

Latimer English Department

Homework Challenge



Name:

English Group:

write
RIGHT

A series of challenges to help develop and hone your extended writing and reading for meaning skills.

Task	Date Completed	Signed by Teacher	Epraise?
1			
2			
3			
4			
5			
6			
7			
8			
9			
10			
11			

Tasks will alternate between extended writing and reading for meaning.

Tasks will be due on the first English lesson of the week (unless that lesson is an LRC reading lesson).

Success criteria and challenge tasks for the writing activities, weeks one, three, five, seven, nine and eleven.

What are my success criteria?

My writing is usually clear and increasingly accurate.
I can usually use an appropriate style for the task.
I try to use an apt vocabulary to interest the reader.
I organise my writing into clear paragraphs.
I use connectives to organise ideas within paragraphs.
My spelling is accurate.
My writing is reflective of thirty minutes effort.

How can I challenge myself? Choose one of these for each task.

Use a mixture of simple, complex and compound sentences.
Use GOLD vocabulary (find a thesaurus and upscale your language).
Adapt my structure. Use short or single-word paragraphs for effect.
Use figurative devices: include a metaphor, personification or pathetic fallacy.
Accurately use FOUR different types of punctuation.
Use more than one narrative voice (either first and third person or present and flashback) within your idea.

Week One Task

Due week commencing January 20th

"A large box appears on your doorstep. Describe what you can see when you open it."

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Use all five senses to describe; use figurative techniques to help create imagery.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Week Two Task

Due week commencing 27th January

Read this extract from Douglas Adams' *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (1979) and answer the fifteen questions on the quiz sheet:

Far out in the uncharted backwaters of the unfashionable end of the Western Spiral arm of the Galaxy lies a small unregarded yellow sun.

Orbiting this at a distance of roughly ninety-two million miles is an utterly insignificant little blue green planet whose ape-descended life forms are so amazingly primitive that they still think digital watches are a pretty neat idea.

This planet has – or rather had – a problem, which was this: most of the people living on it were unhappy for pretty much all of the time. Many solutions were suggested for this problem, but most of these were largely concerned with the movements of small green pieces of paper, which is odd because on the whole it wasn't the small green pieces of paper that were unhappy.

And so the problem remained; lots of the people were mean, and most of them were miserable, even the ones with digital watches.

Many were increasingly of the opinion that they'd all made a big mistake in coming down from the trees in the first place. And some said that even the trees had been a bad move, and that no one should ever have left the oceans.

And then, one Thursday, nearly two thousand years after one man had been nailed to a tree for saying how great it would be to be nice to people for a change, a girl sitting on her own in a small cafe in Rickmansworth suddenly realized what it was that had been going wrong all this time, and she finally knew how the world could be made a good and happy place. This time it was right, it would work, and no one would have to get nailed to anything.

Sadly, however, before she could get to a phone to tell anyone about it, a terrible stupid catastrophe occurred, and the idea was lost for ever.

This is not her story.

But it is the story of that terrible stupid catastrophe and some of its consequences.

It is also the story of a book, a book called *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* – not an Earth book, never published on Earth, and until the terrible catastrophe occurred, never seen or even heard of by any Earthman.

Nevertheless, a wholly remarkable book.

In fact it was probably the most remarkable book ever to come out of the great publishing corporations of Ursa Minor – of which no Earthman had ever heard either.

Not only is it a wholly remarkable book, it is also a highly successful one – more popular than the *Celestial Home Care Omnibus*, better selling than *Fifty-three More Things to do in Zero Gravity*, and more controversial than Oolon Colluphid's trilogy of philosophical blockbusters *Where God Went Wrong*, *Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes* and *Who is this God Person Anyway?*

In many of the more relaxed civilizations on the Outer Eastern Rim of the Galaxy, the *Hitch-Hiker's Guide* has already supplanted the great *Encyclopaedia Galactica* as the standard repository of all knowledge and wisdom, for though it has many omissions and contains much that is apocryphal, or at least wildly inaccurate, it scores over the older, more pedestrian work in two important respects.

First, it is slightly cheaper; and secondly it has the words *DON'T PANIC* inscribed in large friendly letters on its cover. But the story of this terrible, stupid Thursday, the story of its extraordinary consequences, and the story of how these consequences are inextricably intertwined with this remarkable book begins very simply.

It begins with a house.

Which three adjectives are used to describe the sun?

