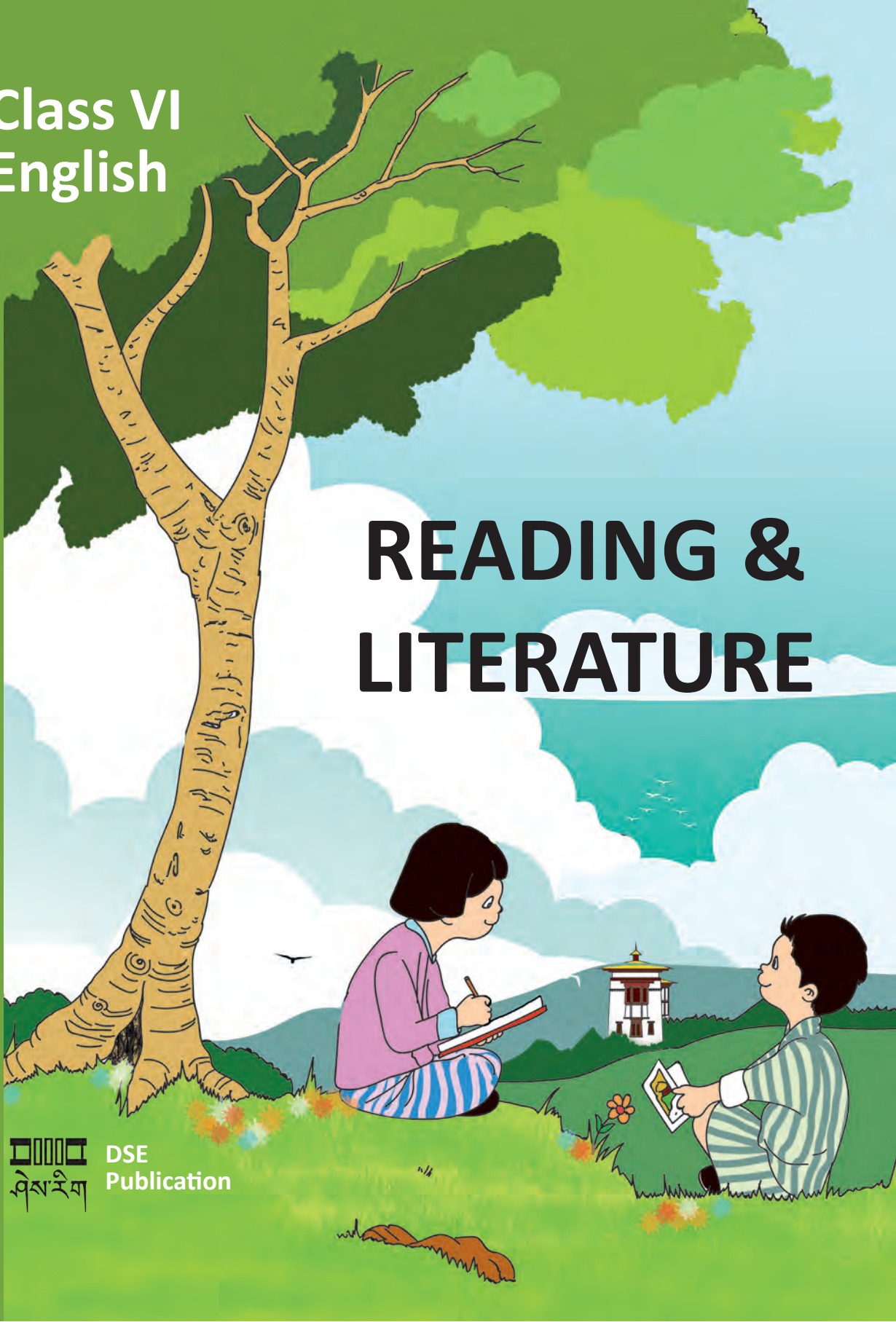


Class VI
English

READING & LITERATURE



DSE
Publication



Published by

Department of School Education (DSE)

Ministry of Education and Skills Development (MoESD)

Royal Government of Bhutan

Thimphu

Tel: + 975 - 2 - 332885/332880

Toll Free: 1850

Website: www.education.gov.bt

Copyright © 2023 Department of School Education, Ministry of Education and Skills Development, Royal Government of Bhutan, Thimphu.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without permission from the DSE, Ministry of Education and Skills Development, Royal Government of Bhutan, Thimphu.

NOT FOR SALE

This book is compiled and printed for educational purposes exclusively for schools in Bhutan.

First Edition 2006**Revised Edition 2023****ISBN 978-99936-0-685-7**

Acknowledgments

The Ministry of Education and Skills Development would like to acknowledge the contributions made by the following educational professionals and teachers to the development of this revised text book.

Adviser

Mr. Karma Galay, Director General, Department of School Education, MoESD.

Review and Selection Team

Ms. Hema Rai, Teacher, Tshapel LSS

Mr. Bala Raj Rai , Teacher, Gedu HSS

Mr. Rinchen Chopel, Teacher, Dungna LSS

Mr. Ngawang Tenzin, Teacher, Chumithang MSS

Ms. Tshewang Lhamo, Teacher, Taju MSS

Ms. Phuntsho Lhamo, Advisor, MoESD

Mr. Sangay Tshering, Curriculum Developer, SCD, DSE, MoESD

Copy Editors

Mr. Sangay Tshering, Curriculum Developer, SCD, DSE, MoESD

Mr. Amber Rai, Curriculum Developer, SCD, DSE, MoESD

Design & Formatting

Ms. Karma Wangmo, SCD, DSE, MoESD

Cover Design

Mr. Surjay Lepcha

The School Curriculum Division also sincerely acknowledges the retrieval and use of contents and resources, either in part or whole, from relevant websites and other sources with the assurance that these resources will be used exclusively for educational purposes in Bhutan.



དཔལ་ལྷན་འབྲུག་གཞུང་། ཤེས་རིག་ལྷན་ཁག།

Department of School Education
Ministry of Education and Skills Development
School Curriculum Division



Foreword

Following the advent of modern education in the country, the English language has been given an important place along with Dzongkha, the national language. English has, in fact, been the language of instruction for many school subjects, and it has served our purpose well even outside the curriculum.

The emphasis of the English curriculum is on the improvement of language skills of students, on literature studies written in the contemporary English language, the inclusion of non-fiction writing and changes in the approach to the assessment of students' performance. The curriculum also demands a change in the way in which students are taught, specifically a movement away from the teacher-centred classroom to a gender-sensitive, student-centred learning environment. This means that the teacher is responsible for designing activities that promote active learning while the students play a greater role in their own learning. The teacher will act as a facilitator to allow students to explore and create knowledge.

The selection of texts represents a conscious and rigorous effort to bring to our classrooms an assortment of rich and varied literary experiences presented through different genres which celebrate the dignity of content and the beauty of language.

The plans put forward in the curriculum offer a balanced programme with adequate instructional time to develop the skills in each strand of Reading & Literature, Writing, Listening and Speaking and Language. The goal is to provide adequate time to learn these skills so that students are able to communicate with eloquence and receive the communication of others with respect and clarity.

The Ministry of Education and Skills Development hopes that the English Curriculum will open the doors to new opportunities for our students to improve their English language skills. The learning programmes in the curriculum will ensure that they will acquire the knowledge to continue higher studies and the skills they require to become competent communicators – in reading, writing, listening and speaking as required in the workplace and society.

The Ministry wishes to acknowledge the valuable contributions of the teachers and teacher-educators to the development of the curriculum.

Tashi Delek.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be 'Karma Galay', written in a cursive style.

Karma Galay
Director General

Contents

Acknowledgments.....	iii
Foreword	iv
Foreword to Reading & Literature	vii

Short Stories

1. The People Who Hugged the Trees - <i>Deborah Lee Rose</i>	2
2. The Orphan Boy - <i>Tololwa M.Mollel</i>	8
3. The Umbrella Man - <i>Roald Dahl</i>	14
4. Fly like an Eagle - <i>Elizabeth Van Steenmyk</i>	22
5. The Three Questions - <i>Leo Tolstoy</i>	26

Essay

1. Homesickness - <i>Roald Dahl</i>	32
2. My Hero - <i>Katie Gill</i>	37
3. Learn About the Environment - <i>Elizabeth Hogan</i>	40
4. Artificial Intelligence - <i>Anonymous</i>	48

Poetry

1. Celebration - <i>Alonzo Lopez</i>	52
2. The Old Brown Horse - <i>W.F. Holmes</i>	54
3. Courage - <i>Robert William Service</i>	56
4. Heads Bent Low - Anonymous	58
5. I Like Myself - <i>Karen Beaumont</i>	60

Annual Timetable for the English Curriculum: Class VI.....	62
Continuous Assessment (CA) And Examination Weighting	63

Foreword to Reading & Literature

*“I am part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro’
Gleams that untrav’l’d world, whose margin
Fades for ever and for ever when I move.”*

- “Ulysses”, Alfred Lord Tennyson

Like Ulysses, when we read, we become travellers through worlds whose horizons beckon and entice us farther and farther into realms beyond our own daily experiences. We travel from our own world to different places and times, go to a universe beyond our own, a universe in which we meet people who hold ideas and beliefs which confirm, challenge, and elaborate what we know, understand and believe.

Reading is the key to unlocking the vault of the wisdom of the race. To read well is to be in contact with those who have gone before us, who have discovered what it is to be human and the best ways to organise themselves to achieve happiness

We do not always read for such exalted reasons. Reading is also something we use to do everyday things at work or at home: things like shopping, reading mail, getting information on topics of interest and getting instructions on how to do things or put things together. We also read to learn the ideas of others on more abstract issues like political thought or religious beliefs. We read for pleasure and to pass the time. Sometimes we read our favourite authors simply because we like to read their works. Whatever the reasons we have for reading, it is making meaning with text in an interactive process that engages the reader, the writer, and the text in a dialogue about the subject of the piece.

Engaging in the dialogue begins when the reader tries to be clear about what the writer or his/her characters are saying and doing. Frequently, once that has been achieved and is clear, the reader does not want to go further. The knowledge of what has been read is enough. But just as frequently, readers want to move beyond the simple knowledge of a book to levels of dialogue, which engage them, the writer, and the text in negotiations about the significance of what has been said or enacted in the piece. It is in this kind of dialogue that the focus shifts from the surface knowledge of the text to attempts to comprehend what has been read at more profound levels, to delight in possible interpretations, to analyse how the writer achieves the cogency of the piece, and ultimately, the evaluation of the beauty and the validity of what has been said.

Whatever the level of the dialogue, the readers bring to the table not only their knowledge of the text under study, but also their experiences with other texts, the experiences they have had

in real life or have imagined, and quite likely, sets of beliefs that challenge the point of view of the writer. Students need to be taught the strategies to read in these ways. And they need time to participate in activities which are planned by the teachers to allow them to practise the strategies.

