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Comprehension of Written Expression: Focus on Reading **(1st Year LMD Students).**

Intensive Reading Short Selections

- **Text 1: *Improving your Reading Ability.***
- **Text 2: *Strangers.***
- **Text 3: *So Far From Reality.***
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Extensive Reading Long Selections

Selected Short Stories:

- a. Mother Holle.***
- b. Little Red Cap.***
- c. The Six Swans.***
- d. Little Snow White.***

Intensive Reading Short Selections

TEXT 1:

Improving your Reading Ability

To improve your reading habits, you must understand the characteristics of a good reader. First, he can concentrate. Because he is rapidly seeking out and categorizing main ideas and supporting details as he reads, he is able to complete an assignment without losing his way, without losing interest, without being distracted by random sights or sounds or thoughts.

Second, the good reader reads rapidly. True, he does not read every piece of material at the same rate, but whether he is reading a newspaper, a novel, the instructions accompanying a do-it-yourself kit, or a chapter in a physics text, his rate is relatively fast. He has learned to read for ideas rather than words one at a time.

Next, because the good reader is reading for ideas and moving through the material quickly; he is able to recognize and understand the elements that form any piece of prose—the author's general theme, and the details that support the ideas. Thus he is able to comprehend the material with a minimum of effort and a maximum of interest.

Finally, the good reader has at his command several special skills which he can apply to reading problems as they occur. For the college student, the most helpful of these skills include taking advantage of the various aids to understand that most textbooks provide and skim reading for a general survey.

(Day, J.E. 1961. In *Study Skills for Students of English as a Second Language*, 1970, p.136).

Reading Assignments

- **Read the text carefully then do the following:**
 - a) Skim the text and give its general idea.
 - b) Scan the text and list three qualities of good readers.
 - c) Suggest other characteristics for good reading that are not mentioned by the author.
 - d) Do agree that good readers are successful learners? Justify.
 - e) Supply another title to the text.
 - f) Summarize the text.

TEXT 2:

Strangers

Mary, in her teens, and her younger brother, Peter, come from a comfortable home in Charleston, South Carolina, U.S.A. After a visit to their Uncle Keith in Adelaide, Australia, their plane crashes in the Australian desert, leaving them the only survivors. All they can do is walk back to civilization, back to Uncle Keith's, fourteen hundred miles away. One day, starving and alone, they suddenly come face to face with another human being, an Aboriginal boy of about Mary's age. In his hand he's holding a dead rock wallaby. The boy 'is ebony black and quite naked'.

The desert sun streamed down. The children stared and stared. Mary had decided not to move. To move would be a sign of weakness. She remembers being told about the man who'd come face to face with a lion, and had stared it out, and caused it to slink away. That was what she'd do to the black boy; she'd stare at him until he left the shame of his nakedness and slunk away. She thrust out the chin and glared. Peter stood waiting, waiting for something to happen.

The Aboriginal was in no hurry. Time had little value to him. His next meal_ the rock wallaby_ was assured. Water was near. Tomorrow was also a day. For the moment he was content he was content to examine these strange creatures at his leisure. Their clumsy movements intrigued him; their lack of weapons indicated their harmlessness. His eyes moved slowly, methodically, from one to another, examining them from head to foot. They were the first white people a member of his tribe had ever seen. Mary intensified her glare. But the bush boy seemed in no way perturbed.

After a while, Peter started to fidget. He wished someone would do something, wished something would happen. Then, quite involuntarily, he himself started a new train of events. He sneezed. It was a mighty sneeze for such a little fellow. To his sister the sneeze was calamity. She had just intensified her stare to the_ she left sure_ of irresistibility, when the spell was shattered. The bush boy's attention shifted from her to Peter. A second sneeze, even mightier than the first, shattered the silence of the bush.

Mary raises her eyes to heaven. Then a new sound made her whirl round. A gust of laughter, melodious laughter, low at first, then becoming louder, unrestrained, disproportionate, uncontrolled. She looked at the bush boy in amazement. He was doubled up with spasms of mirth.

Peter's sneeze had touched off one of his people's most highly-developed traits: a sense of the ridiculous. The bush boy laughed with complete abandon. He flung himself to the ground in unrestrained delight. His mirth was infectious. It woke in Peter an instant response. The guilt that the little boy had started to feel melted away. At first apologetically; then whole-heartedly, he too started to laugh. The barrier of twenty thousand years vanished in the twinkling of an eye.

(In *Imagine You're English* by Gibb et al , 1978,p.123).

Reading Assignments

- **Read the text carefully then do the following:**
 - a) What happened to Mary and Peter?
 - b) What is an aboriginal?
 - c) Suggest another plot to the story.
 - d) Give your personal opinion about the story.
 - e) Give the main idea of the last paragraph of the text.

TEXT 3:

So Far From Reality

Brother and sister were products of the highest strata of humanity's evolution. In them the primitive had long ago been submerged by mechanization, by scientific development, by the standardized pattern of the white man's way of life. They had climbed a long way up the ladder of progress; they had climbed so far, in fact, that they had forgotten how their climb had started. Coddled in babyhood, psycho-analysed in childhood, nourished on predigested food, provided with continuous push-button entertainment, the basic realities of life were something they'd never had to face.

