

TASK SHEET YEARS 7 – 10



Year: NINE

Topic: Holiday Homework

Student:

Teacher:

Date Due: Term 4 Week 1

Achievement Standards:

Receptive Modes: Reading

Productive Modes: (Comprehension & Writing)

Part 1: Short Response Questions

Part 2: Vocabulary

Part 3: Extended Writing

Weighting: 10%

Mark: / 50

Teacher Comment:

Comprehension [50 marks]

Read the short story *The Pedestrian* by Ray Bradbury and answer the questions on pages 5-7.

To enter out into that silence that was the city at eight o'clock of a misty evening in November, to put your feet upon that buckling concrete walk, to step over grassy seams and make your way, hands in pockets, through the silences, that was what Mr. Leonard Mead most dearly loved to do. He would stand upon the corner of an **intersection** and peer down long moonlit avenues of sidewalks in four directions, deciding which way to go, but it really made no difference; he was alone in this world of A.D. 2053, or as good as alone, and with a final decision made, a path selected, he would stride off, sending patterns of frosty air before him like the smoke of a cigar.

Sometimes he would walk for hours and miles and return only at midnight to his house. And on his way he would see the cottages and homes with their dark windows, and it was not unequal to walking through a graveyard where only the faintest glimmers of firefly light appeared in flickers behind the windows. Sudden grey phantoms seemed to **manifest** upon inner room walls where a curtain was still undrawn against the night, or there were whisperings and murmurs where a window in a tomb-like building was still open.

Mr Leonard Mead would pause, cock his head, listen, look and march on, his feet making no noise on the lumpy walk. For long ago he had wisely changed to sneakers when strolling at night, because the dogs in **intermittent** squads would parallel his journey with barkings if he wore hard heels, and lights might click on and faces appear and an entire street startled by the passing of a lone figure, himself, in the early November evening.

On this particular evening he began his journey in a westerly direction, toward the hidden sea. There was a good crystal frost in the air; it cut the nose and made the lungs blaze like a Christmas tree inside; you could feel the cold light going on and off, all the branches filled with invisible snow. He listened to the faint push of his soft shoes through the autumn leaves with satisfaction, and whistled a cold quiet whistle between his teeth, occasionally picking up a leaf as he passed, examining its skeletal pattern in the infrequent lamplights as he went on, smelling its rusty smell.

"Hello, in there," he whispered to every house on every side as he moved. "What's up tonight on Channel 4, Channel 7, Channel 9? Where are the cowboys rushing, and do I see the United States Calvary over the next hill to the rescue?"

The street was silent and long and empty, with only his shadow moving like the shadow of a hawk in mid country. If he closed his eyes and stood very still, frozen, he could imagine himself upon the centre of a plain, a wintry, windless Arizona desert with no house in a thousand miles, and only dry river beds, the streets, for company.

"What is it now?" he asked the houses, noticing his wrist watch. "Eight-thirty pm? Time for a dozen assorted murders? A quiz? A **revue**? A comedian falling off the stage?"

Was that a murmur of laughter from within the moon-white house? He hesitated, but went on when nothing happened. He stumbled over a particularly uneven section of sidewalk. The cement was vanishing under flowers and grass. In ten years of walking, not once in all that time.

He came to a cloverleaf intersection which stood silent where two main highways crossed the town. During the day it was a thunderous surge of cars, the gas stations open, a great insect rustling and a ceaseless jockeying for position as the scarab-beetles, a faint **incense** putting from their exhausts, skimmed homeward to the far directions. But now these highways, too were like streams in a dry season, all stone and bed and moon radiance.

He turned back on a side street, circling around toward his home. He was within a block of his destination when the lone car turned a corner quite suddenly and flashed a fierce white cone of light upon him. He stood entranced, not unlike a night moth, stunned by the **illumination**, and the drawn toward it.

A metallic voice called to him:

“Stand still. Stay where you are! Don’t move!”

He halted.

“Put up your hands!”

“But – “ he said.

“Your hands up! Or we’ll shoot!” The police, of course, but what a rare incredible thing; in a city of three million, there was only one police car left, wasn’t that correct? Ever since a year ago, 2052, the election year, the force had been cut down from three cars to one. Crime was **ebbing**: there was no need now for the police, save for this one lone car wandering and wandering empty streets.

“Your name?” said the police car in a metallic whisper. He couldn’t see the men in it for the bright light in his eyes.

“Leonard Mead,” he said.

“Speak up!”

“Business or profession?”

“I guess you’d call me a writer.”

“No profession,” said the police car, as if talking to itself. The light held him fixed, like a museum specimen, needle thrust through the chest.

“You might say that,” said Mr. Mead. He hadn’t written in years. Magazines and books didn’t sell any more. Everything went on in the tomblike houses at night now, he thought, continuing his fancy. The tombs, ill-lit by television light, where the people sat like the dead, the gray or multi-coloured lights touching their faces, but never really touching them.

“No profession,” said the phonograph voice, hissing. “What are you doing out?”

“Walking,” said Leonard Mead.

“Walking!”

“Just walking, he said simply, but his face felt cold.

“Walking, just walking, walking?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Walking, just walking, walking?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Walking where? For what?”

“Walking for air. Walking to see.”

“Your address!”

“Eleven South Saint James Street.”

