



The Diary of Amrit Mahli

Friday: Pretty much been on the plane for ten hours. Can't wait to get to Mozambique, and see what it's like.

Monday: This morning was completely chaotic. With two bathrooms for 10 girls everyone was running in and out hoping they weren't late. The showers were freezing cold, as was the weather as it was 7:00 am. We walked a short distance to the school where we joined the children in their daily morning ceremony of singing the national anthem. Unfortunately we didn't know the words, but some of us tried to mumble along. We then were welcomed into a meeting, where teachers and we students spoke about the differences in English and Mozambique schools, and what we hoped to gain from this trip. At the end of the meeting we were dragged into the centre of the room to join the teachers and students in a traditional dance, and were presented with fruits. I particularly enjoyed how relaxed everyone was, and how friendly and open they were to one another as well as us.

Tuesday: We once again woke up early to join the students and teachers in the national anthem before school. Our first lesson of the day was music. It was fantastic to see all the students so involved in the spontaneous singing and dancing without feeling embarrassed. As the singing continued more teachers came to join in with the singing and dancing.

Wednesday: Our first lesson of the day was English. It was nice to see the similarities and differences in the way English was taught. Unsurprisingly it was taught just like how a foreign language would be taught to us. Although we find English easy, many of the students commented on how difficult they found it. However they had a chance to practice their skills on us.

Friday: Everyone was pretty upset that this was our last day. We attended a celebration assembly, where we sang a song. The students



had organized many dances and songs to present to the school. The assembly went on for some time, as many speeches were made about the school and how happy they were to have us here, and how we were so grateful for the hospitality of everyone. Later that night we arrived in the city for one last night, before we boarded the plane to leave. In contrast to the village, the city was very busy and fast paced. The sky was lit with lights from the buildings and the markets were very much buzzing even this late at night.

Use Amrit's diary to start your table.

What were her impressions of the Macienne School?

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