

**WEEK 2 STUDY PLAN - DISTANCE LEARNING**

**Class and Section: YEAR 8 A**

**Name of Teacher: Merlin Annamma Philip**

**Subject: English Literature**

**Week 2 : 6<sup>th</sup> September, 2020– 10<sup>th</sup> September, 2020 No. of lessons - 4**

**Student's access to Work: Work sent to students through Class Group g mail / Google Classroom**

**Topic: Prose: The Speckled Band from *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* by Arthur Conan Doyle**

Learning Outcomes:

**Students will be familiar with some of the terms related to detective fiction**

**be able to identify elements of detective fiction in the given extract;**

**understand how the story progresses through the eyes of the character**

**express their response to the events, characters in the story**

**interpret questions and respond appropriately showing evidence of their knowledge and understanding of the story**

DATE/LESSON No.	ACTIVITY - CLOSE READING OF 'The Speckled Band' & RESPONSE TO QUESTIONS
WEEK 7	6 <sup>th</sup> September 2020 – 10 <sup>th</sup> September, 2020
<p>6<sup>th</sup> Sept, 2020  <b>LESSON 1</b>  8 A  Sunday  1 lesson ( 3rd Period)</p>	<p><b><u>Lesson 1 - <a href="#">Zoom lesson 1</a></u></b></p> <p><b><u>Learning Outcomes</u></b></p> <p><b>Be familiarised with some of the terms related to detective fiction</b></p> <p><b>To identify elements of detective fiction in the given extract</b></p> <p><b><u>Learning Objectives:</u></b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Explore opening event and its importance</li> <li>➤ Explore characterisation</li> <li>➤ Interpret character's actions, thoughts and feelings</li> </ul> <p><b><u>Success Criteria:</u> - I can</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ understand, describe, select or retrieve information, events or ideas regarding key event, characters, mood, atmosphere</li> <li>➤ talk about the significance of the opening with suitable textual evidence</li> </ul> <p><b>DISCUSSION: Speaking and sharing of ideas</b>  <b>Activity 1: Brainstorm elements of detective fiction.</b></p> <p><b>What makes detective stories different from other stories?</b></p>

( detective, crime, criminal, lead, clues, codes, suspense, mystery, theft / murder, logic, red herrings, disguise, conflict becomes a battle of intellects, suspects, evidence, logical solution, akin to a jigsaw puzzle)

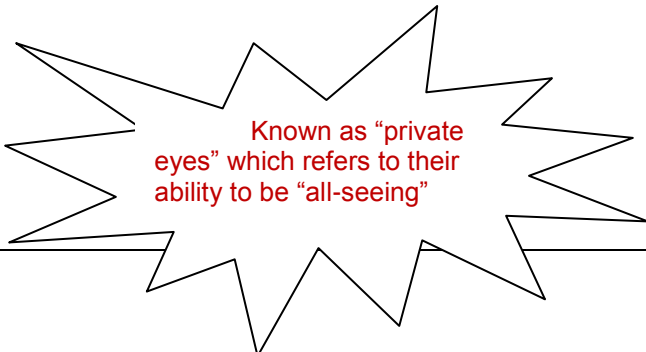
Therefore, in a successful detective story,

( Join the key word in Column A to the correct part in Column B)

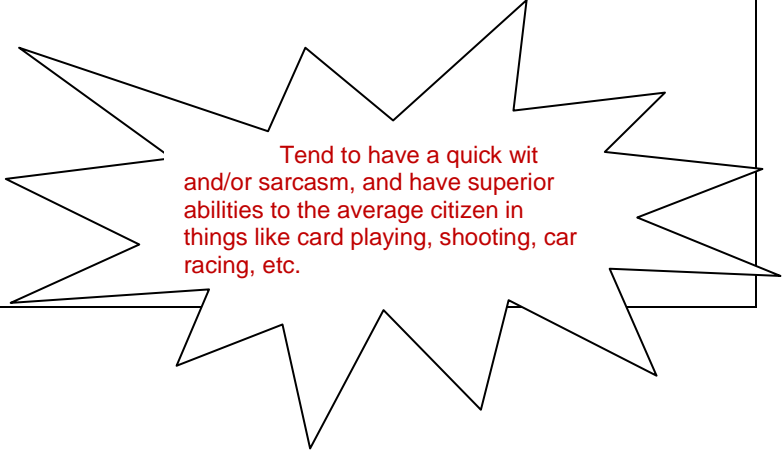
<u>Column A</u>	<u>Column B</u>
The detective	must be significant.
The crime	Must be memorable
The criminal	Discovered by the detective must be made available to the reader
All the suspects,	Must appear logical and obvious when the detective explains how the crime was solved
All clues	Must be a worthy opponent.
The solution	Including the criminal, must be presented early in the story.

