

BEACON OF LIGHT

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KISSIWAA THE HEROINE

The evening air wrapped around Asempayetia like a cool breeze, ignoring the predicted rainstorm that had loomed all month. But the true excitement was building in the town square, where everyone had gathered with anxious anticipation. Families and traders had paused their daily activities to witness the highly anticipated event. Even the typically mischievous animals seemed captivated, sensing something special was about to happen.

This was the final match of the community's popular draughts tournament, where heroes were made. The competition was fierce: the winner needed to win three games in a row, something only the best players could do. Everyone's eyes were on Kissiwaa and Bediako, two superstar players, as they competed in a game of skill and strategy.

Fans were talking excitedly, each side strongly supporting their favourite player. "Kissiwaa is the most accurate!" one fan shouted. "Bediako is smarter and will win!" another argued. The air was electrifying, filled with excitement as the two players exchanged confident words, their determination building the suspense. Everything was ready. The crowd was silent, waiting. The game was about to start.

Under the beautiful Nyamedua tree in Asempayetia's town square, the community gathered excitedly. This special tree, planted by their leader, reminded them of a higher power watching over them. For many years, the Nyamedua tree represented safety, wisdom, and spiritual growth, its roots growing deep into the ground, its limbs stretching up to the sky.

In Asempayetia, the Nyamedua was more than just a tree - it protected, healed, and brought people together. Its parts held old secrets of natural medicines shared by older generations. Many homes had this special tree, believed to protect families from harm. Tonight, under its branches, the community gathered to celebrate an important tradition - finding the best draughts player.

This tournament started with their grandparents and it was very important to Asempayetia. It was a fierce competition, and the prizes were impressive. The winner would be treated to a special dinner with the leader, and would travel with them on important trips. To top it all off, the victor wouldn't have to pay community fees for two whole seasons - a sign of the community's greatest appreciation.

As the crowd gathered under the Nyamedua tree's branches, excitement filled the air. Kissiwaa and Bediako, the last two players, stood ready, prepared to do their best. The game would not only choose the winner but also the person who would carry on the community's draughts tradition. The announcer, dressed in beautiful traditional clothes, raised his hands, and the crowd became quiet. The game was about to start.

For the first time in Asempayetia's history, a woman, Kissiwaa, bravely challenged the unbeatable Bediako. He had won the important draughts tournament five times in a row. Many thought no one, especially a woman, could beat him. But Kissiwaa was determined to prove them wrong.

Excitement filled the town square as sunset approached. Everyone was waiting to see what would happen. Bediako, proud of his perfect wins, smiled slightly. Could this new player, a woman, really beat him? But Kissiwaa didn't seem nervous, her eyes focused on the draughts board. It was time for a big competition, a test of who was smarter.

At 5 pm, the sun started to go down. Kisiwaa and Bediako sat down and looked at each other. The crowd was excited. They carefully put their marbles on the board, each click ringing in the silence.

The coin flip decided who started, and Bediako's supporters shouted with joy when he won. Now Kisiwaa had to go first. The crowd's cheers got louder and louder:

"Bediako, Bediako, it's a win for Bediako!"

The chanting swelled, merging into a triumphant call to victory:

"Obunumankoman, obunumankoman, Odapegyan eee!

Obunumankoman, obunumankoman, Odapegyan eee!

Osono eee! Osono eee!

Osono ekyiri nye abua!"

The traditional song excited the crowd. Bediako seemed more confident as his fans chanted, his smile suggesting he expected to win. But Kisiwaa stayed focused, her eyes steady. The game was about to start, and Asempayetia's draughts future was at stake.

Their chants bothered Kisiwaa's opponents, but she stayed focused, watching the game very closely.

In the crowd was a man, popularly known as Old Soldier, a retired soldier who returned to Asempayetia after serving many years in the military. His tough look and sharp eyes demanded respect, gained from years of strict training and following rules. His military background still influenced his actions.

The draughts match excitement swept through the village, but Old Soldier's mind was on a worrying matter. Since returning home, he had seen people joking and teasing each other during matches. Although they meant no harm, the insults bothered him. Children were listening, and Old Soldier feared the game's positivity would be ruined by a lot of unnecessary harsh words.

He asked his neighbour, "Why do they insult each other? What are we teaching our children?" He spoke softly, but his words mattered.

The neighbour, caught up in the excitement, simply shrugged, "That's just how the game is played, Old Soldier." But Old Soldier kept watching Kisiwaa and Bediako, hoping this match would be different, focusing on skill instead of hurtful words.

Old Soldier scanned the crowd as the game started, looking for a more respectful atmosphere. He stood tall, reminding everyone that kindness and respect matter, even when competing fiercely.

Old Soldier's eyes lit up remembering the strong women he'd worked with in the military. They were brave, smart, and committed. Now, watching Kisiwaa face Bediako, he felt hopeful.

Maybe this young woman could inspire Asempayetia's girls. He wanted Kisiwaa to win, not just for herself, but for the community. Old Soldier thought joking was okay, but insults didn't belong in the game.

Old Soldier looked around and saw a group of young girls watching with excitement. He thought that if Kisiwaa won, it would show them they could succeed in areas usually dominated by men.

The idea put a big smile on his face. Old Soldier quietly moved closer to Kisiwaa's fans. He whispered to one of her family members, "Tell Kisiwaa to stay focused. Remind her that strategy and skill will help her win. And let her know that, win or lose, she's already a hero to the girls watching."

The relative nodded and passed on the message. Kisiwaa's eyes shone with determination after hearing Old Soldier's words. Bediako sensed her confidence and prepared for a tough game.

The game was starting, and Old Soldier's words made the outcome more important. Kisiwaa asked permission to speak before the game began as if in answer to Old Soldier's thoughts.

"Elders of this community," she said in a clear but determined voice, "I know this game is old, but this is the first time a young woman is competing. It means things are changing. As we all know, the only permanent thing is change.

"I will therefore suggest we play and compete; the insults and jesting should be dropped. I am only 17 years old, and it is not right that I exchanged such words with my elders, even in a game," she concluded shyly but confidently.

Bediako's supporters roared with laughter, "Look, don't try to change this game because you are going to lose," someone shouted. "The insults are playful, and they add to the enjoyment. Bediako, more of those," another retorted.

Bediako laughed loudly and said, "Don't worry, I will be gentle with you. I will get you a handkerchief when you feel like crying." At this, his supporters started a teasing wail.

Kisiwaa was unmoved. She grasped the marble with quiet confidence, her eyes fixed firmly on the board. With a calm, precise move, she slid the marble across the board with a soft click. Her fans burst into cheers.

"Yes! Go, Kisiwaa, show him that women are skilful!" they called, their voices loud and clear.

Bediako's fans fired back with teasing jokes: "Bediako's the best! Kisiwaa's still learning!"

The room was electric with excitement as the two sides traded playful jokes. Old Soldier's words stuck in Kisiwaa's mind, making her more determined. She tuned out the noise, focusing on the board and Bediako's serious face.

Bediako, a crafty player, smiled slightly, his eyes squinting as he thought about his next move. His fans cheered louder:

"Bediako, Bediako, the dribbler king!

No one beats him, he's the best thing!"

Kisiwaa's fans replied:

"Kisiwaa, Kisiwaa, she's the best!

Bediako's time is ending, she'll pass the test!"

The repeated cheers blended, making the town square feel exciting and energetic. The game was on, and only smart moves and skill would decide the winner.

Bediako thought about his next move, while Kisiwaa's eyes glinted with determination. She was there to win and show that skill isn't just for boys. The crowd's excitement only helped her to focus, and she waited patiently for Bediako's turn.

The mental showdown had begun, with Asempayetia's draughts title at stake.

The game was like a careful dance, each player making smart moves. Bediako, the experienced champ, started to take control, his marbles moving smoothly. Kisiwaa, unfazed, responded with clever tactics, her eyes switching between the board and Bediako's face.

As the game heated up, Bediako looked more confident, his smile suggesting he would win. He had already won several marbles, and his lead was growing.

The crowd saw the familiar pattern - Bediako winning again. His fans cheered louder:
"Bediako, Bediako, still the best!
No one beats him, he's the champ!"

But Kisiwaa didn't give up. She studied the board, thinking hard. Then, suddenly, she spotted a weakness in Bediako's game.

She made a surprise move, setting a trap with intent. It worked perfectly - Bediako's eyes opened wide as Kisiwaa's marble jumped and jumped again, sending two of his marbles out of the game.

The crowd was amazed by the sudden change. Kisiwaa's fans cheered wildly:
"Kisiwaa, Kisiwaa, she's taking over!
Bediako's lead is slipping!"

Bediako looked upset, losing his calm. Kisiwaa kept pushing, making bold moves that captured more of Bediako's marbles.

The game calmed down, and everyone realized Kisiwaa had taken control. With six marbles left, she coolly dispatched of Bediako's last piece. The crowd went wild, cheering and chanting loudly in the town square.

Old Soldier beamed with pride, his earlier encouragement now proving true. Kisiwaa's bold moves had broken Bediako's winning streak, showing he wasn't unbeatable.

Bediako's expression changed from confidence to determination. He knew it would be tough to catch up. Could he come up with a clever plan to turn the game around?

The crowd settled down, feeling something special was about to happen. Would Kisiwaa win and become Asempayetia's first female draughts champion? Or would Bediako, the five-time winner, make an amazing comeback?

The crowd was still excited, celebrating Kisiwaa's surprising win. She had won the first game, proving everyone wrong and showing Bediako wasn't unbeatable. If she could win two more, she'd make history as Asempayetia's first female champion.

Old Soldier's eyes sparkled with pride. "She's got what it takes," he whispered to a nearby villager. "She'll make history."

Bediako wanted to bounce back, so he focused hard on the next game. His fans cheered louder: "Bediako, come back! Show your strength!"

Kissiwaa stayed calm, her eyes fixed on the board. She placed her marbles carefully, thinking ahead.

The second game began, and the air was thick with excitement. Every move mattered. The crowd watched, spellbound, as Kissiwaa and Bediako battled mentally.

Would Kissiwaa keep winning, or would Bediako stop her? The village waited anxiously, on the verge of something historic.

Bediako's eyes focused as he made his first move, placing his marble slowly. The crowd felt his determination, whispering among themselves.

Kissiwaa studied the board, thinking of ways to outsmart Bediako. She had gained the upper hand, making him respond. Her eyes shone with confidence as she planned her next move.

The game continued, each player making careful moves. Bediako tried to take control, but Kissiwaa's defences stayed strong. She evaded each attack, moving her marbles to create chances.

The crowd grew more excited, cheering and chanting around the players. Old Soldier watched closely, proud of Kissiwaa's skill.

The game's crucial moment arrived, and Kissiwaa seized it. With a bold move, she captured two of Bediako's marbles and gained the upper hand.

Bediako's face dropped; his confidence was shaken. The crowd cheered:

"Kissiwaa, Kissiwaa, the new champion!

Bediako's time is up!"

The final score showed Kissiwaa's clear win: 2-0. She had won two games in a row and was one step away from making history as Asempayetia's first female draughts champion.

The crowd was on edge, eager to see what would happen next. Kissiwaa's fans cheered, knowing she was close to winning. Her confidence was strong because she had shown her skills, and everyone had noticed. The crowd was slowly turning in her favour, and she was only a game away from winning the title.

The final game was about to start, and everything was at stake. The crowd held its breath, feeling something special was about to happen. Suddenly Bediako looked up from the board with a surly stare.

"You think you're better than me?" he growled. "You're not!"

"I earned my wins, Bediako," Kissiwaa replied firmly. "Can't you accept you're not the best anymore?"

The argument heated up, with each player hurling insults. Old Soldier looked on in shock as the argument turned into a bitter shouting match.

"How can they behave like this?" he said to himself, feeling angry. "This isn't the right way to play the game."

The ill-feeling quickly spread to the crowd. Many joined in, shouting insults and making things worse. Others, like Old Soldier, watched in disappointment.

Kissiwaa and Bediako were already arguing loudly when Bediako's young son, Ababio, shouted a mean insult at a boy supporting Kissiwaa.

The crowd gasped in shock. Old Soldier's eyes widened, his face pale with disappointment. In Asempayetia, children were taught to be respectful; bad language was not allowed.

"Oh no! Not from a child!" someone whispered, looking shocked.

The insult stopped Kissiwaa and Bediako from arguing. They looked at each other uncomfortably, their anger gone for the moment. Bediako's face turned white as he rushed to his son.

"Ababio, what did you do?" Bediako whispered, holding his son's arm.

Kissiwaa's supporters went quiet, staring at the young boy. Everyone waited to see what would happen next.

In Asempayetia, children who used bad language were severely punished: ten lashes at the chief's palace, followed by a month alone at home.

A village elder stepped forward, looking serious. "Bediako, take your son to the chief's palace. The rules must be followed."

The exciting mood was gone, replaced by a feeling of seriousness and responsibility. The game was forgotten, overshadowed by the young boy's mistake.

Bediako's face dropped, showing shame and worry. He knew how serious Ababio's actions were. With a sad heart, he began to lead his son away, the crowd quietly moving aside.

Suddenly, Old Soldier stepped forward, his strong presence catching everyone's eye. His loud voice filled the square: "Wait, Bediako! The child didn't know better. The adults taught him to be disrespectful. You stood here, insulting each other like politicians on TV. You attacked each other without thinking, and now you want to punish him for doing the same?"

His words reminded everyone of TV debates where politicians shouted insults instead of sharing ideas, their faces red with anger.

The crowd quietly agreed, nodding in support.

"You're like our leaders, forgetting what respect means," Old Soldier said, his voice filled with disappointment. "You forgot kids watch, listen, and learn from you. Now you're surprised when they copy you?"

Faces once full of excitement now looked thoughtful, eyes cast down. Old Soldier's words touched their hearts, making them think.

Bediako looked away, his shoulders drooping under Old Soldier's criticism.

Kissiwaa's eyes met the veteran's, and she nodded in humble understanding.

The village elder looked thoughtful, scanning the crowd for signs of shared responsibility.

Old Soldier's words showed the way to self-awareness and making things right. He made the community face its mistakes. If they would not listen, then disagreements might tear them apart.

The elder from the chief's palace looked heartbroken. He had seen many arguments, but none showed the community's faults so clearly.

He signalled the crowd to quiet down. "Let's keep this private," he said softly but urgently. "If no one informs the chief, this incident will pass unnoticed."

The townspeople nodded together, their faces serious with understanding. They agreed with the elder's decision.

Bediako spoke up, his voice thick with regret. "We made mistakes. We let our emotions blind us, and our kids paid the price."

Kissiwaa added, thinking aloud, "We set a bad example. Our anger and insults hurt the children. We need to do better."

The crowd quietly agreed, their voices soft. Old Soldier's words had made them realize their responsibility.

The elder nodded seriously. "We'll fix this within our community. We'll teach our kids to respect others and show them how it's done."

As the onlookers murmured amongst themselves, the elder told Bediako and Kissiwaa, "Let's work together to make our community better."

Everyone felt determined to guide their kids on the right path. Would they succeed, or would they fall back into old habits? Only time would tell.

Old Soldier spoke up again, his eyes shining with excitement. "Shall we settle this? If Kissiwaa wins this last game, is she the champion?"

The crowd agreed loudly. "Yes! Let them play!" "One more game!" "For Asempayetia's pride!"

Bediako and Kissiwaa looked at each other, ready to compete again.

"Let the final game start!" Old Soldier announced.

The players got ready, focusing hard. The crowd fixed its eyes on the draughts board.

There was no arguing now; the square held a profound silence. Everyone felt nervous, waiting for the game's outcome.

Bediako's hands shook slightly as he made his first move. Kisiwaa's eyes narrowed, thinking of ways to counter.

The draughts board was a minefield of traps from each player. The slightest mistake meant a lost marble. The crowd breathlessly followed each careful move.

Old Soldier watched closely, his eyes moving between the players. "May the best player win," he whispered softly.

Time seemed to slow down, as the air filled with tension. The village's unity and pride depended on the outcome.

Bediako looked determined, while Kisiwaa's eyes shone with confidence. Only one could win.

The game board, polished to a warm sheen, was a battleground of strategy and skill. Bediako and Kisiwaa sat ready, moving their hands carefully.

Each click of the marbles sounded through the square, making the crowd's hearts beat faster.

Kisiwaa's eyes shone with focus as she made a bold move, taking two of Bediako's marbles at once. The crowd gasped, amazed.

Bediako's face turned serious, his brow wrinkled in thought. He tried a clever trick, but Kisiwaa saw it coming. She quickly grabbed another marble.

The crowd cheered loudly, chanting "Kisiwaa! Kisiwaa!" Their excitement grew.

Bediako held his remaining marbles tightly, his hands tense. Kisiwaa, played more boldly, feeling ever closer to victory.

Her marbles lined up like elite soldiers. Under the non-stop attack, Bediako's safe spaces fell apart.

Each captured marble sounded like a drumbeat, beating out a winning rhythm. The crowd repeated Kisiwaa's name like a chant, cheering her on.

As the game progress, the air felt electric. The crowd stood still, faces shining with excitement. Bediako's last marble was about to fall.

Kissiwaa's hand was ready, fingers spread like a hawk about to pounce. The audience buzzed excitedly as Bediako resignedly took the bait.

Kissiwaa grabbed the last marble.

The crowd erupted in joy, with a cheer that resounded throughout the village. They rushed forward, lifting Kissiwaa. They carried her high, faces smiling and arms waving. Women sang victory songs, leading the celebration:

"Kissiwaa, oh Kissiwaa!
Our champion, our shining star!
She won with marbles and smart moves!
Asempayetia's pride, in every way!"

The village burst into celebration. Children danced in the streets, laughing and spinning. Animals joined in, making loud noises.

People came out of their homes, smiling and curious. Some waved from windows, congratulating Kissiwaa. Others joined the crowd, eager to see her.

As the procession moved through the village, doors opened, and people looked out. Older ones nodded, while younger ones cheered. The air filled with music and laughter. Drums beat, and people shook rattles.

Kissiwaa, happy and smiling, waved from above. Her eyes beamed with joy and pride as the procession reached the chief's palace. An elder stepped forward, dressed in traditional clothes.

"Kissiwaa, our champion!" he said loudly. "The chief is waiting. Come for your rewards!"

The crowd parted, showing the palace entrance, and Kissiwaa was carried inside.

The village kept celebrating. Tonight, they would party and dance.

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. What is the central theme in the story?

- a. Personal ambition and success
- b. Unity, community, and respect
- c. Social inequality and justice
- d. Love and relationships

2. Who is the main character in the story?

- a. Kissiwaa
- b. Bediako
- c. Old Soldier
- d. The village chief

3. Identify the setting in the extract.

- a. Asempayetia's palace
- b. The village square
- c. The forest
- d. The riverbank

4. What does the Nyamedua tree symbolizes?

- a. Strength and aggression
- b. Safety, wisdom, and spiritual growth

c. Love and relationships

d. Prosperity and wealth

Read the extract below and answer the questions that follow:

Under the beautiful Nyamedua tree in Asempayetia's town square, the community gathered excitedly. This special tree, planted by their leader, reminded them of a higher power watching over them. For many years, the Nyamedua tree represented safety, wisdom, and spiritual growth, its roots growing deep into the ground, its leaves stretching up to the sky.

5. What literary device is used in the sentence "its roots growing deep into the ground"?

- a. Metaphor b. Simile c. Personification d. Imagery

6. What does the phrase "a higher power watching over them" suggest?

- a. The community's reliance on technology b. The importance of human leadership
c. The power of nature d. The presence of supernatural forces

7. What tone is conveyed through the description of the community gathering?

- a. Sombre and reflective b. Excited and joyful
c. Critical and disapproving d. Fearful and anxious

8. How is the Nyamedua tree related to "safety, wisdom, and spiritual growth"?

- a. Hyperbole b. Alliteration c. Symbolism d. Idiom

9. How does the author use the Nyamedua tree to characterize the community?

- a. As violent and aggressive b. As wise and spiritually connected
c. As prosperous and wealthy d. As isolated and individualistic

10. What does the phrase "its leaves stretching up to the sky" suggest?

- a. Limitations and constraints b. Growth and aspiration
c. Fear and uncertainty d. Despair and hopelessness

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Compare and contrast the attitude of Bediako and Kissiwaa in the story.
2. Discuss the role Old Soldier played in realizing the theme of love and respect in the story.
3. Analyse two major themes in the story and discuss their relevance in modern society.
4. Examine how Kissiwaa's character illustrates the importance of determination and focus in achieving success.

MIXED-GENDER GROUP DISCUSSIONS & PRESENTATION

1. What message does the story convey about the role of community in achieving individual success?
2. How does the story portray the importance of humility and respect in relationships?

3. The draughts tournament and the Nyamedua tree are used as symbols in this story. Find a meaningful symbol in your community, and use it to develop a short story.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Discuss the symbolism of the Nyamedua tree in the story and its significance to the themes.
2. Evaluate the author's use of imagery and descriptive language in creating a sense of community and atmosphere in the story.
3. Draw the scene under the Nyamedua tree on the day of the draughts tournament. You may use a computer, or draw and paint on paper. Add a descriptive caption to your artwork.

THE MONDAY BREEZE

Blurring horns
Screaming voice

Running legs
Children settle in van

Mummy runs out and returns
Daddy yells

Women
They always forget their purse

I am late, Daddy yells
If you had helped me, we would have been gone

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. Identify line 4 of the poem.
2. How many stanzas make up the poem?
3. The poem contains two lines in each stanza. Such poems are categorized as:
4. Quote the third stanza.
5. "Running legs" is an example of
6. What is the theme of the poem?
7. Determine the rhyming scheme of the poem

ESSAY QUESTIONS CLASS DISCUSSION

This poem describes the rush of a family preparing for the journey to school and work.
How would the poem be different if they had to use public transportation?

Collaborate to write a poem about your experiences with public vehicles.

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

Go to the internet; research on the literary device of enjambment. Discuss how the enjambment, as used in the poem, portrays the issue of marital confusion.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Discuss three modern issues established in the poem.

A BEACON OF LIGHT

The darkness grew thicker, like a big curtain covering the sky, with only the moon's soft light shining through. In the village of Obane, the night was extremely quiet, like a heavy blanket wrapped around the houses, making it hard to hear anything. But for Osmond, the quietness made his inner struggles feel louder. He stood outside, feeling restless and unsure, as if the shadows were stirring up his deepest desires.

Behind him, his little sister waited in their small room, her eyes wide open, refusing to sleep until she heard Osmond's stories. His tales of adventures with the cattle, of dusty paths and sunny skies, were her favourite bedtime stories, connecting her to a world beyond their village.

But tonight, Osmond's mind was empty, like a desert, and he couldn't think of any stories to tell. As the moon rose higher, casting a strange glow, Osmond felt unhappy and unsure, like something important was missing.

