



Worksheet

| | | | |
|--------|----------------------|----------|------------------------------|
| Name : | <input type="text"/> | Subject: | Comprehension Paper 1 |
| Class: | Grade 6 | Date: | <input type="text"/> |

The Fire Within

Once upon a time, in a small, forgotten town nestled between the mountains like a secret tucked away from the world, lived a man named Sam. He was an ordinary guy, with a job at the local hardware store, helping people with tools and supplies. But there was something extraordinary about Sam—something burning deep inside of him, like a wildfire that refused to be tamed. From a young age, Sam had a dream that everyone around him called impossible. He wanted to become a professional artist. To the people of the town, art was a luxury, a thing for the wealthy and elite. It wasn't practical. People didn't get by on paintings, and the world didn't need more artists. But Sam couldn't ignore that inner calling. It was like a fire that never went out, flickering relentlessly in the dark corners of his mind.

Every evening, after closing the store, he would go home and paint. His tiny apartment, cluttered with brushes, paints, and canvases, was his sanctuary, a haven where he could escape the harshness of reality. He would pour every bit of his heart into his artwork, sometimes staying up late into the night, perfecting his craft. His hands worked as if they were dancing, each stroke of the brush creating a symphony of color. But, as much as he painted, there was one thing that constantly weighed on him: the fear of failure, creeping like a shadow on a moonless night. The people in the town didn't understand. His friends would tease him, and his family would ask, "Why don't you just focus on your job? It's steady. You'll be fine." But the fire inside him only grew brighter, its heat stoking his determination. Sam knew that if he didn't chase his dream, he'd live with regret for the rest of his life.

One day, a famous art gallery in a nearby city held an open competition for unknown artists. Sam knew that this was his chance—the one he had been waiting for. But the entry fee was high, and he barely had enough money saved. It felt like the universe was testing him, asking how much he truly believed in his dream. He spent weeks preparing his best painting yet, a piece that encapsulated his soul, a landscape of colors that swirled like the night sky in a storm. With no more savings to spare, Sam decided to take the risk. He sold his old guitar, the only sentimental item he had left from his childhood, and used the money to pay the entry fee. When the day came to submit his work, his heart raced. He drove for hours to the city, clutching his painting like a treasure chest, unwilling to let go. But as he arrived at the gallery, the sea of professional artists and their polished work nearly crushed him. He felt out of place, like a small pebble trying to keep up with the boulders. Was he just fooling himself? Was this the moment he would finally realize that he wasn't good enough? But then he remembered something his grandmother had once told him: "*The only way to fail is to stop trying.*"

With renewed determination, Sam approached the submission table. He handed over his painting and felt a sense of peace wash over him. It was done. The rest was out of his hands. Weeks passed, and Sam went back to his routine at the hardware store, almost forgetting about the competition. He had painted his heart, and whatever happened, he had given it his all. Then, one afternoon, a letter arrived. He opened it slowly, his hands trembling like leaves in the wind. It was an invitation to the gallery for the final showcase. His painting had been selected. Sam's heart soared like a bird breaking free from its cage. He'd made it. He'd done what everyone said was impossible.

The night of the showcase, the gallery buzzed with excitement, filled with critics, collectors, and artists. Sam stood in the corner, trying to blend in, unsure if anyone would even look at his work. But to his surprise, people started gathering around his painting. They admired the colors, the emotions, **the rawness in the brushstrokes**. One by one, the art world began to see what he had always known: his dream was worth fighting for. Sam sold his first painting to a prominent collector, the sound of the transaction ringing in his ears like a victory bell. More opportunities followed, and his name slowly gained recognition. He continued to work hard, balancing his art with the daily grind, but now, he knew that no dream was too big if he was willing to put in the effort.

Years later, Sam opened his own art studio in the city. His work hung in galleries worldwide, but he never forgot the little town where it all began. He knew that it wasn't the fame or success that mattered, but the fact that he had fought for his dream, never once giving up—even when the odds were stacked against him. And so, the fire within him continued to burn, lighting the way for others who dared to dream. His story echoed through the hearts of those who believed that, no matter how impossible it seemed, every dream was worth fighting for.

After reading the text carefully answer the questions below.

1- What does the story tell you about Sam's mindset?

2- Identify the figures of speech used in the text.

3- Explain as fully as you can what is meant by 'the rawness in the brushstrokes'?

4- Do you think that the writer succeeded in delivering the character? Why? Why not?

5- How important was the role of the grandmother in the story? Would make any difference if this character did not exist?

6- Comment on the writer's word choice in describing the scene of the night at the gallery.

7- Infer the meaning of the following words.

a- Clutching.

b- Buzzed.

