

Year 7 English
Homework

Outcasts



Name:

English Teacher:

Dear Pupil,

This half term you will explore examples of a range of reading tasks based on the theme of Outcasts, which will help you to extend and develop the skills you are working on in class.

As part of this, your homework will encourage you to independently investigate a number of different genres, as well as developing your reading and interpretive skills. As usual, we want your parents/carer to get involved with your tasks so work with them whenever it is possible to do so.

Keep up to date with these tasks by completing one per week. There are also extension tasks to help you push yourselves as much as possible. Don't forget, the more you do, the more you will learn - achieve and enjoy!

Good luck!

The English Team

Dear Parent/Carer,

This half term we are working on analysing texts, involving a focus on reading and interpretation. Some of this may require your assistance, and so there is a comments box each week for you to add your own thoughts on your child's progress and enjoyment of the task. As usual, it will help your child's progress for you to be as involved as possible.

Please help us to encourage your child to complete the booklet on a weekly basis to ensure that it is done thoroughly, and enable them to understand the work that is being done in class.

If you have any concerns, do let us know and we will endeavour to help in any way we can.

Many thanks!

The English Team

Week 1:

Reading for Meaning

Learning Objective: To be able to explain the events in a text clearly and accurately.

Everyone must

Discuss with a parent or other adult what starting a new school was like for the two of you. Are your experiences the same or different?

Read the extract from 'Speak' on the following page and summarise what the narrator's experience of her first day of high school is like. Refer to at least two things she comes across.

Some will

Answer the following questions in full sentences and using a quote:

1. Why does the narrator sit in the front of the bus?
2. Describe what happens to her on the bus to school?
3. What does she mean by she is 'clanless'?

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task

'Speak' by Laurie Halse Anderson

Chapter 1: WELCOME TO MERRY WEATHER HIGH

It is my first morning of high school. I have seven new notebooks, a skirt I hate, and a stomach-ache.

The school bus wheezes to my corner. The door opens and I step up. I am the first pickup of the day. The driver pulls away from the curb while I stand in the aisle. Where to sit? I've never been a backseat person. If I sit in the middle, a stranger could sit next to me. If I sit in the front, it will make me look like a little kid, but I figure it's the best chance I have to make eye contact with one of my friends, if any of them have decided to talk to me yet.

The bus picks up students in groups of four or five. As they walk down the aisle, people who were my middle-school lab partners or gym buddies glare at me. I close my eyes. This is what I've been dreading. As we leave the last stop, I am the only person sitting alone.

The driver downshifts to drag us over the hills. The engine clanks, which make the guys in the back holler something obscene. Someone is wearing too much cologne. I try to open my window, but the little latches won't move. A guy behind me unwraps his breakfast and shoots the wrapper at the back of my head. It bounces into my lap—a Ho-Ho.

School colours will stay purple and gray. The board didn't want to spring for new uniforms. Older students are allowed to roam until the bell, but ninth-graders are herded into the auditorium. We fall into clans: Jocks, Country Clubbers, Idiot Savants, Cheerleaders, Human Waste, Eurotrash, Future Fascists of America, Big Hair girls, the Marthas, Suffering Artists, Thespians, Goths, Shredders.

I am clanless. I wasted the last weeks of August watching bad cartoons. I didn't go to the mall, the lake, or the pool or answer the phone. I have entered high school with the wrong hair, the wrong clothes, the wrong attitude. And I don't have anyone to sit with.

I am Outcast.

Week 2:

Interpreting a Text

Learning Objective: to be able to pick out information from a text and comment on the meaning of a text.

Everyone must

Read the poem out loud to a parent or other adult and discuss what you both think it is about.

Annotate the poem for the following :

1. Description of the 'island'
2. Description of 'London'

Now answer this question: How does the 'Island man' feel about the island and of London? Write at least 3 paragraphs. Try to use quotes to prove your points.

Some will

Explain what you think the poem is about in your own words. If you were 'Island man', what do you think he's talking about in the poem? Use quotes when you think it is appropriate.

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task

'Island man' – Grace Nichols

Morning
and island man wakes up
to the sound of blue surf
in his head
the steady breaking and wombing

wild sea birds
and fishermen pushing out to sea
the sun surfacing defiantly
from the east
of his small emerald island
he always comes back groggily groggily

Comes back to sands
of a grey metallic soar
to surge of wheels
to dull north circular roar

muffling muffling
his crumpled pillow waves
island man heaves himself

Another London day

Grace Nichols wrote this poem to describe what it was like to grow up in the Caribbean sunshine, but then when she was older, she moved to dark, rainy London. Here, she is dreaming about being back in the tropical island, then wakes up to find herself back in



Week 3:

Commenting on a Text

Learning Objective: To be able to think in-depth about a story.

Everyone must

Read the story 'The Little Match Girl' on the following page and discuss what you think the story is about with a parent or adult.

Summarise what the story is about in 5 bullet points. Remember to pick out the 5 main events to summarise accurately.

Some will

From what you have learned about the story, what do you think the moral of the tale is?

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task

'The Little Match Girl' – Hans Christian Anderson

Most terribly cold it was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening--the last evening of the year. In this cold and darkness there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded, and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully fast.

