

Elliot locked eyes with Virgo and saw her pain and her determination.

'Just leave,' she said unsteadily. 'This doesn't concern you.'

'Ah – finally,' trilled Thanatos. 'Some advice worth listening to. Goodbye, Elliot. Tell no one what you've seen. Or you'll be seeing me again.'

Elliot took a few slow steps towards the tunnel. Virgo wasn't going to die, he told himself. But there were worse things than dying. He told himself that too. He looked back. The Death Daemon waved his fingers in dismissal.

'Run along now. There's a good boy.'

Elliot sighed. There was nothing he could do for Virgo. She wouldn't die. But he could. And who would take care of Mum if he did?

He looked towards the daylight as Thanatos dangled his prey again.

'Now then, my dear. Where were we?'

Elliot tried to block out Virgo's screams as he reached the narrow opening. He crouched down to crawl through the tunnel, to where the sunlight was shining on an empty field – probably on the other side of Stonehenge. The coast was clear. Elliot could go back to his life and no one would ever know.

Except for him. He would know everything.

Elliot looked behind him again. Thanatos was shaking Virgo like a puppet on a string, delighting in her screams.

A golden glint caught his eye. The sunlight was gleaming on something on the floor. It was the flask containing Thanatos's ambrosia. It must have fallen out of Virgo's pocket when she tried to move the boulder.

Elliot picked it up. He knew what he had to do.

'Thanatos,' he yelled into the cave. 'Your ambrosia's here.'

'It'll keep,' the Daemon shouted back. 'I expect I'm going to work up quite a thirst. I'll drink it when I'm done.'

Taking a deep breath, Elliot went back into the cave.

'Not necessarily,' he said, opening the flask and tipping it so the silver liquid teetered on the brink of the rim. 'Let her go.'

Thanatos looked murderously at Elliot.

'Don't be foolish,' he seethed. 'You've made a powerful ally today, boy. Don't

turn me into an enemy. This will be the last time I ask you. Put. It. Down.'

'And this will be the last time I ask you. Let. Her. Go.'

'I mean it, Elliot!'

'So do I,' said Elliot allowing a drop of the sacred liquid to spill on to the ground, where it immediately evaporated in a golden wisp.

The two adversaries stood motionless with their bargaining chips, Thanatos holding Virgo, Elliot holding the flask.

'I'll put her down when you give me the flask,' offered Thanatos.

'No. You first,' said Elliot.

'I said that I will put her down.'

'Swear it,' said Elliot, his latest lesson in Daemon negotiations fresh in his mind. 'And that you won't throw her, give her back in pieces or damage her in any way,' he added, quickly running through the most likely loopholes. He spilt another drop to underline his point.

'Fine,' said Thanatos, seeing the ambrosia float into nothing. 'I swear it on the Styx.'

Elliot screwed the top back on the flask. 'Let's each let go in one... two... three!'

'Elliot – duck!' screamed Virgo as she and the flask simultaneously flew through the air.

And this time, Elliot listened. For no sooner had the flask landed in Thanatos's hand than his fist swung out, blasting a hole in the rock where Elliot's head had been moments previously.

'You stupid boy,' drawled Thanatos standing before him. 'I showed you mercy. I spared your life. A mistake I will not make again.'

'You swore I'd leave the cave,' said Elliot quickly.

'I did,' said Thanatos, drawing his fist back. 'But I never swore you'd do so alive. For the second and final time, Elliot – goodbye.'

Had Elliot ever wondered what it would be like to have his body obliterated by the supernatural strength of an immortal Death Daemon, he couldn't have imagined the soul-wrenching pain he was about to suffer.

But two things prevented him from finding out.

As Thanatos launched his fist to smash Elliot, an invisible force violently repelled the Daemon, sending him tumbling on to the cave floor. Elliot didn't understand – he hadn't even touched him.

Then before Thanatos could take another shot, Virgo threw her arms wide open, transformed into her constellation, whipped Elliot up into her warm glow and whooshed him down the tunnel to safety in a shower of golden light.

How has the writer made your feelings towards Prisoner Forty-two (Thanatos) change?

How does his physical appearance change how you feel about him?

Why do you think he changed appearance after he was released? (Was it manipulation or inability?)