The literature in the syllabus provides the material to teach students how to read, while at the same time permitting them to read some of the best literature available in English. Students have to learn how to make meaning by themselves and to appreciate what it means to have met some of the best writers and their works in the course of their studies. If we can build classroom communities where that can be arranged, then, like Ulysses, our readers will be drawn to travel through new worlds of experience whose horizons keep expanding.

SHORT STORIES



Title: **The People Who Hugged the Trees**

Author: Deborah Lee Rose

Genre: Short Stories

Rationale:

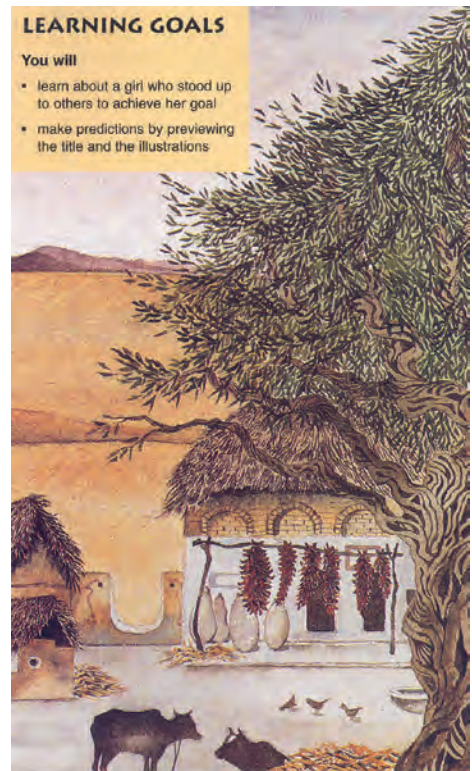
The story's protagonist is a young woman who challenged the monarch to pursue her ambition. This story is beautifully told and illustrated, with a clear message about the importance of respecting, loving, and conserving the earth's natural resources. This story demonstrates the importance of setting goals and working hard to overcome obstacles in order to achieve those goals. The text is ideal for assisting one in making predictions by previewing the title and illustrations.

This story emphasizes the importance of respecting, loving, and preserving the earth's natural resources.

In long-ago India, when warrior princes ruled the land, there lived a girl who loved the trees. Her name was Amrita.

Amrita lived in a poor village of mud houses, on the edge of the great desert. Just outside the village grew a forest.

Every day Amrita ran to the forest, her long braid dancing behind her. When she found her favourite tree, she threw her arms around it. "Tree," she cried, "you are so tall and your leaves are so green! How could we live without you?" For Amrita knew that the trees shaded her from the hot desert sun. The trees guarded her from the howling desert sandstorms. And where the trees grew, there was precious water



to drink. Before she left the forest, Amrita kissed her special tree. Then she whispered, “Tree, if you are ever in trouble, I will protect you.”

The tree whispered back with a rustle of its leaves.

One day just before the monsoon rains, a giant sandstorm whirled in from the desert. In minutes the sky turned dark as night. Lightning cracked the sky and wind whipped the trees as Amrita dashed for her house. From inside, she could hear the sand battering against the shutters. After the storm ended, there was sand everywhere—in Amrita’s clothes, in her hair, and even in her food.



But she was safe and so was her village, because the trees had stood guard against the worst of the storm.

As Amrita grew, so did her love for the trees. Soon she had her own children, and she took them to the forest with her.



“These are your brothers and sisters,” she told them. “They shade us from the hot desert sun. They guard us from the terrible desert sandstorms. They show us where to find water to drink,” she explained. Then Amrita taught her children to hug the trees as she did.

Each day when she left the forest, Amrita fetched water from the village well. She carried the water in a large clay pot balanced on top of her head.

One morning by the well, Amrita spotted a troop of men armed with heavy axes. They were headed toward the forest. “Cut down every tree you can

find,” she heard the chief axeman say. “The Maharajah needs plenty of wood to build his new fortress.”

The Maharajah was a powerful prince who ruled over many villages. His word was law. Amrita was afraid. “The tree-cutters will destroy our forest,” she thought. “Then we will have no shade from the sun or protection from the sandstorms. We will have no way to find water in the desert!”

Amrita ran to the forest and hid. From her hiding place, she could hear the whack of the axes cutting into her beloved trees.

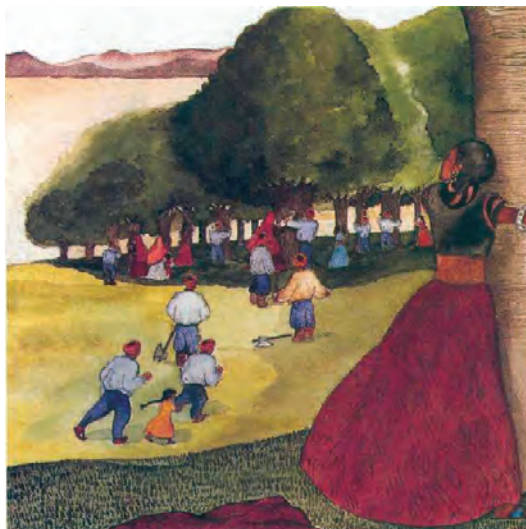
Suddenly Amrita saw the chief axeman swing his blade toward her special tree.

“Do not cut down these trees!” she cried and jumped in front of her tree. “Stand back!” thundered the axeman. “Please, leave my tree,” Amrita begged. “Chop me instead.” She hugged the tree with all her strength. The axeman shoved her away and swung his blade. He could see only the tree he had been ordered to cut. Again and again the axeman chopped until Amrita’s tree crashed to the ground. Amrita knelt down, her eyes filled with tears. Her arms tenderly grasped the tree’s dying branches.

When news of Amrita’s tree reached the village, men, women, and children came running to the forest. One after another they jumped in front of the trees and hugged them. Wherever the tree-cutters tried to chop, the villagers stood in their way.

“The Maharajah will hear of this!” threatened the chief axeman. But the people would not give in.

The Maharajah was furious when the axemen returned emptyhanded. “Where is the wood I sent you to chop?” he stormed. “Your Highness, we tried to cut down the trees for your fortress,” answered the chief axeman. “But wherever we



went, the villagers hugged the trees to stop us.”

The Maharajah sliced the air with his battle sword. “These tree-huggers will pay for disobeying me!” He mounted his fastest horse and rode out for the forest. Behind him came many soldiers, riding long-legged camels and elephants with jewelled tusks.

The Maharajah found the people gathered by the village well.

“Who has dared to defy my order?” he demanded. Amrita hesitated a moment, then she stepped forward.

“Oh Great Prince, we could not let the axemen destroy our forest,” she said. “These trees shade us from the baking desert sun. They protect us from the sandstorms that would kill our crops and bury our village. They show us where to find precious water to drink.”

“Without these trees I cannot build a strong fortress!” the Maharajah insisted.

“Without these trees we cannot survive,” Amrita replied.

The Maharajah glared at her.

“Cut them down!” he shouted.

The villagers raced to the forest as the soldiers flashed their swords. Step by step the soldiers drew closer, as the sand swirled around their feet and the leaves shivered on the trees. Just when the soldiers reached the trees the wind roared in from the desert, driving the sand so hard they could barely see.

The soldiers ran from the storm, shielding themselves behind the trees. Amrita clutched her special tree and the villagers hid their faces as thunder shook the forest. The storm was worse than any the people had ever known. Finally, when the wind was silent, they came slowly out of the forest.



Amrita brushed the sand from her clothes and looked around. Broken tree limbs were scattered everywhere. Grain from the crops in the field littered the ground.



Around the village well drifts of sand were piled high, and Amrita saw that only the trees had stopped the desert from destroying the well and the rest of the village.

Just beyond the well the Maharajah stood and stared at the forest. He thought for a long time, then he spoke to the villagers.

“You have shown great courage and wisdom to protect your trees. From this day on your trees will not be cut,” the Maharajah declared.

“Your forest will always remain a green place in the desert.”

The people rejoiced when they heard the Maharajah’s words. They sang and danced long into the night and lit up the sky with fireworks.

In the forest, the children strung flowers and bright coloured paper through the branches of the trees. And where Amrita’s tree had fallen, they marked a special place so they would never forget the tree’s great sacrifice.

Many years have passed since that day, but some people say Amrita still comes to the forest to hug the trees.

“Trees,” she whispers, “you are so tall and your leaves are so green! How could we live without you?”

For Amrita knows that the trees shade the people from the hot desert sun.

The trees guard the people from the howling desert sandstorms. And where the trees grow there is water, and it is a good place for the people to live.

Make connections

1. What is the setting of the story?
2. Who are the characters in the story? Who is the main character?
3. Why were the trees important for Amrita and the villagers? Give three reasons.
4. What would you have done if you had been in Amrita's situation?
5. What is the theme of the story?
6. Have you ever saved a plant/tree/sapling? How?
7. Do you think it is important to set goal? Why or why not?



Title: The Orphan Boy

Author: Tololwa M. Mollel

Genre: Short Stories

Rationale:

This folktale tells of the friendship that developed between an elderly man and his “adopted” son. Things go well for the elderly man as long as he has faith in his son. He gets his luck back when he betrays his son’s trust. The story demonstrates how life can change in an instant.

This story’s chronological presentation aids readers in understanding the elements of a short story.

As he had done every night of his life, the old man gazed deep into the heavens. He had spent so much time scanning the night sky that he knew every star it held. He loved the stars as if they were his children. He always felt less lonely when the sky was clear and the stars formed a glowing canopy over the plains.

Tonight, he noticed, one of the stars was missing.

Like a worried father, the old man searched the darkness for his missing star. Just then he heard the sound of footsteps.

Startled, the old man looked down, and there before him stood a boy. “Who are you?” he asked.

“My name is Kileken,” replied the boy. “I am an orphan and I’ve travelled countless miles in search of a home.”

The man’s eyes shone with excitement. “I am childless and live alone. I would be most happy to have you as a companion. You are welcome to live here as long as you want.”

And, forgetting all about the missing star, the old man set to making a bed next to his own for the boy to sleep on.

When he woke up the next morning, many surprises greeted the old man. Waiting for him in his favourite bowl was steaming hot tea, made with lots of milk, just the way he liked it. The cows had been milked. The compound and the cattle pen had been swept clean. But Kileken was nowhere in sight. He had taken the cattle out to pasture.

In the evening when Kileken returned, the old man was waiting. “It takes me forever to do all the morning chores,” he said. “How did you do everything in time to take the cattle to pasture by sunrise?”

The boy smiled a mysterious smile. “The day begins at dawn,” he replied. “I get my energy from the first light of day.” He chuckled. “Besides, I’m much younger than you are!”

The old man was still puzzled, but he decided not to ask any more questions. After all, Kileken had been a great help, and he was good company too. They spent the rest of the evening sitting quietly together out under the stars.

Just before going to bed the boy said, “We’re almost out of water. I’ll take the donkeys to the spring in the morning.”