Activity 2: What characterizes a detective?

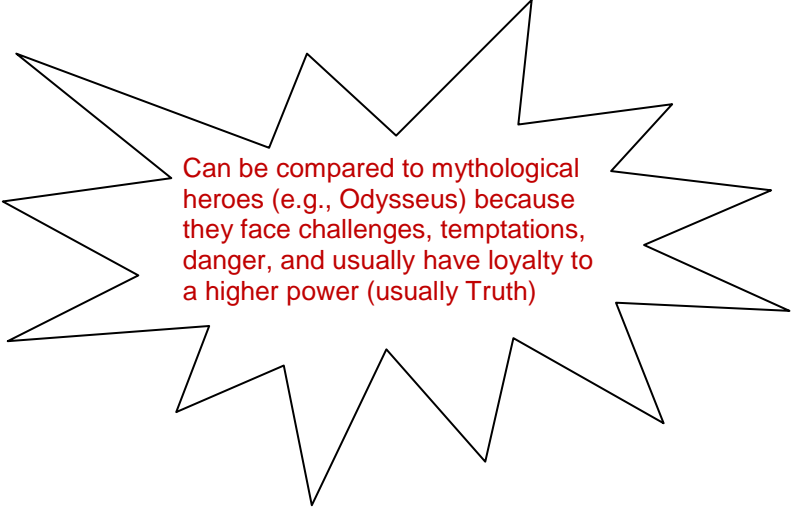
WHOLECLASS DISCUSSION ( Give students two minutes to think )



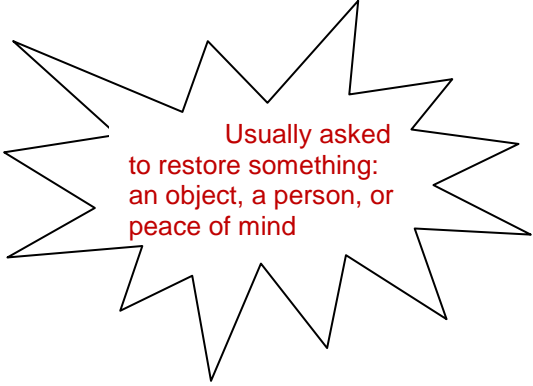
Known as "private eyes" which refers to their ability to be "all-seeing"




Tend to have a quick wit and/or sarcasm, and have superior abilities to the average citizen in things like card playing, shooting, car racing, etc.



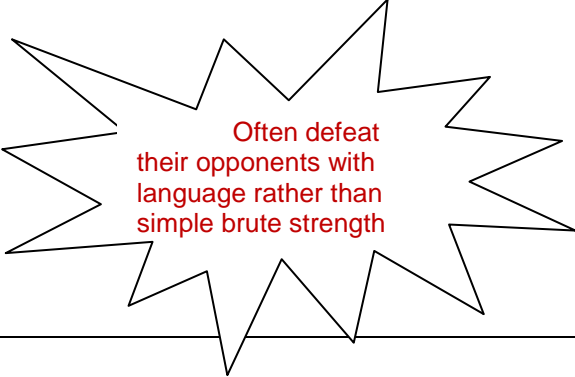
Can be compared to mythological heroes (e.g., Odysseus) because they face challenges, temptations, danger, and usually have loyalty to a higher power (usually Truth)



Usually asked to restore something: an object, a person, or peace of mind



Usually well-educated and sophisticated, sometimes wealthy, too



Often defeat their opponents with language rather than simple brute strength

**Teacher shares the Power Point Presentation on Detective Fiction.**

**READING**

**Activity 3: Read the opening paragraphs from the story ‘The Speckled Band’.**

**Introductory questions: (Encourage students to share their thoughts)**

- a. What, do you think, is the ‘speckled band’?
- b. Any predictions about the plot of the story?