“And there is air in your house, you have an air-conditioner, Mr. Mead?”

“Yes.”

“And you have a viewing screen in your house to see with?”

“No.”

“No?” There was a cracking quiet that in itself was an **accusation**. “Are you married, Mr. Mead?”

“No.”

“Not married,” said the police voice behind the fiery beam. The moon was high and clear among the stars and the houses were grey and silent.

“Nobody wanted me,” said Leonard Mead with a smile.

“Don’t speak unless you’re spoken to!”

Leonard Mead waited in the cold night.

“Just walking, Mr. Mead?”

“Yes.”

“But you haven’t explained for what purpose.”

“I explained: for air, and to see, and just to walk.”

“Have you done this often?”

“Every night for years.”

The police car sat in the centre of the street with its radio throat faintly humming.

“Well, Mr. Mead,” it said.

“Is that all?” he asked politely.

“Yes,” said the voice. “Here.” There was a sigh, a pop. The back door of the police car sprang wide. “Get in.”

“Wait a minute, I haven’t done anything!”

“Get in.”

“I protest!”

“Mr. Mead.”

He walked like a man suddenly drunk. As he passed the front window of the car, he looked in. As he had expected, there was no one in the front seat, no one in the car at all.

“Get in.”

He put his hand to the door and peered into the back seat, which was a little cell, a little black jail with bars. It smelled of riveted steel. It smelled of harsh antiseptic ; it smelled too clean and hard and metallic. There was nothing soft there.

“Now if you had a wife to give you an alibi,” the iron voice said. “But –”

“Where are you taking me?”

The car hesitated, or rather gave a faint whirring click, as if information, somewhere, was dropping card by punch-slotted card under electric eyes. “To the Psychiatric Centre for Research on Regressive Tendencies.”

He got in. The door shut with a soft thud. The police car rolled through the night avenues, flashing its dim lights ahead.

They passed one house on one street a moment later, one house in an entire city of houses that were dark, but this one particular house had all of its electric lights brightly lie, every window a loud yellow illumination, square and warm in the cool darkness.

“That’s my house,” said Leonard Mead.

No one answered him.

The car moved down the empty river-bed streets and off away, leaving the empty streets with the empty side-walks, and no motion all the rest of the chill November night.

Part 1 (Short Response Questions)

1. Describe the setting. Provide as many details as possible. (2m)

2. Explain the possible reasons that Leonard Mead does not fit into this society. (2m)

3. Why does Mead keep all of his lights on? (1m)

4. Bradbury uses repetition of words and images to establish the tone or mood of the story. What specific words or images does Bradbury repeat to help establish the tone of the story? Identify at least three words or images. (3m)

5. Mead is taken to the Psychiatric Centre for Research on Regressive Tendencies.

(i) What does "regressive" mean? (1m)

(ii) Why would he be taken there just for walking down the street? (1m)

6. What might have happened to this society if the act of walking would be considered a criminal activity? (2m)

The following rubrics can be used to guide assessment for Part 3.

Level	Mark	Task Achievement	Organisation	Language Usage
Excellent to very Good	9-10	Meets text type requirements including specified length Register and format consistently appropriate	Valid ideas organized effectively Variety of appropriate linking devices	Wide range of appropriate vocabulary and structures to express valid ideas efficiently Ambitious attempts at advanced, idiomatic language
Good	7-8	Some inconsistencies in text type requirements Register and format on the whole appropriate	Valid ideas organized clearly Suitable linking devices	Good range of appropriate vocabulary and structures Ambitious attempts at advanced language
Average	5-6	Several inconsistencies in text type requirements Reasonable, if not always successful, attempt made at appropriate register and format	Mainly valid ideas organized adequately Some simple linking devices	Moderate range of structures and vocabulary
Fair to Poor	3-4	Barely meets text type requirements Attempts at appropriate Register/Format are unsuccessful or inconsistent	Choppy; ideas organized inadequately Communication or purpose of writing sometimes obscured; repetitive Rare or incorrect use of linking devices	Limited range of vocabulary and structures; very simple
Poor to very poor	0-2	Hardly any or no valid ideas Does not meet text type requirements	Confusing; ideas disconnected; lacks logical sequencing No appropriate linking devices	Inadequate range of structures and vocabulary Lack of vocabulary obscures communication

Teacher Information Only

Teaching Learning Focus:

Strand: Literature

Sub- strand: RESPONDING TO LITERATURE

Content Description/s:

Share, reflect on, clarify and evaluate opinions and arguments about aspects of literary texts (ACELT1627)

Teaching Learning Focus:

Strand: Language

Sub- strand: INTERPRETING, ANALYSING, EVALUATING

Content Description/s:

Analyse and evaluate the ways that text structures and language features vary according to the purpose of the text and the ways that referenced sources add authority to a text (ACELY1732)

Teaching Learning Focus:

Strand: Language

Sub- strand: EXPRESSING AND DELIVERING IDEAS

Content Description/s:

Identify how vocabulary choices contribute to specificity, abstraction and stylistic effectiveness (ACELA1561)

Teaching Learning Focus:

Strand: Language

Sub- strand: TEXT STRUCTURE AND ORGANISATION

Content Description/s:

Understand that authors innovate with text structures and language for specific purposes and effects (ACELA1553)