

She nearly laughed whenever she looked at him; he was like a mouse. Small and nervous.

"There's never enough food," said Munchkin. "But I give Rat what I can spare, see?"

"Mind your own business," he said, but it was without anger.

Munchkin seemed to have gone back into his shell.

Talking to Munchkin, she'd felt him warm slightly. It had been almost a normal chat, like one friend to another.

"Your boat," said Munchkin suddenly. "There's a shed. On the west side. But it's locked. Only Dooby has a key."

"Thanks Munchkin!" She rushed back into the room and nearly kissed him. But Munchkin looked so shocked that she backed away again, smiling.

Spat and Dooby fought, Munchkin hung back, hesitating.

Munchkin stood nervously at the water's edge, as if trying to decide what to do.

"You're like a different person since we left the island. You've said more since we got into Lyca than I heard you say during the whole time I was there."

He shuffled in behind the huge doctor, looking smaller than ever, but dressed in some new clothes. He looked ridiculous, somehow ... Munchkin shrank back, but sat himself on the end of the bed, quietly.

"But I don't even know where Newhome is."
'I do,' Munchkin said, grinning, 'I've been asking around. It's further up the coast.'
Zoe sighed. "What would I do without you?" she said.

"Listen, Munchkin, you don't have to come," she said.
"I've got nowhere else to go," said Munchkin, "but anyway. I want to."

The two gatekeepers nodded at Dooby, meekly, though they were much bigger than him.

There was something about Dooby that made you do what he said. Something more than just his use of violence.

Dooby and his two thugs were dressed like kings compared with the others in the cathedral.

"Shut it, Spat," shouted the leader. "Sorry, Dooby." Spat suddenly looked timid.

"Oh and by the way, you won't say anything to anyone about this." He stopped smiling, and Zoe felt cold. He didn't need to say what would happen if she did.

"This bunch of idiots have their uses, though."

"But even if there were some with a bit more brains, I'd still be in charge."

"You're the first good thing to come this way in a long time," Dooby said, pushing his dark hair back into place. Zoe didn't answer. For some stupid reason, she liked what Dooby had just said ... But she told herself to be careful.

... Zoe looked back to see Spat being hurled across the floor again. Dooby wasn't large by any means, and really he was pretty thin. He clearly knew some hideous ways of fighting.

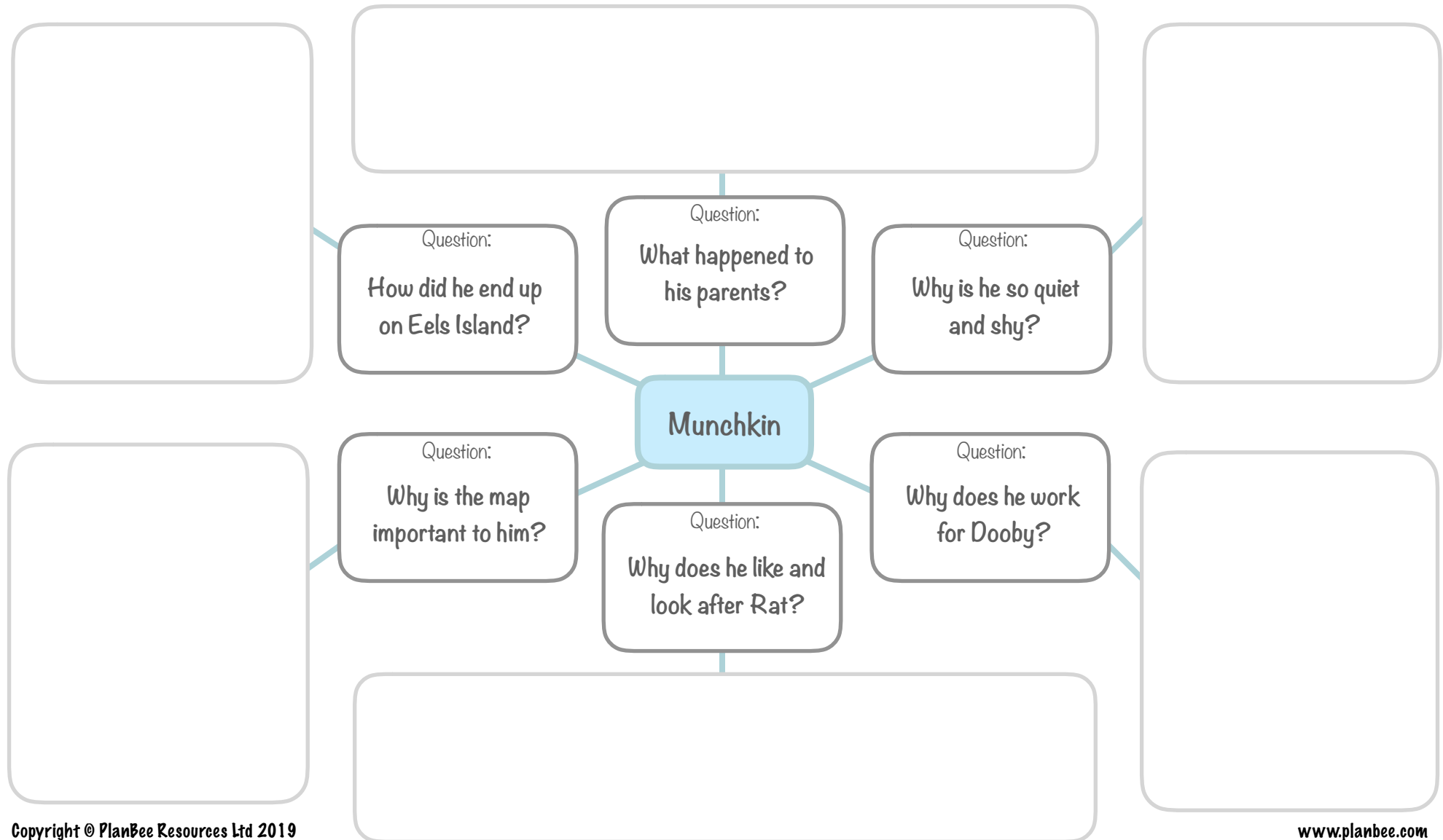
"Why don't you let them stay here?" asked Zoe. "Not enough room. Tough, but that's how it is. We've got a few too many here ourselves. Still, this fight should help our numbers drop a bit."