It was very different with the Aboriginal. He knew what reality was. He led a way of life that was already old when Tut-ankh-amen started to build his tomb; a way of life that had been tried and proved before the white man's continents were even lifted out of the sea. Among the secret water-holes of the Australian desert his people had lived and died, unchanged and unchanging, for twenty thousand years. Their lives were unbelievably simple. They had no homes, no crops, no clothes, no possessions. The few things they had, they shared: food and wives; children and laughter; tears and hunger and thirst. They walked from one water-hole to the next; they exhausted one supply of food, then moved on to another. Their lives were utterly uncomplicated because they were devoted to one purpose: the battle with death. Death was their ever-present enemy. He was never far away. Keeping him at bay was the Aboriginals' full-time job, the job they'd been doing for twenty thousand years, the job they were good at.

(In Imagine You'Are English by Gibb et al , 1978.p.154).

Reading Assignments

- **Read the text carefully then do the following:**
 - a) What do you think of advanced civilizations?
 - b) What is your opinion about Aboriginals?
 - c) What is today's advanced races main objective in life?
 - d) What is the Aboriginal main objective in life?
 - e) Give the main idea of the text.
 - f) Give your opinion about the topic discussed in this text.

TEXT 4:

An Unknown Goddess

Some time ago, an interesting discovery was made by archaeologists on the Aegean island of Kea. An American team explored a temple which stands in an ancient city on the promontory of Ayia Irini. The city at one time must have been prosperous, for it enjoyed a high level of civilization. Houses –often three storeys high–were built on stone. They had large rooms with beautifully decorated walls. The city was even equipped with a drainage system, for a great many clay pipes were found beneath the narrow streets.

The temple which the archaeologists explored was used as a place of worship from the fifteenth century B.C. until Roman times. In the most sacred room of the temple, clay fragments of fifteen statues were found. Each of these represented a goddess and had, at one time, been painted. The body of one statue was found among remains dating from the fifteenth century B.C. Its missing head happened to be among remains of the fifth century B.C. This head must have been found in Classical times and carefully preserved. It was very old and precious even then. When the archaeologists reconstructed the fragments, they were amazed to find that the goddess turned out to be a very modern-looking woman. She stood three feet high and her hands rested on her hips. She was wearing a full-length skirt which swept the ground. Despite her great age, she was very graceful indeed, but, so far, the archaeologists have been unable to discover her identity.

(In L.G.Alexander, Developing Skills, 1967, p.16).

Pre-reading

A. Answer the following questions:

1. What do you know about ‘Archaeology’? Who is an archaeologist?
2. What about ‘Anthropology’ and ‘Mythology’? Give short definitions.
3. In which one are you more interested and why?

Reading

B. Skim over the text and answer the following questions:

1. What characterises the ancient city in the island of Kea?
2. What did archaeologists discover about the temple?
3. What was specific with the goddess?
4. How did the goddess appear?
5. Suggest another title to the text.

C. Vocabulary

1. Give another word or phrase to replace the following words as they are used in the text:
Stands-prosperous-fragments-enjoyed-classical-carefully-reconstructed-remains-amazed.
2. Find the definition of the words in a dictionary then use them in your own sentences:
Storey-story-worship-warship.
3. Give two opposites of what follows, by keeping the same root :
Adequate-tidy-fair-possible.

Post-reading

D.

1. Work individually and summarize the text.
2. Work in pairs and name the different statues you know with reference to their origins including your country.

TEXT 5:

The Three Lazy Sons

A king had three sons, and since he loved them equally, he didn't know which to choose to be king after his death. When the time of his death drew near, he summoned them to his bedside and said, "Dear children, I've been contemplating something for a while, and now I want to reveal it to you: I've decided that the laziest among you shall become king after me."

"Well then, father," said the oldest, "the kingdom belongs to me, for I'm so lazy that when I'm lying on my back and want to sleep and a drop of rain falls on my eyes, I won't even shut them so I can fall asleep." The second said, "Father, the kingdom belongs to me, for I'm so lazy that, when I'm sitting by the fire to warm myself, I'd sooner let my heels be burned than draw back my feet."

The third said, "Father, the kingdom is mine, for I'm so lazy that, if I were about to be hanged and the noose were already around my neck and someone handed me a sharp knife to cut the rope, I'd rather let myself be hanged than lift my hand to cut the rope."

When the father heard that, he said, "You've outdone the others and shall be king". Once upon a time there was a pious maiden who swore to God she wouldn't marry. Since she was so remarkably beautiful, her father wouldn't accept this and tried to force her to marry. Confronted with this predicament, the maiden implored God to let her grow a beard, and this happened right away. But the king was so enraged that he had her crucified, and she became a saint.

Now, it so happened that a very poor minstrel went into the church where her statue was kept. He knelt down in front of it, and the saint was glad that the minstrel was the first one to recognize her innocence. Consequently, the statue, which was adorned with golden slippers, let one slipper drop to the ground so the pilgrim could have it. He bowed in gratitude and took the gift.

