

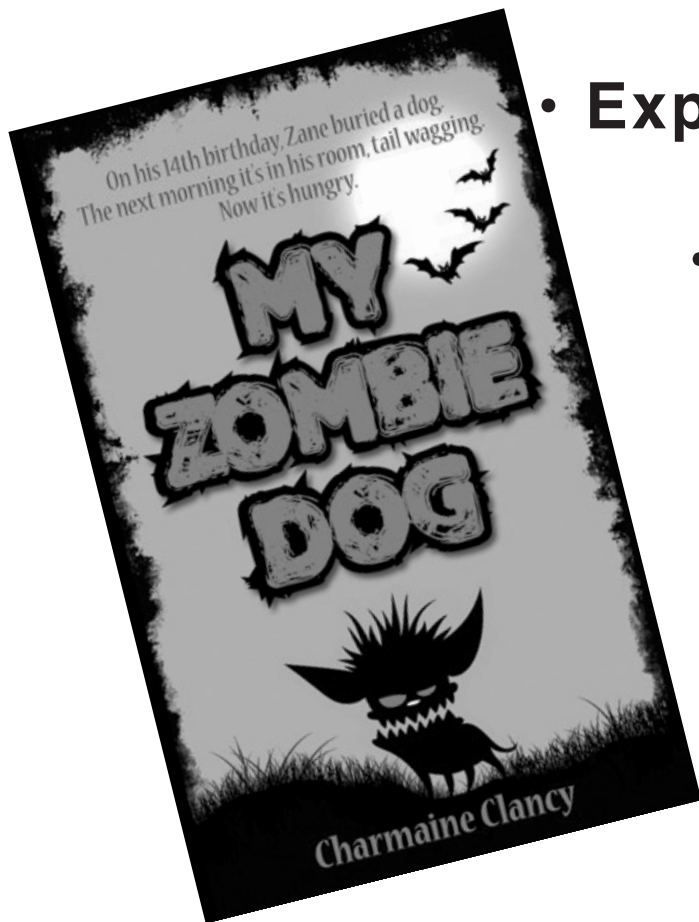
Student Name: _____

Class: _____

MY ZOMBIE DOG

fun

Classroom ~~Workbook~~ by Charmaine Clancy



- Exploring horror as genre
 - Writing exercises
- Understanding theme
 - Spooky poetry
 - Puzzles
- Art activities
- Project tasks
- Lots of fun!

Teachers: This workbook has many activities for you to choose from. The pages numbers are left blank, so you can decide which pages to print and compile for your class.

My Zombie Dog is available from www.charmaineclancy.com - for prices on class sets, email me at charmaineclancy@gmail.com

POPULARITY

Imagine Kev and Molly both run for the position of school prefect (or class captain, or whatever the equivalent position of responsibility in your school is). Choose a side and write down five campaign promises your chosen leader could make. Justify each promise by explaining how or why that idea would be a good reason for the students to vote for them.

