





Directorate: Curriculum GET			LESSON PLAN
Subject	English First Additional Language	Term	1
Grade	7	Week	1-2
Link to Teaching and Assessment Plan	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Unprepared speech as a baseline to ascertain learners' confidence levels whilst speaking in the First Additional Language Introduce learners to the methodology of 3 reads (similar to PSRIP) Introduce learners to Elements of Literature: Story Elements as set out by CAPS. Learners apply knowledge of Elements of Literature: Story Elements by completing a template. 		
Introduction	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> TEXT: SHORT STORY – 'GETTING SOMEWHERE' LILIAN A. AUJO Connecting the story with the learners' journey as they speak about their primary school career Learners read the story three times and complete the template Learners do self-directed learning by watching the YouTube video on the Elements of Literature: Story Elements 		
Consolidation	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Learners complete the set tasks: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Unprepared speech Unprepared reading Self-directed learning on Elements of Literature: Story Elements Completion of task on Elements of Literature: Story Elements 		
Paper based resources: Worksheets are provided. Flashcards; Magazines; Textbook; Dictionary		Digital resources: https://wcedportal.co.za/curriculum-support https://wcedportal.co.za/partners/#103031	
 TEACHER'S ACTIVITIES	Skills (WHAT I am going to teach/guide/support)	Teaching Methodologies/ (HOW I am going to teach/guide/support...)	Resources / LTSM (WHAT I am going to use to teach/guide/support...)
	Listening & Speaking:	Focus during this week is the short story 'Getting Somewhere' by Lilian A. Aujo <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Learners will be expected to reflect on their journey at the primary school (the highlights and the low lights and their future aspirations) Learners will be informally assessed on their oral presentation 	
	Reading & Viewing:	Focus during this week is the short story 'Getting Somewhere' by Lilian A. Aujo <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Learners are introduced to the 3-Read Methodology Learners use the 3-Reads Methodology to make sense of the short story Learners need to do self-directed learning by viewing the YouTube clip and familiarize themselves 	

		with the Elements of Literature: Story Elements	
	Writing & Presenting:	Focus during this week is the short story 'Getting Somewhere' by Lilian A. Aujo <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Learners will complete the template on the Elements of Literature 	
	Language Structures & Conventions:	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Learners will complete the activity by adding the nouns to the correct columns. 	
 <p>PARENT'S ACTIVITIES</p>		Learners may need some guidance with regards to the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Compiling their thoughts and reflections to put a coherent speech together Encouragement to speak with making errors Modelling of good reading methods. Critical thinking on the text they are reading. 	
 <p>LEARNER'S ACTIVITIES</p>	<p>SPEAKING <i>Activity 1:</i> Unprepared speech on their high and low lights at primary school and their future aspirations</p> <p>READING AND VIEWING <i>Activity 1:</i> Reading the text 3 times using the guidelines provided.</p> <p><i>Activity 2:</i> Watch the video on YouTube to understand the Elements of Literature</p> <p>WRITING AND PRESENTING <i>Activity 1:</i> Use the new gained knowledge and complete the template.</p> <p>LANGUAGE STRUCTURE AND CONVENTIONS <i>Activity 1:</i> complete the worksheet by adding the nouns in the correct columns.</p>		

SPEAKING

The short story below is called **“Getting Somewhere”**. As this is your first week in Grade 7, you are required to **reflect on your journey to this point and talk about where you want to end up**.

ACTIVITY 1: TOPIC FOR DISCUSSION

My primary school journey: The highlights and the low lights and what the future holds for me.

The rubric below will be used to assess your unprepared speech and can also give you guidance on how you will be assessed.

