

PRONUNCIATION – CH sound

Practice pronouncing these words.

chair	chicken	choose	check	chase	child
chat	chain	cherry	chest	chocolate	torch
catch	scratch	crutch	sketch	rich	which
stitch	kitchen	pitcher	touch	such	sandwich
inch	branch	porch	each	teach	couch

Practice these phrases:

pitcher of punch check or charge march to church sandwich for lunch

Occasionally CH sounds like K. Practice these words.

Chris	Michael	mechanic	technology	orchestra	chorus
choir	chemistry	character	orchid	anchor	ache
stomach	school	schedule	scheme	monarch	echo

Sometimes CH sounds like SH. Practice these words.

Chicago	chauffeur	machine	Charlotte	chaperone	brochure	Cheryl
chandelier	parachute	mustache	chef	Chevrolet	chute	parachute

Read these sentences. Tell what sound the CH makes in each ch word.

1. Charles **watched** the chef make a **chocolate** cake.
2. The **chauffeur** drove **Charlie** to **church**.
3. Too much **rich** food gives you a **stomachache**.
4. The **chemical** plant in **Chicago** opened **March** 1st.
5. The **mechanic** fixed the **chandelier** in the school.
6. **Cheryl** made **chicken sandwiches** for **lunch**.
7. **Chelsea** married **Michael Mitchell** on Christmas.
8. The **chef** **chose** the **champagne** to go with the **cheese**.
9. **Charlie** gave a **speech** at a **Chinese** school.

Students, read these conversations and explain in your own words what they say. Tell what the phrases in bold text mean. Then answer the questions.

Alan: Could I get a copy of **the results** from my blood test?

Nurse: Leave a **self-addressed envelope** with the **receptionist**. We will mail you the results of the tests when they are in.

1. What does Alan want to get?

2. How can he get them?
3. When will they be mailed to him?

Bob: Has the mail come yet?

Beth: Yes. I just went to the mailbox. We got three bills, lots of advertisements and you got a letter from your sister.

Bob: Look at all this **junk mail!** The mailbox is full of mail that I throw right in the trash. What a waste of paper!

1. How does Bob feel about junk mail?
2. Do you get a lot of junk mail?
3. Do you have a hard time telling if a piece of mail is junk mail or is important mail that you need to act on?

Olivia: This envelope is **over-sized**. Will I need extra **postage**?

Connie: I don't know. The postal worker will weigh it and tell you. I know it will take more than one stamp.

Olivia: I don't have a lot of stamps. I hope it doesn't take too many.

Connie: The postman will weigh it and stamp it for you. So you won't need any stamps.

1. In the last line, Connie says the postman will stamp it for you. And you won't need any stamps. Explain the difference in meaning of stamp.
2. Why does Olivia think she might need extra postage on the envelope.

John: The postman delivered the mail this morning.

Jessica: Did I get the package I am expecting from Amazon?

John: No, it didn't arrive. When were you supposed to receive it?

Jessica: They said it would be delivered in three to five days.

John: When did you order it?

Jessica: I ordered it on Friday.

John: No mail is delivered on Sunday. You will probably get it tomorrow or Thursday **at the latest**.

1. Who is expecting a package?
 2. When does John think the package will arrive.
- Do you order a lot of things online?

Jan: Grandfather wrote me a **sweet note**. I will write him back tomorrow.

Kelly: It is good he can still write. My grandfather is too old. His hands shake too much. He cannot write letters. I tried to teach him to use email, but he said he is too old for computers.

Jan: My grandfather is **old school**. He doesn't use email or texts. He writes long letters telling me about the family and things that are happening at home. I love reading them. Plus I can save them and read them again later. My husband even reads my grandfather's letters because they are so full of news.

1. What did Jan's grandfather do?
2. Why can't Kelly's grandfather write?
3. Why does Jan enjoy her grandfather's letters?
4. Do you write or receive letters from anyone?
5. How do you keep in touch with older members of your family who aren't comfortable using a computer or cell phone?