"Osmond, where are you?" his sister's soft voice called from inside the house, breaking the silence.

Osmond went back inside, seeing his sister's hopeful eyes shining in the dim light. He knew he couldn't let her down, so he forced a tired smile.

"Tonight's story, little one?" Osmond asked, sitting beside her on the mat.

Her face lit up, and she moved closer to him, her eyes wide with excitement. Osmond took a deep breath.

"Remember when I took the cows to the big field?" he said. "The sun was hot, and the grass went on forever.

"Osmond felt like he was back in the wild, experiencing the thrill of the open space again. His sister listened carefully, taking in every word.

"Then, out of the tall grass, a huge snake appeared! "Osmond's hands showed how the snake moved. "It wanted to eat one of the baby cows, but I stopped it. I grabbed my spear and chopped its head off!

"His sister gasped and then squealed with delight. "Wow! You're a hero, Osmond!" She clapped her hands, eyes shining.

Osmond finished his story, and his sister soon fell asleep with a happy smile.

Osmond looked at his sister with love and sadness. Telling stories helped him feel better - it connected him to the simple happy things in life. Since the little one had slept off, he lay by her and slept off quietly.

Obane was a small village in Ghana's countryside, surrounded by hills and green pastures. Raising cows was how people made a living, depending on nature's rhythms. Osmond's family was no exception.

But Osmond wished for more as he walked through the dusty paths with the cows. Life was hard, and he felt like this wasn't the life he wanted.

But during his hard work, music became his comfort. Osmond's voice sounded beautiful as he led the cattle to green grazing spots.

"Oh, Black Star, rise above the pain
Lead me to a brighter day, where love remains
In Obane's heart, a fire burns bright
Guiding me through the darkest night.

His songs me through the darkest night" filled the air, giving strength and hope. The cattle seemed to eat more eagerly, inspired by his beautiful voice.

In these moments, Osmond felt free from his troubles. His music was a prayer, showing how people can find beauty in difficult times.

It was a normal day in Obane, the sun shining brightly in the schoolyard. Osmond lost in thought, forgot the cattle were grazing nearby. Sitting on a block, he began singing a sad but beautiful song.

Important visitors, including the Director of Education, were visiting the school that day. Amidst the noise, one officer heard Osmond's song and listened carefully. She excused herself, looking around until she saw Osmond.

He sat, not noticing anyone watching, singing with all his heart. The officer walked quietly on the dirt path, but Osmond felt someone was there.

He turned, surprised, and saw a woman with kind warm smile.

The officer spoke, but Osmond didn't understand. A curious schoolgirl stepped forward. "She wants to know your name," the child said, voice shaking.

Osmond's face turned red as he replied, "Osmond."

The officer smiled wider and asked another question through the child. "Your voice is amazing. What makes you happy when you sing?"

Osmond's eyes lit up, and he shared his story - taking care of cattle, working on the land, and facing challenges. The officer listened carefully, showing understanding and interest.

The young girl translated easily, helping them understand each other. "I don't go to school," Osmond admitted, looking down. "I take care of animals for my family. My pay is one cow after five years."

The officer looked at Osmond, her thoughts hidden. The child hesitated, then translated her words: "Osmond, you're very talented. Your talent can take you far beyond this village. Do you want to see what's possible?"

Osmond's heart beat faster. No one had ever suggested this before. He felt excited and nervous.

"What possibilities?" Osmond asked, almost whispering. The officer smiled, hinting at surprises. "School, music lessons, and more. We can help you find your true abilities." Osmond's eyes opened wide; his mind filled with ideas. "School?" he repeated, the word new but exciting.

The officer nodded. "Yes, Osmond. You deserve a chance to follow your dreams, to see what's beyond this village."

The child translated, and Osmond's thoughts poured out. "But my family needs me. Who will take care of the animals and land?"

The officer's face softened. "We'll make sure your family is okay. We'll find a solution together."

Osmond felt hopeful but also scared. What if he failed? What if he got lost in the city?
The officer's voice calmed his fears. "Osmond, you're talented. Don't waste it. Will you take this chance?"

Osmond hesitated, looking far away. The wind blew through the trees, whispering about a new life. "I'll do it," he said finally, his voice strong.

The officer smiled brightly. "Welcome to a new life, Osmond."

As they walked away, Osmond felt the weight of his choice. His life was about to change forever.

That evening, the head teacher, Mr. Gagaa, visited Osmond's home under the starry sky. He knocked softly on the door, and Osmond's father, Tetteh, welcomed him with a warm smile.

"Good evening, Mr. Gagaa. What brings you here?" Tetteh asked, curious.

Mr. Gagaa's face showed excitement. "I've come to talk about Osmond's future. The officer who visited school today wants to help him with school. She plans to take him to Accra."

Tetteh's eyes opened wide, and he cheered. "Thank goodness!" He turned to his wife, Akua. "Did you hear? Our son's future is calling!"

Akua's eyes filled with happy tears. "We're lucky. Our child will make our village proud."

Tetteh's face became serious, and he nodded. "I must tell the chief. He's always known Osmond's talent."

The next morning, Tetteh went to see the chief, Nana Kofi, under the old baobab tree.
"Nana, I have news," Tetteh said, his voice shaking. "The officer wants to take Osmond to Accra for school. I've always said our child is special."

Nana Kofi's eyes shone. "I remember what you said, Tetteh. 'Our village is poor, but Osmond will make a difference.' You were right. Let the woman come; we'll listen to her. If she's sincere, we'll let her take our son."

Tetteh nodded, feeling better. "I'll prepare the family. We'll welcome her with open hearts."

The village leaders gathered at sunset, eager to meet the officer and discuss Osmond's future.

Days passed, and the officer, Ms. Adjei, arrived in Obane, causing excitement and curiosity. Tetteh, Akua, and Nene Attiapa welcomed her warmly.

Ms. Adjei explained, "I work for the Talented Child Fund. We find talented children and give them scholarships for good education. Osmond's amazing voice and abilities deserve our help."

Nene Attiapa nodded thoughtfully. "We know Osmond's talented. But can you keep him safe in Accra?"

Ms. Adjei smiled kindly. "Osmond will live in a safe place with other students who got scholarships. We'll help him in every way, including guidance and support."

Akua's eyes filled with tears. "Our son will make us proud. Take care of him."

Tetteh put his hand on Osmond's shoulder. "Our village needs change. Make us proud, son."

Osmond felt happy and excited. He knew this was his chance.

Ms. Adjei gave Tetteh a paper. "This explains the program's rules and benefits. Sign, and Osmond can start his new life."

Tetteh signed, his hand shaking.

After Ms. Adjei left with Osmond's papers, the villagers came together, exchanging stories and well-wishes.

"May Osmond's voice be heard everywhere," Nene Attiapa prayed, his eyes shining with wisdom.

Osmond felt eager and excited. Accra, here I come!

Weeks passed, and it was time for Osmond to leave. The villagers gathered to say goodbye to their beloved son. Nene Attiapa, dressed in traditional clothes, performed a blessing ceremony.

"May our ancestors guide you, Osmond," Nene Attiapa prayed, sprinkling special powder around Osmond. "May your voice bring happiness and success to our village."

Tetteh and Akua hugged Osmond tightly, tears flowing. "Make us proud, son," Tetteh whispered.

"Remember where you come from," Akua reminded.

Ms. Adjei smiled warmly. "Don't worry, I'll ensure Osmond's well-being."

As Osmond boarded the bus, the villagers waved goodbye, their faces etched with mixtures of sadness and hope.

The journey to Accra was long, but Osmond's excitement sustained him. He gazed out the window, watching the landscape transform from lush greenery to urban sprawl.

Upon arrival, Ms. Adjei escorted Osmond to his new home - a cozy hostel for scholarship students. Osmond met his roommates, eager young minds from across Ghana.

That evening, Osmond stood on the hostel's balcony, Accra's twinkling lights mesmerizing him. He felt the wind carrying his voice to the world.

Days turned into weeks, and Osmond settled into his new routine. He excelled in school, his natural talent and dedication impressing his teachers. Music became his solace, and he joined the school choir.

One evening, while rehearsing in the school's auditorium, Osmond met Ama, a gifted pianist. Her fingers danced across the keys, and Osmond's voice soared in harmony.

"Your voice is magic," Ama said, smiling.

Osmond flushed with delight. "You play amazingly," he replied.

Osmond and Ama became close friends through music. Ama introduced Osmond to Accra's exciting music scene, and they performed together.

Ms. Adjei, happy with Osmond's progress, set up a meeting with famous music producer, Mr. Owusu.

"Osmond, you're very talented," Mr. Owusu said. "I want to record your songs."

Osmond's heart beat faster. "Really?"

Mr. Owusu nodded. "Let's share your music with everyone."

With Ama's help, Osmond started an amazing journey. They recorded songs, performed on radio, and impressed audiences.

Throughout his rise to fame, Osmond stayed true to his roots, remembering Nene Attiapa's blessing and his village's love.

Months passed, and Osmond's music became popular everywhere in Ghana. Fans loved his heartfelt voice, and critics praised his special sound.

One evening, Osmond got invited to perform at the Ghana Music Awards. Ama went with him to the fancy event.

On stage, Osmond's voice filled the crowded room. The audience cheered as he accepted the Best New Artist award.

Osmond was overjoyed. He thanked Nene Attiapa, Tetteh, Akua, and his village for their support. Tears filled his eyes as he thanked Ama and Ms. Adjei.

Backstage, Osmond met famous singer, Sandra Ohemaa. She encouraged him and suggested working together.

"Your voice can inspire many people," Sandra said. "Let's make music that makes a difference."

Osmond felt thrilled. This was his chance to make a big impact.

Their song, "Echoes of Hope," became a powerful message for change. Osmond's voice touched millions worldwide.

Osmond's humility endured despite his soaring fame, thanks to his strong connection to his past.

Osmond sat comfortably on Ghana's popular TV show, "StarTalk." Host, Kwame Fosu, smiled warmly.

"Welcome, Osmond! Your success inspires millions. Share your story."

Osmond's eyes shone. "Thank you, Kwame. I grew up in Obane, a small village. Life was tough, but my community's love helped me develop my talent."

Kwame leaned forward. "Obane? That's amazing. How did your village influence your music?"

Osmond spoke with fond memories. "Obane taught me to be strong, hopeful, and community-minded. My music shows those values. I'm grateful to Nene Attiapa, my chief, and my family for believing in me."

Kwame's eyes sparkled. "That's amazing. What do you want for Obane's future?"

Osmond spoke with enthusiasm. "I want Obane to prosper. Better schools, hospitals, and roads would change lives. I want to help my community."

The camera showed the audience, where a kind donor, Mrs. Adwoa Konadu, listened carefully.

After the show, Mrs. Konadu contacted Osmond's team, wanting to help Obane.

"I was touched by Osmond's love for his village," Mrs. Konadu said. "I'd like to visit Obane and find ways to help the community."

Osmond felt deeply grateful. "This is a dream come true. Thank you, Mrs. Konadu."

Mrs. Konadu's group travelled through Obane's dusty roads, surrounded by green fields. Osmond and Ms. Adjei welcomed her warmly.

As they walked through the village, Mrs. Konadu saw the contrasts: vibrant culture, strong people, and old infrastructure.

"This is sad," Mrs. Konadu said, her voice filled with kindness. "But I see potential."

Nene Attiapa, dressed in traditional clothes, greeted Mrs. Konadu with a warm smile. "Thank you for coming," Nene Attiapa said. "We've prayed for help like yours."

Mrs. Konadu's organization, "Empower Ghana," started projects in Obane, renovating the village school, establishing a community health centre, and implementing sustainable agriculture programs.

Osmond often visited Obane, seeing the big changes happening. His music gave people hope.

One evening, under the stars, Osmond performed for his village, with Ama by his side. Everyone felt happy.

Nene Attiapa came to Osmond, tears in his eyes. "Your voice brought happiness to our hard times," Nene Attiapa said. "You made Obane proud."

Osmond felt grateful. "This is just the start." Osmond sat on a hill looking over Obane, speaking softly.

"God gives special talents to everyone, no matter if they're rich or poor. I was poor, but I had music. And I had people who believed in me.

He paused, thinking about his journey.

"Nene Attiapa saw something special in me. Ms. Adjei gave me a chance. Ama helped me be my best. And Mrs. Konadu... her kindness changed our village."

Osmond looked out at the changed landscape.

"I was lost, but they helped me. We all need someone to support us. I'm thankful." He took a deep breath, thinking deeply.

"My music isn't just about me. It's about the people who helped me. Now, it's about helping others." Osmond spoke softly.

"I won't forget where I came from. I won't forget the struggles. And I won't forget those who helped me succeed."

"I have an idea for my next song... 'Someone to Lean On.' We all need someone to rely on, no matter who we are or what happens."

Osmond's eyes shone with determination.

"I'll record it in many languages - Akan, Ewe, Ga, Dagbani, and more. It might help a child like me, feeling lost somewhere."

He stood up, walking on the hillside, thinking creatively.

"Imagine a song that speaks to everyone's heart, no matter what language they speak. A song that reminds us we're not alone."

Osmond pulled out his phone and wrote lyrics:

"In the darkness, I searched for a hand
To guide me through hard times
And then I found you, my shining star
Someone to lean on, near and far."
Inspiration flowed through him.

"I'll work with local artists, use traditional instruments, and make it a song of hope. 'Someone to Lean On' will be more than just a song - it'll be a movement."

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

Read each extract below and answer the questions that follow.

But tonight, Osmond's mind was empty, like a desert, and he couldn't think of any stories to tell. As the moon rose higher, casting a strange glow, Osmond felt unhappy and unsure, like something important was missing.

1. What device best describes this quote: "Osmond's mind was empty, like a desert"?
2. Determine the mood of the character described in the extract.
3. "... the moon rose higher..." This is an example of

"I want Obane to prosper. Better schools, hospitals, and roads would change lives. I want to help my community."

4. Who is speaking in the extract above?
5. Where was he speaking?
6. To whom was he speaking?

He paused, thinking about his journey.

"Nene Attiapa saw something special in me. Ms. Adjei gave me a chance. Ama helped me be my best. And Mrs. Konadu... her kindness changed our village."

Osmond looked out at the changed landscape.

"I was lost, but they helped me. We all need someone to support us.

I'm thankful."

He took a deep breath, thinking deeply.

7. Identify the characters in the extract above.
8. Determine the attitude of Osmond in the extract above.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

Examine Osmond's character development. What traits define him, and how does he change?

MIXED-GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION & PRESENTATION

1. Explore the theme of identity in the story. How does Osmond's music reflect his cultural heritage?
2. Collaborate to write a continuation to the story of Osmond's success, and share it with the class.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Interpret the symbolism of music in the story. What does it represent for Osmond and his community?
2. Analyse the imagery of light and darkness. How does it relate to Osmond's emotional journey?

FLY LIKE AN EAGLE

Maame Tutuwa sat on the old stone steps outside her home, her elbow on her knee, chin in hand. Her eyes stared into the distance, deep in thought, as the Ghanaian sun shone warmly on her face.

Many thoughts swirled in her mind like a flooded river. Her physical struggle bothered her, a constant reminder she was different. She walked with a limp, unlike her friends who moved easily.

Though children's laughter and the sweet scent of mangoes filled the air, Maame Tutuwa's thoughts were consumed by anxiety and uncertainty, overshadowing the joyful atmosphere.

Loneliness wrapped around her like a dark cloud, making her feel empty and trapped. Maame Tutuwa was always by herself, watching others have fun while she sat alone. She had no friends to share happiness and sadness, no one to laugh or cry with.

The teens in her neighbourhood seemed to ignore her as if she were invisible.

Maame Tutuwa's face, once full of happiness, now showed sadness and pain. Her forehead wrinkles and downturned lips told a story of a young life filled with loneliness. Yet, a small light shone in her eyes, a flame of strength that wouldn't go out.

Gazing upward, Maame Tutuwa was struck by the harmonious flight of doves, their snowy wings beating in unison, their gentle coos soothing her weary soul.

Watching a lone eagle, Maame Tutuwa thought, "Flying alone doesn't mean being lonely; it means being brave enough to find your way."

The eagle's wide wings and smooth flight captivated her. Its solitude seemed free, reminding her that sometimes, flying alone helps find your true path. Maame Tutuwa felt determined. Maybe her loneliness wasn't a weakness but a chance to discover her strength.

With renewed courage, she stood, eyes fixed on the eagle. The empty sky no longer seemed mocking; instead, it invited her to spread her wings and fly. The eagle's solo flight became a symbol of hope, showing that even in loneliness, there's a chance to find your own way.

With renewed joy, Maame Tutuwa stepped back onto the stairway, a bright smile spreading across her face as laughter filled her heart. "Isn't the eagle just as free as the birds in the flock? Aren't they all free in their way?"

Upon entering the bookshop, Maame Tutuwa's eyes widened in awe, scanning the vast array of books that lined the shelves. She wove through the aisles, her fingers tracing the spines of the volumes as if seeking a hidden treasure. Her father watched, amused, as she finally halted before a section dedicated to birds of prey, and with a triumphant smile, she plucked out "The Majesty of Eagles."

Just as Maame Tutuwa was about to pay, a soft voice spoke from behind, "You're interested in eagles, I see." She turned to face a girl her age, with a warm and radiant smile. The girl's dark hair was neatly braided, framing her heart-shaped face and highlighting her bright, inquisitive eyes behind a pair of stylish,

black-rimmed glasses. A faint sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of her nose added to her endearing appearance.

Akua wore a simple yet elegant outfit that reflected her understated style. A flowing, ankle-length dashiki dress with intricate, traditional Adinkra patterns in shades of indigo and cream draped gracefully around her slender figure. A delicate, hand-tooled leather belt cinched at her waist added a touch of earthy sophistication. Her feet were clad in sturdy, brown ankle boots with a subtle heel, giving her a slight lift without sacrificing comfort.

A few simple, elegant accessories completed her look: a slim, silver necklace bearing a tiny, delicate feather pendant and a pair of slender, hand-carved wooden earrings that complemented the patterns on her dress. Her overall appearance exuded a thoughtful blend of cultural heritage, natural elegance, and effortless charm.

"I'm Akua, by the way," she said, her voice gentle and melodious. "I've read that book, and it's fascinating. Eagles are truly majestic creatures." Akua's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as she gestured to the book, her slender fingers adorned with a few simple, elegant bracelets.

Maame Tutuwa couldn't help but feel drawn to Akua's warm demeanour and shared interest, and she found herself smiling back at this stranger who already felt like a kindred spirit.

Maame Tutuwa's heart skipped a beat. Could this be the start of a beautiful friendship? She hesitated for a moment before responding, "I'm Maame Tutuwa. Nice to meet you, Akua.

I'm trying to learn more about eagles because... well, I feel like I'm one."

Akua's eyes sparkled with curiosity. "Really? Why do you say that?" And with that, Maame Tutuwa found herself pouring out her story to Akua, who listened intently, her expression changing from curiosity to understanding.

Maame Tutuwa's eyes widened, her mind racing with the parallels between eagles and her life. She turned to the father who was also prying through some books and with his right hand pointing at him, she gestured to Akua, "That's my father." She and Akua exchanged a few pleasantries and bid goodbye to each other.

Her father nodded and walked towards her, his expression softening. "I see. Well, maybe this book will teach you more about eagles. But remember, Maame Tutuwa, flying alone doesn't mean you can't have friends or family to support you. It means you're strong enough to know when to soar on your own and when to fly with others." Having paid for the book, they began to leave for their home.

Approaching home, Maame Tutuwa was enveloped in a sense of contentment, bathed in the warm glow of the setting sun that painted the streets of Katamanso with golden hues.

The car barely came to a stop in the driveway before Auntie Ama stepped out of the house, her radiant smile dispelling the evening's gloom. Her rounded face, etched with gentle wrinkles, radiated kindness and concern. A few wisps of grey hair escaped her neatly tied scarf, framing her features with a soft, maternal glow.

She wore a vibrant, floor-length kente cloth wrapper, its bold colours and geometric patterns evidence of her Ghanaian heritage. A delicate, hand-beaded necklace in complementary hues added a touch of understated elegance. Her ears were adorned with small, intricately designed gold earrings shaped like carved masks.

Auntie Ama's demeanour exuded warmth and authority, her presence commanding attention without demanding it. Her voice, rich and soothing, conveyed a deep love and concern for Maame Tutuwa's well-being.

"How was your day, my dear?" she asked, her tone gentle yet inquiring, as she enveloped Maame Tutuwa in a warm, comforting gaze.

With her poised stature, gentle smile, and radiant energy, Auntie Ama embodied the quintessential Ghanaian matriarch - nurturing, wise, and beautifully rooted in tradition.

Maame Tutuwa's face lit up. "I bought a book, Mama! It's about eagles. I want to learn how to fly like them."

Ama's eyes sparkled with amusement. "Fly like eagles, hmm? Well, I'm sure you'll learn a lot from that book. Come, let's go inside and hear all about it."

When they entered the house, Auntie Ama welcomed them with a warm smile and a tray bearing two gleaming, handmade clay cups filled with a refreshing, amber-hued liquid. "Let's quench our thirst with some millet drink," she said, her eyes twinkling with hospitality.

Maame Tutuwa's face lit up as she accepted the cup, feeling the cooling condensation on her palms. The aroma of roasted millet and a hint of ginger wafted up, tantalizing her senses. She took a sip, and the chilled drink slid smoothly down her throat, its subtle sweetness and earthy undertones revitalizing her.

Auntie Ama settled into the cozy living room beside Maame Tutuwa, surrounded by vibrant African textiles and the warm glow of lanterns. The millet drink's soothing, slightly spicy flavour seemed to dissolve the day's fatigue, leaving them relaxed and ready for conversation.

Maame Tutuwa leaned back into the plush couch, feeling grateful for this tranquil oasis, and for Auntie Ama's nurturing presence. "This hits the spot, Auntie," she said, smiling.

Auntie Ama smiled, her eyes shining with warmth. "Anytime, my dear. Now, tell me about your day. What's this book that's caught your interest?" She nodded toward the book still clutched in her hand, her interest piqued.

Maame Tutuwa's eyes sparkled as she recalled her encounter with Akua. "I met a girl at the bookstore, Auntie. Her name is Akua. She knows so much about eagles and wildlife...and we had such a great conversation."

Auntie Ama's face lit up with interest. "That sounds lovely! Where is she from?"

Maame Tutuwa's expression turned wistful. "She's not from around here, unfortunately. But I hope our paths will cross again soon."

Auntie Ama nodded sympathetically. "Sometimes, life brings people together in unexpected ways. Maybe you'll meet again someday."

The warm lantern light and soothing evening sounds blended together, forming a serene atmosphere that enveloped Maame Tutuwa in contentment during their chat.

Just then, the sound of laughter drifted from outside, followed by the clatter of pots and pans from the kitchen. Maame Tutuwa's stomach growled in anticipation.

