

Instructions

Read through the below scenario and apply the principles of reading as seen in the video.

Once you have done that – try to paraphrase what you read by only focussing on the important information.

When you feel confident you have managed to read the scenario with insight – attempt the quiz.

A visit to Mr J. L. B. Matekoni's house.

After lunch they drove off in Mr J. L. B. Matekoni's pick up to inspect his house.

"It is not a very tidy house," said Mr J. L. B. Matekoni anxiously. "I try to keep it tidy but it is a very difficult thing for a man. There is a maid who comes in, but she makes it worse I think. She is a very untidy woman." "We can keep the woman who works for me," said Mma Ramotswe. "She is very good at everything; ironing, cleaning, cooking, polishing. She is one of the best people in Botswana for all those tasks. We can find some other work for your person."

"And there are some rooms in this house that have got motor parts in them," added Mr J. L. B. Matekoni hurriedly. "Sometimes I have not had enough room at work and I have had to store them in the house – very interesting engines that I might need some day."

Mma Ramotswe said nothing. Now she knew why Mr J. L. B. Matekoni had never invited her to his house before. His office was bad enough, with all that grease and those calendars that the parts suppliers sent him. They were ridiculous calendars in her view with all those far too-thin ladies sitting on tyres and leaning against cars. They all looked as if they had forgotten to get properly dressed. Those ladies were useless for everything. They would not be good at having children and not one of them looked as if she had her school certificate, or even her standard six. They were useless good-time girls who only made men hot and bothered.

They arrived at his driveway and Mma Ramotswe sat in the pick up while Mr J.L.B. Matekoni pushed open the silver-painted gate. She noted that the dustbin had been pushed over by dogs and that scraps of paper and other rubbish were lying about. If she were to move here – *if* – that would soon be stopped. In traditional Botswana society, keeping the yard in good order was a woman's responsibility and she would certainly not want to be associated with a yard like this.

They parked in front of the stoep, under a rough car shelter. It was a large house by modern standards. It was a low, rather gloomy one story house with a corrugated – tin roof. The outer walls were plastered and painted white, and the floors were polished red cement. Such floors always seemed cool on the feet in hot months, but for real comfort it was hard to better the beaten mud or cow dung of traditional floors.

Mma Ramotswe looked around her. They were in the lounge as the front door opened directly into this room. There was a heavy suite of furniture, looking rather down at heel. On the walls were a picture of mountains, a wooden kudu head and a small portrait of Nelson Mandela. It had the forlorn, un-lived-in look, characteristic of an unmarried man's room. "This

is a very fine room,” observed Mma Ramotswe. Mr J. L. B. Matekoni beamed with pleasure. “I try to keep this room tidy. It is important to have a special room for important visitors.” “Do you have important visitors?” Mma Ramotswe asked. Mr J. L. B. Matekoni frowned, “There have been none so far but, but it is always possible.” Mma Ramotswe agreed, “Yes, one never knows.”

The next room they inspected was the dining room. It had a table in the middle and a solitary chair. Its floor however was dirty, with piles of dust under the furniture and in each corner. Whoever was meant to be cleaning this room had clearly not swept it for months. What did she do this maid? Did she stand at the gate and talk to her friends and men passing by? It was clear to Mma Ramotswe that the maid was taking gross advantage of her employer and relying on his good nature to keep her job.

The other rooms, although they contained beds, were cluttered with boxes stuffed with spark plugs, windscreen wiper blades and other curious mechanical pieces. The bathroom was clean but neglected and bare. On the edge of the bath were an old white facecloth and a bar of carbolic soap. As for the kitchen, although it was clean, it was again virtually bare, containing only two pots, several white plates and a small cutlery drawer.

MR J. L. B. MATEKONI’S MAID.

Mr J. L. B. Matekoni led the way into the kitchen. In front of the sink, where she was filling a kettle with water, stood a large woman in her mid-thirties. She was markedly taller than both Mr. J. L. B. Matekoni and Mma Ramotswe, and although thinner than Mma Ramotswe, she looked considerably stronger with bulging biceps and well-set legs. She was wearing a large battered red hat on her head and a blue overall over her dress. Her shoes were of a curious, shiny leather, rather like the patent leather used to make dancing shoes.

Mr J. L. B. Matekoni cleared his throat to reveal their presence, and the maid turned round slowly. “I am busy.....” she started to say, but stopped when she saw Mma Ramotswe. Mr J. L. B. Matekoni greeted her politely in the traditional way. Then he introduced his guest. “This is Mma Ramotswe,” he said. The maid looked at Mma Ramotswe and nodded curtly.

“I am glad I have had the chance to meet you, Mma,” said Mma Ramotswe. “I have heard about you from Mr J. L. B. Matekoni.” The maid glanced at her employer. “Oh, you have heard of me,” she said. “I am glad he speaks of me. I would not like to think that nobody speaks of me.”

“No,” said Mma Ramotswe, “it is better to be spoken of than not spoken of. Except sometimes, that is.” The maid frowned. The kettle was now full and she took it from under the tap. “I am very busy,” she said dismissively, “there is much to do in this house.”

“Yes,” said Mma Ramotswe, “there is certainly a great deal to do. A dirty house like this needs a lot of work doing in it.” The large maid stiffened, “Why do you say this house is dirty? Who are you to say this house is dirty?” she said. “She” began Mr J. L. B. Matekoni, but he was silenced by a glare from the maid and he stopped. “I say it because I have seen it,” said Mma Ramotswe. “I have seen all the dust in the dining room and all the rubbish in the garden. Mr J. L. B. Matekoni here is only a man. He cannot be expected to keep his own house clean.”

The maid's eyes had opened wide and were staring at Mma Ramotswe with ill-disguised venom. Her nostrils were flared with anger and her lips were pushed out in what seemed to be an aggressive pout.

"I have worked for this man for many years," she hissed, "every day I have worked, worked, worked. I have made him good food and polished the floor. I have looked after him very well."

"I don't think so, Mma," said Mma Ramotswe calmly. "If you have been feeding him so well, then why is he thin? A man who is well looked-after becomes fatter. They are just like cattle. It is well known."

The maid shifted her gaze from Mma Ramotswe to her employer. "Who is this woman," she demanded. "Why is she saying things like this? Please ask her to go back to the bar you found her in."

Mr J. L. B. Matekoni swallowed hard. "I have asked her to marry me," he blurted out. "She is going to be my wife."

At this the maid seemed to crumple. "Aiee! " she cried. "Aiee! You cannot marry her! She will kill you! This is the worst thing you can do. You are finished if you marry this fat woman. She will break your bed. You will surely die very quickly. This is the end for you."