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| **Lesson Focus:** |  **“How does the language in the extract influence your view of the character Crooks?”** | **Year Group:** | Year 10 |
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| **Create the Learning Environment**Welcome all students into the classroom.Introduce myself. |  | **Connect the Learning:**Language analysis links to English/English Language non-fiction, poetry and Shakespeare elements of GCSE. |  | **Resources:**Powerpoint slidesRed, blue and green pensPostcards with extracts from ‘Of Mice and Men’ |
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| **Plenary**  |  | **Learning Outcomes:** |
| Students discuss:*What do we learn about the character Crooks in this extract?**How do we learn this?**How do the writer’s choices influence our view of the character?*  | All will have annotated an extract, underlining important words.Most will have annotated an extract, commenting on the effects of words.Some will have annotated an extract, analysing the layers of meaning in word choices. |
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| **Introduction/ Input:**1. Look at 2 sentence extract about Crooks. Students choose one ‘important word’, share with a partner then feedback to class.
2. Discuss use of ‘language’ in the extract and what we learn about Crooks.
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| **Demonstrate Pupil Learning:** |
| Students write a sentence at the bottom of their postcard that explains how Steinbeck influences our view of Crooks. |
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| **Activities** |  | **Differentiation** |
| 1. Read whole extract. In pairs discuss a. What happens b. What we learn.
2. In pairs, students annotate short sections from whole extract on postcards.
3. Underline words (using different coloured pens)that show Crooks: behaviour; appearance; environment.
4. Add comments to show what is *suggested* by the word choices.
5. Discussion: How does Steinbeck influence our view of Crooks?
 |  | **More Able:** |
| Write comments which explain the layers of meaning in language choices.Write comments which focus on how the writer’s choices shape meaning. |
| **Less Able:** |
| Paired work enables students to support each other through discussion. |

**OF MICE AND MEN**

Crooks possessed several pairs of shoes, a pair of rubber boots, a big alarm

clock and a single-barreled shotgun. And he had books, too; a tattered

dictionary and a mauled copy of the California civil code for 1905. There were

battered magazines and a few dirty books on a special shelf over his bunk. A

pair of large gold-rimmed spectacles hung from a nail on the wall above his bed.

This room was swept and fairly neat, for Crooks was a proud, aloof man. He

kept his distance and demanded that other people keep theirs. His body was bent

over to the left by his crooked spine, and his eyes lay deep in his head, and

because of their depth seemed to glitter with intensity. His lean face was lined

with deep black wrinkles, and he had thin, pain-tightened lips which were

lighter than his face.

It was Saturday night. Through the open door that led into the barn came the

sound of moving horses, of feet stirring, of teeth champing on hay, of the rattle

of halter chains. In the stable buck’s room a small electric globe threw a meager

yellow light.

Crooks sat on his bunk. His shirt was out of his jeans in back. In one hand he

held a bottle of liniment, and with the other he rubbed his spine. Now and then

he poured a few drops of the liniment into his pink-palmed hand and reached up

under his shirt to rub again. He flexed his muscles against his back and

shivered.

Noiselessly Lennie appeared in the open doorway and stood there looking in,

his big shoulders nearly filling the opening. For a moment Crooks did not see

him, but on raising his eyes he stiffened and a scowl came on his face. His hand

came out from under his shirt.

Lennie smiled helplessly in an attempt to make friends.

Crooks said sharply, “You got no right to come in my room. This here’s my

room. Nobody got any right in here but me.”

Lennie gulped and his smile grew more fawning. “I ain’t doing nothing,” he

said. “Just come to look at my puppy. And I seen your light,” he explained.

“Well, I got a right to have a light. You go on get outa my room. I ain’t

wanted in the bunk house, and you ain’t wanted in my room.”

This room was swept and fairly neat, for Crooks was a proud, aloof man. He kept his distance and demanded that other people keep theirs. His body was bent

over to the left by his crooked spine, and his eyes lay deep in his head, and because of their depth seemed to glitter with intensity. His lean face was lined

with deep black wrinkles, and he had thin, pain-tightened lips which were lighter than his face.

Crooks possessed several pairs of shoes, a pair of rubber boots, a big alarm clock and a single-barreled shotgun. And he had books, too; a tattered dictionary and a mauled copy of the California civil code for 1905. There were battered magazines and a few dirty books on a special shelf over his bunk. A pair of large gold-rimmed spectacles hung from a nail on the wall above his bed.

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