

## Rencana Pelaksanaan Pembelajaran

Satuan Pendidikan : SMA \_\_\_\_\_  
Mata Pelajaran : Bahasa Inggris  
Kelas : XII (Dua belas)  
Topik : Facing Fears : A story of an illiterate mother  
(Reading Comprehension)

### I. Tujuan Pembelajaran:

Siswa dapat:

Peserta didik terampil menganalisa dan menanggapi teks secara lisan dan tulis dengan guru dan teman, dengan memperhatikan fungsi sosial, struktur teks yang runtut, unsur kebahasaan yang benar dan sesuai konteks.

### II. Persiapan:

1. Guru mempersiapkan materi dan mengirimkannya ke edmodo sehingga siswa dapat mengaksesnya.
2. Guru menyiapkan lembar kerja
3. Guru menyiapkan rubrik penilaian
4. Meminta siswa untuk bergabung di Zoom meeting

### III. Langkah-langkah Pembelajaran

#### A. Pembukaan

1. Memastikan siswa terakses dengan internet
2. Meminta siswa mengakses materi di edmodo sebelum bergabung di Zoom meeting
3. Memberikan beberapa aturan selama Zoom meeting berlangsung seperti:
  1. Meminta siswa mempersiapkan buku dan pena untuk mencatat hal-hal yang dirasa penting.
  2. Memastikan *Mute* speaker agar tidak mengganggu kecuali diminta guru untuk menjawab pertanyaan.
  3. "*Raise hand*" apabila ada yang dinyatakan atau boleh menuliskan di dalam kolom chat.
  4. Siswa yang tidak dituntut untuk menjawab pertanyaan dipersilahkan menulis jawaban di kolom chat.
  5. Zoom meeting hanya berlangsung selama 45 menit
  6. Siswa dapat menghubungi guru apabila ada kendala di nomor whats app.
  7. Berikut ini

# Basic Etiquette Rules

- 1. Please show up on time at the scheduled time**
- 2. Find a quiet place, free from distraction (siblings, parents, pets, television)**
- 3. Maintain RESPECT in both speaking, writing, and appearance**
- 4. Stay on "Mute". Please click the "raise hands" if you want to contribute.**
- 5. Video needs to remain "ON" to promote focus. Eye contact should be maintained.**
- 6. Refrain from chewing gum, eating, or drinking in front of the camera.**

**Remember! This is a class,  
so treat it as such**



## **B. Kegiatan Inti**

1. Membagikan slide slide kepada siswa selama zoom meeting
2. Membuka sesi tanya jawab tentang *Facing Fears : A story of an illiterate mother* dan tentang tugas siswa.

## **C. Kegiatan Penutup**

1. Feedback
2. Meminta siswa membaca kembali PPT penjelasan tentang text di edmodo
3. Meminta siswa mengumpulkan tugasnya minggu berikutnya di edmodo
4. Meminta siswa mengumpulkan tugas di edmodo

#### IV. Rubrik Penilaian

	1 pts	2 pts	3 pts	4 pts
Content	<b>1</b> Answers are partial or incomplete. Key points are not clear. Question not adequately answered.	<b>2</b> Answers are not comprehensive or completely stated. Key points are addressed, but not well supported.	<b>3</b> Answers are accurate and complete. Key points are stated and supported.	<b>4</b> Answers are comprehensive, accurate and complete. Key ideas are clearly stated, explained, and well supported.
Organization	<b>1</b> Organization and structure detract from the answer.	<b>2</b> Inadequate organization or development. Structure of the answer is not easy to follow.	<b>3</b> Organization is mostly clear and question is partially restated.	<b>4</b> Well organized, coherently developed, and restates the question.
Writing Conventions	<b>1</b> Displays over five errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure.	<b>2</b> Displays three to five errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure.	<b>3</b> Displays one to three errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure.	<b>4</b> Displays no errors in spelling, punctuation, grammar, and sentence structure.
Total Score		<b>12/12 *100= 100</b>		

Comments: \_\_\_\_\_

#### V. Sumber Belajar

Teacher's Power point

Marian Barry, 2016. Success International English Skills, Fourth Edition. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

<https://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2007/dec/29/healthandwellbeing.features>

# **Basic Etiquette Rules**

- 1. Please show up on time at the scheduled time**
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(siblings, parents, pets, television)**
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in front of the camera.**

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so treat it as such**



I CAN'T DO IT



# Facing Fears :A story of an illiterate mother

Integrated Skill

# Facing Fears :A story of an illiterate mother

What comes up to your mind when you read the title?