CRITERIA	Code 7 - Outstanding	Code 6 - Meritorious	Code 5 - Substantial	Code 4 - Adequate	Code 3 - Moderate	Code 2 - Elementary	Code 1 - Not achieved
	8 - 10	7	6	5	4	3	0 - 2
Content	Able to select information and organise it in a logical manner. Speaks on the topic without lapses.	Able to select information and organise it in a fairly logical manner. Speaks on the topic with minor lapses.	Able to select sufficient information and organise it. Speaks on the topic with only occasional lapses..	Able to select appropriate information but cannot always organise it. Speaks occasionally off the topic.	Able to select some information but presents it in an unorganised manner. Sometimes speaks off the topic.	Able to select minimal information which is unorganised. Speaks off the topic.	Unable to select appropriate information. Speaks off the topic.
	8 - 10	7	6	5	4	3	0 - 2
Presentation: Tone, body language and audience contact	Use of tone and body language is fully appropriate. Excellent communication with the audience / teacher is maintained.	Use of tone and body language is appropriate. Very good communication with the audience / teacher is maintained.	Use of tone and body language is mostly appropriate. Communication with the audience / teacher is moderately maintained.	Use of tone and body language is appropriate. Communication with the audience / teacher is moderately maintained.	Use of tone and body language is partially appropriate. Communication with the audience / teacher is erratic.	Use of, tone and body language is mostly inappropriate resulting in little communication with audience / teacher.	Use of tone and body language is inappropriate resulting in no communication with audience / teacher.
	8 - 10	7	6	5	4	3	0 - 2
Critical awareness of language	Excellent ability to manipulate language.	Very good ability to manipulate language.	Good language manipulation.	Reasonable language manipulation.	Some language manipulation.	Struggles to manipulate language.	Unable to manipulate language.

READING AND VIEWING

Read the short story below. It is important that you read the story to understand it. Your teacher will read part of the story with you to demonstrate how you should be reading. Concentrate and try your best to follow their example.

In your grade 7 year you will be expected to read texts three times to ensure you understand the content (message of text).

READ 1: Read for enjoyment. Make sure your pronunciation of words and grammatical rules are considered.

READ 2: Read to understand. Ask questions of yourself on the content of the text.

READ 3: Read to be able to comment on the content of the text. Be a critical reader.

Getting Somewhere

Lilian A. Aujo

You are a boy of ten again. You are on the bus, and the trees seem to be going faster than the bus you are seated in. You are on the Kampala–Masaka Highway. You cannot wait to reach Kampala as it will be your first time there. The excitement darts through your body like grasshoppers jumping from grass blade to grass blade. You keep standing to catch a glimpse of the speeding trees, and then sitting down heavily onto your mother's lap as if you are falling into a chair padded with cushions.

"But Vincent, why don't you settle down?! You will even break my bones! Now see..." Your mother points down to the heavy lemon green sash of her *gomesi*. Its tassels are trailing on the bus floor, covered in red soil.

"You see how you have dirtied my *musiipi*? You know *gomesis* are very hard to clean!"

You look at her attire covered in bright greens, blues and oranges. *Mzee* bought it for her last Christmas. It is the newest of all her attires and that is why she has chosen to wear it for the journey to the big city.

"Sorry *Mama*!" You sit on her, as carefully as a butterfly perching on a flower and so that you remember to remain seated you cross your legs.

The bus stops at the roadside. A swarm of men balancing baskets of *gonja* race towards it, covering the bus' windows. Your mother buys ten fingers for two hundred shillings. They are yellow and soft, but crusted brown in some places. As your mother hands you one, its aroma fills your nostrils. You open your mouth to sink your teeth into it, but the *gonja* disappears! You start to ask your mother about it, but stop because she is not there anymore. Yet, you are still on the bus.

You touch your chin and it is rough with a beard. You look down at your feet and they have grown so long. Your shorts are gone and you're wearing trousers.

"Vinnie, Vinnie ..." It's Chantal's sweet voice. But she sounds so far off...You let her voice get carried away in the loud swish of the speeding trees...And you still have to find your mother...

You follow her through the narrow bus corridor and call out to her but she does not stop. You continue to follow her, until all the faces on the bus meld into a smooth blackness. But her bright *gomesi* creates a shining path for you and you keep going till you reach her and pull at it. But when she turns she is as still as stone and before you hear the villager mourners wail, "*Woowe, Woowe*", you know there is not one breath left in her...

"*Maama, Maama...*"

"Vinnie, Vinnie! Wake up! It's just a bad dream!"

