

Senior two English revision package

Read the passage and answer the questions that follow

Martin Luther King Junior was the son of Martin Luther King. The family lived in Atlanta, Georgia, which is in the southern part of the United States where discrimination against black people was worst. Because of racial **segregation**, Martin Luther King Junior attended a blacks-only primary school. After primary school, he studied at a segregated high school. This is because the laws of the USA made it **illegal** for blacks **to enrol** in whites-only schools. While Martin Luther King Junior was growing up, he felt resentment against racial segregation. He decided **to dedicate** his entire life to fighting the evil of racial segregation. In 1963, **he persuaded** his supporters to participate in the famous march to Washington. He planned to demand jobs and freedom. In 1968, Martin Luther King Junior was assassinated. His assassin, James Earl Ray, fled to Canada, and then to London. He wanted to move to Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) which was under white rule. At Heathrow Airport near London, the British police caught him. He was deported back to America where he appeared in court. They sentenced him to 99 years in prison. He died in 1998 at the age of 70

I. Questions

1. Why has Martin Luther King Junior attended a blacks-only primary school?
2. The expression “ He felt resentment against racial segregation” means:
 - a. He was a racial segregation supporter
 - b. he was a segregation activist
 - c. He was studying in a segregated school.
 - d. he was as decided to opposed racial segregation supporters.
3. Has Martin Luther King Junior achieved his goal? Justify your answer.
4. What do you think pushes the Government of Rwanda to be against any kind of segregation? (Give your answer in no more than six sentences).

II. Vocabulary

1. Explain the underlined words in the passage and thereafter construct meaningful sentences containing them
2. Give the name that can be formed from the verb “ to assassinate”

III. beyond the text

1. Basing on the units “ heroes and citizenship” we have covered, do you think heroes are made or born? Explain your answer in an essay form in no more than 200 words.

III. Put the verbs into the simple past:

Last year I (go).....to England on holiday. It (be).....fantastic. I (visit).....lots of interesting places. I (be).....with two friends of mine. In the mornings we (walk).....in the streets of London. In the evenings we (go).....to pubs. The weather (be).....strangely fine. It (not / rain).....a lot. But we (see).....some beautiful rainbows. Where (spend / you).....your last holiday?

IV. Put the sentences into simple past.

1. We move to a new house. →
2. They bring a sandwich.
→
3. He doesn't do the homework. →
4. They sell cars.
→
5. Does he visit his friends? →

V. Identify the tenses used in the following sentences and convey them in simple past

1. I drink coffee in the morning.
2. She works at a bank.
3. My father runs a small grocery store.
4. My sister lives abroad.
5. She earns a living by writing stories.
6. He wants to be an engineer.
7. Mother cooks delicious pasta every Sunday.
8. The boys work hard to pass the test.
9. She wants to leave.
10. I don't know the answer.
11. Do you want to go?
12. We do not believe in chauvinism.
13. He is a fanatic.
14. She writes short stories.
15. The girl looks upset.

VI. Complete the sentences, put the verb into the correct form, positive or negative. (simple past tense)

1. It was warm, so I.....off my coat. (take)
2. The film wasn't very good. I.....it very much. (enjoy)
3. I knew Sarah was very busy, so I.....her. (disturb)
4. I was very tired, so I.....to bed early. (go)
5. The bed was very uncomfortable. I.....very well. (sleep)
6. Sue wasn't hungry, so she.....anything. (eat)
7. We went to Kate's house but she.....at home. (be)
8. It was a funny situation but nobody.....(laugh)
9. The window was open and a bird.....into the room. (fly)
10. The hotel wasn't very expensive. It.....very much. (cost)
11. I was in a hurry, so I.....time to phone you. (have)

12. It was hard work carrying the bags. They.....very heavy. (be)

V. Complete the exercise with the following verbs in simple past tense: buy, fall, teach, catch, hurt, throw, cost, sell, win, drink, spend, write

13. Mozart..... more than 600 pieces of music.

14. 'How did you learn to drive?' 'My father..... me.'

15. We couldn't afford to keep our car, so we.....it.

16. I was very thirsty. I.....the water very quickly.

17. Paul and I played tennis yesterday. He's much better than me, so heeasily.

18-19. Don.....down the stairs this morning and.....his leg.

20-21. Jim.....the ball to Sue, who.....it.

22-24. Ann.....a lot of money yesterday. She.....a dress. It.....100.

Write a 250 word essay about this topic: Heroes never die.

