Sky of golden sun,

Steppe of golden seed,

Legend of courage -

Take a look at my country!

From the antiquity

Our heroic glory emerged,

They did not give up their pride

My Kazakh people are strong!

Chorus:

My country, my country,

As your flower I will be planted,

As your song I will stream, my country!

My native land – My Kazakhstan!

The way was opened to the posterity

I have a vast land.

Its unity is proper,

I have an independent country.

It welcomed the time

Like an eternal friend,

Our country is happy,

Such is our country.

Objectives:

 1.to teach pupils to work hard and creatively at each task

 2. to activise and develop different kinds of abilities such as reciting, speaking and thinking

 3. to develop pupils’ love and respectability to the native language and the languages of different countries.

The outline:

Teacher's introductory word.

The first round:

Recite poems about Motherland, native language in Kazakh Russian and English.

The second round:

Listen to the riddles in English about wild and domestic animals, guess what animal it is and give its translation in Kazakh and Russian languages.

The third round:

Continue my rhyme if you may

The fourth round: Polyglot

You should read and guess riddles in Kazakh and give their equivalents in Russian and English

Conclusion

The course of the competition:

T: Good afternoon, dear friends!

You are welcome to our competition- matinee Who is the best and the quickest? which is held between the pupils of the 5th grade "a"

You must show your knowledge of English, Russian and Kazakh, and be more active and attentive doing this or that task.

Our today's competition consists of several tasks such as recite poems, guess riddles, continue and make

up a Rhyme, etc.

Let's begin the 1st round: recite your favorite poems

P1 I love my native language

I love it very much

I want it to be spoken

All over the world today.

P2 Отаным менің - Қазақстан

Өзіңмен әр кез мақтанам.

Отаным менің - Қазақстан

Өзіңмен әр кез шаттанам.

РЗ Казахстан-страна моя родная

Много в ней красивых гор и рек.

Я другой такой страны не знаю,

Где так счастлив каждый человек.

Р4 Тіл тұғырың ұмытуың керек пе?

Халык сөзі рух берер жүрекке

Туған тілді бағаламай өтсеңіз

Өзге тілің ұлтымызга тірек пе?

Р5 Kazakhstan is our native country

Kazakhstan is our native land

Many are its rivers, lakes and cities

Where a man is happy, free and gay

The second round:

T: Listen to the riddles in English about wild and domestic animals, Guess what animal it is and give its Kazakh and Russian equivalents .Pl-P2-P3-P4 etc.

T: It is very big. It is grey with long trunk. It is from Africa.

P1: An elephant – піл – слон

T: It is from Africa. It is big and orange and black. It has a long neck.

P2: A giraffe – керік – жираф

T: It is little. It is white or grey. It can jump very well. It doesn't like wolves.

P3: A һаге – қоян – заяц

T: It is big or little. It is brown or dark. It jumps very well from tree to tree. It is very funny.

P4: А mоnкеу – маймыл – обезъяна

T: Gena is not a boy. He is big and green, funny. He has got a friend Cheburashka.

P5: A crocodile – қолтырауын – крокодил

The 3d round: Continue my rhyme

P1: I have got a dog P2: I have got frog

P3: I have got a box P4: I have got a fox

P5: I have got a bear P6: I have got a hare

P7: I have got a doll P8: I have got a ball

Р9: I have got a house P10: I have got a mouse

The 4th round: Polyglot

T: You should read and guess riddles in Kazakh and give their equivalents in Russian and English

Р1: Tici көп аузы жоқ тарайды. Тарақ – соmb – расческа

Р2: Қанаты жоқ ұшады, аяғы жоқ қашады. Жел – wind – ветер

Р3: Күні түні жүреді, қозғалмайды бір елі. Caғaт – watch – чacы

Р4: Тікен тікен тік тісті, қысы жазы бір түсті. Шырша – furtree – ёлка

Р5: Қабат, қабат тоны бар, кішкене ғана бойы бар. Қырыққабат – cabbage – кaпycтa

Р6: Қабат-қабат қаптама, ақылың болса аттама. Кітап – bоок – книга

Т: Now, let's make a conclusion. Who is the best and the quickest? We have come to the end of our competition - matinee. I think you have enjoyed the competition. Good luck and thanks to all of you! See you next time. Bye- bye.

