



Monday 1<sup>st</sup> March

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"Excuse me," Cherry said tentatively. She felt she had eavesdropped for long enough. She approached them slowly. "Excuse me, but I've got a bit lost. I climbed the cliff, you see, cos I was cut off from the cove. I was trying to get back, but I couldn't and I saw this light and so I climbed up. I want to get home and I wondered if you could help me get to the top?"

"Top?" said the older one, peering into the dark. "Come closer, lad, where we can see you."

"She's not a lad, Father. Are you blind? Can you not see 'tis a filly. 'Tis a young filly, all wet through from the sea. Come," the young man said, standing up and beckoning Cherry in. "Don't be afeared, little girl, we shan't harm you. Come on, you can have some of my tea if you like."

They spoke their words in a manner Cherry had never heard before. It was not the usual Cornish burr, but heavier and rougher in tone

and somehow old-fashioned. There were so many questions in her mind.



"But I thought the mine was closed a hundred years ago," she said nervously. "That's what I was told, anyway."

Watch Miss Terrell's tutorial video.



"Well, you was told wrong," said the old man, whom Cherry could see more clearly now under his candle. His eyes were white and set far back in his head, unnaturally so, she thought, and his lips and mouth seemed a vivid red in the candlelight.

"Closed, closed indeed; does it look closed to

you? D'you think we're digging for worms? Over four thousand tons of tin last year and nine thousand of copper ore, and you ask is the mine closed? Over twenty fathoms below the sea this mine goes. We'll dig right out under the ocean, most of the way to 'Merica, afore we close down this mine."

He spoke passionately now, almost angrily, so that Cherry felt she had offended him.

"Hush, Father," said the young man, taking off his jacket and wrapping it around Cherry's shoulders. "She doesn't want to hear all about that. She's cold and wet. Can't you see? Now, let's make a little fire to warm her through. She's shivered right through to her bones. You can see she is."



"They all are," said the old tinner, pulling himself to his feet. "They all are." And he shuffled past her into the dark. "I'll fetch the wood," he muttered, and then added, "for all the good it'll do."

"What does he mean?" Cherry asked the young man, for whom she felt an instant liking. "What did he mean by that?"

"Oh, pay him no heed, little girl," he said. "He's an old man now and tired of the mine. We're both tired of it, but we're proud of it, see, and we've nowhere else to go, nothing else to do."

He had a kind voice that was reassuring to Cherry. He seemed somehow to know the questions she wanted to ask, for he answered them now without her ever asking.

"Sit down by me while you listen, girl," he said. "Father will make a fire to warm you and I shall tell you how we come to be here. You won't be afeared now, will you?"

Cherry looked up into his face, which was younger than she had expected from his voice; but like his father's, the eyes seemed sad and deep-set, yet they smiled at her gently and she smiled back.

"That's my girl. It was a new mine, this; promising, everyone said. The best tin in Cornwall and that means the best tin in the world. Eighteen sixty-five it started up and they were looking for tinnors, and so Father found a cottage down by Treveal and came to work here. I was already fourteen, so I joined him down the mine. We prospered and the mine prospered, to start with. Mother and the little children had full bellies and

there was talk of sinking a fresh shaft. Times were good and promised to be better.”

Cherry sat transfixed as the story of the disaster unfolded. She heard how they had been trapped by a fall of rock, about how they had worked to pull them away, but behind every rock was another rock and another rock. She heard how they had never even heard any sound of rescue. They had died, he said, in two days or so because the air was bad and because there was too little of it.



“Father has never accepted it; he still thinks he’s alive, that he goes home to Mother and the little children each evening. But he’s dead, just

like me. I can’t tell him though, for he’d not understand and it would break his heart if he ever knew.”

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Who are the men?

Will they help Cherry?

Will she get back to her family safely?

Will she get back her precious shells?

Step through the magic mirror and become one of the characters.

Explore thoughts, feelings and motives at this point in the story.

Why might they want to help her?



L.O. Draw inferences around a character's motives.

Why might they want to help her?  
What are their motives?



### **Independent Task**

Complete Think, Say and Feel Bubbles from the young miner's point of view.

What is he thinking but doesn't tell Cherry?

What would he say to her?