Soon the people in the church became aware that the golden slipper was missing, and questions were asked all around until finally the slipper was found on the poor fiddler. He was now condemned as a wicked thief and led to the gallows to be hanged. The procession went by the church where the statue was standing, and the fiddler requested permission to go inside, pour out his

heart to his benefactress with his fiddle, and say his last farewell. His request was granted, but no sooner had he moved his bow than-behold!-the statue let the other golden slipper drop to the ground and thus demonstrated that he had not committed the theft. So the irons and rope were taken off the fiddler, who went merrily on his way. From then on the holy saint was called Solicitous.

(Grimms' Fairy Tales, 2014, p.468).

Reading Assignment :Boor-report Sheet

- **Read the short story then do the following:**
 - A. Fill in the book report sheet (Form 1 & Form 2).
 - B. Give your personal opinion about the story.
 - C. Suggest another end to the story.

TEXT 6:

Why Work?

I have two propositions to make concerning the purpose and value of work. My first proposition is that work is not a thing one does to live, but the thing one lives to do. It is , or it should be , the full expression of the worker's faculties, the thing in which he finds spiritual, mental, and bodily satisfaction, and the medium through which he serves God.

If we believe this, we should have a new attitude toward pay and wages. We should believe that as long as the workers received enough pay to enable him to go on with his work, he had his reward. His satisfaction would be found in the fulfillment of his own nature and the contemplation of the perfection of his work. That in practice there is this satisfaction is shown by the fact that a man will put loving labour into a hobby that will never earn him any money.

A second consequence is that every man should do the work for which he is best fitted by nature. At present, the employer thinks only of getting cheap labour, and the worker only of getting high wages. This results in many people getting, or pushing themselves into jobs that could be better done by others, and is very wasteful.

A third consequence is that, if we really believe this proposition, and arranged our work and standard of values accordingly, we should no longer think of work as something that we hastened to get through in order to enjoy our leisure. We should look on our leisure as the period of changed rhythm that refreshes us for the delightful purpose of getting on with our work. We should all find ourselves fighting for precious time in which to get on with the job- instead of fighting for precious hours saved from the job.

A fourth consequence is that we should fight both tooth and nail not for mere employment, but for the quality of the work that we had to do. We should clamor to be engaged in work that was worth doing, and in which we could take pride. The worker would demand that the stuff he helped

to turn out should be good stuff- he would no longer be content to take the cash and let the credit go. He would feel a sense of personal responsibility, and demand to know what went into the work that he produced. There would be strikes and protests not about pay, but about the quality of the work demanded and the honesty, beauty, and usefulness of the goods produced.

My second proposition is that the worker's first duty is to serve the work. There is much well-meaning talk nowadays about serving the community, but service to the community is usually thought of as a sort of sparetime activity, which mostly consists of talking. Real service to the community consists in doing good honest work. The best service a carpenter can render to the community is to make good tables and chairs. The right way to serve the community is to forget about the community and serve the work.

There are three good reasons for this. The first is that you cannot do good work if you take your mind off your work to see whether the community is appreciating it, anymore than you can score a goal if you take your eye off the ball. If your heart is not wholly in the work, the work will not be good, and work that is not good serves neither God nor the community.

The second reason is that the minute you begin to think of serving other people, you begin to have a notion that other people owe you something for your pains; you begin to think that you have a claim on the community. You will begin to bargain for a reward, to seek for applause, and to feel a grievance if you are not appreciated. But if your mind is set upon serving the work, then you know that you have nothing to look for; the only reward the work can give you is the satisfaction of seeing that it is good. The work takes all and gives nothing in return, and to serve the work is a labour of pure love.

Thirdly: if you set out to serve the community, you will probably end up by merely fulfilling a public demand. For example, nine-tenths of the bad films we see owe their badness to the fact that the maker has aimed at pleasing the audience, instead of producing a good and satisfactory film. It is the work that serves the community; the business of the worker is to serve the work.

(Adapted from Why Work?, by Sayers, D. 1949).

Reading Assignment: Reading Strategies

- **Read the text then do the following:**
 - A. Skim the text and ask six questions about its main points.
 - B. Try to answer the already asked questions.
 - C. Scan the text then spot the key words that reflect the title.
 - D. Reread the last part of the text and state your opinion in comparison to the writer's own opinion.
 - E. Fill in the book report sheet (Form 1).

Extensive Reading Long Selections

**Read the following stories then fill-in one of the two book-report forms*

Mother Holle

A widow had two daughters, one who was beautiful and diligent, the other, ugly and lazy. But she was fonder of the ugly and lazy one, and the other had to do all the work and was just like the Cinderella in the house.

Now, one day the beautiful maiden went out to fetch water, and as she bent over to pull the bucket from the well, she leaned over too much and fell into the water. And when she awoke and came to her senses, she was lying on the ground in a beautiful meadow, where the sun was shining and thousands of flowers were growing. She left the meadow, and soon she came to a baker's oven full of bread, but the bread was yelling, "Oh, take me out! Take me out, or else I'll burn, I've already been baked long enough!" So she went to the oven and diligently took out everything. After that she moved on and came to a tree full of apples. Oh, shake me! Shake me!" the tree exclaimed. "My apples are all ripe."