How far apart are the sun and planet Earth?

Without quoting the text, who thinks digital watches are neat?

What is planet Earth's problem?

.....

Using your inference skills, what do you think the writer means by "small green pieces of paper"?

.....

Complete this sentence: Owning a digital watch doesn't stop you from becoming and

.....

Where shouldn't people have left?

Which biblical event is referred to?

Who realised what was wrong with the world and where were they?

.....

Which two adjectives are used to describe the catastrophe?

.....

Which book is wholly remarkable?

Who published it?

How many "more things" can you do in zero gravity?

How many books did Oolon Colluphid write?

Using your inference skills, does 'apocryphal' mean true or untrue?

Week Three Task

Due week commencing February 3rd

Convince a dying plant why it's better to stay alive.

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Use emotive language and hyperbole.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Read this extract from J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Lord of the Rings* (1954) and answer the fifteen questions on the quiz sheet:

My dear People, began Bilbo, rising in his place. 'Hear! Hear! Hear!' they shouted, and kept on repeating it in chorus, seeming reluctant to follow their own advice. Bilbo left his place and went and stood on a chair under the illuminated tree. The light of the lanterns fell on his beaming face; the golden buttons shone on his embroidered silk waistcoat. They could all see him standing, waving one hand in the air, the other was in his trouser-pocket.

My dear Bagginses and Boffins, he began again; *and my dear Took and Brandybucks, and Grubbs, and Chubbs, and Burrowses, and Hornblowers, and Bolgers, Bracegirdles, Goodbodies, Brock-houses and Proudfoots*. 'ProudFEET!' shouted an elderly hobbit from the back of the pavilion. His name, of course, was Proudfoot, and well merited; his feet were large, exceptionally furry, and both were on the table.

Proudfoots, repeated Bilbo. *Also my good Sackville-Bagginses that I welcome back at last to Bag End. Today is my one hundred and eleventh birthday: I am eleventy-one today!* 'Hurray! Hurray! Many Happy Returns!' they shouted, and they hammered joyously on the tables. Bilbo was doing splendidly. This was the sort of stuff they liked: short and obvious.

I hope you are all enjoying yourselves as much as I am. Deafening cheers. Cries of Yes (and No). Noises of trumpets and horns, pipes and fluted, and other instruments. There were, as has been said, many young hobbits present. Hundreds of musical crackers had been pulled. Most of them bore the mark DALE on them; which did not convey much to most of the hobbits, but they all agreed they were marvellous crackers. They contained instruments, small, but of perfect make and enchanting tones. Indeed, in one corner some of the young Took and Brandybucks, supposing Uncle Bilbo to have finished (since he had plainly said all that was necessary), now got up an impromptu orchestra, and began a merry dance-tune. Master Everard Took and Miss Melilot Brandybuck got on a table and with bells in their hands began to dance the Springle-ring: a pretty dance, but rather vigorous.

But Bilbo had not finished. Seizing a horn from a youngster nearby, he blew three loud hoots. The noise subsided. *I shall not keep you long*, he cried. Cheers from all the assembly. *I have called you all together for a Purpose*. Something in the way that he said this made an impression. There was almost silence, and one or two of the Took pricked up their ears.

Indeed, for Three Purposes! First of all, to tell you that I am immensely fond of you all, and that eleventy-one years is too short a time to live among such excellent and admirable hobbits. Tremendous outburst of approval.

I don't know half of you as well as I should like; and I like less than half of you half as well as you deserve. This was unexpected and rather difficult. There was some scattered clapping, but most of them were trying to work it out and see if it came to a compliment.

Secondly, to celebrate my birthday. Cheers again. *I should say: OUR birthday. For it is, of course, also the birthday of my heir and nephew, Frodo. He comes of age and into his inheritance today*. Some perfunctory clapping by the elders; and some loud shouts of 'Frodo! Frodo! Jolly old Frodo,' from the juniors. The Sackville-Bagginses scowled, and wondered what was meant by 'coming into his inheritance'.

Together we score one hundred and forty-four. Your numbers were chosen to fit this remarkable total: One Gross, if I may use the expression. No cheers. This was ridiculous. Many of the guests, and especially the Sackville-Bagginses, were insulted feeling sure that they had only been asked to fill up the required number, like goods in a package. 'One Gross, indeed! Vulgar expression.'