How does his behaviour change?

What happens to the way in which he speaks?

What does that show about his feelings towards the Elliot and Virgo?

Complete the activity on the next slide with the new information you have gathered.



# Thanatos

<b>Appearance</b> What does the character look like?	<b>Character</b> What does the character behave like and do?	<b>Situation</b> What is happening to the character?

# Tuesday



# URGENT PRESS RELEASE

**Have you seen this man?**

Read the urgent press release about the escape of prisoner 42.

What details have been included? Why have these details been included whilst others have been omitted?

What is the purpose and audience of the writing? Think about the vocabulary choices that have been made.

Caution is urged as highly dangerous prisoner 42 has escaped from prison today. Immortals are asked to report any sightings of an extremely skeletal figure with emaciated limbs and fragile appearance to Zodiac authorities immediately. The prisoner has thin wisps of grey hair and was last seen wearing the rags of an ancient robe. After his long solitary confinement it is thought that the behaviour of this individual is likely to be extremely desperate and erratic but immortals are warned not to engage in conversation or show sympathy as the prisoner is very powerful. Authorities urge you not approach this man: he is known to be telepathic and highly manipulative.

**Please report all sightings to Zodiac authorities.**

Now, write your own press release about the escape of Thanatos.

Think about how his appearance and behaviour has changed.

Use the information you gathered yesterday to help you.

See the example on the next slide if you are unsure.

# URGENT PRESS RELEASE

## Have you seen this man?

Prisoner 42 is a highly dangerous immortal many thousands of years old who has escaped from a Zodiac high security detention centre. Following his lengthy imprisonment, he appeared to have become skeletally thin with emaciated limbs, and was thought to be extremely weak and fragile. However, following his release, there have been some indications that his appearance may have become drastically different; he may present as a much younger, stronger man than initially thought. It is believed that the prisoner has a thin, angular face framed by long, lank dark hair and a razor-thin beard. He has soulless, dead eyes that fix your gaze with a soulless stare. Despite initial worries over his health, Prisoner 42 has shown extraordinary strength and is thought to be highly dangerous. The Zodiac Council urge any immortals that may have information about this prisoner's whereabouts to contact them immediately. They urge immortals not to approach as he is thought to have telepathic abilities and is calculating and manipulative to the extreme.

# Wednesday



Look at these images of Stonehenge and think about the similarities and differences of the pictures. What type of story might be happening in each place? What emotion does each picture evoke?



Which picture do you think matches to this paragraph? Is it difficult to tell?



I walked towards the stones that were stood together under the bluish sky. Far above them, clouds went past as the end of the day got closer. The light got darker –signalling the end of the cold day.

What about this one? Which words/phrases give the most clues about the atmosphere?



I strolled towards the timeless stones that were huddled lovingly together under the blushing, tranquil sky. Drifting far above them, gentle clouds ambled by as the end of the day drifted closer. Slowly, the light began to dim to a gentle glow – signalling the close of a peaceful autumnal day.

Which of these words match best with each picture?

Consider pathetic fallacy - how could the weather influence the mood of a story?



Walk

Strolled  
Creeped  
Battled  
Skipped

Time

Day  
Night  
Evening  
Dusk

Sky

Tranquil  
Monstrous  
Angry  
Peaceful  
Rumbling  
Rolling

Sky

Tranquil  
Monstrous  
Angry  
Peaceful  
Rumbling  
Rolling

Stones

Majestic  
Towering  
Imposing  
Ancient  
Crumbling  
Powerful

Stones

Majestic  
Towering  
Imposing  
Ancient  
Crumbling  
Powerful

Think back to the author's description as Virgo and Elliot entered the cave.  
(You may want to re-read the extracts from the beginning of Chapter 7.)

Think about the different features mentioned e.g. stone steps, winding iron staircase, stone circle, pitch-black cave, a small stream.



Look at the pictures and collect different words and phrases e.g.