So she shook the tree until the apples fell like raindrops, and she kept shaking until they had all fallen to the ground. After that she moved on. At last she came to a small cottage where an old woman was looking out of a window. She had such big teeth that the maiden was scared and wanted to run away. But the old woman cried after her, "Don't be afraid, my dear child! Stay with me, and if you do all the housework properly, everything will turn out well for you. You must only make my bed nicely and give it a good shaking so the feathers fly. Then it will snow on earth, for I am Mother Holle."

Since the old woman had spoken so kindly to her, the maiden agreed to enter her service. She took care of everything to the old woman's satisfaction and always shook the bed so hard that the feathers flew about like snowflakes. In return, the woman treated her well: she never said an unkind word to the maiden, and she gave her roasted or boiled meat every day. After the maiden had spent a long time with Mother Holle, her heart saddened. Even though everything was a thousand times better there than at home, she still had a yearning to return. At last she said to Mother Holle, "I've got a tremendous longing to return home, and even though everything is wonderful here, I can't stay any longer."

"You're right," Mother Holle responded, "and since you've served me so faithfully, I myself shall bring you up there again."

She took the maiden by the hand and led her to a large gate. When it was opened and the maiden was standing beneath the gateway, an enormous shower of gold came pouring down, and all the gold stuck to her so that she became completely covered with it.

“I want you to have this because you’ve been so diligent,” said Mother Holle. Thereupon, the gate closed, and the maiden found herself up on earth. Then she went to her mother, and since she was covered with so much gold, her mother gave her a warm welcome. Then, when her mother heard how she had obtained so much wealth, she wanted her other, ugly and lazy daughter to have the same good fortune. Therefore, this daughter also had to jump down the well. Like her sister, she awoke in the beautiful meadow and walked along the same path. When she came to the oven, the bread cried out again, “Oh, take me out! Take me out, or else I’ll burn! I’ve already been baked long enough!”

But the lazy maiden answered, “Do you think I want to get myself dirty?” She moved on, and soon she came to the apple tree that cried out, “Oh, shake me! Shake me! My apples are all ripe.” However, the lazy maiden replied, “Are you serious? One of the apples could fall and hit me on my head.”

When she came to Mother Holle’s cottage, she wasn’t afraid because she had already heard about the old woman’s big teeth, and she hired herself out to her right away. On the first day she made an effort to work hard and obey Mother Holle when the old woman told her what to do, for the thought of gold was on her mind. On the second day she started loafing, and on the third day she loafed even more. Indeed, she didn’t want to get out of bed in the morning, and she did a poor job of making Frau Holle’s bed. She certainly didn’t shake it hard enough to make the feathers fly. Soon Mother Holle became tired of this and discharged the maiden from her service. The lazy maiden was quite happy to go and now expected the shower of gold. Mother Holle led her to the gate, but as the maiden was standing beneath the gateway, a big kettle of pitch came pouring down over her instead of gold.

“That’s a reward for your services,” Mother Holle said and closed the gate. The lazy maiden went home covered with pitch, and it stuck to her for as long as she lived.

(Grimms’ Fairy Tales, 2014, p.81).

Little Red Cap

Once upon a time there was a sweet little maiden. Whoever laid eyes upon her coul't help but love her. But it was her grandmother who could never give the child enough. One day she made her a present, a small, red velvet cap, and since it was so becoming and the maiden always wanted to wear it, people only called her Little Red Cap.

One day her mother said to her: "Come, Little Red Cap, take this piece of cake and bottle of wine and bring them to your grandmother. She's sick and weak, and this will strengthen her. Be nice and good and greet her from me. Go directly there and don't stray from the path, otherwise you'll fall and break the glass, and your grandmother will get nothing."

Little Red Cap promised to obey her mother. Well, the grandmother lived out in the forest, half an hour from the village, and as soon as Little Red Cap entered the forest, she encountered the wolf. However, Little Red Cap didn't know what a wicked sort of an animal he was and was not afraid of him.

"Good day, Little Red Cap," he said.

"Thank you kindly, wolf."

"Where are you going so early, Little Red Cap?"

"To grandmother's."

"What are you carrying under your apron?"

"Cake and wine. My grandmother's sick and weak, and yesterday we baked this cake so it will help her get well."

"Where does your grandmother live, Little Red Cap?"

"About a quarter of an hour from here in the forest. Her house is under the three big oak trees. You can tell it by the hazel bushes," said Little Red Cap.

The wolf thought to himself, "What a juicy morsel she'll be for me! Now, how am I going to catch her?" Then he said, "Listen, Little Red Cap, haven't you seen the beautiful flowers growing in the forest? Why don't you look around? I believe you hav't even noticed how lovely the birds are singing. You march along as if you were going straight to school in the village, and yet it's so delightful out here in the woods!"

Little Red Cap looked around and saw that the sun had broken through the trees and that the woods were full of beautiful flowers. So she thought to herself, "If I bring grandmother a bunch of flowers, she'd certainly like that. It's still early, and I'll arrive on time."