Growing Up With The Language of Kings

I always had this fascination with the English language.

Ever since I learned to read and write,

it captivated my interest, beside my own native tongue;

Opening for me a whole new world different from my own -

A world of kingdoms, of princesses and princes, of queens and kings,

of knights in shining armor, of noblemen and the common man,

of many innumerable things.

A child who found such joy in a second language or third

would feel like a traitor to her own when deep nationalism

is rooted in her bones. It was not easy.

And yet the fascination remained – despite being inculcated

with heavy ideas on love for motherland and in the words of Rizal –

“Ang hindi magmahal sa sariling wika,

Ay higit pa ang amoy sa malansang isda”.\*

To a child who secretly preferred reading in the foreign tongue,

These words were damning. So much so that in my mind

there was always an ongoing war while growing up

with the king’s language and Rizal.

Looking back, mastering both languages would have been a lot easier

had somebody told me: “Go ahead, do what makes you happy,

as long as you do not forget your identity.

Be proud of the color of your skin.

You can be unique and world class at the same time,

there is no need to feel guilt, find your own rhyme.”

And so today, I tell the youth who have their own native tongue:

Enjoy the journey, but do not forget you are a child of your land

while you discover many things, using the language of kings.

Dr. Jose Rizal – Philippine National Hero, who ironically have mastered different languages including Greek, Latin, Hebrew ,Sanskrit, German, French, Italian among others, aside from Spanish and the now commonly used English language

\* "Anyone who does not love his own language is worse than the smell of a rotting fish."

About motherland

1

I could not to understand, but now I do -

And to me any translation is need not,

About what, flying out, an autumn flock

So bitter crying,

So sadly sings.

Earlier it seems to me: a sadness have a no reason

At the leaves lying in the dust of the roads.

There about the native branch their sorrow and grieve -

Now I understand,

And previously I couldn't do it.

I did not know, did not know, but understood over the years,

Already with the quite grey- white head,

What about the hewed out stone from the rock

So moaning and crying

As it is alive.

When afar from the birth edge

The fate or the road took you away

And joy is sad, now I understand -

And the song is bitter,

And love is not light,

Oh the motherland...

2

Under the thunder of your bells

I praise your name.

And there is no a sweeter words,

And there is no a sound loved.

And if my fall song do silent

In the night or at the dawn -

So, this mean I died

And I am not in the world.

I like an eagle soar in the spring

Over yours heavies.

And those wings behind is

Your Holy name.

But if suddenly them break

An evil dark wind do

You don't look for me alive

Then on the white light.

I am your dagger. I was in a fight

Am rebellious, disobedient.

I'll stand for yours honor,

If a day become a black.

And if I do not in the ranks of your fighters

In the mournful hour stand -

So mean, I am no alive,

Vanished I am, was perished, disappeared.

I am going on a stranger land

Hear a foreign speech

And more unpatienсer I wait

A moment of our meeting.

And a vew of your eyes

Is no joy, no bright -

So then I will not be live

Already in the world.

3

What about is this song of a wagon wheel,

And a birds chirping,

And the rustle of a birches?

About the motherland, only about a motherland.

What about, afloat,

A sad is a clouds?

What about is a ships leaving melancholy?

About the motherland, only about a motherland.

In the days of a bitter sorrows and serious adversity

Who will rescue us?

Who can help? Save?

A motherland. Only a motherland.

In a moments of luck,

In the hours of celebration

What about are our thoughts and our words?

About the motherland, only about a motherland.

Who is connected and by a happiness with you, and by a trouble

There is for him and in the darkness

You shine by a star

Oh motherland! ..

I love my motherland

She is like a large mountain

Standing on the peak, looking out

This country is so lovely

The scenery everywhere good

 I love my motherland

She is like an ocean

Vast and boundless, passion surging

Many talented people, generations of heroes

Wave after wave

I love my motherland

She is like an open field

Full of promise, fruitful

Fragrance of rice paddies, golden wheat fields

All a scene of a good harvest

I love my motherland

She is like a giant

Regurgitating the universe, earthshaking

Walking with vigorous strides

Bounding into the distance/future