Campaign Promises for: _____

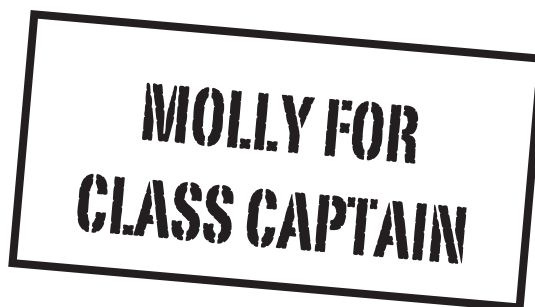
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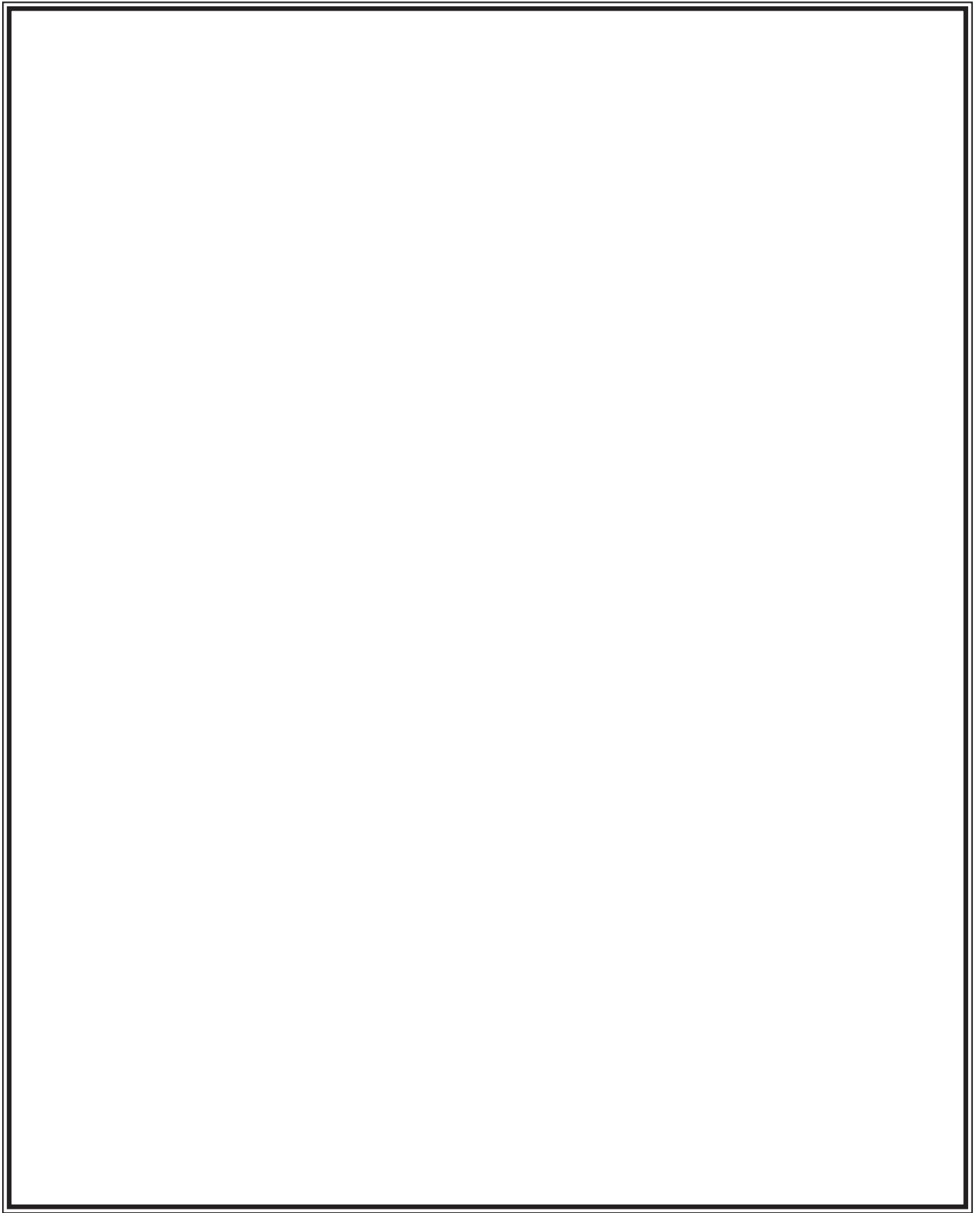


Write a very short speech (about thirty seconds) telling your class who you think will win the election, Kev or Molly? Why would they get the most votes?

Zane is torn. Should he vote for his best mate, Kev, or the awesome girl, Molly? Create an internal monologue for Zane as he makes his decision. (Internal monologue is Zane's thoughts, a conversation he has with himself, inside his head. We all do this sometimes. Well, I do)



Design a campaign poster for either Kev or Molly. Think up a good slogan for your poster.



THEMES

‘Story’ or ‘plot’ is what happens in a novel, ‘theme’ is the messages within the story. For example, in *Harry Potter* the story might be about a boy who discovers he’s a wizard, but some of the themes are about growing up, building friendships and believing in yourself. If we look at ‘growing up brings responsibility’, we can see proof of this theme in J K Rowling’s story:

*At the beginning of each book, Harry has a birthday and gets a year older. (Growing up)

*Within each book, Harry must make a decision to either face his enemy or hide from him. (Responsibility)

*Harry and Ron develop an interest in girls. (Growing up)

*They each grow to appreciate the girl they love, Ron learns that thoughtlessness can hurt. (Responsibility)

Brainstorm or list the themes you identify in *My Zombie Dog* and how this theme is shown in the story:

FAMILY

Appreciating family is a theme in *My Zombie Dog*. What do you think makes a family? If one member leaves, (for example, if a daughter gets married and starts a new family in a new home) are they still part of the family unit? Do you count people who aren't born into your family as part of your family group, like friends? What about pets?