“Good,” the old man replied. “While you do that, I’ll look after the cattle.”

The boy shook his head. “No, no. I’ll fetch the water and take the cattle to pasture. As long as I’m here, I’ll do all the work for you.”

It was the old man’s turn to chuckle. “Look, it takes two whole days to go to the spring and back. And it takes another day just to load the donkeys with water. That’s a big job for a boy your size. You can’t possibly care for the cattle if you’re going to the spring.”

Again, Kileken looked mysterious. “If you trust me, I can do it,” he said.

By sunrise the next morning, the boy not only had fetched the water, but had

done the morning chores as well. The cattle were out grazing by the time the old man woke up.

When Kileken returned in the evening, the old man stared at him in silent wonder. His mind burned with curiosity, but something about the boy stopped him from asking questions.

By and by, the rains fell and the land turned a glistening green. The old man's heart was full of joy. His face became brighter and his step more youthful.

Kileken continued to amaze the old man with his strange deeds. But though he was curious, he asked no questions. In time he regarded Kileken as the son he'd never had.

The rains were followed by drought. The sun hooked its claws into the soil and a flaming sky burned up the grass and dried up the spring. Buzzards darkened the sky, waiting for cattle to die of thirst.

The old man shuddered. He watched the circling birds and murmured, "If it doesn't rain soon, we will be dead."

"No, we won't die," the boy said, with a faraway look in his eyes.

A little sparkle lit the boy's eyes. "It's something I learned from my father. He had a hidden power over the drought and he passed that power on to me. But it will work only as long as it remains my secret and mine alone. He told me never to reveal it."

Suddenly an urge to understand everything came over the old man. "Please, tell me," he pleaded. "You can trust me. I won't breathe a word of your secret to a soul!"

Kileken shook his head. "A secret known to two is no secret," he said. "I must not tell you and you must never seek to know. For the day you discover my secret will be the end of your good fortune."

The drought worsened. The plains echoed with the groans of dying beasts. But

under the boy's care the old man prospered. More calves were born than ever before and there was more milk than even a growing boy could drink. But as the old man's fortune grew, so did his curiosity. Each day his longing to know the boy's secret sharpened until he thought of nothing else. His face became clouded with worry and he seemed to age more than ever.

Unable to sleep one night, the old man sat by the fire. His shadow glared down at him from the wall of the hut. He watched as Kileken slept peacefully, and for the umpteenth time murmured to himself, "I wish he would tell me. I would give anything to know his secret."

Suddenly a gruff whisper came from the wall. "Why don't you find out?" The old man was speechless as his shadow continued. "You could have found out long ago if only you had used your brains."

Excited, the old man whispered back, "What a fool I've been! Now, why didn't I think of that?" Then his face fell. "But I mustn't know. The boy ..."

"Forget the boy!" snapped the shadow. "How long will you suffer because of a silly little secret that a silly little child wants to hide from you? Besides, he doesn't need to know. You only have to be careful."

For the rest of the night the old man plotted and planned. He would find out how Kileken worked his wonders. He would. By this time tomorrow, the secret would be his too. The boy would never know. He would be as sly as a jackal!

When Kileken got up in the morning, the old man pretended to be asleep. He lay still on his bed and listened to the boy's movements as he did the morning chores. Then the hut became quiet as Kileken herded the cattle out. The old man crept from his bed and followed at a safe distance.

The boy walked quickly with the cattle moving well ahead of him. When he was a good distance from the compound, he stopped. The old man scrambled for cover just in time. Kileken turned to look in all directions.

Satisfied that no one was about, Kileken climbed a rock and raised his arms. Instantly, the sun dimmed as a powerful glow spread down the boy's arms and through his body.

But from his hiding place the old man watched, and what he saw next took his breath away.

Suddenly, he was in the midst of magnificent waist-high grass, beautiful green woods and cool gushing springs. His cattle were drinking blissfully, their udders loaded with milk. A cry of wonder escaped his lips before the old man could stop it.

Kileken turned and saw him.

For an instant the boy looked into the old man's eyes. Gone was the trust they had shared. In its place was only sorrow.

The old man threw himself to the ground with a cry of despair and covered his face as the boy exploded into a blinding star. As he rose quickly into the air, the sun gradually regained its sparkle and majesty.

The old man stood up. Gone was the waist-high grass. Gone were the green woods and gushing streams. Gone were the fattened cattle with loaded udders.

There was only scrub land now, barren and drought-stricken. Thin, scraggly cows wandered about the parched countryside waiting for the rain that should come soon.

Lonelier than he had ever been in his life, the old man plodded slowly home. Waiting for him there in his favourite bowl was steaming hot, milky tea just as Kileken had made it that very first morning. But the hut was empty.

That evening, a lone star shone down from the west. Unlike other stars, it neither flickered nor twinkled. At dawn, ringed by the first rain clouds, it looked down from the east. The old man watched it in sad recognition. It was the star that had disappeared from the sky so many nights ago.

The night that Kileken came.

The star is the planet Venus. At dawn it appears in the east as the morning star. At nightfall it is the evening star in the west. The Maasai call it Kileken, the orphan boy, who is up at dawn to herd out the cattle after morning chores, and who returns to the compound at nightfall for the evening milking.

Make connections

1. What is the setting of the story?
2. Who do you think is the main character in the story?
3. What hints are given to show that the boy has a secret identity?
4. What is the conflict in the story?
5. What is the climax of the story?
6. Is the conclusion satisfying? Why or why not?
7. If you know a similar folk tale, write or share with your friends.
8. What lessons do you get from this story?



Title: The Umbrella Man

Author: Roald Dahl

Genre: Short Stories

Rationale:

What would you do if a complete stranger approached you and unexpectedly asked for a favor? You could be wary of complete strangers and react in various ways. In any case, this story is analogous to this situation. It takes place on a rainy evening in London. In the story, a mother and her daughter went to the dentist to have the daughter's tooth filled. The incidents that follow turn out to be a lesson for both the mother and her daughter.

This story is told in chronological order, with lots of expression and discussion. The reader will recognize the characters and events in the story.

I'm going to tell you about a funny thing that happened to my mother and me yesterday evening. I am twelve years old and I'm a girl. My mother is thirty- four but I am nearly as tall as her already.

Yesterday afternoon, my mother took me up to London to see the dentist. He found one hole. It was in a back tooth and he filled it without hurting me too much. After that, we went to a café. I had a banana split and my mother had a cup of coffee. By the time we got up to leave, it was about six o'clock.

When we came out of the café it had started to rain.

"We must get a taxi," my mother said. We were wearing ordinary hats and coats, and it was raining quite hard. "Why don't we go back into the café and wait for it to stop?" I said. I wanted another of those banana splits. They were gorgeous. "It isn't going to stop," my mother said. "We must go home." We stood on the pavement in the rain, looking for a taxi. Lots of them came by but they all had passengers inside them. "I wish we had a car with a chauffeur," my mother said.

Just then, a man came up to us. He was a small man and he was pretty old, probably seventy or more. He raised his hat politely and said to my mother "Excuse me. I do hope you will excuse me. . . ." He had a fine white moustache and bushy white eyebrows and a wrinkly pink face. He was sheltering under an umbrella which he held high over his head.

"Yes?" my mother said, very cool and distant. "I wonder if I could ask a small favour of you. " he said. "It is only a very small favour." I saw my mother looking at him suspiciously. She is a suspicious person, my mother. She is especially suspicious of two things - strange men and boiled eggs.

When she cuts the top off a boiled egg, she pokes around inside it with her spoon as though expecting to find a mouse or something. With strange men she has a golden rule which says, "The nicer the man seems to be, the more suspicious you must become." This little old man was particularly nice. He was polite. He was well-spoken. He was well-dressed. He was a real gentleman. The reason I knew he was a gentleman was because of his shoes. "You can always spot a gentleman by the shoes he wears," was another of my mother's favourite sayings. This man had beautiful brown shoes.

"The truth of the matter is," the little man was saying, "I've got myself into a bit of a scrape. I need some help. Not much, I assure you. It's almost nothing, in fact, but I do need it. You see, madam, old people like me often become terribly forgetful. . . ." My mother's chin was up and she was staring down at him along the full length of her nose. It is a fearsome thing, this frosty-nosed stare of my mother's. Most people go to pieces completely when she gives it to them.

I once saw my own headmistress begin to stammer and simper like an idiot when my mother gave her a really foul frosty-noser. But the little man on the pavement with the umbrella over his head didn't bat an eyelid.

He gave a gentle smile and said, "I beg you to believe, madam, that I am not in the habit of stopping ladies in the street and telling them my troubles." "I should hope not," my mother said.

I felt quite embarrassed by my mother's sharpness. I wanted to say to her, "Oh, mummy, for heaven's sake, he's a very very old man, and he's sweet and polite, and he's in some sort of trouble, so don't be so beastly to him." But I didn't say anything.

The little man shifted his umbrella from one hand to the other. "I've never forgotten it before," he said.

"You've never forgotten what?" my mother asked sternly.

"My wallet," he said. "I must have left it in my other jacket. Isn't that the silliest thing to do?" "Are you asking me to give you money?" my mother said.

"Oh, goodness gracious me, no!" he cried. "Heaven forbid I should ever do that!" "Then what are you asking?" my mother said. "Do hurry up. We're getting soaked to the skin standing here." "I know you are," he said. "And that is why I'm offering you this umbrella of mine to protect you, and to keep forever, if . . . if only . . ." "If only what?" my mother said.

"If only you would give me in return a pound for my taxi-fare just to get me home." My mother was still suspicious. "If you had no money in the first place," she said, "then how did you get here?" "I walked," he answered. "Every day I go for a lovely long walk and then I summon a taxi to take me home. I do it every day of the year." "Why don't you walk home now," my mother asked.

"Oh, I wish I could," he said. "I do wish I could. But I don't think I could manage it on these silly old legs of mine. I've gone too far already." My mother stood there chewing her lower lip. She was beginning to melt a bit, I could see that. And the idea of getting an umbrella to shelter under must have tempted her a good deal.

"It's a lovely umbrella," the little man said. "So I've noticed," my mother said.

"It's silk," he said.

"I can see that." "Then why don't you take it, madam," he said. "It cost

me over twenty pounds, I promise you. But that's of no importance so long as I can get home and rest these old legs of mine." I saw my mother's hand feeling for the clasp on her purse. She saw me watching her. I was giving her one of my own frosty-nosed looks this time and she knew exactly what I was telling her. Now listen, mummy, I was telling her, you simply mustn't take advantage of a tired old man in this way. It's a rotten thing to do. My mother paused and looked back at me. Then she said to the little man, "I don't think it's quite right that I should take a silk umbrella from you worth twenty pounds. I think I'd just better give you the taxi-fare and be done with it." "No, no, no!" he cried. "It's out of the question! I wouldn't dream of it! Not in a million years! I would never accept money from you like that! Take the umbrella, dear lady, and keep the rain off your shoulders!" My mother gave me a triumphant sideways look.

