

## **Teacher's Notes**

Video: <u>Suckablood</u>

- 1. Tell students that they are going to listen to something with their eyes closed. After listening they should tell their partner about the mental images they visualized. Play until 00:35. (sound only).
- 2. Students describe their images to each other in as much detail as possible.
- **3.** Say that they are going to read a text describing what happened on the night of the storm. Hand out the text on page 2. Get students to read it quickly, ignoring the phonemic script and gaps. They agree on a two-sentence summary in pairs.
- **4.** Now direct students to the phonemic script and tell them to write out the four words. Ask them to read the first eight lines and say what they notice about the rhyming. Tell them that the text continues in a similar way.
- **5.** They work in groups of three to complete the gaps with one word.
- 6. Now it's time to watch the video. Tell students to turn their papers over and play the video until 04:35. Afterwards, students turn their papers back over and check what they remember before whole class feedback. (Full text on page 3).
- 7. Divide the class into five groups A-E. Assign group A lines 1-4, group B lines 5-8, group C lines 9-12, group D lines 13-17 and group E lines 18-22. Set a time limit and tell them to memorise and rehearse their lines. Go around helping with rhythm.
- 8. Now group A recites their lines, copying as closely as possible the rhythm of the original version. You could get the other groups to click their fingers in time to the rhythm. If anyone makes a mistake, the group has to start again. Continue until each group has performed.
- **9.** Get students to predict the ending. Play the whole video until the end and see if anyone was right.

## BACKVOFFOOD

| On dark stormy nights the Suckablood comes                          |
|---|
| for those boys and girls who still suck their $/\theta\Lambda mz$ / |
| This is small Tilly caught once again                               |
| with thumbs that need lessons from stepmother's / keIn /            |
| Since punishment won't stop her thumbs getting wet                  |
| Mother calls down a curse that the girl won't / fə'get /            |
| Suckablood, Suckablood, I beg you / kʌm /                           |
| to slaughter my daughter should she suck her thumb                  |
| And without any prayers, without being                              |
| up the dark stairs she's sent to her bed                            |
| Poor Tilly fears this house in the night                            |
| The monsters that live here have large                              |
| She tries not to wake them, she creeps like a                       |
| and climbs to her room at the top of the house                      |
| Alone in her room, the candles grow dim                             |
| The wind howled and droned and the monsters looked                  |
| Tilly craved comfort and looked to her                              |
| begging Suckablood, Suckablood, please do not come                  |
| She felt her way back without any                                   |
| An evil was lurking, but when would it bite?                        |
| Through a house full of shadows Tilly tipped on her toes            |
| where reaching the study her tiny heart                             |

On dark stormy nights the Suckablood comes for those boys and girls who still suck their thumbs This is small Tilly caught once again with thumbs that need lessons from stepmother's cane Since punishment won't stop her thumbs getting wet Mother calls down a curse that the girl won't forget Suckablood, Suckablood, I beg you come to slaughter my daughter should she suck her thumb And without any prayers, without being fed up the dark stairs she's sent to her bed Poor Tilly fears this house in the night The monsters that live here have large appetites She tries not to wake them, she creeps like a mouse and climbs to her room at the top of the house Alone in her room, the candles grow dim The wind howled and droned and the monsters looked in Tilly craved comfort and looked to her thumb begging Suckablood, Suckablood, please do not come She felt her way back without any light An evil was lurking, but when would it bite? Through a house full of shadows Tilly tipped on her toes where reaching the study her tiny heart froze For there lay her mother and beside on the wall Were written nine words in a black oily scrawl What a clever young girl not sucking your thumb I could not eat you so I've taken your mum On dark stormy nights the Suckablood comes For those cruel folk who curse their young ones