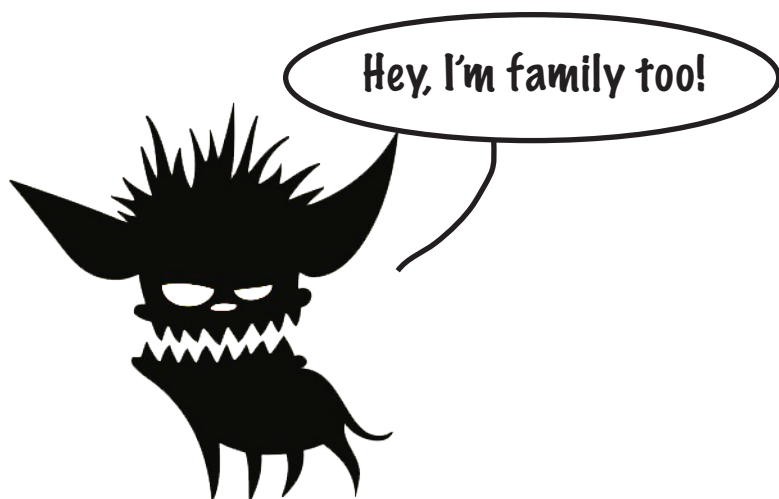
Name another book or film where family is used as a theme. Give an example how family was portrayed in this story.

What is the best thing about your family?

Provide one example from *My Zombie Dog* that demonstrates Zane being a responsible family member:

Now provide one example from the text where Zane is being an *irresponsible* family member:

We could all probably try harder to be good family members. What is one thing you could do at home to be more responsible as a member of your family?



PRIORITY CHART

A priority chart shows people or things in our lives, the closer they appear to the centre of our chart, the more important they are. Do up a priority chart for Zane. Add a bubble for his mother, father, Elise, Granny, Kev, Molly, Fossil, Mr Jensen and Zane's favourite possessions. Who will you put closest to Zane?



Do up your own priority chart. Add family, friends and anyone else important in your life. Add your favourite possessions. Sometimes we think something is really important, but when we evaluate (examine closely) we can find that possessions might not be as important as we thought they were. For instance, where did you place your mobile phone or your television? Did it even make the list?



Diary entry idea: record your reflections about creating your priority chart. How did it make you feel? Did you get any surprises about where you placed things/people?

FEAR

Fear can be a great motivator for characters. What sort of things are scary to us?
Brainstorm all the things people find frightening (I've given you a few to get you started):

Spiders

Fangs

Flying

FEAR

Y X Q J W T S W B N S I G X H M S P X G
 I S I O R H H C X F J M N O F I W Z A A
 S Q W D O B S C I I X O U G U R J S Y M
 R V T R A P P E D T S A G N D R B G O K
 B P V E Y D X Y F X C N B V D D W H A R
 D T Q N Q R X K T X D I Q J I E N M K O
 C D Z N I E W E A P O N S Y J R A U U U
 T I K I W G F M D Z X G A J Y S U D E T
 C L A W S O H Y H G G X O B O C B S L Z
 V U M G E G F T T A M E P X T A L Y A Y
 N G A W E G V H M A U Z N L C R O T H L
 F I F G E N A O B A Q N V Z A Y O V R P
 E G T V Y E M L S M R I T X P G D Y B D
 S E K D H S P O Y X V E G E N P U R A Y
 T A G V D U I G J J W I Q I D P Y E A Z
 E P S W P F R Y N O R S P Z U D H G E J
 R H H M S Q E Y K X O P H R P E T E A F
 E B P U N T N T S X A A T I B Z G U L L
 L D W Z H E T T R N D L E C J O Q O U K
 O A I L P K I B S D A B V D K N W Z A M
 T T G W A G W G B G V M H A T E Q B E Y
 M O N S T E R B H M O M W B R T A E V R
 O E E T V S L L Q B G U Z E H B R W P T
 T N V S H O H C G Z O N W G Q I Q A I J
 V P I D U P C U N U W U I N M T P R J K
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 J H O E N N E A E F F B E H P H H M V Z
 A Z C R E R C R G M L R V O O D O O I F
 Q H O R R O R E S I U E I V M O A A R A

