



Grade 6

Self-study pack

10th February 2020

Please use this workbook to study at home during the school cancellations. You can print it and write the answers on the paper, or complete the work in your notebook.

Task One: READ 'The Tell-Tale Heart'

This is an extract from a short story. The narrator has murdered an old man and hidden his body under the floorboards. The Tell-Tale Heart: Edgar Allan Poe

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all of the body. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye – not even his – could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out – no stain of any kind – no blood-spot whatever. I had been too careful for that.

When I had finished this task, it was four o'clock – still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it without fear, for what had I now to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbour during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been told to the police, and they (the officers) had been sent to search the premises.

I smiled, for what had I to fear? I welcomed the gentlemen to my home. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I said, was absent in the countryside. I took my visitors all over the house. I told them to search thoroughly. I led them to his bedroom. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room and invited them to rest from their work, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own above the very spot where the corpse of the victim was.

The officers were satisfied. My manner had convinced them. I relaxed. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted about familiar things. But, before long, I felt myself getting pale and wished they would leave. My head ached, and I imagined a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct: it continued and became louder: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and became even louder – until I thought that the noise was not within my ears.

No doubt I now grew very pale; but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased – and what could I do? It was a low, dull, quick sound – like the sound as a watch makes. I gasped for breath – and yet the officers did not hear it. I talked more quickly; but the noise steadily increased. I got up and argued about small things, in a high key and with violent gesticulations; but the noise steadily increased. Why would they not leave? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides and still the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what could I do? I foamed – I shouted – I swore! I moved the chair upon which I had been sitting, and dragged it on the floorboards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder – louder – louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they could not hear it? Almighty God! – no, no! They heard! – they suspected! – they knew! – they were making a mockery of my horror! But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this mocking! I could not stand their fake smiles any longer. I felt that I must scream or die! and now – again! louder! louder! louder! louder!

“Villains!” I shrieked, “wait no more! I admit the deed! – tear up the planks! here, here! – It is the beating of his hideous heart!”

ANSWER these questions about the text

To prove your understanding, answer these questions about the text in your notebook.

1. Where does the narrator hide the old man’s body?
2. What time did the officers arrive?
3. Was the narrator nervous at first?
4. Did the officers suspect anything after they’d been shown around the house?
5. Where was the noise coming from?
6. Does the noise get louder or quieter?
7. What does the narrator do at the end of the story?
8. Can the other people in the room *really* hear the noise?

Task two: FIND the line

Find a quotation in the text that suggests:

1. There is no blood on the floor:

2. The narrator is pleased with himself:

3. That he was keen to make the officers welcome:

4. That he feels uncomfortable with the officers in his home:

5. That he is becoming more and more anxious:

6. That the officers cannot hear the noise :

7. That the narrator has been driven mad:

BEASTS IN PROFILE

Read the descriptions on the following page and draw each of the monsters in the boxes next to them, or in your notebook:

Beast #1

The beast was as tall as an elephant. It was covered in thick, red fur. I was amazed that its fur was red, such a bright red.

Mesmerised, I caught sight of a tail as sharp as a blade. I gasped when I saw its long, sharp fangs. They were like samurai swords. I took a deep breath to calm down, but the beast smelled horrible - the odour could fill up two classrooms! When it moved it was as fast as a cheetah that had just drank coffee.

Beast #2

With each step it took the ground shook. The beast had two heads of different colours, one white and the other black. I shivered when I saw its differently coloured eyes. One head had eyes as red as blood, while those on the other were a menacing, icy blue. It had black wings with white claws that were as sharp as knives. The creature's wings were silky and soft. Its flowing tail was a flaming ball of red and blue fire. The wild thing's red legs were covered in scales.

Beast #3

I looked closely at the three red beady eyes, and the mouth dripping with lava. I could not believe how big it was! It was the size of a rocket, with six arms sprouting from its body! I couldn't help but stare at the murderous look in its red eyes. The monster had razor sharp black teeth and its fur was striped black and orange. The claws were as green as lettuce. Its fingernails, yellow as the sun. I caught glimpses of its fangs. They could slice your hand off in one bite! The smell of the beast's breath almost killed my dog. It smelled like garbage mixed with rotten eggs. The monster's tail had sharp spikes pointing straight up at the ceiling.

Beast #4

I couldn't believe the strange creature standing before me. It was at least as big as a city bus. A faint, delicate smell of roses came from the beast. I heard a sound rise from its throat, a cross between a squeak and growl. The eyes were a burning red. A forked tongue shot out from between small, white, razor sharp fangs. The beast darted around as fast as lightning, its pointed claws tearing through the ground. Its upper body was the colour of sweet honey, including its head which resembled that of a horse, although it moved, and slashed like a panther. Finally, I saw its tail! A silver, glowing snake.

The Red Room - Reading

Read this short story and then answer the questions on the following pages.

I left the door open until the candle was well alight and then I shut them in and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must admit that the strangeness of those three old pensioners who her ladyship had left in charge of the castle affected me. I tried not to show this to them. The furniture in the room in which they sat was old fashioned and the ornaments were ghostly, like they haunted the room rather than decorated it. But with effort I sent away the thoughts of their strangeness. The long, draughty passage was chilly and dusty and my candle flared and made the shadows quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and one fled into the darkness overhead. I came to the landing and stopped there for a minute, listening to a rustling that I thought I heard; then, satisfied of the absolute silence, I pushed open the door and stood in the corridor.

The effect was not what I expected for the moonlight, coming in through the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadowy or silvery illumination. Everything was in its place: the house might have been deserted yesterday, not eighteen months ago. The candles were in the holders, the dust on the carpets was so even it was invisible in the moonlight. I was about to advance, and then stopped abruptly. A bronze statue stood on the landing, hidden from me by the corner of a wall, but its shadow fell onto the white paneling and gave me the impression of someone hiding, waiting to attack me. I stood rigid for half a minute perhaps. Then with my hand holding my revolver in my pocket I advanced slowly, only to discover the statue glistening in the moonlight. That incident for a time restored my courage and a porcelain ornament of a man on the table, whose head rocked silently as I passed him scarcely startled me.

The door to the red room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner and I moved my candle from side to side, in order to see clearly the place in which I stood before opening the door. Here it was, I thought, that the last person who visited this room was found dead here, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden chill. I glanced over my shoulder at the statue in the moonlight and opened the door of the red room very quickly.

The Red Room - Questions

Answer the questions below in full sentences. Remember that the number of marks is a guide to how much you should write in your answer.

1) How many people were looking after the castle? (1)

2) Find 3 details which describe the corridor (3)

3) What impression (opinion) did the writer have of the old people? (1)

4) When had the house been deserted (all the people left)? (1)

5) What is it that scares the writer about the corridor? (2)

6) Find 2 pieces of evidence that show the narrator is scared (2) You should quote from the text.

7) Explain how the evidence tells us he is scared (4)

8) How does the narrator feel when he is at the landing? (2)

9) How do you know this? (2)

10) Why is the writer nervous about entering the room? (1)
