

	FINAL EXAMINATION FIRST SEMESTER REVISION BOOKLET
	Grade : 9
AY 2018 - 2019	Subject : English
	Teacher : Ms. Hanen

Read the following text and answer the questions below.

Where have you gone Charming Billy?

The **platoon** of twenty-six soldiers moved slowly in the dark, single file, not talking. One by one, like sheep in a dream, they passed through the hedgerow, crossed quietly over a meadow and came down to the rice paddy. There they stopped. Their leader knelt down, motioning with his hand, and one by one the other soldiers squatted in the shadows, vanishing in the **primitive** stealth of warfare. For a long time they did not move. Except for the sounds of their breathing, the twenty-six men were very quiet: some of them excited by the adventure, some of them afraid, some of them exhausted from the long night march, some of them looking forward to reaching the sea where they would be safe. At the rear of the column, Private First Class Paul Berlin lay quietly with his forehead resting on the black plastic stock of his rifle, his eyes closed. He was pretending he was not in the war, pretending he had not watched Billy Boy Watkins die of a heart attack that afternoon. He was pretending he was a boy again, camping with his father in the midnight summer along the Des Moines River. In the dark, with his eyes pinched shut, he pretended. He pretended that when he opened his eyes, his father would be there by the campfire and they would talk softly about whatever came to mind and then roll into their sleeping bags, and that later they'd wake up and it would be morning and there would not be a war, and that Billy Boy Watkins had not died of a heart attack that afternoon. He pretended he was not a soldier.

In the morning, when they reached the sea, it would be better. The hot afternoon would be over, he would bathe in the sea and he would forget how frightened he had been on his first day at the war. The second day would not be so bad. He would learn.

There was a sound beside him, a movement and then a breathed: "Hey!" He opened his eyes, shivering as if emerging from a deep nightmare.

"Hey!" a shadow whispered. "We're moving... Get up."

"Okay."

“You sleep in’, or something?”

“No.” He could not make out the soldier’s face. With clumsy, concrete hands he clawed for his rifle, found it, found his helmet. The soldier-shadow grunted. “You got a lot to learn, buddy. I’d shoot you if I thought you was sleep in’. Let’s go.”

Private First Class Paul Berlin blinked. Ahead of him, silhouetted against the sky, he saw the string of soldiers wading into the flat paddy, the black outline of their shoulders and packs and weapons. He was comfortable. He did not want to move. But he was afraid, for it was his first night at the war, so he hurried to catch up, stumbling once, scraping his knee, groping as though blind; his boots sank into the thick paddy water and he smelled it all around him. He would tell his mother how it smelled: mud and algae and cattle manure and chlorophyll, decay, breeding mosquitoes and leeches as big as mice, the fecund warmth of the paddy waters rising up to his cut knee. But he would not tell how frightened he had been.

Once they reached the sea, things would be better. They would have their rear guarded by three thousand miles of ocean, and they would swim and dive into the breakers and hunt crayfish and smell the salt, and they would be safe. He followed the shadow of the man in front of him. It was a clear night.

Already the Southern Cross was out. And other stars he could not yet name—soon, he thought, he would learn their names. And puffy night clouds. There was not yet a moon. Wading through the paddy, his boots made sleepy, sloshing sounds, like a lullaby, and he tried not to think. Though he was afraid, he now knew that fear came in many degrees and types and peculiar categories, and he knew that his fear now was not so bad as it had been in the hot afternoon, when poor Billy Boy Watkins got killed by a heart attack. His fear now was diffuse and unformed: ghosts in the tree line, nighttime fears of a child, a boogiemán in the closet that his father would open to show empty, saying “See? Nothing there, champ. Now you can sleep.” In the afternoon it had been worse: the fear had been bundled and tight and he’d been on his hands and knees, crawling like an insect, an ant escaping a giant’s footsteps and thinking nothing, brain flopping like wet cement in a mixer, not thinking at all, watching while Billy Boy Watkins died. Now as he stepped out of the paddy onto a narrow dirt path, now the fear was mostly the fear of being so terribly afraid again. He tried not to think.

By Tim O’Brien

Comprehension

Answer the following questions.

