

MATERIALS FOR LANGUAGE TEACHING

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Friendship by the sea

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Sea Fever (a poem)

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Refugee (a song)

Preface

On the first day of class eight, after the summer holidays, we sat in a big circle and everybody who wanted to, could tell the class what he or she had experienced in their holidays. After I had told my story, our
5 teacher Mrs. Schmidt suggested that I should write the story down. My friend Lilly added that maybe I could even turn it into my class eight project and make a book out of it. So, that is what I did. It took me a while to write all this in English and there were several moments
10 when I nearly gave up. I am very grateful for my parents' support during all this time. I also want to thank Mrs. Schmidt for her corrections of the text and my friend Justin for helping me with the pictures! I hope you will enjoy reading my story!



CHAPTER 1

Pen pals

It all started about a year ago, at the beginning of the 7th grade, when my teacher, Mrs. Schmidt, entered our classroom with a new idea of how to improve our English skills. She was going to involve us in a pen pal project with another school. I still remember how enthusiastic she was, though we, as a class, didn't really respond to her idea immediately. Who wants to write letters with pens on paper? I am sure you can imagine that we would much rather use our smart phones, post pictures on Instagram or write short messages on Twitter. However, Mrs. Schmidt had a very clear idea about the project and she was not really open to any compromise.

Mrs. Schmidt had been our English teacher since grade one and so we knew when there was a chance for compromise and when it was better to agree to her plans. When she came into the classroom with a box of writing paper and asked us to take out our pens, we knew right away that resistance wasn't an option. She had already told us about her friend, Mrs. Blackberry, who was a teacher at a Waldorf school in York in the North of Great Britain. The two had met during their holidays. And while they were walking through the mountains, they had come up with this plan for a pen pal project. That's what happens if teachers meet during their holidays.

The two teachers had planned to write all the names of the English pupils on little pieces of paper which they then rolled up and put into a box. Every German pupil would draw one of those little paper-rolls in order to find out who they would team up with for the upcoming

months of letter writing. Not knowing whether I would write to a boy or a girl was half exciting, half terrifying. If it was a boy, what would we write about? I didn't have any brothers and most of the time I hung out with my girlfriends, so I had little experience of communicating with boys of my age. When I had the little piece of paper in my hand, I could immediately feel that fate had a challenge for me. I unfolded the paper and saw the name David – undoubtedly a boy!

Mrs. Schmidt said in our first letter we should write something about ourselves, give our name and age, describe our family and talk a little bit about our daily routines. I doubted whether that would be of any interest to a boy at the age of 13. However, I did what Mrs. Schmidt had told us. It was difficult enough to write all that in English, since English is not my mother tongue. What would you write in a letter to a boy who you have never met before and you don't know anything about?

I told David about my family, about Mum and Dad and our dog Jassa. I wrote about our flat and I described how I bicycle to school every morning. I also put in some photographs of my room.

After we all had written our letters, we put each of them into a small envelope and I wrote David on mine. Then Mrs. Schmidt put them all together into a big brown envelope, wrote the address of the school in York in big letters onto the envelop and put on the necessary stamps. Then she took the envelope to the post office and all we had to do was wait.

This is how you make scones:

- 350g self-rising flour, plus more for dusting
- ¼ tsp salt,
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 85g butter, cut into cubes
- 3 tbsp caster sugar
- 175ml milk, warm, but not hot
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- squeeze of lemon juice
- beaten egg, to glaze
- jam and clotted cream, to serve

Heat oven to 220 / fan 200C / gas 7. Put a baking sheet in the oven.

Take the warm milk, add vanilla extract and a squeeze of lemon juice, then set aside.

Mix flour with salt and baking powder in a large bowl. Add butter cubes. Then with your hands rub the butter together with the flour mix until you get fine crumbs. Then stir in the caster sugar. Make a little well or hole in the dry flour mix, then add the milk and mix everything quickly with a fork. It will seem pretty wet at first.

Put some flour onto the work surface (the table) and put the dough out. Cover the dough and your hands with some flour, then fold the dough over 2-3 times until it's a little smoother. Shape the whole dough into one round form that is about 4 cm thick.

Now you need a round form (about 5 cm diameter) with which you

can cut the scones out of the dough. Press the form into the dough, then repeat until you have four scones. You may need to press what's left of the dough back into a round to cut out another four scones.

Brush the tops of the scones with a beaten egg, then carefully place onto the hot baking tray. Bake for 10 minutes until they have risen and are golden on the top. Eat just warm or cold on the day of baking, generously topped with jam and clotted cream.



Laura, Sue, Dave & Patch
explore

At the beach

After two weeks we had been to every corner of the village, to the high cliffs as well as to the beach and even a bit into the forest that stretches behind the village. It was Monday morning. The weekend had been rather stormy and it still was a very windy day. Since we had promised that we wouldn't go up the cliffs in strong winds, we decided to take a picnic and walk along the beach as far as we could get. It was just Dave, Sue and me, because Grandma and Grandpa had taken Cheryl and Brian for a shopping trip to Exeter.

We left our little cottage at about ten o'clock and after going down to the beach we turned right, or rather 'to the west' – to be geographically correct – and walked towards the cliffs. David had brought a book that he had found in Grandpa's bookcase. It had pictures of the various seashells, fossils and other things that one might find at the beach, as well as birds that can be seen around here. Dave was especially interested in the beautifully coloured Beaufort wind scale in the book. When he discovered the description of how you can determine the strength of the wind at sea and at land by observing the waves or the movement of the trees, he was really fascinated and decided to practice this skill. Therefore he was always carrying the book around and made notes into the small notebook Grandpa had given to him.

After an hour's walk along the beach, we stopped for a little rest and had an apple each. The sandwiches were kept for later. While Dave was watching the waves, Sue and I went to take a closer look at