You open your eyes. Chantal is staring down at you. "You were dreaming," she says. Her voice soothes you. She strokes your ear and says, "Good morning, love?" She heard you whimpering like a puppy in agony. You turn away, you don't want her to see the fear in your eyes. But she snuggles close to you and you have no choice but to kiss her. She is weak and yielding and you are no longer the scared twelve year old boy staring at your mother's lifeless body.

The vibration of the telephone under your pillow tears you away from Chantal. Even as you pull away from her you wonder who could be calling you at six in the morning. Early morning calls usually convey very bad news. You wish the superstitious streak in you could be thwarted by reason. But your fingers tremble as you grip the cell phone. Quickly, you glance at the caller ID. It's your father. At this time of the morning, what could be the matter?

"Hello, Mzee?"

"Hello *Mutabaani*, how is Kampala? How is work?"

"It is Ok. Is everything at home fine?"

"It would be Ok. But some things are not so good."

Your heart pounds in your ears. "Has anyone died? Are the twins fine?"

"It is nothing like that, they are all fine. No one has died."

Your breath comes out in a low whistle and it's only then you realised that you've been holding it in.

"It is just that I had to catch you before you went to work, that is why I called so early." He sounds apologetic and you are too relieved to blame him for giving you a scare.

"So what has happened?"

"*Netaaga obuyambi, mutabani.*"

Your father's voice suddenly sounds small. You immediately know it's about money. If he is asking you, he must have run out of options.

"Yes Mzee, what kind of help?" Damn! That only sounds like you are waiting for him to beg you for money. You wait for him to say something, but the silence between the lines stretches on.

"Yes Mzee..." You let your voice trail off like you are waiting for him to complete your thought, but you're really thinking he will not become less of a father just because he is about to ask you for money. It works because he finally fills the space.

"*Nze mbade ngamba...*"

"Yes Mzee..."

"*Joel ne Genevieve, badayo kusomeero.*"

It has to be about that. Your siblings are going back to school. On more than one occasion, you have 'topped up' their school fees. Your father does the best he can. But he is a retired primary school teacher and does not have much income.

"How much is the balance?"

"*Millioni taano,*" your father says.

"Five million!" the shock in your voice rings out loud in your own ears; your father hears it too.

"*Naanti* my son, you know how things have been. The pension has still not yet come. Even if it had, it would not have made much of a difference. And the crop has been bad since last year; this banana wilt destroyed at least three quarters of the plantations."

You shake your head. Five *ma*? Where are you going to get that much money? Chantal wraps her arms round your waist and puts her soft lips on your cheek in a silent peck. You know your father is up against the wall. Ten years into retirement and his pension is still held up because the social security official said he was not one and the same person – just because his name has two different spellings.

You know the banana wilt must be as bad as the Ministry of Agriculture had announced. There was an outbreak in the country, it spread easily and was hard to contain. It has eaten up many plantations in Masaka, Mzee's being among.

But five million! Who is going to give you that much at such short notice? You could take a loan.

"When do you need the money?"

"By Friday, son. Joel and Genevieve will be reporting on Monday, and they'll not be allowed to register unless they have paid full tuition."

Today is Monday. You have only four days to get the money together, a loan approval would take more than a week. "Ech! I wish you had told me earlier."

"Our SACCO was supposed to lend me some money, but I just got the news that they can't afford to lend so much money to one person when money is so scarce."

The Savings and Credit Cooperative Organisation your father is referring to, is for the *matooke* plantation owners in Masaka. The credit crunch again. The heavily made-up news anchor on last night's news talked in detail on how banks and other financial institutions were lax to lend; deposits are few, so lending rates are high.

You stare at the light filtering in through the chink in the curtains. It's mocking you. You do not see even a sliver of hope to make this problem go away.

"So Mzee, let me see what to do, I will give you a call in one hour."

"Weebale Mutaabani!"

"Mzee, do not thank me yet, thank me when I get the money." Even as you say it, you know there is no hope of you getting that money in four days. You run your fingers over the black metallic rosary beads hanging from your neck. You never take it off. You never know when the Virgin Mary might intercede. "Hail Mary, full of grace..." you mumble under your breath. You extricate yourself from Chantal's grasp and start to throw off the covers.

"Can't you stay a little longer?" She purrs.