There you are, she was telling me. You're wrong. He wants me to have it.

She fished into her purse and took out a pound note.

She held it out to the little man. He took it and handed her the umbrella. He pocketed the pound, raised his hat, gave a quick bow from the waist, and said. "Thank you, madam, thank you. " Then he was gone.

"Come under here and keep dry, darling," my mother said. "Aren't we lucky. I've never had a silk umbrella before. I couldn't afford it." "Why were you so horrid to him in the beginning?" I asked.

"I wanted to satisfy myself he wasn't a trickster," she said. "And I did. He was a gentleman. I'm very pleased I was able to help him." "Yes, mummy," I said. "A real gentleman," she went on. "Wealthy, too, otherwise he wouldn't

have had a silk umbrella. I shouldn't be surprised if he isn't a titled person. Sir Harry Goldsworthy or something like that." "Yes, mummy." "This will be a good lesson to you," she went on.

"Never rush things. Always take your time when you are summing someone up. Then you'll never make mistakes." "There he goes," I said. "Look." "Where?" "Over there. He's crossing the street. Goodness, mummy, what a

hurry he's in." We watched the little man as he dodged nimbly in and out of the traffic. When he reached the other side of the street, he turned left, walking very fast.

"He doesn't look very tired to me, does he to you, mummy?" My mother didn't answer.

"He doesn't look as though he's trying to get a taxi, either," I said.

My mother was standing very still and stiff, staring across the street at the little man. We could see him clearly. He was in a terrific hurry. He was bustling along the pavement, sidestepping the other pedestrians and swinging his arms like a soldier on the march.

"He's up to something," my mother said, stony-faced.

"But what?" "I don't know," my mother snapped. "But I'm going to find out. Come with me." She took my arm and we crossed the street together. Then we turned left.

"Can you see him?" my mother asked.

"Yes. There he is. He's turning right down the next street." We came to the corner and turned right. The little man was about twenty yards ahead of us. He was scuttling along like a rabbit and we had to walk fast to keep up with him. The rain was pelting down harder than ever now and I could see it dripping from the brim of his hat onto his shoulders. But we were snug and dry under our lovely big silk umbrella.

"What is he up to?" my mother said.

"What if he turns round and sees us?" I asked.

"I don't care if he does," my mother said. "He lied to us. He said he was too tired to walk any further and he's practically running us off our feet! He's a barefaced liar! He's a crook!" "you mean he's not a titled gentleman?" I asked.

"Be quiet," she said.

At the next crossing, the little man turned right again. Then he turned left.

Then right.

"I'm not giving up now," my mother said.

"He's disappeared!" I cried. "Where's he gone?" "He went in that door!" my mother said. "I saw him!

Into that house! Great heavens, it's a pub!"

It was a pub. In big letters right across the front it said THE RED LION.

"You're not going in, are you, mummy?" "No," she said. "We'll watch

from outside." There was a big plate-glass window along the front of the pub, and although it was a bit steamy on the inside, we could see through it very well if we went close.

We stood huddled together outside the pub window.

I was clutching my mother's arm. The big raindrops were making a loud noise on our umbrella. "There he is," I said. "Over there." The room we were looking into was full of people and cigarette smoke, and our little man was in the middle of it all. He was now without his hat or coat, and he was edging his way through the crowd toward the bar. When he reached it, he placed both hands on the bar itself and spoke to the barman. I saw his lips moving as he gave his order. The barman turned away from him for a few seconds and came back with a smallish tumbler filled to the brim with light brown liquid.

The little man placed a pound note on the counter.

"That's my pound!" my mother hissed. "By golly he's got a nerve!" "What's in the glass?" I asked.

"Whiskey," my mother said. "Neat whiskey." The barman didn't give him any change from the pound.

"That must be a treble whiskey," my mother said.

"What's a treble?" I asked.

"Three times the normal measure," she answered.

The little man picked up the glass and put it to his lips. He tilted it gently. Then he tilted it higher. . . and higher. . . and higher. . . and very soon all the whiskey had disappeared down his throat in one long pour.

"That was a jolly expensive drink," I said.

"It's ridiculous!" my mother said. "Fancy paying a pound for something you swallow in one go!" "It cost him more than a pound," I said. "It cost him a twenty pound silk umbrella." "So it did," my mother said. "He must be mad." The little man was standing by the bar with the empty glass in his hand. He was smiling now, and a sort of golden glow of pleasure was spreading over his round pink face. I saw his tongue come out to lick the white moustache, as though searching for the last drop of that precious whiskey.

Slowly, he turned away from the bar and edged back through the crowd to where his hat and coat were hanging. He put on his hat. He put on his coat. Then, in a manner so superbly cool and casual that you hardly noticed anything at all, he lifted from the coatrack one of the many wet umbrellas hanging there, and off he went.

"Did you see that!" my mother shrieked. "Did you see what he did!" "Sssh!" I whispered. "He's coming out!" We lowered the umbrella to hide our faces and peeped out from under it.

Out he came. But he never looked in our direction.

He opened his new umbrella over his head and scurried off down the road the way he had come.

"So that's his little game!" my mother said.

"Neat," I said. "Super." We followed him back to the main street where we had first met him, and we watched him as he proceeded, with no trouble at all, to exchange his new umbrella for another pound note. This time it was with a tall thin fellow who didn't even have a coat or hat. And as soon as the transaction was completed, our little man trotted off down the street and was lost in the crowd. But this time he went in the opposite direction.

"You see how clever he is!" my mother said. "He never goes to the same pub twice!" "He could go on doing this all night," I said.

"Yes," my mother said. "Of course. But I'll bet he prays like mad for rainy days."

Making connections

1. Who is the narrator in the story?
2. Why has the narrator gone to London with her mother?
3. Why did mother insist on taking a cab to get back home?
4. What is the favour asked by the old man?
5. Describe the old man's action after he had gone into the pub?
6. Do you like this piece of writing? Why or why not?



Title: Fly like an Eagle

Author: Elizabeth Van Steenwyk

Genre: Short Stories

Rationale:

This is the story of a young girl who overcomes her fear of jumping from a ten meter platform. One will realize how important it is to try something new in order to see if they can overcome their fear. Even if one doesn't succeed on the first try, one shouldn't give up.

This story emphasizes the first-person narrative, inner dialogue, and direct speech.

I've never been this high off the ground in all my life," Angie thought, as she climbed the ladder to the ten-metre diving platform. "I'm going to blow it. I can't possibly jump ten metres down to the water. Coach Hansen has to be crazy to think I'm going to dive from here. I won't...can't do it."

"The first dive is frightening from up there," Coach Hansen's voice came to her through the microphone and loudspeaker. His voice echoed through the dark, empty swim stadium. He was seated in his favourite spot near the pool.

"You can do it, Angie. I know you can dive from there."

"No, I can't do it," Angie thought, "and there's no way you're going to make me do this dive."

She stood well back from the edge of the platform, not even wanting to look down. Yet there was a strong feeling within her that drew her closer to the edge for a short, quick look at the cool, blue water waiting to swallow her.

"Come on, Angie. Time's wasting, and you know you're going to jump."

Angie shook her arms and legs again and again, as if she wanted to be free of them. Then she pulled and tugged at her suit so hard that it seemed to stretch

down to her thighs.

“Think your dive through, Angie,” Coach Hansen said. “Do it in your mind.”

“Leave me alone,” Angie thought. “I’ve done a front dive in the layout position a million times before on the three-metre platform. I know how to do it from down below, but this is different.”

“Don’t be ashamed to say you’re afraid,” Coach Hansen said. “Fear is something we all have.”

“How would you know?” Angie thought. “When was the last time you stood up here?”

“Let’s talk about what it is you’re afraid of,” Coach Hansen’s voice went on. “Is it fear of landing wrong? I don’t think so. You’ve done that before from the three-metre platform and from the edge of the pool when you first began to dive. What is it then? Fear of getting the wind knocked out of you?”

Angie looked towards him. She shook her head no.

“Of course not. You’re not afraid of that either. Then what is it?” the coach asked. “I think I know. It’s fear of the unknown. Is that what’s bothering you?”

She nodded and walked back to the farthest edge of the platform. She wiped her hands on a towel.

“Of course that’s it, Coach,” she thought. “Is that so hard to understand? I’ve never done this before, never felt the dive in my body going down from here. I can’t dive from here.”

“Your fear is normal,” the coach’s voice went on. “It’s not natural to want to dive from up there the first time. You need someone to know when you’re ready to do something you’ve never done before. I wouldn’t let you dive if you weren’t ready. Confidence will come from the dive itself. You’ve learned that with each new one.”

Angie stood at the edge of the platform. She put her toes in space and waited. “You may not believe it, but your body will know what to do once you’re in the air,” Coach Hansen said.

Angie didn’t believe it—not for one second. She walked to the back of the platform and dried her hands again. Then she turned and slowly took two steps towards the edge. Her mouth felt so dry she knew she’d have to swallow the whole pool to make it feel wet again. She pulled at her suit and shook her arms.

“Look, Angie, the thing you want most right now is to get this over with, right?”

Angie nodded. She couldn’t have spoken, couldn’t have made a sound. “It will only take you two or three seconds to be down and out of the water. Don’t think. Just do it.”

Angie stood there, shaking inside until she was sure her blood was frothy.

“What about all your plans for the championship and the Olympics?” Coach Hansen asked.

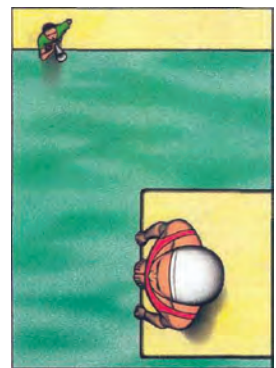
“So he’s going to use that old trick on me, is he,” Angie thought. “Throwing the Olympics at me like a trainer throws fish to seals, as if I didn’t know what he was doing.”

She walked back on the platform and looked down the steps, longing to use them.

“Okay, I’ve had it,” the coach said. His voice sounded cold and hard. “Just walk down the steps, and go home if you can’t do this dive.”

“No,” she thought. “No, I won’t. You aren’t going to make a quitter out of me.” She edged closer.

“That’s better,” the coach said softly. “Just remember to keep your body tightly controlled. If you’re limp, that water will tear you apart. Now think it through, Angie.



You're just about ready, I know you are."

She turned to get the towel again. Then she thought, "That's crazy. I keep drying my hands when I'm just going to get them wet in a second or two."

That's when she knew she was going to jump. She'd known it all along, but Coach Hansen had to remind her. There is that moment when you know it's going to happen. There is that moment when training takes over. That moment is now.

