Want to make your friends laugh? Tell them you're spending 24 hours at an airport. Want to make your friends jealous? Tell them you're spending time away from workaday cares and responsibilities, exploring places, observing people and indulging your inner child. In other words, tell them about the 24 hours you spent at an airport.

Epiphanies are difficult to define and their occurrence is always unpredictable. I'm not sure I've ever experienced one. But trundling along on the

Piccadilly Line towards Heathrow airport, the site of my 24-hour visit, a sense of liberation washed over me.

Unlike my previous journeys, I had not once glanced anxiously at my watch. Time didn't matter. Nor had I constantly performed my usual nervous ritual of fumbling through my pockets, making sure I had my passport, ticket and credit cards. All that was for people who were actually going somewhere. Me, I was just going to hang out. I didn't even have my passport with me — just a toothbrush, toothpaste, lots of stuff to read, a notebook and several pens.

7.OOAM

I arrive at Terminal 4 and head for the airport information desk to pick up a few basic facts. I learn that the first flights land at around 5am and the last arrive at llpm. The airport itself and some of the shops in the check-in and arrivals area never closed, but the trains that run between Terminal 4 and Terminals 1, 2 and 3 stop at 11.45pm. A helpful staff member advises me to spend the night in Terminals 1, 2 or 3 because they are bigger and livelier than Terminal 4 after hours.

As Douglas Adams observed in The Long Dark TeaTime of the Soul, 'It can hardly be a coincidence that no language on earth has ever produced the expression, "As pretty as an airport" '

My plan is to pass some of my 24 hours searching for something 'pretty'. The information desk staff recommend I visit the chapel.

8.OOAM

St George's chapel is located in the basement of the control tower and looks more like a crypt than a chapel. There are three altars. Embroidered onto the cloth covering the largest altar are three aeroplanes. Inside each aeroplane is an embroidered cross, the upright in the fuselage and the cross-bar extending into the wings. It's a welcoming and peaceful place but more solemn than pretty.

My personal vote for the prettiest site at Heathrow is the entry/exit ramp that wraps around Short Stay Car Park 1. Built from concrete and bricks, the sweeping curve of the ramp is as pretty as any French chateau staircase.

During my hunt I discover some other interesting features: bureaux de change are always situated next to arrivals areas, and the multifaith prayer room in Terminal 3 is just opposite the dry-cleaners.

Heathrow is a big, rambling place, and finding the ramp took four hours. It's time for lunch. Lunch is followed by a long stint of reading...

4.00PM

I'm wandering around again when I have my second epiphany. 'What an idiot I am!' (I'm sure the best epiphanies always begin with that thought.) An airport is a superb place for watching the world come and go. After all, that's exactly what the world is doing at an airport. Except for me — I'm staying put for 24 hours.

I survey all four terminals and conclude that check-in areas are crowded, noisy and full of stress. Arrivals areas are mellower. Terminal 2 has a few rows of comfortable seats overlooking its arrival area. I sit and observe as people embrace, kiss, cry or yell down their mobile phones: 'I'm here, stupid — where are you?'

8.OOPM

Hanging around at Heathrow is like staying home from school and spending the entire day in your pyjamas lying on the couch, watching TV and eating ice cream. (I can't think why it isn't more popular!)

12.15AM

At a little after midnight, the show ends. As the food shops close, I stock up on provisions for the night. Inside a display case, I see an example of East meeting West the last doughnut is sitting next to an onion bhaji. I haggle and get the doughnut at half-price.

2.OOAM

I feel sleepy. Hoping for an invigorating sugar rush, I eat the donut. It tastes of onion bhaji. Still sleepy, I decide to try some physical exercise: namely pushing a baggage trolley through the tunnels that connect Terminals 1, 2 and 3. Each tunnel has two moving walkways separated by an expanse of polished marble tiles.

While navigating the trolley on the tiles, the child in me takes over. Holding onto the trolley, I break into a run. I realise that I am reliving a game I played years ago in

shopping-mall parking lots. I haven't lost my touch either, because I am still able to judge the best moment

to jump onto the back of the trolley and coast to a gentle stop.

2.45AM

Like all kids having fun, I attract the attention of others. A honeymooning couple from Texas, Brad and Amy, who have missed a connecting flight to Italy, have a few goes.

Eventually three guys from India join us. We play until two cleaners appear and we have to stop. I suggest that we move to another tunnel and try some floor skating. To floor skate, you remove your shoes and then break into a slide. Amy turns out to be a floor-skating virtuoso; she can even slide backwards.

4.15AM

We repair to one of the open-all hours coffee shops for a caffeine hit. Brad, Amy, the Indian guys and I chat for a while and then I make my way to the arrivals area in Terminal 3 to watch the people on the first flight from Hong Kong come in.

7.OOAM

Back on the Piccadilly Line, I experience the perfect ending to my 24-hour experiment. I fall asleep.

What do you think 'epiphanies' means?			
The reason for doing something	Moments of freedom	**Moments of revelation**	Difficult journeys

500 word challenge: This piece of travel writing isn't very descriptive. Pick one of the times and describe what the writer is experiencing. Remember to use sensory language as well as talk about how it makes him feel.

ON the way to Edbury I told Paddy that I had a friend from whom I could be sure of getting money, and suggested going straight into London rather than face another night in the spike. But Paddy had not been in Edbury spike recently, and, tramp-like, he would not waste a night's free lodging. We arranged to go into London the next morning. I had only a halfpenny, but Paddy had two shillings, which would get us a bed each and a few cups of tea.

The Edbury spike did not differ much from the one at Romton. The worst feature was that all tobacco was confiscated at the gate, and we were warned that any man caught smoking would be turned out at once. Under the Vagrancy Act tramps can be prosecuted for smoking in the spike—in fact, they can be prosecuted for almost anything; but the authorities generally save the trouble of a prosecution by turning disobedient men out of doors. There was no work to do, and the cells were fairly comfortable. We slept two in a cell, 'one up, one down'—that is, one on a wooden shelf and one on the floor, with straw palliasses and plenty of blankets, dirty but not verminous. The food was the same as at Romton, except that we had tea instead of cocoa. One could get extra tea in the morning, as the Tramp Major was selling it at a halfpenny a mug, illicitly no doubt. We were each given a hunk of bread and cheese to take away for our midday meal.

When we got into London we had eight hours to kill before the lodging-houses opened. It is curious how one does not notice things. I had been in London innumerable times, and yet till that day I had never noticed one of the worst things about London—the fact that it costs money even to sit down. In Paris, if you had no money and could not find a public bench, you would sit on the pavement. Heaven knows what sitting on the pavement would lead to in London—prison, probably. By four we had stood five hours, and our feet seemed red-hot from the hardness of the stones. We were hungry, having eaten our ration as soon as we left the spike, and I was out of tobacco—it mattered less to Paddy, who picked up cigarette ends. We tried two churches and found them locked. Then we tried a public library, but there were no seats in it. As a last hope Paddy suggested trying a Rowton House; by the rules they would not let us in before seven, but we might slip in unnoticed. We walked up to the magnificent doorway (the Rowton Houses really are magnificent) and very casually, trying to look like regular lodgers, began to stroll in. Instantly a

man lounging in the doorway, a sharp-faced fellow, evidently in some position of authority, barred the way.

'You men sleep 'ere last night?'

'No.'

'Then — off.'

We obeyed, and stood two more hours on the street corner. It was unpleasant, but it taught me not to use the expression 'street corner loafer', so I gained something from it.

The definition of a 'spike' is a shelter of last resort used by the homeless'. The word 'spike' is an example of what?			
Anaphora	Clause	**Colloquialism**	Common noun

The word 'verminous' means?			
Very steep	Poisonous	**Infested with mice and rats**	Airy

Which word from this text best matches the definition: "A large lump"?			
Unnoticed	Innumerable	Spike	**Hunk**

Which word from this text best matches the definition: "Not seen"?			
Unnoticed	Barred	Innumerable	Stroll

100 word challenge – Describe a unpleasant building in a lot of detail.

“Despite the fact that the two men are in a negative situation, it isn’t as bad because they are friends.” Do you agree with this statement? Use a quote to explain yourself.

In the winter of 1974 I played my last season of football. We played fourteen games: won eleven, lost one, drew two. Those are good results. As I said, we got a blackboard in our photograph, and every single player on the team got their team colours, the eagle crest in red on a green patch that you sewed on to your shirt.

The enormous amount of joy and pride that playing football used to give me and to have lost that at the age of twelve was terrible, for me. I stopped playing

football at twelve and didn't start again until I was at university.

By then I was awful. And I found it so tragic to be so bad. I couldn't understand why I couldn't play well.

It was not until I developed the logic of analysis that

I realized (though it should have been obvious) all the other university students I was playing against had had five years of extra training and matches and playing and confidence building. As they'd got better over the last five years, I had got worse because I hadn't been playing any football at all.

So at university, I was too slow, I couldn't pass, I couldn't shoot, I couldn't do anything. It was humiliating. I don't suppose the other students playing noticed this they probably just thought I was crap — but I knew I had once been good and I was now crap.

Much, much later, in 2008, I took up football again.

I was performing at the Union Square Theater in New York City for a month and I asked my promoter, Arnold Engelman, to see if he could find anyone in New York who could teach me football. This is when I met up with Jennifer Meyerson. She was coaching a women's team at NYU, and instantly we got on very well together I started training with her, and that's what I still do these days: I do training and practice sessions. If I ever try to play an actual game I tend to flash back to the twelveyear-old kid I used to be, and because I'm so competitive I tend to get injured. So that doesn't

seem to work for me. But I have regained my love of kicking a football about.

In 2012, when I went to South Africa the first time to try to run twenty-seven marathons in twenty-seven days to honour Nelson Mandela, I brought some footballs over, and I gave them to kids at an orphanage. They started throwing them at each other, and I thought, Okay, they don't want these.

But then suddenly they went wild and they were playing football up and down, and I was playing with them.

I think football/ soccer can help save the world.

The thing is, anyone can be good at it. You can be tall, you can be short, you can be wide, you can be thin it doesn't matter. Even though America loves baseball, (American) football, and basketball, I feel it is the ultimate American game, really, because it's a pure meritocracy, and that is what America was designed as.

Throughout this extract from an autobiography, the writer gives their viewpoints on football. Complete the table considering how they infer their opinion.

The writer's opinion on football is…	A quote to prove this…	The language that has been used to infer this is…	The effect on the reader is…

Tuesday, 5 October 1897. — To wake up at midnight, after an hour's sleep, with a headache, slight but certainly indicative of the coming attack; to hear the clock strike, every note drilling a separate hole into your skull; to spend the rest of the night uneasily between sleeping and waking, always turning over the pillow, and tormented intermittently by idiotic nightmares, crowded with action, which fatigue the brain: this is a disturbed liver. Towards morning comes the hope, caused by the irregularity of the pain, that the headache will pass away on getting up. But it never does so. Then one comes downstairs, eyes as it were in red-hot sockets, and gulps some effervescing saline. One rises from breakfast with a mouth full of reminiscences — butter, cocoa, porridge, and the headache remains. One walks to the office in the fresh autumn air; the headache remains. Towards noon, one seeks the last remedy, a draught which weakens the action of the heart. It is effective, and after half an hour's somnolence in a chair, one recovers, half-dazed, but without the headache; weak, silly, nerveless, but without the headache. The impulse to work is alive again, and one accomplishes an hour. But after lunch and dinner one has a consciousness that a new headache is lying in wait, and, one's resolves worn away by the constant sense of fatigue in the eyes and of the rapid pulsation round the back of the head, one weakly lapses into idleness, trusting that to-morrow will be different.

Saturday, 26 December 1903. — [...l I went to bed at 1.30 and was kept awake till 4.30 by a barking dog. Then at 7.15 Mater knocked on the wall. She was in the middle of a bilious crisis caused by overnight hare and bilberries. She stays in bed. Hence the whole atmosphere of the house becomes special, and 'sick roomy', and I can't proceed with my novel to-day, as I had meant.

Monday, 11 May 1908. — Since Tuesday last I have written an average of over 2,000 words a day, including 12,500 words of novel. I finished the second part this afternoon at 6.15, and was assez ému. This makes half of the book, exactly 100,000 words done. I had a subdued bilious attack practically all the time since Tuesday, but just managed to keep it within bounds. With all this I naturally shirked journalizing. I must not forget that I also corrected, in this time, more than 250 printed pp. of proofs. I had 3 books to correct at once: Buried Alive, How to live on 24 hours a day, and Helen with the High Hand.

What do you think an 'effervescing saline' is?			
Horrible tasting medicine	**Fizzy medicine**	Horrible tasting alcoholic drink	Fizzy alcoholic drink.

Which of these definitions of the word 'draught' do you think is the correct one in the context of the extract?			
Liquid medicine	Cold air blowing through a room	A system of storing drinks in large containers.	The depth of water needed for a boat to float.

What do you think 'somnolence' means?			
Sunshine	Exercise	Crying	**Sleep**

'Mater' is a Latin word for….			
Friend	Dog	Wife	**Mother**

What do you think 'bilious' means?			
Feeling numb	Feeling sympathetic	Feeling tired	**Feeling sick**

'Assez emu' is a French term, what do you think it might mean?			
Quite moved	Clearly moved	Quite urgent	Clearly urgent

Look at the three adjectives on the left hand side of the table and decide which diary entry best suits that word. Pick a quotation out from the extract that best shows that feeling.

Adjective	Date	Quotation
Tortured		
Pre-occupied		
Industrious		

200 word challenge: The entry marked 'Tuesday, 5 October 1897' describes the writer feeling unwell. Using the same descriptive language techniques that he has used; I want you to describe a time you have been unwell or hurt. You do not need to describe how you got the injury or illness but just describe how it felt.

You may make up a time if you cannot think of any. Make it as descriptive and detailed as the extract.

I was nearly eighteen months in Borstal before I thought about getting out. I can't tell you much about what it was like there because I haven't got the hang of describing buildings or saying how many crumby chairs and slatted windows make a room. Neither can I do much complaining, because to tell you the truth I didn't suffer in Borstal at all. I gave the same answer a pal of mine gave when someone asked him how much he hated it in the army. "I didn't hate it," he said. "They fed me, gave me a suit, and pocket-money, which was a bloody sight more than I ever got before, unless I worked myself to death for it, and most of the time they wouldn't let me work but sent me to the dole office twice a week." Well, that's more or less what I say. Borstal didn't hurt me in that respect, so since I've got no complaints I don't have to describe what they gave us to eat, what the dorms were

like, or how they treated us. But in another way Borstal does something to me. No, it doesn't get my back up, because it's always been up, right from when I was born. What it does do is show me what they've been trying to frighten me with. They've got other things as well, like prison and, in the end, the rope. It's like me rushing up to thump a man and snatch the coat off his back when, suddenly, I pull up because he whips out a knife and lifts it to stick me like a pig if I come too close. That knife is Borstal, clink, the rope. But once you've seen the knife you learn a bit of unarmed combat. You have to, because you'll never get that sort of knife in your own hands, and this unarmed combat doesn't amount to much. Still, there it is, and you keep on rushing up to this man, knife or not, hoping to get one of your hands on his wrist and the other on his elbow both at the same time, and press back until he drops the knife.

You see, by sending me to Borstal they've shown me the knife, and from now on I know something I didn't know before: that it's war between me and them. I always knew this, naturally, because I was in Remand Homes as well and the boys there told me a lot about their brothers in Borstal, but it was only touch and go then, like kittens, like boxing gloves, like dobbie. But now that they've shown me the knife, whether I ever pinch another thing in my life again or not, I know who my enemies are and what war is. They can drop all the atom bombs they like for all I care: I'll never call it war and wear a soldier's uniform, because I'm in a different sort of war, that they think is child's play. The war they think is war is suicide, and

those that go and get skilled in war should be put in clink for attempted suicide because that's the feeling in blokes' minds when they rush to join up or let themselves be called up. I know, because I've thought how good it would be sometimes to do myself in and the easiest way to do it, it occurred to me, was to hope for a big war so's I could join up and get killed. But I got past that when I knew I already was in a war of my own, that I was born into one, that I grew up hearing the sound of 'old soldiers' who'd been over the top at Dartmoor, half killed at Lincoln, trapped in no-man's-land at Borstal, that sounded louder than any Jerry bombs. Government wars aren't my wars; they've got nowt to do with me, because my own war's all that I'll ever be bothered about. I remember when I was fourteen and I went out into the country with three of my cousins, all about the same age, who later went to different Borstals, and then to different regiments, from which they soon deserted, and then to different gaols where they still are as far as I know

But anyway, we were all kids then, and wanted to go out to the woods for a change, to get away from the roads of stinking hot tar one summer. We climbed over fences and went through fields, scrumping a few sour apples on our way, until we saw the wood about a mile off. Up Colliers' Pad we heard another lot of kids talking in high school voices behind a hedge. We crept up on them and peeped through the brambles, and saw they were eating a picnic, a real posh spread out of baskets and flasks and towels. There must have been about seven of them, lads and girls sent out by their mams and dads for the afternoon. So we went on our bellies through the hedge like crocodiles and surrounded them, and then dashed into the middle, scattering the fire and batting their tabs and snatching up all there was to eat, then running off over Cherry Orchard fields into the wood, with a man chasing us who'd come up while we were ransacking their picnic. We got away all right, and had a good feed into the bargain, because we'd been clambed to death and couldn't wait long enough to get our chops ripping into them thin lettuce and ham sandwiches and creamy cakes.