Maame Tutuwa stood up, book still in hand, and headed toward the kitchen with Auntie Ama. The aroma of steaming jollof rice and grilled chicken wafted through the air, mingling with the scent of millet drink, creating a delicious sensory blend.

Seated at the table, Maame Tutuwa couldn't dispel the notion that her unexpected meeting with Akua held greater significance than mere chance.

That evening, Maame Tutuwa settled into her serene bedroom, surrounded by the soft glow of string lights and the comforting silence of the night. But sleep eluded her, as her mind remained fixated on the book Akua had recommended.

She propped herself up against the pillows, opening the book to where she had left off earlier. The words danced across the pages, drawing her into the majestic world of eagles.

The world outside receded, and Maame Tutuwa's sole focus was the book, was the book, as the hours melted away. The room grew quieter, the darkness outside deeper. But Maame Tutuwa's attention remained riveted on the stories of these regal creatures - their habitats, their hunting strategies, and their remarkable resilience.

The book transported her to vast savannas, rugged mountains, and serene forests, each ecosystem teeming with life. She felt the rush of wind beneath wings, the piercing gaze of an eagle's eyes, and the gentle touch of feathers on branches.

Lost in the narrative, Maame Tutuwa didn't realize when the night slipped into dawn. The first light of morning crept through the window, casting a warm glow across her room. Finally, she finished the book, her eyes moist with emotion. The stories lingered, etched in her mind like the intricate patterns on Auntie Ama's kente cloth. As she closed the book, a sense of wonder and awe settled within her.

Maame Tutuwa snuggled under the blankets, her thoughts drifting to Akua. She smiled, grateful for the chance encounter that had led her to this remarkable book. And as she drifted off to sleep, she knew that their conversation would continue soon - about eagles, wildlife, and the wonders of the natural world.

The next morning, Maame Tutuwa woke up feeling refreshed, despite her late-night reading session. She stretched, yawned, and swung her legs over the side of the bed, her feet dangling in the air.

While dressing, Maame Tutuwa's thoughts drifted back to the book and the captivating realm of eagles. She couldn't shake off the feeling that she had discovered something special.

Downstairs, Auntie Ama was already busy in the kitchen, preparing breakfast. The aroma of fried plantains and scrambled eggs wafted through the air, mingling with the sound of sizzling vegetables.

"Good morning, dear!" Auntie Ama chimed, as Maame Tutuwa entered the kitchen. "How's my bookworm doing today?"

Maame Tutuwa smiled, taking a seat at the table. "I finished the book, Auntie. It was amazing!"

Auntie Ama's eyes sparkled. "I knew you'd love it! What did you think of the section on eagle conservation?"

Maame Tutuwa's enthusiasm poured out as she shared her thoughts on the book. Auntie Ama listened attentively, nodding and asking questions.

During their morning meal, Maame Tutuwa's heart swelled with gratitude for life's uncomplicated treasures: a captivating book, a supportive family, and nature's splendour.

After breakfast, Maame Tutuwa decided to spend the day exploring the outdoors, letting the fresh air and sunshine clear her mind. She grabbed her backpack and headed out, eager to discover new wonders.

The experience of reading about eagles and meeting Akua had a profound impact on Maame Tutuwa. She felt invigorated, with a renewed sense of purpose. The stories of resilience, adaptability, and freedom resonated deeply within her.

Throughout her day, Maame Tutuwa became aware of a gentle transformation within. Her senses heightened, and she found herself absorbed in nature's details: leaves swaying in the breeze and flowers bursting with colour.

Her interactions with others became more genuine, reflecting the warmth and kindness Akua had shown her. Maame Tutuwa found herself listening more intently, seeking to understand the stories and struggles of those around her.

At school, her classmates noticed the change. "You seem more confident, Maame," her friend Efu remarked. "What's behind the glow?"

Maame Tutuwa smiled, knowing that the book had awakened something within her. "Just appreciating life's beauty," she replied.

Her teachers observed a similar transformation. Maame Tutuwa's participation in class became more thoughtful, her questions probing deeper into the subjects. Her grades began to reflect her renewed focus.

Auntie Ama, too, noticed the shift. "You're radiating positivity, my dear," she said, as they prepared dinner together. "That book was exactly what you needed."

Maame Tutuwa realized that her encounter with the book and Akua had sparked a journey of self-discovery. She felt more connected to the world around her, more aware of her place within it.

With each passing day, Maame Tutuwa's sense of purpose flourished. She became an active member of the school's environmental club, driving local conservation initiatives and kindling a shared passion for wildlife and nature in others.

The story of the eagles had taken flight within her, transforming Maame Tutuwa's life in ways she never thought possible.

Back at school, Maame Tutuwa faced a daunting challenge: mathematics. Numbers and equations swirled in her mind, refusing to make sense. Frustration crept in, threatening to undermine her confidence.

One day, while staring blankly at her textbook, Maame Tutuwa's thoughts drifted to the eagles. She remembered how they focused on their prey, unwavering and silent, until they struck with precision.

Maame Tutuwa realized that the eagles' hunting strategy could be applied to her math struggles. She began to approach problems with a newfound focus.

Maame Tutuwa's mindset shifted. She tackled math problems with renewed determination, channelling the eagles' quiet intensity.

Mrs. Owusu, the mathematics teacher, stood at the front of the classroom, her warm smile and encouraging eyes belied by the challenging equation she was about to present. Known for her patience and dedication, Mrs. Owusu had a gift for making complex concepts accessible to her students.

With a flourish, she wrote the complex equation on the board, challenging the class to solve it. "Today, let's put your problem-solving skills to the test!" she announced.

The room fell silent as students scrutinized the problem, scratching their heads. No one dared to attempt a solution.

The class erupted into stunned whispers.

"How did she...?"

"Maame Tutuwa, of all people!"

Mrs. Owusu's eyebrows shot up in astonishment. "Maame, this is remarkable! You've struggled with basic addition in the past. How did you tackle this complex problem with such ease?"

The class leaned in, intrigued. Maame Tutuwa's transformation from struggling student to math whiz left everyone spellbound.

Efua whispered to her neighbour, "What happened to the Tutuwa we knew?" Maame Tutuwa smiled humbly. "I just practiced, and something clicked."

Mrs. Owusu beamed with pride. "Well done, Maame! Your persistence paid off. You're an inspiration to us all."

Upon returning to her seat, Maame Tutuwa was met with admiring glances from her classmates, who now saw her in a new light. Her hidden talent, once concealed beneath her reserved nature, had emerged, leaving them curious about the depths they had yet to discover.

As Maame Tutuwa walked back to her seat, the classroom's energy swirled around her. Her classmates' admiring glances and gentle smiles acknowledged her triumph.

Efua leaned over, whispering, "Maame, I didn't know you were a math genius!"

Maame Tutuwa's cheeks flushed with a warm smile. "I'm not," she replied, her voice barely above a whisper. "I just... understood it this time."

As she sat down, her gaze drifted to the window. Outside, a bird soared across the sky, its wings beating effortlessly.

In that moment, Maame Tutuwa felt a deep connection to the eagle's freedom and strength. She realized:
Her struggles had been like the eagle's patient hunt.
Her practice, like the eagle's silent focus.
Her triumph, like the eagle's soaring flight.

Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes as she grasped the magnitude of her transformation. The lonely, struggling girl had vanished, replaced by a confident, capable individual.

Mrs. Owusu's voice brought her back to the present. "Class, let's take a break. When we return, we'll dive into the next chapter."

Amidst the students' lively chatter and relaxed stretches, Maame Tutuwa's mind remained fixed on the eagle's inspiring message: self-belief, strength-focused determination, and limitless aspiration.

Although the break bell had long rang, the classroom emptied, Maame Tutuwa remained seated, lost in the eagle's wisdom, her heart soaring with newfound confidence.

Maame Tutuwa stepped out of the classroom, basking in the warmth of her triumph. The math problem, once daunting, now seemed like a milestone.

With each step through the corridors, Maame Tutuwa's thoughts wandered to the world of books, craving her next fictional escape.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

1. Explore the significance of perseverance and determination in overcoming adversity, using Maame Tutuwa's story as a case study.

2. You have observed how a baby learns how to crawl, toddle, and walk. Use your observations to develop a story on one of the themes below:
 - a. Perseverance
 - b. Achievement
 - c. Patience

A MEDAL FROM GRANDPA

Watching the holidaymakers on the golden sand that stretched across the shore on that jubilant labour day was like watching a scene of a hopeful paradise where everyone's worries and pain are forgotten. There was huge traffic on the street along Titanic Beach, with heads hanging out of car windows, dramatically gesturing for space. Different groups were in various parts of the beach, children and adults alike, as each holiday-maker enthusiastically engaged in some kind of activity.

The roaring waves, clanging feet, and the sounds of music felt from the huge speakers must have created a converging symphony heightening the joyous occasion for the fun makers. While some legs were jumping with raised hands other feet and arms were seriously paddling the waters. I could see children and adults throwing and catching balls, while others were engaged in athletic competition and volleyball.

Other horsemen were making trade out of the occasion while the children and adults who walked along the edges of the sea ran with arms stretched and laughter at the crushing waves that were washed ashore. I could observe smoke from the kebab stand, and even from that distance, I could imagine the aroma of the cloud of smoke. The sun seemed gradually drowsy upon the azure sea which looked inviting, and many jumped in and out of it almost every minute. The beauty of the men and women was exposed in varied swimming costumes.

The families at the beach were having a blast. Fathers and mothers were racing each other, with their kids cheering them on. Girls were supporting their moms, while boys were backing their dads. Everyone was laughing and having fun.

A little girl shouted, "Go, Mummy!" as she ran alongside her dad. Her mom's face lit up with a big smile as she crossed the finish line first. Nearby, a dad lifted his little boy onto his shoulders, saying, "You're the fastest!" The boy giggled and wore a towel crown, proud of his win.

Couples held hands, watching the happy scene. Grandparents smiled, remembering when their kids were young. The beach was filled with love, laughter, and happy families.

As I kept watching, strangers started playing tag. They screamed with delight, chasing each other. A lonely traveller couldn't resist joining in. Soon, he was part of the happy crowd.

The swimming competition had the entire beach on edge. Spectators formed a tight horseshoe around the course, their eyes glued to the churning waters. The air was charged with excitement, every face tense with anticipation.

The swimmers shot through the water like speed jets, arms and legs pumping furiously. The crowd held its collective breath as the competitors neared the finish line. Shouts and screams filled the air: "Go, Jojo!" "Come on, Serwah!" A tiny boy on the sidelines bounced with excitement, his eyes shining. "He's going to win! He's going to win!" His words hung in the air like a challenge. The swimmers surged forward, their muscles straining.

Suddenly, a head broke the surface, and a swimmer's arm shot up in triumph. The crowd erupted into cheers and screams. But who had won? The suspense hung for a heartbeat before the winner was declared.

The beach exploded in joy. The winner's family lifted them onto their shoulders, beaming with pride. Strangers cheered and clapped each other on the back, grinning from ear to ear. The atmosphere was electric, the thrill of victory infectious.

As the winner stood tall, basking in adoration, a rival swimmer emerged from the water, eyes fixed intently on them. "Rematch!" someone yelled, and the crowd roared, hungry for the next battle.

The delicious smell of kebabs and fresh fruits filled the air. People enjoyed a variety of foods, from homemade picnics to treats bought from beach vendors.

Over a thousand people ate and laughed together, leaving behind a trail of wrapping papers and food scraps. The brown paper wrappers from the kebabs were everywhere.

I smiled, thinking: does the paper make the kebab taste better? Probably not! But it's a familiar part of buying kebabs from the street.

Kids giggled as they ate, their wrappers blowing away in the wind. Vendors shouted, "Fresh kebabs! Get yours now!" The sound of laughter, chatter, and waves created a happy buzz on the sunny beach.

The sunset over Titanic Beach ended a vibrant day of fun. People from Tema and Accra packed up to head home.

Families loaded into cars, while others boarded commercial vehicles, weary but content. Children's tired faces pressed against windows, eyes drooping shut.

I lingered, fortunate to live nearby in Sakumono, just a stone's throw from the beach. But soon, the once-thriving shoreline was nearly deserted, vendors gone, music silenced.

The beach's transformation was jarring. Trash littered the sand, plastic bottles, food wrappers, and discarded debris. The gentle waves now crashed against a beach spoiled by garbage.

I felt sad, seeing the beach in such a state. We had enjoyed its beauty all day but left it looking terrible. The memory of our fun was now bittersweet.

The waves rolled in, carrying trash from the beach into the ocean. Most debris floated at the water's edge, trapped in a relentless cycle.

With each wave, some debris was washed onto the golden sand, only to be pulled back into the water as the tide retreated. The waves repeated this pattern, spreading the trash between the beach and the sea.

Plastic bottles, food wrappers, and other waste bobbed in the water, a constant reminder of the beach's neglect.

The sea, once calm and beautiful, had given us cool breezes and happy times. But we ruined its shores with trash.

At night the waves grew strong and angry, crashing loudly on the empty beach. Each wave boomed like a loud drum, making me feel guilty.

The sea's peaceful face now looked stern, as if scolding me for our thoughtlessness. Its gentle sound turned into a sad cry.

At that moment, I felt responsible. I vowed to protect the sea and rally others to join me, so our children can enjoy a clean beach.

As the night wore on, I reluctantly prepared to leave. Monday was just around the corner, and it was a school day. I didn't want to leave the beach in such a state, but reality beckoned. The thought of school and daily routines awaited, and I couldn't put it off.

With a heavy heart, I turned my back on the trash-lined shore and headed home, determined to make a difference soon.

Monday morning's assembly filled the school courtyard with chatter and laughter. Mr. Alhasan, our creative arts teacher, stood at the podium.

"Today starts our Sanitation Week," he announced. "Let's keep our community clean!" The students applauded.

Mr. Alhasan's words made me think of the beach I'd visited the day before - its beauty ruined by trash. I pictured a cleaner shoreline, and a plan formed.

After assembly, I approached Mr. Alhasan under a shady mango tree.

"Good morning, sir," I said. "I have an idea. I saw the beach covered in trash during the holiday. What if our school cleaned it up and put up signs to keep it tidy?"

Mr. Alhasan's face lit up. "That's fantastic!" he exclaimed. "I'll tell Headmistress Mrs. Darko. She'll love it." He nodded, smiling.

I felt proud, knowing my frustration had turned into a solution.

I watched Mr. Alhasan walking to the office, eager to share my proposal with the headmistress. Moments later, Mrs. Darko summoned me.

As I entered her office, her warm smile and shining eyes welcomed me. She rose from her seat, her hands extended in appreciation. "You're an exemplary citizen of Ghana," she said, shaking my hand firmly. "You identified a problem and took the initiative to solve it. Your commitment to keeping our environment clean is commendable."

The assembly was hastily reconvened, and I was called forward. Mrs. Darko's voice echoed through the courtyard as she praised me, urging the students to emulate my proactive spirit.

"We haven't solved the problem yet," she declared, "but your efforts haven't gone unnoticed. Tomorrow, we'll march to the shore as a united force to clean up the area. Remember, our mission is to restore the beach's beauty, not to swim. Let's work together to keep our community pristine."

The students erupted into applause, their faces aglow with enthusiasm. I felt a surge of pride, happiness, and fulfilment, knowing my simple idea had sparked meaningful action.

The following day dawned bright and clear, filled with promise. Our school's courtyard vibrated with excitement as students gathered, clad in vibrant cleanup attire.

Mrs. Darko stood at the forefront, her eyes shining with determination. "Today, we take action!" she declared. "We'll restore our beach's beauty and make our community proud."

With tools in hand, our procession marched toward the shore. The once-pristine beach now lay hidden beneath a blanket of trash and debris.

Students of all ages dispersed along the shoreline, gloves on and trash bags ready. The cleanup began, with everyone working together in harmony.

I joined forces with my classmates, collecting plastic bottles, food wrappers, and discarded fishing nets. The sun beat down upon us, but our spirits remained unwavering.

Mr. Alhasan patrolled the beach, offering words of encouragement. "You're making a difference!" he exclaimed. "Every piece of trash removed brings us closer to a cleaner Ghana!"

Hours passed, and our labour bore fruit. The beach transformed before our eyes, its natural beauty reemerging.

We gathered around Mrs. Darko, exhausted but triumphant. "You've done an incredible job," she said, beaming. "Your efforts will inspire others to follow in your footsteps."

The signposts, bearing messages of environmental stewardship, were erected. Our mission was complete: the beach was clean, and our community had taken a vital step toward sustainability.

We were preparing to leave when a car pulled up alongside the beach, its tires kicking up clouds of sand. A curious onlooker stepped out, approaching Mr. Alhasan.

"What inspired this cleanup effort?" the stranger asked, eyeing our exhausted but triumphant faces.

Mr. Alhasan smiled, gesturing toward me. "This young person saw the beach's potential, hidden beneath trash and debris. They proposed the cleanup, and our school rallied behind them."

The stranger's eyes widened, impressed. "That's remarkable!" he exclaimed. "Your initiative is inspiring. May I know your name?"

I smiled, feeling proud, and shared my name. The stranger nodded, jotting down some notes.

"This story needs to be shared," he said. "I'm a journalist. Would you mind if I write about your efforts?"

Mrs. Darko nodded, beaming. "We'd be honoured. Our students' hard work deserves recognition."

With permission granted, the journalist snapped photos and took more notes. We left the beach feeling proud, knowing our cleanup effort would spread beyond our community.

The journalist's article, "Young Champion Leads Beach Cleanup," splashed across the front page of the local newspaper, my name shining in bold print. I blushed, feeling a mix of excitement and humility.

Mrs. Darko gathered us in the sun-drenched courtyard, newspaper clutched tightly in her hand. Her radiant smile spread across her face. "Your tireless efforts have made headlines!" she declared. Her voice echoed off the buildings.

Classmates swarmed around me, congratulatory words spilling from their lips. I basked in the warmth of their admiration, grateful for the camaraderie that fuelled our cleanup quest.

Our once-neglected beach transformed into a vibrant haven. Fishermen brought their families to stroll along the shore. Children's laughter carried on the sea breeze, mingling with the sweet scent of saltwater and the sound of gulls soaring overhead.

New environmental clubs formed at school, inspired by our triumph. Students from neighbouring schools joined forces with us, their enthusiasm infectious. Together, we combed the coastline, collecting trash and weaving a tapestry of sustainability.

Mr. Alhasan's eyes twinkled during art class. "Your simple yet profound idea has ignited a movement," he said, his voice filled with pride. "You've shown us that even the smallest spark can illuminate a brighter future."

I gazed out the window, watching the sun dance across the waves. Our beach, once a symbol of neglect, now shone like a beacon of hope. I realized that one person could kindle a revolution, and that thought filled me with purpose.

At work, my father's friends, who had known me since childhood, swarmed around him, congratulatory smiles on their faces. They'd seen my image and story in the newspaper, and their praise flowed freely. "Your son's done wonders!" they exclaimed.

My father beamed his chest swelling with pride. He couldn't wait to leave the office early that day. The usual commute seemed too long, his eagerness to share the news with Mum palpable.

As he walked through the door, he found Mum busy in the kitchen. "You won't believe what our son's achieved!" he announced, newspaper in hand.

Mum's eyes widened as she read the article, her face aglow with joy. Together, they phoned our grandparents, sharing the exciting news.

I had no idea what surprise awaited me at home. After a long day at school, I trudged through the front door, exhausted. But the atmosphere inside was electric.

The living room was filled with family members, all wearing proud smiles. Balloons floated above the coffee table, and a homemade banner read: "Congratulations, Young Champion!"

Grandma and Grandpa rose from the couch, open arms welcoming me. "We're so proud of you, dear," Grandma said, tears shining in her eyes.

Mum and Dad presented me with a beautifully framed copy of the newspaper article. I blushed, overwhelmed by the love and support surrounding me.

"Your achievement inspires us all," Dad said, his voice choked with emotion.

In that moment, I knew I'd made my family proud, and that feeling was the greatest reward of all. After the gathering, Grandpa's eyes twinkled with a gentle request. "Take a walk with me, young champion." We strolled into the quiet evening, the fading sunlight casting long shadows.

Grandpa's voice was low and thoughtful. "What did you learn from your heroic activity?"

I hesitated, unsure how to articulate my thoughts. Grandpa's encouraging gaze waited for my response.

"I... I don't know, Grandpa," I admitted.

He smiled, his eyes crinkling. "Think, child. What did you discover?"

I pondered, searching for words. Finally, I spoke. "Life is about solving problems."

Grandpa's nod was slow, his expression profound. "Yes, it is. But there's more to it. Those who live a better life are those who take initiative and follow through. Life is about taking initiatives, pursuing them, and solving society's problems. That's how we find fulfilment."

His words resonated deep within me. Grandpa's arms enveloped me in a warm hug. "You're the first grandchild who's made me truly proud."

From his pocket, he produced a delicate necklace, its pendant shimmering in the fading light. He fastened it around my neck, his hands trembling with emotion.

"This is your medal," he whispered. "When I'm gone, and you see this necklace, remember to take positive initiatives, pursue them, and you'll be the happiest person in the world."

Tears pricked at the corners of my eyes as I grasped the weight of his words. The necklace became a symbol of our bond, a reminder of the lessons he'd shared.

"I will, Grandpa," I promised, my voice barely above a whisper.

Grandpa's smile was his legacy, carved in my heart forever.

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

Read the extract below and answer the following questions:

There was huge traffic on the street along Titanic Beach, with heads hanging out of car windows, dramatically gesturing for space. Different groups were in various parts of the beach, children and adults alike, as each holiday-maker enthusiastically engaged in some kind of activity.

1. "There was huge traffic..." This phrase is an example of a device called:
a. Metaphor b. Synecdoche c. Personification d. Hyperbole
2. "... with heads hanging out of car windows..." This phrase is an example is a device called:
a. Metaphor b. Synecdoche c. Personification d. Hyperbole
3. The extract above is an example of
a. Descriptive writing b. Expository writing
c. Narrative writing d. Persuasive writing

Read the extract below and answer the following questions:

The waves rolled in, carrying trash from the beach into the ocean. Most of the debris floated at the water's edge, trapped in a relentless cycle.

4. Determine the setting depicted by the extract.
a. A lake b. A seashore c. A park d. A school
5. In the extract above, which literary device appears most frequently?
a. Metaphor b. Synecdoche c. Personification d. Alliteration
6. To which of the human senses does the extract appeal?
a. Sense of sight b. Sense of hearing c. Sense of touch d. Sense of taste

Read the extract below and answer the following questions:

The swimmers shot through the water like speed jets, arms and legs pumping furiously. The crowd held its collective breath as the competitors neared the finish line.