**adjectives** - ancient, corroded

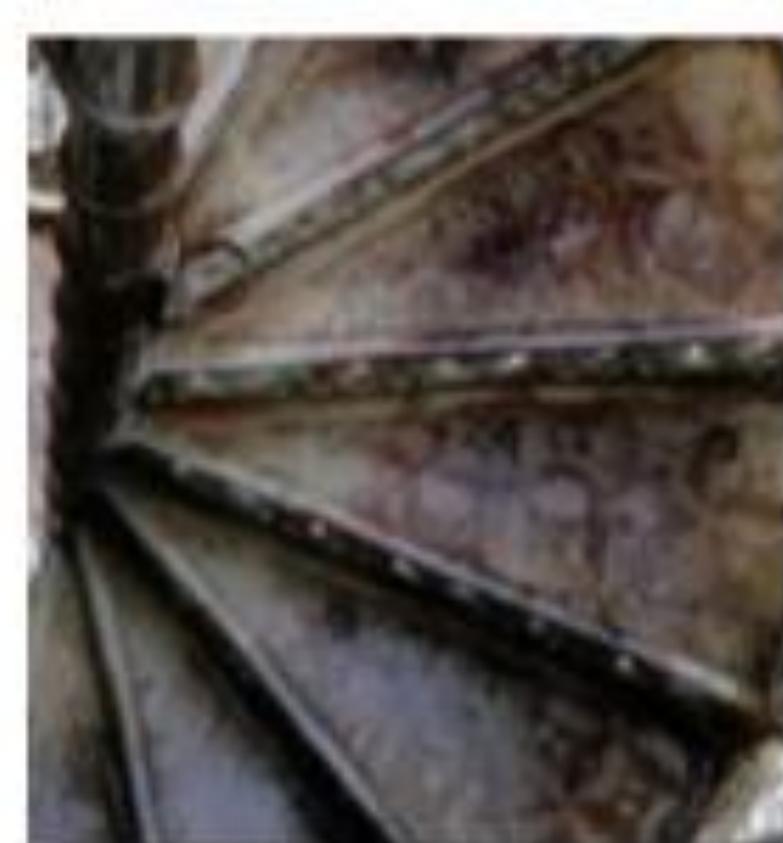
**verbs** - snaking, coiling

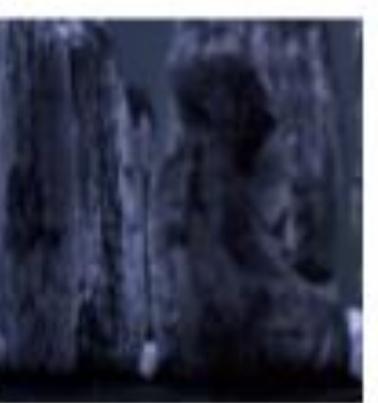
**expanded noun phrases** -

corroded jet-black metal railings  
with savage metal spikes

**preposition phrases** - spiralling  
ominously into the depths

**simile/metaphor** - a coiled metal  
viper





### Feature:

Adjectives

Verbs

Adverbs

Expanded noun phrases

Preposition phrases

Figurative Language

# Thursday



Imagine you are Virgo or Elliot as they entered the cave. What might happen in the pitch-black darkness where they can't see? The other senses will become heightened. Senses are really important when describing settings as senses such as smell can evoke strong reactions in the reader.

Look back at the images from yesterday. Then close your eyes and listen to the sound effects of a cave or inside a cave.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Cj8XbFOYylc>

Think what it would be like moving through the cave towards Prisoner Forty-two - the Heel Stone slamming closed, the narrow stone ledge and stone steps, the soft light from Virgo's hands, the winding metal staircase, the cavernous cave, the small stream. What could you see/hear/smell etc.? Jot down some ideas.

## The Prison

Read this description. How has the writer used the five senses to create an image of the setting in the reader's mind?

How has figurative language been used to aid the imagery?

Think about the vocabulary choices that have been used when describing the cave e.g. penetrating, plunged, eerie.

Compare them to those being used to describe Virgo's light (ethereal, soft, illuminated). How does this switch in tone make the reader feel about Virgo?