Well, I'll always feel during every bit of my life like those daft kids should have felt before we broke them up.

There are a lot of colloquial terms in this extract, can you figure out what they mean by looking at the context.

What do you think 'the rope' means?			
Trouble	**Hanging**	Deception	Weakness

What do you think 'clink' means?			
Drinking	Alcohol	**Prison**	A stadium

What do you think 'Jerry' means?			
German	Attractive person	Funny person	Idiot

What do you think 'nowt' means?			
Dislike	**Nothing**	Soon	A bad event

What do you think 'scrumping' means?			
Adorable	**Stealing**	Trespassing	Tasty

All of the words below appear in the article but which of them fit into the sentences below best.

Crumby	Dole
Occurred	Government
Regiments	Brambles

1. The food banks had to _____ out more meals than ever last month.
2. That event _____ 3 years ago.
3. We need to cut down all the _____.

'You really get an idea of this character from the way the writer portrays them.' How far do you agree with this statement? Pick a quote to prove your point and explain how the writer's language creates that effect.

Bristo Square is a vast Gothic courtyard outside Edinburgh University, adorned with dark granite gargoyles. It's night-time, and the thoroughfare between the buildings is busy. Three young women in stilettos and white suede cowboy hats, trimmed with pink fur, stumble past; unnoticed, street people criss-cross the revellers. Some are young refugees, care leavers or migrant workers; many are gnarled old rough sleepers, who carry their belongings in plastic bags. A few scream abuse at passing students, but most walk on, fearful and quiet, with their eyes fixed on the buildings ahead. All belong to a silent underclass who exist quietly and painfully in every city.

There are an estimated 1,700 rough sleepers in Scotland. Edinburgh, with more than 360, is their capital.

As the sun falls behind the mosque's turquoise dome, the street people make their way towards Magdalene House – a soup kitchen known by only the destitute. As I push open the heavy wooden door, with its weary hinges and reinforced glass panels, I smell tonic wine, lentil soup, and turpentine. It's being redecorated, and the pine panels on the walls have peeled, revealing craters of pastel-pink paint.

Inside, there are men with thick, dark beards and beetroot-red faces, and men who are jaundiced and yellow, with wide, bloodshot eyes and lank, thinning hair. There are atrophied soldiers – drunk on white spirit – and old sea captains, who wear their war wounds like ghost stories. Some scowl, or shudder, as they pick tobacco flakes from their gold-capped teeth; others flinch like mice caught near the tracks of a runaway freight train, as the night air fills the room.

"We used to get them, back when they were on the methylated spirits," a woman says, as she dispenses soup from behind the serving counter. She glances at me and smiles as she butters bread. "Now it's white cider. It's the same thing if you ask me."

I sit at a table beside John – a musician who has just returned to Scotland from America. He tells me about touring Europe with a band

and about his psychiatrist in Massachusetts. Simon sits beside him. He is very young, and wears a torn polyester jacket, which is zipped to his chin. He stares past me, to a frieze of Jesus in the Garden of Gethsemane, as he pulls apart Empire biscuits and arranges the glacé cherries in glossy patterns on his tray.

Archie is a recovering alcoholic in his late forties. He wears an immaculate pale blue shirt with a cutaway collar – donated by the Sue Ryder charity, he tells me, "but originally designed by Tom Ford". The table becomes quiet as he begins to talk about his drinking, and the incarceration that always followed.

"I didn't know about work," Archie says, through genuine bewilderment, rather than by way of excuse. "I thought that when you hit a certain age, you went and stood in the pub. You all just stood in the pub with your mates. And the very few times you weren't there, you were talking about what it was like being there. Or you were looking for a reason to go."

For a moment, Archie squares his broad shoulders and feigns aggression. John says nothing; Simon wheezes, as his eyelids close, and he inhales butane gas through the sleeve of his shirt. Slowly, his eyelids flutter, and his fingers begin to wriggle in the pockets of his coat.

"I never had a good start in life, going in and out of kiddies' homes," Archie continues. "In fact, I'll tell you this," he says, "I've seen a hell of a sight more violence in kiddies' homes than I ever have in prisons. And I've been on landings with lifers." Suddenly, he stands up, and his chair falls backward, screeching as it hits the floor. Addiction marks people with all the force of a hatchet, or a sculptor's chisel; it carves contours in haunted faces, and tears seams in weathered skin. The men who come to Magdalene House have little interest in food, or warmth or company. They are weary, tortured, ghosts of people – with bodies contorted by imperceptible pain.

When I walk across Edinburgh to meet Archie's friend Jack, work on the skyline has stalled. At the top of Leith Walk, they've torn down the tenements, and the abandoned diggers and cement mixers look other-worldly. A rusted wrecking ball swings like a bauble above a chasm in the city where a thousand people used to live and breathe.

Greenside Place is a stretch of grubby pavement in front of a quiet cinema complex beside one of central Edinburgh's busiest roundabouts. As I traipse up Leith Walk, my eyes grow used to the darkness – and I can make out the street people, who seem drawn like ragged moths to the light.

Jack is a gentle older man with shorn gray hair and intense blue eyes. He wears a pair of dark jeans and a red sweatshirt that says "Nebraska". He has a very soft Northern accent, an occasional stammer, and a tendency to apologise. His fingernails are broken, and there's a hard, white groove where he once wore a wedding band, pressed like twine into pork fat on his right hand.

At first, we say very little, but eventually Jack mutters, "Suppose you're sitting in a bedsit over there, and you're on your own, and you've only got a little TV. If you've got a hundred pounds in your pocket, and you go out on a Friday night, put a nice shirt on." He pauses. "Maybe put your hair up and put on a nice dress if you're a girl. If you go out clubbing then you're the same as the next man. You're a millionaire for a night."

Jack takes a plastic lighter from his pocket and taps it on the table.

"A lot of it's in the mind. Alcoholism is, because alcohol, if you only do it every now and again, it will lift you. Boom," he says, for emphasis, making the shape of gun in a gesture that feels unfortunate and sudden, and his eyes narrow. "But if you're doing it continuously, what alcohol will do is it will bring you up, and then it'll bring you right back down."

Jack hits his left palm off his right hand, and the resulting crack echoes like a gunshot.

"You won't get the up again because you're just on a continuous roll with it. That's the difference."

Extended Writing – Pick one of the people in this essay and describe a regular Saturday evening from their perspective. Ensure it is detailed and descriptive.

A shadow fell over my T-bar sandals and I looked up to see Anita Rutter staring at me through squinted eyes ringed in bright blue eyeshadow. She broke off a twig from our privet hedge and thrust it under my nose, pointing at a part of the branch where the leaves were not their usual straight darts but were rolled up in on themselves, neat and packaged as school dinner sandwiches. 'See them leaves?' She carefully unrolled one of them: it came away slowly like sticky tape, to reveal a sprinkling of tiny black eggs. 'Butterflies' eggs, them is. They roll up the leaf to hide them, see.'

She stripped all the leaves off the twig in one movement and smelled her fingers, before flicking the naked branch at my ankles. It stung but I did not pull my legs back. I knew this was a test.

'What you got?'

I held out my crumpled bag of stolen sweets. She peered inside disdainfully, then snatched the bag off me and began walking away as she ate. I watched her go, confused. I could still hear my parents talking inside, their voices now calmer, conciliatory. Anita stopped momentarily, shouting over her shoulder, 'Yow coming then?'

It was the first day of the long summer holidays and I had six whole weeks which I could waste or taste. So I got up and followed her without a word.

I was happy to follow her a respectable few paces behind, knowing that I was privileged to be in her company. Anita was the undisputed 'cock' of our yard, maybe that should have been hen, but her foghorn voice, foul mouth, and proficiency at lassoing victims with her frayed skipping rope indicated she was carrying enough testosterone around to earn the title. She ruled over all the kids in the yard with a mixture of pre-pubescent feminine wiles, pouting, sulking, clumsy cack-handed flirting and unsettling mood swings which would often end in minor violence.

What is the name of the technique used by the author in quotes such as 'Yow coming then?'			
Colloquial	Informal	Accent	**Dialect**

What word best describes someone who is "'cock' of our yard"?			
Jubilant	Subservient	Arrogant	**Confident**

What is a synonym for the word 'wiles?			
Faces	**Strategies**	Crimes	Secrets

What two techniques are used in the quotation: ". She broke off a twig from our privet hedge and thrust it under my nose, pointing at a part of the branch where the leaves were not their usual straight darts but were rolled up in on themselves, neat and packaged as school dinner sandwiches."			
Dynamic verb and Phrasal verb	**Dynamic Verb and Simile**	Phrasal verb and simile	Irregular verb and Simile

What is the name of the punctuation mark in the middle of the quotation: "She carefully unrolled one of them: it came away slowly like sticky tape."			
Comma	**Colon**	Semi Colon	Ellipsis

What word class is used twice in the quotation: "I held out my crumpled bag of stolen sweets."			
Adverb	**Adjective**	Noun	Determiner

What quote do you think best gives describes Anita? Write it below and explain how the language used creates that impression.
100 word challenge: Describe an encounter with someone you have never met before in as much detail as you can.

An American tourist has told how he feared he would die as he spent two and a half hours clinging to the outside of a train travelling through the Australian outback at speeds of up to 70mph.

Chad Vance, a 19-year-old student from Alaska, jumped on to the Ghan, which travels from Adelaide to Darwin, as it pulled out of Port Augusta. He had hopped off to stretch his legs during a stop, and panicked when he saw it moving off. He managed to squeeze into a small stairwell, but as the train gathered speed and night fell he realised his decision could be fatal.

'I was worried I wasn't going to survive,' he said. 'If I'd fallen off at that speed and hit the nasty-looking rocks below, I don't think I would have made it.' He clung on for two hours and 20 minutes before Marty Wells, a crew member, heard his cries for help and brought the train to an emergency stop. 'Chad is a very lucky guy. When we rescued him his skin was white and his lips were blue,' Mr Wells told a newspaper. 'We were still about three hours away from our next scheduled stop and in that time he could have easily died of hypothermia or lost his grip.'

Mr Vance boarded the Ghan in Adelaide on 28 May for the journey to Alice Springs. He lost track of time in Port Augusta and arrived back at the platform as the train was moving off. He said he knew it would pull up outside to change drivers, so he decided to chase it. When he caught it up, he banged on the windows of the first-class dining carriage. The passengers ignored him because they 'probably thought I was some crazy kid,' he said.

After five minutes, the train started to pull away again and he made the 'instinctive' decision, which he admitted was a 'pretty crazy idea', to climb back on board. Wearing only jeans, boots and a T-shirt, he endured freezing temperatures before he was rescued.

'He was shaking uncontrollably for several hours and complained of numbness to the left side of his body and arms and said his face was also stinging,' Mr Wells said. 'I've never seen anything like this before, and I sure hope I don't ever see it happen again.'

500 word challenge: This newspaper article tells the story of Chad Vance in the past tense, in the third person and in a quite informative way. I want you to change the piece of writing into a present tense piece of descriptive writing in the first person.

Pick a moment when he is clinging on to the side of the train and describe it in detail. Think about your use of sensory language and your use of descriptive writing techniques.

Now I felt an element of desperation creep in, as well as an element of anger. I redoubled my focus and dug down deep. At night I lay in bed and let my imagination run riot. I closed my eyes and visualised all the looks for the coming week. I did this every single week of series four As I lay there, breathing deeply, inspiration struck. I noted down what I had imagined, what I had seen in my mind. Then I followed up on it, and recreated these gifts of inspiration for the catwalk. One example of this visual inspiration occurred during the filming of an episode in Leeds. The look both Gok and I had to create was 'oriental inspiration'.

For my look, Helen and I had managed to borrow a 26,000 glittering navy mandarin coat encrusted with thousands of tiny Swarovski crystals from Shanghai Tang. The coat itself was a showstopper, and came alive on the catwalk. It was bedazzling. When I closed my eyes and visualised the coat, I also saw something else: the most glorious accessory to go with it. The only problem was I had to create it. It existed only in my imagination. In my mind I saw the model carrying a birdcage instead of a handbag. Helen and I found the perfect birdcage and went about recreating my vision.

The birdcage was white and delicate. I filled it with lifelike silk butterflies and a pretend bird, with real feathers. Then I covered the outside of the birdcage with small white fairy lights. I wound them discreetly around the bars, I lit the lights with a hidden battery pack. It was spectacular.

Unfortunately, although Helen and I tried to keep our secret weapon hidden until the final second, someone in the production caught sight of it. They took it away.

Claiming I had broken the rules. 'What rules?' I thought. Was I not allowed to use my imagination?

Although it stung, I put that loss behind me and went on to win more. I used my visualisation technique to guide me through the rest of series four. When it came to the final show, the stakes were the highest they'd ever been. The show took place in Canary Wharf in East London — my 'hood.

I could no longer win the series outright, but Gok still could. He was one up on me in the score tally. The best I could do would be to tie. And I could only do that if I won the last show. Both Gok and I went at it hammer and tongs. This competition was very real, and not just for the cameras. The final look was 'fairytale'. My model wore a handmade silk dress of white chiffon, by the designer Matthew Williamson. In my Best of British segment that night we had watched the fabric for this dress be handdrawn then digitally printed. We had visited Matthew's atelier and watched the dress being stitched together. The viewers and I had been on this fashion journey together. The cameras had captured every step of it. The dress was called 'the parachute dress' because, as the model walked, the train of the dress billowed out on the gentle wafts of air behind her, creating an exquisite parachute. It was feather-light, ethereal; it was angelic. The dress itself created its own delicate drama.

Clutching the golden envelope for the last time, I walked to the end of the catwalk. The crowd was roaring.

I could feel the love. I ripped open the envelope. I looked at the audience. My voice shook with emotion as I read the writing on the card: 'The winner is BRIX.'

Despite the fact that this is a non-fiction text, the writer has used a number of descriptive techniques. Identify a descriptive quotation and explain how the language creates a specific effect.

300 word challenge: Describe a moment when you have been in an intense rivalry with someone. It can be fictional or from your actual experience. Use the style the writer has created here.

Dear Frieda,

How did the exams go? Did you manage to get into a nice fluent gallop with your answers?

The rain came just as we were finishing loading the bales — we had a wild rush to get them in, bales in the landrover, bales into Jean and Ian's van, bales into the horsebox, bales into our ears, bales into the backs of our necks, bales in our boots, bales down our shirts. So we tottered home towering & trembling & tilting & toppling & teetering. And there in front of us was some other tractor creeping along with a trailer loaded twice as high as ours, like a skyscraper. All over the countryside there were desperate tractors crawling home under impossible last loads in the very green rain.

The rain is making everything grow again. Including your alpine strawberries, which are luscious the ones the birds don't get. Since we mowed that jungle of weed over the tennis court and the upper part of the orchard, there seem to be whole flocks of blackbirds and thrushes hunting there. And the doves. And Ginger-dandelion. He's discovered a great metropolis of mice up there, that were beyond him before. He's a fine mobile ginger flower. It's still raining, Thursday evening.

Well, here we are, all aches and stretched joints, like broken down five bar gates, after our baling.

And here are all the holidaymakers, sitting in their sauna-bath cars under the downpour, staring at the sea, with their transistors turned up, & their ice-cream running down to their elbows, like cars stuck in a car washer. See you very soon. love, Daddy

What do you think 'transistors' are?			
Mobile phones	**Radios**	Jackets	Windows

What are "towering and trembling and tilting and toppling and teetering" examples of?			
Dynamic verbs	Modal verbs	Auxiliary verbs	Linking verbs

The writer of this text creates a very childlike atmosphere in his recount of life on the farm. Select a quotation that you think best shows this and explain how the language used has created that effect.

200 word challenge: Imagine you are Frieda and respond to the letter.

Thunder rips through the world, a sound so immense it might be one of the sky towers tumbling down. Pandora unhooks the little brass bugle she keeps on her belt, waits for the thunder to fade, then blows the hardest blast she can muster.

At last, Fox looks down.

'The boats,' he shouts. 'Pan, come and see!' Pandora pulls dripping locks of hair from amazed green eyes. The great wall that makes an ocean fortress of the sky city, and traps the netherworld in gloom, is the only horizon she has ever known. She has

never seen the boat camp beyond, only imagined it clinging like a crop of barnacles to the other side of the wall.

Over the years she and Fox have listened to the crackling voices on the soundwaves: flood refugees telling desperate stories of their survival on the oceans.

They are her people, thinks Pandora, because her lost family must have been boat refugees. Fox chose his netherworld exile; he fled his home in the sky city above to launch the revolution that will soon shake the world. But how did she come to be here? Pandora has no memory of family or a life beyond the wall.