So she plunged into the woods to look for flowers. And each time she plucked one, she thought she saw another even prettier flower and ran after it, going deeper and deeper into the forest. But the wolf went straight to the grandmother's house and knocked at the door.

“Who’s there?”

“Little Red Cap. I’ve brought you some cake and wine. Open up.”

“Just lift the latch,” the grandmother called. “I’m too weak and can’t get up.”

The wolf lifted the latch, and the door sprang open. Then he went straight to the grandmother’s bed and gobbled her up. Next he took her clothes, put them on along with her nightcap, lay down in her bed, and drew the curtains.

Meanwhile, Little Red Cap had been running around and looking for flowers, and only when she had as many as she could carry did she continue on the way to her grandmother. She was puzzled when she found the door open, and as she entered the room, it seemed so strange inside that she thought, “Oh, my God, how frightened I feel today, and usually I like to be at grandmother’s.” Then she went to the bed and drew back the curtains. There lay her grandmother with her cap pulled down over her face, giving her a strange appearance.

“Oh, grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“The better to hear you with.”

“Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you have!”

“The better to see you with.”

“Oh, grandmother, what big hands you have!”

“The better to grab you with.”

“Oh, grandmother, what a terribly big mouth you have!”

“The better to eat you with!”

No sooner did the wolf say that than he jumped out of bed and gobbled up poor Little Red Cap. After the wolf had the fat chunks in his body, he lay down in bed again, fell asleep, and began to snore very loudly. The huntsman happened to be passing by the house and thought to himself, “The way the old woman’s snoring, you’d better see if something’s wrong.” He went into the room, and when he came to the bed, he saw the wolf lying in it. He had been searching for the wolf a long time and thought that the beast had certainly eaten the grandmother. “Perhaps she can still be saved,” he said to himself. “I won’t shoot.” So he took some scissors and cut open the wolf’s belly. After he made a couple of cuts, he saw the little red cap shining forth, and after he made a few more cuts, the girl jumped out and exclaimed, “Oh, how frightened I was! It was so dark in the wolf’s body.”

Soon the grandmother emerged alive. Little Red Cap quickly fetched some large heavy stones, and they filled the wolf’s body with them. When he awoke and tried to run away, the stones were so heavy that he fell down at once and died.

All three were delighted. The huntsman skinned the fur from the wolf. The grandmother ate the cake and drank the wine that Little Red Cap had brought. And Little Red Cap thought to herself:

“Never again will you stray from the path by yourself and go into the forest when your mother has forbidden it.”

It’s also been told that Little Red Cap returned to her grandmother one day to bring some baked goods. Another wolf spoke to her and tried to entice her to leave the path, but this time Little Red Cap was on her guard. She went straight ahead and told her grandmother that she had seen the wolf, that he had wished her good day, but that he had had such a mean look in his eyes that “he would have eaten me if we hadn’t been on the open road.”

“Come,” said the grandmother. “We’ll lock the door so he can’t get in.” Soon after, the wolf knocked and cried out, “Open up, grandmother. It’s Little Red Cap, and I’ve brought you some baked goods.”

But they kept quiet and didn’t open the door. So the wicked wolf circled the house several times and finally jumped on top of the roof. He wanted to wait till evening when Little Red Cap would go home. He intended to sneak after her and eat her up in the darkness. But the grandmother realized what he had in mind. In front of the house was a big stone trough, and she said to the child, “Fetch the bucket, Little Red Cap. I cooked sausages yesterday. Get the water they were boiled in and pour it into the trough.”

Little Red Cap kept carrying the water until she had filled the big, big trough. Then the smell of sausages reached the nose of the wolf. He sniffed and looked down. Finally, he stretched his neck so far that he could no longer keep his balance on the roof. He began to slip from the roof and fell right into the big trough and drowned. Then Little Red Cap went happily and safely to her home.

(Grimms’ Fairy Tales, 2014, p.85).

The Six Swans

A king went hunting in a vast forest, got lost, and couldn't find his way out. Finally, he came upon a witch and asked her to show him the way out of the forest. However, the witch told him she wouldn't do it. He had to remain there and would lose his life. He could only be saved if he married her daughter. The king cherished his life, and he was so frightened, he said yes. So the witch brought the maiden to him. Though she was young and beautiful, he couldn't look at her without getting the creeps and secretly shuddering. However, he intended to keep his promise. Then the old woman led both of them on the right path out of the forest, and once they were at the king's home, the witch's daughter became his wife.

Now the king still had seven children from his first wife, six boys and a girl, and since he was afraid the stepmother might harm them, he brought them to a castle in the middle of a forest. It lay so well concealed nobody knew the way to it, and he himself would not have found it if a wise woman had not given him a ball of yarn. When he threw the ball before him, the yarn unwound itself and showed him the way.

Since the king loved his children very much, he frequently went to the castle. However, the queen became curious and wanted to know why he was going out into the forest all alone. She interrogated the servants, and they revealed the entire secret. The first thing she did was to use her cunning and acquire the ball of yarn. Then she took seven small shirts and went out into the forest. The ball of yarn showed her the way, and when the six little princes saw her coming from the distance, they were delighted because they thought their father was coming and ran out to her. But all at once she threw a shirt over each one of them, and as soon as they were touched by the shirts, they were turned into swans and flew away over the forest.