Please write your answer on your note book/ live chat!

- ✓ **Monster**
- ✓ **Bully**
- ✓ **Illiterate mother**
- ✓ **A suffering**
- ✓ **Etc**



il·lit·er·ate

/i(l)'lidərət/

Learn to pronounce

*adjective*

1. unable to read or write



**SYNOPSIS**

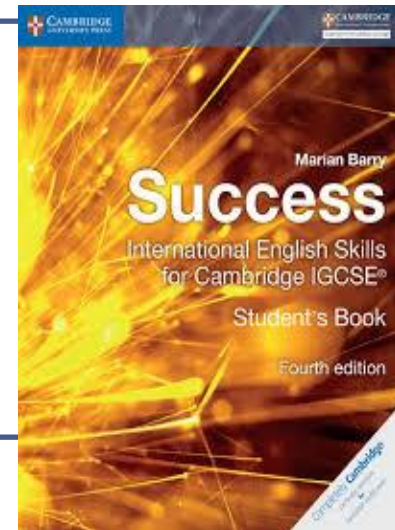


# Let's read the whole story

**Please write main points of each paragraph on your notebooks**



*The text was taken from Success International English Skill for Cambridge IGSE, students book, written by Marian Barry.*



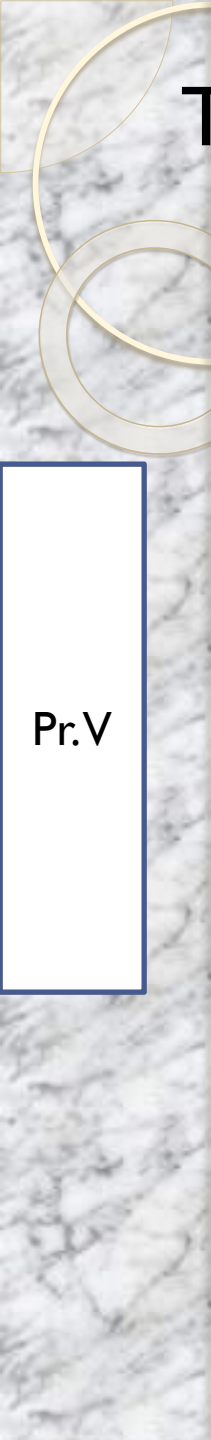
# Let's read the whole story

Monica Chand's childhood memories are of crippling stomach aches each morning before school, of missing lessons through illness and falling so far behind that she understood little but did not dare to ask for help, and of silent misery as children bullied her. She says, I spent all those years feeling I had failed at school, but now I think school failed me, and when I had Sally, 17 years ago. I was determined it would not be the same for her.' She is sitting in her tidy flat in south London. Sally, her teenage daughter, joins us. She is shy at first, but soon begins to exchange memories with her mother.

Monica is describing how it feels to be unable to read and write, to be illiterate in a world where just about everything we do, and how we are judged, depends on our literacy skills. Few people, she says, realise what it means to be unable to read a road sign, safety instructions or the contents of a food packet, when every form you have to fill in, every note you need to write, is an impossible task.

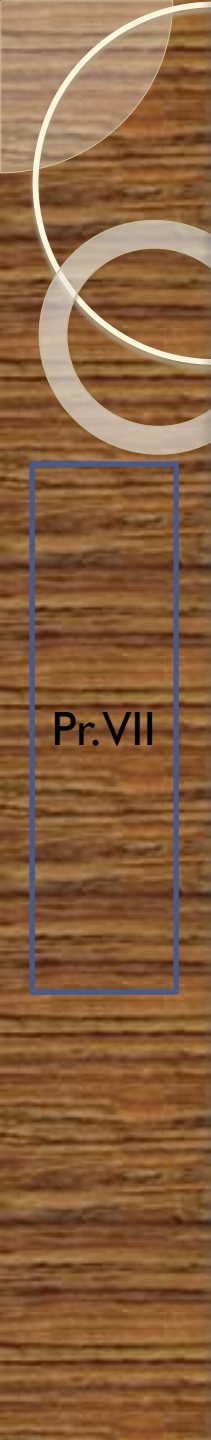
Monica explains, “ I would have the names of places I wanted to go written down, and then I’d show this and ask someone to help, explaining that I’d left my glasses at home or some such story. I’d carry a book or newspaper around and pretend to read it. You get good at fooling other people, but you can’t fool yourself. It makes the world a scary place.’

