

Over the next three weeks we are going to be following the story of The Tear Thief by Carol Ann Duffy.

The Tear Thief by Carol Ann Duffy - Part 2

Through an open upstairs window at Number 25 came the sound of a bad-tempered screaming and sobbing. The Tear Thief slipped down the lamp-post and slithered up a drainpipe to get to the window. Her wide grey eyes stared in at the child's bedroom.

A red faced girl in a nightdress was jumping up and down having a terrible tantrum and scattering tears all over the room with fistfuls of gravel.

'I WANT CHOCOLATE!' I WANT CHOCOLATE!' bawled the girl.

The Tear Thief hopped into the room and began to steal the girls tears: 5...10...15...20...25...30 into the silvery sack they went ... 40...50...60...70... The more tears the Tear Thief collected, the more tired the girl became until eventually she sat down on the floor with her back against the wall and fell fast asleep. The Tear Thief slipped out through the window.

A light rain began to fall, orange under the street lights. The Tear Thief worked hard. She stole the oddly long tears of a boy who had trapped his finger in a flute. She stole the tiny tears of a baby having her nappy changed. Into the sack, the tears shed by a pair of twins fighting over an orange teddy bear. Into the sack: two pear shaped tears from the sly cheeks of a boy who'd been caught telling a lie about a big hole in his trousers.

The tears were jewels inside the darkness of the sack, clinking and chinking and winking. Tears of rage were red and glowed like rubies. Tears of envy or jealousy were as green as emeralds. Tears of self-pity were turquoise. Scared tears were white like moonstones and guilty tears were amber.

Rain gurgled and chuckled in the gutters. Here and there a puddle stared up from the pavement. The Tear Thief listened, peeped, crept, climbed, pinched, nicked, flinched and purloined until her sack was brimming with tears. She set off down the road as the last of the rain stopped falling. A girl was standing alone under a lamp-post on the corner.

As the Tear Thief sneaked past the girl, she noticed she was quietly crying. The Tear Thief stopped. There was always room in the sack for a few more tears. She looked carefully at the girl's tears. They were very special. They were tears of real sadness. The Tear Thief could tell that just one of these teas was worth a hundred cried over split milk or a thousand crocodile tears. She reached out her pale hand to pluck one from the girl's cheek. Just he the girl wiped her eyes with her sleeve and looked sadly into a puddle. The Tear Thief's mischievous face stared up at her. 'Eeek!' squealed the girl and she turned round to look behind herself.

Reading —The Tear Thief by Carol Ann Duffy. PART 2

Monday

Read part two of the story 'The Tear Thief'

Retrieval questions.

Why is the little girl in house 25 crying?

Find and copy a word that the text uses to describe the sack that the tear thief carries the tears in.

What is the weather like during this part of the story?

Why were the tears of the last girl special?

How does the little girl feel when she is looking into the puddle?

Tuesday

Pick out any words which interest you and you would like to find out more about. Here are few that we found:

Vocabulary

slithered

bawled

brimming

envy

squealed

Can you write these words on post it notes and stick them round the house? You could ask an adult to help you with a definition to these words. Every time you see one, could you say the definition out loud?

Wednesday - Evaluative question.

Do you think the tear thief is going to steal the little girls tears in the same way she does with everybody else?

What might be different about this girl?

Encourage your child to find evidence in the text and use this question to discuss - there is no need to write down.

Thursday and Friday

Use the text to have a go at answering these questions independently.

Why is the red faced girl crying?

Find and copy a word that means the same as cried

Why does the little girl squeal at the end of the story?

The author says that the sack was 'brimming with tears.' Can you think of another word the author could have used instead of the word 'brimming'?

Can you connect the colours with the different types of tears?

Tears of rage

turquoise

Tears of envy

red and glowed like rubies

Tears of self-pity

amber

Scared tears

green as emeralds

guilty tears

white like moonstones