

**PART 1
READING ALOUD**

In this passage, a woman remembers her musical talent.

Grace Lim was happy enough in her new retirement apartment. It was easy to keep clean, it had a garden she could share with the other residents in the block, and there were plenty of classes to attend and things to do. She had moved out of her old house after her husband had died. Her children were busy with their own jobs and families. Her son Ken was in America now, so she saw him less often – but she also had old friends nearby.

Grace had come to this class with her friend Caroline, who said it might be fun, and good for Caroline's aching wrists. The young instructor passed round a set of African drums. When they were passed to Grace, she was surprised to see that they were genuine – good quality drums and quite well-tuned. She tapped out a basic rhythm.

"It sounds as if you've done that before," the instructor said to her. "Have another go."

Grace settled the drums between the knees of her jeans and played in more complicated patterns, gradually building up speed. The drums seemed to talk to each other, and the room filled with the sound. The instructor and the rest of the class were amazed.

The instructor re-checked his class-list. "Grace Lim ...," he said. "Not *the* Grace Lim – who played with The Blue Scorpions in the 1970s?"

Grace smiled. She had indeed toured the world playing drums with a successful rock band. "Yes," she said. "That's who I was – once upon a time."



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