Literature

**1. In Senior 1, you learnt about plot, setting and character as aspects of prose. Define, a. Plot
b. Setting c. Character**

2. Read the following story and say if it has a linear plot or circular one

“The first time Kagure wore a pair of shoes was the day she was admitted at Kibomet Girls High School. It was a cheap second-hand pair, but to Kagure, the shoes represented all the good things that education would help her achieve. Most days her family could only afford one meal a day. When things were really bad, they would sleep hungry. Unable to face the children and tell them there was no food for the day, Kagure’ s mother would tell her to put a pot of water onto the fire to boil. She would say that someone was on the way with flour to make maize meal. Once the water came to a boil, she would tell one of the children to bathe with the water since the person with the flour had not yet arrived. She would do this again with a second pot of water, and on it went. Wambui would make sure there was little firewood in the hearth so that each pot of water took a while to boil. As the evening wore on, the three younger children would doze off, leaving Kagure and her brother. Finally, they too would figure out there was no one coming with flour and go to bed. This grinding poverty had driven Kagure to work relentlessly hard and excel in school. She knew she was the ticket to her family’ s better future. “ Do you know what Lumanzi gave me?” Tracy asked Kagure mischievously. Kagure had seen Lumanzi press something into Tracy’ s palm as they were parting. “ I don’ t know and I don’ t care,” Kagure said, wishing they were already in school. She vowed she would avoid Tracy henceforth. The girl spelt trouble with a capital T. “ Come on, ask. I know you are curious,” Tracy teased.

“ No!” Kagure answered tersely. The new girl had already put her into more trouble than she had ever been in her two years in secondary school. “ Well, I will tell you anyway. He gave me his

mobile phone number,” Tracy said, showing Kagure the slip of paper with the number. “ He also gave me this,” she added, holding five hundred shillings in loose notes. To Kagure who had never had as much as fifty shillings as pocket money, five hundred shillings was an absolute fortune for a student to have. The idea that Tracy had taken all that money from a man she hardly knew was in itself alien to Kagure. She still remembered the thrashing she had received from her mother when she was in Primary 6. She had come home from school hungry and found there was no food in the house. In the morning, she had only taken a cup of black tea before going to school and had had nothing to eat the whole day. Kagure had sat on the steps outside their house enduring pangs of hunger. A neighbour, who made a living brewing illicit liquor, was passing by when he saw her sitting there forlornly, capping her chin. “ What is wrong, daughter of Wakapanga? Are you ill?” he asked her. Driven by hunger, Kagure had answered she was not sick, just very hungry. The man, perhaps moved by the plight of the little girl, gave her some money. “ Go and buy some food,” he told her. Kagure ran to the market place and bought a loaf of bread. When she came back, she found her brother, Mburu, at home. The two of them started stuffing the dry bread into their mouths. That is how their mother Wambui found them – cheeks bulging with bread that was difficult to swallow without a drink. “ Where did you get this bread?” she asked, grabbing the few slices that were remaining. “ Baba Wairimu gave me the money to buy it,” Kagure said, struggling to swallow what was in her mouth. “ Why did he give you the money? Did you work for him?” Kagure’ s mother demanded. “ I told him I was hungry,” Kagure answered, knowing from her mother’ s demeanour she was in deep trouble. Wambui, who had lived in Gituamba village for a long time, knew that there were no free things. She was trying to raise her children to know this and that they had to work to get whatever they needed. If her daughter was to survive, she had to learn this lesson. Wambui threw the remaining bread away and took a stick, which she kept handy for disciplining her children. And Kagure did learn the lesson. She received a thrashing she would remember for a long time to come. “ He gave you money and you took it?” Kagure asked aghast, remembering the thrashing. “ Why not?” Tracy asked her. “ At least now I have some pocket money. Here, let’ s share it,” she added, handing Kagure two hundred shillings. Kagure regarded the money, thinking how much easier life at school would be with some pocket money. She had reported to school with one bar of soap, which she was using to bathe and to wash her clothes. Her small tube of toothpaste would hardly see her through the term. She polished her shoes once a week so that the tin of polish she had carried would last a little longer. During tea breaks, other students bought bread at the school canteen to have with their mid-morning tea. Kagure would take her tea quickly and head back to class. The temptation to stretch out her hand and take the money was great. It would be enough to buy a small tube of toothpaste, a packet of sanitary towels and there would still be a little left for half a loaf of bread. “ Come on, take it,” Tracy urged her. “ No, thanks. I don’ t take money from strangers.” “ Lumanzi is not a stranger. I told you we met last night,” Tracy said as she pocketed the money. “ You met last night, huh! How well do you know him?” “ Well, let’ s see. Lumanzi is gorgeous. He took the trouble to see me safely to school, has bought us lunch and given me some money. I would say he is one stranger I would love to know,” Tracy said, waving the slip of paper with Lumanzi’ s phone number. “ You are ...” Kagure began, searching for words to describe Tracy. “ Incurable, irredeemable, crazy, yeah, I am all that,” Tracy suggested, laughing. “ Just stay away from me in future,” Kagure said, exasperated. (Adapted from *Beyond the Barricades* by Muthoni wa Gichuru)”

3. On one page explain the key aspects of prose

Good luck!