Her husband, Ravi, who died earlier this year, was unaware of her secret. She says, 'I'd just ask him to do things I couldn't cope with and he accepted that. But it really came home to me when Sally was born. I felt very insecure as a mother, as he grew up everyone around me saying, 'you must read to her'. I felt so stupid because I couldn't. Even then she didn't tell Ravi, although she smiles now and says, 'I think he must have known in his hearts of hearts, but he was such a sweet man he never let on. I made sure he did the reading with Sally- I'd say I had to cook dinner and that it was a good way for them to close.' Sally remembers, 'sometimes Mum would sit with us and seem to join it. I never realised she wasn't actually reading.'



Things changed when Sally went to primary school and Monica became a volunteer, working in the school helping children without being paid. One morning the head teacher said they wanted to offer her a paid job as helper. “I just froze. I knew that would involve reading and writing- the things I’d avoided so far. But the head teacher had recognised my problem. She took me under her wing and did the reading with me every day so that I could take the job. As I learnt, she put me in with older children and I realised I could read and write. ‘It was like a miracle.’

That was the beginning. When the present head teacher took over he set up a parent's group and Monica was part of it. He asked them to write a book for parents teaching their children. Monica says, "My first reaction was, "ohh, I can't do that," but then I realised I could contribute. And I wanted to because I realised there were other parents like me." By now she was doing a training course to become a parent-educator. 'The day I got my certificate-the first of my life- Sally and I went out for a really nice meal to celebrate.'



These struggles are in the past. Monica works in several schools and has just returned from a conference in Cyprus where she gave a presentation on involving parents in reading. She also has a highly successful blog, which gets thousands of hits from users who post comments about her inspirational ideas. She says, ' Learning to read has made the world a different place. Suddenly I feel there are so many things I can do. But the most important thing that is that Sally hasn't been held back.'



Sally pulls a face.' Mum was very pushy about studying and homework. She'd find fault with everything because she was so keen I should do well.' But Monica is unapologetic. 'Perhaps I pushed harder than other parents because I knew what failing feels like, and I suppose was living my life through it. But we were both bursting with pride the day she did really well in her GCSEs. I was in tears in front of everyone at school because I was so proud. She is sitting on the arm of the sofa near her mother, listening, and her smile is warm. She says, ' I think it was brave of Mum. She's also shown me how important it is to take opportunities when they come. If she hadn't done that, she wouldn't have become the person is now, with a great future.'

# Find the answers of these questions from your main points!

1. Why did Monica dislike school? Give two reasons.
2. How did she hide from other people the fact that she couldn't read? Give two examples.
3. Explain how Monica felt when she was offered paid by the head teacher.
4. Why do you think the head teacher wanted to employ Monica, despite her problems with reading?
5. is the writer attitude to Monica positive or negative? Give two details from the text to support your views.



Don't  
Forget

*If you cannot find the answer on your main points, you may read the complete text on your edmodo!*



Vocab  
Check

She understood little but did not dare to ask for help, and of silent misery as children bullied her.



Vocab  
Check

*mis · er · y / 'miz(ə)rē/*

*a state or feeling of great distress or discomfort of mind or body.*



Don't  
Forget

Make a new sentence for “misery”!



Vocab  
Check

- I was determined it would not be the same for her.'

de · ter · mined /də' tər m ənd/

Vocab  
Check

*having made a firm decision and being resolved not to change it.*



Don't  
Forget

Make a new sentence for "determined"  
!



Vocab  
Check

I felt very insecure as a mother, as he grew up everyone around me saying, ‘you must read to her’.

Vocab  
Check

in · se · cure / ,insə'kyo̯r/

*(of a person) not confident or assured; uncertain and anxious.*



Don't  
Forget

Make a new sentence for “insecure” !



Vocab  
Check

But Monica is unapologetic.

un a · pol · o · get · ic / , ə n ə , p ə l ə ' dʒ e d i k /



Vocab  
Check

*not acknowledging or expressing regret.*



Don't  
Forget

Make a new sentence for "unapologetic" !



Vocab  
Check

Mum was very pushy about studying and homework.

push y / 'pooSHē/

Vocab  
Check

*excessively or unpleasantly self-assertive or ambitious.*



Don't  
Forget

Make a new sentence for "pushy" !