Angie took a deep breath and pushed off, her body rising into space. She spread her arms in the swan position and felt the air touch her body gently. For a lazy second Angie hung like a bird she had seen turning cartwheels in the sky. "Fly like an eagle," she told herself. "Fly." Then she felt her body begin to come down, and her mind took total control. She brought her arms over her head and kept her body and legs straight as she entered the water, causing hardly a ripple. Angie stretched her dive downward before she curved back to the surface.

"That wasn't bad, Angie," Coach Hansen said as she came out of the water and towelled herself dry. "But you can do better. Go back up there and try it again." "Right," she said, and smiled. Her fear of diving from the platform had gone.

Make connections

1. How does Angie feel at the beginning of the story?
2. Who is encouraging Angie to make the dive? Is he helpful? Tell why or why not.
3. How would you feel if you were Angie?
4. How does she overcome her fear?
5. Identify two figures of speech in the essay. Why do you think the author used these particular images?
6. How did Angie feel at the end of the story?
7. Have you ever had a fear that you overcame? If so, tell how you overcame it.
8. What are some fears people of your age have?



Title: The Three Questions

Author: Leo Tolstoy

Genre: Short Stories

Rationale:

The story is told as a parable and revolves around a monarch who seeks solutions to the three most important issues in life. He consults wise men, offering a large reward to anyone who can provide an answer. The variety of their responses, however, did not please the king. As a result, he seeks the hermit's assistance. The rest of the story revolves around them both.

This story allows us to paraphrase and interpret the text using various reading strategies. This text addresses abstract concepts such as wisdom, knowledge, kindness, acceptance, and forgiveness.

It once occurred to a certain king, that if he always knew the right time to begin everything; if he knew who were the right people to listen to, and whom to avoid, and, above all, if he always knew what was the most important thing to do, he would never fail in anything he might undertake.

And this thought having occurred to him, he had it proclaimed throughout his kingdom that he would give a great reward to anyone who would teach him what was the right time for every action, and who were the most necessary people, and how he might know what was the most important thing to do.

And learned men came to the King, but they all answered his questions differently.

In reply to the first question, some said that to know the right time for every action, one must draw up in advance, a table of days, months and years, and must live strictly according to it. Only thus, said they, could everything be done at its proper time. Others declared that it was impossible to decide beforehand the right time for every action; but that, not letting oneself be absorbed in idle

pastimes, one should always attend to all that was going on, and then do what was most needful. Others, again, said that however attentive the King might be to what was going on, it was impossible for one man to decide correctly the right time for every action, but that he should have a Council of Wise Men, who would help him to fix the proper time for everything.

But then again others said there were some things which could not wait to be laid before a Council, but about which one had at once to decide whether to undertake them or not. But in order to decide that, one must know beforehand what was going to happen. It is only magicians who know that; and, therefore, in order to know the right time for every action, one must consult magicians.

Equally various were the answers to the second question. Some said, the people the King most needed were his councilors; others, the priests; others, the doctors; while some said the warriors were the most necessary.

To the third question, as to what was the most important occupation: some replied that the most important thing in the world was science. Others said it was skill in warfare; and others, again, that it was religious worship. All the answers being different, the King agreed with none of them, and gave the reward to none. But still wishing to find the right answers to his questions, he decided to consult a hermit, widely renowned for his wisdom.

The hermit lived in a wood which he never quitted, and he received none but common folk. So the King put on simple clothes, and before reaching the hermit's cell dismounted from his horse, and, leaving his bodyguard behind, went on alone. When the King approached, the hermit was digging the ground in front of his hut. Seeing the King, he greeted him and went on digging. The hermit was frail and weak, and each time he stuck his spade into the ground and turned a little earth, he breathed heavily.

The King went up to him and said: "I have come to you, wise hermit, to ask you to answer three questions: How can I learn to do the right thing at the right time? Who are the people I most need, and to whom should I, therefore, pay more attention than to the rest? And, what affairs are the most important and need my first attention?"

The hermit listened to the King, but answered nothing. He just spat on his hand and recommenced digging. "You are tired," said the King, "let me take the spade and work awhile for you."

"Thanks!" said the hermit, and, giving the spade to the King, he sat down on the ground.

When he had dug two beds, the King stopped and repeated his questions. The hermit again gave no answer, but rose, stretched out his hand for the spade, and said, "Now rest awhile--and let me work a bit." But the King did not give him the spade, and continued to dig. One hour passed, and another. The sun began to sink behind the trees, and the King at last stuck the spade into the ground, and said, "I came to you, wise man, for an answer to my questions. If you can give me none, tell me so, and I will return home."

"Here comes someone running," said the hermit, "let us see who it is."

The King turned round, and saw a bearded man come running out of the wood. The man held his hands pressed against his stomach, and blood was flowing from under them. When he reached the King, he fell fainting on the ground moaning feebly. The King and the hermit unfastened the man's clothing. There was a large wound in his stomach. The King washed it as best he could, and bandaged it with his handkerchief and with a towel the hermit had. Again and again the King washed and rebandaged the wound. At last the man revived and asked for something to drink. The King brought fresh water and gave it to him. Meanwhile the sun had set, and it had become cool. So the King, with the hermit's help, carried the wounded man into the hut and laid him on the bed. Lying on the bed the man closed his eyes and was quiet; but the King was so tired with his walk and with the work he had done, that he crouched down on the threshold, and also fell asleep--so soundly that he slept all through the short summer night.

When he awoke in the morning, it was long before he could remember where he was, or who was the strange bearded man lying on the bed and gazing intently at him with shining eyes.

"Forgive me!" said the bearded man in a weak voice, when he saw that the King was awake and was looking at him. "I do not know you, and have nothing to forgive you for," said the King.

"You do not know me, but I know you. I am that enemy of yours who swore to revenge himself on you, because you executed his brother and seized his property. I knew you had gone alone to see the hermit, and I resolved to kill you on your way back. But the day passed and you did not return. So I came out from my ambush to find you, and I came upon your bodyguard, and they recognized me, and wounded me. I escaped from them, but should have bled to death had you not dressed my wound. I wished to kill you, and you have saved my life. Now, if I live, and if you wish it, I will serve you as your most faithful slave, and will bid my sons do the same. Forgive me!"

The King was very glad to have made peace with his enemy so easily, and to have gained him for a friend, and he not only forgave him, but said he would send his servants and his own physician to attend him, and promised to restore his property.

Having taken leave of the wounded man, the King went out into the porch and looked around for the hermit. Before going away he wished once more to beg an answer to the questions he had put. The hermit was outside, on his knees, sowing seeds in the beds that had been dug the day before.

The King approached him, and said, "For the last time, I pray you to answer my questions, wise man."

"You have already been answered!" said the hermit still crouching on his thin legs, and looking up at the King, who stood before him.

"How answered? What do you mean?" asked the King.

"Do you not see," replied the hermit. "If you had not pitied my weakness yesterday, and had not dug these beds for me, but had gone your way, that man would have attacked you, and you would have repented of not having stayed with me. So the most important time was when you were digging the beds; and

I was the most important man; and to do me good was your most important business. Afterwards, when that man ran to us, the most important time was when you were attending to him, for if you had not bound up his wounds he would have died without having made peace with you. So he was the most important man, and what you did for him was your most important business.

Remember then: there is only one time that is important -- and that is now! It is the most important time because it is the only time when we have any power.

The most necessary man is he with whom you are, for no man knows whether he will ever have dealings with anyone else.

And the most important thing to do is, to do good, because for that purpose alone was man sent into this life!"

Making connections

1. What were the three questions after which the story is named?
2. Did the wise men win the reward? Why?
3. Why did the king go to the wise hermit?
4. How does the king make peace with his enemy?
5. Do you think the answer given by the hermit is appropriate? Why?
6. What is the main idea expressed in the text?

ESSAY



Title: Homesickness

Author: Roald Dahl

Genre: Narrative Essay [Memoir]

Rationale:

Have you ever acted like someone or something you weren't? You could have given several reasons for avoiding the situation. This essay tells the story of a boy who faked appendices in order to avoid boarding school.

The experiences described in the essay will be easily relatable. This essay is narrated in first person, with extensive vocabulary and expression.

I was so devastatingly homesick during my first two weeks that I set about devising a stunt for getting myself sent back home, even if it were only a few days. My idea was that I should all of a sudden develop an attack of acute appendicitis.

You will probably think it silly that a nine-year-old boy should imagine he could get away with a trick like that, but I had sound reasons for trying it on. Only a month before, my ancient half-sister, who was twelve years older than me, had actually *had* appendicitis, and for several days before her operation I was able to observe her behaviour at close quarters. I noticed that the thing she complained about most was a severe pain down in the lower right side of her tummy. As well as this, she kept being sick and refused to eat and ran a temperature.

You might, by the way, be interested to know that this sister had her appendix removed not in a fine hospital operating-room full of bright lights and gowned nurses but on our own nursery table at home by the local doctor and his anaesthetist. In those days it was fairly common practice for a doctor to arrive at your own house with a bag of instruments, then drape a sterile sheet over the most convenient table and get on with it. On this occasion, I can remember lurking in the corridor outside the nursery while the operation was going on.

My other sisters were with me, and we stood there spellbound, listening to the soft medical murmurs coming from behind the locked door and picturing the patient with her stomach sliced open like a lump of beef. We could even smell the sickly fumes of ether filtering through the crack under the door.

The next day, we were allowed to inspect the appendix itself in a glass bottle. It was a longish black wormy-looking thing, and I said, 'Do I have one of those inside me, Nanny?'

'Everybody has one,' Nanny answered.

'What's it for?' I asked her.

'God works in his mysterious ways,' she said, which was her stock reply whenever she didn't know the answer.

'What makes it go bad?' I asked her.

'Toothbrush bristles,' she answered, this time with no hesitation at all.

'*Toothbrush* bristles?' I cried. 'How can *toothbrush* bristles make your appendix go bad?'

Nanny, who in my eyes was filled with more wisdom than Solomon, replied, 'Whenever a bristle comes out of your toothbrush and you swallow it, it sticks in your appendix and turns it rotten. In the war', she went on, 'the German spies used to sneak boxloads of loose-bristled toothbrushes into our shops and millions of our soldiers got appendicitis.'

'Honestly, Nanny?' I cried. 'Is that honestly true?'

'I never lie to you, child,' she answered. 'So let that be a lesson to you never to use an old toothbrush.'

For years after that, I used to get nervous whenever I found a toothbrush bristle on my tongue.



As I went upstairs and knocked on the brown door after breakfast, I didn't even feel frightened of the Matron.

'Come in!' boomed the voice.

I entered the room clutching my stomach on the right-hand side and staggering pathetically.

'What's the matter with you?' the Matron shouted, and the sheer force of her voice caused that massive bosom to quiver like a gigantic blancmange.

'It hurts, Matron,' I moaned. 'Oh, it hurts so much! Just here!'

'You've been over eating!' she barked. 'What do you expect if you guzzle currant cake all day long!'

'I haven't eaten a thing for days,' I lied. 'I *couldn't* eat, Matron! I simply *couldn't*!'