For now, the boat people cling in wretched anchorage around the Earth's sky cities, barricaded under gun shields, crafting weapons from sea junk for the battle ahead. At least, Pandora hopes so. Their communications with the boat camps died in the mighty winter storms. Searching the hissing desolation of the soundwaves, listening for a pulsebeat of the outside world, Pandora has imagined the boat people all swept away.

Step by trembling step, she now begins to climb up the precarious, twisting stairway towards Fox — who takes a sudden leap across empty space and vanishes through an archway.

Pandora searches the darkness. A tiny parapet encircles the top of the spire. Is that where he went? The wind pounds her, fear drums inside, but she climbs on.

'Here.'

His voice is suddenly close. Sheet lightning turns the sky as bright as the moon and Pandora glimpses his ghostly figure in an archway, just above. One last heartstopping twist of the stairway . . . a few more terrifying steps . . .

'Take my hand,' shouts Fox. Rain streams from his outstretched arm. Sweat steams from his skin. If she misjudges the jump, Pandora will follow her lost sword down into the netherworld sea. But she grabs Fox's hand, leaps through the archway — and lands on the narrow parapet at the top of the spire, safe in his grasp. Lightning flickers across their drowned kingdom, illuminating the cathedral that seems to float as an ark in the netherworld sea and the broken bridge that lunges from the water like a lagoon monster, draped in seaweed and barnacled with ancient rust-heaps. All around the old steeple tower and the water-glugged museum, scattered among the massive trunks of the sky towers, lie the last scraps of a city lost to the sea: tiny mudbanked land-scraps, crammed with trees and ruins, teeming with animal life.

Enclosing it all is the vast city wall.

'Look,' urges Fox.

Beyond the wall, as far as she can see, is an immense heaving darkness. The world's ocean!

This is a very descriptive piece of writing. Choose a quotation that you think describes setting in a lot of detail and explain how the language creates effect

This is a very descriptive piece of writing. Choose a quotation that you think describes character in a lot of detail and explain how the language creates effect

400 word challenge – Describe being at the hands of nature. Think about using some of the techniques used in the extract.

The roadside cottages were now showing more and more signs of dilapidation. A German shell came over and then whoo - oo - oooooOOO - bump - CRASH! twenty yards away from the party. We threw ourselves flat on our faces. Presently we heard a curious singing noise in the air, and then flop! flop! little pieces of shell-casing came buzzing down all around. 'They calls them the musical instruments,' said the sergeant. 'Damn them,' said Frank Jones-Bateman, who had a cut in his hand from a jagged little piece, 'the devils have started on me early.' 'Aye, they'll have a lot of fun with you before they're done, sir,' grinned the sergeant. Another shell came over. Every one threw himself down again, but it burst two hundred yards behind us. Only Sergeant Jones had remained on his feet and laughed at us. 'You're wasting yourselves, lads,' he said to the draft. 'Listen by the noise they make coming where they're going to burst.'

At Cambrin village, about a mile from the front trenches, we were taken into a ruined chemist's shop with its coloured glass jars still in the window: the billet of the four Welsh company-quartermaster-sergeants. Here they gave us respirators and field-dressings. This, the first respirator issued in France, was a gauze-pad filled with chemically treated cotton waste, for tying across the mouth and nose. Reputedly it could not keep out the German gas, which had been used at Ypres against the Canadian Division; but we never put it to the test. A week or two later came the 'smoke-helmet', a greasy grey-felt bag with a talc window to look through, and no mouth-piece, certainly ineffective against gas. The talc was always cracking, and visible leaks showed at the stitches joining it to the helmet.

These were early days of trench warfare, the days of the jam-tin bomb and the gas-pipe trench mortar: still innocent of Lewis or Stokes guns, steel helmets, telescopic rifle-sights, gas-shells, pill-boxes, tanks,

wellorganized trench raids, or any of the later refinements of trench warfare.

After a meal of bread, bacon, rum, and bitter stewed tea sickly with sugar, we went through the broken trees to the east of the village and up a long trench to battalion headquarters. The wet and slippery trench ran through dull red clay. I had a torch with me, and saw that hundreds of field mice and frogs had fallen into the trench but found no way out. The light

dazzled them, and because I could not help treading on them, I put the torch back in my pocket. We had no mental picture of what the trenches would be like, and were almost as ignorant as a young soldier who joined us a week or two later. He called out excitedly to old Burford, who was cooking up a bit of stew in a dixie, apart from the others: 'Hi, mate, where's the battle? I want to do my bit.'

The guide gave us hoarse directions all the time. 'Hole right' 'Wire high.' 'Wire low.' 'Deep place here, sir.' 'Wire low.' The field-telephone wires had been fastened by staples to the side of the trench, and when it rained the staples were constantly falling out and the wire falling down and tripping people up. If it sagged too much, one stretched it across the trench to the other side to correct the sag, but then it would catch one's head. The holes were sump-pits used for draining the trenches.

We now came under rifle-fire, which I found more trying than shell-fire. The gunner, I knew, fired not at

people but at map references — crossroads, likely artillery positions, houses that suggested billets for troops, and so on. Even when an observation officer in an aeroplane or captive balloon, or on a church spire directed the guns, it seemed random, somehow. But a rifle-bullet, even when fired blindly, always seemed purposely aimed. And whereas we could usually hear a shell approaching, and take some sort of cover, the rifle-bullet gave no warning. So, though we learned not to duck a rifle-bullet because, once heard, it must have missed, it gave us a worse feeling of danger. Rifle-bullets in the open went hissing into the grass without much noise, but when we were in a trench, the bullets made a tremendous crack as they went over the hollow. Bullets often struck the barbed wire in front of the trenches, which sent them spinning with a headover-heels motion — ping! rockety-ockety-ockety-ockety into the woods behind.

What does 'dilapidation' mean?			
Bombing	**Falling to pieces**	Dangerous	Costs a lot

What is relevant about Ypres?			
Was where gas was used against a division.	Where the writer is from	Where the divisions come from	Where the extract is set.

200 word challenge: Pick one image mentioned in this extract and describe it in intricate detail. Consider the use of sensory language.

Friday
This morning, just after 11:00, Michael locked himself in his office and he won't come out.

Bill (Bill!) sent Michael this totally wicked flame-mail from hell on the e-mail system - and he just wailed on a chunk of code Michael had written. Using the Bloom County-cartoons-taped-on-the-door index, Michael is certainly the most sensitive coder in Building Seven - not the type to take criticism easily. Exactly why Bill would choose Michael of all people to wail on is confusing. We figured it must have been a random quality check to keep the troops in line. Bill's so smart.

Bill is wise.
Bill is kind.
Bill is benevolent.
Bill, Be My Friend...Please!

Actually, nobody on our floor has ever been flamed by Bill personally. The episode was tinged with glamour and we were somewhat jealous. I tried to tell Michael this, but he was crushed.

Shortly before lunch he stood like a lump outside my office. His skin was pale like rising bread dough, and his Toppy's cut was dripping sweat, leaving little damp marks on the oyster-gray-with-plum highlights of the Microsoft carpeting. He handed me a printout of Bill's memo and then gallumphed into his office, where he's been burrowed ever since.

He won't answer his phone, respond to e-mail, or open his door. On his doorknob he placed a "Do Not Disturb" thingy stolen from the Boston Radisson during last year's Macworld Expo. Todd and I walked out onto the side lawn to try to peek in his window, but his Venetian blinds were closed and a gardener with a leaf blower chased us away with a spray of grass clippings.

They mow the lawn every ten minutes at Microsoft. It looks like green Lego pads.

Finally, at about 2:30 a.m., Todd and I got concerned about Michael's not eating, so we drove to the 24-hour Safeway in Bellevue. We went shopping for "flat" foods to slip underneath Michael's door.

The Safeway was completely empty save for us and a few other Microsoft people just like us - hair-trigger geeks in pursuit of just the right snack. Because of all the rich nerds living around here, Redmond and Bellevue are very "on-demand" neighborhoods. Nerds get what they want when they want it, and they go psycho if it's not immediately available. Nerds over-focus. I guess that's the problem. But it's precisely this ability to narrow-focus that makes them so good at code writing: one line at a time, one line in a strand of millions.

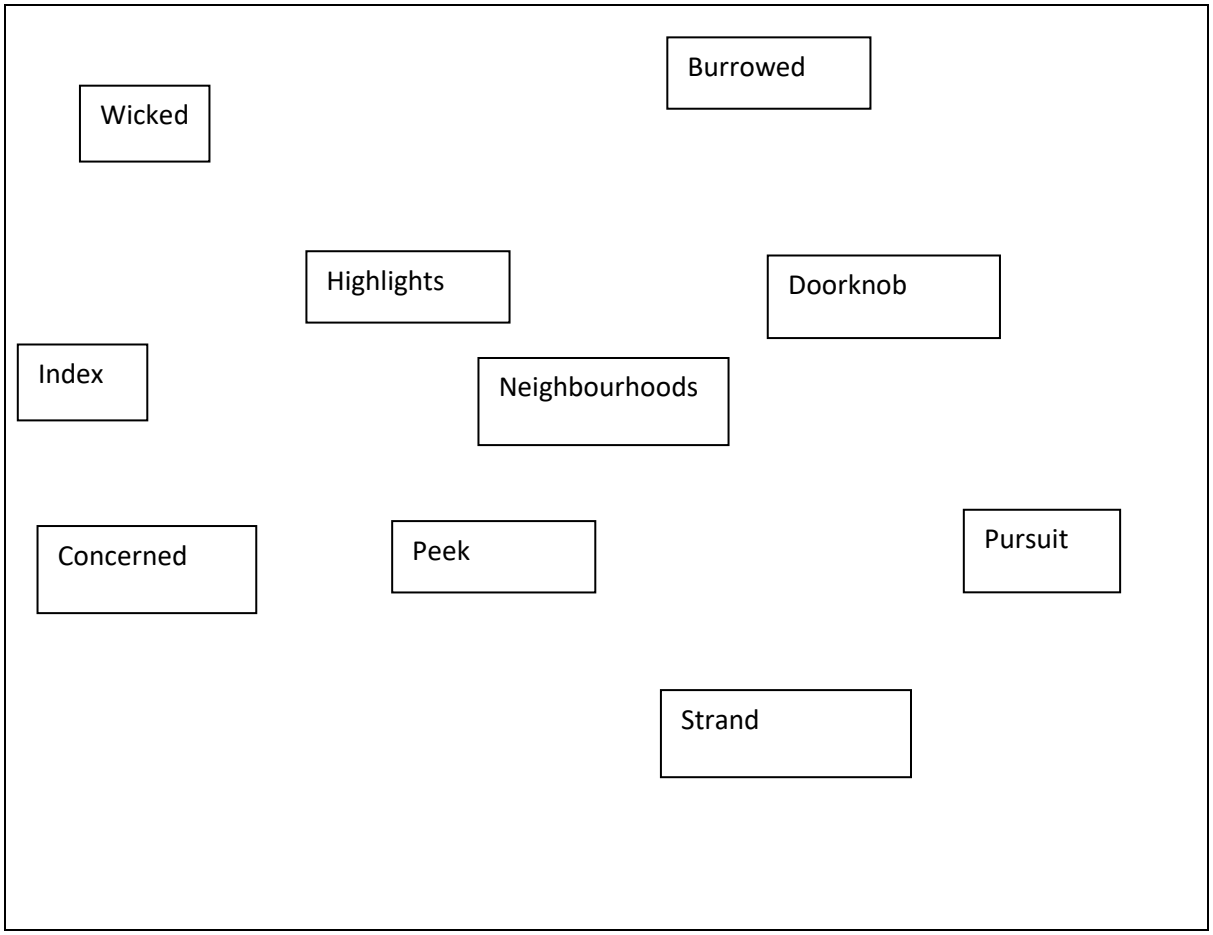
The definition of a 'flame-mail' is a nasty email that criticises somebody. The term 'flame-mail' is an example of what?			
Anaphora	Clause	**Colloquialism**	Common noun

What do you think the informal term 'wailed on' mean?			
Make safe	**Attack**	Hit	Cry

What do you think the informal term 'galumphed means?			
Move clumsily	Move carefully	Move quickly	Move slowly

What do you think the word 'expo' means? Look at it in context. **Explain below why you think that.**

All of the following words are in the text above – but which one fits into the sentences.



1. The worms _____ into the soil.

2. Working with that company was one of the _____ of my career.

3. We now need to be _____ about how many police we have in the area.

4. Her shameless _____ of power was a big problem.

It was not until Friday morning, September 1, that I really took the sharp, agonized breath of war. That day it began, in a slum in London.

The office had told me to cover the evacuation of some of London's schoolchildren. There had been great preparations for the scheme – preparations that raised strong criticism. Evacuation would split the British home, divide child and parent, break that domestic background that was our strength.

I went to a block of working class flats at the back of Gray's Inn Road and in the early morning saw a tiny, frail, Cockney child walking across to school. The child had a big, brown-paper parcel in her hand and was dragging it along. But as she turned I saw a brown box banging against her thin legs. It bumped up and down at every step, slung by a thin string over her shoulder. It was Florence Morecambe, an English schoolchild, with a gas mask instead of a satchel over her shoulder.

I went along with Florence to her school. It was a big Council school and the classrooms were filled with children, parcels, gas masks. The desks and blackboards were piled up in a heap in one corridor. They were not going to school for lessons. They were going on holiday. The children were excited and happy because their parents had told them they were going away to the country. Many of them, like my little Florence, had never seen green fields. Their playground was the tarmac or a sandpit in the concrete square at the back.

I watched the schoolteachers calling out their names and tying luggage labels in their coats, checking their parcels to see there were warm and clean clothes. On the gates of the school were two fat policemen. They were letting the children through but gently asking the parents not to come further. They might disturb the children. So mothers and fathers were saying goodbye, straightening the girl's hair, getting the boys to blow their noses, and lightly and quickly kissing them. The parents stood outside while the children went to be registered in their classrooms. It was disturbing, for through the high grille their mothers pressed their faces trying to see the one child that resembled them. Every now and then the policeman would call out a child's name, and a mother who had forgotten a bar of chocolate or a toothbrush would have a last chance to tell a child to be good, to write and to straighten her hat.

Labelled and lined up, the children began to move out of the school. I followed Florence, her tiny face bobbing about, white among so many navy-blue school caps. She was chattering away to an older schoolgirl, wanting to know what the country was like, where they were going, what games they would play on the grass.

On one side of Gray's Inn Road this ragged crocodile moved towards the tube station. On the other, were the mothers who were who were waving and running along to see the last of their children. The police had asked them not to follow, but they could not resist.

The children scrambled down into the tube

Extended Writing Challenge: Write an extended piece of writing from the point of view of the child in this piece of writing. You can use any of the details described in the newspaper article or make up your own.

18 July 1952

7 rue Monsieur, VII

Darling Evelyn

What do you do with all the people who want interviews, with fan letters and with fans in the flesh? Just a barrage of nos? I fear I am too weak-minded, and then Marie cannot tell a lie — and then I live in a glass house so they see me through the window. I think this is a bad time of year, the fans are all on the move. It is making me very bad tempered. Do you answer their letters? But then I'm not you, and for some reason they all think, from my books, that I am very NICE. I should ask E. M. Delafield or Angela Thirkell for advice, not you.

Then National Book League, Cambridge Union and Eton Literary Society what Idol you do about them when they invite you? When I say I live here they write again saying choose your own date. Never mind, but it's a bore and all takes time. You are so lucky to like Americans, my hatred grows every day anyway I never answer their letters.

Why not come and pay us a visit next week? Harold [Actonl arrives 26th and John [Sutrol will be here, and it's so nice and empty, the town I mean, except for your dear dear Americans drinking iced coffee and cream with their beefsteak. l. . .1

Do come, I've got lots of jokes too long to write.

Fondest love from

N

27 July [19521

Piers Court

Stinchcombe

Dearest Nancy

I am not greatly troubled by fans nowadays. Less than one a day on the average. No sour grapes when I say they were an infernal nuisance. I divide them into

(a) Humble expressions of admiration. To these a post-card saying: 'I am delighted to learn that you enjoyed my book. EW.'

(b) Impudent criticism. No answer.

(c) Bores who wish to tell me about themselves. Post-card saying: 'Thank you for interesting letter. E.W.'

(d) Technical criticism. e.g. One has made a character go to Salisbury from Paddington. Post-card: 'Many thanks for your valuable suggestion. E.W.' (e) Humble aspirations of would-be writers. If attractive a letter of discouragement. If unattractive a post-card.

(f) Requests from University Clubs for a lecture. Printed refusal.

(g) Requests from Catholic Clubs for lecture. Acceptance.

(h) American students of 'Creative Writing' who are writing theses about one and want one, virtually, to write their theses for them. Printed refusal.

(i) Tourists who invite themselves to one's house. Printed refusal.

(j) Manuscript sent for advice. Return without comment.

I also have some post-cards with my photograph on them which I send to nuns.

