

**To the Student:**

After your registration is complete and your proctor has been approved, you may take the Credit by Examination for English 7A. This is equivalent to the first semester of seventh grade English.

WHAT TO BRING

- notebook paper

ABOUT THE EXAM

The examination for English 7A has 195 questions, including multiple choice, essay, and sentence revision exercises.

The examination will take place under supervision and has a time limit of three hours. You may not use any notes or books. You will need to provide paper for the writing activity. A percentage score from the exam will be reported to the officials of your school. It is important that you prepare for the test adequately.

How to Prepare for the Examination

This material has been designed to help you prepare for the comprehensive examination for the first semester of seventh grade English. To successfully prepare for the exam, the general areas with which you need to be familiar are:

- writing concepts and skills
- language concepts and skills
- literature concepts and skills
- reading concepts and skills
- speaking and listening skills

The examination is based on the essential elements for this subject. Since the questions are not taken from any one source, you can prepare by reviewing any of the adopted textbooks that are used at your school.

For more information about CBE policies, visit <http://www.ode.ttu.edu/takeacbe/> or see your course Policies & Forms Guide.

Good luck on your examination!

In order to pass the examination, you must be able to demonstrate mastery of the following essential elements:

- (1) Integrated listening and speaking behaviors to receive and produce meaning. The student shall be provided opportunities to:
 - (A) listen attentively in different settings for a variety of purposes:
 - (ii) listen to receive direction, gain information, and enhance appreciation of language; and
 - (iii) respond to a speaker by retelling what was heard, by asking questions, and/or by contributing information.
- (2) Integrated writing and language concepts and skills, using written and oral composing processes to plan and generate both written and oral compositions for a variety of purposes and in a variety of modes. The student shall be provided opportunities to:
 - (B) use materials from a variety of sources such as personal experience and a variety of literary forms:
 - (ii) use aural and visual stimuli for writing;
 - (C) synthesize information from a variety of sources;
 - (D) use a variety of idea-generating strategies;
 - (E) select and narrow a topic for a specific purpose;
 - (F) write first drafts of compositions in a variety of formats for specific audiences and purposes in a variety of modes, including practical writing:
 - (ii) use narrative, descriptive, classificatory, and evaluative modes;
 - (iii) write paragraphs, multi-paragraphs compositions, and compositions synthesizing information from various sources; and
 - (iv) demonstrate clear and logical thinking in support and development of a central idea;
 - (G) revise compositions using a variety of techniques including self-assessment, peer interaction, and conferences:
 - (i) revise content, organization, and topic development to address the purpose and audience effectively;
 - (iii) revise by combining sentence parts and sentences to produce a variety of sentence structures, including simple, compound, and complex, to convey intended meanings;
 - (iv) proofread final drafts for effective use of language; conventional usage and syntax; appropriate transition; conventional punctuation, capitalization, spelling, and manuscript form as well as legibility; and
 - (v) evaluate one's own writing as well as that of others;

- (H) share products of written composition in a variety of ways; and
 - (I) use technology to enhance the written and oral composing processes.
- (3) Integrated literature and reading concepts and strategies using a variety of literary forms (genres) and other meaningful forms of print. The student shall be provided opportunities to:
- (A) understand and analyze the major differences among poems, short stories, plays, and nonfiction as the characteristics of each genre contribute to the meaning of the individual work;
 - (B) understand and analyze setting, characterization, plot, and author's purpose and point of view;
 - (C) understand figurative language and sound devices as they contribute to meaning;
 - (D) develop literary appreciation:
 - (ii) respond to various forms of literature representing the diversity of our cultural and literary heritage; and
 - (iii) participate in cooperative learning and a variety of oral activities to elicit meaning from literature;
 - (E) expand vocabulary including specialized vocabularies;
 - (F) use comprehension strategies to construct meaning from text:
 - (ii) develop literal meaning through recognition of details and sequential order;
 - (iii) develop global meaning by analyzing a piece of text to identify the stated or implied main idea and to develop a summary;
 - (iv) develop inferential meaning by analyzing a variety of texts, including literature, using strategies such as determining cause and effect, predicting outcomes and future actions, and drawing conclusions;
 - (vi) identify the author's point of view and purpose; and
 - (vii) compare and contrast points of view on the same topic;
 - (G) develop and use study strategies:
 - (i) follow written directions;
 - (iii) locate information using the dictionary, encyclopedia, and other literary references, including data base searching strategies;
 - (iv) use and interpret graphic sources in meaningful context;
 - (v) prepare for subject area assignments.

