

Literacy: Homework: 21st Sept 2018

MORTAL ENGINES – AIRSHIP AWAY



We are now well into reading our futuristic novel, *Mortal Engines*, with its quirky characters and strange, mechanical world.

I would like you write a dramatic, descriptive piece of launching into the skies above London in the *Mortal Engines* world.

Use your punctuation skills, and try to include an the whole range. - . ? / ! “ ” ()

You must focus on :

1. The correct use of a semi-colon to link two main clauses which are related to each other.
2. Challenge yourself to use a colon correctly to expand on an idea and explain it.
3. Be precise with your vocabulary – create vivid descriptions.

Look at my attempt on the back if you need a reminder how to write descriptively using a range of punctuation (although I'm sure yours will be better.)

Remember the technical vocabulary which is part of this new world:

Gondola – the part of the airship where the pilot/passengers and controls are carried.

Envelope – What the structure of the airship is covered with.

Hydrogen and Helium – the gas held in bags, used lift the airships, which are usually powered by piston engines in this world.

Airship Away

I wrestled with the controls – I had never seen such an array of complicated levers and wheel. I could hear the shouts of the guards, scouring the hangers for their prisoner – me. I began to panic; I had to get this heavier-than-air machine off the ground – it was my only hope. I leaned through the small cockpit window, scanning along the crimson envelope of the elegant airship – this was definitely the pride of London’s fleet. The ship was more than thirty feet from tip to tail, fashioned in a silver alloy which was both strong and incredibly light. The gondola was filled with the sounds of hisses and clicks, as hidden mechanisms did their job. Christmas-tree control lights blinked and flickered – this was a technological marvel.

Then fortune shone down on me , as my foot slipped onto a protruding iron pedal and the unmistakable sound of pistons straining into life met my ears from the rear of the craft: the engines had started.

I dropped back into the plush leather seat, my hands naturally finding the ornately carved wooden navigation-wheel situated just above waist level. I pushed harder on the pedal and felt the machine begin to rise from the hanger deck. The engines were now purring – a beautiful, whirring , humming sound, like a giant insect. My stomach leapt as the ship jolted and rose more rapidly; I had to wrench the wheel to the left to avoid hitting the hanger door. Another second and the ship was away, free from London, rising gracefully into the deep blue sky. Once up in the air, it felt much easier to control and I eased the wheel to the right, banking around the dome of St. Pauls – the crowning glory of the incredible moving beast which was London. I had never felt such a feeling of utter elation – I was flying, I was free. Before I could enjoy this freedom to it’s fullest, I heard another sound: London’s fleet of gunships was preparing to launch...