**Loud Reading by the Teacher ( paragraphs 1 and 2)**

**Discuss and share views about**

- opening
- narrator and narrative style
- characters
- reference to the case

**Loud Reading by students who take turns to read the rest of the extract.**

**NOTEBOOK WORK**

**Make short notes on**

	<p><b>Setting: Holmes' home in Baker Street</b></p> <p><b>Event : Sherlock Holmes has a lady visitor</b></p> <p><b>Characters: Narrator (Dr. Watson), Sherlock Holmes (Detective), Visitor (Client), Mrs Hudson (Housekeeper)</b></p> <p><b>Atmosphere – Tense, filled with suspense enhanced by the agitated state of the visitor, she arrives early in the morning ( reveals urgency)</b></p> <p><b>PRE – READING FOR ZOOM LESSON 2</b></p>
<p>7<sup>th</sup> September, 2020, Lesson 2</p> <p>8D Monday 1 lesson ( 7th Period)</p>	<p>Lesson 2 - <a href="#">Zoom lesson 2</a></p> <p><b><u>Learning Outcome: to understand how the story progresses through the eyes of the character;</u></b></p> <p><b><u>express their response to the events, characters in the story</u></b></p> <p><b><u>Learning Objectives:</u></b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>➤ Explore the key ideas, events, themes, characters</li> <li>➤ Express viewpoints</li> </ul> <p><b><u>Success Criteria:</u> - Success Criteria: I can</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• deduce information about key events, characters</li> <li>• interpret importance of events, characters and their interactions</li> <li>• understand character development</li> <li>• draw a connection between and among the characters</li> <li>• express my understanding of characters and the theme of mystery with textual evidence</li> </ul>

	<p><b><u>Task 1</u></b> - Recall events, characters of zoom lesson 1</p> <p><b><u>Task 2:</u></b> Loud reading of the story, <i>'The Speckled Band'</i></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>- write notes in your NOTEBOOK when the teacher is explaining and clearing the doubts</li><li>- ongoing discussion of key events, character, problem, increasing tension, suspense and mystery</li><li>- brainstorm impressions about the Dr. Roylott.</li><li>- Highlight words and phrases that help us understand more about the characters, events and atmosphere.</li></ul> <p>Homework: (Can be given as Assignment on GC) Date of posting or submission .....</p> <p>Q. Write about your initial impressions of Dr Roylott. Support your views with relevant evidence from the text. (6 marks)</p>
	<p>Lesson 3 <a href="#"><u>Asynchronous Lesson</u></a></p> <p><b><u>Learning Outcome: to interpret questions and respond appropriately showing evidence of their knowledge and understanding of the story</u></b></p> <p><b><u>Learning Objective</u></b></p> <p>Read text to infer, deduce and interpret meaning, events and characters' behaviour</p> <p><b><u>Success Criteria</u></b></p> <p>I can read closely to select appropriate evidence</p> <p>A] True or False:</p>

**1. Dr. Watson is the narrator in the story opening.**

**2. Sherlock Holmes was an early riser.**

**3. Sherlock Holmes had a cheery visitor.**

**4. She was immensely confident as she spoke.**

**5. Holmes made her feel at ease.**

**B] Highlight the right answer:**

**How did the woman appear at the beginning of the story?**

- a. peaceful and silent
- b. fearful and agitated
- c. stressed and riveted
- d. surprise and happy

**What was the name of the lady who stopped by Sherlock Holmes's headquarters?**

- a. Julia Stoner
- b. Helen Royslott
- c. Helen Stoner
- d. Julia Royslott

**What was Dr. Royslott's relationship with Helen Stoner?**

- a. He was her fiancé
- b. He was her father
- c. He was her brother
- d. He was her stepfather



