

**PART 1**  
**READING ALOUD**

*In this passage, an old woman talks about her past.*

"When I was young," said old Mrs Khan, "there was the War. Young people only learn about it in history classes, but it was a terrible time. I remember the bombing, and fires in the distance, and aeroplanes fighting in the sky. There were a lot of refugees – poor people who had nothing left at all. My brother and I were lucky to survive it."

Mrs Khan is well over ninety now. She is one of the oldest residents in a modern apartment block where the elderly can live independently, but have care assistants to help them when needed.

"After the War I was lucky again, and I met my husband," Mrs Khan went on. "His family were from India, and they were in the traditional silk-weaving business. So I joined in. In time I became quite an expert, even though I wasn't born to it. Indian silk in those days was the finest in the world."

Mrs Khan has been a widow for many years. By the time she retired she was running her own shop, selling other fabrics as well as finer silks. And she is still an expert. Show her a piece of handwoven silk, and she will tell you everything about it – its quality, how old it is, and even where it was made. She is still consulted sometimes by museums. Today she is wearing a silk blouse – "Not the finest, of course," she says, "but quite a good one."



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