

Grade 7 English Worksheet

Assessment Task: Summary writing, dramatisation

Activity 1

Listen to the short story read to you by your teacher.

If time permits, your teacher may also ask you to hold a brief class discussion about how the story made you feel and respond and the emotions it evoked.

The teacher will then hand out a copy of the text to you.

Write a few paragraphs summarising the main theme, message or moral of the story.

Your work should be about half a page in length.

It should consist of at least three paragraphs.

Guidelines

- Plan your work in rough – include the setting, mood, plot and main character/s.
- Use a dictionary to check spelling.
- Try not to copy lines directly from the text; use your own words throughout.
- Read through your work aloud when finished to check that your writing flows logically.

Complete this check list for summary skills once you have finished.

1. I have worked in rough and listed the main points of the story.	
2. I have written my paragraphs in the simple present tense.	
3. The first paragraph includes the setting and main character.	
4. The second paragraph expands on the plot.	
5. In my conclusion I have discussed the values imparted in this story.	

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Your teacher will use the following rubric to assess your summary.

Rubric for assessing summary

4 = 80% and above	Accurately and completely summarises the main events, characters and setting in sequence. Paragraphs are written in the simple present. The paragraphs are in the correct sequence. Values have been touched on in the last paragraph.
3 = 70%- 79%	Summarises the main events, characters and setting with minor flaws. Paragraphs are not always written in the present tense. The paragraphs are not always in the correct sequence. Values have been touched on briefly in the last paragraph.
2 = 50%- 69%	Summarises most of the events and most of the main characters and setting but with major flaws. Paragraphs are not written in the present tense. The paragraphs are not always in the correct sequence. Values have not been touched on in the last paragraph.
1 = 49% and less	Unable to adequately summarise events, the main characters and the setting; major flaws. Paragraphs are written in different tenses. Tenses fluctuate illogically. The paragraphs are not in the correct sequence at all. Values have not been touched on in the last paragraph.

(The percentage mark will be converted to one out of 20.)

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Activity 2

Divide into groups according to the characters in the story below.

You are going to role-play the action depicted in the story. The presentation should be about 5 minutes per group.

Your teacher will discuss with you the criteria for good dramatisation; also refer to the rubric:

- Audible speaking
- Alternating voices
- Use of music
- Movement
- Actions
- Script
- Costumes
- Props

You will have to write a script, arrange appropriate costumes and create realistic sound effects using cell phones, tape recorders etc.

You may not spend money on this task. Bring what you can from home.

Assign a director and a scriptwriter to manage the group.

Time will be set aside in class so that each group can practise this together.

[20]

Teacher's rubric for assessing dramatisation

	0-9 Not attained	10-12 Partly attained	14-15 Attained	16-19 Attained above average	20 Brilliantly attained
Projection					
Articulation					
Tone variation					
Movement/gesture					
Focus					
Comprehension of content					
Preparation/presentation					
Stage energy					
Emotional involvement					
Characterisation					

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On the sidewalk, bleeding

By Ivan Hunter

The boy lay bleeding in the rain. He was sixteen years old, and he wore a bright purple silk jacket and the lettering across the back of the jacket read THE ROYALS. The boy's name was Andy, and the name was delicately scripted in black thread on the front of the jacket, just over the heart. Andy.

He had been stabbed ten minutes ago. The knife entered just below his rib cage and had been drawn across his body violently, tearing a wide gap in his flesh. He lay on the sidewalk with the March rain drilling his jacket and drilling his body and washing away the blood that poured from his open wound. He had known excruciating pain when the knife had torn across his body, and then sudden comparative relief when the blade was pulled away.

He had heard the voice saying, "That's for you, Royal!" and then the sound of footsteps hurrying into the rain, and then he had fallen to the sidewalk, clutching his stomach, trying to stop the flow of blood.

He tried to yell for help, but he had no voice. He did not know why his voice had deserted him, or why the rain had suddenly become so fierce, or why there was an open hole in his body from which his life ran redly, steadily. It was 11.30pm, but he did not know the time.

