



Summer Work for Grade 7 → 8 Learners

Academic Year: 2026- 2027

Dear Parents,

To support our learners' transition into Grade 8, we are assigning summer work based on the story Rumpleskin. This work will strengthen reading, comprehension, writing and speaking skills.

I. Reading

Learners should read Rumpleskin carefully from their reading book **PAGES 329, 330, 331, 332.**

II. Comprehension

They must answer the comprehension questions below. Answers should be written neatly in one of their copybooks or on a clean sheet of paper.

- A. In what sense would you consider the miller a person with a “weak personality”?
- B. In what ways was the miller untruthful about his daughter, and in what way was he untruthful to her?
- C. Did the miller's daughter feel happy when she went to the King's palace?
- D. Who spun the straw into gold? Describe the person.
- E. Why did the girl feel despair again?
- F. What did the King promise the miller's daughter he would do the third time?
- G. Why did the King really make his promise to the miller's daughter?
- H. Why was it difficult for the Queen to fulfill her promise to the little man?
- I. What was the little man's condition to let the Queen keep the baby?
- J. Who helped the Queen identify the little man? How did she do that?

III. Writing

Learners will write one well-organized paragraph. They can choose one of the following topics:

- A. The danger of greed — Explain how the King's endless desire for gold led him to put the miller's daughter in danger, and how greed can harm others.
- B. The importance of honesty — The miller's lie about his daughter's ability created serious problems.
- C. The power of cleverness — The Queen's intelligence and persistence helped her discover Rumpleskin's name and save her child.

IV. Speaking

Learners will prepare a short oral presentation (about one minute). They should choose one of the following three tasks:

- A. Describe a character from the story.
- B. Explain a lesson learned from the events.
- C. What would you do if you were the queen.

V. Purpose

This summer work will:

- A. Reinforce comprehension and critical thinking
- B. Encourage creativity in writing.
- C. Build confidence in speaking and presentation skills.

We kindly ask for your support in ensuring that your child completes the tasks with care and attention.

Warm regards,
English Department

Rumpleskin

There was once a poor miller who always wanted to appear important in the eyes of his friends. He had little to be proud of, except his only daughter who was very pretty indeed.

One day the miller found himself in the presence of the King. Now he was really at a loss, for he knew it would be meaningless to boast about his house or his mill to a King who had everything. At last he exclaimed, "I have a daughter, Your Majesty, a very pretty, clever child so clever that she can spin straw into gold."

"That is a skill I should like to possess," said the King. "Bring her to the palace tomorrow and if she is as clever as you say she is, I will reward you very well."

As you may imagine, the miller was in a real fear when he got home, but wisely he said nothing of his boasting to his daughter. Instead he pretended to be very excited.

"Just think!" he told her. "The King wants to see you at the palace tomorrow. It is a great honour."

But the miller's daughter almost fainted away when she arrived at the palace the next day, for the King took her into a small room full of straw and pushed her towards a wheel and a shuttle.

"You must begin at once," he said. "You have everything you need to spin this straw into gold. If your task is not accomplished by morning, you shall be put to death."

Left alone, the miller's daughter buried her pretty head in her arms and began to sob bitterly. No one could spin straw into gold! This was an impossible task, yet if she did not do it, she would die.

At the height of her grief the door opened and into the room came a little man. He was so tiny that the girl did not even see him and went on sobbing.

But when he said, "Good day to you! Why do you weep so bitterly?" Well, that was a different matter!

The miller's daughter choked down her sobs and stared down in astonishment at the little man whose head seemed almost too big and heavy for his thin body and stick-like legs.

"I'll tell you why I am crying," she stammered. "And you would cry too if the King had commanded you to spin all this horrible straw into gold—that is what I must do and by the morning too!"

"That is too bad," said the little man, shaking his head. "Now what will you give me if I spin this straw into gold for you?"

"You may have my necklace," said the girl.

The little man took the necklace and sat down at the spinning wheel. In a few minutes the shuttle was full and he was spinning away at lightning speed. Then he filled another and another until, by early morning, there was not a piece of straw left; all of it was changed to gold.

Before the miller's daughter had time to thank the goblin, he had vanished—which was, perhaps, just as well for almost immediately afterwards the King appeared.

When he saw all the gold he praised the girl for her hard work. But being a greedy King he could think only of obtaining more. And he ordered the miller's daughter to be taken to a bigger room in which was stacked much more straw.

The girl's despair once again reduced her to bitter tears. She was sobbing as if her poor heart would break when the door suddenly opened and in came the little man again.

"What will you give me this time if I spin all this straw into gold for you?" he asked.

The girl replied at once, "I will give you this gold ring. See how pretty it is." And she pulled it off her finger and gave it to him.

The little man took the ring and sat down at the spinning wheel. By morning, he had spun all the straw into gold.

The King was extremely pleased when he came to see the miller's daughter the next morning. But still he wasn't satisfied; the sight of all that gold made him wish for an even greater fortune.