Discussion:

1. Should people write thank you notes when they receive a gift? Are written thank you notes common in your country?
2. Do you know anyone who still writes letters? What is the disadvantage to sending email instead of letters?

3. Do you go to the post office often? For what reason?
4. Do you send packages home much? What kinds of things do you send? Do you receive packages from your country?

Light Between Oceans PART 2

TEACHERS: Before you begin, ask the students to tell what happened in part 1 of the novel. Then the teacher should read the first paragraph. Then have a student read the first paragraph and explain the phrases in bold text. Ask if there are any questions before you move to the next paragraph. Proceed through the story one paragraph at a time. (Remember to wait ten seconds after you ask for questions. Sometimes it takes students a while to be able to phrase a question.)

Prologue continued: 27th April 1926

Janus Rock, the island where they lived, was **a square mile** of green, with enough grass to feed the few sheep and goats and the handful of chickens, and enough topsoil to sustain a simple vegetable garden. The only trees were a couple of pines planted by the crews who had built the light station over thirty years before. The ocean currents hauled in all manner of things, bits of wreckage, tea chests, whalebones. The light station sat solidly in the middle of the island, the keeper's cottage and out buildings **hunkered down** beside the lighthouse.

In the kitchen, Isabel sat at the old table, the baby in her arms wrapped in a **downy** yellow blanket. Tom scraped his boots slowly on the door frame as he entered, and rested a **callused** hand on her shoulder. "I've covered **the poor soul**. How's the little one?'

"It's a girl," said Isabel with a smile. "I gave her a bath. She seems healthy enough. The baby turned to him with wide eyes. "What on earth must she make of it all?" he wondered aloud "I've given her some milk. Oh she's so perfect, Tom," she said kissing the child. "Lord knows what she's been through." She cuddled the baby. "You poor, poor little thing.," she said and Tom could hear tears in her voice. The memory of **an invisible presence hung in the air** between them.

"She likes you," he said. "Makes me think of how things might have been." He **stroked** her cheek. Isabel glanced up at him. "I know, love. I know what you mean. I feel the same." He put his arms around his wife and the child. Isabel could smell **brandy** on his breath. She murmured, "Oh Tom, thank God we found her in time." Tom kissed the baby's forehead and the three of them stayed still a long time, until the baby began to **wiggle** and **thrust** her little fist out from under the blanket.

"Well," Tom stood up and stretched. "I'll go and send a signal, report the boat that washed ashore and get them to send a boat for the body. And for this sweet little thing."

"Not yet," Isabel said as she touched the baby's fingers. "I mean, **there's no rush** to do it right this minute. The poor man's not going to get any worse now. And this little chicken's had quite enough of boats for the moment. I'd say, leave it a while. Give her a chance to catch her breath."

"It'll take hours for them to get here. She'll be all right," Tom said.

"Let's just wait. After all, it can't make much difference, Isabel replied"

"It's all got to go in the log, **pet**. You know I've got to report everything **straightaway**," Tom said. His duties included **noting** every **significant** event at or near the light station.

"Tom, do it in the morning."

"But what if the baby has a mother waiting for her somewhere onshore, **tearing her hair out**. How would you feel if it was yours?"

"The mother probably fell out of the boat and drowned."

"Sweetheart, we don't have any idea about the mother. Or about who the man was. This is serious, Izz. The man is dead."

"And the baby's alive. **Have a heart**, Tom."

Something **in her tone struck him** and instead of **contradicting** her, he paused and considered her **plea**. Perhaps she needed a bit of time with the baby. Perhaps he owed her that.

"I suppose I could leave the signal until the morning. **First thing, though**."

Isabel kissed him and squeezed his arm.

"I'd better go back to the lantern room. I was in the middle of cleaning the light."

As he walked down the path, he heard the sweet notes of Isabel's voice as she sang to the babe. Though the music was pretty, it **failed to comfort him** as he climbed the stairs of the lighthouse, **fending off a strange uneasiness** at the **concession** he had made.