There was another thing he did not know. He did not know he was dying. He lay on the sidewalk, bleeding, and he thought only: That was a fierce rumble. They got me good that time. But he did not know he was dying. He would have been frightened had he known. In his ignorance, he lay bleeding and wishing he could cry out for help, but there was no voice in his throat. There was only the bubbling of blood between his lips whenever he opened his mouth to speak.

He lay silently in his pain, waiting for someone to find him. He could hear the sound of automobile tyres hushed on the muzzle of rain-swept streets, far away at the other end of the long alley. He lay with his face pressed to the sidewalk, and he could see the splash of neon far away at the other end of the alley, tinting the pavement red and green, slickly brilliant in the rain.

He wondered if Laura would be angry. He had left the jump to get a packet of cigarettes. He had told her he would be back in a few minutes, and then he had gone downstairs and found the candy store closed. He knew that Alfredo's on the next block would be open until at least two and he had started through the alley, and that was when he had been ambushed.

He could hear the faint sound of music now, coming from a long, long way off, and he wondered if Laura was dancing, wondered if she had missed him yet. Maybe she thought he wasn't coming back. Maybe she thought he'd cut out for good. Maybe she'd already left the

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jump and gone home. He thought of her face, the brown eyes and the jet-black hair, and thinking of her he forgot his pain a little, forgot that the blood was rushing from his body. Someday he would marry Laura. Someday he would marry her, and they would have lots of kids, and then they would get out of the neighbourhood. They would move to a clean project in the Bronx or maybe they would move to Staten Island. When they were married, when they had kids....

He heard footsteps at the other end of the alley, and he lifted his cheek from the sidewalk and looked into the darkness and tried to cry out, but again there was only a soft hissing bubble of blood on his mouth.

The man came down the alley. He had not seen Andy yet. He walked, and then he stopped to lean against the brick of the building, and then walked again. He saw Andy and came toward him, and he stood over him for a long time, the minutes ticking, watching him and not speaking.

Then he said, "What's a matter, buddy?"

Andy could not speak, and he could barely move. He lifted his face slightly and looked up at the man, and in the rain swept alley he smelled the sickening odour of alcohol and realised the man was drunk. He did not feel any particular panic. He did not know he was dying, and so he only felt only mild disappointment that the man who had found him was drunk. The man was smiling.

"Did you fall down, buddy?" he asked.

"You mus` be as drunk as I am," he grinned, seemed to remember why he had entered the alley in the first place, and said, "Don` go away. I'll be ri` back."

The man lurched away. Andy heard his footsteps, and then the sound of the man colliding with a garbage can, and some mild swearing, and then the sound of the man urinating, lost in the steady wash of the rain. He waited for the man to come back.

It was 11:39 when the man returned, he squatted alongside Andy. He studied him with drunken dignity.

"You gonna catch cold here," he said.

"What's a matter? you like layin' in the wet?"

Andy could not answer. The man tried to focus his eyes on Andy's face. The rain spattered around them.

"You like a drink?"

Andy shook his head.

"I gotta bottle. Here," the man said. He pulled a pint bottle from his inside jacket pocket. He uncapped it and extended it to Andy. Andy tried to move but pain wrenched him back flat against the sidewalk.

"Take it," the man said. He kept watching Andy. "Take it".

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When Andy did not move, he said, "Nev` mind, I'll have one m`self."

He tilted the bottle to his lips, and then wiped the back of his hand across his mouth.

"You too young to be drinkin` anyway. Should be `shamed of yourself, drunk an` laying in an alley, all wet. Shame on you. I gotta good mind to call a cop."

Andy nodded. Yes, he tried to say. Yes, call a cop. Please. Call one.

"Oh, you don` like that, huh?" the drunk said. "You don` wanna cop to fin` you all drunk an` wet in an alley, huh? Okay, buddy. This time you get off easy." He got to his feet. "This time you lucky," he said.

He waved broadly at Andy, and then almost lost his footing. "S`long buddy," he said.

Wait, Andy thought. Wait please. I`m bleeding.

