



UNIVERSITY  
OF  
JOHANNESBURG

<b><u>FACULTY</u></b>	: Education
<b><u>DEPARTMENT</u></b>	: Educational Psychology
<b><u>CAMPUS</u></b>	: APK
<b><u>MODULE</u></b>	: METH&PRAC: FET&SEN PHASE LIFE ORIENTATION 3B (MFSPLB3)
<b><u>SEMESTER</u></b>	: Second
<b><u>EXAM</u></b>	: November Main Exam 2019

<b><u>ASSESSOR(S)</u></b>	: Dr M Sedibe		
<b><u>MODERATOR</u></b>	: Dr N Maseko (UJ)		
<b><u>DURATION</u></b>	: 2 HOURS	<b><u>MARKS</u></b>	:100

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NUMBER OF PAGES: 5 PAGES

INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Answer all the Questions.
  2. Number your answers clearly.
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**QUESTION 1**

**Read the case study below and answer the questions**

Thuma (pseudonym) stood in front of her fifth-grade class on the very first day of school in the new term and told all of those children another big fat lie. Like most teachers, she looked at her pupils and said that she loved them all the same, that she would treat them all alike.

Now, that was always going to be an impossible claim because right there in front of her, slouched down in his seat on the third row, was a little boy named Thabang Sane (pseudonym).

Mrs. Thuma had watched Thabang the year before and had noticed that he didn't play well with the other children, and that his clothes were unkempt and he constantly seemed to need a bath. And, quite frankly, Thabang was generally an unpleasant child.

It got to the point during the first few months that she would actually find herself taking great delight in marking his papers with a big broad red pen, making bold X's and then marking the inevitable F at the top of the paper biggest of all. And because Thabang was such a sullen little boy, nobody else seemed to enjoy him, either.

Now, at the school where Mrs. Thuma taught, she was required to review every child's records once in a while and she found herself putting Thabang off until last. But when she eventually opened his file, she was in for quite a surprise.

His first-year teacher had written "Thabang is a bright, inquisitive child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has excellent manners...he is a joy to be around."

His second-grade teacher wrote "Thabang is an excellent student who is well-liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle."

His third-grade teacher had written "Thabang continues to work very hard but it's clear his mother's death has been hard on him. He obviously tries to do his best but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will undoubtedly be affecting him if some steps aren't taken."

Thabang's fourth-year teacher wrote "Thabang is withdrawn. He doesn't show any interest in school at all. He doesn't have many friends these days and sometimes sleeps during lessons. He is tardy and could potentially become a problem student."

By now, Mrs. Thuma had realized that there was a problem and felt a little ashamed of herself, but Christmas was coming fast and realizing was all that she could do, what with the other children and the school play and all, until the last day of term and she was suddenly forced to focus upon little Thabang Sane.

Her children had all brought her presents, all in beautiful ribbon and brightly coloured paper, except for Thabang's, which was kind of clumsily wrapped in heavy brown paper that had clearly once been a shopping bag. Mrs. Thuma took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents.

As she did so, some of the children started to laugh when she found an old rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones actually missing from it, and an old bottle (that was only a quarter full) of perfume. But she stifled those children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume onto her wrists.

Thabang Sane stayed behind that day just long enough to say "Mrs. Thuma, today you smelled just like my mum used to."

After all of the children had left, Mrs Thuma cried. She cried for at least an hour. On that day, the last day of term before Christmas, Mrs Thuma quit teaching reading, writing, and mathematics.

And Jean Thompson, the teacher, paid particular attention to the child they all called Thabang.

As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. On days where there would be an important test, Mrs. Thuma would always remember the smell of that perfume. By the end of that year, Thabang had become one of the smartest children in his class and, well, he had also kind of become the 'teachers' pet'.

The 'pet' of the teacher who had once stood there in front of all of those children and vowed to love them all just the same.

A year later, Mrs. Thuma found a note passed under her classroom door from Thabang, telling her that of all the teachers he'd had in the whole of primary school, she had been his very, very favourite.

Six years went by before she got another note from Thabang. He wrote to her saying that he had now finished secondary school, finished third in his class, and that she was still his favourite teacher of all time.

Three years after that, she received yet another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, Thabang had stayed in education, he had stuck with it, and would be graduating from university very soon with the highest of honours. And of course, he assured Mrs. Thuma that she was still his favourite teacher of all time.

Five more years passed and yet another letter came. This time Thabang explained that after he got his degree, he had decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best teacher that he had had in his entire life, but that now his name was a little longer. The letter was signed 'Dr. Thabang Sane'.

But the story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter later that year.

Thabang, Dr Sane, said that he'd met this girl and they were to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thuma might agree to sit in the seat that would have usually been reserved for the mother of the groom.

Well, of course, she did. She wore that bracelet, the one with several stones missing, and she wore the perfume that little Thabang had given her as a clumsily wrapped Christmas gift all of those years ago. And on that special day, Mrs Thuma smelled just like...well, just like the way Thabang remembered his mother smelling on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other, and Dr. Sane whispered in Mrs. Thuma's ear, "Thank you Mrs. Thuma for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference." Mrs. Thuma, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Thabang, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you." Never underestimate the impact your actions or inactions may have upon another person's life.

1.1 Critically discuss how socio-political factors have influenced the holistic development of Thabang Sane. **(20)**

1.2 Indicate how you would support Thabang Sane using all the systems from Bronfenbrenner's Bio-ecological theory. **(30)**

**QUESTION 2**

**DESIGN AND DELIVERY**

Plan a lesson for any senior phase Life Orientation class, with fifty learners coming from diverse backgrounds, in which you show how you will share knowledge and information about the use of drug abuse by learners at schools. Add also practical ways of solving this particular social challenge. Include all the lesson features taught in class. **(50)**

**TOTAL: 100**

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