Now the queen thought that she had gotten rid of all her stepchildren and returned home. So the maiden, who had remained in her room, was saved. The next day the king went to the castle in the forest, and she told him what had happened and showed him the swan feathers that had fallen down from her six brothers into the courtyard. The king was horrified but couldn't believe that the queen had done such an evil deed. At the same time, he was worried that the princess might also be stolen away from him. So he wanted to take her with him. However, she was afraid of her stepmother and begged the king to allow her to spend one more night in the castle. Then, during the night, she fled and went deeper into the forest.

She walked the entire day, and toward evening she came to a hut. Once she entered, she found a room with six small beds. Since she was now tired, she lay herself down beneath one of the beds and wanted to spend the night there. Yet at sunset six swans came flying through the window,

landed on the floor, and blew on one another until all their feathers were blown off as if some cloth had slipped off them, and there stood her six brothers. She crawled out from beneath the bed, and the brothers were both glad and distressed to see her again.

“You can’t stay here,” they said. “This is a robbers’ den. When they come home from their marauding, they live here. We can take off our swan skins for only a quarter of an hour every evening and assume our human form during this time. Then it’s all over. If you want to rescue us, you must sew six little shirts made out of asters, but during this time you’re not allowed to speak or laugh. Otherwise all your work will be for naught.”

As the brothers were speaking, the quarter of an hour expired, and once again they were transformed into swans. The next morning, however, the maiden gathered asters, perched herself on a branch of a tall tree, and began to sew. She didn’t speak a single word or laugh. She just sat there and concentrated on her work.

After she had been there for some time, the king who owned this land went hunting and came to the tree where the maiden was perched. His hunters called to her and told her to come down. But because she was not permitted to answer them, she wanted to satisfy them by throwing them presents. So she threw them her golden necklace. Yet they continued to call out. So she threw them her girdle, and when this didn’t work either, she threw down her garters and little by little everything that she had on and could do without until she had nothing left but her little shift. Still all this was not enough for the hunters. They climbed the tree, carried her down, and led her by force to the king, who was astonished by her beauty. He covered her with his cloak, lifted her onto his horse, and brought her to his home. Even though she was mute, he loved her with all his heart, and she became his wife.

Now the king’s mother was angry about all of this and spoke ill of the young queen: nobody knew where the wench came from, and she wasn’t worthy of the king. When the queen gave birth to her first child, the old mother-in-law took the child away and smeared the queen’s mouth with blood while she was asleep. Then she accused the young queen of having eaten her own child and of being a sorceress. However, because of his great love for his wife, the king refused to believe this.

Some time later the queen gave birth to a second prince, and the godless mother-in-law played the same trick and accused the queen of cannibalism again. Since the queen wasn’t allowed to talk and had to sit there mute and work on the six little shirts, she couldn’t save herself and was sentenced to burn at the stake.

The day came when the sentence was to be carried out. It was exactly the last day of the six years, and she had managed to finish sewing the six shirts. Only the left sleeve of the last shirt was missing. When she was led to the stake, she took the six shirts with her, and when she stood on the pile of wood and the fire was about to be lit, she saw the six swans flying through the air until they descended right near her. So she threw the shirts over them, and as soon as the shirts touched them, the swan skins fell off, and her six brothers stood before her in the flesh. Only the sixth one was missing his left arm; instead, he had a swan's wing on his shoulder. Now she could speak once again and told everyone how her mother-in-law had slandered her in such a wicked way. Consequently, the old woman was tied to the stake and burned to death. However, the young queen lived with the king and her six brothers a long time in great joy.

(Grimms' Fairy Tales, 2014, p.159).

Little Snow White

Once upon a time, in the middle of winter, when snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a beautiful queen was sitting and sewing at a window with a black ebony frame. And as she was sewing and looking out the window at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell on the snow. The red looked so beautiful on the white snow that she thought to herself, "If only I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the wood of the window frame!" Soon thereafter she gave birth to a little daughter who was as white as snow, as red as blood, and her hair as black as ebony. That's why the child was called Little Snow White.

The queen was the most beautiful woman in the entire land and very proud about her beauty. She also had a mirror, and every morning she stepped in front of it and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?"

The mirror would answer:

"You, my queen, are the fairest of all."

And then she knew for certain that there was nobody more beautiful in the entire world. However, Little Snow White grew up, and when she was seven years old, she was so beautiful that her beauty surpassed even that of the queen, and when the queen asked her mirror:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?"

The mirror answered:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Little Snow White is a thousand times more fair."

When the queen heard the mirror speak this way, she became pale with envy, and from that hour onward, she hated Snow White, and when she looked at her and thought that Little Snow White was to blame that she, the queen, was no longer the most beautiful woman in the world, her heart turned against Little Snow White. Her jealousy kept upsetting her, and so she summoned the huntsman and said: "Take the child out into the forest to a spot far from here. Then stab her to death and bring me back her lungs and liver as proof of your deed. After that I'll cook them with salt and eat them."