"S`long," the drunk said again. "I see you aroun`," and then he staggered off up the alley.

Andy lay and thought: *Laura, Laura. Are you dancing?*

The couple came into the alley suddenly. They ran into the alley together, running from the rain, the boy holding the girl's elbow, the girl spreading a newspaper over her head to protect her hair. Andy lay crumpled against the pavement, and he watched them run into the alley laughing, and then duck into the doorway not too far from him.

"Man what rain!" the boy said. "You could drown out there."

"I have to get home," the girl said, "it's late, Freddie, I have to get home."

"We got time," Freddie said. "Your people won't make a fuss if you're a little late. Not with this kind of weather."

"It's dark," the girl said, and she giggled.

"Yea," the boy answered, his voice very low.

"Freddie.....?"

"Um?"

"You're.....standing very close to me."

"Um."

There was a long silence. Then the girl said, "Oh." Only that single word and Andy knew she'd been kissed, and suddenly he hungered for Laura's mouth. It was then that he wondered if he would ever kiss Laura again. It was then that he wondered if he was dying.

No, he thought. I can't be dying, not from a little street rumble, not from just getting cut. Guys get cut all the time in rumbles. I can't be dying. No, that's stupid. That don't make any sense at all.

"You shouldn't," the girl said.

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“Why not?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you like it?”

“Yes.”

“So?”

“I don’t know.”

“I love you, Angela,” the boy said.

“I love you too Freddie,” the girl said, and Andy listened and thought: *I love Laura, Laura, I think maybe I’m dying, Laura, this is stupid but I think I may be dying!*

He tried to speak. He tried to move. He tried to crawl toward the doorway where he could see the two figures in embrace, he tried to make a noise, a sound, and a grunt came from his lips, and then he tried again, and another grunt came, a low animal grunt of pain.

“What was that?” the girl said, suddenly alarmed, breaking away from the boy.

“I don’t know,” he answered.

“Go look, Freddie.”

“No. Wait.”

Andy moved his lips again. Again the sound came from him.

“Freddie!”

“What?”

“I’m scared.”

“I’ll go see,” the boy said.

He stepped into the alley. He walked over to where Andy lay on the ground. He stood over him watching him.

“You all right?” he asked.

“What is it?” Angela said from the doorway.

“Somebody’s hurt,” Freddie said.

“Let’s get out of here,” Angela said.

“No. Wait a minute.” He knelt down beside Andy. “You cut?” he asked.

Andy nodded. The boy kept looking at him. He saw the lettering on the jacket then. THE ROYALS. He turned to Angela.

“He’s a Royal,” he said.

“Let’s....what...what do you want to do, Freddie?”

“I don’t know. I don’t want to get mixed up in this. He’s a Royal. We help him, and the Guardian will be down on our necks. I don’t want to get mixed up in this, Angela.”

“Is he...is he hurt bad?”

“Yeah, it looks that way.”

“What shall we do?”

“I don’t know.”

“We can’t leave him here in the rain.” Angela hesitated. “Can we?”

“If we get a cop the Guardian will find out who.”

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Angela hesitated a long time before answering. Then she said, “I have to get home, Freddie. my people will begin to worry.”

“Yeah.” Freddie said. He looked at Andy again.

“You all right?” he asked. Andy lifted up his face from the sidewalk, and his eyes said: please help me, and maybe Freddie read what his eyes were saying, and maybe he didn’t.

Behind him, Angela said, “Freddie”, let’s get out of here! Please!”

There was urgency in her voice, urgency bordering on the edge of panic. Freddie stood up. He looked at Andy again, then mumbled, “I’m sorry,” and then he took Angela’s arm and together they ran toward the neon splash at the other end of the alley.

Why they’re afraid of the Guardians, Andy thought in amazement. But why should they be? I wasn’t afraid of the Guardians. I never turkeyed out of a rumble with the Guardians. I got heart. But I’m bleeding.

