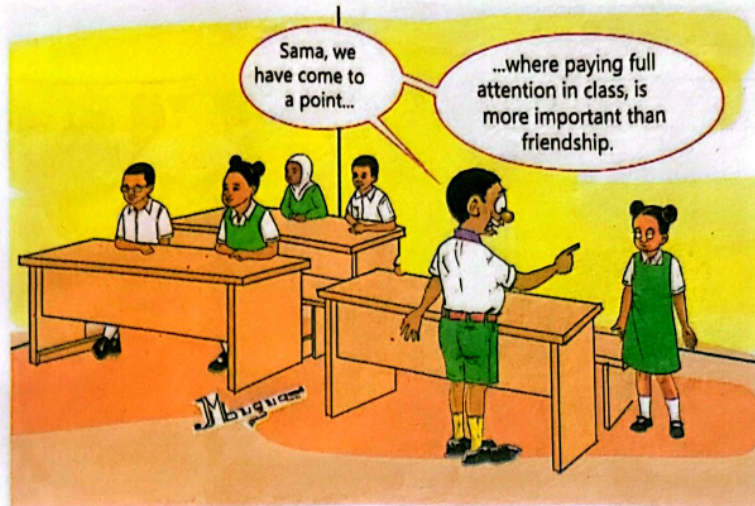




Musho's first day in Primary Seven

BY TONY MUSHOBOROZI

The sun shone a little brighter on the first day that Musho joined Primary Seven. He had looked forward to this moment since he was in Primary Five. While he was on the school holiday, he thought about being in Primary Seven every day. He often rehearsed a new way of walking that would fit his new status as a candidate. This is what he had worked hard for all the seven years. Now that day had come and to his shock, he did not feel any special.

As he walked from the car to his class, he remembered how candidates always looked bigger and respectable. But he did not feel big or respectable. He felt so normal and so small. This was disappointing and underwhelming.

He entered the Primary Seven classroom ahead of most of his classmates because he had insisted on leaving home 30 minutes earlier. He chose a very good looking desk with minimal scratches, placed in the corner at the back and sat down. This was it, Primary Seven.

"Musho, what time did you arrive?" Sama, walked in screaming.

"Candidates, candidates, you cannot make noise like

children," Musho imitated Teacher Jackson and the two friends laughed. They hugged.

"Can I share a desk with you?" Sama asked.

"I do not think they will allow us to sit together this time," Musho replied.

"Why not?"

"Because you make me talk all the time."

"Me? You are the talkative one," Sama replied.

"But I think if we want to pass, we should sit separately," Musho said.

"Why are you pretending to be mature?" Sama laughed.

"I am not kidding, Sama. We are now in Primary Seven," Musho said.

For the first time, Sama could feel that Musho was serious. She could

see it in his eyes. She was disappointed but deep down, she respected Musho for it. They had been sitting together since Primary Two and she had come to think things would stay like this forever. But paying full attention in class was now more important than friendship.

"Are you angry at me?" Musho asked.

"No, I am just sad. I hate that we are growing up. Why can't we be how we've always been?" she wondered.

"I hate it too, but we must do hard things so that the future can be soft," Musho said.

Sama rolled her eyes. Musho was talking like an uncle or a teacher. Of course she could see the reasoning behind it all, but she still felt sad about it.

"Good morning candidates," the headmistress greeted the class.

"Good morning madam headmistress," the class greeted back with beaming smiles.

"I expect so much from you. You are bright children, so put your whole heart into it. We have only three terms to PLE," she said and walked out.

The class fell silent. The seriousness of Primary Seven finally sunk in Musho's heart.

Answer this

1. Why had Musho been excited about joining Primary Seven?

2. How did Musho feel upon reaching his P7 classroom?

3. Why did Musho decide not to sit with Sama anymore?

4. What made the seriousness of P7 finally sink into Musho's heart?