'Get on the bed and lower your trousers,' she ordered.

I lay on the bed and she began prodding my tummy violently with her fingers. I was watching her carefully, and when she hit what I guessed was the appendix place, I let out a yelp that rattled the window-panes. 'Ow! Ow! Ow!' I cried out. 'Don't, Matron, don't!' Then I slipped in the clincher. 'I've been sick all morning,' I moaned, 'and now there's nothing left to be sick with, but I still feel sick!'

This was the right move. I saw her hesitate. 'Stay where you are,' she said and she walked quickly from the room. She may have been a foul and beastly woman, but she had had a nurse's training and she didn't want a ruptured appendix on her hands.

Within an hour, the doctor arrived and he went through the same prodding and

poking and I did my yelping at what I thought were the proper times. Then he put a thermometer in my mouth.

‘Hmm,’ he said. ‘It reads normal. Let me feel your stomach once more.’

‘Owch!’ I screamed when he touched the vital spot. The doctor went away with the Matron. The Matron returned half an hour later and said, ‘The Headmaster has telephoned your mother and she’s coming to fetch you this afternoon.’

I didn’t answer her. I just lay there trying to look very ill, but my heart was singing out with all sorts of wonderful songs of praise and joy.

I was taken home across the Bristol Channel on the paddle-steamer and I felt so wonderful at being away from that dreaded school building that I very nearly forgot I was meant to be ill. That afternoon I had a session with Dr Dunbar at his surgery in Cathedral Road, Cardiff, and I tried the same tricks all over again. But Dr Dunbar was far wiser and more skilful than either the Matron or the school doctor. After he had prodded my stomach and I had done my yelping routine, he said to me, ‘Now you can get dressed again and seat yourself on that chair.’ He himself sat down behind his desk and fixed me with a penetrating but not unkindly eye. ‘You’re faking, aren’t you?’ he said.

‘How do you know?’ I blurted out.

‘Because your stomach is soft and perfectly normal,’ he answered. ‘If you had had an inflammation down there, the stomach would have been hard and rigid. It’s quite easy to tell.’

I kept silent.

‘I expect you’re homesick,’ he said.

I nodded miserably.

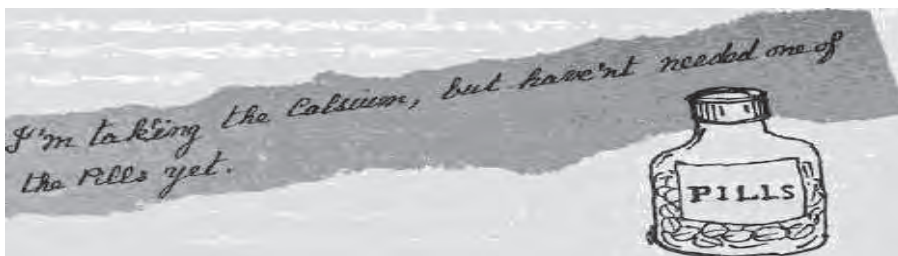
‘Everyone is at first,’ he said. ‘You have to stick it out. And don’t blame your

mother for sending you away to boarding-school. She insisted you were too young to go, but it was I who persuaded her it was the right thing to do. Life is tough, and the sooner you learn how to cope with it the better for you.'

'What will you tell the school?' I asked him, trembling.

'I'll say you had a very severe infection of the stomach which I am curing with pills,' he answered smiling. 'It will mean that you must stay home for three more days. But promise me you won't try anything like this again. Your mother has enough on her hands without having to rush over to fetch you out of school.'

'I promise,' I said. 'I'll never do it again.'



Make connections

1. What is the meaning of the word "stunt" in the sentence "I set about devising a stunt for getting myself sent back home"?
2. What do you think a "stock reply" is?
3. Identify a simile used in the text. Explain the things that are being compared.
4. Did the boy learn a lesson at the end? If so, what was the lesson?
5. Would you want this boy for a friend? Why or why not?
6. How would your parents react if you pulled that kind of stunt?
7. Identify the features of narrative essay. Write a narrative essay on the topic of your choice.
8. Have you ever felt homesick or missed anyone or anything? Share with you friends.



Title: My Hero

Author: Katie Gill

Genre: Narrative Essay [Memoir]

Rationale:

Did you get motivated by someone's attitude? This narrative essay or short memoir documents a young cancer patient's discovery that attitude can make a big difference in how one reacts to a difficult situation. She learns this lesson from an eight-month-old baby and his laugh in the chemotherapy waiting room is a defining moment for her.

This essay is written in first person narration, with extensive vocabulary.

Katie Gill was diagnosed with cancer when she was sixteen. For many people, one of the challenges of cancer treatment is dealing with chemotherapy. Chemotherapy is a treatment for cancer that uses chemical substances to kill the cancer cells. People have to go for these treatments on a regular basis, usually to a clinic or a hospital.

Katie Gill wrote this memoir to help teenagers understand what it is like to deal with the everyday struggle of having a life-threatening disease. She also wanted to give hope to other cancer patients.

Record any words or thoughts that you think of when you hear the word cancer.

*When you see *, take a moment to consider the question or statement in the margin.*

It is Thursday. I hate Thursday. Today, multitudes of parents and children make long trips in order to arrive at this destination . . . hell. It is a crowded and noisy place. It is a place where people do not smile, a place where pain and fear lurk around every corner. I exit the elevator on the fourth floor, turn the far-too-familiar corner, and sit in an uncomfortable chair. People are all around me, yet I am alone. Although my journey has just begun for today it is not an unfamiliar one. I have been here many times before. Twenty-one grooves in each tile. I have counted them often.

I settle myself in my chair because I know it may be some time before my name is called. * Suddenly, I hear a strange sound. It is a laugh. I can hardly believe it, for no one laughs on Thursday. Thursday is chemo day on 4B.

I scan the crowded reception area, looking for the source of the laughter. I note child after child, parent after parent. They all look the same tired and frightened. I am certain each is thinking the same thought: Why is the treatment worse than the disease? My eyes lock on one particular mother who is holding her baby, a boy of about eight months. The laugh is his. He is bouncing on his mother's knee. It is obvious this is the child's favourite game. The mother's face is one big smile. She relishes the brief moments of happiness in her son's short life. She realizes it may be a while before he has the strength to smile again. He, too, has been chosen to suffer an unfair and uncertain fate. My eyes fill with tears.

I shift in my seat to get a better view of the baby. I stare at his small, bald head. Baldness is not unusual in an infant, but I know why he is hairless. Suddenly I become angry with myself. I despise it when people stare at me; however, here I am sharing the stares I abhor.**

I shift my weight once again and sink more deeply into the groove of my chair. A rush of emotions - anger, fear, sadness, pity - surge through me. I remain deeply engrossed in my thoughts for a long time. A booming voice interrupts my reverie. It is the nurse summoning mother and baby into hell. Simultaneously the bouncing and laughing cease. The mother picks up her son. As they walk past me, I look at the baby once more. He is completely calm. His eyes are bright, and there is an expression of complete trust on his tiny face. I know that I will never forget that expression.

This is but one of many Thursdays. However, on this particular Thursday, many months into a seemingly endless series of treatments, I learned a lesson from a little baby. He changed my life. He taught me that anger, tears, and sadness are only for those who have given up. He also taught me to trust. This I will carry with me always.

Today, my little hero is doing fine. His last treatment is in sight and his future looks bright. I can honestly say that I am a little surprised. That bright-eyed baby appeared so pale and sick that day. However, that was before I learned to trust. Everyone, some sooner than others, must endure his or her own personal “hell on earth.” It is important to keep searching for the small joys, although they are sometimes the most elusive. Trust that these joys will appear, sometimes unexpectedly, and often in life’s darkest moments . . . for instance, in the smile on a baby’s face.

abhor: to detest

reverie: a dreamy state

** Pause and Think*

Where do you think the person is waiting

*** Pause and Think*

Have you ever caught yourself staring at someone? How do you feel when someone stares at you?

Make connections

1. Read the story and make a list of words and phrases that helped you understand how Katie feels about Thursdays.
2. In the story, Katie says, ‘I learnt a lesson from a little baby.’ In your own words, explain what you think she learned.
3. Have you, like the speaker in My Hero, been inspired by somebody or something to think differently about anything?
4. How do you know if the text is a fiction or non-fiction?



Title: Learn About the Environment

Author: Elizabeth Hogan

Genre: Informative Essay

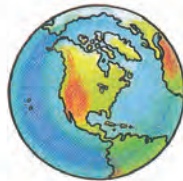
If we want to ensure a sustainable future, we must protect our mother earth. This essay discusses the types of waste we generate, recycling signs, and ways to reduce waste through recycling. It also focuses on how we can reduce our own waste by becoming aware of it before it's too late.

We can quickly identify the main ideas of a text by using skimming techniques

Learn About the Environment

Written by Elizabeth Hogan

Illustrated by Anne Stanley



READING TIP

Skim before reading

When you read a technical piece of writing, it is a good idea to preview it first. You can do this by skimming the selection to get an overview of what it will be about and how it is organized. To skim, look at each page and notice features such as headings, graphics, and items that appear in boxes.

We know a lot about people who lived hundreds and even thousands of years ago. This is because scientists, called *archaeologists*, have dug into the Earth to study the things they left behind.

Have you ever stopped to think about what scientists

thousands of years from now might think about us when they study our trash?

Some archaeologists are already studying the throwaways of people living today. The remains they examine might include leftover hot dogs from a picnic last week!

Canadians throw away tonnes of stuff every day—6832 tonnes in Greater Vancouver alone!

In your own garbage can

If you're an average Canadian, you probably produce more than three kilograms of trash every day, all by yourself! Here's what might be in your family's garbage can:

LEARNING GOALS

You will

- read about ways to conserve resources and save the environment
- use previewing and skimming to gather information
- write to persuade

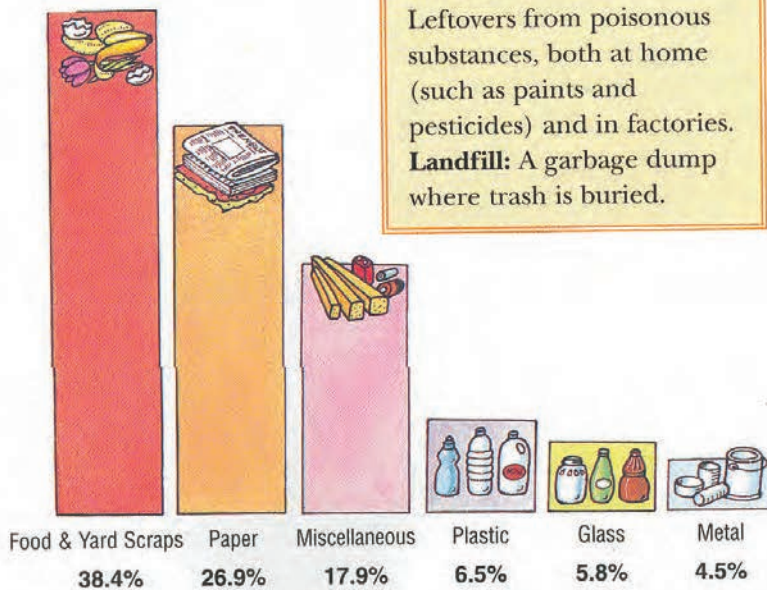
Earth Talk

Biodegradable: Able to decompose and become part of the Earth again.