7. The description above portrays the attitudes of the swimmers and audience, to evoke a mood of:
a. Carelessness b. Love c. Excitement d. Joy
8. Which of these lines from the extract includes a simile?
a. The crowd held its collective breath b. as the competitors neared the finish line
c. arms and legs pumping furiously d. The swimmers shot through the water like speed jets
9. "... arms and legs pumping furiously..." This is an example of:
a. Simile b. Onomatopoeia c. Metaphor d. Personification

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

Discuss with examples, two major themes explored within the story.

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION

1. Do you believe that children can spark social change in their communities? Share two other examples of young change-makers, with a summary of how they did it.
2. Discuss an issue that should be tackled next, and three ways in which children can contribute.

THE FAMILY THAT CARED

Break time had finally arrived, and the ringing bell sent a flood of students pouring out of the classroom. Weary from three consecutive lessons, the students eagerly headed out into the mid-morning sun. Classmates strolled together in groups, some arm-in-arm with their closest friends. Samuel and Jerry emerged from the classroom together, but halfway to the canteen, Samuel suddenly excused himself to use the wash room. Jerry was interested - this was a familiar ritual, as Samuel always claimed to need the washroom during break time. This time Jerry decided to follow him discreetly.

As Jerry trailed behind Samuel, he noticed his friend veering off the main path, towards a secluded spot under a tree. Samuel's secret glances and hasty movements only heightened Jerry's curiosity. What was Samuel hiding? Jerry's eyes widened as Samuel uncovered a polythene bag, tucked away in the shade. With a mix of excitement and fear, Samuel began to unpack his secret hideaway: a sachet of water, a bundle of gari wrapped in a rubber band, and a sprinkle of sugar. He retrieved from his bag, an old cup and a plastic spoon. Samuel's hands moved with a practiced ease, preparing a makeshift breakfast. But before he could take a bite, Jerry burst into the scene, his laughter explosive and uncontrollable. The sight of Samuel's improvised meal was too much for Jerry to handle - he doubled over, holding his belly in laughter, as Samuel's carefully prepared breakfast lay abandoned.

When the students reconvened after break time, Jerry couldn't wait to share his discovery with the rest of the class. With a mischievous grin, he regaled his friends with the tale of Samuel's makeshift breakfast under the tree. The details of the sachet of water, gari, and sugar, accompanied by the old cup and plastic spoon, sent the class into fits of laughter. The laughter was contagious, spreading from desk to desk, as Jerry's friends cracked up at Samuel's expense.

However, as they laughed wildly, one student stood out - Abigail. Her eyes welled up with tears, and she buried her face in her arms on the table. Her body shook with sobs, a stark contrast to the happiness surrounding her. Jamila, her concerned friend, leaned in to inquire about Abigail's distress, but she remained silent, unable to articulate the emotions swirling inside her.

The class's laughter continued unabated, with Jerry basking in the attention as the master storyteller. Samuel, still bewildered by the morning's events, looked on, unsure how to react. His eyes lingered on the worn-out backpack he'd carefully hidden under his desk, its faded fabric a reminder of his daily struggles.

Meanwhile, Abigail's tears fell silently, her pain and sadness masked by the din of her classmates' amusement. The disparity between the two scenes was palpable — one of unbridled joy, the other of quiet despair.

The air was electric with laughter, the sound waves bouncing off the walls as the class revelled in Jerry's story. But Abigail's sudden outburst shattered the mockery, her voice piercing the noise like a thunderclap. "Would you stop laughing at him!" she yelled, her words hanging in the air like a challenge.

Abigail rushed out of the classroom, and the warm sunlight enveloped her like a gentle embrace.

The schoolyard, once a hub of activity, was now deserted, the only sound was the distant chirping of birds and the rustling of leaves in the gentle breeze. The vibrant colours of the flowers and trees seemed to mock Abigail's sorrow, their beauty a plain difference to her inner turmoil.

Abigail's sobs echoed through the empty corridors, her footsteps echoing off the walls as she stumbled towards a secluded spot. She collapsed onto a bench, her body wracked with grief, her tears falling like rain onto the dusty floor. The pain and sadness she had held inside for so long finally found release, her emotions raw and exposed.

Memories of her struggles flooded her mind - the countless nights spent sleeping with an empty stomach, the worn-out shoes she'd worn for months, and the constant fear of being discovered. Abigail's heart ached for Samuel, knowing he faced similar battles.

Meanwhile, Samuel stood frozen in the classroom, his mind reeling with questions. Why would Abigail cry for him? What did she understand that the others didn't? He felt a pang of gratitude towards Abigail, mixed with confusion and concern. Without hesitation, he followed her out of the classroom, leaving the chaos behind.

Under the shade of a majestic tree, Abigail and Samuel finally found each other. The tree's ancient branches seemed to stretch out like arms, embracing them in a symbol of comfort and protection. Its leaves rustled softly, a gentle whisper that seemed to say, "I see you, I hear you, and I understand." As they sat together, the world around them melted away, leaving only the two of them, connected by a shared moment of vulnerability and empathy. Samuel broke the silence, his voice barely above a whisper. "Why did you stand up for me, Abigail?"

Abigail's tears slowed, her eyes locking onto Samuel's. "I know what it's like to be hungry, to be scared, and to feel alone," she said, her voice cracking. "You don't deserve to be laughed at, Samuel. You deserve kindness." Samuel's eyes welled up with tears, his heart overflowing with gratitude. "Thank you, Abigail," he whispered, his voice trembling.

The tree's canopy above them seemed to absorb their sorrow, its leaves whispering softly in the breeze, as Abigail and Samuel sat together, connected by their shared struggles and newfound understanding.

Abigail's thoughts drifted back to her childhood, to the days when her mother's warmth and love had been her guiding light. The smell of freshly baked cookies and the sound of her mother's gentle humming still lingered in her memory. But that light had been extinguished, leaving her alone and adrift in a sea of cruelty. Her stepmother's heart was a fortress of stone, impervious to Abigail's needs, her feelings, her very existence.

The memories of endless chores, of cooking for a family that devoured her efforts without a second glance, of being left with scraps, both physical and emotional, still lingered. Abigail recalled the countless nights spent scrubbing the kitchen floor, her hands raw and sore, her eyes stinging from tears. The nights had been the worst, lying in bed with an empty stomach, her body aching with hunger, her heart heavy with tears.

No one had cared, no one had asked, no one had comforted. The silence had been deafening, a constant reminder of her insignificance. And yet, she had endured, her spirit bruised but unbroken. But now, as she sat under the tree, the dam had burst, and the pain she had held inside for so long was finally pouring out.

Samuel sat beside her, his presence serving as a reminder that she was not alone. He didn't try to offer words of comfort or advice; he simply sat, his eyes locked on hers, his face a mask of empathy. At that moment, Abigail felt seen, heard, and felt understood. The tree above them seemed to whisper its tales of sorrow and resilience, its ancient branches a relic of the power of endurance.

After Abigail's sobs slowly subsided, Samuel broke the silence, his voice barely above a whisper.

"I'm here, Abigail. I'm here for you." His words were a balm to her soul, soothing the raw edges of her pain.

A twinkle of hope sparked to life within her. Maybe, just maybe, she had found a friend, a confidant, a kindred spirit who would stand by her through the trials and tribulations. Maybe, just maybe, she was not alone in this vast, often cruel world. The thought was a fragile thread, but Abigail clung to it, her heart slowly beginning to heal.

The students poured into the English classroom, and the atmosphere was electric with anticipation. Mrs. Adjei, with a warm smile on her face, stood at the board, marker in hand. "Today, we're exploring the concept of family and care," she said, her eyes locking onto Abigail's. "Let's see how the author portrays the complexities of family relationships."

The topic of the day's comprehension passage, "The Family that Cared," seemed almost prophetic, given the events that had transpired earlier. Abigail felt a sense of connection to the passage as if the author had peered into her soul.

Mrs. Adjei's elegant handwriting danced across the board, as she wrote out the vocabulary words with precision and care. Her poise was effortless, her beauty undeniable, but her eyes betrayed a hint of sadness. Few knew the secrets she harboured, the pain she endured behind closed doors. Her husband's abuse had become a constant companion, a shadow that followed her everywhere, yet she refused to let it define her.

As the lesson progressed, Jerry's hand shot up, eager to tackle the first vocabulary word: "burial." But his pronunciation was woefully off, the "u" sound morphing into a rough "u" instead of the soft "e" sound. The class erupted into laughter, a discord of teasing and pranks. Abigail and Samuel remained silent, their faces sombre, their eyes locked on Mrs. Adjei, their expressions a witness to their newfound understanding.

Mrs. Adjei's gaze swept the room, her eyes lingering on Abigail and Samuel, the only two who hadn't laughed. She asked them to share their thoughts, and their responses were identical: "Everybody has a challenge, and we must help each other." The words struck a chord deep within Mrs. Adjei, resonating with her struggles. She felt the sting of tears, her emotions threatening to overwhelm her.

While the students read "The Family that Cared," the room transformed into a shared experience, a collective journey of discovery.

Samuel, Abigail, and Mrs. Adjei found themselves reflected in the words, their experiences echoing through the text like whispers from the soul.

Jerry, who had earlier struggled with the pronunciation of "burial," now saw himself in the protagonist's struggles to find his place. He felt a sense of kinship with Samuel, who had faced similar challenges. Together, they nodded in understanding, their eyes locked on the passage.

The connections deepened as they read on, each student finding their reflection in the passage. The words wove a spell of empathy and understanding, bridging the gaps between them. Mrs. Adjei watched, her eyes shining with tears, as her students transcended their differences, becoming a community bound by shared humanity.

Mrs. Adjei's gaze swept the room, her eyes shining with tears. She saw her students, each one unique, yet bound together by their shared humanity. The passage had unlocked something deep within them, and she felt a sense of pride and purpose, knowing that she had created a safe space for them to explore, heal, and grow.

The lesson drew to a close, and the words lingered, echoing through their minds like a gentle whisper. It was a mirror held up to their souls, reflecting their deepest fears, their highest hopes. At that moment, they knew they were not alone; they were part of a larger family.

The next day, Abigail walked into class with a warm smile, carrying a small bag of food. She made her way to Samuel's desk and gently placed the bag in front of him. "I brought you some breakfast, Samuel," she said softly. "Jerry helped me pick it out." The simple gesture spoke volumes about their blossoming friendship.

Samuel's eyes widened in surprise, and he looked up at Abigail with gratitude. "Thank you, Abigail. That's so kind of you." Jerry, who was sitting nearby, grinned and waved at Samuel. "Hey, pal! We've got your back." The rest of the class began to take notice, and soon, everyone was smiling and nodding in support.

Mrs. Adjei, standing at the front of the room, felt her heart swell with pride and joy. Her students were learning the value of kindness and compassion, and it was transforming their lives. As the days went by, Abigail, Jerry, and Samuel grew closer, their friendship blossoming into something beautiful.

They sat together at lunch, partnered up for projects, and even started a small study group. The rest of the class rallied around them, offering support and encouragement. Samuel, who had once felt like an outcast, now felt like he belonged. He smiled more, laughed more, and even started to participate in class. His grades began to improve, and he found himself looking forward to coming to school.

Mrs. Adjei watched it all with a warm heart, knowing that she had played a small part in bringing her students together. She realized that teaching was not just about imparting knowledge but about creating a sense of community and connection.

The weeks turned into months, and the class became a tight-knit family, with Abigail, Jerry, and Samuel at its core. They faced challenges together, supported each other through thick and thin, and grew into compassionate and empathetic individuals.

The school year drew to a close, the class reflected on their remarkable journey. From strangers to family, they had transcended boundaries, forging unbreakable bonds.

Samuel, once an outcast, now stood tall, his confidence and belonging evident in every smile.

Abigail and Jerry's kindness had sparked a chain reaction, transforming the entire class. Mrs. Adjei beamed with pride, knowing her students had learned invaluable lessons about empathy, compassion, and human connection.

On the last day of school, the class gathered for a heartfelt farewell party. Abigail, Jerry, and Samuel sat together, surrounded by friends, sharing stories, laughter, and tears. As they exchanged contact information and hugs, Mrs. Adjei stood before them, her voice trembling with emotion.

"You have shown me the true meaning of teaching," she said. "You've taught me that kindness, empathy, and compassion can transform lives. Never forget these lessons, and never stop spreading love and kindness wherever you go." As the students dispersed, Abigail, Jerry, and Samuel lingered, reluctant to say goodbye. They knew their friendship would endure forever.

Years later, they would look back on that pivotal school year, remembering the lessons they learned and the unbreakable bonds they formed. They would smile, knowing they had created a ripple effect of kindness, touching hearts and lives for years to come.

The story of Abigail, Jerry, Samuel, and Mrs. Adjei came full circle, a heartwarming tale of friendship, kindness, and the transformative power of human connection.

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

- The expression "Mrs. Adjei's elegant handwriting danced across the board" is an example of
a. Simile b. Hyperbole c. Metaphor d. Personification
- "A shadow that followed her everywhere, yet she refused to let it define her." This is an example of
a. Symbolism b. Foreshadowing c. Imagery d. Irony
- The contrast between Mrs. Adjei's appearance and her inner state is an example of.
a. Juxtaposition b. Alliteration c. Allusion d. Satire
- The main theme explored in the passage is
a. The power of friendship and empathy b. The struggle with mental health
c. The resilience of women in abusive relationships d. The importance of education
- Determine the tone that is maintained throughout the passage.
a. Sombre and reflective b. Light-hearted and humorous

c. Angry and confrontational

d. Hopeful and optimistic

Read the extract below and answer questions 6 & 7.

After Abigail's sobs slowly subsided, Samuel broke the silence, his voice barely above a whisper.

6. "... his voice barely above a whisper"? This is

a. Simile b. Metaphor c. Personification d. Hyperbole

7. Identify a line in the extract which employs the device of alliteration.

a. His voice barely above a whisper. b. After Abigail's sobs slowly subsided
c. Samuel broke d. Samuel broke the silence

8. Identify the setting of the story.

a. Home b. School c. Under a tree d. Church

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Compare and contrast Samuel's experiences with those of Abigail, exploring similarities and differences.
2. Evaluate Mrs. Adjei's role as a teacher and mentor, discussing her impact on the students.

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION & PRESENTATION

1. Explore the concept of belonging and how it is portrayed in the story.
2. Investigate the transformative power of kindness and compassion.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Compare the relationships between Abigail, Jerry, and Samuel with those in another literary work.
2. Contrast the themes of "The Family That Cared" with those in a different story.

DAWUNI'S DREAM

CHARACTERS

Alheri: The intelligent and educated girlfriend of Dawuni, determined to reform him and help him claim the throne.

Dawuni: The elder brother, a drunkard with a good heart, but lacking in education and seriousness.

Anfani: A kind-hearted woman who helps Alheri and Dawuni when they run away, providing them with shelter and guidance.

Anzansi: The younger brother, cunning and intelligent, but uses his knowledge to deceive and cheat others.

Chorus: A group of villagers who comment on the action and provide background information.

Male Gossip & Female Gossip: Villagers who spread rumours and gossip about the brothers and their quest for the throne.

Female Gossip: A villager who spreads rumours and gossip about Alheri and her relationship with Dawuni.

King Makers 1, 2, 3 & 4: Respected elders who sit on the council that decides who will be the next king.

PROLOGUE

(The stage is set with a traditional African backdrop. The CHORUS enters, singing and dancing.)

Chorus: In the land of Dagaani, where the sun rises high
 A tale of two brothers, with a story to the sky:
 One with a heart of gold, but a mind clouded by drink.
 The other with a mind sharp, but a heart that does evil think.

(The MALE and FEMALE GOSSIP enter, whispering to each other.)

Male Gossip: Have you heard? The brothers are fighting for the throne. The elder one, a drunkard, with a heart that's not stone.

Female Gossip: And the younger one, so clever, but with a tongue so sly, He'll stop at nothing to get what he wants, and watch the other cry.

(The KING MAKERS enter, looking serious and concerned.)

King Maker 1: We must choose wisely, the fate of the kingdom is at stake
 Who shall we choose, the drunkard or the snake?

King Maker 2: Let us consider, the heart and the mind
 Which one will bring peace, and leave the other behind?

(The Chorus enters again, singing and dancing.)

Chorus: The battle for the throne, has begun
 Which brother will win, and have the kingdom won?

(The scene ends with the Chorus still singing and dancing, setting the stage for the rest of the play.)

ACT 1, SCENE 1: THE PALACE OF DAGAANI

(The stage is set with a grand palace backdrop. The KING MAKERS are seated on a raised platform, looking serious and concerned. ANZANSI, the younger brother, stands before them, dressed in fine clothes and looking confident.)

King Maker 1: Anzansi, present your case for the throne. Tell us, why do you think you are the most suitable candidate?

Anzansi: Respected King Makers, I am the most educated and intelligent of the two brothers. I have studied the ways of governance and diplomacy. I am confident that I can bring prosperity and peace to our kingdom.

King Maker 2: That is impressive, Anzansi. But what of your brother, Dawuni? Does he not have a claim to the throne?

Anzansi: *(smirking)* Dawuni is a drunkard, a fool who has never taken his responsibilities seriously. He is not fit to rule.

(The King Makers nod, taking note of Anzansi's words.)

King Maker 3: We will consider your words, Anzansi. But we must also consider the other candidate.

(Anzansi bows and exits. DAWUNI, the elder brother, enters, looking dishevelled and drunk. ALHERI, his girlfriend, enters with him, looking worried.)

Alheri: *(whispering to Dawuni)* Dawuni, please, you must take this seriously. This is your chance to claim the throne.

Dawuni: *(slurring his words)* Ah, Alheri, my love, I don't need the throne. I have you, and that's all that matters.

Alheri: *(frustrated)* Dawuni, listen to me! You have a good heart, but you must prove yourself worthy of the throne.

(Dawuni nods, trying to focus.)

King Maker 1: Dawuni, you have heard your brother's words. What do you have to say for yourself?

(Dawuni tries to speak, but his words are slurred and incoherent. The King Makers look at each other, disappointed.)

King Maker 2: It seems we have a difficult decision ahead of us.

(The scene ends with the King Makers looking concerned, and Dawuni and Alheri looking worried.)

SCENE 2: THE VILLAGE SQUARE

(The stage is set with a bustling village square backdrop. Villagers are going about their daily business. The MALE and FEMALE GOSSIP are standing near a market stall, whispering to each other.)

Male Gossip: Have you heard? The King Makers are torn between the two brothers. Anzansi is clever, but Dawuni has a good heart.

Female Gossip: But Dawuni is a drunkard! He'll never make a good king.

Male Gossip: Ah, but Alheri, his girlfriend, she's a clever one. She might just be able to whip him into shape.

(ALHERI enters, looking determined. She approaches ANFANI, a wise old woman, who is sitting near the market stall.)

Alheri: Anfani, I need your help. I want to reform Dawuni, make him worthy of the throne.

Anfani: Ah, Alheri, that's a tall order. But I'll help you. What's your plan?

Alheri: I want to take him away from here, to a place where he can't get drunk and waste his time. I want to teach him about governance and diplomacy.

Anfani: *(nodding)* I know just the place. My cousin's village, a few days' journey from here. You can take him there, and I'll help you teach him what he needs to know.

(ANZANSI enters, looking suspicious.)

Anzansi: What's going on here? What are you plotting, Alheri?

Alheri: *(standing up to him)* We're plotting to make Dawuni a better man, Anzansi. Something you could learn from.

(Anzansi scowls and exits. Alheri and Anfani share a determined look.)

ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE COUSIN'S VILLAGE

(The stage is set with a peaceful village backdrop. ALHERI and DAWUNI are sitting near a river, with ANFANI'S COUSIN, a wise old man, teaching Dawuni about governance and diplomacy.)

Dawuni: *(eagerly)* I never knew being a king was so much work! But I'm willing to learn.

Alheri: *(smiling)* I knew you had it in you, Dawuni.

Anfani's Cousin: *(nodding)* You have a good heart, Dawuni. And with Alheri's help, you can become a great king.

(ANZANSI enters, looking angry.)

Anzansi: You think you can just run away and learn to be a king? I'll never let that happen!

Alheri: *(standing up to him)* Anzansi, leave us alone! We're trying to make Dawuni a better man.

Anzansi: *(sneering)* You'll never succeed. I'll make sure of it.

(Anzansi exits, looking determined. Dawuni looks worried.)

Dawuni: *(concerned)* Alheri, what if Anzansi tries to stop us?

Alheri: *(confidently)* Don't worry, Dawuni. We'll be ready for him.

(The scene ends with Alheri and Dawuni looking determined, and Anfani's cousin nodding in agreement.)

SCENE 2: THE COUSIN'S VILLAGE

(Days have passed, and DAWUNI has been learning and growing. He and ALHERI are walking in the village, with ANFANI'S COUSIN watching proudly.)

Anfani's Cousin: Dawuni, you've come a long way. You're ready to return to Dagaani and claim the throne.

Dawuni: *(determined)* I'm ready. I won't let Anzansi or anyone else stop me.

Alheri: *(smiling)* I'll be right by your side, Dawuni.

(Just then, ANZANSI and his cohorts enter, looking menacing.)

Anzansi: *(sneering)* You think you can just waltz back in and take the throne? I'll never let that happen!

Dawuni: *(standing up to him)* Anzansi, I'm not the same man I was before. I've learned and grown. I'm ready to be king.

Anzansi: *(laughing)* We'll see about that!

(Anzansi and his cohorts attack Dawuni and Alheri. But Dawuni, with his newfound skills and confidence, fights back and defeats them.)

Dawuni: *(victorious)* I'm ready to go back to Dagaani and claim the throne!

Alheri: *(smiling)* Let's go!

(The scene ends with Dawuni and Alheri walking off together, ready to face whatever challenges come their way.)

ACT 3, SCENE 1: THE RETURN TO DAGAANI

(DAWUNI and ALHERI return to Dagaani, greeted by the VILLAGERS who are surprised by Dawuni's transformation.)

Villager 1: Wow, Dawuni, you look like a new man!

Dawuni: *(smiling)* I am a new man. I've learned and grown.

Alheri: *(proudly)* He's ready to be king.

King Maker 1: *(entering)* Dawuni, we've heard of your transformation. We're willing to give you another chance.

Dawuni: *(gratefully)* Thank you, King Makers. I won't let you down.

(ANZANSI enters, looking angry and defeated.)

Anzansi: *(sneering)* This isn't over, Dawuni. I'll find a way to stop you.

Dawuni: *(confidently)* I'm not afraid of you, Anzansi. I'm ready to be king.

(The scene ends with Dawuni and Alheri looking confident, and Anzansi looking defeated.)

SCENE 2: THE CORONATION

(The stage is set for the coronation ceremony. The KING MAKERS, VILLAGERS, and guests are present. DAWUNI and ALHERI enter, dressed in royal attire.)

King Maker 1: Dawuni, you have proven yourself worthy of the throne. Are you ready to take the oath of kingship?

Dawuni: *(resolutely)* I am ready.

