**Department of
Education and Training**
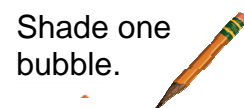
STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Multiple choice questions

Once I slipped when we were running back quickly along the cliff path.

Question 1

In this sentence, the word *slipped* is used as

Shade one
bubble.

☐ a verb.

☐ a noun.

☐ an adverb.

☐ an adjective.

Question 2

In this sentence, the word *quickly* is used as

☐ a verb.

☐ a noun.

☐ an adverb.

☐ an adjective.

Question 3

In this sentence, the word *cliff* is used as

☐ a verb.

☐ a noun.

☐ an adverb.

☐ an adjective.

Question 4

In this sentence, the word *path* is used as

☐ a verb.

☐ a noun.

☐ an adverb.

☐ an adjective.

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STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Spelling

Each sentence has one word that is incorrect.

Write the correct spelling of the word in the box.

5. The recipiants waited to be handed their trophies.

| | 5 |

6. Rabbits are vunerable to attack from predators.

| | 6 |

7. The announcment was made over the radio.

| | 7 |

8. The accident was caused by my neligence.

| | 8 |

9. The satalite is in orbit around earth.

| | 9 |

10. Zebras have stripes for camiflage.

| | 10 |

11. The correspondence was so feignt it was barely visible.

| | 11 |

12. The goverment is responsible for funding various services.

| | 12 |

Writing activity

Write a paragraph in which you vary sentence length and structure for effect. Try to use a variety of sentence beginnings.

_____

_____

_____

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STUDENT ACTIVITIES

Blackberry picking

Once I slipped when we were running back along the cliff path. We'd been picking blackberries and I was watching the berries bounce in the bucket clasped in front of me, not the path. My foot caught on a stone, and I fell sideways, not safely on to the path, but sliding with horrible smoothness and speed to the lip of the cliff. I saw myself going and heard Isabel scream, and then I went over. But it was a rough slope, not the edge of the cliff itself, which was still fifteen feet away. I slid ten of them, bumping and banging, and then stopped. I began to scream, lying on my back, looking straight up at the sky. A second later a half-circle of terror broke the sky, upside down. It took me a moment to realise that this was Isabel's face. The next minute she was with me, dragging me back with both hands over the scattered blackberries. I got back to the path and sat down on it, shivering. My legs were smeared with blood and blackberry juice. There was a long burning graze up the inside of my arms.

'My bucket's gone,' I said.

'I'll have a look.' Isabel stood up and peered down. 'I can't see it. It must have gone over.'

I thought of my new bucket, silvery inside, bouncing and clanging down the rocks, and I began to cry. Then Isabel was crying too, worse than me, shaking and hiding her face with her hands. She hardly ever cried, and this was worse than losing the bucket. I patted her shoulders but she didn't seem to feel it. 'It's all right, Isabel. I didn't fall. I'm all right.' But she cried harder and I gave up and began to pick up the fallen blackberries and eat them. I wiped off the dust carefully and popped them into my mouth, one by one. They were delicious. And then there was Isabel, facing me on hands and knees, her face fierce. She was all smeary with crying, but back to herself again.

'And don't you dare tell them, Nina. Or I'll say I told you to stop and you ran on.'

Sourced from: NAPLAN 2008