



LEMBAR KERJA PESERTA DIDIK
BAHASA INGGRIS

NARRATIVE TEXT

NAME:

CLASS :

The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind

In a small village in Malawi where people had no money for lights, nightfall came quickly and hurried for farmers to bed. But for William, the darkness is the best way for dreaming. He dreamed of building things and taking them apart like the trucks with bottle-cap wheels parked under his bed and pieces of radios that he'd crack open and wonder. If I can hear the music, then where is the band?

His grandpa's tales of magic also whispered in the pitch black of his room. Witch planes passed through the window while ghost dancers twirled around the room, as if a hundred men were inside their bodies. At dawn in the fields, William scanned the maize rows for magical beings, then wondered as a truck rumbled past. How does its engine make it go? "Pay attention where you throw that hoe!" his father shouted "You'll cut off your foot."

For all its power over dancers and flying things, magic could not bring the rain. Without water, the sun rose angry each morning and scorched the fields, turning the maize into dust. Without food, Malawi began to starve. Soon William's father gathered the children and said, "From now on, we eat only one meal per day. Make it last." In the evenings, they sat around the lantern and ate their handful, watching hungry people pass like spirits along the roads.

Money also disappeared with the rain. "Pepani," his father said, "I am sorry. You will have to drop out of school." Now William stood on the road and watched the lucky students pass, alone with the monster in his belly and the lump in his throat.

For weeks he sulked under the mango tree, until he remembered the library down the road, a gift from the American. He found science books filled with brilliant pictures. With his English dictionary close by, William put together how engines moved those big trucks, and how radios pulled their music from the sky. But the greatest picture of all was a machine taller than the tallest tree with blades like a fan. "A giant pinwheel? Something to catch magic?" Slowly he built the sentences: "Windmills can produce electricity and pump water." He closed his eyes and saw a windmill outside his home, pulling electricity from the breeze and bringing light to the dark valley. He saw the machine drawing cool water from the ground, sending it gushing through the thirsty fields, turning the maize tall and green, even when farmers' prayers for rain went unanswered. This windmill was more than a machine. It was a weapon to fight hunger. "Magetsi a mphepo," he whispered: I will build electric wind.

In the junkyard, pieces appeared like rusted treasures in the tall grass. A tractor fan. Some pipes. And bearings and bolts that required every muscle to remove. "Tonga!" he'd shout to the birds and spiders, holding up his prize. But as William dragged his metals home, people called out, "This boy is misala. Only crazy people play with trash!"

After many weeks, William arranged his pieces in the dirt: a broken bicycle, rusted bottle caps and plastic pipe, even a small generator that powered a headlight on a bike. For three days, he bolted, banged and tinkered while chickens squawked and dogs barked and neighbors shook their heads, saying, "What's misala doing now?" His cousin Geoffrey and best friend Gilbert soon appeared. "Muli bwanji," they greeted. "Can we help with the electric wind?" "Grab your pangas and follow me," he said, and took them into the forest. Together, they swung their sharp blades into the trunks of blue gum trees, then hammered them together to make the tower. Standing atop, William shouted, "Bring it up!" while the boys tugged and heaved. A crowd gathered below and gazed at this strange machine that now leaned and wobbled like a clumsy giraffe. Some giggled, others teased, but William waited for the wind.

Like always, it came, first a breeze, then a gusting gale. The tower swayed and the blades spun round. With sore hands once slowed by hunger and darkness, William connected wires to a small bulb, which flickered at first, then surged as bright as the sun. "Tonga!" he shouted, "I have made electric wind!"

"Wachitabwino!" a man yelled. "Well done!" As the doubters clapped and cheered, William knew he had just begun. Light could not fill empty bellies, but another windmill could soak the dry ground, creating food where once there was none. Magetsi a mphepo—electric wind—can feed my country, William thought: And that was the strongest magic of all.



UNIT 1

Read the text "The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind" carefully, then analyze the generic structure!

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COMPLICATION

EVALUATION

RESOLUTION

CODA



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 **UNIT 2**

Read the text "The Boy Who Harnessed the Wind" carefully, then analyze and write the Language Features from text!

ACTION VERBS

WORD
1. <u>hurried</u>

PAST TENSE

WORD	SENTENCES
1. <i>was</i> 2. <i>were</i>	1. <i>William was alone...</i> 2. <i>People were inside their bodies.</i>