He led the girl into a room which was twice the size of the one where she had spent the previous night. His servants carried great bundles of straw into the room and when it was filled, the King said, "If you spin all this straw into gold by daybreak, I will make you my wife."

"You mean I shall be a Queen?" asked the girl, forgetting in her excitement the task which she must first perform.

"I do," said the King, thinking to himself that he could do a great deal worse than marry such a clever, pretty girl even if she was only a miller's daughter.

"Now," thought the girl, as soon as the King had left her, "I must wait patiently for my little friend. Surely he will come."

She sat down on the stool provided for her and clasped her hands in her lap. Then she began to count, "One, two, three, four..."

When she reached twenty the door suddenly opened and in came the little goblin.

"What will you give me," he asked, "if I once again spin all this straw into gold?"

Now the girl's eyes clouded. What could she give the little man? She had given him her necklace and her ring, and she had nothing else to give.

"I-I am sorry," she stammered. "I have nothing to give you this time. But won't you wait until I am the Queen—ah, then you can have any treasure you ask for!"

"You must give me your first-born child," said the dwarf. "Promise that you will give me your first-born and I will spin all the straw into gold for you."

“I promise!” cried the girl. “I promise—but please set to work at once, for there is twice as much straw as before.”

The little man sat down at the wheel, and in a few minutes the shuttle was full. Then he filled another and another and another until, by daybreak, he had spun all the straw into shining gold.

The King was so delighted at the sight of the gold that he declared he would marry the miller’s daughter that same day. The wedding, though arranged in such haste, was a grand affair.

A year afterwards, the Queen gave birth to a fine baby boy. Of course, she had forgotten all about the goblin who had saved her and the promise she had made to him. So imagine her surprise and horror when one day, as she was sitting nursing her baby, he suddenly came into her room.

“Give me the child,” he demanded.

“I cannot do such a terrible thing!” cried the young Queen in deep distress. “You may have my jewels, my golden crown, anything—but not my baby!”

“I want only your child,” said the little man.

At this the girl, quite forgetting her queenly dignity, dropped to her knees and begged the dwarf to change his mind. So warmly did she plead that, at last, he said, “I will give you three days to discover my name. If you can you may keep your son.”

When the goblin had gone, the Queen immediately sent out her most trusted messengers to far corners of the Kingdom, to enquire in all the towns and cities about unusual names. They came back with names like Jasper and Crispin and Melchior.

“I will try them on the little man when he comes next,” she said.

Next morning the goblin once more appeared before her and she began, “Your name is Jasper!”

“It is not,” replied the dwarf and he grinned from ear to ear.

“Then it is Crispin—or Melchior.”

“No, no, it is not!” he replied again, even more delighted.

The Queen tried to hide her dismay. “Come again tomorrow,” she said. “Tomorrow I will know.”

This time the messengers went further afield to the villages and small out-of-the-way farms.

And when the dwarf came the next day, the Queen was ready for him with a whole string of unusual names.

“It must be Baltimore or Jude,” she said.

“No, it is not Baltimore, nor is it Jude,” chuckled the goblin.

“Then it is Finnegan!” cried the Queen.

“No, no it is not!” said the dwarf, clapping his hands in glee. “Tomorrow is your last chance. Then the child will be mine.”

Alone again the Queen gave way to bitter tears. But soon she pulled herself together and thought what she must do. Then she summoned one of her most trusted servants.

“Take a horse and make for the hills,” she said. “And whenever you meet a stranger enquire of him what he calls his son. Ride until your horse is too tired to continue. But be sure to return to me by early morning.”

When the messenger returned he came straight to the Queen. It looked at first that he had had no luck.

“I could not find a single new name,” he admitted. “But something strange happened. My horse fell lame, so I dismounted and climbed to the top of a high mountain. There right on the very top, was a little house.”

“Did you see anyone?” asked the Queen. “Did anyone live in the little house?”

“There was a fire burning in front of it,” the messenger replied, “and, as I watched from behind a rock, I saw the strangest little creature come out and begin hopping and prancing around the fire. Then he began to sing—such a strange, cracked voice he had! It made me take note of the words.”

“The words—what were the words?” demanded the Queen.

“Strange words indeed, Your Majesty,” said the messenger.

“Today I bake, tomorrow I brew
The next I’ll have the young Queen’s child
Ho! glad am I that no one knew
That Rumpleskin I am styled.”

“That’s the name then!” cried the Queen, and in her excitement, she took off her diamond necklace and gave it to the astonished messenger. Then, composing herself, she sat down to await the dwarf.

No sooner did he come than she began, “Is your name Ruben?”

“No,” he said, already beginning to smile.

“What about Conrad?”

The little man shook his head, his eyes bright with triumph.

“Then—then perhaps it is Rumpleskin!”

At the sound of his name, the little man’s expression changed to one of terrible rage. He stamped the floor so hard with his foot that he disappeared forever into the hole he had made in the floor.