> In case of very impudent letters from married women I write to the husband warning him that his wife is attempting to enter into correspondence with strange men.

Oh and of course.

(k) Autograph collectors: no answer.

(l) Asking for free copies of one's books: no answer.

(m) Very rich Americans: polite letter. They are capable of buying 100 copies for Christmas presents.

I think that more or less covers the field.

Love

E

What do you think 'impudent' means?			
Begging	Pleasing	Thankful	**Cheeky**

Which one of the words used in the article can mean 'an area of land' or 'an area in which someone is an expert', but means 'all the relevant people' in this extract.			
Field	Nuisance	Barrage	Criticism

Looking at the second letter, pick a group of people that Evelyn is 'scathing' about. Select a quotation to prove your point and explain how their language creates that effect.

300-word challenge – Write a response from the point of view of Nancy where you try and persuade Evelyn to change his mind about one of the groups he has written about in his letter.

For example you may ask him to not bother sending postcards to people who like his books or you may suggest he responds more fully to the people who tell him about themselves.

Attempt to keep the same style used in the letters.

I flew back, and I arrived just when the buses were leaving, so I went straight out to the site and we waited out there, twenty miles away. We had a radio, and they were supposed to tell us when the thing was going to go off and so forth, but the radio wouldn't work, so we never knew what was happening. But just a few minutes before it was supposed to go off the radio started to work, and they told us there was twenty seconds or something to go, for people who were far away like we were. Others were closer, six miles away.

They gave out dark glasses that you could watch it with. Dark glasses! Twenty miles away, you couldn't see a damn thing through dark glasses. So I figured the only thing that could really hurt your eyes (bright light can never hurt your eyes) is ultraviolet light. I got behind a truck windshield, because the ultraviolet can't go through glass, so that would be safe, and so I could see the damn thing.

Time comes, and this tremendous flash out there is so bright that I duck, and I see this purple splotch on the floor of the truck. I said, "That's not it. That's an after-image." So I look back up, and I see this white light changing into yellow and then into orange. Clouds form and disappear again — from the compression and expansion of the shock wave.

Finally, a big ball of orange, the center that was so bright, becomes a ball of orange that starts to rise and billow a little bit and get a little black around the edges, and then you see it's a big ball of smoke with flashes on the inside, with the heat of the fire going outwards.

All this took about one minute. It was a series from bright to dark, and I had seen it. I am about the only guy who actually looked at the damn thing the first Trinity test. Everybody else had dark glasses, and the people at six miles couldn't see it because they were all told to lie on the floor. I'm probably the only guy who saw it with the human eye.

Finally, after about a minute and a half, there's suddenly a tremendous noise—BANG, and then a rumble, like thunder -- and that's what convinced me. Nobody had said a word during this whole thing. We were all just watching quietly. But this sound released everybody released me particularly because the solidity of the sound at that distance meant that it had really worked.

The man standing next to me said, "What's that?"

I said, "That was the Bomb."

The man was William Laurence. He was there to write an article describing the whole situation. I had been the one who was supposed to have taken him around. Then it was found that it was too technical for him, and so later H. D. Smyth came

and I showed him around. One thing we did, we went into a room and there on the end of a narrow pedestal was a small silver-plated ball. You could put your hand on it. It was warm. It was radioactive. It was plutonium. And we stood at the door of this room, talking about it. This was a new element that was made by man, that had never existed on the earth before, except for a very short period possibly at the very beginning. And here it was all isolated and radioactive and had these properties. And we had made it. And so it was tremendously valuable.

Meanwhile, you know how people do when they talk — you kind of jiggle around and so forth. He was kicking the doorstop, you see, and I said, "Yes, the doorstop certainly is appropriate for this door." The doorstop was a ten-inch hemisphere of yellowish metal — gold, as a matter of fact.

What had happened was that we needed to do an experiment to see how many neutrons were reflected by different materials, in order to save the neutrons so we didn't use so much material. We had tested many different materials. We had tested platinum, we had tested zinc, we had tested brass, we had tested gold. So, in making the tests with the gold, we had these pieces of gold and somebody had the clever idea of using that great ball of gold for a doorstop for the door of the room that contained the plutonium.

After the thing went off, there was tremendous excitement at Los Alamos. Everybody had parties, we all ran around. I sat on the end of a jeep and beat drums and so on. But one man, I remember, Bob Wilson, was just sitting there moping.

I said, "What are you moping about?"

He said, "It's a terrible thing that we made."

I said, "But you started it. You got us into it."

You see, what happened to me — what happened to the rest of us — is we started for a good reason, then you're working very hard to accomplish something and it's a pleasure, it's excitement. And you stop thinking, you know; you just stop. Bob Wilson was the only one who was still thinking about it, at that moment.

I want you to look at the structure of this piece of writing. I have broken it up into 5 sections. Fill the graph in below and explain what the main focus is and why the effect that this focus has had on the reader.

Section	**Writer's Focus**	**Effect on reader**
<u>The first two paragraphs – underlined</u>		
The next four paragraphs – in bold		
The next four paragraphs – italicised		
The next two paragraphs – in a different font.		
The last section		

Forty-five minutes north-east of Cambridge is a landscape I've come to love very much indeed. It's where wet fen gives way to parched sand. It's a land of twisted pine trees, burned-out cars, shotgun-peppered road signs and US Air Force bases. There are ghosts here: houses crumble inside numbered blocks of pine forestry. There are spaces built for air-delivered nukes inside grassy tumuli behind twelve-foot fences, tattoo parlours and US Air Force golf courses. In spring it's a riot of noise: constant plane traffic, gas-guns over pea fields, wood-larks and jet engines. It's called the Brecklands – the broken lands – and it's where I ended up that morning, seven years ago, in early spring, on a trip I hadn't planned at all. At five in the morning I'd been staring at a square of streetlight on the ceiling, listening to a couple of late party-leavers chatting on the pavement outside. I felt odd: overtired, overwrought, unpleasantly like my brain had been removed and my skull stuffed with something like microwaved aluminium foil, dinted, charred and shorting with sparks. *Nnngh. Must get out*, I thought, throwing back the covers. *Out!* I pulled on jeans, boots and a jumper, scalded my mouth with burned coffee, and it was only when my frozen, ancient Volkswagen and I were halfway down the A14 that I worked out where I was going, and why. Out there, beyond the foggy windscreen and white lines, was the forest. The broken forest. That's where I was headed. To see goshawks.

I knew it would be hard. Goshawks *are* hard. Have you ever seen a hawk catch a bird in your back garden? I've not, but I know it's happened. I've found evidence. Out on the patio flagstones, sometimes, tiny fragments: a little, insect-like songbird leg, with a foot clenched tight where the sinews have pulled it; or – even more gruesomely – a disarticulated beak, a house-sparrow beak top, or bottom, a little conical bead of blushed gunmetal, slightly translucent, with a few faint maxillary feathers adhering to it. But maybe you have: maybe you've glanced out of the window and seen there, on the lawn, a bloody great hawk murdering a pigeon, or a blackbird, or a magpie, and it looks the hugest, most impressive piece of wildness you've ever seen, like someone's tipped a snow leopard into your kitchen and you find it eating the cat. I've had people rush up to me in the supermarket, or in the library, and say, eyes huge, *I saw a hawk catch a bird in my back garden this morning!* And I'm just about to open my mouth and say, *Sparrowhawk!* and they say, 'I looked in the bird book. It was a *goshawk*.' But it never is; the books don't work. When it's fighting a pigeon on your lawn a hawk becomes much larger than life, and bird-book illustrations never match the memory. Here's the sparrowhawk. It's grey, with a black and white barred front, yellow eyes and a long tail. Next to it is the goshawk. This one is also grey, with a black and white barred front, yellow eyes and a long tail. You think, *Hmm*. You read the description. Sparrowhawk: twelve to sixteen inches long. Goshawk: nineteen to twenty-four inches. There. It was huge. It must be a goshawk. They look identical. Goshawks are bigger, that's all. Just bigger.

No. In real life, goshawks resemble sparrowhawks the way leopards resemble housecats. Bigger, yes. But bulkier, bloodier, deadlier, scarier and much, much harder to see. Birds of deep woodland, not gardens, they're the birdwatchers' dark grail. You might spend a week in a forest full of gosses and never see one, just traces of their presence. A sudden hush, followed by the calls of terrified woodland birds, and a sense of something moving just beyond vision. Perhaps you'll find a half-eaten pigeon sprawled in a burst of white feathers on the forest floor. Or you might be lucky: walking in a foggy ride at dawn you'll turn your head and catch a split-second glimpse of a bird hurtling past and away, huge taloned feet held loosely clenched, eyes set on a distant target. A split second that stamps the image indelibly on your brain and leaves you hungry for more. Looking for goshawks is like looking for grace: it comes, but not often, and you don't get to say when or how. But you have a slightly better chance on still, clear mornings in early spring, because that's when goshawks eschew their world under the trees to court each other in the open sky. That was what I was hoping to see.

I slammed the rusting door, and set off with my binoculars through a forest washed pewter with frost. Pieces of this place had disappeared since I was last here. I found squares of wrecked ground; clear-cut, broken acres with torn roots and drying needles strewn in the sand. Clearings. That's what I needed. Slowly my brain righted itself into spaces unused for months. For so long I'd been living in libraries and college rooms, frowning at screens, marking essays, chasing down academic references. This was a different kind of hunt. Here I was a different animal. Have you ever watched a deer walking out from cover? They step, stop, and stay, motionless, nose to the air, looking and smelling. A nervous twitch might run down their flanks. And then, reassured that all is safe, they ankle their way out of the brush to graze. That morning, I felt like the deer. Not that I was sniffing the air, or standing in fear – but like the deer, I was in the grip of very old and emotional ways of moving through a landscape, experiencing forms of attention and deportment beyond conscious control. Something inside me ordered me how and where to step without me knowing much about it. It might be a million years of evolution, it might be intuition, but on my goshawk hunt I feel tense when I'm walking or standing in sunlight, find myself unconsciously edging towards broken light, or slipping into the narrow, cold shadows along the wide breaks between pine stands. I flinch if I hear a jay calling, or a crow's rolling, angry alarum. Both of these things could mean either *Warning, human!* or *Warning, goshawk!* And that morning I was trying to find one by hiding the other. Those old ghostly intuitions that have tied sinew and soul together for millennia had taken over, were doing their thing, making me feel uncomfortable in bright sunlight, uneasy on the wrong side of a ridge, somehow required to walk over the back of a bleached rise of grasses to get to something on the other side: which turned out to be a pond. Small birds rose up in clouds from the pond's edge: chaffinches, bramblings, a flock of long-tailed tits that caught in willow branches like animated cotton buds.

The pond was a bomb crater, one of a line dropped by a German bomber over Lakenheath in the war. It was a watery anomaly, a pond in dunes, surrounded by thick tussocks of sand sedge many, many miles from the sea. I shook my head. It was odd. But then, it's very odd indeed here, and walking the forest you come across all sorts of things you don't expect. Great tracts of reindeer moss, for example: tiny stars and florets and inklings of an ancient flora growing on exhausted land. Crisp underfoot in summer, the stuff is like a patch of the arctic fallen into the world in the wrong place. Everywhere, there are bony shoulders and blades of flint. On wet mornings you can pick up shards knocked from flint cores by Neolithic craftsmen, tiny flakes of stone glowing in thin coats of cold water.

What do you think "tumuli" means?			
Powerful whipped up winds	Big chain of vehicles	**Mound of earth and stones**	Row of abandoned shops

What do you think "overwrought" means?			
Out of shape	Unwell	**Very upset**	Left out

What do you think "disarticulated" means?			
Separated	Unwell	Huge	Never written about

What do you think "maxillary" means?			
Huge	**Attached to the jaw**	Dainty	Chewy

What do you think "eschew" means?			
Avoid	Are afraid of	Attack	Are sickened by
What do you think "alarum" means?			
Sound of being unsure	**Sound of alarm**	Sound of crows	Sound of drinking

What word best describes the setting of this extract?			
Tribal	**Rural**	Urban	Suburban

What word best describes the writer?			
Wicked	Uninterested	**Restless**	Vivacious

What word best describes the writer's opinion of people that think they've seen a goshawk?			
Dynamic	Defeated	Distracted	**Dubious**

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What word best describes the writer's opinion of people that think they've seen a goshawk?			
Dynamic	Defeated	Distracted	**Dubious**

What word best describes the writer's feelings about seeing goshawks?			
Damaging	**Consuming**	Sickening	Manifesting

What word best describes the writer's feelings about encountering the pond?			
Bewitched	**Bewildered**	Bewhiskered	Bewailed

What word best describes the writer's feelings about how she finds the goshawks?			
Instrumental	Instructional	Institutional	**Instinctual**

100-word challenge: Write a descriptive piece of writing where you discover a rare animal.

While we were living at Livingstone Road I really began to earn my keep. I took pride in doing so. I started delivering morning and evening newspapers for George and Madge Latham, a young, childless couple in their thirties, who ran a sweets, tobacco and newspaper business on Revidge Road. The Lathams were an honest, hard-working couple. They were Lancashire folk: active, tough, resourceful. They were always cheerful. I was a year below the minimum age, but they took me on just the same; no one enforced the law. They paid me the princely sum of two shillings and sixpence per week, of which I kept a dodger. Mother took the rest. That was my contribution to help pay for the house.

I came to spend so much time with the Lathams that home and school fell into the background. Winter and summer, wet or fine, I got myself up at five to meet George at the newspaper depot in the centre of town about a mile and a half away. I had to run through the dark, hushed streets for half an hour or so. I'd find him waiting for me with his bicycle. On cold mornings his teeth were chattering. Together, we then fought our way in and out of an ill-lit warehouse that served as the newspaper depot. It was a daily hand-to-hand battle with other men to get our newspapers. It was bedlam there.

Once we'd got the warm, damp bundles under our arms, we loaded them and George's bike onto the first tram to Revidge Road at six o'clock. Kneeling on the ribbed floor, we sorted the papers as the tram lurched along. When the floor was wet with melted snow off people's clogs, we used the seats. At Revidge Road, George helped me off the tram. With a bag of newspapers on either shoulder, I began my round. Depending on the weather, I'd be running through the streets for the next hour, or hour and a half. I found it wonderful to have the world to myself.

I had no difficulty knowing which paper went where. Labour people took the Herald or News Chronicle, conservatives the Mail or the Telegraph, liberals the Guardian, the toffs took The Times. A switch in newspaper usually meant a switch in political allegiance. I knew how my customers would vote.

Delivering newspapers taught me a lot about human nature. I learned to recognize the news addicts and the insomniacs. In summer, these chaps paced up and down their lawns awaiting my arrival. The way they snatched the paper out of my hand, made me feel important. I knew by the way they rushed to the financial pages that, like most of the rich, they were fearful of losing their money. I'd nothing to lose so the financial crashes left me unmoved. I decided it must be worrying to be rich.

In bad weather, the kind-hearted awaited my arrival with a cup of tea and a bun. The not so kind angrily waved the paper in my face as if I were responsible for the success of Labour at the polls, or the assassination of the head of a foreign state. I felt like saying: 'Look, Mister, I don't write these papers, I just deliver them.'

Usually, I kept my mouth shut. One thing I did learn was never to give a man the wrong paper. You've no idea how touchy some people can be. They'd bawl me out as if I'd permanently committed them to the wrong religion.

In time I came to have a large family of newspaper readers. I knew them more closely than they realized. I knew them by the way their houses stared, sat and slept.

I closely followed my customers' births, weddings, divorces and deaths. I knew who had gone broke, and who was doing very nicely. I knew when a move was under way. I delivered Dr Michael's paper. He was the great ear, nose and throat specialist who was unable to save his own daughter from a fatal ear infection. 'And how is the Michael child?' some customers asked me as if I were a consulting physician.

With a passion for the printed word, I not Only delivered newspapers, I read them too. I started every day eager to see what the world was up to. one morning in 1927 I was thrilled to read about Lindbergh's solo flight from the United states to France. My friends and 1 didn't stop talking about Lucky Lindy. The only aeroplanes we had seen were three single-engine aircraft flown by a group of American rough riders who came for three days to barnstorm from a field on the edge of town. They charged five shillings for a ten minute ordeal. My mates and I saw the whole show and were awestruck. The planes were thumped and banged about so much that we expected them to fall apart. When we saw people getting out and throwing up, we concluded that it was just as well that nobody was pressing a free ride on us.

The newspapers were full of politics. That's how I first heard about Mussolini in Italy and Stalin in Russia. I cut their pictures out of the paper and lined them up like a rogues' gallery on my bedroom wall. With the world depression in trade and industry at its height, the papers also had a lot to say about commercial crises, strikes and lockouts.

Sometimes the news was so arresting that I stopped under a street light to read it. Banner headlines greeted the formation of a second Labour

government in 1929.We believed that Labour would put things right this time. Ramsay MacDonald was to be Prime Minister.

