

## **Year 7 Week beginning: 15<sup>th</sup> June 2020**

These tasks are based on your reading of chapter 10.

Work can be completed electronically or handwritten. Then, it can be emailed to me via the email below. For the handwritten work, take a photo of the handwritten work and send it in this way.

**Do not worry if do not understand all of the tasks, do what you can.** If you have any questions about his work, or you would like to send the work, please email:

[amanda.dixon@grangepark.kent.sch.uk](mailto:amanda.dixon@grangepark.kent.sch.uk).

Mrs Dixon

## 1. Read the extract below.

Below is an extract from chapter 9, which begins with when Naledi noticed the photograph.

It was while they were eating that Naledi noticed a small photograph on the wall of Grace's mother with four children. It had been taken some years ago, when Paul and Jonas were no more than babies.

"Who's this?" Naledi enquired, pointing to a boy who looked a few years older than Grace.

"That's our eldest brother, Dumi, but he isn't here anymore," replied Grace rather quietly.

"Where is he?" asked Tiro.

"If I tell you, you mustn't go shouting about it."

Naledi and Tiro shook their heads.

"But remember what Mma said, Grace. We mustn't talk about it, or Dumi will be in trouble." Paul looked very worried.

"It's all right," assured his older sister. "These two aren't big mouths like some kids around here."

By now Tiro and Naledi were looking quite puzzled.

"You see," Grace began, "our brother Dumi got picked up by the police, in '76. That was the time when the students here and all over were marching and the place was on fire..."

Grace paused.

"You must know about it. Or were you too young then?"

"The older students at school sometimes talk about such things, but we don't know much," Naledi admitted.

So, with the dim light from the light flickering their shadows on the walls of the small room, Grace began to tell the children her story.

### Questions

"You see," Grace began, "our brother Dumi got picked up by the police, in '76. That was the time when the students here and all over were marching and the place was on fire..."

Grace paused.

"You must know about it. Or were you too young then?"

"The older students at school sometimes talk about such things, but we don't know much," Naledi admitted.

What do you think Grace is talking about here?

#### Chapter 10 - Grace's story

Before we begin reading chapter 10, think of a question about Grace's story that you would like to be answered.

Question/s you would like answered during your reading of chapter 10:

## 2. Read chapter 10 - Grace's Story.

### Chapter Ten - Grace's Story

It was a 'time of fire' as Grace called it, when she and Dumi had marched in the streets with thousands of other schoolchildren. They were protesting that their schools taught them only what the white government wanted them to know.

On the banner that Dumi and his friends carried, they had written 'BLACKS ARE NOT DUSTBINS.'

Everything went all right until the police saw the schoolchildren marching and then the trouble started. The police aimed their guns and began to shoot with real bullets, killing whoever was in the way.

It was terrible. The police shot tear gas too, making everyone's eyes burn.

People were screaming, bleeding, falling. More police came in great steel tanks and more in helicopters, firing from above. A little girl standing near Grace, about eight years old, raised her fist and next thing she was lying dead.

People became fighting mad, throwing stones at the police, burning down schools and government offices. Smoke and flames were everywhere.

But the police kept shooting, until hundreds were dead. Hundreds were hurt and hundreds were arrested.

Dumi was one of those arrested.

When he came out of prison, he said that the police had beaten him up badly, but he would go on fighting even if they killed him.

Then one night he disappeared. When their mother went to each police station, asking if he was there, the police said "No." But maybe they were lying. Maybe they had killed him too.

For a year they had no news.

Until one day a letter came. It was from Dumi. There was no address, but it had been posted in Johannesburg. Dumi wrote that he was well and studying in another country. He was giving the letter to a friend to post. He also wrote that he would be coming back one day. Coming back to help fight for FREEDOM and make life better for everyone. He had written FREEDOM in big letters.

The family had been so excited that he was alive, so worried about the dangers he faced, yet so proud of his courage. Dumi had been a boy when he left, but now he would be a man. Although it was a long time since they had heard from him, they hadn't given up hope. They were still waiting.

When Grace finished talking, the children remained silent.

"Well, it's time to sleep," Grace said, pushing back her chair and stretching herself up. Her young brothers cleared up the dishes, stacking them up ready to wash them outside in the morning.

Grace shared her bed with Naledi and the boys shared theirs with Tiro. He was soon fast asleep but Naledi lay awake for a while, thinking.

So much had happened. She wondered what her mother was doing. Was Mma alone in the little room in the yard, or was she still watching over the child in the big house?

Naledi was sure Mma must be thinking of Dineo. Why couldn't Mma have left straight away and what if something happened to Dineo before they arrived? Naledi didn't want to think about that. At least the delay had led to them being with Grace and she really liked Grace.

Her mind wandered over the terrible events in Soweto, to Dumi and to the word in big letters - FREEDOM. What did the word really mean? Did it mean they could live with their mother? Did it mean they could go to secondary school? But Grace said the children marched because they had to learn a lot of "rubbish" in school. So what would you learn in a school with FREEDOM?

There were so many questions, Naledi thought, as she drifted to sleep.

### **Task:**

The question/s you had earlier on, were they answered?

Have you got any more questions before reading the next chapter?

After hearing Grace's story about Dumi, write down your thoughts about:

- how Naledi is feeling.
- what Naledi is thinking.

### 3. Naledi's journey

Naledi has had many things happen during their journey to Jo'Burg.

**Task:**

Look at the chapter titles below and write down what you remember happened in each one.

Chapter 1 - <b>Naledi's Plan</b>	
Chapter 2 - <b>The Road</b>	
Chapter 3 - <b>Oranges!</b>	
Chapter 4 - <b>Ride on a Lorry</b>	
Chapter 5 - <b>The City of Gold</b>	
Chapter 6 - <b>A New Friend</b>	
Chapter 7 - <b>Mma</b>	
Chapter 8 - <b>Police</b>	
Chapter 9 - <b>The Photograph</b>	

## 4. Naledi's diary

What do you think Naledi would have written in her diary on the night she and Tiro stayed at Grace's house in Soweto?

Example of what it could look like:

28<sup>th</sup> June 1985

Dear Diary,

I cannot believe that I am here in this strange house, in this strange city - Jo'burg' Grace, who is the woman we are staying with, is fantastic and she has welcomed us into her home as if we were her own children.

So many things have happened in the last twenty-four hours. The journey here was both exciting and scary.

**Task:** to write a diary entry - see below for details.

### NALEDI'S DIARY

#### Your task

to write a diary entry as Naledi, which includes some details from *Journey to Jo'Burg*.

#### You could write about:

- The journey by foot, by the orange plantation and through the town.
- The ride on the lorry.
- Your first thoughts about Johannesburg.
- Your meeting with Grace and your impressions of her.
- Your meeting with your mother.
- The train ride in the township of Soweto.
- Your impressions of the white policemen.
- How you feel about Grace's story of her life.

LO: To be able to identify how a character is feeling.

28<sup>th</sup> June 1985

Dear Diary,

*I cannot believe what has happened to me in less than a day...*