 S U R O X S X K X T C F W N K W D P E N
 L P Z R N R Z N A A I X N L F U M H L G
 A T O X A L F E B K O T H F Z E Q Q I S
 U K M E W Y R E D P B P I Y L E C M X E
 S S B G P C P Y J J R A T O Q H O T Q L
 A W I E R A E T B C A F E W N J O I E F
 X B E D C C D I J S I B U O I S R L Z D
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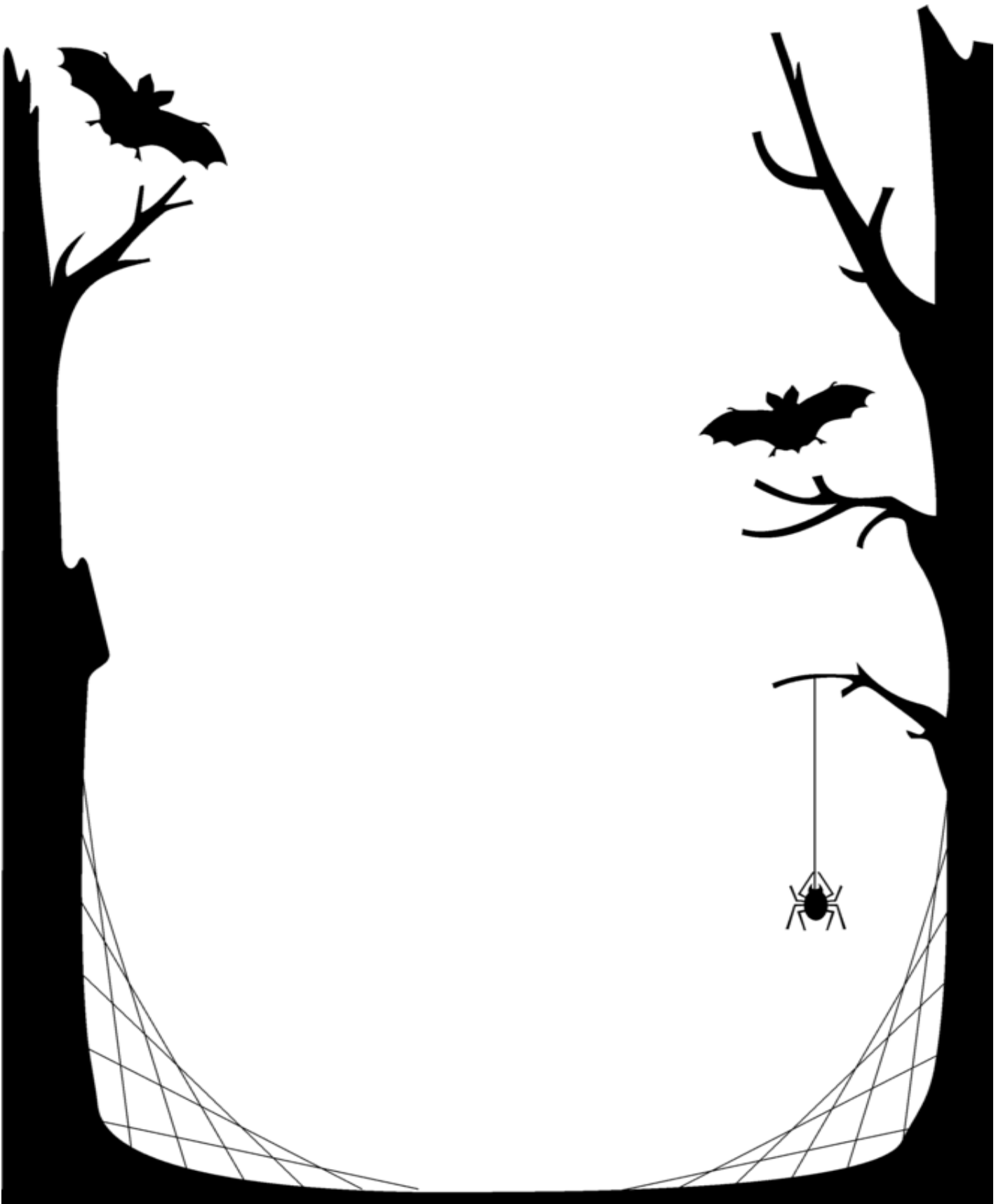
- MONSTER
- FANGS
- ZOMBIE
- VAMPIRE
- VOODOO
- SCARY
- UNDEAD
- CREEPY
- HORROR
- INFECTED
- BITE
- VIRUS
- PLAGUE
- NEIGHBOURHOOD
- TRAPPED
- NIGHTMARE
- FESTER
- SUPERSTITION
- WEAPONS
- TERROR
- CREATURES
- BRAINS
- MOANING
- CLAWS
- HAUNTED
- SNAPPING
- WEREWOLF
- ESCAPE
- SHUFFLE

- BEWARE
- BEHEAD
- FRIGHT
- BLOOD
- MYTHOLOGY
- BEAST
- MAGIC
- EVIL

MAKE A MONSTER

Remember the items from your fear brainstorm challenge?

Combine as many elements as you can to draw a monster:



WRITE IT!