One thing I did learn, was the way newspapers contradicted each other --- that truth is not as straightforward as I thought it was. A disaster in politics in one paper was a victory in another. I asked myself how could that be? I also learned to be suspicious of the writers who had a simple answer for everything. Every day I read the column by Hannan Swaffer in the Daily Herald. Why, if they'd have put Mr Swaffer in charge, the country and the world would have been on its feet again in seven days. I found it confusing.

I asked George Latham what he made of it; after all, he had newsprint all over his hands as I did, and he was much older.

'I'd never deliver the news, Billy, if I tried to make head or tail of it,' he answered. 'We're businessmen, Billy. We have our work cut out delivering papers without worrying about what it all means.'

I want you to look at the structure of this piece of writing. I have broken it up into 5 sections. Fill the graph in below and explain what the main focus is and why the effect that this focus has had on the reader.

Section	**Writer's Focus**	**Effect on reader**
<u>The first two paragraphs – underlined</u>		
The next three paragraphs – in bold		
The next four paragraphs – italicised		
The next three paragraphs – in a different font.		
The last three paragraphs		

"Hey! Mr Gilfillan! Are you up there?" The voice was coming from below. Gilfillan walked over to a doorway, called down a flight of steps.

"What is it, Marlene?"

"Come take a look."

Gilfillan turned to look at his reluctant group. "Shall we?" He was already heading down. They couldn't very well leave without him. It was stay here, with a bare lightbulb for company, or head down into the basement. Derek Linford led the way.

They came out into a narrow hallway, rooms off to both sides, and other rooms seeming to lead from those. Rebus thought he caught a glimpse of an electrical generator somewhere in the gloom. Voices up ahead and the shadowplay of torches. They walked out of the hallway and into a room lit by a single arc lamp. It was pointing towards a long wall, the bottom half of which had been lined with wooden tongue-and-groove painted the selfsame institutional cream as the plaster walls. Floorboards had been ripped up so that for the most part they were walking on the exposed joists, beneath which sat bare earth. The whole room smelt of damp and mould. Gilfillan and the other archaeologist, the one he'd called Marlene, were crouched in front of this wall, examining the stonework beneath the wood panelling. Two long curves of hewn stone, forming what seemed to Rebus like railway arches in miniature. Gilfillan turned round, looking excited for the first time that day.

"Fireplaces," he said. "Two of them. This must have been the kitchen." He stood up, taking a couple of paces back. "The floor level's been raised at some point. We're only seeing the top half of them." He half-turned towards the group, reluctant to take his eyes off the discovery. "Wonder which one the servant was roasted in . . ."

One of the fireplaces was open, the other closed off by a couple of sections of brown corroding metal.

"What an extraordinary find," Gilfillan said, beaming at his young co-worker. She grinned back at him. It was nice to see people so happy in their work. Digging up the past, uncovering secrets . . . it struck Rebus that they weren't so unlike detectives.

"Any chance of rustling us up a meal then?" Bobby Hogan said, producing a snort of laughter from Ellen Wylie. But Gilfillan wasn't paying any heed. He was standing by the closed fireplace, prying with his fingertips at the space between stonework and metal. The sheet came away easily, Marlene helping him to lift it off and place it carefully on the floor.

"Wonder when they blocked it off?" Grant Hood asked.

Hogan tapped the metal sheet. "Doesn't look exactly prehistoric." Gilfillan and Marlene had lifted away the second sheet. Now everyone was staring at the revealed fireplace. Gilfillan thrust his torch towards it, though the arc lamp gave light enough.

There could be no mistaking the desiccated corpse for anything other than what it was.

This extract creates tension. Pick a quotation that creates tension and explain HOW the writer has used language to create that effect.

500 word challenge – Write a descriptive piece of writing where tension builds up to a big reveal in the last line.

In the beginning, my journeys feel at best ludicrous, at worst insane. This one is no exception. The idea is to paddle nearly 600 miles on the Niger River in a kayak, alone, from the Malian town of Old Ségou to Timbuktu. And now, at the very hour when I have decided to leave, a thunderstorm bursts open the skies, sending down apocalyptic rain, washing away the very ground beneath my feet. It is the rainy season in Mali, for which there can be no comparison in the world. Lightning pierces trees, slices across houses. Thunder racks the skies and pounds the earth like mortar fire, and every living thing huddles in tenuous shelter, expecting the world to end. Which it doesn't. At least not this time. So that we all give a collective sigh to the salvation of the passing storm as it rumbles its way east, and I survey the river I'm to leave on this morning. Rain or no rain, today is the day for the journey to begin. And no one, not even the oldest in the village, can say for certain whether I'll get to the end.

"Let's do it," I say, leaving the shelter of an adobe hut. My guide from town, Modibo, points to the north, to further storms. He says he will pray for me. It's the best he can do. To his knowledge, no man has ever completed such a trip, though a few have tried. And certainly no woman has done such a thing. This morning he took me aside and told me he thinks I'm crazy, which I understood as concern and thanked him. He told me that the people of Old Ségou think I'm crazy too, and that only uncanny good luck will keep me safe.

What he doesn't know is that the worst thing a person can do is tell me that I can't do something, because then I'll want to do it all the more. It may be a failing of mine. I carry my inflatable kayak through the narrow passageways of Old Ségou, past the small adobe huts melting in the rains, past the huddling goats and smoke of cooking fires, people peering out at me from the dark entranceways. It is a labyrinth of ancient homes, built and rebuilt after each storm, plastered with the very earth people walk upon. Old Ségou must look much the same as it did in Scottish explorer Mungo Park's time when, exactly 206 years ago to the day, he left on the first of his two river journeys down the Niger to Timbuktu, the first such trip by a Westerner. It is no coincidence that I've planned to leave on the same day and from the same spot. Park is my benefactor of sorts, my guarantee. If he could travel down the Niger, then so can I. And it is all the guarantee I have for this trip—that an obsessed nineteenth-century adventurer did what I would like to do. Of course Park also died on this river, but I've so far managed to overlook that.

Hobbled donkeys cower under a new onslaught of rain, ears back, necks craned. Little naked children dare each other to touch me, and I make it easy for them, stopping and holding out my arm. They stroke my white skin as if it were

velvet, using only the pads of their fingers, then stare at their hands for wet paint.

Thunder again. More rain falls. I stop on the shore, near a centuries-old kapok tree under which I imagine Park once took shade. I open my bag, spread out my little red kayak, and start to pump it up. A couple of women nearby, with colorful cloth wraps called *pagnes* tied tightly about their breasts, gaze at me cryptically, as if to ask: *Who are you and what do you think you're doing?* The Niger churns and slaps the shore, in a surly mood. I don't pretend to know what I'm doing. Just one thing at a time now, kayak inflated, kayak loaded with my gear. Paddles fitted together and ready. Modibo is standing on the shore, watching me.

"I'll pray for you," he reminds me.

I balance my gear, adjust the straps, get in. And, finally, irrevocably, I paddle away.

When Mungo Park left on his second trip, he never admitted that he was scared. It is what fascinates me about his writing—his insistence on maintaining an illusion that all was well, even as he began a journey that he knew from previous experience could only beget tragedy. Hostile peoples, unknown rapids, malarial fevers. Hippos and crocodiles. The giant Lake Debo to cross, like being set adrift on an inland sea, no sight of land, no way of knowing where the river starts again. Forty of his forty-four men dead from sickness, Park himself afflicted with dysentery when he left on this ill-fated trip. And it can boggle the mind, what drives some people to risk their lives for the mute promises of success. It boggles my mind, at least, as I am caught up in the same affliction. Already, I fear the irrationality of my journey. I fear the very stubbornness which drives me forward.

The Niger erupts in a new storm. Torrential rains. Waves higher than my kayak, trying to capsize me. But my boat is self-bailing and I stay afloat. The wind drives the current in reverse, tearing and ripping at the shores, sending spray into my face. I paddle madly, crashing and driving forward. I travel inch by inch, or so it seems, arm muscles smarting and rebelling against this journey.

A popping feeling now and a screech of pain. My right arm lurches from a ripped muscle. But this is no time and place for such an injury, and I won't tolerate it, stuck as I am in a storm. I try to get used to the metronome-like pulses of pain as I fight the river. There is only one direction to go: forward.

Whilst this extract is non-fiction, there is a number of descriptive writing techniques. Use the table below to find three different techniques and the effect the language provokes.

Quotation	Method	Effect of language

At that moment, the orchestra changed tune and struck up a hymn, one I knew well because it was a favourite of my aunt's and sometimes she used to sing it when she was in one of her brighter moods…E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee. Hearing it, I knew I had to go in search of Charlie, for Lady Melchett's sake if not for my own, and would have gone searching for him if Scurra hadn't been waiting for me at the bottom of the steps. He said, 'A man bears the weight of his own body without knowing it, but he soon feels the weight of any other object. There is nothing, absolutely nothing that a man cannot forget – but not himself.' Then, before walking away, he said those other things, about it being the drop, not the height, that was terrible, and I left Charlie to God and went back up to the officers' houses.

And now, the moment was almost upon us. The stern began to lift from the water. Guggenheim and his valet played mountaineers, going hand over hand up the rail. The hymn turned ragged; ceased altogether. The musicians scrambled upwards, the spike of the cello scraping the deck. Clinging to the rung of the ladder, I tried to climb to the roof but there was such a sideways slant that I waved like a flag on a pole. I thought I must make a leap for it and turned to look for Hopper. Something, some inner voice urged me to glance below and I saw Scurra again, one arm hooked through the rail to steady himself. I raised my hand in greeting – then the water, first slithering, then tumbling, gushed us apart.

As the ship staggered and tipped, a great volume of water flowed in over the submerged bows and tossed me like a cork to the roof. Hopper was there too. My fingers touched some kind of bolt near the ventilation grille and I grabbed it tight. I filled my lungs with air and fixed my eyes on the blurred horizon, determined to hang on until I was sure I could float free rather than be swilled back and forth in a maelstrom. I wouldn't waste my strength in swimming, not yet, for I knew the ship was now my enemy and if I wasn't vigilant, would drag me with her to the grave. I waited for the next slithering dip and when it came and the waves rushed in and swept me higher, I released my grip and let myself be carried away, over the tangle of ropes and wires and davits, clear of the rails and out into the darkness. I heard the angry roaring of the dying ship, the deafening cacophony as she stood on end and all her guts tore loose. I choked on soot and cringed beneath the sparks, dancing like fire-flies as the forward funnel broke and smashed the sea in two. I thought I saw Hopper's face but one eye was ripped away and he gobbled like a fish on a hook. I was sucked under, as I knew I would be, down, down, and I still waited, waited until the pull slackened – and then I struck out with all my strength.

I don't know how long I swam under that lidded sea – time had stopped with my breath – and just as it seemed as if my lungs would burst, the blackness paled and I kicked to the surface. I had thought I was entering paradise, for I was alive and about to breathe again, and then I heard the cries of souls in torment and believed myself in hell. Dear God! Those voices! Father…Father…For the love of Christ…Help me, for pity's sake!...Where is my son?

Some called for their mothers, some on the Lord, some to die quickly, a few to be saved. The lamentations rang through the frosty air and touched the stars; my own mouth opened in a silent howl of grief. The cries went on and on, trembling, lingering – and God forgive me, but I wanted them to end. In all that ghastly night it was the din of dying that chilled the most. Presently the voices grew fainter, ceased – yet I still heard them, as though the drowned called to one another in a ghostly place where no-one could follow. Then silence fell, and that was the worst of all. There was no trace of the Titanic. All that remained was a grey veil of vapour drifting above the water.

Which of these definitions match the word 'lamentations'?			
Plumes of fire	**Expressions of grief**	A plastic covering	Bells

Which of these sentences best summarises the quote: "if I wasn't vigilant [the ship] would drag me with her to the grave."			
Even though the ship might be sage I would die	If I wasn't careful the ship might blow up and kill me.	If I wasn't careful, I would drown instead of the ship	**If I wasn't careful I would drown along with the ship.**

I want you to look at the structure of this piece of writing. I have broken it up into 5 sections. Fill the graph in below and explain what the main focus is and why the effect that this focus has had on the reader.

Section	**Writer's Focus**	**Effect on reader**
<u>The first paragraph – underlined</u>		
The next paragraph – in bold		
The next paragraph – italicised		
The last paragraph – in a different font.		

The hand should feel comfortable in the glove, so as not to appear shortened or stuffed into it. The fingers of the glove ought to be as long as the fingers of the hand.

Gloves too tight do not wear well, which is an economical consideration; and true elegance and intelligent coquetterie should always be blended with good sense.

Kid gloves wear better and longer if you know how to put them on for the first time. 'It is quite a science,' says a charming woman of my acquaintance. Your hands should be perfectly clean, dry, and fresh. Never put on gloves when your hands are damp or too warm. I have already pointed out a remedy for moist hands.

In putting on a pair of new gloves, the four fingers should be first inserted in the glove, leaving the thumb out, and the body of the glove should be turned back over the hand. When the fingers are quite in by means of the gentle movements of the other hand, introduce the thumb with the greatest care, leaning your elbow on your knee for support. Then turn back the glove on the wrist, and button the second button first, going on thus to the top. When this is done, come back to the first button, and you will find that it will button easily, without cracking the kid: which so often happens if one begins with the first button — Besides, it prevents the button-hole from widening: an important matter if you wish the glove to look well to the last.

Never pull off your gloves from the ends of the fingers, but from the wrist. They will then be turned inside out, which is very good for allowing any moisture they may have absorbed from the hand to evaporate. When they are dry they can be put back into their place, as says the song of St. Eloi. If you do not take the precaution of tiring gloves in this way, they will shrink, and be difficult to put on again. The kid will split with the slightest strain, and the gloves be of no use.

Gloves should not be rolled up inside each other they should be stretched out their full length in a box r perfumed sachet. The light gloves should lie between two pieces of white flannel, to preserve them from contact with the dark ones, so that the dye of the latter may not me off on them.

Black kid gloves can be renovated by mixing a few drops of good black ink in a teaspoonful of olive-oil. Apply it with a feather, and dry them in the sun. Light gloves can be cleaned with flour if they are only slightly soiled. If they are much soiled, use benzine, even with suede gloves.

When you buy gloves, examine the seams well. If the thread shows white places when stretched, do not buy the gloves; the kid will easily tear; they will wear badly and never look well.

Silk and woollen gloves are much warmer than kid. In very cold weather fur or woollen gloves should be worn over suedes.

This extract is from an advice manual but contains features from many different purposes of writing.

Fill the table out below finding a quotation for each of the suggested purposes and explaining how language has been used for that purpose.

Purpose	Quotation	How language has been used
To advise		
To instruct		
To describe		
To persuade		

When I undrew curtains in the morning, I was much affected by the beauty of the prospect, and the change. The sun shone, the wind had passed away, the hills looked cheerful, the river was very bright as it flowed into the lake. The church rises up behind a little knot of rocks, the steeple not so high as an ordinary three-story house. Trees in a row in the garden under the wall. The valley is at first broken by little woody knolls that make retiring places, fairy valleys in the vale, the river winds along under these hills, travelling, not in a bustle but not slowly, to the lake. We saw a fisherman in the flat meadow on the other side of the water. He came towards us, and threw his line over the two-arched bridge. It is a bridge of a heavy construction, almost bending inwards in the middle, but it is grey, and there is a look of ancientry in the architecture of it that pleased me.

As we go on the vale opens out more into one vale, with somewhat of a cradle bed. Cottages, with groups of trees, on the side of the hills. We passed a pair of twin children, two years old. Sate on the next bridge which we crossed—a single arch. We rested again upon the turf, and looked at the same bridge. We observed arches in the water, occasioned by the large stones sending it down in two streams. A sheep came plunging through the river, stumbled up the bank, and passed close to us. It had been frightened by an insignificant little dog on the other side. Its fleece dropped a glittering shower under its belly. Primroses by the road-side, pile wort that shone like stars of gold in the sun, violets, strawberries, retired and half-buried among the grass.

When we came to the foot of Brothers Water, I left William sitting on the bridge and went along the path on the right side of the lake through the wood. I was delighted with what I saw. The water under the boughs of the bare old trees, the simplicity of the mountains, and the exquisite beauty of the path. There was one grey cottage. I repeated 'The Glow-worm', as I walked along. I hung over the gate, and thought I could have stayed for ever. When I returned, I found William writing a poem descriptive of the sights and sounds we saw and heard. There was the gentle flowing of the stream, the glittering, lively lake, green fields without a living creature to be seen on them; behind us, a flat pasture with forty-two cattle feeding; to our left, the road leading to the hamlet. No smoke there, the sun shone on the bare roofs. The people were at work ploughing, harrowing, and sowing; ... a dog barking now and then, cocks crowing, birds twittering, the

snow in patches at the top of the highest hills, yellow palms, purple and green twigs on the birches, ashes with their glittering stems quite bare. The hawthorn a bright green, with black stems under the oak. The moss of the oak glossy.

