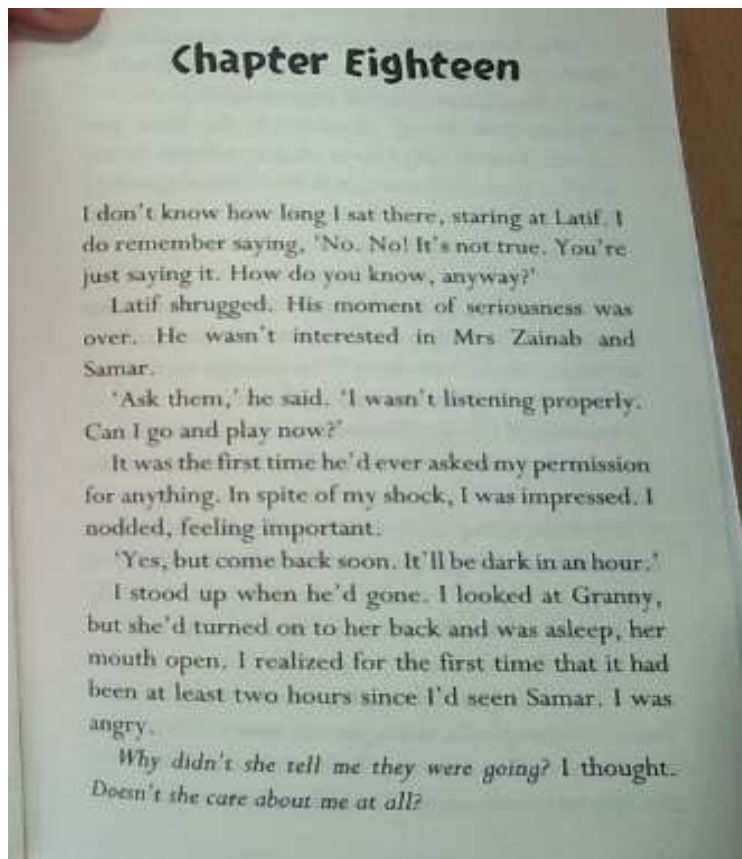


Tues 19/1/21 and Weds 20/1/21

Read and respond to the questions of the FINAL CHAPTER of Oranges in No Man's Land. Spend two lessons working through these questions.



Speed and fluency in responding to simple retrieval questions and deeper inference questions – page 101 above only

- 1) Why was Ayesha just staring at Latif? What had happened at the end of the previous chapter that meant she was in such shock?
.....
..... (1)
- 2) Look at the paragraph beginning, 'Latif shrugged...' to the paragraph ending, '...and play now?'
How can you tell that Latif is not really bothered about what has happened? Give five sentences from this part of the text that show he is not bothered.
Sentence 1 =
Sentence 2 =
Sentence 3 =
Sentence 4 =
Sentence 5 = (5)
- 3) Look at the whole page above.
How can you tell it was still light outside?
.....
..... (1)
- 4) Why was Ayesha angry?
..... (1)

Then I remembered how Samar had been crying on the step, and how frantically she'd tried to talk to me. I lifted the curtain and slipped out.

Samar was sitting patiently on the floor just outside. I could tell she was waiting for me. In her family's corner, I could see Mrs Zainab packing things away into some big checked zip-up bags. Already the area looked half deserted.

Mrs Zainab saw me and came over.

'Don't look so miserable, you two. Here, I'll take Ahmed. Hop along on your own for a bit. Just for an hour, mind. And there'll be enough in the pot tonight, Ayesha, for you and the boys.'

Samar and I looked at each other and nodded. A moment later we were in our special place, on the stairs.

We said nothing until we'd unpacked our treasures and laid them out properly on the windowsill. Then we huddled together on the lowest step, not noticing the people who went past us. Slowly, we puzzled out each other's stories.

I'd never before felt such a need to understand Samar. Although she'd taught me many of her signs over the past few months, there weren't enough for that special conversation. I could see in her eyes, too,

how desperately she was trying to understand me.

But I'll never have an audience like Samar again. For her, I acted it all out – the scary ruins, the horrible men at the checkpoint, old Abu Boutros with his ivory-topped cane, the racing paraffin tankers, the vast emptiness of the Burj, the orange seller's boy, Dr Leila, her nasty aunt and the mad ride home in the UN ambulance. She laughed, and gasped, and held her breath, and she sniffed at the lingering scent of soap on my dress with delight, putting back her head to hold the smell in her nostrils.

And slowly, I pieced together her story. It was simple. Her uncle had come that morning. He had found a flat just for them. They would be leaving early tomorrow. They would have two rooms, running water, electricity and windows with glass. And Samar would be going to a new school – a boarding school this time. A special one for deaf children. Her uniform would be blue.

The hour passed quickly. It was dark now. We knew we had to go back in. We stood at the windowsill to reclaim our little treasures, but before I'd even touched them, Samar had swept them all into the box and handed it to me.

I still have those funny things: the ring with the

red glass bead, the plastic yellow rose, and the tiny teddy with its dented, faded hat.

I never saw Samar again. Just as the war had brought us together, it brutally divided us once more.

Granny slowly grew well again over the next few months, and then, one stifling summer day, my father came. He'd searched for us for weeks throughout the city, and he swept us off to a flat of our own. Our life began again. Slowly, carefully, we put down new roots, afraid at first that they'd be torn up.

Peace returned to Lebanon. Latif went back to school, and so did I. Ahmed learned to walk and talk. We all went on growing up.

I often remember that dusty, ruined flat in old Beirut. And I know that a little part of me will stay there forever, laying out those treasures on the windowsill and playing at cat's cradle with my friend.

Taking your time more – Retrieval and Inference

5) Look at the first two paragraphs of page 102.
How can you tell that Samar wanted to see Ayesha?

..... (1)

6) Look at page 102.
How can you tell they were getting ready to leave the flat?

..... (1)

- 7) What is the main impression that the author is trying to get across to the reader on pages 102 – 103?
Find three pieces of evidence that show this main impression.

Impression	Evidence (exact words) from the text that shows this impression
.....	1
.....	2
.....	3 (4)

- 8) Why was it that Samar was leaving the flat?
..... (1)
- 9) What is Ayesha still in possession of from Samar? Give three items.
1.....
2.....
3..... (1)
- 10) Look at page 104.
What problem did the war create that affected the friendship of the two girls?
..... (1)
- 11) What character is suddenly introduced in Chapter 18?
..... (1)
- 12) Look at page 104.
What does, 'Slowly, carefully, we put down new roots...' mean?
.....
..... (1)
- 13) Why would Ayesha be afraid that her, 'new roots' would be 'torn up' again? (THINK about the story and what has gone on...)
.....
..... (2)
- 14) Look at page 104.
How does the author show that life returned to normal for Ayesha? Give five pieces of evidence from page 104 that show this.
Evidence =
1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5..... (5)
- 15) In what way does the last paragraph make the reader feel emotional about Ayesha, what she went through and her life in that flat? Explain how it makes the reader feel emotional.
.....
.....
.....
..... (3)