



**Transition Day**  
**Wednesday 1st July 2020**

**Subject:** English

**Task:**

- Watch the English video and complete the set tasks.
- Make sure you pause the video when completing each activity.
- You will need to read the short extracts from Dracula and Twilight.

**Resources required:**

- Extracts from Dracula and Twilight (see below)

**YouTube Video Link:** <https://youtu.be/GK9CiHuRxVc>

**Share your work with us:**

Once you have completed the tasks. You can email your work to [classof2027@avonbounreacademy.org.uk](mailto:classof2027@avonbounreacademy.org.uk) or tweet us @avonbourne\_2027 and @AVBEnglish.

We would love to see how you got on!



### **Extract From Dracula**

This was startling, and coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always have when the Count is near. But at the instant I saw that the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I laid down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demoniac fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I drew away and his hand touched the string of beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for the fury passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

"Take care," he said, "take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous that you think in this country." Then seizing the shaving glass, he went on, "And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. It is a foul bauble of man's vanity. Away with it!" And opening the window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the glass, which was shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he withdrew without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving pot, which is fortunately of metal.

When I went into the dining room, breakfast was prepared, but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I breakfasted alone. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man! After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs, and found a room looking towards the South.

The view was magnificent, and from where I stood there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrific precipice. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.

But I am not in heart to describe beauty, for when I had seen the view I explored further. Doors, doors, doors everywhere, and all locked and bolted. In



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no place save from the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit.

The castle is a veritable prison, and I am a prisoner!

### **Extract from New Moon**

Despair momentarily vanished; wonder took its place. Even after a year and a half with him, I still couldn't believe I deserved such good fortune.

His sister Alice was standing by his side, waiting for me too.

Of course Alice and Edward weren't really related (in Forks the story was that all the Cullen children were adopted by Dr Carlisle Cullen and his wife, Esme, both plainly too young to have teenage children), but their skin was precisely the same pale shade, their eyes had the same golden tint, with the same bruise-like shadows beneath them. Her face, like his, was also startlingly beautiful. To someone in the know- someone like me- these similarities marked them out for what they were.

She finally seemed to process my mood. "Okay....later then. Did you like the scrapbook your mom sent you? And the camera from Charlie?"

I sighed. Of course she knew what my presents were. Edward wasn't the only member of his family with unusual skills. Alice would have "seen" what her parents were planning as soon as they'd decided that themselves.

We reached Edward then, and he held his hand out for mine. I took it eagerly, forgetting for a moment, my glum mood. His skin was as always smooth, hard and, very cold. He gave my finger a gentle squeeze.

"Eighteen isn't very old," Alice said. "Don't women usually wait until their twenty-nine to get upset over their birthday."

"It's older than Edward," I mumbled.

He sighed.

"Technically," she said, keeping her tone light. "Just by one little year though."

And I supposed... if I could be *sure* of the future I wanted, sure that I would spend forever with Edward, and Alice and the rest of the Cullens (preferably not as a wrinkled old lady)...then a year or two one direction wouldn't matter



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to me so much. But Edward was dead set against any future that changed me. Any future like him- that made me immortal too.

An impasse, he called it.

I couldn't really see Edward's point, to be honest. What was great about mortality? Being a vampire didn't look like such a terrible thing-not the way the Cullen's did it anyway.

I would never forget the first time I'd gone to his home, the huge white mansion buried deep in the forest behind the river....