We went on. Passed two sisters at work (they first passed us), one with two pitchforks in her hand, the other had a spade. We had come to talk with them. They laughed long after we were gone, perhaps half in wantonness, half boldness. William finished his poem. Before we got to the foot of Kirkstone, there were hundreds of cattle in the vale. There we ate our dinner. The walk up Kirkstone was very interesting. The becks among the rocks were all alive. William showed me the little mossy streamlet which he had before loved when he saw its bright green track in the snow The view above Ambleside very beautiful. There we sate and looked down on the green vale. We watched the crows at a little distance from us become white as silver as they flew in the sunshine, and when they went still further, they looked like shapes of water passing over the green fields.

All of these options are definitions of the word 'prospect', which is the correct one for the context in the extract?			
The possibility of being successful	The possibility that something good might happen.	A person who might be chosen.	**A wide view.**

All of these options are definitions of the word 'retiring, which is the correct one for the context in the extract?			
Moving back	Withdrawing from an occupation	Withdrawing from action or danger	**Reserved or shy**

What geographical feature are 'knolls' most likely to be?			
Caves	Canals	**Hills**	Canyons

What geographical feature are 'becks' most likely to be?			
Mesas	Oases	**Streams**	Mountains

What do you think 'turf' is?			
Road	Path	**Flowers**	**Grass**

What can you suggest 'pile wort' is?			
A type of disease	A type of insect	The village the extract is set	**A type of plant**

What do you think 'wantonness' is?			
Unrestrained behaviour	Nervous fear	Surprising rudeness	Cautious shyness

Which of these is the correct order as to how the walkers finished their day?		
William finished his poem. They had dinner. They went for a walk.	William finished his poem. They went for a walk. They had dinner.	They went for a walk. They had dinner. William finished his poem.

Despite this being a non-fiction piece of writing, the writer has used a number of descriptive techniques. Select one quotation that you would consider to be descriptive and explain how the language used has been used for effect.

200 word challenge: The writer has described a pleasant country walk in her journal. I want you to invert this and describe an unpleasant country walk. You may use the picture below for your inspiration. Nothing dramatic is to happen on the walk – you will be marked on your description not for narrative.

'I spend most of my time up here. I love it in my room. You have to have your own space, otherwise you're not comfortable,' Tilly explains. 'If anything's going wrong in the house, you'll always be safe in your room — you always come up here knowing that no one can follow you. I think every teenage girl now goes through the phase where they just don't want to go out of their room because everything is in here that entertains them.'

Tilly describes her room at her mother's house as 'tasteful, modern and comfortable'. The house itself is a vision of gorgeous, white loveliness. Apart, that is, from the fingermarks on the walls . . .

She keeps her room pretty tidy — for a teenager — admitting that when she's in a bad mood and has nothing better to do she'll tidy it up. 'A teenager in a bad mood?' I hear you say. 'That room must be spotless.'

On the subject of moods, it appears that Tilly and her mother, Maddie, have come to a somewhat unusual entente on how Tilly's room is decorated.

'Well, we never argued about it,' Tilly says. 'She chose most of the things that go in here, but I don't mind it at all. It makes me feel a little bit more grown up. Also, my mum picks out things and says, 'This doesn't work,' and so she says, 'Take it over to Dad's house,' and I go on over there and just dump it there.'

Just dump it there — a novel solution. What Tilly dumps are all things that clash with Maddie's white walls and tasteful decor. Posters for a start — unless they're on the specially mounted board. 'If Mum saw the paint coming off the wall then she'd go mad.' And Tilly admits that given half a chance she'd splash around some colour too.

The other thing that Maddie can't stand is stuffed animals. They go straight round to Dad's. However, in the corner of the room there's a doll's house. Not your average, common-or-garden doll's house, but a very modern one: from Bauhaus to doll's house, so to speak.

'Yeah, it's quite different,' Tilly says coolly. 'Sort of adds to the effect that I'm still a child. I don't play with it often.

'When I go round to friends' houses their rooms are always really messy,' Tilly continues. It's a really nice room I love it, but I know my friends think it's actually quite a boring bedroom.'

A bedroom that Tilly cleans herself. A very different room to the one at her dad's house, because Dad doesn't care one jot what she puts in it, as long as she's happy.

Maddie, it won't surprise you to learn, hopes with a passion that Tilly will take after her: 'I would be absolutely devastated I think if she did do that sort of chintzy, big sofas, big-curtain thing.'

You might expect a child to dislike commuting between two parents — the transience of it. But Tilly sees only advantages.

'I think I probably prefer it to having one life at one house, because I reckon that's pretty boring. But I've got two houses I can go to, and there's always going to be a charge in the atmosphere between brothers and me and parents, and in the end it's quite nice.

'Sometimes,' she continues, 'I feel like I've been carted from one place to the other. It's not bad that feeling — it's not as bad as everyone thinks having your parents split up. In the end it's sort of for the best, so it doesn't really bother you in the end.'

Pick three quotes for each character and explain what we can infer about them from what they say:

Tilly

Quote	Inference

Maddie

Quote	Inference

I know only that there was trouble, lots and lots of trouble, and I know that we had turned round and were coming back when the trouble got worse. The biggest trouble of all was that I was too low to bail out, and it is from that point on that my memory comes back to me. I remember the dipping of the nose of the aircraft and I remember looking down the nose of the machine at the ground and seeing a little clump of camel-thorn growing there all by itself. I remember seeing some rocks lying in the sand beside the camel-thorn, and the camel-thorn and the sand and the rocks leapt out of the ground and came to me. I remember that very clearly.

Then there was a small gap of not-remembering. It might have been one second or it might have been

thirty; I do not know. I have an idea that it was very short, a second perhaps, and next I heard a crumph on the left as the port tank did the same. To me that was not significant, and for a while I sat still, feeling comfortable, but a little drowsy. I couldn't see with my eyes, but that was not significant either. There was nothing to worry about. Nothing at all. Not until I felt the hotness around my legs. At first it was only a warmness and that was all right too, but all at once it was a hotness, a very stinging scorching hotness up and down the sides of each leg.

I knew that the hotness was unpleasant, but that was all I knew. I disliked it, so I curled my legs up under the seat and waited. I think there was something wrong with the telegraph system between the body and the brain. It did not seem to be working very well. Somehow it was a bit slow in telling the brain all about it and in asking for instructions. But I believe a message eventually got through, saying, 'Down here there is a great hotness. What shall we do? (Signed) Left Leg and Right Leg.' For a long time there was no reply. The brain was figuring the matter out.

Then slowly, word by word, the answer was tapped over the wires. 'The — plane — is — burning. Get — out — repeat — get u— out — get — out.' The order was relayed to the whole system, to all the muscles in the legs, arms and body, and the muscles went to work. They tried their best; they pushed a little and pulled a little, and they strained greatly, but it wasn't any good. Up went another telegram. 'Can't get out. Something holding us in.' The answer to this one took even longer in arriving so I just sat there waiting for it to come, and all the time the hotness increased. Something was holding me down and it was up to the brain to find out what it was. Was it giants' hands pressing on my shoulders, or heavy stones or houses or steam rollers or filing cabinets or gravity or was it ropes? Wait a minute. Ropes — ropes. The message was beginning to come through. It came very slowly. 'Your --- straps. Undo — your — straps.' My arms received the message and went to work. They tugged at the straps, but they wouldn't undo. They tugged again and again, a little feebly, but as hard as they could, and it wasn't any use. Back went the message, 'How do we undo the straps?'

This time I think that I sat there for three or four minutes waiting for the answer. It wasn't any use hurrying or getting impatient. That was the one thing of which I was sure. But what a long time it was all taking. I said aloud, 'Bugger it. I'm going to be burnt. I'm . . . but I was interrupted. The answer was coming — no, it wasn't yes, it was, it was slowly coming through, 'Pull — out — the — quick — release — pin — you — bloody fool — and hurry.'

Out came the pin and the straps were loosed. Now, let's get out. Let's get out, let's get out. But I couldn't do it. I simply lift myself out of the cockpit. Arms and legs tried their best but it wasn't any use. A last desperate message was flashed upwards and this time it was marked 'Urgent'.

'Something else is holding us down,' it said. 'Something else, something else, something heavy.'

Still the arms and legs did not fight. They seemed to know instinctively that there was no point in using up their strength. They stayed quiet and waited for the answer, and oh what a time it took. Twenty, thirty, forty hot seconds. None of them really white hot yet, no sizzling of flesh or smell of burning meat, but that would come any moment now, because those old Gladiators aren't made of stressed steel like a Hurricane or a Spit. They have taut canvas wings, covered with magnificently inflammable dope, and underneath there are hundreds of small thin sticks, the kind you put under the logs for kindling, only these are drier and thinner. If a clever man said, 'I am going to build a big thing that will burn better and quicker than anything else in the world,' and if he applied himself diligently to his task, he would probably finish up by building something very like a Gladiator. I sat still waiting.

Then suddenly the reply, beautiful in its briefness, but at the same time explaining everything. 'Your — parachute turn — the — buckle.'

I turned the buckle, released the parachute harness and with some effort hoisted myself up and tumbled over the side of the cockpit. Something seemed to be burning, so I rolled about a bit in the sand, then crawled away from the fire on all fours and lay down.

I heard some of my machine-gun ammunition going off in the heat and I heard some of the bullets thumping into the sand near by. I did not worry about them; I merely heard them.

Things were beginning to hurt.

Throughout this extract the writer gives a strong sense of tension.

Select three quotations that either agree or disagree with this statement and explain how the language used by the writer creates that effect.

Quotation	Method	How is his language powerful?

I love lambing time. In the long, sodden and wind-lashed winter weeks, I sometimes daydream of escaping the muddy tedium, but I wouldn't want to miss lambing. I've always loved it, ever since I used to follow my grandad around, helping him feed the ewes in pens of little hay bales, sometimes being given one to lamb like my daughters do now.

I always marvel at how gentle some of the men were at this time of year, how you saw them kneeling in the mud or the straw of the pens, delicately threading a stomach tube down an ailing lamb's throat, over the little pink tongue. You could see how much they cared. My dad would be gutted if he lost a lamb; it would hang over him like a grey cloud until he had put things right by saving others.

We start lambing at the beginning of April. In theory, this is the point at which winter becomes spring here but sometimes winter isn't aware of our plans and the weather is still gruesome. snow. Rain. Hail. Wind. Mud One morning, by the time 1 get to the first field of lambing ewes, 1 am already wet. The rain is biting cold and the hillsides are just sheets of water. It is a disaster zone. A first-time ewe (a shearling) has dropped her lamb, when giving birth, into the beck where it is stumbling and falling back into the shallow but deadly water. It is tough, but looks close to giving up, as it cannot climb up the bank.

I lift it out and put it in the trailer. I send Floss to hold the ewe up, and after some slipping and sliding in the mud I have hold of her. I will take them home to shelter. The ewe looks uncertain of her lamb now, like the thread between them has broken. A hundred yards away, on either side of me, lie new lambs that look as if they are dead or dying. There is nowhere for even the experienced ewes to hide their newborn lambs from this downpour. Normally dry places behind walls have turned into streams, sheltered spots are now ponds. The temperature is murderous. My neighbour says later this is the worst lambing weather she has ever experienced.

The first lamb I touch feels stiff and cold, just a faint hint of warmth on its bluing tongue. I lower it despondently into the trailer. The next two, from an older ewe that has tried to get them up and licked dry, have some life in them but are fading fast, their core temperature dropping. Desperate measures are needed. I decide to save the lambs quickly and worry about the ewes later. After two minutes, I have gathered up five lambs and am on the road home.

Another ewe has lambed under a wall and had two proper strong lambs with big bold heads and white ear tips visible even in the mud. With a full trailer, I have to leave them to their mother's attention, but she is an old, experienced ewe and knows the game. I meet a friend coming the other way from his own flock. We exchange blasphemies.

Minutes later, I have the lambs tight under a heat lamp, hung so low it is burning off the slime, mud and afterbirth. I haven't much hope for any of them. The first one is stiffening like a corpse. There doesn't seem to be much to lose, so I stomach-tube it with some warm artificial colostrumyfiguring something warm inside may help. But sometimes the shock of the milk is too much for them — I am gambling. I leave my wife, Helen, drying them with towels from the bathroom. The children get themselves ready for school. Chaos. I go back for the mothers.

The fields are so sodden I am on my backside more often than I am on my feet. Only the bravery of Floss lets me catch them: with no lamb to hold their attention they are free to gallop off. I fill the trailer with the required ewes (making a mental note which lambs they have each given birth to). Telling which ewes have lambed is made easier because they have a bit of blood or afterbirth their tail, and they will usually hold to the place where they gave birth.

I go back to the barn where Helen has managed to get some life into the lambs, and an hour later, miraculously, they are all sitting up and warm. Each is penned with its mother, bedded with clean straw. The one that was in the beck is suckling its mother. By the time we have tended to them and had a bit of breakfast, shoved the kids on the school bus, wearing the wrong clothes, it is time to get back to the first lambing field to do the rounds again.

What can you infer a 'beck' is?			
Sea	Gate	Well	**Stream**

What can you infer 'colostrum' is a type of?			
Medicine	Food	**Milk**	Water

What do we call the type of sentence "I love lambing time."?			
Compound	**Simple**	Short	Complex

What effect does the sentence form of "I love lambing time" have on the reader?			
To make them want to read on	**To make their opinion clear**	To interest us.	To create mystery.

How does the tone change throughout the piece of writing?			
From adventurous to confused	From nostalgic to tense	From romantic to tense.	**From positive to tense.**

How would you summarise this article in 4 sentences?

200 word challenge: Produce a piece of descriptive writing where the mood changes from being positive to negative mid-way through.

Honoured Father,

This comes to tell you I am alive and hearty except three fingers; but that's not much, it might have been my head. I told brother Tom I should like to see a greadly battle, and I have seen one, and we have peppered the Combined rarely; and for the matter of that, they fought us pretty tightish for French and Spanish. Three of our mess are killed, and four more of us winged. But to tell you the truth of it, when the game began, I wished myself at Warnborough with my plough again; but when they had given us one duster, and I found myself snug and tight, I ... set to in good earnest, and thought no more about being killed than if I were at Murrell Green Fair, and I was presently as busy and as black as a collier.

How my fingers got knocked overboard I don't know, but off they are, and I never missed them till I wanted them. You see, by my writing, it was my left hand, so I can write to you and fight for my King yet. We have taken a rare parcel of ships, but the wind is so rough we cannot bring them home, else I should roll in money, so we are busy sinking 'em and blowing 'em up wholesale.

Our dear Admiral Nelson is killed! so we have paid pretty sharply for licking 'em. I never [set] eyes on him, for which I am both sorry and glad; for, to be sure, I should like to have seen him — but then, all the men in our ship who have seen him are such soft toads they have done nothing but blast their eyes, and cry, ever since he was killed. God bless you ! chaps that fought like the devil sit down and cry like a wench. [...l from your dutiful son,

Sam.

This letter includes many words that are unfamiliar to us in this day and age.

Match the word to the definition that you think makes the most sense

Winged
Licking
Wench
Snug and tight
Greadly

Injured
Beating
Woman
Settled in
Great or serious

What do you call the collection of words you have identified?			
Colloquial	Informal	Accent	Dialect

What job do you think a 'collier' does?			
Coalminer	Executioner	Shop assistant	Street vendor

In what tone is this letter written? Pick a quotation to prove your response. Explain how the use of language has created that effect.

200 word challenge: Write the father's response to this letter. Use a similar style to Sam's letter.

I was the “undefeated heavyweight monster-in-exile”.

The only way out of exile was into head-on collision with “the popular, undefeated monster, Joe Frazier”.

Nearly four summers had passed since I was stripped of the heavyweight championship.

I faced the fact that not a promoter in America could get a fight for me legally.

I had to prove to them that people were willing to pay money to see a “loud-mouthed unpatriotic braggart” beaten.

I have an idea. I dial Joe Frazier. “Joe, what time you training today?”

“Four o’clock, why?”

“Because you and me gonna fight each other at four o’clock.”

Joe is silent for a while: “You mean just a jive? Just to stir things up? Just sort of a show? Yeah!”

Three thirty. We sit in my car and turn on the radio, the news is flashing from one station to another.

“Muhammad Ali and Joe Frazier – a showdown at Joe’s gym at four o’clock!”

“This is the big Philadelphia showdown, folks! The great fight has come to Philly! Free! All free if you get there early!”

Police on motorcycles drive up. One black policeman says he wants the honour of “escorting” me over to Joe’s gym in case we get lost.

With a caravan of 50 cars behind us, we drive off but stop nearly ten blocks from Joe’s gym. The street is blocked.

Walking only makes the crowd bigger.

I begin hammering my fists on the door. “Open up and face me like a man! You ain’t no Champ! I’m the real Champ!”

Someone opens the door. The shoving crowd pushes in, past even me. The police have to help us get inside.

Joe is going along with it. I will always love him for that. He doesn’t have to. He’s the recognised champion. I’m the outlaw.

I start stripping off my blue jean jacket and screaming loud enough for those outside to hear: "I'm sick and tired of people calling Joe Frazier the Champ!"

Joe gets up and comes forward: "I'm gonna shut your mouth once and for all. If I don't put a stop to it you'll be trying to take over my wife! Let's get it on! I don't need no gloves!"

