



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI

Topic- Prose Comprehension

GRADE –IX

WORK SHEET-3

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

A teacher, Will Randall, is deciding whether to accept a job in a school in Botswana, southern Africa. The school is moving to new premises next term.

The following morning, before making my decision, I was invited to the end of term assembly and prize-giving. Please would I come? They were going to have a party afterwards and there would be lots of fizzy drinks, cake and sweets.

Fizzy drinks, sweets? Who could possibly refuse an invitation like that?

When we arrived at what was now being referred to as the 'old school', the boys and girls were already arriving with their parents. All of them had dressed up in their smartest party outfits. Within minutes, of course, boys' shirts became untucked and even the odd hole appeared in the knee of a new pair of trousers, much to the parents' dismay. The girls, however, made an altogether better attempt to keep themselves presentable before we went into the old outbuilding that currently served as the schoolroom. Seated in neat rows on the floor, the children looked up expectantly at the teachers who were seated in chairs in front of them. My presence amongst their teachers did not seem to trouble any of them at all, preoccupied as they were with the excitements of the morning.

Somewhat to my surprise, I noticed that a wide range of ethnic groups was represented. As I later found out, although most children were African, there were a number of white children from Zimbabwe and South Africa, two Chinese children and a little boy from the Indian subcontinent.

Assembly began with the singing of the school song 'Nokya ya Botsele'; it was also the name of the school – 'The River of Life'. Sung partly in Setswana and partly in English, and with accompaniment on the piano by a large enthusiastic lady, it was tuneful and extremely well sung. More than one of the parents, who were seated along the side of the room, became distinctly watery-eyed.

Next on our programme was the national anthem, this time sung by the children standing smartly to attention, their eyes to the front, and hands placed proudly and firmly over their hearts: 'Fatsho lena la rona' (Blessed be this Noble Land). The musical effect was slightly spoiled by the patriotic efforts of the piano player, who sang so loudly as to drown out the combined efforts of everyone else. Despite this, I felt so drawn to the experience that I too found myself standing straight-backed and solemn. It was all conducted with a simple dignity and pride. In one corner of the room stood the national flag: two strips of blue denoting the sky and water, and two thin strips of white and one thick strip of black representing the happy mix of peoples of differing skin colour.

The musical interlude over, a number of children stood up to report in English on the term's events – for this was a school in which all lessons and activities were conducted in English. These events seemed to have been impressively numerous. They included football tournaments, netball games, swimming competitions, maths prizes, school camps, trips in every direction, choir practices, academic achievements and sporting triumphs – all seemed to have played their part in the course of the term. Bearing in mind the isolated location of the school, I was deeply impressed that the efforts of the staff had provided all this for the children. To my surprise, I heard one boy mention that his football team had been to a town called Ghanzi to play a match. I estimated that it must have been roughly 600 miles away from the school.

Prizes were duly awarded, and I think each and every child had the chance to stand up and receive a small neatly wrapped parcel. Eventually it was time for the Headteacher to wish everyone a happy holiday and tell them how much he was looking forward to seeing them the following term in their smart new building.

'Oh, before we say our final prayer, let me introduce Mr Randall. He has come all the way from England to be with us today, and we very much hope that he will be joining us next term.'

All eyes were upon me.

'Don't you think it would be nice, children, if Mr Randall could join us next term and help us in our school?'

Loudly the children burst into a blackmailing round of applause as Graham, the Headteacher, turned to me, smiled and shrugged. Closing the lid of her piano, the music teacher turned and gave me an encouraging thump on the shoulder. Behind her, the parents were engaged in much animated discussion and enthusiastic nodding of heads.

(a) Why did the writer agree to go to the prize-giving?

[1]

(b) Using your own words, explain what the writer says about the similarities and differences between the appearance of the boys and the girls (lines 6-10, 'All of them ... schoolroom').

[2]

(c) (i) Why might the children have been surprised to see the writer seated with the teachers (lines 10-13, 'Seated in neat rows ... of the morning')?

[1]

(ii) Using your own words as far as possible, explain why the children were not troubled to see the writer there.

[2]

(d) State the **two** languages in which the school song was sung (paragraph 5, 'Assembly began ... watery-eyed').

[1]

(e) How did the piano player 'slightly spoil' the musical effect of the national anthem (paragraph 6, 'Next on our programme ... skin colour')?

[1]

(f) Using your own words, explain the effect the singing of the national anthem had on the writer.

[2]

(g) Why was the writer surprised that the football team had played in Ghanzi (paragraph 7, 'The musical interlude ... from the school')?

[1]

(h) Using your own words, explain what the writer means by:

(i) 'a wide range of ethnic groups' (line 14)

[2]

(ii) 'impressively numerous' (line 34)

[2]

TOTAL MARKS=15