(Dawuni takes the oath, and the King Makers place the crown on his head.)

King Maker 2: By the power vested in us, we declare Dawuni the rightful king of Dagaani!

(The villagers and guests erupt in cheers and applause. ANZANSI enters, looking defeated and angry.)

Anzansi: *(bitterly)* This isn't the end, Dawuni. I'll find a way to overthrow you.

Dawuni: *(calmly)* I'm not afraid of you, Anzansi. I have the support of my people.

Alheri: (smiling) And I'll be right by your side, my king.

(The scene ends with Dawuni and Alheri standing together, surrounded by their supporters, while Anzansi looks on in defeat.)

ACT 4, SCENE 1: THE FIRST CHALLENGE

(DAWUNI, now king, sits on his throne, with ALHERI by his side. The KING MAKERS and VILLAGERS enter, looking concerned.)

King Maker 1: Your Majesty, a severe drought has struck our land. Our crops are dying, and our people are suffering.

Dawuni: (*determined*) I will not let my people suffer. What can be done?

Alheri: (*thoughtfully*) I've studied the ancient ways of our people. I think I can help find a solution.

Dawuni: (*humbly*) Then let us hear your plan, my queen.

Alheri: (*confidently*) We must perform the ancient ritual of the rain dance. It's a risk, but it's our only hope.

Dawuni: (*decisively*) Then let us prepare for the ritual. We will not let our people down.

(The scene ends with Dawuni, Alheri, and the villagers determined to perform the rain dance and save their land.)

SCENE 2: THE RAIN DANCE

(The stage is set for the rain dance ritual. DAWUNI, ALHERI, and the VILLAGERS are dressed in traditional attire. ANFANI, the wise old woman, enters, carrying a sacred drum.)

Anfani: The time has come to call upon the ancestors for help. Let us begin the ritual.

(The villagers start dancing and singing, while Anfani beats the drum. Dawuni and Alheri join in, pouring their hearts into the ritual.)

Alheri: (*singing*) Oh, ancestors, hear our plea! Bring us rain, bring us life!

Dawuni: (*singing*) We promise to honour the land, to protect and serve our people!

(Just as the ritual reaches its climax, ANZANSI appears, trying to disrupt the ceremony.)

Anzansi: (*sneering*) You fools! You think a simple dance will bring rain?

Dawuni: (*firmly*) Leave now, Anzansi. This is a sacred moment.

(Anzansi tries to attack, but the villagers defend the ritual. Suddenly, dark clouds gather, and a loud thunderclap is heard.)

Anfani: (smiling) The ancestors have heard us!

(The lights fade as the villagers rejoice, and the sound of pouring rain is heard from backstage.)

ACT 5, SCENE 1: THE AFTERMATH

(The stage is set with a backdrop of a lush, green landscape, indicating the end of the drought. DAWUNI, ALHERI, and the VILLAGERS are celebrating the success of the rain dance.)

Dawuni: (joyfully) Our land is reborn! Our people will thrive once more!

Alheri: (smiling) The ancestors have truly blessed us.

King Maker 1: (impressed) Your Majesty, your leadership and faith have saved our kingdom.

Dawuni: (humbly) It was not I alone, but the collective effort of our people and the guidance of the ancestors.

(ANZANSI enters, looking defeated and ashamed.)

Anzansi: (defeated) I was wrong to doubt you, Dawuni. You have truly become a great king.

Dawuni: (generously) Let us put the past behind us, Anzansi. We must work together for the future.

(The scene ends with Dawuni, Alheri, and the villagers welcoming Anzansi back into the community.)

SCENE 2: THE NEW ERA

(The stage is set with a backdrop of a thriving kingdom. DAWUNI and ALHERI sit on their thrones, surrounded by their people.)

Dawuni: (proclaiming) A new era begins today! An era of peace, prosperity, and harmony with nature.

Alheri: (smiling) We will continue to honour the ancestors and protect our land.

King Maker 1: (respectfully) Your Majesties, we present to you the newly appointed council members, chosen for their wisdom and dedication.

(Dawuni and Alheri nod in approval as the new council members step forward.)

Dawuni: (encouragingly) Together, we will build a brighter future for our kingdom.

Anfani: (wisely) Remember, the ancestors are always watching. May their guidance continue to inspire us.

(The scene ends with the kingdom celebrating, and Dawuni and Alheri looking out upon their people with pride and hope.)

ACT 6, SCENE 1: THE ROYAL COUPLE'S JOY

(DAWUNI and ALHERI are in their private chambers, surrounded by luxurious furnishings. They share a tender moment.)

Alheri: *(lovingly)* My king, our kingdom prospers under your leadership.

Dawuni: *(smiling)* And my queen, your wisdom and compassion inspire me daily.

(They embrace, and Alheri reveals a surprise.)

Alheri: *(happily)* I'm with child! Our kingdom will have an heir!

Dawuni: *(overjoyed)* Oh, Alheri! This is wondrous news!

(They celebrate, and the scene ends with their happiness and anticipation for the future.)

SCENE 2: THE KINGDOM'S CELEBRATION

(The stage is set with a grand celebration in the kingdom. VILLAGERS, COUNCIL MEMBERS, and GUESTS gather to celebrate the news of the royal heir.)

King Maker 1: *(joyfully)* Let us rejoice! Our kingdom will continue to thrive under the leadership of our beloved king and queen!

Villager 1: *(happily)* We are blessed to have such wise and compassionate rulers!

(ANFANI enters, carrying a sacred staff.)

Anfani: *(reverently)* May the ancestors smile upon our future king or queen. May they inherit the wisdom and courage of their parents.

Dawuni: *(gratefully)* Thank you, Anfani. Your blessing means the world to us.

Alheri: *(smiling)* We promise to raise our child with the values of our kingdom and the guidance of the ancestors.

(The scene ends with the kingdom in joyful celebration, looking forward to the bright future ahead.)

ACT 7, SCENE 1: THE ROYAL CHILD'S BIRTH

(The stage is set in the royal chambers, where ALHERI is giving birth. DAWUNI is by her side, holding her hand.)

Alheri: *(bravely)* I can see the child! It's a boy!

Dawuni: *(joyfully)* Our son is born! Oh, Alheri, you're amazing!

(ANFANI enters, carrying a sacred cloth.)

Anfani: *(blessingly)* Let us wrap the child in the sacred cloth, symbolizing his connection to the ancestors and the land.

Dawuni: *(gratefully)* Thank you, Anfani. Our son will grow up knowing his heritage.

Alheri: *(smiling)* Let us name him Andi, after the great king who founded our kingdom.

Dawuni: *(smiling)* Andi it is, then. Our son will make us proud.

(The scene ends with the royal family embracing, surrounded by joy and celebration.)

SCENE 2: THE NAMING CEREMONY

(The stage is set for the naming ceremony of PRINCE ANDI. The kingdom's people gather around, eager to witness the event.)

Dawuni: *(declaratively)* We gather today to name our son, Andi, after the great king who founded our kingdom.

Alheri: *(smiling)* May our son grow up to be wise and just, like his namesake.

Anfani: *(impressively)* May the ancestors guide and protect Andi on his journey.

(Anfani pours sacred water on Andi's head, symbolizing his connection to the ancestors and the land.)

Dawuni: *(proudly)* Andi, you are now a part of our kingdom's legacy. May you make us proud.

(The scene ends with the kingdom's people cheering and celebrating the naming of Prince Andi.)

ACT 8, SCENE 1: THE KINGDOM'S FUTURE

(The stage is set with DAWUNI, ALHERI, and ANDI sitting on the throne, surrounded by the kingdom's people.)

Dawuni: *(reflectively)* Our kingdom has come a long way. We've faced challenges and overcome them together.

Alheri: *(smiling)* And now, we look to the future. Our son, Andi, will one day lead our kingdom.

Andi: *(musing)* Father, Mother, what will the future hold?

Dawuni: *(wisely)* The future holds promise and uncertainty. But with the guidance of the ancestors and the wisdom of our people, I have no doubt we will continue to thrive.

Alheri: *(lovingly)* And we will always be here to support and guide you, Andi.

SCENE 2: THE LEGACY LIVES ON

(The stage is set with an older ANDI, now a wise and just king, sitting on the throne. DAWUNI and ALHERI are seated beside him, proud of the man he has become.)

Andi: *(reflectively)* I remember the stories of my parents' bravery and wisdom. I strive to follow in their footsteps.

Dawuni: *(proudly)* You have exceeded our expectations, Andi. You are a true leader.

Alheri: *(smiling)* The ancestors smile upon you, Andi. You have honoured our legacy.

(The kingdom's people enter, celebrating Andi's wise leadership. The scene ends with a grand celebration, symbolizing the continuation of the kingdom's prosperity and the fulfilment of Dawuni's dream.)

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. Anzansi's portrayal in Act 1, Scene 1, suggests that his primary motivation for seeking the throne is:

- a. A genuine desire to serve the kingdom.
- b. A need to validate his intellectual superiority.
- c. A sense of entitlement due to his family lineage.
- d. A desire for revenge against his brother.

2. Dawuni's character in Act 1, Scene 1 can be described as:

- a. Confident and self-assured.
- b. Intelligent but unmotivated.
- c. Charismatic but flawed.
- d. Weak-willed and irresponsible.

3. The contrast between Anzansi's education and Dawuni's lack thereof highlights the theme of:

- a. The importance of family loyalty.
- b. The dangers of ignorance.
- c. The impact of social class on opportunity.
- d. The power of love and relationships.

4.

The play's portrayal of leadership and power suggests that:

- a. Intelligence and education are the main qualifications for leadership.
- b. Character and empathy are essential for effective leadership.
- c. Power corrupts even the most well-intentioned individuals.
- d. Leadership is solely determined by birthright.

5. When Dawuni says, "I never knew" that is an example of:

- a. Metaphor
- b. Allusion
- c. Epiphany
- d. Hyperbole

6. Alheri can be described as:

- a. A round character, with a complex and multi-faceted personality.
- b. A flat character, with a single defining trait.
- c. A static character, unchanged throughout the story.
- d. A dynamic character, but only in relation to Dawuni.

7. The major character in the story is:

- a. Dawuni
- b. Anzansi
- c. Alheri
- d. Anfani

8. The protagonist's supporting character is:

- a. Dawuni b. Anzansi c. Alheri d. Anfani

9. These are all major characters, except:

- a. Dawuni b. Anzansi c. Alheri d. The King Makers

10. The primary antagonist of the story is:

- a. Dawuni b. Anzansi c. Alheri d. The King Makers

ESSAY QUESTIONS

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

1. With examples, show how Dawuni's transformation throughout the story contrasts with Alheri's consistent character traits.

2. Discuss and choose a real-life occurrence from your school or community. Use the agreed situation to develop a short stage play that illustrates a moral lesson.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Examine the dynamic between Dawuni and Alheri. How does their relationship influence Dawuni's transformation and the plot as a whole?

2. Discuss the importance of stage directions and how the stage directions in this story enhance the understanding of the plot.

A CALABASH OF SAHA

Under the scorching African sun, final exam papers had barely been collected when the science teacher, Mr. Mensah, unleashed a challenge that would shake the very foundations of the school vacation. The prestigious Pan African Science Festival in Accra, a showcase of innovation and brilliance, beckoned. But to get there, entrants would have to push the boundaries of ingenuity. Paired with the fearless Abubakar Yunus, Abidatu embarked on a quest to craft a revolutionary mechanical device to tackle the continent's most daunting problems. The drums of the competition beat loudly, and their hearts pounded with anticipation.

The scorching sun beat down on Karaga, a small village in the Karaga district of the Northern region of Ghana, relentless in its intensity. But it was nothing compared to the relentless struggle for water that had become the reality. The once-reliable well, beneath the shade of a baobab tree, had dried up, leaving the village to rely on the murky waters of the nearby stream that flowed lazily through the parched landscape. Abidatu remembered the countless days her mother had to join the queue of women and children, waiting for hours to fill a single bucket beneath the blistering sun. The stench of stagnant water clung to their clothes, a constant reminder of their desperation. The children's laughter echoed through the village, but even their joy was tinged with the fear of waterborne diseases that lurked in every sip. It showed in the sunken eyes of Abidatu's little brother, who had fallen ill with cholera just last month. The memory of his frail body, wracked with pain, still haunted her. And now, as she looked at Abubakar, she knew that their project wasn't just about winning a competition it was about saving lives. "We have to create a machine that will purify water," she said, her voice pulsing with determination. "A machine that will bring hope back to our village."

Abubakar nodded in agreement, his mind racing with the possibilities. "A water purification machine is exactly what we need," he said, his eyes locking onto hers. "I've seen my grandmother struggle to find clean water for our family, and it's heartbreaking. We can make a difference, Abidatu." His determination was infectious, and she felt a surge of excitement at the prospect of working together. They sat down beneath the shade of a nearby mango tree, pulling out their notebooks and beginning to brainstorm. Ideas flowed freely, and the conversation was filled with the thrill of creation.

"We can use a combination of sand filtration and UV light to purify the water," Abubakar suggested.

Abidatu's eyes lit up. "And we can power it using solar panels, so it's sustainable!" she exclaimed. The project was taking shape, and she knew that together, they could create something truly remarkable.

"Let's do this, Abidatu," Abubakar said, grinning. "Let's bring clean water to Karaga."

Karaga, a small rural town in the Northern region of Ghana, where the air was sweet with the scent of freshly harvested maize and the earth was rich with the promise of new life. Farming was the heartbeat of the community, and every household was engaged in the backbreaking but rewarding work of tilling the land.

But amidst the bounty of the land, a silent struggle brewed. The streams that nourished their crops were the same ones that brought disease and suffering to the people. Abubakar and Abidatu had grown up watching their parents and grandparents toil in the fields, only to fall ill from the very water that sustained their livelihoods. And now, as they sat beneath the mango tree, their minds racing with ideas for a water

purification machine, they knew that this project was not just about winning a competition - it was about saving the lives of their loved ones, their friends, and our community.

"We can use the same ingenuity that makes our farmers thrive to create a machine that will make our water safe," Abubakar said, his eyes shining with determination. "Let's harness the power of the sun and the resourcefulness of our people to bring clean water to Karaga."

Abidatu's eyes sparkled with excitement as she scribbled notes in her book. "We can design a system that uses solar panels to power a UV light, which will purify the water," she said, her voice filled with conviction. "And we can use locally-sourced materials, like clay and sand, to create a filtration system that's both effective and sustainable."

Abubakar nodded, his mind already racing with the possibilities. "We can involve the farmers in the project, too," he suggested. "They can help us test the machine and provide feedback on its effectiveness." As they brainstormed, the sounds of the village provided a soothing background hum - the clucking of chickens, the chatter of women gathering firewood, and the distant rumble of a tractor tilling the fields. Their project was taking shape, and with it, a sense of hope and purpose. They were no longer just students competing in a science fair; they were innovators, driven by a desire to make a difference in their community. "Let's call it 'Saha' - 'clear water' in Dagbani," Abidatu said, a smile spreading across her face. And in that moment, their project was born.

Abubakar's eyes lit up with enthusiasm as he gazed at Abidatu. 'Saha' was more than just a name - it was a symbol of hope for their community. He envisioned the machine, sturdy and reliable, standing proudly in the centre of Karaga, providing clean water for all. He pictured the children, laughing and playing, their bellies full and their bodies healthy. He saw the farmers, their faces creased with smiles, their crops thriving and their livelihoods secure. And he imagined Abidatu, her eyes shining with pride, knowing that their innovation had changed lives. "We'll make it happen, Abidatu," he said, his voice filled with determination. "We'll bring Saha to life."

Abidatu nodded, her face set in a fierce grin. "Together, we can do anything." And with that, they sealed their partnership, their minds racing with the endless possibilities that lay ahead.

During the weeks that followed, Abubakar and Abidatu made steady progress on Saha, but they knew they still had a crucial component to source - a high-quality UV lamp. Without it, their machine couldn't purify water to the standards they aimed for. They had searched local markets and hardware stores, but none had the specific lamp they needed.

"We can't give up now," Abidatu said, frustration etched on her face. "We're so close."

Abubakar nodded in agreement. "I know someone who might be able to help," he said, a hint of a plan forming in his mind. "My uncle works at the university in Tamale. He might know someone in the engineering department who can help us find the right lamp." Abidatu's eyes lit up with hope. "Let's go," she said. And with that, they set off on the next stage of their journey, determined to find the missing piece that would bring Saha to life.

The journey to Tamale was long and arduous, the dusty road stretching out before them like a serpent. Abubakar and Abidatu travelled by trotro, the crowded minibus bumping along the potholed road. As they

rode, the scenery outside changed from lush green forests to dry, scrubby savannah. The air grew hotter, the sun beating down relentlessly.

"How much farther?" Abidatu asked, her voice hoarse from the dust. Abubakar consulted the driver, a grizzled old man with a kind face.

"Not far, my dear," he replied. "We'll be in Tamale soon." But 'soon' was a relative term, and the hours ticked by at a glacial pace. Just as they were starting to lose hope, the bus sputtered and died, leaving them stranded by the side of the road.

"What now?" Abidatu groaned, throwing up her hands in frustration.

Abubakar sighed, his mind racing. "We'll have to find another ride," he said. "Or walk."

Abidatu's eyes widened in horror. "Walk? How far?"

Abubakar shrugged. "I don't know, but we can't give up now."

With every step along the side of the road, the sun beating down on them like a hammer, Abubakar and Abidatu couldn't help but feel a sense of despair wash over them. Just when they thought they were making progress, fate seemed to throw another obstacle in their path. But they refused to give up. They had come too far, and their mission was too important.

After what felt like hours, they spotted a truck rumbling down the road, its bed loaded with crates and boxes. Abubakar waved his arms wildly, flagging down the driver. "Where are you headed?" he asked, his voice parched from thirst.

"Tamale," the driver replied, eyeing them curiously. "Hop in."

Abubakar and Abidatu exchanged a look, then scrambled up into the truck bed. As they bounced along the road, the wind whipping through their hair, they felt a sense of hope renewed. They were one step closer to finding the UV lamp, and bringing Saha to life.

Upon their arrival in Tamale, excitement filled the air. Horns honked, people chattered, and the aroma of food filled their senses. They wound their way to the university, navigating through crowded streets and market stalls.

Finally, they reached the engineering department, where Abubakar's uncle worked. Dr Iddrisu, a kind-eyed man with a warm smile, welcomed them. "My nephew and his friend, I've heard great things about your project," he said. "Let's discuss."

Over steaming cups of tea, Abubakar and Abidatu shared their mission. Dr Iddrisu listened intently, nodding his head. "I think I can help you," he said. "We have a connection at a company specializing in UV technology. They might provide the lamp you need."

Dr Iddrisu picked up the phone and dialed a number, his eyes twinkling with optimism. "Ah, Kwame, my old friend," he said, his voice warm with familiarity. "I have two young innovators here who need your expertise. They're working on a water purification project and need a high-quality UV lamp." He listened

for a moment, nodding his head. "Yes, exactly. I thought you might be able to help. Can they come by your office tomorrow?"

Abubakar and Abidatu exchanged a look, their hearts racing with excitement. This was it - the break they needed. "Thank you, Uncle," Abubakar said, grinning.

Dr Iddrisu smiled, his eyes crinkling at the corners. "You're welcome, my nephew. Now, let's get you two prepared for your meeting with Kwame."

The next day, Abubakar and Abidatu arrived at Kwame's office, a small but bustling space filled with all manner of gadgets and machinery. Kwame, a tall, lanky man with a wild shock of hair, greeted them warmly. "Ah, Dr Iddrisu's protégés!" he exclaimed. "I've heard great things about your project. Let's take a look."

He led them to a workbench, where an array of UV lamps lay scattered. "I think I have just the thing," he said, picking up a sleek, silver lamp. "This is our newest model - high intensity, low energy consumption. Perfect for your needs."

Abubakar and Abidatu exchanged a look, their eyes shining with excitement. This was it - the final piece of the puzzle. "How much?" Abubakar asked, his voice barely above a whisper. Kwame named a price, and Abubakar's heart sank. It was more than they had budgeted for.

But then Kwame smiled, a sly glint in his eye. "For you two, I'll make an exception. I'll give you a discount!"

Abubakar and Abidatu left Kwame's office with the UV lamp, their hearts full of joy and their spirits lifted. They had done it - they had found the final piece of the puzzle. As they walked back to the university, Abidatu turned to Abubakar with a smile. "We're really doing it, aren't we?" she said. "We're really going to make a difference." Abubakar nodded, his eyes shining with determination. "We are," he said.

"We're going to bring clean water to our village, and we're going to change lives."

When they arrived at the university, Dr Iddrisu was waiting for them, a warm smile on his face. "I heard you were successful," he said. "I knew you two could do it." Abubakar and Abidatu grinned, holding up the UV lamp like a trophy. "We did it, Uncle," Abubakar said. "We're going to make Saha a reality."

Dr Iddrisu led them to the university's innovation lab, a bustling space filled with students tinkering with gadgets and machines. "I want to introduce you to some of the team," he said, gesturing to a group of students gathered around a workbench. "This is Ama, our lead engineer. She's been working on a project to develop low-cost prosthetics."

Ama looked up, a warm smile on her face. "Hi, I've heard great things about your water purification project." Abubakar and Ama exchanged greetings, feeling a sense of companionship with their fellow innovators.

Next, Dr Iddrisu introduced them to Ntim, a soft-spoken programmer working on an app to track water quality. "We could use something like that for Saha," Abubakar said, eyes lighting up. Ntim nodded enthusiastically. "I'd love to collaborate."

Ntim showed them his app, demonstrating how it could track water quality in real-time. Abubakar and Abidatu were impressed, seeing the potential for it to integrate with their Saha system.

"This could be a game-changer," Abidatu said, her eyes shining with excitement. "We could use it to monitor water quality remotely, and alert communities to any changes." Ntim nodded, smiling. "Exactly! I was thinking we could even add a feature to predict water-borne disease outbreaks."

Dr Iddrisu beamed with pride, happy to see his students collaborating. "This is the kind of innovation we need to solve real-world problems," he said.

As they continued to discuss, Abubakar had an idea. "We should enter the university's innovation competition," he said. "Saha could win funding and support to take it to the next level."

Ama's eyes lit up. "That's a great idea!" she exclaimed. "The competition is fierce, but I think Saha has a real shot at winning."

Ntim nodded in agreement. "We could use the funding to scale up production and bring Saha to more communities."

Dr Iddrisu smiled, his eyes twinkling. "I'll mentor you through the application process. Let's get to work!" And with that, the team began brainstorming, throwing around ideas and suggestions. Abubakar pulled out his notebook, jotting down notes and action items. Abidatu started sketching out a rough prototype, her pencil moving swiftly across the paper. Ama and Ntim started discussing the technical specs, their voices rising in excitement. The innovation lab was abuzz with energy, the Saha team working together to bring their vision to life.

