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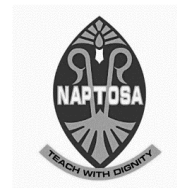
Resources

EFAL



Jika iMfundo
what I do matters

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Resources for FET EFAL JiT Workshop 1 of 2020

Grade 10 Poetry

Brief biography of Mongane Wally Serote (information from Wikipedia)

Professor Mongane Wally Serote was born in Sophiatown, Johannesburg in 1944. He became involved in the Black Consciousness Movement when finishing high school in Soweto. As one of the Soweto poets of the 1960s his poems often expressed themes of political activism, the development of black identity and violent images of revolt and resistance. He was arrested by the apartheid government under the Terrorism Act in June 1969 and spent nine months in solitary confinement before being released without charge. He went to study in New York, obtaining a Fine Arts degree at Columbia University. His first published collection of poems, *Yakhal'Inkomo*, won the Ingrid Jonker Poetry Prize in 1972.

He lived in exile, first in Gaborone, Botswana where he was involved in the Medu Arts Ensemble, and then in London from 1986 where he worked for the ANC's Department of Arts and Culture. He returned to South Africa in 1990 and has served as the chair of the parliamentary select committee for arts and culture, as the CEO of Freedom Park, a national heritage site in Pretoria, and sits on a number of advisory boards dealing with arts and culture issues. He has published novels and essays as well as poetry. In 2007 Prof Serote was awarded The Order of Ikhamanga in Silver for "Excellent contribution to literature with emphasis on poetry and for putting his artistic talents at the service of democracy in South Africa."

The Clothes by Mongane Wally Serote

I came home one morning
There on the stoep,
The shoes I knew so well.
Dripped water like a window crying dew
The shoes rested the first time
From when they were new.
Now it's forever.

I looked back,
On the washing line hung
A shirt, jacket and trousers
Soaked wet with pity,
Wrinkled and crying reddish water, perhaps also salty;
The pink shirt had a gash on the right,
And stains that told the few who knew
An item of our death-live lives.

The colourless jacket still had mud
Dropping lazily from its body
To join the dry earth beneath.
The over-sized black-striped trousers

Dangled from one hip,
Like a man from a rope 'neath his head
Tired of hoping to hope.

Grade 11 Poetry

Brief biography of Chris van Wyk

Chris van Wyk (1957-2014) was born at Baragwanath hospital in Soweto and grew up in Riverlea, Johannesburg. He wrote about his childhood and young adult memories in two memoirs titled *Shirley, Goodness and Mercy* and *Eggs to Lay and Chickens to Hatch*. He also wrote a number of books for children and for newly literate adults, as well as short stories and poetry. He is particularly well known for writing an abridged version of Nelson Mandela's *Long Walk to Freedom* so that this important book could be read by children. He was a political activist during the apartheid era and one of his most famous poems is titled *In Detention*. The poem you are about to read describes a vivid memory from his early childhood.

Memory by Chris van Wyk

Derek is dangling on the kitchen chair
While I'm shuffling about in a flutter of flour.
Mummy is making vetkoek on the primus.
Derek is too small to peer over the table,
That's why Mummy has perched him on the chair.
His dummy twitters, so he's a bird.

I'm not that small; I was four in July.
I'm tall enough to see what's going on;
I'm a giraffe, and the blotches of shadow
on the ceiling and the walls
from the flames of the primus and the candle
are the patches on my back.

Daddy's coming home soon
from the factory where they're turning him into
a cupboard that creaks,
but the vetkoek are sizzling and growing
like bloated gold coins, we're rich!

This is the first vivid memory of childhood.
Why have I never written it all down before?
Maybe because the pan falls with a clatter
And the oil swims towards the twittering bird.
Mummy flattens her forearm on the table
Stopping the seething flood.
As she does so, she pleads with the bird to fly away,
But quietly so as not to ruffle his feathers.
But my brother clammers off the chair
As if he has all the time in the world.
Sensing danger, the twittering gives way to a wail
and the giraffe's patches flare on the restive walls.