1. *What details in the text show that Paul Berlin was very afraid?*

2. *The writer uses imagery in the text. Find at least two examples and say what senses do they appeal to?*

3. *What figurative speech is used in line 56/57?*

4. *What detail in the text refer to foreshadowing?*

5. *What detail in the text refer to flash-forward?*

7. Find synonyms to the following words from the text.

- platoon (line 1) _____
- Primitive (line 5) _____

Vocabulary [10]

1. *Fill in the blanks with the appropriate word from the following box.*

[5]

Rejuvenate / venture / dross / console / realm

- a. The player of the interactive game must create his own magical _____ before engaging in online play.

- b. Although the _____ is going to cost me a lot of money, I can easily recoup my funds in three months if the business is successful.
- c. When I am exhausted after work, I count on a hot shower to _____ me.
- d. Because Lee's contribution to the company has been _____ this year, there is a chance he may be terminated from his position.
- e. When Frank's wife left him for another man, he became depressed, and there was nothing anyone could do to _____ him.

2. Use the following words in your own sentences.[1 mark for the correct use of the word].

adieu / perilous / shoddy / momentous / exorbitant

- a. _____

- b. _____

- c. _____

- d. _____

- e. _____

Grammar

1. Complete the sentence below according to the instruction.

(Predicate nominative)

- a. The prices at the Marliave Ristorante _____.

b. The task of adapting to a new way of life is _____.

(Predicate adjective)

c. Their recipes are _____.

d. Sailing away from home to a strange land seems _____.

2. Circle the direct object in the following sentences. Add an indirect object to the sentence.

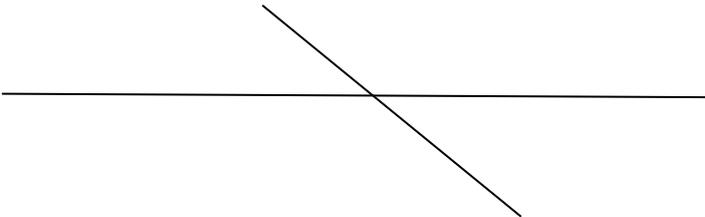
a. Who gave the maps showing the farm's location?

b. He told his experiences as the village blacksmith.

3. Complete each diagram with the sentence provided.

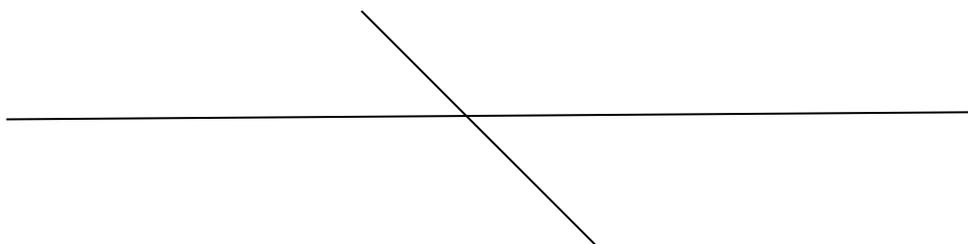
(Simple subject and simple predicate)

a. All family members had specific duties.



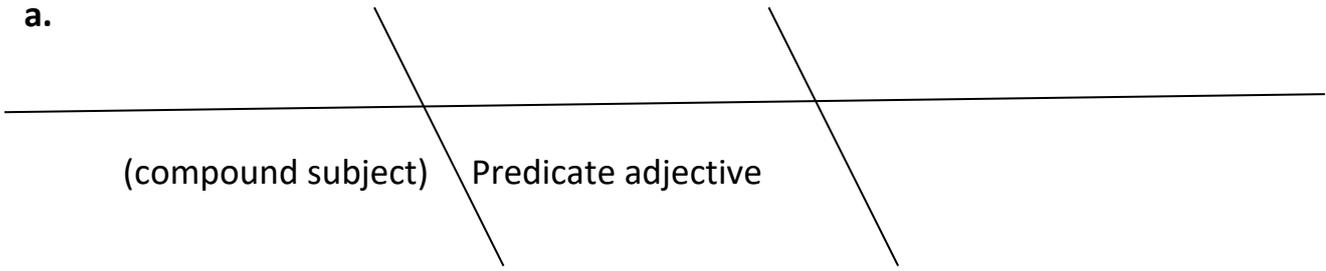
(Compound subject and simple predicate)

Farm men and women made lace and embroidered during the winter.



4. Write sentences for the following diagrams.

a.



b.