With each passing day and week, the Saha team learned valuable lessons from Ama, Ntim, and Dr Iddrisu. They gained insight into the latest technologies and innovations, and refined their approach to water purification. Abubakar and Abidatu took detailed notes, eager to apply their new knowledge in Karaga. "We can't thank you enough," Abubakar said, as they prepared to leave. "You've given us the tools to make Saha a reality."

Dr Iddrisu smiled, his eyes warm with pride. "Remember, innovation is a journey, not a destination. Stay curious, stay committed." With that, the duo set off towards Karaga, their minds buzzing with ideas and their hearts full of hope. They were ready to bring clean water and new life to their community.

As they arrived in Karaga, Abubakar, and Abidatu were greeted with warm smiles and open arms. The community was eager to hear about their journey and the lessons they learned. Abubakar stood tall, his voice ringing out as he shared their story. "We've learned so much," he said. "We've seen the power of innovation and collaboration. And we're ready to bring Saha to life."

Abidatu nodded in agreement, her eyes shining with determination. "We'll work tirelessly to ensure every household has access to clean water." The community erupted in cheers, their faces filled with joy and anticipation. And with that, Abubakar and Abidatu set to work, their vision for Saha becoming a reality, drop by precious drop.

The weeks turned into months, and the months turned into a year. Abubakar and Abidatu worked tirelessly, building and refining their Saha system. They encountered setbacks and challenges, but their determination never wavered. And finally, the day arrived when they were ready to launch.

The community gathered around, eager to see the fruit of their labour. Abubakar flipped a switch, and the Saha system roared to life. Clean water flowed from the taps, clear and pure. The community cheered, their faces filled with joy and gratitude. Abidatu smiled, with tears in her eyes. "We did it," she whispered to Abubakar. "We've brought life-changing water to our community."

Just as Abubakar and Abidatu were basking in the glory of their successful launch, the village chief appeared, a wide smile on his face. "My dear children," he said, his voice booming across the gathering. "I have a surprise for you. A durbar in your honour!" The community erupted in cheers as the chief's words were followed by the sound of drums and the sight of colourful dancers. Abubakar and Abidatu were stunned, overwhelmed by the sudden turn of events.

They were led to a throne, where they were adorned with traditional cloths and ornaments. The chief raised his hands, and the crowd fell silent. "Abubakar and Abidatu, your innovation has brought life to our village. You have earned our highest honour."

The durbar was a kaleidoscope of colour and sound, a vibrant celebration that filled the air with joy. The village chief, resplendent in his traditional regalia, beamed with pride as he presented Abubakar and Abidatu to the crowd.

The duo, adorned in beautiful fugu cloths, smiled humbly, their eyes shining with happiness. The drums pulsed, the dancers spun, and the villagers cheered, their faces alight with delight.

Abubakar's parents, seated in the front row, couldn't contain their tears. "My son, my son!" his mother exclaimed, her voice trembling with pride. His father, a broad smile on his face, nodded in agreement. "We always knew they had it in them," he said, his voice choked with emotion. Abidatu's parents, equally overjoyed, hugged each other tightly, their faces radiant with happiness. The durbar continued late into the night, a testament to the power of innovation and community.

Just as the durbar reached its most intense moment, the village chief raised his hands, and the crowd fell silent. "My dear young people," he began, his voice filled with passion. "Today, we celebrate not just Abubakar and Abidatu's achievement, but the potential that lies within every one of you. You are the future of our village, and we need your creativity, your innovation, and your passion to drive us forward."

He looked around, his eyes locking onto the faces of the young people. "Don't be afraid to dream big, to think differently, and to strive for greatness. Abubakar and Abidatu have shown us that with hard work and determination, anything is possible." The young people cheered, inspired by the chief's words. Abubakar and Abidatu, overwhelmed by the moment, smiled at each other, knowing that their journey was not just about them, but about empowering their community.

The next day, the school was abuzz with excitement and gossip. Rumours spread like wildfire about the durbar and Abubakar and Abidatu's honour.

"Did you hear they were given a special blessing by the chief?" someone whispered. "No, no, it was a magical potion that made their innovation work!" another student chimed in. The hallways were filled with hushed conversations and pointed fingers. The other student contenders, who had been competing against Abubakar and Abidatu, looked on with a mix of shock and panic. "How did they get so lucky?" one of them muttered. "This isn't fair, they're going to get all the recognition!" another complained. The school's gossip mill was in full swing, and Abubakar and Abidatu were the centre of attention. Meanwhile, the duo walked through the chaos, smiling calmly, their confidence and achievement unshaken by the rumours and gossip.

With the presentation to the school authorities looming, Abubakar and Abidatu's excitement turned to nervous energy. They had spent countless hours perfecting their innovation, but now they had to perfect their pitch. They gathered in their usual spot, surrounded by notes and diagrams, rehearsing their lines and practicing their presentation.

"Remember, Abidatu, you lead with the problem statement," Abubakar reminded her. "And then I'll jump in with the solution," she replied, nodding. They ran through their slides, timing each other and making adjustments. Abubakar's friend, Ntim, joined in, offering suggestions and encouragement.

The night before the presentation, the duo gathered one last time, their nerves palpable. "What if they ask us a question we can't answer?" Abidatu worried.

"We've prepared for every scenario," Abubakar reassured her. "Just be confident and speak from the heart." Abidatu took a deep breath, visualizing success. "We've got this," she said, her voice firm.

Abubakar nodded in agreement, his determination palpable. With a final round of encouragement, they packed up their things and headed home, ready to face the school authorities and showcase their innovative solution to the world. Karaga Senior High School, a beacon of academic excellence in the heart of Ghana, was abuzz with excitement as students, teachers, and guests gathered for the annual Science and Technology Fair. The event was being held in the school's spacious auditorium, transformed into a vibrant exhibition hall with rows of tables, colourful displays, and an array of fascinating projects.

Before the competition began, Abubakar and Abidatu took note of the impressive devices displayed by their fellow contenders while setting up their Saha water purification system.

Nearby, a group of students from the robotics club showcased their autonomous robot, designed to navigate obstacles and perform tasks with precision. The robot's sleek metal body and glowing blue circuits drew a crowd of admiring onlookers.

Another project that caught their attention was a solar-powered generator, built by a team of students who had cleverly repurposed old electronics to create a sustainable energy source.

On the opposite side of the hall, a group of students from the biology club presented their innovative hydroponic system, capable of growing plants in even the most inhospitable environments. The setup was a marvel of intricate tubes, pumps, and nutrient-rich solutions, with lush green plants thriving in mid-air.

Abubakar and Abidatu exchanged a nervous glance, feeling a sense of pride and trepidation as they compared their own project to these remarkable displays of ingenuity.

The tension in the auditorium escalated with each step of the judges as they commenced their rounds. Abubakar and Abidatu stood confidently beside their Saha system, ready to explain the science and inspiration behind their creation. The other contenders, too, were eager to share their stories and demonstrate the capabilities of their devices. The air was thick with anticipation, as everyone waited to see whose project would emerge victorious.

The judges, a panel of esteemed scientists and educators, made their way from project to project, asking probing questions and taking meticulous notes.

Abubakar and Abidatu's turn arrived, and they launched into a confident and clear explanation of their Saha system. They demonstrated its effectiveness, showcasing the clean water it produced and the innovative materials used in its construction. The judges nodded thoughtfully, impressed by the duo's ingenuity and dedication.

As the judges continued their rounds, the tension in the auditorium grew. The other contenders were equally impressive, and it was clear that the competition would be fierce. But Abubakar and Abidatu remained focused, proud of their achievement, and hopeful for the future. Finally, the judges gathered at the front of the auditorium, conferencing in hushed tones. The audience waited with bated breath as the head judge took the microphone to announce the winner.

"And the first prize goes to... Abubakar and Abidatu, for their innovative Saha water purification system!" The auditorium erupted in cheers and applause as the duo made their way to the stage, beaming with pride. They accepted their award, a trophy and a scholarship to pursue their passion for science and technology. As they looked out at the sea of faces, they knew that this was just the beginning of their journey to make a difference in the world.

The news of Abubakar and Abidatu's victory spread like wildfire, captivating the entire nation. They were hailed as heroes, their names on everyone's lips. The media frenzy began, with TV stations and newspapers clamouring to share their story. "Karaga Senior High School Students Win Big at Science Fair," read the headlines. "Meet the Teenage Innovators Who Are Changing the Face of Science in Ghana."

On social media, their story went viral. #SahaSystem and #PanAfricanScienceFestival trended on Twitter, with congratulations pouring in from all corners of the globe. Facebook and Instagram were filled with photos of the duo, beaming with pride, their trophy held aloft. The Ghana Education Service tweeted, "We are proud of our students! Abubakar and Abidatu, you have made us shine!"

Anticipation built to a fever pitch as Abubakar and Abidatu prepared to showcase their talents at the Pan African Science Festival in Accra. The festival, a showcase of the continent's brightest young minds, would be attended by dignitaries, scientists, and innovators from across Africa. Abubakar and Abidatu were ready to put Ghana on the map, their Saha system leading the way.

Meanwhile, in Tamale, Dr Iddrisu, Abubakar's uncle and a lecturer at Tamale University, beamed with pride as he watched the news of his nephew's victory. He immediately gathered the team of professors and students who had helped Abubakar and Abidatu refine their Saha system. "We need to go to Accra and support them," he exclaimed. "Their project has the potential to change lives, and we can't let them go to the Pan African Science Festival alone."

"The team from Tamale University arrived in Accra, armed with expertise and enthusiasm. They spent hours with Abubakar and Abidatu, fine-tuning their project, offering valuable insights, and providing encouragement. The duo's confidence soared as they prepared to take the stage at the festival.

"We are not just representing ourselves or our school," Abubakar said, his voice filled with determination. "We are representing Ghana, and we will make our nation proud." With their project enhanced and their spirits lifted, Abubakar and Abidatu stood ready to face the continent's best young scientists and innovators. The stage was set for an unforgettable performance at the Pan African Science Festival.

The day of the festival arrived, and the Accra International Conference Centre was abuzz with excitement. Abubakar and Abidatu, dressed in their traditional attire, proudly displayed their Saha system amidst a sea of innovative projects. The judges, renowned scientists and industry experts, began their rounds, and the duo's nerves were put to the test.

But as they presented their project, their passion and conviction shone through. They demonstrated the Saha system's efficiency, highlighting its potential to revolutionize water purification in rural communities. The judges were impressed, and the audience was captivated.

With the judges deep in discussion, Abubakar and Abidatu were surrounded by a supportive contingent from Tamale University, Dr Iddrisu beaming with pride.

"And the winner of the Pan African Science Festival is... Abubakar and Abidatu from Ghana!" The auditorium erupted in cheers as the duo made their way to the stage, overcome with emotion. They accepted their award, a prestigious trophy and a grant to further develop their project.

The prize was a prestigious trophy and a grant of \$10,000 to further develop their Saha system. But more than that, Abubakar and Abidatu won recognition and acclaim from the highest echelons of power. They were invited to the Flagstaff House, the seat of Ghana's presidency, to meet with the President himself.

The President, impressed by their ingenuity and determination, praised Abubakar and Abidatu for their innovative solution to a pressing national problem. "Your project is a shining example of Ghanaian ingenuity and creativity," he said. "I charge you to continue working on projects that will benefit our nation and continent.

"The meeting with the President marked a turning point for Abubakar and Abidatu. Their project caught the attention of the Ministry of Science and Technology, which offered them funding and support to implement their Saha system in Karaga, their hometown. The duo returned to Karaga as heroes, their project set to bring clean water and hope to their community.

The Saha system was installed in Karaga, providing clean water for hundreds of people. Abubakar and Abidatu's project had come full circle, from a humble beginning to a life-changing impact. They continued to innovate, using their grant to develop new projects and inspire others to follow in their footsteps. The duo's story served as a testament to the power of innovation and determination to change lives and communities.

The transformative power of the Saha system in Karaga catapulted Abubakar and Abidatu to fame, inspiring a nation. They were hailed as role models, inspiring a new generation of young innovators. The duo's success also caught the attention of international organizations, and soon they were invited to share their story on the global stage.

Abubakar and Abidatu travelled to conferences and forums, sharing their experiences and insights with world leaders and innovators. They became ambassadors for Ghanaian innovation, showcasing the potential of African youth to solve global challenges.

Back in Karaga, the impact of their project was evident. The community, once plagued by water-borne diseases, now enjoyed clean water and improved health. The Saha system also created jobs and stimulated local economic growth, as entrepreneurs developed businesses around the clean water source.

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

Read the extract below and answer the questions on it:

'This is Ama, our lead engineer. She's been working on a project to develop low-cost prosthetics. Ama looked up, a warm smile on her face.'

1. Determine the speaker in the extract above.
2. Describe the tone of the speaker.
3. Identify the character who is addressed by the speaker.
4. Determine the setting as indicated in the extract.
5. Identify one visual device used in the extract.

Read the extract below and answer question 6.

The day of the festival arrived, and the Accra International Conference Centre was abuzz with excitement.

6. The device used in the extract above is

ESSAY QUESTIONS MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

Discuss the theme of determination and resilience in the story.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Identify one problem in your community and create a narrative to solve the problem.

A MYSTIC FIGURE FROM GHANA

In twilight's hush, where shadows play
A mystic figure weaves his way

With whispered incantations, he calls
A treasure from the celestial halls

Down from the heavens, it gently falls
A symbol of power, beyond them all

A stool of gold, with secrets untold
A treasure trove, of stories yet untold

With reverence, the people gather round
To behold the wonder, that's been found

A token of greatness, from above
A reminder of the power of love

The mystic's charm, has brought it to earth
A gift from the gods, of infinite worth

A symbol of unity, for all to see
A treasure that's timeless, as the universe's glee

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. The poem's stanzas follow this structure:

- a. Tercet b. Quatrains c. Couplet d. Sestet

2. The poem describes this Ghanaian icon:

- a. Yaa Asantewaa b. Okomfo Anokye c. Dr Kwame Nkrumah d. Philip Gbeho

3. The stool of gold symbolises

- a. Money b. Power c. Peace d. Rejection

4. Determine the mood of the narrator.

- a. Happiness b. Sadness c. Wonder d. Peace

5. 'A Mystic Figure from Ghana' is

- a. Love poem b. Narrative poem c. Romantic poem d. Pastoral poem

CLASS DISCUSSION/ESSAY QUESTIONS

1. Discuss the central theme established in the poem.

2. Identify a symbol used in the poem and discuss its relevance.

MIXED GENDER DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

1. How does the poem portray the relationship between the divine and human worlds?
2. The line "A treasure trove, of stories yet untold" employs the device
3. Identify the narrative tone of the poem.
4. Discuss how the poem reflects the cultural heritage of Ghana.

FOREST GOLD

Osmond raised his hands in triumph, his eyes shining with elation. Laughter burst forth from his chest, infectious and uncontainable. The workers surrounding him shared his astonishment, their faces glowing with excitement.

"This is just the beginning," Osmond exclaimed, his voice carrying across the river. "We've only scratched the surface!" The workers' cheers grew louder, their faces shining with renewed purpose.

As news of the discovery spread, the once-peaceful Daakye Asem would never be the same. Osmond envisioned a flurry of activity: more workers, heavier machinery, and the transformation of this sleepy village into a thriving mining hub.

But amidst the jubilation, Osmond's thoughts turned to Chief Dakye Asem. Would the chief regret selling the land, or would their pact hold strong? Only time would tell.

Daakye Asem's reputation as a gold-rich haven had long drawn prospectors and adventurers to its fertile soil. Yet, for the local youth, the promise of gold had become a double-edged sword. With legitimate employment scarce and wages meagre, many had turned to galamsey - illicit small-scale mining - to eke out a living.

Galamsey's shadowy world offered a provocative but precarious existence. Young men and women risked life and limb, descending into rickety pits and poisoning rivers with mercury, all for a glimpse of the precious metal. The environmental costs were devastating, but desperation had become a currency more valuable than gold.

Osmond's arrival, bearing promises of formal employment and fair wages, had initially raised hopes. However, the slow pace of progress and lack of immediate results had begun to erode trust. The discovery of the yellow rock would change everything - or so it seemed.

As news spread, the youth of Daakye Asem watched with mixed emotions. Some saw Osmond's find as a lifeline, a chance to escape galamsey's dangers. Others eyed the outsider's good fortune with suspicion, fearing exploitation and wondering if the benefits would truly trickle down.

Chief Dakye Asem, wise and weary, observed the unfolding drama. He knew the weight of his people's struggles and the delicate balance between prosperity and preservation.

Would Osmond's discovery bring lasting prosperity or merely accelerate the town's downward spiral?

The once-slumbering village of Daakye Asem transformed overnight into a bustling hub of activity. The forest, once a tranquil haven, became a magnet for opportunists. Civil workers, government officials, and security forces - all converged, eager to stake their claim in the gold rush.

Chief Dakye Asem, amidst the chaos, calculated the windfall. Lands previously considered worthless now commanded exorbitant prices. The chief's coffers swelled as he brokered deals, allocating parcels of land to the highest bidder. The sound of chainsaws and drilling equipment echoed through the forest, shattering the serenity.

Gold trading boomed, with makeshift markets sprouting along the dusty roads. Middlemen and brokers descended, offering attractive advances to desperate miners. The local economy surged, but at a steep cost. Inflation skyrocketed, and basic necessities became luxuries.

The chief's wealth grew, as well as his influence. He navigated the complex web of interests, balancing the needs of his people with the demands of outsiders. However, whispers of discontent began to circulate. Some villagers felt exploited, their ancestral lands sold from beneath their feet.

Osmond, now a key player, watched with mixed emotions. His initial discovery had unleashed a tidal wave, transforming Daakye Asem beyond recognition. He wondered if the benefits would truly trickle down to the people or if the gold rush would leave behind a trail of devastation.

Meanwhile, environmental concerns mounted. Rivers polluted by mercury and other toxins threatened the livelihoods of fishermen and farmers downstream. The forest, once teeming with wildlife, fell silent as logging and mining ravaged the ecosystem.

The gold fever reached its zenith, and a lone figure emerged from the shadows - an elderly villager, wise and worn, with a warning: "We are trading our heritage for fleeting riches. Will we have a future left to inherit?"

The villagers' joy was short-lived. As gold production soared, the environment began to collapse. The once-pristine Daakye river, now a murky brew of toxins, rendered the water undrinkable. Fish disappeared, and crops withered away. The very lifeblood of the community had been sacrificed for gold.

Chief Dakye Asem, once hailed for his business insight, now faced the wrath of his people. They realized too late that the wealth generated had come at an unbearable cost. Their ancestral lands, once fertile and thriving, lay barren and polluted.

As the villagers struggled to survive, those who had reaped the profits - Osmond and his ilk - vanished, leaving behind a trail of devastation. Their mansions rose in distant cities, built on the backs of Daakye Asem's suffering.

The chief, his eyes now filled with regret, wandered the desolate landscape. His people's cries echoed through the stillness: "We traded our future for gold, and now we have nothing." The elderly villager's warning had fallen on deaf ears, and the consequences were dire.

With each passing day, the villagers' hardship intensified. Children fell ill from waterborne diseases, and the elderly succumbed to respiratory ailments. The once-thriving community teetered on the brink of collapse.

One day, as the chief stood by the river, he spotted a lone fish floating belly-up, its scales tarnished by mercury. He felt the weight of his decisions and wept for his people's lost heritage.

In the distance, a faded sign creaked in the wind: "Daakye Asem - Land of Gold." The irony cut deep. The true cost of that gold now stared the chief in the face, a haunting reminder of the devastating price paid for fleeting wealth.

The Daakye River, once a shimmering ribbon of crystal clarity, now flowed like a diseased vein through the heart of the village. Its surface, once punctuated by playful ripples, had transformed into a stagnant, oily slick. The water's hue had darkened to a murky brown, like over-steeped tea, with viscous tendrils of pollution clinging to its surface.

Sunlight struggled to penetrate the depths, instead casting an eerie glow on the riverbed, where sediment and toxins had formed a noxious crust. The water's edge, once lined with lush greenery, now fringed with withered, skeletal remains of plants that had succumbed to the poison.

A putrid film coated the rocks, emitting a noxious stench that hung heavy in the air. The river's gentle song had given way to an unsettling silence, punctuated only by the occasional gurgle of trapped air or the faint hiss of escaping gas.

Beneath the surface, the river's former inhabitants - fish, frogs, and other aquatic life - lay still, their bodies entombed in the toxic silt. The water itself seemed to have turned against its inhabitants, transformed from life-giving force to deadly poison.

Chief Dakye Asem gazed upon the ravaged river, his eyes reflecting the depth of his sorrow. The Daakye's destruction served as a stark reminder of the devastating price paid for the gold rush. His people's livelihood, their heritage, and their very future had been sacrificed for the fleeting allure of wealth.

The Daakye River's demise had left the villagers scrambling for alternative sources of clean water. Wells, once replenished by the river's underground tributaries, now ran dry or produced water tainted by the same toxins.

Women and children trekked for miles, burdened by heavy jugs and water cans, searching for distant springs or functional boreholes. Their daily quest for hydration had become an exhausting ordeal.

In desperation, some villagers turned skyward, erecting makeshift rainwater harvesting systems from scavenged materials. Rusted drums, their once-vibrant colours faded to a patina of neglect, stood sentinel beneath corrugated iron roofs, collecting precious droplets. Tarpaulins, patched and re-patched, funnelled rainwater into plastic containers their translucent walls glowing like lanterns in the dim light.

Others, driven by necessity, attempted to tame the treacherous river water. Cauldrons bubbled over open fires, belching steam into the heavy air as women stirred the boiling liquid with weary arms. The stench of disinfection wafted through the village, a noxious odour that clung to clothing and skin like a bad omen. In cramped, smoke-filled huts, families huddled around bubbling pots, watching as the contaminated water transformed into a dubious salvation. Hope and anxiety mingled as they waited for the liquid to cool, their eyes fixed on the floating particles, praying that the heat had vanquished the hidden dangers.

The taste of boiled river water - metallic, bitter, and vaguely chemical - clung to their palates, a constant reminder of their precarious existence. Yet, it was a risk they willingly took, for the alternative was far more terrifying: dehydration, disease, and the slow, agonizing decline into illness.

Waterborne illnesses ravaged the village, leaving a trail of suffering in their wake. The once-clear laughter of children was now replaced by feeble whimpers, their small bodies wracked by cramps and diarrhoea. Feverish brows glistened with sweat, and sunken eyes pleaded for relief.

Elder Onyimdze's words, laced with sorrow and wisdom, resonated through the thatched huts: "Our children's bellies ache from the water that once gave us life. The very source of our existence has turned against us, poisoning our young ones and stealing their vitality."

In the cramped, dimly lit huts, families tended to their ailing loved ones, desperation etched on their faces. Mothers rocked their children, whispering gentle comforts as they struggled to keep them hydrated. Fathers paced outside, helpless and worried, their eyes scanning the horizon for a solution.