English 7A
Sample Examination

These are examples of the kinds of questions that you might find on the examination for the first semester of seventh grade English. Try doing them before you look at the attached key. Don't forget to study "The Telltale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe. A copy is included in this review.

Use this sample exam to see areas that you need to study. Look up any items that confuse you. If possible, use a seventh-grade grammar book to practice your skills.

The test also includes questions about library sources not included in this sample.

Circle the letter of the correct answer.

1. Which sentence is punctuated correctly?
 - A. Ron is my best friend, John is my brother.
 - B. Ron, is my best friend, John is my brother.
 - C. Ron is my best friend; John is my brother.
 - D. Ron is my best friend; John is my brother

2. Which sentence is capitalized correctly?
 - A. My aunt pat and uncle todd are nice.
 - B. My aunt Pat and uncle Todd are nice.
 - C. my Aunt Pate and Uncle Todd are nice.
 - D. My Aunt Pat and Uncle Todd are nice.

Rewrite the following sentences using correct punctuation and grammar.

3. Mike and Mary is in the same class.
4. My dog likes to run, and he did it often.
5. The books in the library.
6. Being on the basketball team is fun it is also hard work.
7. the importance of a good education is stressed in my english, computer, and history classes.
8. get out a pen said ms. robbins for your spanish exam.
9. Tammy is the youngest of the two of us.
10. The show was real funny, and we laughed constant.

Explain how you would effectively present oral presentations for the following purposes:

11. a formal speech about the solar system
12. an oral presentation meant to entertain your audience
13. a small, informal group discussion about a novel
14. Which word in this sentence is a concrete noun?
 - A. joy
 - B. happiness
 - C. girls
 - D. excitement
15. What is the plural form of shelf?
 - A. shelves
 - B. shelf
 - C. shelfes
 - D. shelvs

What is the correct way to abbreviate the following?

16. Tuesday
17. September
18. Doctor
19. Which group of principal parts of verbs is correct?
 - A. wash, washt, washt
 - B. ride, rode, ridden
 - C. speak, spoken, spoken
 - D. burst, bursted, bursten
20. Choose the word that correctly completes this sentence: The flowers are _____ than last year.
 - A. most pretty
 - B. prettiest
 - C. pretty
 - D. prettier

21. What is the term for the following lines of poetry?

I will love thee still my dear
'Til the rocks melt with the sun.

- A. onomatopoeia
- B. assonance
- C. hyperbole
- D. metaphor

The essays are worth 5-10 points on the actual exam. Be sure to answer them completely, using correct grammar and punctuation. Proofread your work—points will be deducted for spelling and mechanical errors.

- 22. Summarize your favorite story or book.
- 23. Predict the future of the main character in your favorite story or book.
- 24. What are five important rules for small group discussions?
- 25. What are five important rules for listening to a guest speaker?
- 26. What are five important rules for note taking?

**Answer Key
Sample Exam
English 7A**

1. C
2. D
3. Mike and Mary are in the same class.
4. My dog likes to run, and he does it often.
5. Answers may vary; make sure you add a predicate. One answer might be, "The books are in the library."
6. Being on the basketball team is fun; it is also hard work. (Or you might add a conjunction or create two sentences.)
7. The importance of a good education is stressed in my English, computer, and history classes.
8. "Get out a pen," said Ms. Robbins, "for your Spanish exam."
9. Tammy is the younger of the two of us.
10. The show was really funny, and we laughed constantly.
- 11-13. Answers vary. Ask an adult to check these for you.
14. C.
15. A.
16. Tues.
17. Sept.
18. Dr.
19. B
20. D
21. D
- 22-26. Answers vary. Have an adult check these for content and for grammatical and mechanical correctness.

The Tell-Tale Heart

Edgar Allan Poe

TRUE!—NERVOUS—very, very dreadfully nervous I had been and am; but why *will* you say that I am mad? The disease had sharpened my senses—not destroyed—not dulled them. Above all was the sense of hearing acute. I heard all things in the heaven and in the earth. I heard many things in hell. How, then, am I mad? Hearken! and observe how healthily—how calmly I can tell you the whole story.