Ma gives a savage scream that echoes across the decades
And cauterizes my childhood like a long scar.
Grade 11 Short Story

Brief biography of O Henry and background information on the story

O Henry was the pen name (the name he used for writing) of an American short story writer whose real name was William Sydney Porter (1862-1910). He was well known for writing stories with surprise endings. The Gift of the Magi was first published in *The New York Sunday World* newspaper in 1905.

The Magi is the name given to the three wise men / kings / distinguished foreigners who, according to the New Testament gospel of Matthew, visited Jesus after his birth, bringing gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The Gift of the Magi by O Henry

One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony [meanness with money] that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eight-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates [brings about / introduces] the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the lookout for the mendicancy squad [group of beggars – i.e. the flat was poorly and cheaply furnished].

In the vestibule [entry area] below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, though, they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray [American spelling of grey] cat walking a gray fence in a gray backyard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him.

Something fine and rare and sterling – something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor [American spelling] of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass [mirror] between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 flat. A very thin and agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color [American spelling] within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate [lessen the value of] Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor [caretaker], with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her rippling and shining like a cascade [waterfall] of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mne. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. [hashed = mixed up, as wings fly rather than trip] She was ransacking [searching very thoroughly] the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no-one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste [pure] in design, properly proclaiming its value by its substance alone and not by meretricious [unnecessary] ornamentation – as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value – the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 87 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages [destructive effects] made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends – a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully and critically.

“If Jim doesn’t kill me,” she said to herself, “before he takes a second look at me, he’ll say I look like a Coney Island [an amusement park in New York] chorus girl. But what could I do - oh! What could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?”

At 7 o’clock the coffee was made and the frying pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying a little silent prayer about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: “Please God, make him think I am still pretty.”

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two – and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stopped just inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of a quail [a setter is a type of dog used by hunters when they wish to shoot quail which are a type of bird]. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression on them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments [feelings] that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went to him.

“Jim, darling,” she cried, “don’t look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold because I couldn’t have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It’ll grow out again – you won’t mind will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say ‘Merry Christmas Jim, and let’s be happy. You don’t know what a nice - what a beautiful, nice gift I’ve got for you.’”

“You’ve cut off your hair?” asked jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent [obvious] fact yet even after the hardest mental labor [American spelling].

“Cut it off and sold it,” said Della. “Don’t you like me just as well, anyhow? I’m me without my hair, ain’t I?”

Jim looked about the room curiously.

“You say your hair is gone?” he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

“You needn’t look for it,” said Della. It’s sold, I tell you – sold and gone, too. It’s Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs on my head were numbered,” she went on with sudden serious sweetness, “but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?”

Out of his trance Jim seemed to quickly wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction [i.e. let’s not look at the young couple as they hug each other]. Eight dollars a week or a million a year – what is the

difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

“Don’t make any mistake, Dell,” he said, “about me. I don’t think there’s anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you’ll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first.”

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! A quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs – the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped long in a Broadway [fashionable New York street] window. Beautiful combs – pure tortoise shell, with jewelled rims – just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: “My hair grows so fast, Jim!”

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat [a cat that has burnt its fur] and cried, “Oh, oh!”

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

“Isn’t it a dandy, Jim. I hunted all over town to find it. You’ll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it.”

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

“Dell,” said he, let’s put our Christmas presents away and keep ‘em a while. They’re too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on.”

The magi, as you know, were wise men – wonderfully wise men – who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle [series of events; a story] of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasure of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

Rules for punctuating Direct Speech

Quotation marks (inverted commas) are used to show the first word and the last word used by a speaker as in this example of a short conversation between Thandi and Ntombi.

“I hope you enjoyed the concert,” Thandi said to Ntombi.

“It was great!” exclaimed Ntombi. “Which performers did you like the most, Thandi?”