# Let's Practice!!

- Do this another text!
- Answer these questions
- You may find this text on your edmodo
- This text was taken from <https://www.theguardian.com/lifeandstyle/2007/dec/29/healthandwellbeing.features>



Don't  
Forget



# I was 30 before I learned to read

Antonia Moore

Published on Sat 29 Dec 2007 23.34 GMT

Par 1

Mum and Dad never noticed I was failing, but I don't blame them. They had five children and a busy household, and I hid it well. I muddled through primary school, but within months of starting secondary education I'd been moved into a class for "slow" kids. As far as I was concerned, that was where I belonged, but I still felt ashamed. I ignored my new classmates and told old friends I'd been moved up to a higher class. Groups of them would walk past the window, arms linked, and I'd duck my head. Keeping my head down became a habit. At 14, I realised things weren't going to get better. I'd soon leave school unqualified and unemployable. Everyone would know I was stupid. Unable to confide in family or friends, I ran away from home.



Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Job prospects for homeless teenage girls are limited enough, but not being able to read created challenges in even the most menial work. As a waitress, I'd pretend to be hard of hearing and get customers to point at the menu, then I'd secretly mark it with a pen. But it didn't take long for another opportunity to present itself. You really don't need to be able to read and write in order to pout in front of a camera. Taking off my clothes for magazines paid the rent and opened new doors. I started mixing with people who had money - rock stars, businessmen, MPs. I'd get taken to expensive restaurants.

Par II



Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Menus had been my enemy when working as a waitress; now that I was a diner in London's top restaurants, they posed just as much of a threat. I learned to wave them away and ask my date to order for me. The London A-Z was a mystery, tube maps incomprehensible. If I had to meet someone, I'd repeat the street name to myself until I found a cab. Even then I'd often mispronounce it, accept the driver's interpretation from embarrassment and end up on the wrong side of town. I added an hour and a half to every journey time. I avoided situations where I'd have to sign my name. Bills were paid at the post office, in cash. If I had to fill in an application form, I'd take it into the street and ask a passerby for help.

Par III



Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Par IV

There was no one I could confide in. Having rubbed shoulders with confident, well-spoken people for years, I walked and talked as one of them, but the strong, assertive woman they saw was a charade. If a horoscope was passed around in a group, I'd say it was bad luck to read your own. If someone suggested a trip to the theatre, I'd find an excuse not to go. I was convinced my friends would turn their backs on me if they found out the truth. The turning point came with the birth of my daughter, Henrietta. How could I expect her to thrive if I wasn't able to help her with homework? Who would read her bedtime stories, if not me? I was 29, and couldn't even recite the alphabet. I enrolled on an evening course but kept it secret from my friends. The childish vocabulary of those early lessons revived the humiliated schoolgirl in me. Reading in front of the class, I felt more exposed than I ever had while naked in a studio. When I reached a word I didn't know, I'd feign a coughing fit.

Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Gradually, I started to gain what felt like a whole new sense. Within a year, I was able to stand in front of my classmates and deliver a presentation about the works of William Blake. I shook uncontrollably throughout. Fear does that, but so does exhilaration. After that first year, I told my friends what I'd been up to. The relief was acute; like letting out a breath I'd been holding for years. I realised how lonely I'd always been. Finally, I was able to be myself. At college I was diagnosed dyslexic, but misplaced pride had been my biggest problem. Rather than ask for help, I hid. I'm not hiding any more. Show me a wine menu and I'll mispronounce the names loud and proud.

Par V

Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Today, my confidence is real, and I feel in control of everything I do. I run a guest house, work as a photographer and am about to complete a degree in psychology and sociology. I look for different qualities in men now. People with money often don't have much else going for them. I read voraciously - there's so much catching up to do - but keep returning to Blake. "And by came an Angel who had a bright key/And he open 'd the coffins & set them all free." That's what happened to me: I was set free.

Par VI

Don't  
Forget

**Please take main points in two or three sentences after reading each paragraph!!**

Vocab  
Check

As far as I was concerned, that was where I belonged, but I still felt ashamed.

Vocab  
Check

Don't  
Forget

Define the underline adjective and  
Make a new sentence.

Vocab  
Check

The London A-Z was a mystery, tube maps incomprehensible.

Vocab  
Check

Don't  
Forget

Define the underline adjective and  
Make a new sentence.





