This is a Class 2 exam

Lebanon Evangelical School
for Boys and Girls Loueizeh - Baabda

Stage Exam 01
06NOV2023

Do NOT write in this box. Your MARK will be placed here.

Subject :	English
Class :	7A, 7B, 7C and 7E
Teacher :	Mrs. Shirine Bejjani
Duration :	1 hour
Please answer on the question sheet. You do Not need a lined paper.	

Your name :		*Time taken to complete exam*
Your Class :		
Exam Room :		
How many sheets, including cover sheet :		

- Do not open this paper until the teacher in charge instructs you to do so.
- The most important thing to remember in taking an exam is NEVER PANIC.
- If you are caught cheating in this exam, you will be awarded zero for ALL exams that are taken on this day.

Reading Comprehension

Read the following text, then answer the given questions.

The Bread Lesson

My dad has watermelon-size biceps, a neck like an inner tube, and enormous, muscular hands that make him seem like he's always wearing baseball mitts. He doesn't seem like the kind of guy who would bake great bread, but he is and he does. Every Saturday he puts on his chef's apron, rolls up his sleeves, breaks out a bag of flour, and produces two loaves of homemade bread. When he's done, the whole house smells delicious, and I can't wait for a hot slice smothered with yellow, melting butter.

The rest of the week, Dad is a car mechanic, which involves lots of heavy lifting, tightening, unscrewing, shoving, shaking, yanking, and banging. People tend to think of their cars as metallic members of the family, so there's lots of pressure on Dad to make sure pumps pump, steering steers, and brakes brake. The shop where Dad works is understaffed, so he's under a lot of stress. Sometimes I worry he's going to overheat and blow a gasket or something, like some old car. I think Dad began baking bread to help him relax. I see him in the kitchen, working on a spongy hunk of dough—punching and pounding it into submission.

I've been feeling kind of stressed out myself since I found out I didn't qualify for the swim team. Now I'll have to wait a whole year to try out again; that might as well be a million years. Plus, I'm taking some tough classes this year, and my best friend moved away.

I think Dad knew I was feeling pressured. He sat next to me on the sofa last Saturday and asked me how things were going. I said OK, even though I didn't feel OK at all. He looked at me for a moment, and then he said it was time for me to help. He got up from the sofa and headed to the kitchen.

5 I couldn't imagine what help I could offer. Still, I followed right behind him. Once we were standing by the counter, Dad gave me one of his old aprons. He slipped it on over my head and tied it in the back with such obvious pride that you'd think I was being knighted, which felt kind of silly but also kind of nice. I was being initiated as a bread-baker.

Next, Dad got out his enormous stainless-steel mixing bowl, handed me a large wooden spoon, and told me to stir while he added the ingredients. He threw in a large handful of flour from a sack. A haze of flour dust began to hover in the air like fog. He then sprinkled salt into the bowl. Dad isn't big on measuring. He instinctively knows exactly how much of each ingredient to use, and the bread always turns out great. The entire operation was accomplished as if we were part of a NASA space launch. Flour? Check. Yeast? Check. Milk? Check. Sugar, shortening, and salt? Check, check, check.

When I had stirred the flour and milk mixture into a thick, gooey lump, Dad had me turn it over onto the countertop, which had been dusted with flour. Then he showed me how to knead the dough—

repeatedly pushing away at the rubbery glob, stretching it out, pounding it, and folding it in on itself. As I kneaded it, I felt the dough come to life beneath my hands. It took ten minutes and a surprising amount of energy to corral the unruly blob into a neat, round mass.

Next came the most difficult and surprising part – doing nothing. We put the dough back into the metal bowl. Then we waited for more than an hour for the dough to slowly swell up and double in size. Next, we **deflated** the risen dough by punching it down. We divided it in two and waited for it to rise again. Afterward, we put the dough into pans and waited another hour for the dough to rise and double one last time. Dad said the waiting is always the hardest part because of the sharp, sweet smell coming from the yeast. "It's hard to resist putting the dough directly into the oven, but if you do, the loaves will be small, and the bread will be tough. The most important lesson of all is learning to be patient," Dad explained.