- Open inverted commas immediately before the speaker’s first word.
- Close inverted commas after the speaker’s last word.
- Put a **comma** after the last word before the closing inverted commas if the speaker has made a statement. (e.g. “I hope you enjoyed the concert,” Thandi said to Ntombi.)
- Put a **question mark** after the last word before the closing inverted commas if the speaker has asked a question (e.g. “Which performers did you like the most, Thandi?”)
- Put an **exclamation mark** after the last word before the closing inverted commas if the speaker has uttered an exclamation (e.g. “It was great!” exclaimed Thandi.)
- If the sentence begins with the speaker and a reporting verb, then put a comma before opening the inverted commas: Thandi said, “I hope you enjoyed the concert, Ntombi.” Ntombi exclaimed, “It was great!”

Rules for changing Direct Speech to Indirect or Reported Speech (adapted from *Study and Master English Grade 11 Teacher’s Guide*)

A. When the main verb is in the past tense all the present tenses in the direct speech are changed into past tense.

a. Simple present tense becomes simple past tense.

Example: Direct: He said, “I am unwell.” Indirect: He said that he was unwell.

b. Present continuous tense becomes past continuous tense.

Example: Direct: He said, “My mother is writing a letter.” Indirect: He said that his mother was writing a letter.

c. Present perfect tense becomes past perfect tense.

Example: Direct: He said, “I have passed the examination.” Indirect: He said that he had passed the examination.

B. Usually the simple past tense in direct speech becomes the past perfect tense in indirect speech.

Example: Direct: He said, “His horse died during the night.” Indirect: He said that his horse had died during the night.

C. If the reporting verb is in the present tense, the tense does not change in indirect speech.

Examples: Direct: He says, “I am unwell.” Indirect: He says that he is unwell.

Direct: He says, “My mother is writing a letter.” Indirect: He says that his mother is writing a letter.

Direct: He says, "I have passed the examination." Indirect: He says that he has passed the examination.

D. The tense does not change from present to past if the statement expresses something that is always true.

Example: Direct: The teacher said, "The earth goes round the sun." Indirect: The teacher said that the earth goes round the sun.

E. The pronouns of the direct speech change to show the relation between the reporter and his / her hearer, rather than the original speaker.

Examples: Direct: He said to me, "I do not believe you." Indirect: He said that he did not believe me.

Direct: She said to him, "I do not believe you." Indirect: She said to him that she did not believe him.

F. Words expressing nearness in time or place change

Example: Direct: He said, "I was here yesterday."

Direct speech	Indirect speech
Now	then
Here	there
Ago	before
Today	that day
Tomorrow	the next day
Yesterday	the day before
last night	the night before
this	that
These	those

G. In indirect speech questions, commands, requests and exclamations all need the addition of a verb.

Examples: Direct: He said to me, "What are you doing?" Indirect: He asked me what I was doing.

Direct: Ravi said to Sam, "Go away." Indirect: Ravi ordered Sam (or told Sam) to go away.

Direct: "What a great goal!" he said. Indirect: He exclaimed that it was a great goal.

Grades 10 and 11 essay writing

Writing a narrative essay that includes direct speech

A narrative essay tells a story and often involves characters who speak to each other, as they do in the short story *The Gift of the Magi*. The following questions may assist learners when they are brainstorming and then formally planning a narrative essay that involves dialogue:

- What happened? Think about the order of the events in the story.
- Where did the events take place? There may be only one location or more than one.
- When did the events take place? Stating the different times of the events in the story shows how the plot develops.
- Who are the characters? This may involve description of what they look like, what they think, what they do and say and why.

Note: All of these questions can be answered about the short story *The Gift of the Magi*.

When the characters speak, choosing verbs that show how they speak adds interest to the story. Here are some examples of such verbs: whispered, shouted, exclaimed, cried, admitted, denied, inquired, asked, demanded, commanded, pleaded, laughed.

**A suggestion: how to help learners to plan the structure of their essays:
Using flow charts and key words for preparing the steps of a narrative.**

Advantages:

The learners clarify the structure of the narrative before writing out the story.
They can check the logic of the steps.

Example: A memory from early childhood