It is impossible to say how first the idea entered my brain; but once conceived, it haunted me day and night. Object there was none. Passion there was none. I loved the old man. He had never wronged me. He had never given me insult. For his gold I had no desire. I think it was his eye! yes, it was this! One of his eyes resembled that of a vulture—a pale blue eye, with a film over it. Whenever it fell upon me, my blood ran cold; and so by degrees—very gradually—I made up my mind to take the life of the old man, and thus rid myself of the eye forever.

Now this is the point. You fancy me mad. Madmen know nothing. But you should have seen *me*. You should have seen how wisely I proceeded—with what caution—with what foresight—with what dissimulation I went to work! I was never kinder to the old man than during the whole week before I killed him. And every night, about midnight, I turned the latch of his door and opened it—oh, so gently! And then, when I had made an opening sufficient for my head, I put in a dark lantern, all closed, closed, so that no light shone out, and then I thrust in my head. Oh, you would have laughed to see how cunningly I thrust it in! I moved it slowly—very, very slowly, so that I might not disturb the old man’s sleep. It took me an hour to place my whole head within the opening so far that I could see him as he lay upon his bed. Ha!—would a madman have been so wise as this? And then, when my head was well in the room, I undid the lantern cautiously—oh, so cautiously—cautiously (for the hinges creaked)—I undid it just so much that a single thin ray fell upon the vulture eye. And this I did for seven long nights—every night just at midnight—but I found the eye always closed; and so it was impossible to do the work; for it was not the old man who vexed me, but his Evil Eye. And every morning, when the day broke, I went boldly into the chamber, and spoke courageously to him, calling him by name in a hearty tone, and inquiring how he had passed the night. So you see he would have been a very profound old man, indeed, to suspect that every night, just at twelve, I looked in upon him while he slept.

Upon the eighth night I was more than usually cautious in opening the door. A watch’s minute hand moves more quickly than did mine. Never before that night had I *felt* the extent of my own powers of my sagacity. I could scarcely contain my feelings of triumph. To think that there I was, opening the door, little by little, and he not even to dream of my secret deeds or thoughts. I fairly chuckled at the idea; and perhaps he heard me; for he moved on the bed suddenly, as if startled. Now you may think that I drew back—but no. His room was as black as pitch with the thick darkness (for the shutters were close fastened, through fear of robbers), and so I knew that he could not see the opening of the door, and I kept pushing it on steadily, steadily.

I had my head in, and was about to open the lantern, when my thumb slipped upon the tin fastening, and the old man sprang up in the bed, crying out—"Who's there?"

I kept quite still and said nothing. For a whole hour I did not move a muscle, and in the meantime I did not hear him lie down. He was still sitting up in the bed listening—just as I have done, night after night, hearkening to the death watches in the wall.

Presently I heard a slight groan, and I knew it was the groan of mortal terror. It was not a groan of pain or of grief—oh, no!—it was the low stifled sound that arises from the bottom of the soul when overcharged with awe. I knew the sound well. Many a night, just at midnight, when all the world slept, it has welled up from my own bosom, deepening, with its dreadful echo, the terrors that distracted me. I say I knew it well. I knew what the old man felt, and pitied him, although I chuckled at heart. I knew that he had been lying awake ever since the first slight noise, when he had turned in the bed. His fears had been ever since growing upon him. He had been trying to fancy them causeless, but could not. He had been saying to himself—"It is nothing but the wind in the chimney—it is only a mouse crossing the floor," or "it is merely a cricket which has made a single chirp." Yes, he has been trying to comfort himself with these suppositions; but he had found all in vain. *All in vain*; because Death, in approaching him, had stalked with his black shadow before him, and enveloped the victim. And it was the mournful influence of the unperceived shadow that caused him to feel—although he neither saw nor heard—to *feel* the presence of my head within the room.

When I had waited a long time, very patiently, without hearing him lie down, I resolved to open a little—a very, very little crevice in the lantern. So I opened it—you cannot imagine how stealthily, stealthily—until, at length, a single dim ray, like the thread of the spider, shot from out of the crevice and full upon the vulture eye.

It was open—wide, wide open—and I grew furious as I gazed upon it. I saw it with perfect distinctness—all a dull blue, with a hideous veil over it that chilled the very marrow in my bones; but I could see nothing else of the old man's face or person: for I had directed the ray as if by instinct, precisely upon the damned spot.

And now have I not told you that what you mistake for madness is but over-acuteness of the senses?—now, I say, there came to my ears a low, dull, quick sound, such as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton. I knew *that* sound well too. It was the beating of the old man's heart. It increased my fury, as the beating of a drum stimulates the soldier into courage.