The huntsman took Little Snow White and led her out into the forest, but when he drew his hunting knife and was about to stab her, she began to weep and pleaded so much to let her live and promised never to return but to run deeper into the forest, the huntsman was moved to pity, also because she was so beautiful. Anyway, he thought the wild beasts in the forest would soon devour her: "I'm glad that I won't have to kill her." Just then a young boar came dashing by, and the huntsman stabbed it to death. He took out the lungs and liver and brought them to the queen as

proof that the child was dead. Then she boiled them in salt, ate them, and thought that she had eaten Little Snow White's lungs and liver.

Meanwhile, Little Snow White was so all alone in the huge forest that she became afraid and began to run and run over sharp stones and through thorn bushes. She ran the entire day. Finally, as the sun was about to set, she came upon a little cottage that belonged to seven dwarfs. However, they were not at home but had gone to the mines. When Little Snow White entered, she found everything tiny, but dainty and neat. There was a little table with a white tablecloth, and on it were seven little plates with seven tiny spoons, seven tiny knives and tiny forks, and seven tiny cups. In a row against the wall stood seven little beds recently covered with sheets. Since she was so hungry and thirsty, Little Snow White ate some vegetables and bread from each of the little plates and had a drop of wine to drink out of each of the tiny cups. And since she was so tired, she wanted to lay down and sleep. So she began trying out the beds, but none of them suited her until she found that the seventh one was just right. So she lay down in it and fell asleep.

When it turned night, the seven dwarfs returned home from their work and lit their seven little candles. Then they saw that someone had been in their house.

The first dwarf said: "Who's been sitting in my chair?"

"Who's eaten off my plate?" said the second.

"Who's eaten some of my bread?" said the third.

"Who's eaten some of my vegetables?" said the fourth.

"Who's been using my little fork?" said the fifth.

"Who's been cutting with my little knife?" said the sixth.

"Who's had something to drink from my little cup?" said the seventh.

Then the first dwarf looked around and said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?"

Then the second cried out, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed!"

And he was followed by each one of them until the seventh dwarf looked at his bed and saw Little Snow White lying there asleep. The others came running over to him, and they were so astounded that they screamed and fetched their seven little candles to observe Little Snow White. "Oh, my Lord! Oh, my Lord!" they exclaimed. "How beautiful she is!"

They took great delight in her but didn't wake her up. Instead, they let her sleep in the bed, while the seventh dwarf spent an hour in each one of his companions' beds until the night had passed. When Little Snow White awoke, they asked her who she was and how she had managed to come to their cottage. Then she told them how her mother had wanted to have her killed, how the huntsman had spared her life, and how she had run all day until she had eventually arrived at their cottage.

Then the dwarfs took pity on her and said, "If you'll keep house for us, cook, sew make the beds, wash, and knit, and if you'll keep everything neat and orderly, you can stay with us, and we'll provide you with everything you need. When we come home in the evening, dinner must be ready. During the day we're in the mines and dig for gold. You'll be alone and will have to watch out for the queen and not let anyone enter the cottage." In the meantime, the queen believed that she was once again the most beautiful woman in the land and stepped before her mirror and asked:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is fairest of all?"

The mirror answered:

"You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but beyond the seven mountains, this I must tell, Little Snow White is living quite well. Indeed, she's still a thousand times more fair."

When the queen heard this, she was horrified, for she saw that she had been deceived and that the huntsman had not killed Little Snow White. Since nobody but the seven dwarfs lived in the seven mountains region, the queen knew immediately that Little Snow White was dwelling with them and began once again plotting ways to kill her. As long as the mirror refused to say that she was the most beautiful woman in the land, she would remain upset. Since she couldn't be absolutely certain and didn't trust anyone, she disguised herself as an old peddler woman, painted her face so that nobody could recognize her, and went to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, where she knocked at the door and cried out, "Open up Open up! I'm the old peddler woman. I've got pretty wares for sale!"

Little Snow White looked out of the window: "What do you have for sale?"

"Stay laces, dear child!" the old woman replied and took out a lace woven from yellow, red, and blue silk. "Do you want it?"

"Well, yes," said Little Snow White and thought, "I can certainly let this good old woman inside. She's honest enough."

So Little Snow White unbolted the door and bought the lace.

"My goodness, you're so sloppily laced up!" said the old woman.

"Come, I'll lace you up properly for once."

Little Snow White stood in front of the old woman, who took the lace and tied it around Little Snow White so tightly that she lost her breath and fell down as if dead. Then the queen was satisfied and left. Not long after nightfall the dwarfs came home, and when they saw their dear Snow White lying on the ground, they were horrified, for she seemed to be dead. They lifted her up, and when they saw that she was laced too tightly, they cut the stay lace in two. At once she began to breathe a little, and after a while she had fully revived.

"That was nobody else but the queen," they said. "She wanted to take your life. Be careful, and don't let anyone else enter the cottage."

Now the queen asked her mirror:

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
who in this land is fairest of all?”

The mirror answered:

“You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Little Snow White’s alive, this I must tell,
She’s with the dwarfs and doing quite well.
Indeed, she’s still a thousand times more fair.”