Decompose: Decay, or break down, by being eaten by tiny organisms such as bacteria.

Hazardous Waste: Leftovers from poisonous substances, both at home (such as paints and pesticides) and in factories.

Landfill: A garbage dump where trash is buried.



Send It Back, Send It Back—Recycle!

Recycling is one of the best things you can do to help the Earth. That's because it's a lot easier on the planet to make new things out of recycled things than out of raw materials, such as ore mined from the Earth. Here's how it works with aluminum pop cans.

Steps in Making a Pop Can from Scratch

- 1 Miners and machines dig through rock and soil to find bauxite ore. Most bauxite mines are in Africa, South America, Australia, and the Caribbean islands.
- 2 Trucks take the ore to a nearby refinery, where it is made into alumina—a fine, white powder.
- 3 The alumina powder travels by truck or ship to a smelter to be melted in huge pots, then poured into moulds to harden into 450- to 900-kilogram shapes called “ingots.”
- 4 At a nearby “cast house,” the aluminum ingots are melted again, mixed with other ingredients, and poured into slabs that weigh 9000 to 18 000 kilograms!

- 5 After going through a few more processes, the aluminum finally goes to a can manufacturer to be made into cans. Then the cans are filled at a pop plant and sealed with aluminum tops.

Recycling a Can

Step 1 is skipped, so wild areas and nonrenewable resources are saved.

Step 2 is skipped, saving energy and reducing pollution.

Step 3 is skipped, too—saving more energy and avoiding more pollution.

Recycling a can starts with **Step 4**.

The recycled can is finished with **Step 5**.

It Takes Less to Recycle a Can

Notice that recycling skips Steps 1, 2, and 3 in the list on page 76 by starting with used cans instead of bauxite ore—and that helps the Earth.

If someone asks “Why recycle a can?” you can answer, “Because recycling saves wild areas and Earth’s resources, uses less energy, *and* cuts down on pollution!”

A Recycling Checklist

Check the things your family recycles:

- aluminum cans
- glass jars and bottles
- newspapers
- cardboard
- other types of paper
- tin and steel cans
- plastic jugs and bottles
- polystyrene foam
- plastic bags
- motor oil

Are you recycling at least five of these items? If so, that’s great! Explore your community to see what you can add to your checklist. Every little bit helps!



Read the Recycle Sign

You've probably seen the recycle symbol on packages. Here's how to read it.



When the arrows are shown on a solid background, it means the product is made from recycled material.



When the arrows stand alone, it usually means the product is recyclable—it can be recycled.



Arrows surrounding a number tell you what kind of plastic something is made of. Numbers 1 and 2 are the easiest kinds to recycle. (Large plastic pop bottles, for instance, are in the Number 1 group. Milk jugs are in Number 2.)

It's harder to find collection centres that will accept 3 through 7. So take a minute to "precycle" before you buy something in a plastic bottle. If the bottle has a 1 or a 2 on the bottom, you can probably recycle it.

Make a Recycling Centre

Every home should have its own recycling centre. If yours doesn't, it's easy to set one up.

- 1 Decide what you're going to recycle. Make sure your community has pickup service or collection centres for the things you choose to recycle. To find out, call your city's planning, public works, or sanitation department, or the company that picks up garbage. Or look in the Yellow Pages under "Recycling."
- 2 With your family, choose the best place for your recycling centre. Basements, garages, laundry rooms, or spare closets make good places.
- 3 Unless you have curbside pickup, make sure someone is willing to take you and the recyclables to a collection centre at least once a month.
- 4 Use a large container for each kind of item you're collecting. Clear trash bags work fine for cans, plastic bags, and plastic jugs. Cardboard boxes or plastic bins can hold glass jars, newspapers, and paper.
- 5 Be sure cans and bottles are clean before you store them in your recycling centre.





Steel

Old cans should be washed, squashed, and bagged. Recycled steel makes new cans and cutlery.

Aluminum

Old cans should be washed, squashed, and bagged. Recycled aluminum makes new cans and foil.

Glass

Glass should be washed, squashed, and bagged. Recycled glass makes bottles, jars, and glassware.

Newspaper

Bundle up newspapers. Recycled newspaper makes corrugated cardboard, low-grade boxes, and insides of toilet paper rolls.

Textiles

Synthetic fibres are recycled into j-cloths, sluffing, and felt. Natural fibres are re-spun into new fabric or exported abroad. Old fabric should be cleaned and bagged, taken to rummage sales and second-hand clothing shops.

Plastic

Plastic should be cleaned and sorted. Recycled plastic makes bin liners, video or cassette tapes, fencing, and picnic tables.

Where Waste Goes

AFTER YOU READ

Write a persuasive paragraph

Many of the items we use today are disposable. List things that could be reusable. Write a paragraph to persuade others to purchase one of the reusable items rather than purchasing a disposable version of that item.

Make connections

1. Why do you think it is important to Reduce, Reuse and Recycle?
2. Of the three R's-Reduce, Reuse and Recycle-which do you think is the most important and why?
3. What new ideas did you get from the selection that you can apply in your own life? Name at least three.
4. How can we reduce the amount of litter we see in our immediate environment?
5. Discuss and make a poster to conserve resources and save the environment.



Title: Artificial Intelligence

Author: Anonymous

Genre: Information text

Rationale:

Can you imagine a world without the internet and mobile phones? Our world in the twenty-first century will be difficult without them. This essay discusses the significance of artificial intelligence. It explains the four categories of artificial intelligence such as; Reactive machine, limited memory, theory of mind, and self-awareness. Artificial intelligence makes our life comfortable and manageable.

To advance in the technological age, one must have the necessary knowledge and skills. We must be competent and keep up with the times.

In the words of the famous Daniel Bell, “Technology, like art, is the soaring exercise of human imagination.” It is difficult to imagine the world today without the internet and cellphones, but this has not always been the case. It has taken three centuries and four industrial revolutions to reach the world we live in today! Modern technology has become so advanced that it is on the brink of replacing human activities and emotions. One such advanced form of technology includes AI or Artificial Intelligence.

Artificial Intelligence refers to the branch of technology that can process information and make decisions without human supervision. Researchers have been working hard on the technology for a long time, and they still have a long road ahead of them, but AI has now become an integral part of our daily lives. Many useful features such as navigation apps, video suggestions, facial recognition, and smart assistants are a by-product of artificial intelligence.

According to Arend Hintze, there are four broad classifications of AI. The first includes ‘Reactive Machine’. These machines do not have any memory storage capacity but can process information and make situation-based decisions.

These devices use algorithms and are frequently used in gaming software such as chess. It is easy for such programs to think of a million permutations and combinations and reach the most suitable outcome. Some of the gaming software based on AI is so advanced that even the champions of the field have to take a bow in front of them.

The second kind of AI is called 'Limited Memory' technology and has taken the entire world by storm. Not only can such devices take situation-based decisions, but they also store previously analyzed data for future reference. A good example of 'limited memory' technology is the video recommendation system on any video streaming platform. Once the AI figures out the likes and dislikes of the user, it can make decisions on the user's behalf and recommend shows and videos as per the person's interest. The 'limited memory' technology has become an easy way to influence and manipulate the masses as they use the thought process of the person himself. Although this is a revolutionary feat, it has also made people more vulnerable and prone to wasteful online shopping and other unnecessary activities.

The third kind of AI, which has not seen much progress yet, includes 'Theory of Mind.' The idea is to develop a technology that can store and process data and have a human-like thought process that will allow the machine to make essential decisions in times of crisis. Scientists are working relentlessly on this project and have come up with some humanoid robots, but the results have not been good enough to replace human work and services. However, we can hope in the future to have a lot of robots doing our bidding.

The fourth kind of AI is the 'Self-awareness' program which seems almost unachievable at the moment. It refers to the knowledge of identifying oneself from the surroundings. A machine that would be self-aware would have its own emotions and thought process. Just like any two humans, no two machines would be of the same kind. If someday in the future, science is able to evolve to the extent of creating 'self-aware' machines, the human race could achieve immortality. And although the idea sounds far-fetched, it has its supporters in many advanced scientists such as Stephen Hawking and Albert Einstein. They believed that it was possible to store and replicate human consciousness.

AI has indeed made the world smaller and life more manageable. The distance that would take months to travel, a few years ago, can now be traversed in a matter of a few hours. There is no place on Earth that cannot be reached. AI has helped increase the longevity of the entire human population by making health facilities cheaper and more accessible. But like every coin has two faces, AI technology has its fair share of cons. We have become so addicted to our devices that we've replaced them for physical human interaction. Not only is AI taking away from our social life, but it is also affecting our health. Weak eyesight, obesity, and cardiovascular issues are just some of the diseases resulting from the continuous use of technology sitting in one place. It has also affected our ability to concentrate on the important stuff and takes away most of our time. Thus, one must be reasonable with using any sort of technology.

Make connections

1. How do we define artificial intelligence? Why do we need AI?
2. What are the real world applications of AI?
3. Can AI take over the world?
4. Discuss the advantages and disadvantages of AI?

POETRY



Title: Celebration

Author: Alonzo Lopez

Genre: Poetry

Rationale:

This poem introduces the theme of celebration because of its upbeat and joyful tone. The poem captures the mood of community celebrations all over the world, and it is clear that celebration is something that people from many different countries share. This poem teaches the importance of appreciating one's culture and traditions and preserving them in order to maintain one's own identity.

This poem allows one to recognize the poet's use of language as well as comprehend the literary theme.

I shall dance tonight.
When the dusk comes crawling,
There will be dancing
and feasting.
I shall dance with the others
in circles
in leaps,
in stomps.
Laughter and talk
will weave into the night,
Among the fires
of my people.
Games will be played
And I shall be
a part of it.



Make connections

1. What occasions or events do we usually celebrate?
2. Who do you think is the speaker in the poem?
3. “Laughter will weave into the night” what does this line mean to you?
4. How does the speaker feel about the celebration? How do you know?
5. Would you like to attend such celebration? Why or why not?
6. Does this celebration remind you of any event you participated in?
7. Why do you think are the celebrations important to us?



Title: The Old Brown Horse

Author: W. B. Holmes

Genre: Poetry

Rationale:

The poem's focal point is an aged brown horse. Through this, we can convey the societal message that people only respect the rising sun. People begin to forget about you and your time on Earth as you get older. The poem explores the unsettling truth of our existence as well as beautiful memories of the past, and it allows one to relate to personal experiences.