But even yet I refrained and kept still. I scarcely breathed. I held the lantern motionless. I tried how steadily I could maintain the ray upon the eye. Meantime the hellish tattoo of the heart increased. It grew quicker and quicker, and louder and louder every instant. The old man's terror *must* have been extreme! It grew louder, I say, louder every moment!—do you mark me well? I have told you that I am nervous: so I am. And now at the dead hour of the night, amid the dreadful silence of that old house, so strange a noise as this excited me to uncontrollable terror. Yet, for some minutes longer I refrained and stood still. But the beating grew louder, louder! I thought the heart must burst. And now a new anxiety seized me—the sound would be heard by a neighbor! The old man's hour had come! With a loud yell, I threw open the lantern and leaped into the room. He shrieked once—once only. In an instant I dragged him to the

floor, and pulled the heavy bed over him. I then smiled gaily, to find the deed so far done. But, for many minutes, the heart beat on with a muffled sound. This, however, did not vex me; it would not be heard through the wall. At length it ceased. The old man was dead. I removed the bed and examined the corpse. Yes, he was stone, stone dead. I placed my hand upon the heart and held it there many minutes. There was no pulsation. He was stone dead. His eye would trouble me no more.

If still you think me mad, you will think so no longer when I describe the wise precautions I took for the concealment of the body. The night waned, and I worked hastily, but in silence. First of all I dismembered the corpse. I cut off the head and the arms and the legs.

I then took up three planks from the flooring of the chamber, and deposited all between the scantlings. I then replaced the boards so cleverly, so cunningly, that no human eye—not even *his*—could have detected anything wrong. There was nothing to wash out—no stain of any kind—no blood spot whatever. I had been too wary for that. A tub had caught all —ha! ha!

When I had made an end of these labors, it was four o'clock—still dark as midnight. As the bell sounded the hour, there came a knocking at the street door. I went down to open it with a light heart—for what had I *now* to fear? There entered three men, who introduced themselves, with perfect suavity as officers of the police. A shriek had been heard by a neighbor during the night; suspicion of foul play had been aroused; information had been lodged at the police office, and they (the officers) had been deputed to search the premises.

I smiled—for *what* had I to fear? I bade the gentlemen welcome. The shriek, I said, was my own in a dream. The old man, I mentioned, was absent in the country. I took my visitors all over the house. I bade them search—search *well*. I led them, at length, to *his* chamber. I showed them his treasures, secure, undisturbed. In the enthusiasm of my confidence, I brought chairs into the room, and desired them *here* to rest from their fatigues, while I myself, in the wild audacity of my perfect triumph, placed my own seat upon the very spot beneath which reposed the corpse of the victim.

The officers were satisfied. My *manner* had convinced them. I was singularly at ease. They sat, and while I answered cheerily, they chatted familiar things. But, ere long, I felt myself getting pale and wished them gone. My head ached, and I fancied a ringing in my ears: but still they sat and still chatted. The ringing became more distinct:—it continued and became more distinct: I talked more freely to get rid of the feeling: but it continued and gained definitiveness—until, at length, I found that the noise was *not* within my ears.

No doubt I now grew *very* pale;—but I talked more fluently, and with a heightened voice. Yet the sound increased—and what could I do? It was a *low, dull, quick sound—such a sound as a watch makes when enveloped in cotton*. I gasped for breath—and yet the officers heard it not. I talked more quickly—more vehemently: but the noise steadily increased. I arose and argued about trifles, in a high key and with violent gesticulations, but the noise steadily increased. Why *would* they not be gone? I paced the floor to and fro with heavy strides, as if excited to fury by the observation of the men—but the noise steadily increased. Oh God! what *could* I do? I foamed—I raved—I swore! I swung the chair upon which I had been sitting, and grated it upon the boards, but the noise arose over all and continually increased. It grew louder—louder—

louder! And still the men chatted pleasantly, and smiled. Was it possible they heard not? Almighty God!—no, no! They heard!—they suspected!—they *knew!*—they were making a mockery of my horror!—this I thought, and this I think. But anything was better than this agony! Anything was more tolerable than this derision! I could bear those hypocritical smiles no longer! I felt that I must scream or die!—and now—again!—hark! louder! louder! louder! *louder!*—

“Villains!” I shrieked, “dissemble no more! I admit the deed!—tear up the planks!—here, here!—it is the beating of his hideous heart!”