

GRADE 11 -

LISTENING SCRIPT -

FIRST SESSION

(Practice Exam - Theme 2: Those Teenage Things)

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LISTENING 1

(a conversation between two students, Khalid and Muna, about a friendship problem)

- M: Hi Muna. Do you have a minute? I need your advice.
F: Of course, Khalid. What's wrong? You look upset.
M: It's my best friend Saif. We have been close friends since Grade Nine, but these days he ignores me.
F: Really? I always see you together at break. What happened?
M: Nothing happened. He just joined a new group of friends and stopped answering my messages.
F: Who are these new friends?
M: Some boys from Grade Twelve. They skip classes, and nobody stops them.
F: I see. And how long has this been going on?
M: About three weeks. At first I thought he was just busy with exams.
F: That's painful. Did you talk to him?
M: Yes, I sent him a long message yesterday, but he only replied with one word: 'busy'.
F: One word! That is cold. Maybe he is going through something difficult himself.
M: Maybe. But yesterday I saw him laughing with them in the cafeteria.
F: Hmm. My cousin had the same problem last year. Teenage friendships often change.
M: What did she do about it?
F: She joined the school photography club and made new friends who share her interests.
M: Was it easy for her?
F: She says the first week was hard, but then it was fun. She even won a prize for her photos.
M: I am not interested in photography. I prefer sports.
F: Then join a sports club! You are the best basketball player in our grade.
M: That is true. The coach asked me last week to join the school team.
F: Perfect! When does the team practise?
M: Every Sunday and Wednesday, after the last lesson, in the sports hall.
F: So go tomorrow! You will meet boys who love basketball too.
M: You are right. But what should I do about Saif? Should I just forget him?
F: No, do not end the friendship with anger. Give him some space and time.
M: For how long? We have a science project together next month.
F: Well, keep working with him politely on the project. Be friendly, but do not force him.
M: That is hard. His new friends also laugh at our class.
F: Then maybe he will discover that those friends are not real friends.
M: I hope so. Can I ask you something else?
F: Sure, go ahead.
M: Could you help me with the English homework? I was so worried that I forgot it.
F: Meet me in the library at lunch and we will do it together.
M: Thanks, Muna. You are a true friend.
F: Any time! And do not worry - real friendship always finds its way back.

(416 words) (Target Range: 400-450 words)

Grade 11 / First Session/Semester 1 (2026-2027)

LISTENING 2

(a student telling her class about an important experience)

(Part One):

I want to tell you about the evening that changed my life. My name is Munira, and I come from Nizwa. My father is a well-known doctor, and since I was small, he told every visitor, 'My daughter will follow me into medicine.' I always smiled politely, but inside, something hurt, because my real love was not medicine - it was fashion design. Under my bed, I kept a secret sketchbook full of dresses that mixed traditional Omani patterns with modern styles. I won the school's art prize twice, and my art teacher, Mrs Salma, said my work was special. She even sent photos of my designs to a competition in Muscat, but I told nobody at home.

Everything came out on the night of the school's Career Fair. My father visited the medicine stand and collected brochures for me. At the same moment, I was at the design stand, showing my sketchbook to a famous designer from Muscat. She studied my pages slowly, then looked up. 'Who taught you this?' she asked. 'Nobody,' I whispered. 'Then you have a gift, my dear,' she said, and she wrote her phone number on the last page of my sketchbook.

When my father found me there, I felt my face go hot. I waited for anger. Instead, he looked at the sketches for a long time, while the designer smiled and said, 'Your daughter could train with the best, but only if her family supports her.'

(Part Two):

That evening, nobody spoke at dinner. I cleared the table silently, sure that my dream had just ended. I thought of the competition results, still unannounced, and of my grandmother's old wedding shawl in the cupboard upstairs.

Finally, my father opened my old sketchbook at the kitchen table. He turned the pages one by one, stopping at a dress I had designed in the colours of that old shawl. His eyes became wet. 'You drew this from memory?' he asked quietly. I nodded, too afraid to speak. Then he closed the book and said the words I will never forget: 'Medicine needs doctors who love it. Fashion needs you. We will find a way - together.'

A month later, a letter arrived from Muscat: my designs had won second prize in the national competition. My father framed the letter and hung it next to his own certificates. These days, when visitors come, he tells them, 'My daughter is going to be a famous designer,' and I smile - a real smile this time. Thank you for listening.

(244 + 177 = 421 words) (Target Range: 400-450 words)

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