The rain was soothing somehow. It was a cold rain, but his body was hot all over, and the rain helped cool him. He had always liked the rain. He could remember sitting in Laura’s house one time, the rain running down the windows, and just looking out over the street, watching the people running from the rain. That was when he’d first joined the Royals. He could remember how happy he was the Royals` had taken him. The Royals and the Guardians, two of the biggest. He was a Royal.

There had been meaning to the title. Now, in the alley, with the cold rain washing his hot body, he wondered about the meaning. If he died, he was Andy. He was not a Royal. He was simply Andy, and he was dead. And he wondered suddenly if the Guardians who had ambushed him and knifed him had ever once realized he was Andy? Had they known that he was Andy, or had they simply known he was a Royal wearing a purple silk jacket? Had they stabbed him, Andy, or had they only stabbed the jacket and the title, and what good was the title if you were dying.

I’m Andy, he screamed wordlessly.

An old lady stopped at the other end of the alley. The garbage cans were stacked there, beating noisily in the rain. The old lady carried an umbrella with broken ribs, carried it with all the dignity of a queen. She stepped into the mouth of the alley, a shopping bag over one arm. She lifted the lids of the garbage cans delicately, and she did not hear Andy grunt because she was a little deaf and because the rain was beating a steady relentless tattoo on the cans. She had been searching and foraging for the better part of the night. She collected her string and her newspapers, and an old hat with a feather on it from one of the garbage cans, and a broken footstool from another of the cans. And then she delicately replaced the lids and lifted her umbrella high and walked out of the alley with a queenly dignity. She had worked swiftly and soundlessly, and now she was gone.

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The alley looked very long now. He could see the people passing at the other end of it, and he wondered who the people were, and he wondered if he would ever get to know them, wondered who it was on the Guardians who had stabbed him, who had plunged the knife into his body.

“That’s for you, Royal! The voice had said. And then the footsteps, his arms being released by the others, the fall to the pavement. “That’s for you Royal!” Even in his pain, even as he collapsed, there had been some sense of pride in knowing he was a Royal. Now there was no pride at all.

With the rain beginning to chill him, with only a sort of dizziness, and within his giddy dizziness, he could only think: I want to be Andy.

It was not very much to ask the world.

He watched the world passing at the other end of the alley. The world didn’t know he was Andy. The world didn’t know he was alive. He wanted to say, “Hey, I’m alive! Hey! Look at me! I’m alive! Don’t you know I’m alive? Don’t you know I exist?”

He felt very weak and very tired. He felt alone and wet and feverish and chilled, and he knew that he was going to die now, and the knowledge made him suddenly sad. He was not frightened. For some reason he was not frightened. He was only filled with an overwhelming sadness that his life would be over at sixteen. He felt all at once as if he had never done anything, never seen anything, never been anywhere. There were so many things to do, and he wondered why he’d never thought of them before, wondered why the rumbles and the jumps and the purple jacket had always seemed so important to him before, and now they seemed like such small things in a world he was missing, a world that was rushing past at the other end of the alley.

I don’t want to die, he thought. I haven’t lived yet.

It seemed very important to him that he take off his purple jacket. He was very close to dying, and when they found him, he did not want them to say, “Oh it’s a Royal.” With great effort, he rolled over onto his back. He felt the pain tearing at his stomach when he moved, a pain he did not think was possible. But he wanted to take off the jacket. If he never did another thing, he wanted to take off the jacket. The jacket had only one meaning now, and that was a very simple meaning.

If he had not been wearing the jacket he would not have been stabbed. The knife had not been plunged in hatred of Andy. The knife hated only the purple jacket. The jacket was a stupid meaningless thing that was robbing him of his life. He wanted the jacket off his back. With an enormous loathing, he wanted the jacket off his back.

He lay struggling with the shiny wet material. His arms were heavy, and the pain ripped fire across his body whenever he moved. But he squirmed and fought and twisted until one arm was free and then the other, then he rolled away from the jacket and lay quite still,

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breathing heavily, listening to the sound of his breathing and the sound of the rain and thinking: *Rain is sweet. I'm Andy.*

She found him in the alleyway a minute past midnight. She left the dance to look for him, and when she found him she knelt beside him and said, "Andy it's me Laura."