Vocab  
Check



Having rubbed shoulders with confident, well-spoken people for years,



Vocab  
Check



Don't  
Forget

Define the underline adjective and Make a new sentence.



Vocab  
Check



Having rubbed shoulders with confident, well-spoken people for years,



Vocab  
Check



Don't  
Forget

Define the underline adjective and Make a new sentence.



Vocab  
Check



People with money often don't have much else going for them. I read voraciously.



Vocab  
Check



Define the underline adjective and Make a new sentence.

# Find the answers of these questions from the text!

1. Why didn't she blame her parents of her failure?
2. What are any challenges she faced as a waitress?
3. What did she say about the menus?
4. What are excuses she made in paragraph 4?
5. What are the solutions for her problems?



Don't  
Forget

*Upload your work on edmodo!!*



**Thank You  
So Much!**



**STAY SAFE!**

## Worksheet I

### **Text I**

Monica Chand's childhood memories are of crippling stomach aches each morning before school, of missing lessons through illness and falling so far behind that she understood little but did not dare to ask for help, and of silent misery as children bullied her. She says, I spent all those years feeling I had failed at school, but now I think school failed me, and when I had Sally, 17 years ago. I was determined it would not be the same for her.' She is sitting in her tidy flat in south London. Sally, her teenage daughter, joins us. She is shy at first, but soon begins to exchange memories with her mother.

Monica is describing how it feels to be unable to read and write, to be illiterate in a world where just about everything we do, and how we are judged, depends on our literacy skills. Few people, she says, realise what it means to be unable to read a road sign, safety instructions or the contents of a food packet, when every form you have to fill in, every note you need to write, is an impossible task.

Monica explains, "I would have the names of places I wanted to go written down, and then I'd show this and ask someone to help, explaining that I'd left my glasses at home or some such story. I'd carry a book or newspaper around and pretend to read it. You get good at fooling other people, but you can't fool yourself. It makes the world a scary place.'

Monica is describing how it feels to be unable to read and write, to be illiterate in a world where just about everything we do, and how we are judged, depends on our literacy skills. Few people, she says, realise what it means to be unable to read a road sign, safety instructions or the contents of a food packet, when every form you have to fill in, every note you need to write, is an impossible task.

Her husband, Ravi, who died earlier this year, was unaware of her secret. She says, 'I'd just ask him to do things I couldn't cope with and he accepted that. But it really came home to me when Sally was born. I felt very insecure as a mother, as he grew up everyone around me saying, 'you must read to her'. I felt so stupid because I couldn't. Even then she didn't tell Ravi, although she smiles now and says, 'I think he must have known in his hearts of hearts, but he was such a sweet man he never let on. I made sure he did the reading with Sally- I'd say I had to cook dinner and that it was a good way for them to close.' Sally remembers, 'sometimes Mum would sit with us and seem to join in. I never realised she wasn't actually reading.'

Things changed when Sally went to primary school and Monica became a volunteer, working in the school helping children without being paid. One morning the head teacher said they wanted to offer her a paid job as helper. "I just froze. I knew that would involve reading and writing- the things I'd avoided so far. But the head teacher had recognised my problem. She took me under her wing and did the reading with me every day so that I could take the job. As I learnt, she put me in with older children and I realised I could read and write. 'It was like a miracle.'

That was the beginning. When the present head teacher took over he set up a parent's group and Monica was part of it. He asked them to write a book for parents teaching their children. Monica says, "My first reaction was, "ohh, I can't do that," but then I realised I could contribute. And I wanted to because I realised there were other parents like me." By now she was doing a training course to become a parent-educator. 'The day I got my certificate-the first of my life- Sally and I went out for a really nice meal to celebrate.'

These struggles are in the past. Monica works in several schools and has just returned from a conference in Cyprus where she gave a presentation on involving parents in reading. She also has a highly successful blog, which gets thousands of hits from users who post comments about her inspirational ideas. She says, ' Learning to read has made the world a different place. Suddenly I feel there are so many things I can do. But the most important thing that is Sally hasn't been held back.'

Sally pulls a face.' Mum was very pushy about studying and homework. She'd find fault with everything because she was so keen I should do well.' But Monica is unapologetic. ' Perhaps I pushed harder than other parents because I knew what failing feels like, and I suppose was living my life through it. But we were both bursting with pride the day she did really well in her GCSEs. I was in tears in front of everyone at school because I was so proud. She is sitting on the arm of the sofa near her mother, listening, and her smile is warm. She says, ' I think it was brave of Mum. She's also shown me how important it is to take opportunities when they come. If she hadn't done that, she wouldn't have become the person is now, with a great future.'

