



Student's Name:.....

30

The Text

1-The sounds I associate with my mother have changed. No longer do I hear her almost girl like giggles when she laughs at her own jokes. No longer do I hear my full name, with an emphasis on the last syllable - PATRICIA - when she's perturbed with me. No longer do I hear her chatting away with her besties - A.K.A the Golden Girls - planning their next luncheon outing. No, those familiar and comforting sounds have been replaced with the muffled sounds of a walker equipped with two tennis balls to prevent sliding; or sometimes the sound of a wheel chair skidding across the floor when she says she can no longer walk; or the uncontrollable bursts of burping she suffers from almost constantly; or, most haunting to me, the cries of "why can't I stop shaking" when she can't remember her diagnosis of Parkinson's.

2-My mother suffers from both dementia and Parkinson's and I am now the one who oversees her care. She lives in a rehabilitation facility, what we called a nursing home when I was young. She requires 24X7 looking after and attention to most aspects of her life. It weighs on me that I can't take care of her at home. You see I work for myself and no two of my days are the same. But I'm no different than many of my girlfriends who have now become the parents to their parents. Whether it's full time, long distance or as a supplement to rehabilitative care we are the ones charged with seeing them through this time in their lives. And yes, it's mostly women who bear this burden. Despite having a great son who adores his Granny and visits often or a great partner who takes times with her, it falls to me to supervise everything associated with my mom's care at a rehabilitation center: from her laundry -because the center always mixes up her clothes- to the paperwork and mail that now comes to me because she won't remember to open it otherwise.

3-Some days are great with her offbeat sense of humor on full display. She's the arbiter of correctness at the center, directing other residents, or cheerfully chiding one who tries to take food from her luncheon, "That's not yours" she says. And she remembers all of us, occasionally mixing up a name or forgetting her great grandson's name. **Granted he's three and she doesn't have the same long-term frame of reference regarding him but she remembers "the baby".** The challenge is when the past is superimposed on the future and my Mom asks for her Dad or Mom, both of whom are long gone. Or when she tells me she doesn't want to go to school anymore and asks that I take her home. And because I didn't know them when they were young, I wonder what it was about school that she didn't like for it to force its way into her declining memory.

4- Life now is about routine. Same time to get up, same time for breakfast, same time for recreation, same time for lunch and same time for dinner. Most of all it's about her medicine regime. My Mom who only took high blood pressure medicine for 30 years now takes pills many times a day. *Cinemet* keeps the shakings from her Parkinson's at bay, but only as long as she takes it at the prescribed time. *These* come on worst just before her pill is due and the results only hold until the next dose. Why is it that the results are so short-lived? A good question for our next visit with the neurologist, who points to hers as a classic case of Parkinson when he brings in the newly-minted medical students. "See how her arms are rigid." See how her head leans forward and restricts air into diaphragm". I know the teaching part is important but I think about that arm, one that used to hold a cocktail just so gracefully. And I think about her head, always twisted to the side when she swayed about. No flat-footed clomping walk for my mother, she appeared to glide when she walked and now, well now, these students don't know that about her. She's another case for analysis and I can't fault them for it.

5- As a daughter, a mother and now a grandmother I feel mightily the strange world in which I live. One weekend I'm enthralled by the helplessness of my four-year old grandson as he learns to navigate the world and his growing independence. On other weekends I'm confounded by the growing helplessness and dependence of my mother. When I'm with either of them for long stretches I'm literally exhausted at the end of

the day. Both call my name as if I'm a life line that they will sink without. One warms my heart and the other causes my heart to break a bit everyday.



I. READING COMPREHENSION QUESTIONS(12 marks)

1. In paragraph 1 ,Pick 3 symptoms of Parkinson disease(3 marks)

The mother suffers from...

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-
-

2. The following statements are false, correct them with details from the text (2 marks)

- The author's situation is a rare one in her surroundings. (p2)

.....

- The author's mother is an autonomous person. (p2)

.....

3. Rephrase the following statement in your own words. Start your sentence as provided (1mark)

Granted he's three and she doesn't have the same long-term frame of reference regarding him but she remembers "the baby". (p3)

→ Although.....,my mother

4. What do the underlined words in the text refer to (3 marks) :

It (p3) refers to.....

These (p4) refers to.....

They (p5) refers to.....

5. Find in the text, a word or a phrase that means nearly the same as (2marks)

- Blaming , reproaching (p3)
- Calmed, refrained (p4).....

6- What do you think of Patricia's attitude? Would you behave the same or differently? Why? Why not?(1mark)



نجاحك يهمنا

III WRITING (12marks)

1-Use the notes in the table below to write a 5-line biography of the famous Mohamed Ali Clay.

(4 marks)

Occupation	Boxer
Birth Name :	Cassius Clay
Birth Date Place:	Louisville, Kentucky/ January 17, 1942
philanthropy :	<ul style="list-style-type: none">Establish Muhammad Ali Parkinson Center in Phoenix, Arizona.support the Special Olympics + Make-A-Wish Foundation
Awards and achievements	<ul style="list-style-type: none">1960: Olympic gold medal .1998: his work in developing countries. → United Nations Messenger of Peace

2-You are an advice columnist in a magazine. Write a 15-line letter to answer Selma's. (8 marks)

Dear advice columnist,

My fourteen year old daughter is rebelling. She never does homework. She refuses to do anything to help around the house and to top it off, now she has friends who smoke and who I feel are a bad influence on her. Everything revolves around them. She makes an issue if she has to do anything with the family. She is rude and offensive to me and if she can't get her own way she becomes physical. She lies about who she is with and where. Her mood swings are terrible and as her father works nights it's down to me to deal with things. She is out of control and I really have come to the end of my tether(can't stand it anymore). If she's grounded she just walks out when her dad goes to work. I refuse to get into fights with her. She refuses to see a counselor and when she has gone, she refused to talk. I really feel helpless.

What shall I do? Please help me. I am desperate.

Selma

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