One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger--a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's Eve; yes, of that she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, of which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove, with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but--the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it

was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl; when--the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas tree: it was still larger, and more decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them when--the match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

"Someone is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!" And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day: never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden, on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy so high, so very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety--they were with God.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall--frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. "She wanted to warm herself," people said. No one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother she had entered on the joys of a new year.

Week 4:
Commenting on Language

Learning objective:

To be able to comment on writer's perspective.

Everyone must

1. Watch the Youtube music video 'Stole' by Kelly Rowland with a parent or adult and follow with the lyrics on the next page.
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5o01uU7OdnQ>
2. How do you both feel about the song?
 1. Highlight or underline any words or phrases that Kelly Rowland uses to describe the three characters in the song.
 2. Explain what each character was like using at least one quote for each character.

Some will

What do you think Kelly Rowland wanted to teach the audience when she wrote this song?

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task

Kelly Rowland – 'Stole'

He was always such a nice boy
The quiet one
With good intentions

He was down for his brother
Respectful to his mother
A good boy
But good don't get attention

One kid with a promise
The brightest kid in school
He's not a fool

Reading books about science
And smart stuff
It's not enough, no
'Cause smart don't make you cool, whoa

He's not invisible anymore
(With his father's nine and a broken fuse)
Since he walked through that classroom door
(He's all over prime time news)

Mary's got the same size hands
As Marilyn Monroe
She put her fingers in the imprints
At Mann's Chinese Theater show

She coulda been a movie star
Never got the chance to go that far
Her life was stole, oh
(Now we'll never know, no, no, no, no, stole)

They were prying to the camera
Said he never fitted in
He wasn't welcomed

He showed up to the parties
We was hanging in
Some guys was puttin' him down
Bullyin' him 'round, round

Now, I wish I woulda talked to him
Give him the time of day
Not turn away

If I woulda been the one to maybe go this far
He might have stayed at home
Playing angry chords on his guitar

He's not invisible anymore
(With his baggy pants and his legs in chains)
Since he walked through that classroom door
(Everybody knows his name)

Mary's got the same size hands
As Marilyn Monroe
She put her fingers in the imprints
At Mann's Chinese Theatre show

She coulda been a movie star)
Never got the chance to go that far
Her life was stole, oh
Now we'll never know

Greg was always getting net
From twenty feet away
(Twenty feet away)
He had a try out with the Sixers
Couldn't wait for Saturday
(Saturday)

Now we're never gonna see him slam
Flying as high as Kobe can
His life was stole
Oh, now we'll never know

(Now we'll never never, never know)
Mmm, now we'll never, never
Never never know

Mary's got the same size hands
As Marilyn Monroe
(Same size hands)
(Oh)
She put her fingers in the imprints
At Mann's Chinese Theatre show
(She was gonna be a star, oh, no)

She coulda been a movie star
Never got the chance to go that far
(Never got the chance)
Her life was stole
Oh, now we'll never know
(Never, never, never, know)

Greg was always getting net
From twenty feet away
He had a try out with the Sixers
Couldn't wait for Saturday

Now we're never gonna see him slam
Flying as high as Kobe can
His life was stole
Oh, now we'll never know
Never, never, never know

Week 5:

Interpreting Informative Texts

Learning Objective

To be able to collate information accurately and offer your own ideas.

Everyone must

Read the article on the next page and discuss with a parent or other adult whether or not you agree with the main points.

Explain what the three **main** causes of loneliness is in the article. Try to use a quote for each point you make to support your answer.

Some will

1. Why do you think people are becoming lonelier these days?
2. What advice would you give someone to help them become less lonely?

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task



So lonely: Isolation drives one in five patients to GP



[Daniel Binns](#) Friday 15 Nov 2013 6:09 am

One in five patients visit their GP because of an intense feeling of isolation (Picture: Alamy)

Loneliness is driving more and more otherwise healthy people to visit their GP, a study shows.

One in five patients visits their doctor because of an intense feeling of isolation, rather than because they have

a physical ailment.

GPs say they see as many as ten lonely people a day, the Campaign to End Loneliness survey showed.

‘Far too many people are feeling so lonely and so at a loss about what to do about it that they end up going to see their doctor,’ said the charity’s director, Kate Jopling.

‘It’s time we committed to a more coordinated public health response that targets resources towards better support for the lonely and prevention of loneliness for those at risk.’

Almost 3million Britons over 65 admit feeling cut off from their family and the outside world.

And with more than 5million elderly saying the TV was their main company, Miss Jopling called on health authorities to better recognise the seriousness of the issue.

‘Lonely adults are also more likely to undergo early admission into residential or nursing care.

‘It is putting an unnecessary strain on local GP surgeries and social care services,’ she said.

London was found to be the most lonely to place to live, with the north-east the least.

Week 6:

Outsider Art and Society – Creativity or Vandalism

Learning Objective: to be able to comment on the social view of one person's work.

Everyone must

1. Look up the term 'Outsider Art' and write down the definition. Then look up Banksy's 'street art' on Google Images. There are some examples on the following page.
2. Explain why Banksy's art work is called 'outsider art'.

Research who Banksy is and explain why he/she could be seen as an outcast.

Some will

Discuss what you have discovered about Banksy with a parent or other adult. What are your views on his work – is it art or vandalism? Write down both of your opinions with reasons.

Pupil comment on task

Parent comment on task