Suddenly the crowd outside is breaking in through the police line.

A policeman puts his hand on my shoulder: "You under arrest, Muhammad."

Frazier puts his snub nose up to the policeman's face: "I invited him. He's my guest until I whip his ass!"

The policeman says politely: "He's obstructing traffic. Ten blocks down the traffic is blocked. The chief says to stop this thing."

Joe and I keep yelling at each other, shaking fists, both being held back.

When we're jammed together I say to him: "Joe, we're gonna make a lot of money if this fight ever comes off. We got 'em fooled, they think we'll kill each other."

That evening I got the first call.

The hoax had aroused the only group of promoters who had what it took to open the ring up to me. The hoax had forced the real thing.

In the context used here, what kind of word is 'jive'?			
A caesura	A cliché	**A colloquialism**	A connotation

Pick two quotes for each character and explain what we can infer about them from what they say or do:

Muhammad Ali – the writer.

Quote	Inference

Joe Frazier

Quote	Inference

100 word challenge: This autobiography doesn't describe what the writer is seeing or hearing very much. Pick one section of the story and re-write what the writer is seeing in front of him in intricate detail.

They lined up, jumping and running on the spot, those with long sleeves clutching the cuffs in their hands, those without massaging their goosey arms.

'Tibbut, come out here and be the other captain.'

Tibbut walked out and stood facing the line, away from Mr Sugden.

'I'll have first pick, Tibbut.'

'That's not right, Sir.' Why isn't it?'

"Cos you'll get all the best players.'

'Rubbish, lad.'

'Course you will, Sir. It's not fair.'

'Tibbut. Do you want to play football? Or do you want to get dressed and go and do some maths?'

'Play football, Sir.'

'Right then, stop moaning and start picking. I'll have Anderson.'

He turned away from Tibbut and pointed to a boy who was standing on one of the intersections of the centre circle and the half-way line. Anderson walked off this cross and stood behind him. Tibbut scanned the line, considering his choice.

'I'll have Purdey.'

'Come on then, Ellis.'

Each selection altered the structure of the line. When Tibbut had been removed from the centre, all the boys sidestepped to fill the gap. The same happened when Anderson went from near one end. But when Purdey and Ellis, who had been standing side by side, were removed, the boys at their shoulders stood still, therefore dividing the original line into two. These new lines were swiftly segmented as more boys were chosen, leaving no trace of the first major division, just half a dozen boys looking across spaces at each other, reading from left to right, a fat boy; an arm's length away, two friends, one tall with glasses, the other short with a hare-lip; then a space of two yards and Billy; a boy space away from him, a thin boy with a crew-cut and a spotty face, and right away

from these, at the far end of the line, another fat boy. Spotty Crew-Cut was half-way between the two fat boys, therefore half of the length of the line was occupied

by five of the boys. The far fat boy was the next to go, which halved the length of the line and left Spotty Crew-Cut as one of the end markers.

Tibbut then selected the tall friend with glasses, Mr Sugden immediately selected his partner. They separated gradually as they walked away from the line, parting finally to enter their respective teams. And then there were three: Fatty, Billy, and Spotty Crew-Cut, blushing across at each other while the captains considered. Tibbut picked Crew-Cut. He dashed forward into the anonymity of his team. Fatty stood grinning. Billy stared down at the earth. After long deliberation Mr Sugden chose Billy, leaving Tibbut with Hobson's choice; but before either Billy or Fatty could move towards their teams, Mr Sugden was already turning away and shouting instructions.

'Right! We'll play down hill!'

The team broke for their appropriate halves, and while they were arguing their claims for positions, Mr Sugden jogged to sideline, dropped the ball, and took off his tracksuit. Underneath he was wearing a crisp red football shirt with white cuffs and a white band round the neck. A big white 9 filled most of the back, whiter than his white nylon shorts, which showed a slight fleshy tint through the material. He pulled his socks up, straightened the ribs, then took a fresh roll of half inch bandage from his tracksuit and ripped off two lengths. The torn bandage packet, the cup of its structure still

intact, blew away over the turf like the damaged shell of a dark blue

egg. Mr Sugden used the lengths of bandage to secure his stockings just below the knees, then he folded hi tracksuit neatly on the ground, looked down at himself, and walked on to the pitch carrying the ball like a plum pudding on the tray of his hand. Tibbut, standing on the centre circle, with his hands down his shorts, winked at his Left Winger and waiting for Mr Sugden to approach. 'Who are you today, Sir, Liverpool?'

'Rubbish, lad! Don't you know your club colours yet?'

'Liverpool are red, aren't they, Sir?'

'Yes, but they're all red, shirts, shorts and stockings. These are Manchester United's colours.'

"Course they are, Sir, I forgot. What position are you playing?'

Mr Sugden turned his back on him to show him the number 9.

'Bobby Charlton. I thought you were usually Denis Law when you were Manchester United.'

'It's too cold to play as a striker today. I'm scheming this morning, all over the field like Charlton.'

'Law plays all over, Sir. He's not only a striker.'

'He doesn't link like Charlton.'

'Better player though, Sir.'

Sugden shook his head. 'No, he's been badly off form recently.'

'Makes no odds, he's still a better player. He can settle a game in two minutes.'

'Are you trying to tell me about football, Tlbbut?' 'No, Sir.'

'Well shut up then. Anyway Law's in the wash this week.'

He placed the ball on the centre spot and looked round at his team. There was only Billy out of position. He was standing between the full backs, the three of them forming a domino : : : pattern with the half backs. The goal was empty. Mr Sugden pointed at it.

'There's no one in goal!'

His team looked round to confirm this observation, but Tibbut's team had beaten them to it by just looking straight ahead.

'Casper! What position are supposed to be playing?'

Billy looked to the Right Back, the Left Back, the Right Back again. Neither of them supplied the answer, so he answered the question himself.

'I don't know, Sir. Inside Right?'

This answer made 1: Mr Sugden angry. 2: the boys laugh.

'Don't talk ridiculous, lad! How can you be playing

Inside Right back there?'

He looked up at the sky.

'God help us; fifteen years old and still doesn't know the positions of a football team!' He levelled one arm at Billy.

'Get in goal, lad!'

“O, Sir! I can’t goal. I’m no good.’

‘Now’s you chance to learn then, isn’t it?’

‘I’m fed up o’ goin’ in goal. I go in every week.’

Billy turned round and looked at the goal as though it was the portal leading into the gladiatorial arena.

‘Don’t stand looking, lad. Get in there!’

‘Well don’t blame me then, when I let ‘em all through.’

‘Of course I’ll blame you, lad! Who do you expect me to blame?’

Bill cursed him quietly all the way back to the nets.

Pick three techniques from this piece of writing, quote the section of the text that has been used and the effect that it has on the reader.

Technique	Quotation	Effect of language

Extended writing task: Continue the story. It does not have to be about the football game, an event could occur that stops the boys from playing. Try and use the same style as the writer.

'Can you teach me to do that?' I asked.

'Well, it's a bit tricky, see,' he said, 'but we'll have a bash. You need to practise, mind.'

And he was right. You must practise often if you wish to clap with the dry, sharp sound of the palmada and at the same time stamp out the rhythm with the feet. I practise much, usually in bus queues. I keep warm and soon get the stop to myself.

I am not good at the pito, the finger-snapping. All the fingers on both hands must make a loud sound if it is to be done well. With the right hand it is not too bad but the left has the resonance of a bunch of bananas. I

practise all the time even in bed and now live a life of great solitude.

For me the caida is nothing. It is that moment in the dance when the rhythm is at its most furious and the dancer falls flat on the face. For me this is easy, but I have much work to do on the getting up again in the same breathtaking moment.

I like to do the hammerstep. For this you must jump forward on to your left toe and slam the right heel down behind it. It is a powerful step and banned above ground level in all Adult Education Institutos. It pulls the floor away from the walls. A team of flamenco anarchists could destroy every bridge in London. I practise it wherever I find a parquet floor.

But there is one thing I can never master however much I practise: el haughty look. For this you must stand very straight and look over the cheekbones to the proud swell of the bosom. I practise all the time but all I can ever see is my feet.

Why do I do this thing? Why spend all my spare time stamping and twitching and my spare cash at the shoe menders? Why do the rest of the class do it?

There is a printer who started so that he could keep his back from stooping and some nurses who find it gets rid of the tension that comes from being nice all day. There is a man joined because he could not get into the

photography class and some more who joined either because they saw Carmen or take their holidays in Spain. But these excuses are not the real reason.

I pretend I learn the flamenco for that time when I am an old one and take the Senior Citizens' Winter Break to Spain. In those times I will wear tweeds, thick stockin and sensible shoes. The flamenco dancer who Will be brought in to entertain the old inglesa will see me and choose me to be his partner to make a fool of me. But I will be magnificent. I will whip out my false teeth and as they chatter out the rhythm, my stout brogues will stamp out the taconeo.

But this is also an excuse. It is not the truth. For the truth is that the flamenco is a drug and once you have spent an evening sweating, stamping and oléing you wish to spend all your evenings doing it. Every time you master a step you have an appetite for a harder step. Each dance you learn makes you all the hungrier to learn a new one. It serves no purpose. It is an obsession. But at least it got me off jigsaw puzzles.

The words 'palmada', 'caida' and tacaneo' are examples of…			
Informative language	Persuasive language	Descriptive language	**Technical language**

What do you think 'anarchists' are?			
People afraid of dancing	Haters	Lovers	**People who fight against authority.**

What can you infer about parquet flooring?			
That it is smooth and expensive	That it is soft and plastic	That it is cheap plastic	**That it is hard and wooden.**

What type of clothing do you think brogues are?

Shoes	Trousers	Dress	T-shirt

In the sentence 'For me the caida is nothing." What is the subject of the sentence?		
The caida	Me	Nothing

Look at the underlined paragraph and tell me what two techniques have been used by the writer?			
Emotive language and Alliteration	Facts and Alliteration	Emotive language and List of Three	**Rhetorical Questions and List of Three.**

Look at the underlined paragraph and tell me the intended effect on the reader?		
To show how she is questioning herself.	To make us think the rest of the class is better than her.	To make the reader think how fun it is.

What effect does the comparative have in the quotation: "Each dance you learn makes you all the hungrier to learn a new one."			
Shows the addictive nature of learning the dance.	Shows she wants to give up.	Shows she gets on with the class.	Shows she's losing weight.

Pick one of the PAFFOREST techniques in the magazine article. How does it use language to create an effect for the reader?

Just then Morel came in. He had been very jolly in the Nelson, but coming home had grown irritable. He had not quite got over the feeling of irritability and pain, after having slept on the ground when he was so hot; and a bad conscience afflicted him as he neared the house. He did not know he was angry. But when the garden-gate resisted his attempts to open it, he kicked it and broke the latch. He entered just as Mrs. Morel was pouring the infusion of herbs out of the saucepan. Swaying slightly, he lurched against the table. The boiling liquor pitched. Mrs. Morel started back.

"Good gracious," she cried, "coming home in his drunkenness"

"Comin' home in his what?" he snarled, his hat over his eye.

Suddenly her blood rose in a jet.

"Say you're *not* drunk!" she flashed.

She had put down her saucepan, and was stirring the sugar

into the beer. He dropped his two hands heavily on the table, and thrust his face forward at her.

" 'Say you're not drunk,' " he repeated. "Why, nobody but a nasty little bitch like you 'ud 'ave such a thought."

He thrust his face forward at her.

"There's money to bezzle with, if there's money for nothing else."

"I've not spent a two-shillin' bit this day," he said.

"You don't get as drunk as a lord on nothing," she replied. "And," she cried, flashing into sudden fury, "if you've been sponging on your beloved Jerry, why, let him look after his children, for they need it."

"It's a lie, it's a lie. Shut your face, woman."

They were now at battle-pitch. Each forgot everything save the hatred of the other and the battle between them. She was fiery and furious as he. They went on till he called her a liar.

"No," she cried, starting up, scarce able to breathe. "Don't call me that—you, the most despicable liar that ever walked in shoe-leather." She forced the last words out of suffocated lungs"

“You’re a liar!” he yelled, banging the table with his fist. “You’re a liar, you’re a liar.”

She stiffened herself, with clenched fists.

“The house is filthy with you,” she cried.

“Then get out on it—it’s mine. Get out on it!” he shouted. “It’s me as brings th’ money whoam, not thee. It’s my house, not thine. Then ger out on’t—ger out on’t!”

“And I would,” she cried, suddenly shaken into tears of impotence. “Ah, wouldn’t I, wou1dn’t I have gone long ago, but for those children. Ay, haven’t I repented not going years ago, when I’d only the one” —suddenly drying into rage. “Do you think it’s for *you* I stop—do you think I’d stop one minute for *you?*”

“Go, then,” he shouted, beside himself. “Go!”

“No!” she faced round. “No,” she cried loudly, “you shan’t have it *all* your own way; you shan’t do *all* you like. I’ve got those children to see to. My word,” she laughed, “I should look well to leave them to you.”

“Go,” he cried thickly, lifting his fist. He was afraid of her. “Go!”

“I should be only too glad. I should laugh, laugh, my lord, if I could get away from you,” she replied.

He came up to her, his red face, with its bloodshot eyes, thrust forward, and gripped her arms. She cried in fear of him, struggled to be free. Coming slightly to himself, panting, he pushed her roughly to the outer door, and thrust her forth, slotting the bolt behind her with a bang. Then he went back into the kitchen, dropped into his armchair, his head, bursting full of blood, sinking between his knees. Thus he dipped gradually into a stupor, from exhaustion and intoxication.

What is the name of the technique used by the author in quotes such as 'There's money to bezzle with, if there's money for nothing else'?'			
Colloquial	Informal	Accent	**Dialect**

'Thine' is an archaic version of what word?			
Are	Yes	Yours	You

Which word in the quotation: . "Then he went back into the kitchen, dropped into his armchair, his head, bursting full of blood, sinking between his knees." m**ost vividly explains how Mr Morel feel?**
What is the word class of that word?

What is the relationship between the quotation above and the quotation: "He dropped his two hands heavily on the table, and thrust his face forward at her."

100 Word Challenge: Rewrite a section of this story but from the POV of either Mr or Mrs Morel. Use as much detail as you would like from the extract, but you can add to it.

Friday, March 16th or Saturday 17th 1912

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

Which of these definitions of the words 'borne' or 'born' best suits it's use in this diary extract?			
Carried or moved	To start to exist	To come out of a mother's body	**Tolerating and enduring**

Extended writing task: This diary extract is very impersonal. Rewrite the events in a descriptive way. It can either be first or second person.

Sir,

I wonder if any of your male readers suffer as I do from what I can only describe as 'Shop-shyness'? When 1 go into a shop I never seem to be able to get what I want, and I certainly never want what I eventually get. Take hats. When I want a grey soft hat which I have seen in the window priced at 17s. 6d (£40 in modern money). I come out with a brown hat (which doesn't suit me) costing 35s (£80 in modern money). All because I have not the pluck to insist upon having what I want. I have got into the habit of saying weakly, 'Yes. I'll have that one.' just because the shop assistant assures me that it suits me, fits me, and is a far, far better article than the one I originally asked for.

It is the same with shoes. In a shoe shop I am like clay in the hands of a potter. 'I want a pair of black shoes.' I say, 'about twenty-five shillings — like those in the window.' The man kneels down, measures my foot, produces a cardboard box, shoves on a shoe and assures me it is 'a nice fit.' I get up and walk about. 'How much are these?' I ask. 'These are fifty-two and six (£120 in modern money), Sir,' he says, 'a very superior shoe, Sir.' After that I simply dare not ask to see the inferior shoes at 25s. (£57 in modern money), which is all I had meant to pay. 'Very well,' I say in my weak way, 'I'll take these.' And I do. I also take a bottle of cream polish, a pair of 'gent's half-hose,' and some aluminium shoe-trees which the fellow persuades me to let him pack up with the shoes. I have made a mess of my shopping as usual.

Is there any cure for 'shop-shyness'? Is there any 'Course of Shopping Lessons' during which I could as it were 'But while I Learned'? If so I should like to hear of it. For I have just received a price list of 'Very Attractive Gent's Spring Suitings,' and I am afraid — yes

I am afraid . .

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. HODGSON BURNET

Extended writing project: Respond to the letter of Mr Hodgson Burnet, offering him some advice for his shyness.

Sometime today or another day, I heard people shouting from far, far away in the darkness. It sounded like:

… survived?

. ..alive . . . in there?

… wounded?

I shouted back. You can guess what I shouted. I shouted, yes. I shouted, help. I shouted those words in French and English. I shouted in Kreyöl to tell them there was an accident and I was hurt. Then I thought that was a dumb-ass thing to shout, cos this is a hospital, so of course I was hurt, and it must have been anpil obvious there had been an accident, with everything fallen down.

But nobody answered and the voices went away. I don't know when that was. I don't know when it's night and when it's day, or even if night and day exist anymore.

