



LO: To summarise a story
Task: to create concept map of under the quilt of night

Under the Quilt of Night

Monday

The quilt of night

RUNNING

I am running - but my legs are strong
I can run
I run so fast I lead the way
The ones I love race right behind
Pounding dirt and grass
Jumping rocks and roots
My feet make drumbeats on the path

I am running far away from the master
Hoeing, picking, mending and sewing
Until my hands got roar

Now he wants to track me
Catch me
Chase me till my breath is gone
Fence me in to be his slave again

But I'll make my steps quick
Whispers in the dark
I'll run where he won't find me
Under the quilt of night

Read through the whole of
this story.



A river

We search long to find a little wooden boat

Hidden in the reeds.

Is it safe to go over?

The water is deep and fast

But we cross without a sound

Like the moon coming up over my shoulder

To slide across the sky

WAITING

Runaways like us

Must hide in the daylight

So until morning we crouch in the bushes till night

It's hard, sweat dribbles down my neck

Thorns scrap my arms and legs

In the still afternoon mosquitoes wine and tease

Just like the overseers children did

All I can do is wait for the cover of darkness

Oh if only I could dance in the open

And sing so loud

The stars would hear and hurry out

To guide our way



WATCHING

We run and hide
My cuts sting and my bites itch
I am hungry all the time
One day at dusk we make our way to a patch of woods at the end of a town
There are more houses here
People throws danger
The others rest, while I keep watch
For a sign from the underground railroad
The friends who will help us get free
An owl twirls softly
I stop my breath to listen
Is it really an owl or the railroad secret code?
A sign that a friend is near
No there he is, just a small fat bird
With round yellow moons for eyes,
I try to be an owl myself
But my eyes hurt with watching
Then I see a woman walk through her yard wearing a plain dress,
On her arms she carries a quilt to air,
She hangs it over the fence
Then looks to the woods just once
I stare with all my might
I know what to look for
In most quilts centre squares are red for home and hearth
But these centres are a dark, deep blue
This house hides runaways



WATCHING CONT.

I am brave enough to go forward first
When at last the stars are up
I pull the darkness around me and run through the long wet grass
My foot trembles on the wooden step
And my knock shivery and quick
Like the beating of my heart
Who's there? Comes a voice
I swallow hard before I give the password
What if I am wrong?
But I trust the quilt
So I say the friend of a friend
A man and woman let us in
They give us clean clothes, hot stew and biscuits and sweet cherry pie
We talk in whispers so we don't wake their little boy already tucked in bed
Their daughter just my age, let's me hold her kit,
We follow her lantern
Up narrow stairs to a secret room
Sleep now - tonight we'll keep watch she said

I lie awake wondering about the others who have hidden here
I won't even know their names, but I found a message
A rough carved place under my mat
I make my fingers into eyes and explore it
Just before I fall asleep I see it is a star



TRAVELLING

Wake up hurry
Your master and his men are close behind
Our friend whisks us through the last folds of the night
And hides us deep in his wagon
The cold boards make me shiver
Sharp boards hurts like needles
We ride across a bridge, under trees,
A zig zag of here and there
We can't turn back, we would be beaten, sold away
Our chances gone for good
We must go on or die
I hang on tight
Fear is so real, it lies here beside me
The wagon rattles, the horse clop
Suddenly I tremble

Voices - we're caught
We're looking for runaways, what's in your wagon?
Eggs, sacks of green vegetables to sell at the morning market said our driver smooth as honey
Search me if you like, I am no friend of the slave
I keep still as a rock
Though it feels like my heart will split
But the searchers are fooled and at last they gallop off
Our friend laughs and cracks the reins
He calls to his horses and the wagon rolls on



SINGING FREEDOM

Birds awake

A rooster calls

I listen to the night softly falling away

We stop at a little church deep in Pine Woods

I pick up my straw from my hat and rub my stiff cramped legs

The man takes a stick and draws a map of the road we'll take to Canada

These good folks will carry you on he said

You're almost to freedom now

Over the trees the sun comes up

FREEDOM, I take a deep breath

And when I let it go my voice fills up



Success Criteria

Must:

Plan your 6 events

Write 6 interesting sentences to go with your images

I can summarise the main points of the story

I can draw images that show different points of the story

I can use speech marks in bubbles correctly

Could:

I can add detail to my images and use limited words that tell the story.

Challenge: explain how the story fits into its historical context

Task:

Make sure you have read through the story carefully:

Now create a story map of all the events - you can illustrate with pictures. For each section write a sentence to explain what is happening. You can do this on google slides a slide for each of the headings below.

Your headings can be:

Running

Waiting

Watching

Hiding

Travelling

Singing or freedom