**GRADE 10 ENGLISH**
**OPENER TERM 3 2026**
**TOTAL MARKS: 60**

**AUGUST/SEPTEMBER, 2026**
**TIME: 2 HOURS**
STUDENT'S NAME: _____

CLASS: _____ DATE: _____

## TASK 1: LISTENING AND SPEAKING (20 MARKS)

*Read the following oral narrative on **Culture** and answer the questions.*

Long ago, in a quiet village nestled near the winding banks of the Tana River, life moved in harmony with the rhythm of nature. At the heart of the village stood the ancient Mugumo tree, its wide branches stretching like protective arms over the people. It was beneath this sacred tree that the elders gathered whenever there was wisdom to share, disputes to settle, or history to preserve.

On this particular evening, the sky glowed with the fading light of the setting sun, painting the horizon in shades of gold and crimson. The air was filled with the soft hum of insects and the distant murmur of flowing water. One by one, villagers arrived and took their places in a wide circle. The elders stood in the center, their faces calm yet deeply lined with the stories of many generations.

They did not raise their voices, nor did they rush their words. Instead, they spoke slowly and rhythmically, their speech guided by the steady beat of traditional drums. Each beat seemed to carry meaning, echoing the heartbeat of the community. The youngest members of the village leaned forward eagerly, their eyes bright with curiosity, while the older youth listened with quiet respect.

The Chief, a tall and dignified man with a voice as deep as thunder yet as gentle as falling rain, rose to speak. He looked around at the gathered crowd before lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "A man who forgets his roots," he said thoughtfully, "is like a tree without water, slowly withering away under the harsh sun." His words hung in the air, powerful and unforgettable.

As the drums continued to beat, the elders began to sing. Their songs told of great journeys, brave warriors, and wise leaders who had shaped the destiny of their people. The stories were not written in books but carried in memory, passed down from one generation to the next like a precious inheritance. The voices of the elders rose and fell like waves, creating a melody that wrapped itself around every listener.

The youth sat still, absorbing every word, every rhythm, every lesson. They understood that