The air reeked of disinfectant and sickness, a pungent reminder of the river's betrayal. Once a symbol of life and abundance, the Daakye River now represented suffering and despair.

As dusk fell, the village gathered around the community centre, their faces illuminated by flickering lanterns. Elder Onyimdze's words still lingered, a haunting refrain that stirred their collective resolve.

"we must act," declared Elder Onyimdze, his voice firm but weary. "We cannot watch our children suffer. We must find a way to restore our river, to reclaim our health and our heritage."

The villagers nodded in unison, their determination ignited by Elder Onyimdze's words. Together, they vowed to fight for their future, to revive the Daakye river and rebirth their community.

Night descended upon the village, and the community centre became a beacon of unity, drawing people together like moths to a flame. The flickering lanterns cast eerie shadows on the faces gathered around, their eyes shone with a mix of frustration, fear, and determination. The air was heavy with the weight of their collective despair, the scent of smoke and sweat hanging precariously in the balance.

Zakari, a young farmer with a weary gaze, stood up, his voice cracking with emotion. "We cannot continue like this," he implored. "Our river, our livelihood - all destroyed. What shall we do?" The words hung in the air like a challenge, a call to action that resonated deep within the hearts of his fellow villagers.

The night had just descended upon the village, and the community centre became a beacon of unity, drawing people together like moths to a flame. The flickering lanterns cast eerie shadows on the faces gathered around, their eyes aglow with a mix of frustration, fear, and determination. The air was heavy with the weight of their collective despair, the scent of smoke and sweat hanging precariously in the balance.

Elder Onyimdze's eyes, once clouded by regret, now blazed with a fierce determination, his voice steady and strong. "We will seek justice. We will hold those responsible accountable. And we will restore our river, no matter the cost." The villagers nodded in solidarity, their voices rising in a chorus of resolve, a defiant declaration that echoed through the night: "We will reclaim our water, We will reclaim our future."

In that moment, the villagers drew strength from one another, their collective resolve forged in the fire of adversity. Like a rallying cry for justice and equality, their words became a powerful testament to the human spirit's capacity for resilience and hope.

As the night wore on, the villagers' determination only grew, their voices swelling into a crescendo of defiance against the forces that had ravaged their river and their lives.

The villagers' resolve simmered, fuelled by Elder Onyimdze's words. Emotions boiled over, and a collective anger burst forth. Zakari's eyes blazed with a fierce determination as he rallied the youth.

"Enough words!" Zakari shouted, his voice echoing through the night. "It's time for action! We must show them that our river, our livelihood, will no longer be exploited!"

The youth, driven by frustration and outrage, mobilized. They stormed the abandoned mining site, torches and rocks in hand. The air reverberated with their battle cry: "Reclaim our river! Reclaim our future!"

Equipment crashed to the ground, shattered by the fury of the youth. Bulldozers lay overturned, their metal bodies battered and broken. Cranes stood like skeletal sentinels, their cables snapped and tangled.

The once-idle machines now lay silent, their destructive power halted. The youth's rampage continued, fuelled by pent-up anger and desperation.

Elder Onyimdze watched, a mix of pride and concern etched on his face. "Our young ones have taken the first step," he said to the villagers. "But our struggle has just begun. We must unite, organize, and demand justice."

As the night wore on, the village elders and leaders gathered to strategize. They knew the battle ahead would be long and arduous, but they stood united, driven by the determination to restore their river and reclaim their future.

Years passed, and the villagers' struggle continued. They organized protests, petitioned the government, and engaged in lengthy legal battles. But despite their relentless efforts, the Daakye river remained forever scarred.

The water, once a vibrant force, now flowed listlessly, its surface slick with residual pollutants. Fish no longer swam in its depths, and the plants that lined its banks withered and died.

Zakari, now a seasoned activist, stood on the riverbank, his eyes gazing out at the devastation. "We fought hard," he said, his voice laced with sorrow, "but it seems our river is lost forever."

Elder Onyimdze, frail but resolute, stood beside him. "Our struggle was not in vain," he said. "We stood up for what was rightfully ours, and our voices were heard. Though the river may never be restored, our resilience and unity will endure."

The villagers had become a symbol of resistance, inspiring other communities to fight against environmental exploitation. Their story served as a cautionary tale, highlighting the devastating consequences of unchecked greed.

As dusk descended, the villagers came together, their voices weaving stories and songs, to keep the Daakye river's legacy alive.

In the fading light, Zakari's voice whispered a promise: "We will never forget. We will never give up. Our river may be gone, but its spirit remains, guiding us toward a better future."

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

Read the extract carefully and answer the questions 1-3:

The flickering lanterns cast eerie shadows on the faces gathered around, their eyes shone with a mix of frustration, fear, and determination. The air was heavy with the weight of their collective despair, the scent of smoke and sweat hanging precariously in the balance.

1. The descriptions in the extract appeal to the human senses of

Explain your answer in a sentence.

2. Discuss how the author uses the following devices in the extract:

- Metaphor
- Personification
- Synecdoche

3. The extract establishes a mood of -

Zakari, a young farmer with a weary gaze, stood up, his voice cracking with emotion. “We cannot continue like this,” he implored. “Our river, our livelihood – all destroyed. What shall we do?”

4. In the extract above, the author evokes a mood of

5. What role does the speaker play in the larger story?

6. The sentence “Our river, our livelihood - all destroyed.”

employs the literary device of

ESSAY QUESTIONS

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

Identify any issue in the story which may be present in your area. Discuss and share your opinion on it.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Discuss two major themes in the story.
2. Identify the plot line in the story. Summarize the story using the plot you have created.
3. Create an illustration for one scene in this story. You may use a computer, or draw and paint on paper.

SPREADING LIGHT

CHARACTERS

MAIN CHARACTERS

Asantewaa: protagonist, determined and innovative

Iddrisu: protagonist, resourceful and collaborative

Kwansah: antagonist, jealous and vengeful

SUPPORTING CHARACTERS

Chief: village leader, wise and fair

Sir Nii: mentor, encouraging and supportive

Asantewaa's Mum: caring and supportive

Kwansah's Mum: complex, protective but also enabling

Aunty Siisi: wise and nurturing

Guards 1 & 2: Chief's guards, authoritative and firm

MINOR CHARACTERS

Villagers 1 & 2: represent community sentiment

Act 1, SCENE 1

(The setting is a rural village path. In the middle ground, we see green shrubs dotted around four or five thatched huts. In the foreground, a path leads to a small market stall at stage right.)

IDDRISU enters stage left, walking while lost in thought. ASANTEWAA follows soon after, calling out to him.)

Asantewaa: *(calling out)* Iddrisu! Wait! Wait for me!

(Iddrisu stops and turns around. Asantewaa catches up to him.)

Asantewaa: *(excited)* Iddrisu, I've been thinking... that lesson on electricity today?

Iddrisu: *(curious)* What about it?

Asantewaa: *(determined)* We can generate electricity for our village. Think about it -no more darkness, no more candles and lanterns and bobo.

(KWANSAH approaches from stage left, with a suspicious look on his face.)

Iddrisu: You and your day-dreams. Remember last time when we learned about Noah's Ark? You had to make one too. You are always looking at impossible projects.

Kwansah: Madam I know-everything! What are both of you doing here? I have been watching both of you. You better not be up to something! And remember, the next time you make me look stupid in class, I won't spare you.

Asantewaa: (*Impatiently waving Kwansah away, while addressing Iddrisu*) We'll research, experiment, and figure it out. I've already been thinking about it. We can use solar panels and –

Iddrisu: (*interrupting with a laugh*) And nothing. Please I am famished. Allow me to go home, eat and rest.

(*He moves off towards stage right, with Asantewaa one step behind, still talking. She gets his attention in front of the market stall, where AUNTY SIISI is sitting.*)

Asantewaa: (*breathlessly*) Iddrisu, wait! You know we always try my ideas together.

Iddrisu: (*laughing*) Asantewaa, the last time I did, I nearly got a snake bite. Not again. Besides, I'm hungry, Asantewaa.

Auntie Siisi: (*welcoming*) Ah, my children! Come, buy something for me. What's the hurry?

Asantewaa: (*determined*) Auntie Siisi, we're discussing generating electricity for the village.

Aunty Siisi: (*sceptical*) Electricity? That's a big project, Asantewaa. You're not thinking of those city things again?

Asantewaa: (*persistent*) But why not, Aunty? We can learn how to do it. Iddrisu, let's tell Aunty Siisi about Sir Nii's lesson.

Iddrisu: (*teasingly*) Oh, Asantewaa's got a new daydream, Auntie. Just a simple lesson on science in class today, now we should start generating electricity.

Aunty Siisi: (*chuckling*) Well, Asantewaa, you're certainly ambitious. But be careful, okay?

Asantewaa: I will, Aunty. Iddrisu, I'll come to your house after dinner. We're not dropping this.

Iddrisu: (*smiling*) Asantewaa, you're unstoppable. (*He walks on and leaves Asantewaa. Asantewaa is about to leave but Auntie Siisi stops her.*)

Aunty Siisi: Asantewaa, come back! I do admire your curiosity. I expect great things of you! Don't give up, daughter. I hope your friend doesn't give up either.

Asantewaa: (*discouraged*) Hmm Aunty... I'm afraid Iddrisu is tired of my dreaming ways. 'And I don't know if I can do it alone!

(*she looks tearful, but Auntie Siisi consoles her as the lights fade on the scene.*)

ACT 1, SCENE 2

(In front of Asantewaa's home, with a thatch hut in the middle ground, At stage centre, we see a saucepan on a small coal-pot fire to the left-hand, beside a small kitchen stool. On the right-hand side, ASANTEWAA sits at a small wooden table, staring blankly into space. ASANTEWAA'S MUM emerges from the hut's doorway.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(concerned)* Asantewaa, what's wrong? You look troubled.

Asantewaa: *(sighs)* Mama, it's Iddrisu. He won't help me with my project.

Asantewaa's Mum: *(irritated)* What project now? You and your fanciful ideas!

Asantewaa: *(determined)* Generating electricity for the village, Mother. We can do it!

Asantewaa's Mum: *(surprised)* Electricity?! You think you're some kind of miracle worker?!

(She slams her hand on the table, making Asantewaa jump.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(yelling)* Why can't you focus on your studies like other children?! Why must you always chase impossible dreams?!

Asantewaa: *(tearfully)* But Mother, this can change our lives! No more darkness, no more –

Asantewaa's Mum: — *(cutting her off)* Enough! You'll never amount to anything with these foolish 'notions!

(she turns to leave, but not before giving Asantewaa a harsh look.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(coldly)* Concentrate on your books, Asantewaa. Forget this electricity nonsense.

(The door slams shut behind her, leaving Asantewaa alone, tears streaming down her face. Asantewaa buries her face in her arms, her body shaking with sobs. The lights fade.)

ACT 2 SCENE 1

(ASANTEWAA'S MOTHER is cooking over her coal-pot fire; behind her, from stage right, KWANSAH'S MUM approaches with a determined gait.)

Kwansah's Mum: *(stiffly)* Ago! I greet you.

Asantewaa's Mum: *(turning, surprised)* Oh, my sister. Good evening! I hope all is well?

Kwansah's Mum: *(offended)* I hardly know myself. It is your daughter we should be asking.

Asantewaa's Mum: *(wondering)* Asantewaa? I beg pardon, what did she do?

(Hearing her name, ASANTEWAA emerges from the doorway of the hut.)

Kwansah's Mum: (*heatedly*) What did she do? She is trying to disgrace my son! She keeps getting in his way at school, until he can hardly answer a question

Asantewaa's Mum: (*apologetically*) I'm sorry to hear that.

Kwansah's Mum: (*accusingly*) She keeps trying to make Kwansah look bad in class. What is her problem?

(*Asantewaa shakes her head wonderingly, but her expression is defiant as she walks forward to stare at Kwansah's mum.*)

Kwansah's Mum: (*pointing at Asantewaa*) Look at her! She's staring at me like a witch!

Asantewaa's Mum: (*worried*) Maame Kwansah, please...

Kwansah's Mum: (*accusingly*) Is your daughter a witch? Only witches know everything!

(*Asantewaa starts in amazement. Her indignation is clear.*)

Asantewaa's Mum: — (*desperately*) Hush, my sister, you can't say that!

Kwansah's Mum: (*menacingly*) You'd better control her, or I won't be the only one saying it!

(*Kwansah's mother turns and exits, leaving Asantewaa's mother looking worried and Asantewaa seething with anger. The scene fades to black.*)

ACT 2 SCENE 2

(*A classroom setting. In the foreground are a few desks. A blackboard is mounted behind a table, where SIR NII is sitting, examining a sheaf of papers. ASANTEWAA approaches Sir Nii, clearly frustrated.*)

Asantewaa: (*sadly*) Sir Nii, I need to share something with you.

Sir Nii: (*kindly*) Of course, Asantewaa. What's troubling you?

Asantewaa: (*passionately*) I want to generate electricity for our village using solar panels. But Iddrisu refuses to help me.

Sir Nii: (*concerned*) what's his reason?

Asantewaa: (*disappointed*) He thinks it's impossible. He says I'm always chasing daydreams.

SIR NII: (*encouragingly*) Don't let that discourage you, Asantewaa. Sometimes the greatest achievements start with one person.

Asantewaa: (*frustrated*) But it's harder alone. I need someone to believe in me.

Sir Nii: (*smiling*) I believe in you, Asantewaa. And I think Iddrisu will come around.

Asantewaa: (*sceptical*) Do you really think so, sir?

Sir Nii: *(wisely)* Yes, I do. He's a bright student, and he'll see the potential in your project. Sometimes people need time to understand.

(Sir Nii rummages through his shelves, producing a large book. He hands it to Asantewaa with a smile.)

Sir Nii: *(smiling)* This will guide you through the process.

Asantewaa: *(gratefully)* Thank you, Sir Nii.

Sir Nii: *(reassuringly)* Start alone, Asantewaa. But don't be surprised if you find help along the way,

(Asantewaa nods with renewed determination. She moves to her desk, flipping through the book, and sits to read.)

Asantewaa: *(to herself)* Solar panels, inverters, batteries...it's all so complex.
(IDDRISU enters the room, looking curious.)

Iddrisu: Asantewaa, what's all this?

Asantewaa: *(without looking up)* Just my impossible daydreams.

Iddrisu: *(teasingly)* Ah, the electricity project.

Asantewaa: *(firmly)* I'm doing it, Iddrisu. With or without you.

Iddrisu: *(impressed)* You're really serious about his.

Asantewaa: *(determined)* Dead serious.

(Iddrisu lingers, watching Asantewaa work.)

Iddrisu: *(thoughtfully)* Maybe I can help...

Asantewaa: *(delighted)* Really?

Iddrisu: *(smiling)* Yeah. Can't let you have all the fun.

(The two grin at each other, then Iddrisu joins Asantewaa to study the book as the lights fade.)

ACT 3 SCENE 1

(In the classroom, some days later. As SIR NII writes on the blackboard, ASANTEWAA and IDDRISU enter, talking enthusiastically.)

Asantewaa: *(eagerly)* Sir Nii, we're making progress!

Sir Nii: *(smiling)* Ah, the electricity project!

Iddrisu: *(passionately)* I'm sure our system should work - but we need some materials.

Sir Nii : (nodding) Solar panels , inverters , batteries ... I anticipated this .

(Sir Nii opens a storage cabinet, revealing an array of equipment.)

Sir Nii: *(proudly)* I've collected these over the years. They should suffice.

Asantewaa : *(amazed)* But Sir ! How did you ... ?

Sir Nii: *(smiling)* As a teacher, one must anticipate the needs of innovators.

Iddrisu: *(gratefully)* Thank you, Sir Nii!

Sir Nii: *(serious)* Now, let's review your design. Ensure it's safe and efficient.

(Together, they spread out diagrams and notes, discussing the project's technical aspects.)

Asantewaa: *(excitedly)* Don't you think we could convert the old water pump for that?

Iddrisu: *(impressed)* That's genius!

Sir Nii: *(approvingly)* You two are a formidable team.

(Still excitedly discussing their project, Asantewaa and Iddrisu exit, stage right. With a pleased expression, Sir Nii returns to his table as the lights fade.)

ACT 3, SCENE 2

(In front of Asantewaa's hut. ASANTEWAA and IDDRISU are intensely working on the solar panel project, scattered tools and materials surrounding them.)

Asantewaa: *(excitedly)* Yes! This will work!

Iddrisu: *(measuring)* Almost there ...

(ASANTEWAA'S MUM calls from inside the hut.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(firmly)* Asantewaa!

Asantewaa: *(irritated)* Just one minute, Mama !

Asantewaa's Mum: *(sternly)* Now, Asantewaa!

Asantewaa: *(sighs)* But Mummy, we're almost done with this project.

(Asantewaa's mum emerges, arms akimbo.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(disapprovingly)* That project again! It's wasting your time.

Iddrisu : *(respectfully)* Maa , this project will benefit the village.

Asantewaa's Mum: *(annoyed)* Nobody asked you, young man.

(Asantewaa's mother re - enters the hut with a disapproving shake of her head.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(firmly)* Asantewaa, come. Now!

Asantewaa: *(frustrated)* Oh, Mama! Please try to understand?

Asantewaa's Mum: *(angrily)* Enough! You'll do as I say!

(Asantewaa throws up her hands in mute frustration, and enters the hut, leaving Iddrisu shaking his head in sympathy.)

Iddrisu: *(to himself)* This isn't going to be easy.

(UNCLE ATO enters from stage left, interest. He approaches Iddrisu, observing the scene with who is working on the project.)

Uncle Ato: *(curiously)* What's all this?

Iddrisu: *(excitedly)* We're building a solar-powered electricity system for the village.

Uncle Ato: *(impressed)* Ambitious! Tell me more.

(Iddrisu explains the project, gesturing at the table, as Uncle Ato's eyes widen with excitement.)

Uncle Ato: *(intrigued)* Asantewaa? She's the brain behind this?

Iddrisu: *(smiling)* Yes, sir.

Uncle Ato: *(proudly)* You mean my niece is the brain behind this?

(Uncle Ato strides excitedly to the hut, as Asantewaa's mum emerged. He leads her away to stage right, where they have a hushed and intense conversation.)

Asantewaa's mum: Asantewaa? My daughter!

(Asantewaa emerges, looking downcast.)

Asantewaa's Mum: *(firmly)* Asantewaa, go and work on your project. I'll cook.

Asantewaa: *(overjoyed)* Thank you, Mama!

Uncle Ato: *(smiling)* You're welcome, my dear.

(Asantewaa rushes back to Iddrisu, who hands her a screwdriver with a beaming smile and a salute.)

Asantewaa: *(excitedly)* We can do this!

Iddrisu: *(confidently)* Together!

(Uncle Ato watches, a proud smile on his face.)

Uncle Ato: *(to himself)* The hope and future of this village lies in her hands.

(As mother and uncle stand watching the two children, the lights fade.)

ACT 4, SCENE 2

(Days later, on the village path, As Asantewaa and Iddrisu enter from stage right, villagers approach to stare at the pieces of equipment in their hands. All are buzzing with excitement.)

Villager 1: *(curiously)* How will this bring electricity?

Asantewaa: *(confidently)* Solar panels convert sunlight into energy.

Iddrisu: *(smiling)* And our inverter converts it into usable power.

Villager 2: *(impressed)* You two are geniuses!

(UNCLE ATO approaches, beaming with pride.)

Uncle Ato: *(proudly)* My niece and her friend will change our village's future!

(KWANSAH'S MOTHER stands by, with arms tightly folded.)

Kwansah's Mum: *(muttering)* I don't trust this. It's unnatural.

Villager 2: *(reassuringly)* Give them a chance. We need progress.

(Asantewaa and Iddrisu exchange a determined glance.)

Asantewaa: *(firmly)* We'll make this work.

Iddrisu: Yes, Asantewaa. We will!

ACT 5 SCENE 1

(At Asantewaa's hut. ASANTEWAA and IDDRISU test their invention with a light bulb, as SIR NII looks on proudly. The light winks on and off as they engage the switch. The children exchange a delighted high-five.)

Asantewaa : *(excitedly)* We've finished the solar system !

Iddrisu: *(smiling)* Tonight, we can show everybody!

Sir Nii: *(proudly)* You know, I think we need to tell the chief about this. Let's light up the palace!

(The children greet this suggestion with excitement. All three rush off, exiting stage left. As they leave, KWANSAH cautiously emerges from behind the hut, tiptoeing to stage centre, where the solar system lays on the table.)

Kwansah: *(maliciously, to himself)* I'll show them who's superior.

(Kwansah rips away the wires of the solar panels , hides them under his shirt , and runs away to exit , stage right .)

(After a minute, ASANTEWAA, IDDRISU, and SIR NII return. They are followed by the CHIEF, with his GUARDS, and VILLAGERS.)

Asantewaa: *(panicked)* Iddrisu, it's gone!

Iddrisu: *(devastated)* Our project ... stolen!

Chief: *(indignant)* But who could do this?

Sir Nii: Who indeed, Nana?

Asantewaa: *(heartbroken)* We don't know.

Iddrisu: *(desperate)* Without those panels, the project is ruined.

Chief: *(firmly)* We'll find who's responsible.

(KWANSAH'S MUM watches from afar, wringing her hands with a guilty expression on her face .)

ACT 5 SCENE 2

(On the village path, with VILLAGERS and GUARDS busily entering and emerging from the huts in the distance. They are clearly searching for the missing panels.)

Villager 1: *(firmly)* We must find those panels!

Villager 2: *(determined)* Justice for Asantewaa and Iddrisu!

Guard 1: *(authoritatively)* Keep searching ! Search every hut.

Guard 2: *(firmly)* No exceptions.

(KWANSAH'S MUM stands by , still wringing her hands . She shakes her head, clearly wrestling with a great secret.)

Villager 1: *(authoritatively)* Maame Kwansah, what is the matter?

Villager 2: *(suspiciously)* Yes, and why aren't you helping with the search?

(Kwansah's mother tears at her headscarf, and bursts into tears.)

Guard 1: *(concerned)* Aunty, what is the matter?

Kwansah's Mum: *(wailing)* Enough! I've had enough! *(She calls loudly, looking around.)* Kwansah!
Kwansah!

(KWANSAH guiltily emerges from behind a hut. He clumsily reveals the panels from beneath his shirt.)

Guards 1 & 2: *(exclaiming together)* What!

Villager 2: *(sadly)* I don't believe it!

(The guards grab Kwansah and his mother. A villager quickly exits, stage left, and returns with the CHIEF and SIR NII.)

Chief: *(shocked)* Maame Kwansah!

Kwansah's Mum: Nana!

Chief: *(sternly)* Explain yourselves.

Kwansah's Mum: *(tearfully)* Nana, it is this girl. She made my son so jealous...

