



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI

Topic- Prose Comprehension

GRADE –IX

WORK SHEET-4

Read the following passage carefully, and then answer all the questions.

In this passage, Mary, the writer, and her husband, Willie, who have just moved from England to Southern Spain, are looking for a house to buy. They have already inspected several properties.

The next house, Carlos's house, was surely what we needed. I was fast falling in love with it.

It was a squat two-storey building, over a hundred-and-fifty years old, with tiny windows and turrets that gave it the look of a miniature fortress. We'd found it by asking at a nearby shop. This shop was merely someone's front room suitably modified. As soon as we asked, Sebastian, the owner, took over with great enthusiasm. He was short and stout with a hoarse voice that sounded as if his vocal cords had been grated. A lifetime of working in the open had left him with a tendency to address everyone as if they were standing in the next field. Now he went into a frenzy of activity for us.

First he gave us some of his home-brewed wine; he then offered us his vineyard, another piece of land suitable for cattle rearing, and some fields his wife owned that had a dozen almond trees rising from the scrub. He then filled a bag for us with sweet potatoes from his market garden and gave us some powerful Spanish sausage to taste. We eventually got back to the subject of 'Carlos's house'. No problem. Nice house – he'd thought of buying it himself two years before; he'd talk to the family and have one of them waiting there for us the next day.

"We'll come at five," we said and shook hands on it.

Promptly at five we arrived to find a disconsolate and reproachful Sebastian.

"A fine time to come," he boomed in hoarse despair. "He was waiting for you all afternoon and now he's gone home. A fine time!"

"But, Sebastian, we said five o'clock and it's exactly five." We showed our watches, which he viewed with scepticism. "It is exactly five. That's what we agreed."

"If you'd come earlier it would have been fine." A customer coming into the shop distracted him. Once she left he spoke to us again, now more in sorrow than in anger. "Quite straightforward it would have been ... if you'd been here. He waited for two hours."

"We said five, that's what we said, five." Unconsciously we were adopting his style as if repetition would sort out our differences. He appeared not to hear and looked at us morosely. We had betrayed his confidence. Finally, with a sigh, he changed tack.

"I suppose we might still find him at his house. He's right at the other end of town, but he's probably gone out now. Fancy turning up at this hour."

The other end of town was a four-minute walk away, but Sebastian clearly liked to keep to his own end. At this point we realised that we had been operating in different time zones. To him, five o'clock was after lunch and that's what he had told the owners. I saw a way out of it with a formula that would come in useful on many a later occasion.

"I tell you what: we'll come another day. We are serious people and we are very punctual, you see – we're British."

We agreed a time and a day and arrived to find Sebastian and Carlos, the eldest of the family, waiting in the street. Sebastian beamed at us and turned triumphantly to Carlos.

"I told you they would be here on time – they're foreigners."

As soon as we stepped into the house it was clear that there was so much we could do with it – it had potential. Potential oozed out of the thick old walls; it clung to the several steps that took us through the different levels; it hung over the old tiled roofs. Potential drifted across the small cobbled patio with its large rambling rose bush and then into the stable with its two mangers; it rose through the rotting floorboards above them to the hay loft.

"It's beautiful," I breathed reverently, "and it has so much potential."

Willie had been looking and checking in a more critical spirit.

"What about electricity? You need more than 'potential' to see by. There's no water, just one tap in the front room and that's not working. You can't drink 'potential'. There's no bathroom and you can't wash in 'potential'."

I interrupted him, "Well, let's just look at it all and think about it."

That night we went back to the flat to think. In fact, I dreamed and Willie had nightmares.

(a) From paragraph 2 (line 4), explain what the writer tells you about Sebastian's shop. [1]

(b) **Using your own words**, explain what the writer says about Sebastian's way of speaking in paragraph 2. [2]

(c) From paragraphs 2 and 3, give **two** details you have found out about Sebastian's way of life. [2]

(d) **Using your own words**, explain how Sebastian's mood had changed when the writer and her husband returned at five in the afternoon (line 16). [2]

(e) How had the writer and her husband betrayed Sebastian's confidence (line 26)? [2]

(f) Explain how the misunderstanding about time came about. [2]

(g) Explain, **using your own words**, what the writer means by:

(i) 'miniature fortress' (line 3); [2]

(ii) 'we were adopting his style' (line 24); [2]

TOTAL MARKS=15