**Find the answers of these questions from your main points!**

1. *Why did Monica dislike school? Give two reasons.*
2. *How did she hide from other people the fact that she couldn't read? Give two examples.*
3. *Explain how Monica felt when she was offered paid by the head teacher.*
4. *Why do you think the head teacher wanted to employ Monica, despite her problems with reading?*
5. *is the writer attitude to Monica positive or negative? Give two details from the text to support your views.*

**Make a sentence for these adjectives!**

1. Misery
2. Determined
3. Insecure
4. Unapologetic
5. Pushy

## Worksheet II

### Text II

#### I was 30 before I learned to read

*Antonia Moore*

Published on Sat 29 Dec 2007 23.34 GMT

Mum and Dad never noticed I was failing, but I don't blame them. They had five children and a busy household, and I hid it well. I muddled through primary school, but within months of starting secondary education I'd been moved into a class for "slow" kids. As far as I was concerned, that was where I belonged, but I still felt ashamed. I ignored my new classmates and told old friends I'd been moved up to a higher class. Groups of them would walk past the window, arms linked, and I'd duck my head. Keeping my head down became a habit. At 14, I realised things weren't going to get better. I'd soon leave school unqualified and unemployable. Everyone would know I was stupid. Unable to confide in family or friends, I ran away from home.

Job prospects for homeless teenage girls are limited enough, but not being able to read created challenges in even the most menial work. As a waitress, I'd pretend to be hard of hearing and get customers to point at the menu, then I'd secretly mark it with a pen. But it didn't take long for another opportunity to present itself. You really don't need to be able to read and write in order to pout in front of a camera. Taking off my clothes for magazines paid the rent and opened new doors. I started mixing with people who had money - rock stars, businessmen, MPs. I'd get taken to expensive restaurants.

Menus had been my enemy when working as a waitress; now that I was a diner in London's top restaurants, they posed just as much of a threat. I learned to wave them away and ask my date to order for me. The London A-Z was a mystery, tube maps incomprehensible. If I had to meet someone, I'd repeat the street name to myself until I found a cab. Even then I'd often mispronounce it, accept the driver's interpretation from embarrassment and end up on the wrong side of town. I added an hour and a half to every journey time. I avoided situations where I'd have to sign my name. Bills were paid at the post office, in cash. If I had to fill in an application form, I'd take it into the street and ask a passerby for help.

There was no one I could confide in. Having rubbed shoulders with confident, well-spoken people for years, I walked and talked as one of them, but the strong, assertive woman they saw was a charade. If a horoscope was passed around in a group, I'd say it was bad luck to read your own. If someone suggested a trip to the theatre, I'd find an excuse not to go. I was convinced my friends would turn their backs on me if they found out the truth. The turning point came with the birth of my daughter, Henrietta. How could I expect her to thrive if I wasn't able to help her with homework? Who would read her bedtime stories, if not me? I was 29, and couldn't even recite the alphabet. I enrolled on an evening course but kept it secret from my friends. The childish vocabulary of those early lessons revived the humiliated schoolgirl in me. Reading in front of the class, I felt more exposed than I ever had while naked in a studio. When I reached a word I didn't know, I'd feign a coughing fit.



Today, my confidence is real, and I feel in control of everything I do. I run a guest house, work as a photographer and am about to complete a degree in psychology and sociology. I look for different qualities in men now. People with money often don't have much else going for them. I read voraciously - there's so much catching up to do - but keep returning to Blake. "And by came an Angel who had a bright key/And he open 'd the coffins & set them all free." That's what happened to me: I was set free.

**Find the answers of these questions from the text!**

1. Why didn't she blame her parents of her failure?
2. What are any challenges she faced as a waitress?
3. What did she say about the menus?
4. What are excuses she made in paragraph 4?
5. What are the solutions for her problems?

**Vocabulary Check**

*Define the underline adjective and Make a new sentence.*

1. As far as I was concerned, that was where I belonged, but I still felt ashamed.
2. The London A-Z was a mystery, tube maps incomprehensible.
3. Having rubbed shoulders with confident, well-spoken people for years,
4. The London A-Z was a mystery, tube maps incomprehensible.
5. People with money often don't have much else going for them. I read voraciously.