"I think Dooby will be alright. People like him always are."

He'd been like a king on the island. What he said was what people did. He was the only law.

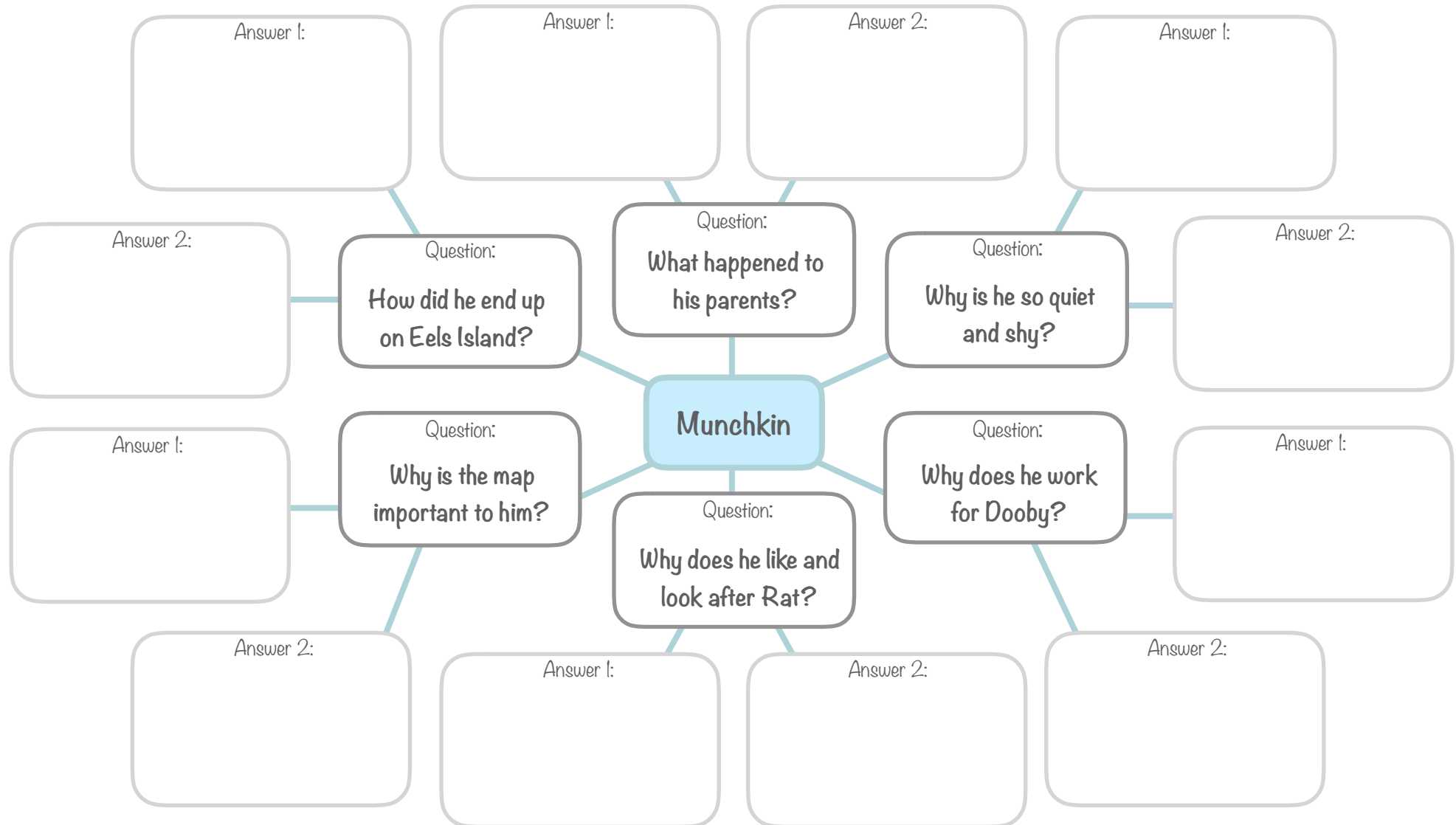
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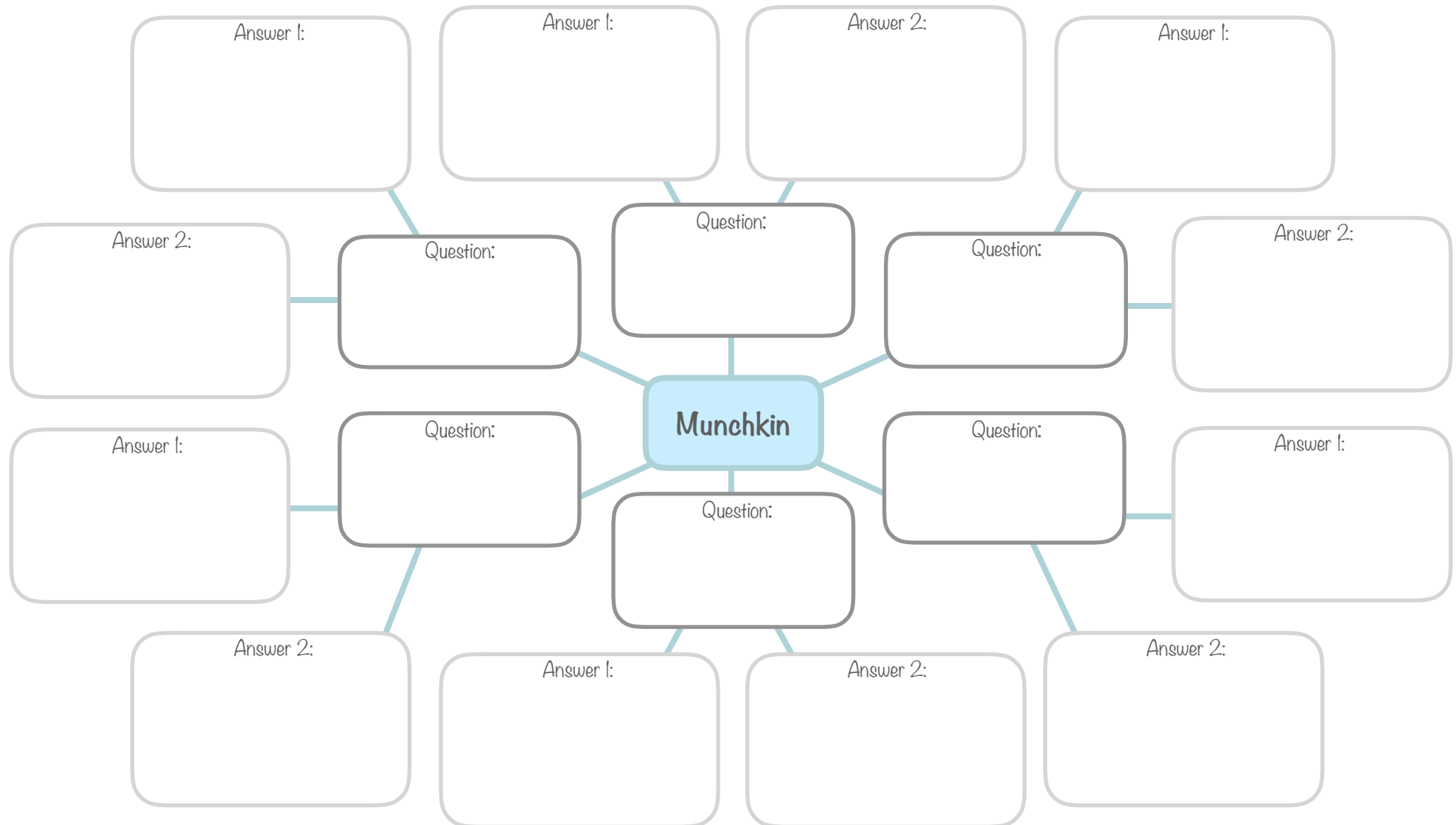


