

**Epistemo Vikas Leadership School**  
**Summative Assessment II**  
**Revision Worksheet**

**Subject :English(0500)**  
**Topic :Formal Report**  
**Paper I -Q 3 Guided Composition**

**Class:10A**

**Passage A**

*In this passage an 18-year-old back-packer receives a surprise visit from her parents while she is a long way from home.*

**An Unwelcome Appearance**

In September, Sacha Wilkie breathed a sigh of relief when she waved goodbye to her parents in the airport before the 15-hour flight signalling the start of her gap year before university; her mother, in particular, was too controlling. Yes, Sacha promised to phone and email regularly, but she could be economical with the truth.

By February, however, the novelty had worn off. There had been great times, but everything had proved expensive, so Sacha was unable to go on many of the tempting mini-excursions on offer. She was, therefore, grateful to find a top bunk bed in a dormitory at 'Sammy's Place', a hostel in a city on her itinerary. A few weeks' cheap living in a run-down area might avoid the shame of returning home early.

Luckily, Sacha had persuaded her mother to top up her bank account on the pretext that she wanted to do a sub-aqua course. In fact, she needed the cash simply to live. A chaotic and over-crowded information board in the common room of the hostel displayed some scrawled notices of work available to back-packers. She just needed to acquire the right visa, but Jed, the so-called manager, said he would help her get one.

The busy travelling season was imminent, however, and Sammy said she could do a few hours' work a week there, like laundry and mopping floors. Sacha didn't much relish the prospect of this, but noticed that the other part-time workers didn't really exert themselves. Maybe she could make enough to buy a share in one of the old cars that were advertised in the hallway. In any case, there were always notices about lifts on offer to exotic, distant locations, requiring only a contribution to fuel costs. At the very least, she'd be able to afford to go on some of the bus tours which picked up people at the hostel each day.

**Her dormitory was actually rather unpleasant. The bunks with thin, worn mattresses were crammed together. There was no shade on the light bulb which flickered spasmodically. Although everyone was meant to take turns doing basic cleaning and emptying bins, this rarely happened. The window frame seemed welded shut, its surface encrusted with years of dead flies. The surface of the sink in the corner looked like a relief map, with river-like cracks meandering from tap to plug hole and mini-mountain ranges moulded from toothpaste.**

A great thing about Sammy's Place, however, was the cheap internet access. When she'd first arrived, a fortnight before, she'd been able to catch up on emails home and update her blog.

One Saturday night Sacha was really enjoying herself. After a long session chatting online with her friends back home, she rummaged through the free-food box in the fridge and found some pasta sauce only a few days out of date. Having eaten, she crammed some bulging pots of yogurt back into the box, deposited her plate in the overflowing sink, then wandered out to the courtyard where a newlyarrived Norwegian had loaded up some cool music on the sound system. Jed, who was meant to be on reception, joined the gathering and soon the place was throbbing with music and laughter.

Later that evening, Sacha suddenly became aware that her parents had appeared in the courtyard. Her initial shock was replaced in quick succession by shame, guilt and annoyance. Mrs Wilkie hurled her luggage to the floor, and with eyes blazing drew back her shoulders in readiness for battle. In a thunderous voice she demanded to know, 'Who's in charge? Why is there no-one at reception?' Her mother's laser eye soon pin-pointed Sacha, who was trying to shrink back into the shadows, and she launched herself across the space to demand, 'What on earth are you doing in a place like this? I thought you were staying somewhere decent!' She wheeled around and commanded, 'You young people should be in bed! It's late.'

The events of the next two hours were a blur to Sacha. The room in that same hostel which her parents had booked from home over the internet was dirty, her mother caught the heel of her shoe in the threadbare carpet, and a pillow was brought down to reception held aloft between thumb and forefinger for fear of disease. Mrs Wilkie was assured that the overwhelming smell of gas was normal, and was probably from a neighbouring establishment. She insisted that Sacha and Jed clear the kitchen sinks and take out the leaking rubbish bags, not realising that there were no tea towels and nowhere outside that was free of rats.

Finally, recognising that this sorry state of affairs could not be remedied, Mrs Wilkie made Sacha pack her things and ordered a taxi to take them all to a luxury hotel. 'End of gap year!' thought Sacha, miserably.

**1. Imagine you are Mrs Wilkie. Write a letter to the Public Health Department of the city, demanding that Sammy's Place be shut down.**

In your letter you should write about:

- your concerns about the conditions at the hostel
- the mis-management of the hostel
- the likely consequences of allowing the hostel to stay open.

Base your letter on what you have read in Passage A. Address all three bullet points. **Be careful to use your own words.**

Begin your letter: 'Dear Public Health Officer I am writing to alert you to a health and safety hazard...'

2. Imagine you are a Public health inspector/sanitation inspector. You have been asked to write a formal report on the unhygienic conditions of the Sammy's hostel. **(Purpose: to inform and recommend)**

3. Imagine you are a journalist for a local newspaper. Write a report on Sammy's place being shut down due to health and safety concerns. **(Purpose :to inform)**

4. Imagine you are Sacha. Write a journal entry describing your experience of the hostel. **(Purpose :to reflect/to describe)**