When the queen heard this once again, she trembled and shook with rage. “Little Snow White shall die!” she exclaimed. “Even if it costs me my own life”

Then she went into a secret chamber where no one was allowed to enter.

Once inside she made a deadly poisonous apple. On the outside it looked beautiful with red cheeks. Anyone who saw it would be enticed to take a bite. Thereafter, she disguised herself as a peasant woman, went to the dwarfs’ cottage, and knocked on the door. Little Snow White looked and said “I’m not allowed to let anyone inside. The seven dwarfs have strictly forbidden me.” “Well, if you don’t want to let me in, I can’t force you,” answered the peasant woman. “I’ll surely get rid of my apples in time. But let me give you one to test.”

“No,” said Little Snow White. “I’m not allowed to take anything. The dwarfs won’t let me.”

“You’re probably afraid,” said the old woman. “Look, I’ll cut the apple in two. You eat the beautiful red half.”

However, the apple had been made with such cunning that only the red part was poisoned. When Little Snow White saw the peasant woman eating her half, and when her desire to taste the apple grew stronger, she finally let the peasant woman give her the other half through the window. As soon as she took a bite of the apple, she fell to the ground and was dead. The queen rejoiced, went home, and asked the mirror:

“Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of all?”

And the mirror answered:

“You, my queen, are now the fairest of all.”

“Now I can rest in peace,” she said. “Once again I’m the most beautiful in the land, and Snow White will remain dead this time.”

When the dwarfs came home from the mines that evening, they found Little Snow White lying on the ground, and she was dead. They unlaced her and tried to find something poisonous in her hair, but nothing helped. They couldn’t revive her. So they laid her on a bier, and all seven of them sat down beside it and wept and wept for three whole days. Then they intended to bury her, but she looked more alive than dead, and she still had such pretty red cheeks. So, instead they made a glass

coffin and placed her inside so that she could easily be seen. Then they wrote her name on the coffin in gold letters and added the family name. One of the dwarfs remained at home every day to keep watch over her.

So Little Snow White lay in the coffin for a long, long time but did not rot. She was still white as snow and red as blood, and if her eyes could have opened, they would have been black as ebony, for she lay there as if she were sleeping.

Now it happened that a prince came to the dwarfs' cottage one day and wanted to spend the night there. When he entered the room and saw Little Snow White lying in the coffin and the seven little candles casting their light right on her, he couldn't get enough of her beauty. Then he read the golden inscription and saw that she was a princess. So he asked the dwarfs to sell him the coffin with the dead Little Snow White inside. But they wouldn't accept all the gold in the world for it. Then he pleaded with them to give Little Snow White to him as a gift because he couldn't live without gazing upon her, and he would honor her and hold her in high regard as his most beloved in the world. Well, the dwarfs took pity on him and gave him the coffin, and the prince had it carried to his castle. It was then placed in his room, where he himself sat the entire day and couldn't take his eyes off her. And when he had to leave the room and couldn't see Little Snow White, he became sad. Indeed, he couldn't eat a thing unless he was standing near the coffin. However, the servants, who had to carry the coffin from place to place in the castle all the time, became angry about this, and at one time a servant opened the coffin, lifted Little Snow White into the air, and said: "Why must we be plagued with so much work all because of a dead maiden?" On saying this he shoved Little Snow White's back with his hand, and out popped the nasty piece of apple that had been stuck in Little Snow White's throat, and she was once again alive. As soon as this happened, she went to the prince, and when he saw his dear Little Snow White alive, he rejoiced so much that he didn't know what to do. Then they sat down at the dinner table and ate with delight.

The wedding was planned for the next day, and Snow White's godless mother was also invited to attend. When she now stepped before the mirror, she said:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who in this land is the fairest of all?"

And the mirror replied: "You, my queen, may have a beauty quite rare, but Little Snow White is a thousand times more fair."

When she heard this, she was horrified and became so afraid, so very afraid that she didn't know what to do. However, her jealousy drove her so much that she wanted to be seen at the wedding. When she arrived, she saw that Little Snow White was the bride. Iron slippers were then heated over a fire. The queen had to put them on and dance in them, and her feet were miserably burned, but she had to keep dancing in them until she danced herself to death.

(Grimms' Fairy Tales, 2014, p.170).

BOOK-REPORT SHEET FORMS

Form 1

(Based on Day & Bamford, 1984, p.220 and mentioned in Day & Bamford, 1998, p.147).

Book Report Sheet

Fill this out even if you only read one page of the book

Name:.....

Group:.....

Gender:.....

Book:.....

Author:.....

Publication:.....

Pages:.....

Summary:

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Self Reflection:

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Form 2

(Based on Kembo, 1993, p.37)

Weekly Book Report

Name of student:

Form **Adm No:**

• **Author:**

Title of book:

Main character(s):

Other characters:

• **What is the story about?.....**

.....

.....

• **What happens in the end?**

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• **book of poems, etc.)**

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• **List 10 new, interesting words you learned from the story or article**

.....

.....

• **List (3,4 or 5) new words in your own sentences.**

.....

.....

• **Copy out what struck you most in the article/story.**

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