While we waited, we sat and talked. Silence is a blank space that begs to be filled. It's like the dough—it swells up and fills a room with emptiness unless you punch it down with words. It felt good to be still and listen to each other. It felt good to open up and share our thoughts. As the flour dust in the kitchen quietly settled, time seemed to slow down. The dough was going to rise at its own pace. We could do nothing to make it rise faster. As I accepted that, I stopped watching the clock and drumming my fingers on the tabletop. I started enjoying the quiet time with Dad. My father taught me how to bake bread, but I think I learned something more. I learned to appreciate the slowly ticking rhythm of time. I learned to relax and let the bread rise.

Questions (10 points)

1. What is the setting of the story? (2pts.)

2. Who are the characters? (1pt.)

3. What is the conflict that the character faces, and is it internal or external? Give evidence from the text. (3pts.)

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Multiple Choice Questions (1point each)

1. What is the meaning of the phrase, "you'd think I was being knighted" in paragraph 5?
   A. It was a chance to do something with Dad after work.
   B. It was an opportunity to improve my bread-baking skills.
   C. It was exciting to use the new stainless steel mixing bowl.
   D. It was an honor to be included in my father's baking activities.

2. What type of figurative language is found in the sentence, "Silence is a blank space that begs to be filled"?
   A. simile
   B. metaphor

3. What does the author suggest would fill the emptiness of blank space?
   A. baking
   B. talking
   C. drumming
   D. working

4. What is the theme of the story?
   A. It is important to find ways to relax.
   B. It is important to know how to bake bread.
   C. It is difficult to relax in times of stress.
   D. It is difficult to enjoy time with family.

Grammar (10 points, 1pt. each)

Circle the correct answer:

1. Look! Thomas **is bringing / brings** his little sister to class.
2. My older sister **is often listening / often listens** to pop music.

3. We **are writing / write** an exercise now.

4. Mmmm! Mum **is making / makes** a cake.

5. Our teacher **is giving / gives** us a test every month.

6. Listen! Dad **is reading / reads** a story to Ricky.

7. Mr. Michael usually **is growing / grows** roses in his garden.

8. They **are building / build** a new house on the hill now.

9. Maria **is drinking / drinks** milk every morning.

10. Look! Nick **is running / runs** down the hill.

Writing: (10points)

Write a **summary** of about **three to five lines** about the story you read.

Best of Luck☺

Reading Comprehension

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Questions (10 points)

1. What is the setting of the story? (2pts.)

   The setting of the story is last Saturday on the sofa, but mainly in the kitchen.

2. Who are the characters? (1pt.)

   The characters are the dad and his son who is the narrator.

3. What is the conflict that the character faces, and is it internal or external? Give evidence from the text. (3pts.)

   The conflict that the character faces is that sometimes he feels stress and pressure especially after realizing that he did not make the swimming team for this year, and he has to wait till next year to try out again, so all this wait makes him feel anxious as well as finding out that his friend was moving away. This conflict is clear as an internal conflict when he says: "I've been feeling kind of stressed out myself since I found out I didn't qualify for the swim team. Now I'll have to wait a whole year to try out again; that might as well be a million years. Plus, I'm taking some tough classes this year, and my best friend moved away."

Multiple Choice Questions (1point each)

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Writing: (10points)

Write a **summary** of about **three to five lines** about the story you read.

Last Saturday, the narrator sat on the couch feeling stressed and worried contemplating the fact that he did not make the swimming team, and had to wait for an entire year to try out again, as well as his friend moving away. However, he thought of his dad who found a way to relax through baking. When his dad realized how stressed he was, he requested that he joins him in the kitchen for help. After preparing the dough together, they had to wait. Throughout this wait in silence words began to flow between the narrator and his dad where the narrator learned to appreciate the rhythm of time and relax.

Best of Luck☺