Floodland Narrative

Question & Answer Sheet C

Name: _____

Date: _____



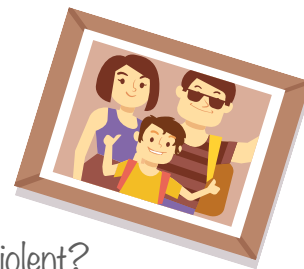
Dooby's 'Before'...

Read Extract A & B and discuss what you learn about Dooby from them.

Develop some ideas for a backstory about Dooby, which reveals to the reader more about his personality, why he has turned into the person he is, and some possible events that might help the reader to understand and empathise with him more.

You could think about the following:

- What was his relationship with his parents like?
- How did he become separated from them?
- Has he always been confident/strong-willed/selfish/violent?



Record your ideas on the Ideas for Dooby's 'Before' Sheet.

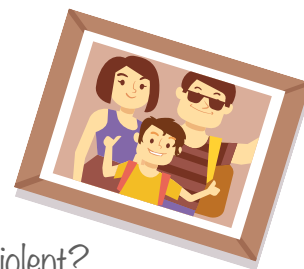
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Make notes on the Ideas for Dooby's 'Before' Sheet.

EXTRACT A: Dooby's arrival on the Island

"So how did he get here? On a boat?"

"Yes, on a boat, with some others."

"Who?" asked Zoe.

"Molly. Spat. You know. Just some of the others."

"And Dooby was in charge of this boat?"

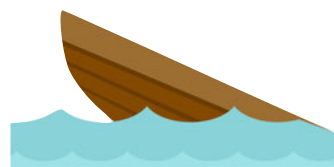
"Oh no. Even he doesn't know how boats work. He was just one of the people on it. There was a man. He was in charge."

"So what happened?"

"What do you mean?" asked Munchkin, suspiciously.

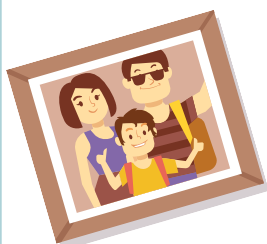
"Well, why did Dooby stay?"

"The boat was damaged. It was sinking. They tried to land on the island, and there was a fight. The man who drove the boat was killed. And then it sank, anyway. So they were stranded here. Dooby took control, then. Before he came, it was awful; everyone fighting everyone else. Dooby made it better. First thing he did was to get everyone to get what they could from the ship. It was stuck in the mud for a week, but sinking slowly. Then a storm dragged it off one night. There were loads of stores. Food, blankets. Before the storm we got most of it ashore and stored it in the cathedral. Dooby did it. He saved us."



Floodland, p.51-52

EXTRACT B: Dooby's family photograph



There was something still in the box. A smaller parcel, wrapped in an old plastic bag. Zoe took it out and unwrapped it.

It was a photograph in a frame. There, in the picture, were three people; two adults standing either side of a young boy, about five or six. The boy's parents had their arms around each other, and around him. All three smiled at the camera. Suddenly, Zoe realised who she was looking at. Despite his age in the photo, the boy was Dooby. The good looks, the dark hair, were unmistakable. It was only the innocent smile that had stopped Zoe from recognising him sooner.

"Look," said Zoe, and showed the picture to Munchkin. For some reason she felt like crying.

Munchkin looked at the picture.

"That's what it's done," he said, after a moment. "The sea, I mean. That's what it's taken away from all of us. Dooby, too."

Zoe didn't say anything. In spite of everything he'd done, Zoe couldn't hate Dooby completely. Munchkin was right, they had all had to grow up very fast, and something had been taken from them. Looking at Dooby's photograph, she wondered if, like herself, he was just a child who wanted his mum and dad back.

Floodland, p.94-95

Floodland Narrative

Ideas for Dooby's 'Before' Sheet

Name: _____

Date: _____

Dooby's 'Before'