Boom! The Heel Stone slammed down with a thunderous, deafening crash and the two found themselves plunged into pitch-black darkness; the life wrung out of every last drop of light. The following silence was eerie: the only sound penetrating it the occasional drip of the water that had been slowly accumulating over the millennia on the cave walls. A damp, musty smell of death and decay permeated their nostrils and made them recoil back in horror. Virgo pressed her palms together before slowly drawing her hands apart to display a soft, ethereal light which illuminated the cave, revealing the thin ledge on which they were precariously placed. Immediately in front of them, an exhausted looking staircase spiralled into the dark, deep, dangerous looking depths below. The iron twisted in coils like those of a dangerous, slumbering snake. The drop to either side looked endless. Everything seemed to scream out to them in warning: go no further.

Now, write your own paragraph describing the cave.

Use your notes gathered yesterday as well as those based on the senses.



# Friday



Look at the narrative on this slide and the next and read aloud.

As Virgo slowly and gently pulled apart her palms, a soft, ethereal light illuminated the cavern and allowed the children to see their surroundings. Stupefied with wonder, both studied their unexpected setting; the towering stones that had stood so proudly above ground continued their military circle into the distant depths below. Elliot took a sharp breath. They were perilously close to death. They were on a thin ledge. One wrong move and they would fall. The drop was endless! It would be certain death.

Gathering themselves together, Elliott and Virgo slowly edged their way to the end of the ledge where an ancient spiral staircase, with seemingly endless steps, began its descent. When they peered over the ledge, they saw the corroded ironwork coiling like a serpent into the dark depths. They could not see the end. They moved hesitantly forward and tested the first step.

Creak! The sound reverberated round the cave. They looked at each other nervously. They had no choice. There was no way back. They had to move forwards. They stepped off of the ledge and onto the spiral staircase.

How did the rhythm of the reading make you feel?

Which parts made you feel excited or tense?

Which parts made you feel relaxed and at ease?

How did the short sentences make you feel?

Sentence structure can change the mood and tone of writing, building tension and suspense and affecting how the reader feels.

Compare this example to the next two.

# Example 1

Virgo slowly pulled apart her palms. A soft, ethereal light illuminated the cavern. It allowed the children to see their surroundings. Both studied their unexpected setting. The towering stones continued their military circle into the depths below. Elliot took a sharp breath. They were perilously close to death. They were on a thin ledge. One wrong move and they would fall. The drop was endless! It would be certain death.

Elliott and Virgo edged their way to the end of the ledge. There was a spiral staircase. When they peered over the ledge they saw the corroded ironwork. They could not see the end. They moved hesitantly forward and tested the first step. There was a loud creak. The sound reverberated round the cave. They looked at each other nervously. They had no choice. There was no way back. They had to move forwards. They stepped off of the ledge and onto the spiral staircase.

## Example 2

As Virgo slowly and gently pulled apart her palms, a soft, ethereal light illuminated the cavern and allowed the children to see their surroundings. Stupefied with wonder, both studied their unexpected setting; the towering stones that had stood so proudly above ground continued their military circle into the distant depths below. Elliot took a sharp breath as he realised that they were perilously close to death. They were on a ledge that was so thin that one wrong move and they would fall. The drop was endless so it would mean certain death if they did.

Gathering themselves together, Elliott and Virgo slowly edged their way to the end of the ledge where an ancient spiral staircase with seemingly endless steps began its descent. When they peered over the ledge they saw the corroded ironwork coiling like a serpent into the dark depths. From where they were stood, they could not see the end so they moved hesitantly forward and tested the first step. As they took their first step, there was a loud creak that reverberated round the cave. They looked at each other nervously but they knew they had no choice. They Heel Stone had fallen and blocked the entrance meaning there was no way back. Because they had to move forwards, they stepped off of the ledge and onto the spiral staircase.

How could these examples be improved?

How many clauses does each sentence have?

What could they do to make more complicated multi-clause sentences? (Use subordinating and coordinating conjunctions to link related sentences, use subordinating conjunctions at the start and end of sentences, use parenthesis to embed clauses.)

How else could they stretch sentences and slow pace? (Expand noun phrases, add adverbials etc.)

How could they shorten sentences to raise tension? (Split multi-clause sentences by removing conjunctions, shorten noun phrases and omit adverbials.)

Either redraft one of the example paragraphs, experimenting with different clause structures, including short sentences to build tension **OR** write your own paragraph based on Chapter 7 focusing on the same features.