It is also, if I may be allowed to refer to ancient history, the anniversary of my arrival by barrel at Esgaroth on the Long Lake; though the fact that it was my birthday slipped my memory on that occasion. I was only fifty-one then, and birthdays did not seem so important. The banquet was very splendid, however though I had a bad cold at the time, I remember, and could only say 'thag you very buch'. I now repeat it more correctly: Thank you very much for coming to my little party. Obstinate silence. They all feared that a song or some poetry was now imminent; and they were getting bored. Why couldn't he stop talking and let them drink his health? But Bilbo did not sing or recite. He paused for a moment.

Thirdly and finally, he said, I wish to make an ANNOUNCEMENT. He spoke this last word so loudly and suddenly that everyone sat up who still could. *I regret to announce that – though, as I said, eleventy-one years is far too short a time to spend among you – this is the END. I am going. I am leaving NOW. GOOD-BYE!*

How is the elderly hobbit's, Proudfoot, feet described?

How old is Bilbo?

How many hobbits were at the party?

How old was Bilbo when he arrived in Barrel?

Who got on the table and danced the Spring-leaf?

.....

What did the guests fear was imminent during Bilbo's speech?

.....

Who has been welcomed 'at last' back to bag end?

How many hoots did Bilbo blow on the horn?

Who does Bilbo share his birthday with?

How is he related to Bilbo?

What mark was on the musical crackers?

Where was the chair that Bilbo stood on positioned?

Who scowled and wondered what was meant by 'coming into his inheritance'?

.....

What was Bilbo's announcement?

Due to having a bad cold what could Bilbo only say?

.....

Week Five Task

Due week commencing February 24th

Describe the most recent moment that you couldn't think of anything to say.

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Use figurative techniques such as simile or metaphor to express how you felt.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Read this extract from Audrey Niffenegger *The Time Traveler's Wife* (2004) and answer the fifteen questions on the quiz sheet:

CLAIRE: It's hard being left behind. I wait for Henry, not knowing where he is, wondering if he's okay. It's hard to be the one who stays.

I keep myself busy. Time goes faster that way.

I go to sleep alone, and wake up alone. I take walks. I work until I'm tired. I watch the wind play with the trash that's been under the snow all winter. Everything seems simple until you think about it. Why is love intensified by absence?

Long ago, men went to sea, and women waited for them, standing on the edge of the water, scanning the horizon for the tiny ship. Now I wait for Henry. He vanishes unwillingly, without warning. I wait for him. Each moment that I wait feels like a year, an eternity. Each moment is as slow and transparent as glass. Through each moment I can see infinite moments lined up, waiting. Why has he gone where I cannot follow?

HENRY: How does it feel? *How does it feel?*

Sometimes it feels as though your attention has wandered for just an instant. Then, with a start, you realise that the book you were holding, the red plaid cotton shirt with white buttons, the favourite black jeans and the maroon socks with an almost-hole in one heel, the living room, the about-to-whistle tea kettle in the kitchen: all of these have vanished. You are standing, naked as a jaybird, up to your ankles in ice water in a ditch along an unidentified rural route. You wait a minute to see if maybe you will just snap right back to your book, your apartment, *et cetera*. After about five minutes of swearing and shivering and hoping to hell you can just disappear, you start walking in any direction, which will eventually yield a farmhouse, where you have the option of stealing or explaining. Stealing will sometimes land you in jail, but explaining is more tedious and time-consuming and involves lying anyway, and also sometimes results in being hauled off to jail, so what the hell.

Sometimes you feel as though you have stood up too quickly even if you are lying in bed half asleep. You hear blood rushing in your head, feel vertiginous falling sensations. Your hands and feet are tingling and then they aren't there at all. You've mislocated yourself again. It only takes an instant, you have just enough time to try to hold on, to flail around (possibly damaging yourself or valuable possessions) and then you are skidding across the forest-green-carpeted hallway of a Motel 6 in Athens, Ohio, at 4:16 a.m., Monday, August 6, 1981, and you hit your head on someone's door, calling this person, a Ms. Tina Schulman from Philadelphia, to open this door and start screaming because there's a naked, carpet-burned man passed out at her feet. You wake up in the County Hospital concussed with a policeman sitting outside your door listening to the Phillies game on a crackly transistor radio. Mercifully, you lapse back into unconsciousness and wake up again hours later in your own bed with your wife leaning over you looking very worried.