He did not answer her. She backed away from him, tears springing into her eyes, and then she ran from the alley hysterically and did not stop running until she found the cop.

And now, standing with the cop, she looked down at him, and the cop rose and said, "He's dead," and all the crying was out of her now. She stood in the rain and said nothing, looking at the dead boy on the pavement and looking at the purple jacket that rested a foot from his body.

The cop picked up the jacket and turned it over in his hands.

"A Royal, huh?" he said.

The rain seemed to beat more steadily now, more fiercely.

She looked at the cop and, very quietly, she said, "His name is Andy."

The cop slung the jacket over his arm. He took out his black pad, and he flipped it over to a blank page.

"A Royal," he said.

Then he began writing.

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Suggested Solutions

Activity 1

Read the following short story to the learners, then instruct them to complete the activity.

A Painful Lesson

The man was huge. He reminded Eddy of a Japanese wrestler. He seized Eddy's hand and held it high for everyone to see. Eddy was still clutching the mango. The man's vice-like grip slowly tightened, crushing Eddy's hand into the fruit. The sticky yellow juice ran down the boy's arm.

"Beat him! Beat him!" shouted the stall holders. "Teach these street kids a lesson!"

They dragged Eddy outside the market place, tore off his shirt and beat him with a long thin cane. They threw him in the mud, amongst the fowl-smelling garbage. For a while Eddy did not move.

"You're new," said a voice. "Farm boy, I bet. And you look very stupid lying there! Why don't you get up?"

Eddy did not answer. He lay in the mud, trying to stop the tears from squeezing through his eyelids. He had never felt such pain. Blood oozed from the cuts across his lean back and the bruising began to ache. He felt sick. He raised his head to find the owner of the voice. It belonged to a girl of about his own age. She was perched on an old wooden box and was wearing a clean, well-worn dress a bit too big for her. She was clean, and pretty too.

"You're a mess," she laughed. "Want some help?" Eddy tried to wipe the black mud from his face. The girl reached into one of her big pockets and dragged out a piece of cloth.

"Use this," she said. "There's a tap over there."

Eddy did not like being ordered about, especially by girls, but he did not feel like arguing either.

He had only been in the city for an hour. He had left his village to find work; to make a living. Instead, he was hungry, dirty, he was being told what to do by a girl and he had been beaten like a thief. He thumped his fist against the ground again and again. "What happened?" he shouted. "What happened?"

"You got caught," said the girl. "That's what happened. It's always like that when you're new. I haven't been caught for two years and one hundred and fifty days. That's a record. The gang say it's coz I'm a chick. I say it's coz I'm smart."

Eddy washed under the tap. The girl wiped the blood from his cuts. It hurt. Welts had risen from his skin like the bones of a starving dog.

"My shirt," moaned Eddy. "Where's my shirt?"

"Someone snatched it. Nice colour. Did you steal that too?"

"I've never stolen nothing ...and I didn't steal that stupid mango...It...it was on the ground..."

She reached into another pocket and took out a mango.

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“Here,” she said. “Have a bite. You can have it all if you want.”

Eddy took it, peeled back some skin and took huge bites, just in case she changed her mind.

“Street kids,” asked Eddy. “Who are they?”

The girl screwed up her face. “Bad news, mostly. No home – just live on the streets. Sleep on the benches at the market. They bunk school, pretend to look for work, but stealing and picking pockets is their game. I work.”

“You steal too. I bet you stole that mango,” said Eddy.

The girl laughed. “Picking up odd bits of fruit when you’re hungry isn’t stealing,” she declared. “Not really.”

(Source: *The Mukuvisi Vultures* by John Chobe)

Question number	Possible marks	Solution
1.	20	
2.	20	Assess using rubric in Appendix of Assessment Tools.
	40 Marks	

Appendix of Assessment Tools

Activity 1

Rubric for assessing summary

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Teacher's rubric for assessing dramatisation

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