



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL

Grade: IX

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

Worksheet 5

Dt : 26.03.20

JOURNAL WRITING

Day: Thursday

JOURNAL WRITING NOTES-

Candidates should select **ideas** from the passage and **develop** them relevantly, supporting what they write with **details** from the passage. Look for an appropriate register for the genre, [which is here a journal] and have a clear and balanced response which covers the three areas of the question. See that it is well sequenced, and is in the candidate's own words. Annotate separately for references to **what you had to do that day**, for references to how each of your children behaved and their reactions that day and for references to the future for yourself and your family and what will happen now

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Question 1**

Passage A: Abracadabra

The mother of a ten-year-old boy arrives unexpectedly at his school. She enters his classroom whilst he and his classmates, including his friend B, are being shown a documentary film during their geography lesson.

Our teacher had a whispered conversation with Mama. I took advantage of the welcome interruption to stop playing Hangman¹ with B (one more mistake and I was hanged). What was Mama doing here? Shouldn't she be at work or helping Papa with the court case? Maybe she'd come to pay my school fees and stopped by to say hello.

'Get your things, you've got to go,' said my teacher.

I made a covert, triumphant gesture. B, robbed of victory, looked annoyed and filled in the missing letters. The solution it turned out was simple: 'abracadabra'². And with that my old life disappeared...

At this point it's essential to dwell for a moment on the merits of the car in which we made our getaway.

If Mama's lime-green car had crashed into marshmallow it would've crumpled like an accordion. Its flimsiness was obvious as soon as it was in motion. On sharp bends it listed to port or starboard – it felt like sitting in a bowl of custard. Fortunately, the squealing engine was incapable of reaching any great speeds. The gearstick, a uniquely-designed metal lever embedded in the dashboard, looked as if it belonged in the control panel of a flying saucer. The

aluminium-framed seats bit savagely into your flesh. Sleeping stretched out on the back seat felt like lying on a bed of nails. But Mama's car was a noble beast. It never failed her. My kid-brother was waiting for us in the car. He was wearing his pre-school uniform and having one of his frequent naps. Mama slipped another mint into her mouth and twisted the gearstick. Everything was fine until I mentioned going to B's that evening.

'You're not going to B's tonight,' Mama said, turning off the radio as the news came on.

'But it's Thursday!' I pointed out.

'I know, but you're not going. We're going ... to a friend's house,' said Mama. 'Then, on a ... trip.'

'On a trip? In term time? How long for?'

'Papa can tell you that,' said Mama, her tone suggesting it was his turn.

'Are we leaving as soon as we get to your friend's house or staying there for a while?'

'We're staying until Papa gets there.'

'Then why can't you just drop me off at B's and pick me up later?'

'Because I say so.'

'That's not fair!' Nothing annoyed Mama more than this pet phrase. My obsession with justice infuriated her – just like your father, she'd sigh.

The Squirt woke up to ask where his things were: his pyjamas, his cup, his Goofy.

Mama glanced over her shoulder, silently pleading with me to help limit the devastation caused by the Squirt's inevitable explosion. He couldn't get to sleep without his toy Goofy.

I glared, then deliberately betrayed her: 'Why now? How will I catch up? Why can't we stop by our house even to just get his Goofy?' This last question, I knew, would set off the Squirt.

At some point in the silence that followed I realised the car had stopped. We were in a huge traffic jam. Metres ahead, two black limousines, parked across the avenue, were creating a funnel through which only one car could pass at a time. Mama was tapping the wheel. This intimation that she was on the brink would usually have made me wary, but I'd nothing to lose – or so I thought. I'd been temporarily deprived of my precious possessions. I wasn't even allowed to go to B's. I kept nagging her, the Squirt's voice providing counterpoint. Mama endured our litany of complaints in suspicious silence as our car inched towards the roadblock, like a grain of sand flowing towards the neck of an hourglass.

'Why can't we pick up my Goofy?'

Ahead, men peered into each car at the neck of the funnel. Though I was scared of them and instinctively hated them, right at that moment the person I hated most in the world was Mama.

Mama stared straight ahead, her knuckles white.

'It's not fair...'

It was my thoughtlessness that saved us. I imagine the men saw only a hassled mother and screaming kids. They waved us on.

When the roadblock finally disappeared in the rear-view mirror Mama reached back, but I pushed her hand away. All I could think about was B, the TV episode I'd miss that evening and being forced to go on a holiday I didn't want to go on, wearing my school shoes.

Mama must have felt terribly alone.

¹*Hangman*: a spelling game often played by children

zabracadabra: the word traditionally used by magicians when performing tricks, e.g. when making something appear or disappear

Question 1

Imagine you are Mama. Later that same day you write your journal entry reflecting back on the day's events.

Write Mama's journal entry.

In your journal entry you should explain your feelings and concerns about:

- what you had to do that day
- how each of your children behaved and their reactions that day
- the future for yourself and your family and what will happen now.

Base your journal entry on what you have read in Passage A, but be careful to use your own words. Address each of the three bullet points.

Begin your journal entry,

'Today has not been an easy day ...'

Write about 250 to 350 words.

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answer, and up to 10 marks for the quality of your writing.