Sometimes you feel euphoric. Everything is sublime and has an aura, and suddenly you are intensely nauseated and then you are gone. You are throwing up on some suburban geraniums, or your father's tennis shoes, or your very own bathroom floor three days ago, or a wooden sidewalk in Oak Park, Illinois, circa 1903, or a tennis court on a fine autumn day in the 1950s, or your own naked feet in a wide variety of times and places.

How does it feel?

It feels exactly like one of those dreams in which you suddenly realise that you have to take a test you haven't studied for and you aren't wearing any clothes. And you've left your wallet at home.

When I am out there, in time, I am inverted, changed into a desperate version of himself. I become a thief, a vagrant, an animal who runs and hides. I startle old women and amaze children. I am a trick, an illusion of the highest order, so incredible that I am actually true.

Who leaves Clare behind?

Clare does five things when she's alone; what are they?

.....

What does Henry do unwillingly?

Which technique is used (twice) to describe "Each moment"?

What was Henry wearing?

.....

How long does Henry swear and shiver for?

What does Henry risk damaging?

Where is Motel 6?

When was he there?

Why did Ms. Tina Schulman scream?

.....

What was the policeman listening to?

List three feelings you can experience:

.....

How many different places does he list for being sick?

.....

List the three years mentioned in chronological order:

What has been left at home?

Week Seven Task

Due week commencing March 9th

Write about something that you know absolutely nothing about.

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Use facts and statistics—whether they are true or not—to make your writing sound convincing.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Read this extract from George Orwell's *Animal Farm* (1945) and answer the fifteen questions on the quiz sheet:

Early in October, when the corn was cut and stacked and some of it was already threshed, a flight of pigeons came whirling through the air and alighted in the yard of Animal Farm in the wildest excitement. Jones and all his men, with half a dozen others from Foxwood and Pinchfield, had entered the five-barred gate and were coming up the cart-track that led to the farm. They were all carrying sticks, except Jones, who was marching ahead with a gun in his hands. Obviously they were going to attempt the recapture of the farm.

This had long been expected, and all preparations had been made. Snowball, who had studied an old book of Julius Caesar's campaigns which he had found in the farmhouse, was in charge of the defensive operations. He gave his orders quickly, and in a couple of minutes every animal was at his post. As the human beings approached the farm buildings, Snowball launched his first attack. All the pigeons, to the number of thirty-five, flew to and fro over the men's heads and pelted upon them from mid-air; and while the men were dealing with this, the geese, who had been hiding behind the hedge, rushed out and pecked viciously at the calves of their legs. However, this was only a light skirmishing manoeuvre, intended to create a little disorder, and the men easily drove the geese off with their sticks. Snowball now launched his second line of attack. Muriel, Benjamin, and all the sheep, with Snowball at the head of them, rushed forward and prodded and butted the men from every side, while Benjamin turned around and lashed at them with his small hoofs. But once again the men, with their sticks and their hob-nailed boots, were too strong for them; and suddenly, at a squeal from Snowball, which was the signal for retreat, all the animals turned and fled through the gateway into the yard.

The men gave a shout of triumph. They saw, as they imagined, their enemies in flight, and they rushed after them in disorder. This was just what Snowball had intended. As soon as they were well inside the yard, the three horses, the three cows, and the rest of the pigs, who had been lying in ambush in the cowshed, suddenly emerged in their rear, cutting them off. Snowball now gave the signal for the charge. He himself dashed straight for Jones. Jones saw him coming, raised his gun and fired. The pellets scored bloody streaks along Snowball's back, and a sheep dropped dead. Without halting for an instant, Snowball flung his fifteen stone against Jones's legs. Jones was hurled into a pile of dung and his gun flew out of his hands. But the most terrifying spectacle of all was Boxer, rearing up on his hind legs and striking out with his great iron-shod hoofs like a stallion. His very first blow took a stable-lad from Foxwood on the skull and stretched him lifeless in the mud. At the sight, several men dropped their sticks and tried to run. Panic overtook them, and the next moment all the animals together were chasing them round and round the yard. They were gored, kicked, bitten, trampled on. There was not an animal on the farm that did not take vengeance on them after his own fashion. Even the cat suddenly leapt off a roof onto a cowman's shoulders and sank her claws in his neck, at which he yelled horribly. At a moment when the opening was clear, the men were glad enough to rush out of the yard and make a bolt for the main road. And so within five minutes of their invasion they were in ignominious retreat by the same way as they had come, with a flock of geese hissing after them and pecking at their calves all the way.

