



Climbing Higher

Year Group: 7 Term: Autumn 1 Subject: English Topic:	
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Name: _____	Form: _____
Subject Teacher: _____	Group (If known): _____
Date given: 11 th September 2017	Date to hand in: 18th September 2017

Level achieved in this Home Learning Booklet:	Effort in this Home Learning Booklet: 1 = Excellent 4 = Needs major improvement	Achievement Points this Home Learning Booklet:
	1	1 for Effort = 3 Achievement Points
	2	2 for Effort = 2 Achievement Points
	3	3 for Effort = 1 Achievement Points
	4	4 for Effort = 0 Achievement Points

WWW (what went well)		EBI (even better if)	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Knew the meanings of the key words	<input type="checkbox"/>	You completed all parts of the booklet
<input type="checkbox"/>	Had several plausible theories	<input type="checkbox"/>	You completed all the key words
<input type="checkbox"/>	Well explained answers	<input type="checkbox"/>	You included several theories
<input type="checkbox"/>	Looked at different points of view	<input type="checkbox"/>	You explained your answers in more detail
<input type="checkbox"/>	You gave a reasoned conclusion	<input type="checkbox"/>	You gave a reasoned conclusion
<input type="checkbox"/>	Beautifully presented	<input type="checkbox"/>	You put more effort into your presentation

Other Feedback:

Student response:

Accuracy of punctuation, spelling and grammar

Task 1

What is a Lexical Semanticist?

The Case of the Lower Case Letter

She breezed into my office one cold September morning. I'd been enjoying a hot cup of Starbuck's finest and surfing the web for local news. The famous lexical semanticist Professor Edgar Nettleston had been found dead, a gunshot wound to the head. The police verdict was suicide.

She held out an elegant hand as she floated towards me and I glimpsed a wedding band with a stone the size of a peanut M&M.

"I'm Edith Nettleston."

"Sorry about the old man."

"I'm not. He loved me, but he loved words more. I'll be brief. My husband was working on a paper that will rock the very foundation of lexical semantics. It's worth a fortune in lecture tours, but nobody can find it. I believe his suicide note is a clue to its whereabouts."

She removed a scrap of paper from her blouse.

"edith. i'm not going to whine, i've had a good life. i've found wealth and happiness as a teacher, a seller of knowledge. but i find myself depressed beyond hope ... and so i'm choosing the hour and manner of my own demise. i have treated you badly. i demanded you dyed your brown curls blonde. i thought i could buy you when i should have won your love. i called you a witch. i'd complain: where's the woman i married? i said you ate too much. if i wanted change, i could have used a carrot rather than a stick. you probably wanted to wring my neck. forgive me. farewell."

"It's all written in lower case. My husband was a stickler for correct grammar. I refuse to believe it doesn't mean something."

"Mrs. Nettleston, I think I can help you. There's a couple of odd things about this letter. Firstly, as you say, it's written entirely in lower case. Mr. Nettleston was a world-renowned lexical semanticist, not a teenager texting his BFFs."

"Secondly, it has a more than usual number of homophones, words where there is another word with the same sound but different spelling and meaning. When dealing with a lexical semanticist, that's surely no accident."

Task 2

Having read the first half of the story above answer the questions and solve the mystery....

1. What is a Homophone?

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2. Give some examples of homophones that you know?

There				
Their				

Can you solve the Mystery?

3. Pick out the homophones from the letter. The first 4 will give the location of the papers; the other 8 will reveal the murderer

Word from the text	Whine			
Homophone	Wine			

Word from the text	Dyed	Buy						
Homophone	Died							

1. Write an explanation of where the papers are and who killed the man

Below is a poem by Robert Browning

My Last Duchess

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 "Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,

The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
But to myself they turned (since none puts by
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
How such a glance came there; so, not the first
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
Her husband's presence only, called that spot
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek; perhaps
Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
Over my lady's wrist too much," or "Paint
Must never hope to reproduce the faint
Half-flush that dies along her throat." Such stuff
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
For calling up that spot of joy. She had
A heart—how shall I say?— too soon made glad,
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
The dropping of the daylight in the West,
The bough of cherries some officious fool
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
She rode with round the terrace—all and each
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,
Or blush, at least. She thanked men—good! but thanked
Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old name
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame

This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
In speech—which I have not—to make your will
Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse—
E'en then would be some stooping; and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt,
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
The company below, then. I repeat,
The Count your master's known munificence
Is ample warrant that no just pretense
Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
Together down, sir. Notice Neptune, though,
Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me!