In addition, the poem allows the reader to interpret the symbols, such as courage and perseverance, as well as the implied meanings. The poem can also be read aloud, with emphasis on enunciation and clarity.

The old brown horse looks over the fence
In a weary sort of way;
He seems to be saying to all who pass:
" Well, folks, I've had my day —
I'm simply watching the world go by,
And nobody seems to mind,
As they're dashing past in their motor-cars,
A horse who is lame and half-blind. "

The old brown horse has a shaggy coat,
But once he was young and trim,
And he used to trot through the woods and lanes
With the man who was fond of him.
But his master rides in a motor-car,
And it makes him feel quite sad
When he thinks of the days that used to be,
And of all the times they had.

Sometimes a friendly soul will stop
Near the fence, where the tired old head
Rests wearily on the topmost bar,
And a friendly word is said.
Then the old brown horse gives a little sigh
As he feels the kindly touch
Of a hand on his mane or his shaggy coat,
And he doesn't mind so much.

So if you pass by the field one day,
Just stop for a word or two
With the old brown horse who was once as young
And as full of life as you.
He'll love the touch of your soft young hand,
And I know he'll seem to say —
" Oh, thank you, friend, for the kindly thought
For a horse who has had his day. "

Make connections

1. Why is the old brown horse no longer used for riding? Give two reasons.
2. Why does his master ignore him now?
3. Why does a horse enjoy being pet?
4. What is the theme of this poem?
5. What lesson does this poem teach you?
6. Discuss the meaning of the given phrases
 - As they pass by quickly in cars
 - Sometimes a friendly person will stop



Title: Courage

Author: Robert William Service

Genre: Poetry

Rationale:

Although this poem is simple and concise, it is profound in that it allows us to discuss an abstract concept such as courage. We think of courage as the ability to persevere in the face of adversity, such as climbing a mountain or surviving a natural disaster. This poem examines small acts of bravery and restraint. It provides the opportunity to offer various interpretations of 'courage'.

This poem explains the rhyming pattern and how it improves the text's beauty.

Ten little brown chicks scattered and scuffled,
Under the blue-berries hiding in fear;
Mother-grouse cackling, feathers all ruffled,
Dashed to defend them as we drew near.

Heart of a heroine, how I admired her!
Of such devotion great poets have sung;
Homes have been blest by the love that inspired her,
Risking her life for the sake of her young.

Ten little chicks on her valour reliant,
Peered with bright eyes from the bilberry spray;
Fiercely she faced us, dismayed but defiant,
Rushed at us bravely to scare us away.

Then my companion, a crazy young devil
(After, he told me he'd done it for fun)
Pretended to tremble, and raised his arm level,
And ere I could check him he blazed with his gun.

Headless she lay, from her neck the blood spouted,
And dappled her plumage, the poor, pretty thing!
Ten little chicks - oh, I know for I counted,
Came out and they tried to creep under her wing.
Sickened I said: "Here's an end to my killing;
I swear, nevermore bird or beast will I slay;
Starving I may be, but no more blood-spilling.
That oath I have kept, and I keep it to-day.

Make connections

1. Who is referred to as 'we' in the poem?
2. Where were the ten little brown chicks when the speaker approached?
3. Identify the line that best describes that mother grouse was courageous.
4. Why does the poet address his friend as 'crazy young devil'? Give reasons by quoting lines from the poem to support your answers.
5. What changes were brought to the speaker because of his friend's action?
6. Describe the mood of the poem.
7. List some examples of rhyming pattern found in this poem.
8. Express in your own words some lessons learnt from this poem.



Title: Heads Bent Low

Author: Anonymous

Genre: Poetry

Rationale:

This poem can be used to discuss various aspects of poetry, such as rhythm and sentence and stanza length. Most of us are familiar with the ideas and experiences expressed in the poem, such as wisdom and humility that come with experience. This will help with comprehension and discussion of the poem's key ideas.

A stooped old man and a young man
chanced to meet one day.
The young one said to the elder
In his usual braggart way,
'Why don't you walk up straight like me ?
That's no way to grow old;
It's all a form of habit;
At least, that's what I'm told.'

The old man gave him a knowing look,
And said, 'My dear young friend,
Have you ever examined your wheat field,
and noticed the heads that bend?
If not, just look them over
As harvest time draws nigh;
You'll find that the heads that are empty
Are standing tall and high.
But the heads that count in the harvest
Are filled and bending low,

Awaiting the reaper's sickle;
Their time is short, they know.'

And as the young man passed on by,
He slowly bowed his head,
No doubt he pondered many a day
On the things that old man said.

Make connections

1. What question does the young man ask the old man?
2. Do you agree that the young man is a 'braggart'? Why or why not?
3. How is the young man affected by the old man's answer?
4. What is this poem about? It talks about wisdom, humility, and death. Which lines in the poem talk about each of these? Briefly explain.
5. Is the title of the poem an appropriate one? Give reasons?
6. Why do you think the poet has chosen this format to write a poem?
7. Identify with examples the figure of speech used in the poem.
8. Identify six pairs of rhyming words.



Title: I Like Myself

Author: Karen Beaumont

Genre: Poetry

Rationale:

The poem is a delightful piece of writing that emphasizes a child's positive outlook. It depicts a young girl listing all of the qualities she admires most about herself.

This helps children find their place in the world while also instilling in them a sense of self-worth. This poem emphasizes the importance of first accepting oneself. It's a fun poem with rhythm and rhyme that can be read on its own.

I like myself!
I'm glad I'm me.
There's no one else I'd rather be.
I like my eyes, my ears, my nose.
I like my fingers and my toes.
I like me wild.
I like me tame.
I like different and the same.
I like me fast. I like me slow
I like me everywhere I go.
I like me on the inside, too,
for all I think and say and do.
Inside, outside, upside down,
from head to toe and all around.
I like it all! It all is me!
And me is all I want to be.
And I don't care in any way
what someone else may think or say.
I may be called a silly nut
or crazy cuckoo bird-so what?

I'm having too much fun, you see,
for anything to bother me!
Even when I look a mess,
I still don't like me any less,
'cause nothing in this world, you know,
Can change what's deep inside, and so...
No matter if they stop and stare,
no person
ever
anywhere
can make me feel that what they see
is all there really is to me.
I'd *still* like me with fleas or warts,
or with a silly snout that snorts,
or knobby knees or hippo hips
or purple polka-dotted lips,
or beaver breath or stinky toes
or horns protruding from my nose,
or - yikes! - with spikes all down my spine,
or hair that's like a porcupine.
I *still* would be the same, you see...
I like myself because I'm **ME!**

Make connections

1. How does the speaker feel about herself? How do you know?
2. What are some things you like about her?
3. Are there things about the speaker that you don't like? If so, what are they?
4. What are some things you like about yourself?
5. Do you think others would like the same things about you?
6. Do you think having a positive self-image is important? Why?
7. How do you know that the speaker has a positive image or is she just arrogant?
8. How do you think people without a positive self-image feel?
9. Do you think it is important to be yourself? Why?

Time Allocation for VI

The maximum number of instructional days available for curriculum delivery excluding examination is 150 days in a year. The school year divided into two terms of fifteen weeks each, and that each week will have 7 periods of 40 minutes for teaching English. The total time allocated for English in a week is 280 minutes. Therefore, class VI will have 140 hours in a year which is 210 periods.

The following is the suggestive period and time allocation per week for all strands.

	Period	Time (minutes)
Reading & Literature	2	84
Writing	2	70
Listening & Speaking	2	70
Language and Grammar	1	56
Total	7	280

Continuous Assessment (CA) and Examination Weighting

Term One			Term Two			Grand Total (Total A + B + C)	
CA (Total A)		Mid Term Exam	Total	CA (Total B)			Common Examination (Total C)
Listening and Speaking	10%	25%	50%	Listening and Speaking	10%	50%	100%
Reading Portfolio	5%			Reading Portfolio	5%		
Writing Portfolio	10%			Writing Portfolio	10%		

Note:

1. The term one examination should be conducted out of 60 marks and converted to 25%. The 10% CA marks from the Listening and Speaking, 5% from the Reading Portfolio, and 10% from the Writing Portfolio should be added to the examination marks to make it 50%.
2. The common examination should be conducted out of 60 marks and converted to 50%. The 50% CA marks from the Listening and Speaking, Reading Portfolio and Writing Portfolio for both the terms should be added to the written examination marks to make it 100%.
3. Listening and Speaking activities such as debates, extempore speeches, presentations, book talks, reports, and discussions should be conducted consistently throughout the year ideally by integrating in other strands so that the learners get maximum time to practice the skills. Teachers need to develop their own additional listening and speaking exercises wherever necessary. Use Continuous Formative Assessment (CFA) to help learners achieve the instructional goals.
4. At the end of each term, a formal test should be conducted to assess learners' competencies in listening and speaking through oral test items and other listening and speaking exercises. The final mark or score should be converted to 10%.

- The Reading and Writing Portfolios of each learner should be monitored regularly and consistently to check their progress on reading and writing skills. Teachers should provide timely feedback, support and make necessary intervention so that the learners meet the expected objectives and competencies. At the end of each term, both the portfolios should be assessed to award marks accordingly.

English Paper (Writing, Reading and Literature, and Grammar) - Written Examination Marks Break-up

Sl No	Genre	Weighting	Remarks
1	Essay writing	10 marks	Composition based on picture sequence, narrative writing
2	Personal letter/leave application/invitation	8 marks	Any ONE can be asked
3	Grammar	12 marks	Items to be derived from the competencies and objectives. Questions can be asked from the lower classes as well.
4	Short Story	11 marks	Any ONE from the prescribed short stories
5	Essay	11 marks	From outside the prescribed textbook
6	Poetry	8 marks	Any ONE from the prescribed or outside textbook.
Total		60	

Note:

The above matrix is a sample of question items that can be tested in the examinations. The question types and patterns for written examinations shall remain dynamic. Questions can be asked to assess any of the competencies/ learning objectives, which includes a combination of different types of writing items including short story and report writing.

Listening and Speaking CA (10%)

Listening and Speaking activities	Remarks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Listening and Speaking skills • Reports • Debates • Extempore speeches • Presentation of their written pieces • Book talk 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Teachers can design additional activities as per the lesson plans. • Conduct oral test/listening and speaking tests and marks converted to 10% at the end of each term.

Reading Portfolio and Writing Portfolio CA (15%)

Reading Portfolio (5%)	Writing Portfolio (10%)	Remarks
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Record of reading • Critical response to books read • Text talk or book talk 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Best pieces of writing selected by learners • Best pieces selected by teacher • Simple book reviews • Folktales • Simple poems 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Use notebooks for maintaining portfolios. • Consider process while assessing the quality of work. • The writing portfolio should show the records of the Writing Process • Avoid plagiarism. • Both Reading and Writing Portfolios should be assessed at the end of each term and award marks accordingly.