All the men were gone except one. Back in the yard Boxer was pawing with his hoof at the stable-lad who lay face down in the mud, trying to turn him over. The boy did not stir.

"He is dead," said Boxer sorrowfully. "I had no intention of doing that. I forgot that I was wearing iron shoes. Who will believe that I did not do this on purpose?"

"No sentimentality, comrade!" cried Snowball from whose wounds the blood was still dripping. "War is war. The only good human being is a dead one."

"I have no wish to take life, not even human life," repeated Boxer, and his eyes were full of tears. "Where is Mollie?" exclaimed somebody.

Mollie in fact was missing. For a moment there was great alarm; it was feared that the men might have harmed her in some way, or even carried her off with them. In the end, however, she was found hiding in her stall with her head buried among the hay in the manger. She had taken to flight as soon as the gun went off. And when the others came back from looking for her, it was to find that the stable-lad, who in fact was only stunned, had already recovered and made off.

When did the battle take place?

Whose campaigns had been studied by Snowball?

Which animals took part in the first line of attack?

What did Benjamin do as part of the second line of attack?

.....

What had some of the livestock been doing in the cowshed?

.....

Who attacked Jones?

How did a sheep die?

.....

How much does Snowball weigh?

Which word class would you use if you were analysing “hurled”?

What is Boxer wearing?

What was the outcome of Boxer’s first blow?

.....

Which four verbs reveal what happened to the humans?

.....

Using your inference skills only, what does “ignominious” mean?

.....

Who feels guilty?

Where was Mollie?

.....

Week Nine Task

Due week commencing March 23rd

You have just invented something that will make life easier for everyone. Describe it and how it will benefit mankind.

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Try to use persuasive language to convince people that they really need the thing you have invented.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Read this extract from travel writer Bill Bryson and answer the following questions:

I took a train to Liverpool. They were having a festival of litter[1] when I arrived. Citizens had taken time off from their busy activities to add crisp packets, empty cigarette boxes and carrier-bags[2] to the otherwise bland and neglected[3] landscape. They fluttered gaily in the bushes and brought colour and texture to pavements and gutters. And to think that elsewhere we stick these objects in rubbish bags.

In another bout of extravagant madness, I had booked a room in the Adelphi Hotel. [4] I had seen it from the street on earlier visits and it appeared to have an old-fashioned grandeur about it that I was keen to investigate. On the other hand, it looked expensive and I wasn't sure my trousers could stand another session in the trouser press. So I was most agreeably surprised when I checked in to discover that I was entitled to a special weekend rate and that there would be money spare for a nice meal and a parade of beer in any of the many wonderful pubs in which Liverpool specializes. [5]

And so, soon afterwards, I found myself, like all fresh arrivals in Liverpool, in the grand and splendid surroundings of the Philharmonic, clutching a pint glass and rubbing shoulders with a happy Friday-evening throng. The Phil (you can call it this if you have been there twice) was in fact a bit too crowded for my liking. There was nowhere to sit and scarcely any room to stand, so I drank two pints, just enough at my time of life to need a pee - for there is no place in the world finer for a pee than the ornate gents' room of the Philharmonic - then went off to find some place a little quieter. [6]

I ended up back in a place called The Vines, which was nearly as ornate as the Philharmonic but infinitely quieter. Apart from me, there were only three other customers, which was a mystery to me because it was a very fine pub with wood panelling by some Grinling Gibbons wannabe and a plaster ceiling even more ornate than the panelling. As I was sitting there drinking my beer and savouring my plush surroundings, some guy came in with a collecting tin from which the original label had been clumsily scratched, and asked me for a donation for handicapped children. [7]

"Which handicapped children?" I asked.

'Ones in wheelchairs like.'

[1] What does this metaphor suggest about the writer's first impressions?

[2] what tone is generated through the use of rule of three here? And [3] why does the writer choose these adjectives?

[4] How do we know that Bryson is being sarcastic here?

[5] What does Bryson really mean by these comments?

What is his impression of the hotel?

[6] How do we know that Bryson is displeased with the pub?

Week Eleven Task

Due week commencing April 20th

Write a letter to yourself on the day before the first day of term in September of Year Seven explaining the ways in which secondary school is—or isn't—what you expected it to be.

CHALLENGE TARGETS: Look back over the past few challenge targets and use as many as possible..

[illegible]

[illegible]