You've uncovered fears and created a monster, now it's time to create a story. First you'll need a setting. Scary stories are usually told in a creepy setting (like the empty halls of your school at night). Think up a good creepy setting for your story:

You have a monster, but you'll need other characters, you'll need a protagonist (main character). Who will be your protagonist?

Name: _____

Age: _____ Gender: _____

Biggest fear: _____

Why are they so afraid of this? Did something happen in their past to make them so afraid?

Their dream—what do they wish for? Do they have a goal?: _____

Skills: _____

Flaws: _____

Friend or sidekick: _____

Reason for being at the creepy location: _____



WORD BANK

Brainstorm some descriptive words to use in your story. Think from your protagonist's point of view. I've given you a few to get started.

Sight - what chilling images can your protagonist see?

Scales

Slime

Shadows

Sound - spooky noises:

Creak

Pounding heart

Feel - emotions and touch:

Gripping

Shiver

POETRY

Poetry can be used to tell a scary story, the tempo and rhythm of prose adds to the creepy imagery.

On the next page there is a copy of Edgar Allan Poe's famous poem, *The Raven*. Read through, try using a sinister voice. Poe includes a lot of descriptive words to add a dark emotion to his poem. Words like bleak, dying, and sorrow add an ominous (threatening) tone to the poem. How many other words can you find in the poem to suggest this is a creepy tale? Write them here:

What do you think this poem is about? Summarise the story:

Did you come across any words you've never seen before? Write the word here and see if you can find a definition in a dictionary:



The Raven by Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door;
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow, sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore,
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door.
This it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you." Here I opened wide the door;—
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
Lenore?; This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
"Lenore!" Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before,
"Surely," said I, "surely, that is something at my window lattice.
Let me see, then, what thateat is, and this mystery explore.
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
" 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven, of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door.
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore.
Tell me what the lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore."
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered;
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath
Sent thee respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

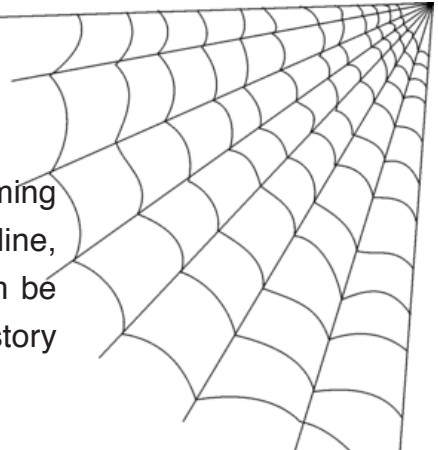
"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

YOUR TURN



Write a spooky poem, using lots of creepy words. Choose a rhyming pattern, you might like to have every line rhyme or every second line, or you could have a different pattern. What will your creepy poem be about? Zombies? If you're stuck for ideas, try rewriting your scary story as a poem.



A series of horizontal lines for writing a poem, starting below the instruction and ending near the bottom of the page.

BOOKMARKS

I love making bookmarks. Create a bookmark with a horror story theme. You could draw pictures, cover it in creepy words, or cut images from magazines. Be creative! I've created a *My Zombie Dog* bookmark for you to cut out and keep. If you want your bookmarks to last, cut them out and then laminate them.

MY ZOMBIE DOG

...likes books with bite!



PROJECTS

Choose one or more of the following projects to complete:

A

Work in a group and create a horror-themed board game. Create squares in the game where the player must draw a card. Using index cards (or pieces of paper cut to the same size), have each of your group members write down frightening things that could happen to the player who receives that card (E.g.: You stroll through the graveyard at night, when all of a sudden all the graves open up and zombies climb out! Miss a turn.). Don't show each other the cards, it'll be more surprising and fun when you play.

B

In *My Zombie Dog*, Zane tried to get rid of his zombie dog by taking it to the pound. Animal shelters do a lot of good work rescuing unwanted pets and re-homing them. They also desex animals so they can't add to the problem of populating society with unwanted pets. Design a poster to encourage families to adopt a pet from the pound. Have a look on the RSPCA's website, *Find A Pet*. What's the most unusual pet they have at the moment?

C

Granny, a character from *My Zombie Dog*, suffers from a condition called Alzheimer's disease. Research this condition and write a short essay (up to 500 words) on what you think it would be like to care for someone with this condition.

D

Horror stories often have themes of magic based on myths or legends. *My Zombie Dog* includes zombies and Voodoo magic. Voodoo is said to have originated in parts of Africa, where there were also stories of the dead being raised again to work as slaves. Most cultures have their own magical lore or legends, choose one to research. Present your findings to the class.