Kwansah: *(defiantly)* I'm not jealous! Why should she always succeed?

Chief: *(disappointed)* And so for jealousy, you would harm your own village?

(ASANTEWAA and IDDRISU arrive, their faces a mix of emotions.)

Asantewaa: *(sadly)* Why, Kwansah?

Iddrisu: *(angrily)* You ruined our hard work!

(The Chief deliberates, then renders his judgment.)

Chief: *(firmly)* Kwansah and his mother will what face community service.

(Villagers nod in agreement. The Guards lead Kwansah and his mother away.)

ACT 6

(At the Chief's palace. In the dim light, we see the façade is decorated with large pillars and traditional icons. ASANTEWA IDDRISU, and SIR NII arrive, solar panels in hand.)

Asantewaa: *(excitedly)* Finally, we're doing it!

Iddrisu: *(smiling)* Our hard work paid off!

Sir Nii: *(proudly)* You two are changing village's future.

(They begin connecting the solar panels to their invention. As they finish, several bulbs spring to life, shining brightly on the scene.)

Asantewaa: (*triumphantly*) We did it!

Iddrisu: (*overjoyed*) Electricity!

(*As CHIEF, VILLAGERS and GUARDS gather to celebrate, loud celebrations are also heard from backstage.*)

Villager 1: (*excitedly*) The village has electricity!

Villager 2: (*gratefully*) Thanks to Asantewaa and Iddrisu!

(*The Chief approaches the children, beaming with pride.*)

Chief: (*proudly*) Asantewaa, Iddrisu, you've brought light to our village.

(*Villagers gather around, congratulating Asantewaa and Iddrisu.*)

Sir Nii: (*smiling*) You children are like lights as well! Your dedication inspires us all.

(*The villagers and guards join the children to dance in the electric, light from the bulbs, as joyful music is heard from backstage. The lights slowly fade on the happy scene.*)

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. When Asantewaa says "Just my impossible daydreams", she is using the device of:

- a. Metaphor b. Personification c. Hyperbolic d. Sarcasm

2. Electricity in the story symbolizes:

- a. Destruction of traditional ways b. Illumination and progress
c. Isolation from the outside world d. Stagnation and decline

3. Asantewaa and Iddrisu's journey highlights the importance of:

- a. Individual achievement over collective effort b. Community collaboration and shared success
c. Tradition over innovation d. Personal feeling above social responsibility

Read the extract below and answer the following questions:

(*ASANTEWAA, IDDRISU, and SIR NII arrive, solar panels in hand.*)

Asantewaa: (*excitedly*) Finally, we're doing it!

Iddrisu: (*smiling*) Our hard work paid off.

Sir Nii: (*proudly*) You two are changing our village's future.

The atmosphere in this extract is primarily characterized by:

- a. Nostalgia and reminiscence b. Tension and uncertainty
c. Despair and hopelessness d. Anticipation and expectation

5. The mood conveyed through Asantewaa's dialogue is:

- a. Sombre and reflective
- b. Joyful and triumphant
- c. Melancholic and introspective
- d. Fearful and anxious

6. The tone of Sir Nii's statement is:

- a. Critical and disapproving
- b. Proud and encouraging
- c. Sarcastic and ironic
- d. Detached and neutral

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

Compare and contrast Asantewaa and Iddrisu's relationship with Kwansah's relationship with his mother, highlighting similarities and differences.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Analyse the theme of community development in the story, highlighting Asantewaa and Iddrisu's contributions to their village.
2. Examine the character development of Asantewaa and Iddrisu throughout the story, focusing on their motivations and growth.

THE UNSEEN PAINTER

The very white canvas
Suddenly turned darker
God must be a painter

Changing dark and white sheets
Painting them bright with sunlight
And dark with the moon and twinkling stars

Sometimes with white cloudy humans
And a pregnant woman in the sun
Or a woman with a cuddled child in the sun

God must be a painter
And we men paint him too
As black or white or Indian or Caucasian

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. Identify the central theme of the poem?

- a. The power of human creativity
- b. The beauty of nature
- c. The divine as a creative force
- d. Social inequality

2. "White canvas" as used in the poem symbolizes

- a. A blank page
- b. The world before creation
- c. Purity and innocence
- d. Artistic expression

3. The "dark and white sheets" refers to

- a. Day and night
- b. Good and evil
- c. Light and darkness
- d. Opposites in life

4. The "unseen painter" in the poem refers to

- a. God
- b. The poet
- c. Nature
- d. Humanity

5. The "pregnant woman in the sun" symbolizes

- a. Fertility and new life
- b. Motherly love
- c. Womanhood
- d. Beauty

6. In the poem, the human perceptions of God can be summarised as

- a. God is distant and unreachable
- b. God is only for believers
- c. Humans limit God with their own biases
- d. God is unknowable

7. "God must be a painter" is an example of

- a. Metaphor
- b. Simile
- c. Personification
- d. Hyperbole

8. The poem conveys the tone of
- a. Contemplative and reflective
 - b. Critical and satirical
 - c. Joyful and celebratory
 - d. Melancholic and sombre
9. The poet has an attitude towards diversity. This can be described as
- a. Indifferent
 - b. Tolerant
 - c. Celebratory
 - d. Critical
10. The relationship between art and spirituality is seen as in the poem.
- a. They are separate entities
 - b. Art is a form of spiritual expression
 - c. Spirituality inspires art
 - d. Art is superior to spirituality
11. The "moon and twinkling stars" are portrayed as
- a. The beauty of nature
 - b. Mystery of the universe
 - c. God's creation
 - d. Human insignificance
12. Show how the poem use imagery?
- a. Vivid and descriptive
 - b. Sparse and subtle
 - c. Abstract and symbolic
 - d. Concrete and realistic
13. Demonstrate how human understanding is expressed in the poem.
- a. Humans have limitless knowledge
 - b. Humans are limited by their biases
 - c. Humans can never truly understand God
 - d. Humans are all-knowing
14. The form of the poem is
- a. Free verse
 - b. Sonnet
 - c. Ballad
 - d. Ode
15. The overall effect of the poem is
- a. Provocative and thought-provoking
 - b. Soothing and calming
 - c. Inspirational and uplifting
 - d. Confusing and ambiguous

ESSAY QUESTIONS

MIXED GENDER DISCUSSION AND PRESENTATION

Explore the theme of divine creativity in "The Unseen Painter." How does the poem portray God as an artist?

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Choose one question:

1. Analyse the use of imagery and symbolism in the poem. What do the "white canvas," "dark and white sheets," and "twinkling stars" represent?
2. Discuss the significance of the poem's title, "The Unseen Painter." How does it relate to the poem's themes and messages?

REAL ILLUSIONED BECKLEY

I lived in a strange known land
Somewhere in an industrial city
A new suburb where many houses sprung

But somewhere in that same area
The grasses grew tall
With a thinner path
Where many legs trod not alone

For somewhere in that same area
A quiet house lived
No one dared to slip through its path

It was believed that some heads got lost
In that house where PhD Beckley lived
In a quiet zone of an industrial city

In some other distant towns and cities
It was a forest or a stream or a house
Or a monster or a madam on a high heel

Many houses have grown
Around the high-tension zone
But can't find Dr Beckley's home
We feared to death as children

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

1. The primary setting of the poem is
a. A rural village b. An industrial city c. A forest d. A coastal town
2. The industrial city in the poem depicts
a. Natural environment b. Urban landscape c. Historical landmarks d. Cultural diversity
3. The symbolic meaning of the "tall grasses" is:
a. Neglect and abandonment b. Growth and renewal
c. Fear and intimidation d. Beauty and serenity
4. Dr Beckley's is seen in the poem as
a. A mysterious figure b. A friendly neighbour c. A local legend d. A historical figure
5. The theme explored through the speaker's childhood is:.....
a. Innocence and naivety b. Fear and intimidation
c. Curiosity and exploration d. Nostalgia and reminiscence
6. Identify the literary device used to evoke tension in the poem.

- a. Imagery b. Metaphor c. Alliteration d. Foreshadowing

7. The "high-tension zone" represents

- a. Danger and risk b. Industrialization and progress
c. Natural beauty and wonder d. Urbanization and development

8. Describe the speaker's feeling about Dr Beckley's house?

- a. Curious and intrigued b. Fearful and intimidated
c. Indifferent and neutral d. Angry and resentful

9. An idea on urbanization has been created by the writer.

This is the idea that

- a. It's beneficial and progressive b. It's harmful and destructive
c. It's necessary and inevitable d. It's complex and multifaceted

ESSAY QUESTIONS

MIXED GENDER GROUP DISCUSSION

Identify a situation in your community like the theme in the poem. Compare and contrast the theme of fear and its impact on children.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Develop a poem on a real personal experience, or a well-known incident in your community.

BEYOND LIGHT AND SHADOW

In the heart of Accra, Cedar of Lebanon School had transformed into a perpetual nightmare, striking fear into the hearts of parents who dared not imagine an alternative. As the sole educational stronghold in the neighbourhood, families were shackled to this troubled institution, powerless against the creeping dread that threatened to engulf their children. Whispered rumours of a secret student cabal, forged years ago in darkness and deceit, had long plagued the community. This rogue group, allegedly financed by shadowy benefactors, revelled in chaos, its sinister agenda aimed squarely at shattering the school's fragile peace.

The fallout was devastating. Academic excellence gave way to gloomy failure, as grades fell and morale crumbled. Once-hopeful parents now despaired of Cedar of Lebanon's ability to nurture young minds, their trust shattered by the school's inability to safeguard its most precious asset: the future.

For families in the neighbourhood, sending their children to a distant school was a daunting task, weighed down by the added burdens of transportation and meal costs. Abeka, a newcomer to Cedar of Lebanon School, was well aware of its troubled reputation, courtesy of his mother's thorough briefings.

Despite the financial means to enrol him in a better school elsewhere, Abeka's mother faced a dilemma. Her demanding work schedule made it impossible to pick him up on time, leaving her anxious about his safety. Proximity was a compelling reason to keep him at Cedar of Lebanon, allowing Abeka to walk home after school.

Fear still gripped her heart, but she also saw an opportunity for her son to rise above the school's challenges. Perhaps, she thinks, Abeka's presence could be a beacon of hope in a struggling institution.

Abeka's mother wasn't alone in her concerns. The parent teacher association had long shared her fears, driven by the school's downward curve. United, they took action, petitioning the Municipal Education Directorate for a strong, disciplined leader to steer Cedar of Lebanon back on course.

Their pleas didn't fall on deaf ears. The Director, recognizing the urgency, responded with a bold move. Mrs. Janet Acquah, a seasoned educator renowned for her unwavering positivity and unshakeable will, was transferred to Cedar of Lebanon. Her mission: to transform the school's tarnished image and restore hope to its fractured community.

With Mrs. Acquah's arrival, a sense of optimism began to stir. Parents, students, and teachers alike wondered if this marked the beginning of a brighter era.

The notorious Ashes Flame group still lurked in the shadows of Cedar of Lebanon School, their anonymous presence striking fear into the hearts of students and teachers. Like a spirit, they seemed untouchable, their membership a closely guarded secret.

Undaunted, Mrs. Acquah vowed to confront this entrenched evil. Identifying the group's members was her first challenge, but she was resolute in her determination to restore peace and stability to the school.

She began by scouring student records and behaviour patterns, searching for subtle clues that might reveal the group's hidden network. Conducting discreet interviews with teachers and students, Mrs. Acquah listened attentively to their concerns and observations, piecing together fragments of information.

As she monitored school activities, Mrs. Acquah's keen eye detected telltale signs of disruption, hinting at Ashes Flame's influence. She noted the faint drawings on classroom walls, the whispered conversations in corridors, and the uneasy glances exchanged between students.

With each discovery, Mrs. Acquah's resolve strengthened. She was determined to unmask Ashes Flame, to disrupt their disruptive influence, and to bring hope back to Cedar of Lebanon.

She dug deeper, and whispers of resistance began to circulate. Ashes Flame sensed the threat, but Mrs. Acquah remained unwavering.

In a bold move, Mrs. Acquah, the newly appointed head teacher of Cedar of Lebanon School, enrolled her only child, Tina Bells, in the institution. This personal investment sent a powerful message to the community.

When news of Tina's enrolment spread, parents' scepticism began to fade. They saw Mrs. Acquah's decision as a testament to her faith in the school's potential. "If she's willing to entrust her child to our school," they reasoned, "then she must truly believe in its transformation."

With Tina by her side, Mrs. Acquah's commitment to Cedar of Lebanon's revival became even more resolute. She declared to herself: "I will stop at nothing to ensure this school excels. My child's education is at stake, and I will not settle for anything less than excellence."

Parents, inspired by Mrs. Acquah's conviction, began to reevaluate their perceptions of the school. Hope and optimism started to resurface.

Benson, the charismatic head prefect of Cedar of Lebanon School, had always been the epitome of discipline and authority. His chiselled features and commanding presence made him the object of admiration for many female students. Yet, amidst the flurry of attention, his gaze was captivated by one pair of piercing eyes - Tina Bells', the beautiful daughter of Mrs. Acquah.

Tina's gentle smile and infectious laughter enchanted Benson, and his initial interest blossomed into an all-consuming passion. Each passing day, his love for her swelled, and he found himself inexorably drawn to her. Defying his reputation as a ladies' man, Benson resisted the advances of other admiring girls, his focus solely fixed on Tina.

Their friendship blossomed, with Benson revelling in Tina's intelligence, kindness, and beauty. However, this development didn't go unnoticed by his inner circle. Unbeknownst to Tina, Benson was the enigmatic leader of the notorious Ashes Flame group, a secret society shrouded in mystery and feared by many.

The group's rigid code forbade members from indulging in romantic entanglements, deeming women a potential vulnerability, an Achilles' heel that could compromise their secrecy. The legend of Sampson, whose love for Delilah proved his downfall, served as a cautionary tale.

Benson's loyal cohorts, wary of Tina's influence, grew uneasy. They sensed their leader's wavering resolve and conspiratorially plotted to intervene.

"Benson, our leader, has been compromised," they whispered among themselves. "The girl will be our undoing. We must protect our brother and our organization."

Tension simmered within the group as they sought to restrain Benson, their usually unyielding leader, now helplessly entangled in Tina's spell.

For years, the shadowy founders of Ashes Flame had meticulously orchestrated the school's hierarchy, ensuring the head prefect position remained within their grasp. This strategic manipulation allowed them to maintain an iron grip on Cedar of Lebanon, pulling strings from behind the scenes.

Their carefully constructed hierarchy was now threatened by an unexpected force: love. Benson, the current head prefect and leader of Ashes Flame, had fallen deeply for Tina Bells, the beautiful and innocent daughter of Mrs. Acquah, the determined head teacher.

This forbidden romance jeopardized the fragile balance of power. The founders' grip on the school began to slip as Benson's loyalty wavered. Torn between his duty to Ashes Flame and his love for Tina, Benson faced an impossible choice.

Would he prioritize the secretive organization that had moulded him, or risk everything for the chance at true love?

Tensions escalated, and the school's future hung precariously in the balance. Mrs. Acquah's reforms, aimed at uprooting Ashes Flame's influence, now faced a critical test. Would Benson's love for Tina prove the catalyst for change, or would the weight of his loyalty to Ashes Flame crush the hope of a better tomorrow?

As the morning sun cast its warm rays upon the school, Head Prefect Benson and Tina Bells sought solace in a secluded corner, their breakfast a fleeting escape from the day's impending chaos. The gentle rustle of leaves and chirping birds provided a serene backdrop for their intimate conversation.

Tina's inquisitive gaze, like a beacon of curiosity, pierced Benson's reserved demeanour. Her voice, barely above a whisper, stirred the air with an unsettling question: "I've heard whispers of a clandestine group sabotaging our school's progress. Is it true?"

Benson's expression transformed, his eyes clouding like a stormy sky. His lips, once curled into a warm smile, now formed a taut line, as if fortified against the truth. Tina's persistence, however, chipped away at his resolve.

With a heavy sigh, Benson surrendered to the weight of his secrets. His words, laced with a mix of reluctance and resolve, unveiled the hidden history of Ashes Flame.

"Ten years ago, our school's former head prefect, now the enigmatic founder of Ashes Flame, suffered a brutal fall from grace. Accused of pilfering school property and selling it for personal gain, he faced expulsion and the cruel denial of his WASSCE exams - a fate worse than expulsion itself."

Tina's eyes widened, her empathy palpable as she envisioned the founder's anguish.

"That must have been a crushing blow," she whispered, her voice tinged with compassion. Benson's gaze dropped, his voice barely audible.

"The founder felt betrayed, abandoned by the very institution he once served. That injustice ignited a fire within him, forging Ashes Flame - a symbol of resistance against the school's perceived injustice."

As Benson's words faded into the air, Tina's gaze lingered on his face, searching for the truth beneath his words.

"And what's the group's ultimate goal?" she pressed, her voice gentle yet unyielding.

Benson's hesitation hung like a pause in time. His eyes darted around, ensuring their solitude.

"To disrupt the school's stability, to make authorities regret their decision," he whispered, his voice laced with a hint of doubt.

Tina's touch on Benson's arm sparked a connection, a glimmer of hope for redemption.

Benson's words hung in the air like a dark confession, his eyes locked onto Tina's horrified gaze.

"They destroyed his future, so he vowed to destroy the school," he whispered, the weight of his statement crushing the serenity of their breakfast sanctuary.

Tina's face contorted in shock, her voice trembling.

"Are you a member of this group?" she asked, her tone laced with disgust and incredulity.

Benson's hesitant nod sealed his fate. Tina's eyes widened, her mind reeling with the implications.

"How can you be a part of such destruction?" she exclaimed, her voice rising like a storm. "What future can we share if you're hell-bent on ruining the very institution that's supposed to nurture us?"

Tina's anguish deepened, her words piercing Benson like a dagger.

"He was wrong, and he needed to be punished, but not at the expense of innocent students and teachers. Your loyalty to Ashes Flame is misguided, Benson. You're perpetuating a cycle of harm and vengeance."

Her fury boiled over, and with a swift motion, Tina gathered her belongings and stormed away, leaving Benson shattered and alone.

The once - peaceful corner now felt desolate, the warmth of their breakfast lost to the chill of Tina's departure. Benson's eyes, once bright with hope, dimmed with the realization that his secrets had destroyed the bond they shared.

The sun - drenched compound, once a hub of laughter and learning, transformed into a scene of unspeakable horror. Members of Ashes Flame, their faces twisted with malevolent intent, converged upon Benson with sinister purpose.

"Benson, what did you tell her?"

The words dripped with venom, precursor to the brutality that followed. Benson's attempt to explain was drowned out by the deafening roar of rage. The group's members pounced, their fists flying like hailstones, pounding Benson's defenceless body.

The sound of crunching bones and tearing flesh echoed through the compound, sending shockwaves of terror through the student body. Benson's anguished cries, mingling with the sickening thuds, seemed to shake the very foundations of the school.

Teachers and students, frozen in disbelief, watched as Benson's once - strong frame crumpled beneath the relentless onslaught. His body, now a battered, blood - soaked canvas, lay motionless on the ground.

The assailants, their rage sated, fled like cowardly spectres, vanishing into the shadows. The compound, once alive with laughter, now lay silent, as if holding its breath in collective shock.

Benson's broken form, stained with the crimson hue of betrayal, was gently lifted onto a stretcher. His pain - racked gaze, searching for solace, met the horror - stricken faces of his peers.

The ambulance sirens pierced the air. Benson's thoughts drifted to Tina, the girl whose trust had sparked this maelstrom. His mind reeled with regret, his heart heavy with the weight of secrets and shattered loyalty.

The hospital's sterile corridors, a stark contrast to the chaos left behind, became Benson's refuge. His battered body, suspended between life and death, hung in the balance, a testament to Ashes Flame's ruthless vengeance.

The law's long arm finally closed in on the perpetrators, as the boys were apprehended and taken in for questioning. Under scrutiny, they cracked, revealing the mastermind behind Ashes Flame's sinister operations: Nkrabea.

The authorities swiftly swung into action, apprehending Nkrabea and dismantling his network. His empire of manipulation and fear crumbled, its dark influence banished from the school's halls.

Meanwhile, Benson, his body and spirit battered, embarked on the arduous journey of recovery. With time, care, and determination, he healed, his resolve strengthened by the ordeal.

Upon his return to school, Benson found a transformed environment. Mrs. Acquah, the head teacher, had spearheaded a revolutionary series of programs aimed at reshaping the students ' mindsets.

“Rebuilding Hope” initiatives, workshops, and counselling sessions became the cornerstone of the school's rejuvenation. Students, once bound by fear and intimidation, began to break free, embracing empathy, understanding, and unity.

The school's compounds, once a battleground, transformed into a vibrant tapestry of laughter, creativity, and growth. Benson, now a symbol of resilience, joined forces with Mrs. Acquah, determined to forge a brighter future for his peers.

As Nkrabea's dark legacy faded, a new dawn broke over Cedar of Lebanon School. The ashes of Ashes Flame's destruction gave rise to a phoenix of hope, forged in the hearts of its students.

The dismantling of Ashes Flame and Nkrabea's arrest sent shockwaves of relief throughout the community. Parents, once worried sick about their children's safety, now breathed collective sighs of gratitude.

The school's transformation resonated deeply, revitalizing the community's sense of unity and purpose. Fear and anxiety gave way to hope and renewal, as families reunited, sharing stories of resilience.

Parents, empowered by the school's revitalization, became active participants in the "Rebuilding Hope" initiatives. They attended workshops, joined advocacy groups, and volunteered, forging unbreakable bonds with teachers and administrators.

Community centres, once deserted, teemed with life as families gathered for support groups, counselling sessions, and skill - building programs. Local businesses flourished, investing in the school's revitalization and sponsoring initiatives.

ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS

Read the extract below and answer the following question:

Would he prioritize the secretive organization that had moulded him, or risk everything for the chance at true love?

1. The above expression is an example of:

Read this extract and answer the following questions:

Once - hopeful parents now despaired of Cedar of Lebanon's ability to nurture young minds, their trust shattered by the school's inability to safeguard its most precious asset: the future.

2. " Young minds” as used in the extract above, is an example of:

3. The central theme of the story is

4. Identify the setting of the story.

5. " Fear still gripped her heart ...” This is an example of:

Read this extract and answer the following questions:

The notorious Ashes Flame group still lurked in the shadows of Cedar of Lebanon School, their anonymous presence striking fear into the hearts of students and teachers. Like a spirit, they seemed untouchable, their membership a closely guarded secret.

6. What atmosphere is created in the extract above?
7. Determine the mood of teachers and students.

ESSAY QUESTIONS

CLASS DISCUSSION

Discuss the theme of love in the story, and how it was used to solve the tension in the plot.

INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENT

Create a short novel developing a protagonist and an antagonist to bring out the theme in the story.