"It is six thirty, I don't want to be late for work." The words are thrown over your shoulders because you are already fastening your towel round your waist, heading for the bathroom.

"Musiru gwe! Wayigira wa okuvuga?"

"What about you! Where did you learn how to drive?" You retort. The taxi driver looks at you like he would a stray dog and gears. The jolt of annoyance that has been bubbling in you simmers as you take in his dishevelled appearance. His head looks like a millet field after a ghastly downpour, the guy obviously thinks the existence of combs is a nuisance. His beard looks rough enough to shame Chantal's pumice stone. His shirt collar edges are frayed upwards, and there are little black holes sprinkled down its front – ash burns.

About two hundred metres away, the traffic policeman's uniform gleams white in your view. You think of pressing on in the right lane and allowing the taxi guy to fidget in the nonexistent third one till the traffic guy pulls him over. But you change your mind as you realise the errant driver will not give up. He has the nose of his mini bus pointing diagonally at the body of your Japanese Premear; the blasted guy will scratch you if you insist. A long winded argument will ensue on who is right or who is wrong, and the traffic guy will come up and pull both of you over to 'negotiate' the terms of your offence and to decide who is liable for whose car's repairs. The digital clock on your dashboard is flashing 7:15 AM in neon green.

You step on the brake pedal long enough to let the taxi guy into your lane. The Prado behind you honks with impatience; everyone has somewhere to go this morning.

"Ki Vincent! You look like you didn't sleep at all! How is Chantal?" Gerald lowers his spectacles and stares at you in mock observation. You only shake your head and smile. "She is fine! But she isn't the reason I didn't sleep. Problems never end..." You stare at the blue-white logo of the company. The motto in bright blue seems to step off the cream walls of your small office: GET SOMEWHERE: INSURE WITH US.

"What problems now? A single guy like you should not have problems! Leave them to us who are married and have families to think about."

Although you are about the same age, Gerald is already married and has a five year old daughter.

"You know how it is; just because I'm not married doesn't mean I don't have responsibilities."

"So how is *Mzee*?" Gerald asks. You have been friends for long and he knows how much your family means to you.

"He is fine. It is just that we need money; the twins are going for their last semester. By Friday, everything should be paid and *Mzee* does not have the money now. He asked me for five *ma*!"

"Five million! Hah! That is tight! How are you going to get that money in four days?"

You shake your head from side to side – you wish your mother was still alive, she always had a way of taking care of things – "I don't know! Borrowing here and there I guess! Maybe you can lend me something..."

"My pockets are dry too! I just paid my daughter's school fees. That 'cheap' nursery school is actually expensive. I wonder how much I will have paid by the time she gets to university!"

"You ask me! That five *ma* doesn't even cover all their expenses! Education is so expensive, yet we earn so little."

"I know! How many times have we thought of quitting this insurance thing for better jobs?"

You and Gerald are both graduates of social sciences. But somehow, you found jobs as sales executives at a local insurance firm.

"Maybe if the better jobs were there, we would actually quit," you reply.

"But they're not there! About the money, I doubt many people have much to spare. Since it's the beginning of the school term, you should try Katumwa."

"But he is a shark and his rates are through the roof!"

Katumwa is your colleague in accounts. To 'get somewhere' in life, he runs an 'underground' money lending business. He is not as bad as the other loan sharks around town. You have heard stories of people 'getting' fatal accidents because of failing to pay off their debts in time. But you have not heard anything bad about Katumwa. Then again, who knows?

"Maybe so, but he is your best bet," Gerald says, "I don't see any bank giving you that money at such short notice, and of course the other money lenders..."

"...I know," you interrupt Gerald, "...they're out of the question...they are more dangerous than a colleague, but still you never know..."

You are thinking that if you fail to pay up, Katumwa might send you to jail. But if you fail to find the money, that will be the end for the twins. A brief picture of your mother's lifeless face flashes in front of your eyes. It is just like the last day you saw her in that coffin – the life seeped from her body, but her bright *gomesi* strangely vibrant and full of life. The twins were just two when she died. She might be helpless to help the twins, but you're not.

"Too late to go to the bank now," you repeat, as if you are thinking it for the first time. "Let me go see Katumwa, before the boss gets here." You do not know when you started to think of Katumwa as the 'Little Shark'. In a strange way the name comforts and fills you with dread at the same time.

