

GRADE 11 -

LISTENING SCRIPT -

FIRST SESSION

(Practice Exam - Theme 3: Travellers and Tourists)

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LISTENING 1

(a conversation between two students, Salim and Noor, about a family trip to Salalah)

- M: Hi Noor. You look excited. What is the news?
F: My family is going to Salalah for the whole Khareef festival, Salim!
M: Wonderful! When are you leaving?
F: We are leaving next Thursday, early in the morning, before the heat.
M: Are you flying or driving?
F: Driving. My father says the journey is part of the adventure.
M: That is a long drive - about ten hours. Where will you stop on the way?
F: We are going to stop in Nizwa for lunch and to visit the fort.
M: The view from the top is amazing. And where are you staying in Salalah?
F: My uncle booked us rooms at a small hotel near the beach.
M: Lucky you! What are you planning to do there?
F: First, we will visit Wadi Darbat. I want to see the waterfall.
M: It is beautiful in the Khareef. Everything turns green.
F: We are also going to Mughsayl to watch the blowholes. My little sister wants to see them up close.
M: Do not miss Al Balid and its amazing museum.
F: Really? My little sister will prefer the beach. She has already packed her bucket and spade.
M: There is something for everyone. How long are you staying?
F: One week. We are coming back the following Friday, two days before school starts.
M: Will you visit your relatives there?
F: Yes, we are having dinner with my cousins on the first evening. My aunt is making mishkak and halwa.
M: I have never been to Salalah. I am a little jealous!
F: Why don't you ask your parents? You could come with us.
F: Of course. We have an extra seat in the car.
M: I will ask my parents tonight. What should I bring?
F: Light clothes, a good camera and comfortable walking shoes.
M: Should I bring an umbrella for the rain?
F: Good idea! It drizzles almost every day during the Khareef.
M: And how much pocket money will I need for the week?
F: Not much. Most places are free; you only need money for ice cream.
M: My camera is broken. Can I use my phone for photos?
F: Of course. My brother takes all his photos with his phone, and they are excellent.
M: I hope my parents say yes. I will call you after dinner.
F: If they worry, tell them my father drives very carefully. He stops every two hours.
M: That will help. Thank you, Noor. You are a true friend.
F: I hope so too, Salim. It will be a trip to remember for all of us!

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

LISTENING 2

(a student telling his class about an unforgettable journey)

(Part One):

I want to tell you about a journey that taught me the real meaning of Omani hospitality. Last winter, my family planned a trip to Salalah for months, and I printed the itinerary myself: Muscat to Nizwa, then the long desert road through Hayma, and finally the green mountains of Dhofar. My little sister Amal packed her colouring books, and my grandmother, who had not seen Salalah since she was a young bride, sat quietly in the back seat with a small bag of dates on her lap for her cousin in Salalah. We left home before sunrise, with the cool boxes full of food my mother had prepared the night before.

Everything went smoothly until Thumrait. When we stopped for petrol, I noticed a strange sound from the engine. Ten minutes later, on an empty road under a burning afternoon sun, the car simply stopped. My father tried again and again, but the engine stayed silent. There was no signal on any of our phones. 'We will wait,' my father said calmly. 'Someone will pass.' But an hour went by, and the only things that passed were the shadows of the clouds.

Then, through the heat, I saw an old pick-up truck approaching. An elderly Bedouin man in a dusty dishdasha stopped beside us. He listened to the engine for one minute, touched a few wires, then smiled. 'The fuel pump,' he said. 'My brother has a garage in the next town. Come - your family will wait at my house. No mother and grandmother should sit in this heat.'

(Part Two):

At the Bedouin's small house, his wife brought cold water, fresh dates and coffee. Amal played with the couple's grandchildren as if she had known them all her life. I watched my grandmother and the old man's mother talking like old friends, although they had met only an hour before. The family insisted that we stay for lunch, and they served us rice with fresh goat meat and sweet tea. Three hours later, the car was repaired, and the mechanic refused any payment. 'You are our guests,' he said simply.

We finally reached Salalah at midnight, tired but happy, and the Bedouin family waved until our car disappeared around the hill. We still send them messages every Eid. Years later, when I think of that journey, I do not remember the waterfall at Wadi Darbat or the green mountains. I remember a small house in the desert, and I tell my friends: 'In Oman, the road never leaves you alone. That is the real treasure of my country.' Thank you for listening.

(261 + 172 = 433 words) (Target Range: 400-450 words)