**Where did Dr. Roylott meet his wife?**

- a. Surrey
- b. India
- c. London
- d. Stoke Moran

**Why did Dr. Roylott have to end his medical practice in India?**

- a. he beat his butler to death
- b. he got a better job offer
- c. he wanted to become a gypsy

**How was Dr. Roylott's behavior when they moved to Stoke Moran?**

- a. He enjoyed talking to their neighbors and took his stepdaughters on picnics.
- b. He shut himself up in his house and seldom came out save to indulge on ferocious quarrels with whomever might cross his path.
- c. He was reserved, but was always kind and loving to his stepdaughters.

**According to Helen violent temper ran in the Roylott family, but her stepfather's violence intensified because...**

- a. He was upset about his wife's death.
- b. He was secretly in love with Helen.
- c. His long residence in the tropics (India).

**What was Helen's sister's name?**

- a. Jane
- b. Julia
- c. Jackie

**Who were Dr. Roylott's only friends?**

- a. the gypsies
- b. Helen and Julia
- c. Sherlock Holmes and Watson

**What did the gypsies give Dr. Roylott in exchange for allowing them to encamp in the acres of his family estate?**

- a. a monthly sum and meals
- b. they allowed him to stay in their tents and wander away with them
- c. their friendship and loyalty

**C] Answer the question in complete sentences and in paragraphs.**

Q1. How does Conan Doyle create an atmosphere of mystery and fear through the character of Helen Stoner? (8 marks)

Consider

- What she says
- How she behaves

### **Reading Reference for Zoom Lesson 1**

THE SPECKLED BAND by Arthur Conan Doyle

In glancing over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which I have during the last eight years studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace; for, working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend towards the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, **5** when we were sharing rooms as bachelors in Baker Street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumours as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a **10** late riser, as a rule, and as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter-past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

“Very sorry to knock you up, Watson,” said he, “but it’s the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been knocked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you.”

“What is it, then—a fire?”

**15**

“No; a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset. I thought, at any rate, that I should call you and give you the chance.”

“My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything.”

**20**

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

“Good-morning, madam,” said Holmes cheerily. “My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, **25** before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha! I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering.”

“It is not cold which makes me shiver,” said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

“What, then?”

“It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror.” She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her **30** face all drawn and grey, with restless frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty, but her hair was shot with premature grey, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

“You must not fear,” said he soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. “We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see.” **35**

“You know me, then?”

“No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dog-cart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station.”

The lady gave a violent start and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

“There is no mystery, my dear madam,” said he, smiling. “The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. **40** The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left-hand side of the driver.”

## **Reading Reference for Zoom Lesson 2**

“Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct,” said she. “I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer; I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from **45** Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me, too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful.”

Holmes turned to his desk and, unlocking it, drew out a small case-book, which he consulted.

“Farintosh,” said he. “Ah yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, **50** madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter.”

“Alas!” replied our visitor, “the very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all **55** that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart. You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me.”

“I am all attention, madam.”

“My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, **60** the Royslotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey.”

Holmes nodded his head. “The name is familiar to me,” said he.

“The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north, and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two hundred-year-old house, **65** which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree and went out to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment and afterwards returned to England a morose **70** and disappointed man.

“When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother’s re-marriage. She had a considerable sum of money—not less than £1000 a year—and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely while we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago **75** in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness.

“But a terrible change came over our stepfather about this time. Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbours, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house and seldom came out **80** save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my stepfather’s case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police-court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

“Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could **85** gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gypsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master. **90**

“You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but thirty at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already begun to whiten, even as mine has.”

“Your sister is dead, then?”

“She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you. You can understand that, living the life which I have described, **95** we were little likely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother’s maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady’s house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago,

and met there a half-pay major of marines, to whom she became engaged. My stepfather learned of the engagement when my sister returned and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion.”

**100**

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now and glanced across at his visitor.

“Pray be precise as to details,” said he.