"Do not forget the boss wants the field report and the returns on his desk," Gerald adds.

"Yes, they're almost ready," you say as you shut the door to the small office you share with Gerald. As you go through the brightly lit corridor to Little Shark's office, you touch the flash disk in your pocket – at least you have most of the work there, and another copy of it on your laptop at home.

You rap softly at his door, his office is at the end of the corridor. The joke round office is that Little Shark always has his ears peeled to a knock that needs 'economic redemption'.

"Come in!" His shrill voice cuts through the door.

As you turn the silver door handle your grip slips because your hands are so clammy with sweat. You wipe your hands on the flanks of your trousers, and furtively look through the corridor hopping to God that no one has seen you feeling your buttocks at the threshold of Little Shark's

door. You finally manage to turn the door handle with both hands. You walk in with the mind that the door is a minute trap door that will only reveal itself once you pay up.

"Good morning Katumwa, I need your help!"

"Vincent! First things first, you never come to see me! You only remember me in hard times, eh?"

You look at his short forearms supporting his burly face. How can such a small man have so much power? As if he is following your train of thought, Little Shark smiles and says, "How much do you need?"

"Five million."

"That is Ok. When do you want it? You know the usual rate, right?"

"As soon as yesterday; ten percent, isn't it?"

"My friend, if I lent at that rate, I would never get anywhere. You know the economy is tight, my rate is fourteen percent. Some other guys in the business are charging fifteen percent every month."

"Over a hundred thousand a month? Katumwa, you will kill me!" Before your eyes, the light in his office dims. Manically, he raps his chubby fingers over the calculator keys.

"Let's see...that is just about right; five hundred and twenty-five thousand shillings in three months."

"In three months! That is so much..."

"...We can talk six months if you want..."

"Out of the question! So you can milk me for twice the amount?"

Not in the least bit offended, Little Shark chuckles, "It's the times my friend, and this is business."

You shake your head and touch your neck. The black beads of your rosary feel like a chokehold, "Fine. I'll take it."

He springs off his desk with a quickness that surprises you. For the first time you notice the steel safe mounted in the wall in the corner of the room. His chubby fingers deftly turn the knob for the combination. It's like he knew you were coming. He takes out five bundles of fifty thousand notes. He walks over to the counting machine and runs it. It's all there. He bands it and wraps it in hard khaki paper and tapes the edges. He hands you a grey box package.

"Good doing business with you," Little Shark says.

You nod, thinking about the ride to the bank. As you reach the door, he is already bending over his notebook. You turn back to see what he is writing.

"There is a receipt for you of course," he says as he opens a drawer on his left. He pulls out a receipt book and writes out one for you.

"The money is in your account, *Mzee*." You are on phone with your father. It is three o'clock and you are exiting the bank.

"*Eeh! Weebale nnyo mutabaani!* Thank you very much son," he repeats in English. "It is good to have a son who is somewhere, at least your brother and sister will not drop out, they will get somewhere too one day, not so *mutabaani*?"

"Yes *Mzee*, they will get somewhere too."

As you hang up the phone, you wonder where that somewhere will be.

ACTIVITY 1: Watch the following video on YouTube to understand the Elements of a story.



ACTIVITY 2: Using the new gained knowledge that you received from the video complete the template below on the story 'Getting Somewhere' by Lilian A. Ajou

ELEMENTS OF LITERATURE: 'GETTING SOMEWHERE' by Lilian A. Ajou	
Characters	
Characterization	
Theme	
Setting	
Conflict	
Mood	
Point of view	

LANGUAGE STRUCTURE AND CONVENTIONS

Activity 1: Place the nouns in their correct columns. Some nouns will be able to go into more than one column.

Pretoria	teenager	ball	success	Jonathan
iPad	ability	flour	jam	Andile
rice	fear	Milk	car	love
eggs	sugar	Kashiefa	wood	peace

PROPER NOUNS	COMMON NOUNS	COUNTABLE NOUNS	UNCOUNTABLE NOUNS	CONCRETE NOUNS	ABSTRACT NOUNS