If I can hear people shouting, but they can't hear me, does that make me a ghost? I think, maybe yes. I can't see myself. I can't prove that I exist.

But then I think, no, I can't be a ghost. A ghost does not get thirsty, and as I'm lying here in the broken hospital it's like my mouth is bigger than me, bigger than the darkness. Like my mouth contains the world, not the other way round. It's dry and sore and I can't think of anything else. My thinking, cos of my thirst, is like this:

WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER. Am 1 dead? WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER. what happened? WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER. Is this the end of the world? WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER, WATER .

That is how my mouth swallows everything else. Maybe my mouth will swallow me, and then this will be over.

I decide to crawl, to measure the space of my prison. I know the rubble and the hand on my left I don't need to go there again. I don't want to touch that clammy skin. In front of me, and to my right and behind me, is just darkness, though maybe I should stop calling it that cos there's no light at all; it's more blackness. I shift forward on my hands and knees, and I scream when my wrist bends a little and the wound opens. The scream echoes off the concrete all around me.

I shuffle, and I feel like I'm not a person anymore, like I've turned into some animal. I move maybe one body length and then I hit a wall of blocks. I reach up with my hands and stand up, and I feel that it goes up to the ceiling. Only the

ceiling is lower than I remember, so that's not great, either. To my right, the same thing a broken bed, then a wall of rubble. And behind me. I'm in a space maybe one body length in each direction.

I'm in a coffin.

500 word challenge: Despite the fact that nothing happens in this extract, it is very detailed and has a twist at the end. **Your challenge is to create a descriptive piece of writing where nothing happens whatsoever – however it needs to have a twist at the end.**

It brought it all back to me. Celia Langley. Celia Langley standing in front of me, her hands on her hips and her head in a cloud. And she is saying: 'Oh, Hortense, when I am older ...' all her dreaming began with 'when I am older' '... when I am older, Hortense, I will be leaving Jamaica and I will be going to live in England.' This is when her voice became high-class and her nose point into the air - well, as far as her round flat nose could - and she swayed as she brought the picture to her mind's eye. 'Hortense, in England I will have a big house with a bell at the front door and I will ring the bell.' And she made the sound, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. 'I will ring the bell in this house when I am in England. That is what will happen to me when I am older.'

I said nothing at the time. I just nodded and said, 'You surely will, Celia Langley, you surely will.' I did not dare to dream that it would one day be I who would go to England. It would one day be I who would sail on a ship as big as a world and feel the sun's heat on my face gradually change from roasting to caressing. But there was I! Standing at the door of a house in London and ringing the bell. Pushing my finger to hear the ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. Oh, Celia Langley, where were you then with your big ideas and your nose in the air? Could you see me? Could you see me there in London? Hortense Roberts married with a gold ring and a wedding dress in a trunk. Mrs Joseph. Mrs Gilbert Joseph. What you think of that, Celia Langley? There was I in England ringing the doorbell on one of the tallest houses I had ever seen.

But when I pressed this doorbell I did not hear a ring. No ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling. I pressed once more in case the bell was not operational. The house, I could see, was shabby. Mark you, shabby in a grand sort of a way. I was sure this house could once have been home to a doctor or a lawyer or perhaps a friend of a friend of the King. Only the house of someone high-class would have pillars at the doorway. Ornate pillars that twisted with elaborate design. The glass stained with coloured pictures as a church would have. It was true that some were missing, replaced by cardboard and strips of white tape. But who knows what devilish deeds Mr Hitler's bombs had carried out during the war? I pushed the doorbell again when it was obvious no one was answering my call. I held my thumb against it and pressed my ear to the window. A light came on now and a woman's voice started calling, 'All right, all right, I'm coming! Give us a minute.'

I stepped back down two steps avoiding a small lump of dog's business that rested in some litter and leaves. I straightened my coat, pulling it closed where I had unfortunately lost a button. I adjusted my hat in case it had sagged in the damp air and left me looking comical. I pulled my back up straight.

The door was answered by an Englishwoman. A blonde-haired, pink-cheeked Englishwoman with eyes so blue they were the brightest thing in the street. She looked on my face, parted her slender lips and said, 'Yes?'

'Is this the household of Mr Gilbert Joseph?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Gilbert Joseph?' I said, a little slower.

'Oh, Gilbert. Who are you?' She pronounced Gilbert so strangely that for a moment I was anxious that I would be delivered to the wrong man.

'Mr Gilbert Joseph is my husband - I am his wife.'

The woman's face looked puzzled and pleased all at one time. She looked back into the house, lifting her head as she did. Then she turned to me and said, 'Didn't he come to meet you?'

'I have not seen Gilbert,' I told her, then went on to ask, 'but this is perchance where he is aboding?'

At which this Englishwoman said, 'What?' She frowned and looked over my shoulder at the trunk, which was resting by the kerbside where it had been placed by the driver of the taxi vehicle. 'Is that yours?' she enquired.

'It is.'

'It's the size of the Isle of Wight. How did you get it here?' She laughed a little. A gentle giggle that played round her eyes and mouth.

I laughed too, so as not to give her the notion that I did not know what she was talking about as regards this 'white island'. I said, 'I came in a taxicab and the driver assured me that this was the right address. Is this the house of Gilbert Joseph?'

The woman stood for a little while before answering by saying, 'Hang on here. I'll see if he's in his room.' She then shut the door in my face.

What does the quotation "'I have not seen Gilbert,' I told her, then went on to ask, 'but this is perchance where he is aboding?'" **suggest about Hortense by the way she speaks. What words best show this?**

Hortense (The Narrator)

Quote	Inference

Mrs Joseph

Quote	Inference

I've lived in the village all my life. I've never been away. I left school in 1922, when I was thirteen, and was apprenticed to my father and my uncle, who owed these premises. My father was the wheelwright and my uncle was the blacksmith. I was the only apprentice and they were very strict. 'You've got to have a good eye,' they said. 'Everything that's got to be done in wheelwrighting has got to be done by the eye. You've got to let your eye be your guide. ' They were right, of course. When you get the hub of a wheel it has to be mortiсed once and only once first go.

The first job I had to do was to make spokes, and sometimes I was allowed to saw out the shafts for the tumbrils. All the shafts were cut out by handsaw from heavy planks of wood about 3/4 inches thick and about two feet wide. We planed these and shaped them up fine. Heaps of times I did a shaft and I'd think, 'That's lovely!' Then my father would rub his hand up it and say, 'Why, boy, it ain't half done!' He was a first-class wheelwright and was known all over Suffolk and my grandfather and great-grandfather were the same. They all worked in this same shop and the wagons they made lie about in the farmyards. They ain't used but they can't wear out. When I got so I could use a plane and a wheel-shave, I started to make wheelbarrows. They were a difficult job, a most difficult job indeed. Especially the front pieces which we called the stumps. The stump was another thing you had to cut right first time else it was no good. There was no second chance in so much of what we did. It made us cautious but at the same time it made us willing to take a risk. It was as much in the eye as in the hand. There was a moment when you had to say now! Then you could breathe again

When I had helped to make a wagon I had to learn to paint it. We did everything in this shop, you see. The

farmers were most particular about the painting. The colours were all bought in Ipswich. There was red lead and vegetable black, white lead, which was like thick distemper, and there was Chinese red and Venetian red, all these were the old colours used by the wagon-makers.

The bodywork was all painted blue. Always blue. The blue rode well in the corn. The wheels were done Chinese red and lined-out with Venetian red, which in marvellously expensive — about £l an ounce. We mixed all the paints here. Paint for small jobs was ground a little stone, but if we had a lot to do we ground it in a paint-mill. Nothing whatever was wasted of anything. You had to grind paint very, very slowly so that the mill didn't warm up. If it did it would discolour the paint. The farmers were very proud of their wagons and tumbrils and would wash them down every week-end. Some of them had to go to Ipswich two or three times a week and they had to look fine. A tumbril could travel with about two tons a time. They were beautiful and they had to be kept beautiful. They weren't very expensive. My father made tumbrils for £12 a time when he was a young man. When I first started making them they cost £25 — that is a one-horse tumbril. A

wagon would cost about £40. Once they were finished they lasted for ever. The village was full of wagons a hundred years old or more when I was a boy, and still perfect.

What does to do something 'by eye' mean?			
Close to your face	**Without using measuring tools.**	Carefully	Dangerously

What does the word 'morticed' mean in the context it has been used in the article? **WARNING: All of these definitions mean 'morticed' in different contexts.**			
To make a deep notch in a piece of wood	To measure the thickness of wood	To fit a lock to something	To join something together.

What does the word 'shaft' mean in the context it has been used in the article? **WARNING: All of these definitions mean 'morticed' in different contexts.**			
The handle of something	A clever remark	A beam of light	A passageway

What does the word 'shaft' mean in the context it has been used in the article? **WARNING: All of these definitions mean 'morticed' in different contexts.**			
The handle of something	A clever remark	A beam of light	A passageway

What word could be best used to describe the wagons?			
Sturdy	Burly	Hefty	Brawny

What effect does the in-depth description of the making of these wagons have on the reader?			
Makes them think how careful they had to be	Bores them	Interests them	Makes them realise how much hard work it was.

What word best describes the actions of the builders in the quotation: "It made us cautious but at the same time it made us willing to take a risk"?			
Meticulous	Mendacious	Meritocracy	Monetary

Pick a quote that we haven't used already and explain how the language has been used to make the life of the boy sound difficult

100-word challenge: Rewrite this but as a piece of instructional writing on how to build a wagon. I only need the introduction. Remember to change your style of writing.

I was in my bunk when I felt a bump. One man said. 'Hello, she has been struck.' I went on deck and saw a great pile of ice on the well deck below the forecastle, but we all thought the ship would last some time, and we went back to our bunks. Then one of the firemen came running down and yelled, 'All muster for the lifeboats!' I ran on deck, and the Captain said: " 'All firemen keep down on the well deck. If a man comes up I'll shoot him.'

Then I saw the first boat lowered. Thirteen people were on board, eleven men and two women. Three were millionaires and one was Ismay.

Then I ran up on the hurricane deck and helped to throw one of the collapsible boats on to the lower deck. I saw an Italian woman holding two babies. I took one of them and made the woman jump overboard with the baby, while I did the same with the other. When I came to the surface the baby in my arms was dead. I saw the woman strike out in good style, but a boiler burst on the Titanic and started a big wave. When the woman saw that wave she gave up. Then, as the child was dead, I let it sink, too.

I swam around for about half an hour, and was swimming on my back when the Titanic went down. I tried to get aboard a boat, but some chap hit me over the head with an oar. There were too many in her. I got around to the other side of the boat and climbed in.

Extended writing task: This diary extract is very impersonal. Rewrite the events in a descriptive way. It can either be first or second person.

If you think sleeping rough's just a matter of finding a dry spot where the fuzz won't move you on and getting your head down, you're wrong. Not your fault of course – if you've never tried it you've no way of knowing what it's like, so what I thought I'd do was sort of talk you through a typical night. That night in the Vaudeville alcove won't do, because there were two of us and it's worse if you're by yourself.

So you pick your spot. Wherever it is (unless you're in a squat or a derelict house or something) it's going to have a floor of stone, tile, concrete or brick. In other words it's going to be hard and cold. It might be a bit cramped, too – shop doorways often are. And remember, if it's winter you're going to be half frozen before you even start. Anyway you've got your place, and if you're lucky enough to have a sleeping-bag you unroll it and get in.

Settled for the night? Well maybe, maybe not. Remember my first night? The Scouser? 'Course you do. He kicked me out of my bedroom and pinched my watch. Well, that sort of thing can happen any night, and there are worse things. You could be peed on by a drunk or a dog. Happens all the time – one man's bedroom is another man's lavatory. You might be spotted by a gang of lager louts on the lookout for someone to maim. That happens all the time too, and if they get carried away you can end up dead. There are guys who like young boys, who think because you're a dosser you'll do anything for dosh, and there's a psycho who'll knife you for your pack.

So, you lie listening. You bet you do. Footsteps. Voices. Breathing, even. Doesn't help you sleep.

Then there's your bruises. What bruises? Try lying on a stone floor for half an hour. Just half an hour. You can choose any position you fancy, and you can change position as often as you like. You won't find it comfy, I can tell you. You won't sleep unless you're dead drunk or zonked on downers. And if you are, and do, you're going to wake up with bruises on hips, shoulders, elbows, ankles and knees – especially if you're a bit thin from not eating properly. And if you do that six hours a night for six nights you'll feel like you fell out of a train. Try sleeping on concrete then.

And don't forget the cold. If you've ever tried dropping off to sleep with cold feet, even in bed, you'll know it's impossible. You've got to warm up those feet, or lie awake. And in January, in a doorway, in wet trainers, it can be quite a struggle. And if you manage it, chances are you'll need to get up for a pee, and then it starts all over again.

And those are only some of the hassles. I haven't mentioned stomach cramps from hunger, headaches from the flu, toothaches, fleas and lice. I haven't talked about homesickness, depression and despair. I haven't gone into how it I feels to want a girl-friend when your circumstances make it virtually impossible for you to get one – how it feels to know you're a social outcast in fact, a nonperson to whom every ordinary activity is closed.

So. You lie on your bruises, listening. Trying to warm your feet. You curl up on your side and your hip hurts, so you stretch out on your back so your feet stay cold and the concrete hurts your heels. You force yourself to lie still for a bit, thinking that'll help you drop off, but it doesn't. Your pack feels like a rock under your head and your nose is cold. You wonder what time it is. Can you stop listening now, or could someone still come? Distant chimes. You strain your ears, counting. One o'clock? It can't be only one o'clock, surely? I've been here hours. Did I miss a chime?

What's that? Sounds like breathing. Heavy breathing, as in maniac. Lie still. Quiet. Maybe he won't see you. Listen. Is he still there? Silence now. Creeping up, perhaps. No. Relax. Jeez, my feet are cold.

The definition of 'the fuzz' is the police. The word 'fuzz' is an example of what?			
Anaphora	Clause	**Colloquialism**	Common noun

Which one of these quotes suggests that the reader is 'sheltered'?			
"In other words it's going to be hard and cold."	**"Not your fault of course – if you've never tried it you've no way of knowing what it's like."**	"That night in the Vaudeville alcove won't do."	"So you pick your spot."

Pick a quote that you think best describes the experience of sleeping rough? Explain how the writer has used language to create that effect.

100 word challenge- Describe a scary night time scene based in a city.

'Miss Beale said you would show me round, to look at the projects,' said Andrew.

'Why, do you want to copy one?' asked Victor, lifting a strand of hair and exposing one eye. 'You could copy mine, only someone might recognize it. I've done that three times already.'

'Whatever for?' asked Andrew. 'Don't you get tired of

Victor shook his head and his hair'

'That's only once a year. I did that two times at the junior school and now I'm doing that again,' he said. 'I do fish, every time. Fish are easy. They're all the same shape.

'No, they're not,' said Andrew.

'They are when I do them,' said Victor. He spun his book round, with one finger, to show Andrew the drawings. His fish were not only all the same shape, they were all the same shape as slugs. Underneath each drawing was a printed heading: BRAEM; TENSH; CARP; STIKLBAK; SHARK. It was the only way of telling them apart. The shark and the bream were identical, except that the shark had a row of teeth like tank traps.

'Isn't there a 'c' in stickleback?' said Andrew. Victor looked at his work.

'You're right.' He crossed out both 'k's, substituted 'c's and pushed the book away, the better to study it. 'I got that wrong last year.'

Andrew flipped over a few pages. There were more slugs: PLACE; COD: SAWFISH; and a stringy thing with a frill round its neck: EEL.

'Don't you have to write anything?' asked Andrew.

'Yes, look. I wrote a bit back here. About every four pages will do,' said Victor. 'Miss Beale, she keep saying I ought to write more but she's glad when I don't. She's got to read it. Nobody can read my writing.'

Andrew was not surprised. Victor's writing was a sort of code to deceive the enemy, with punctuation marks in unlikely places to confuse anyone who came too close to cracking the code. He watched Andrew counting the full stops in one sentence and said, 'I put those in while I think about the next word. I like doing question marks better.' He pointed out two or three specimens, independent question marks, without questions. They looked like curled feathers out of a pillow. One had a face.

'Do you put a question mark in every sentence?' said Andrew.

'Oh, yes. I know you don't actually need them,' said Victor, 'but they're nice to do.'

Andrew turned to the last page of the book. There was a drawing of a whale.

'Whales aren't fish,' said Andrew.

'Aren't they?' said Victor. 'Are you sure? I always put a whale in.'

'Whales are mammals. '

'What's a mammal?' said Victor. He wrote 'This. is.not.a.fish?'

under his whale and closed the book.

'Come and see the others.'

'Mammals don't lay eggs,' said Andrew, as they set off round the room.

'That's a pity,' said Victor. 'I'd like to see a whale's egg. Big as a bath, wouldn't that be?' He stopped by the boy in the pink shirt. 'Let's have a look at your project, Tim.

Andrew thought he had seen most of Tim's project before. It featured a man in a tree, knotty with muscles and wearing a leopard skin.

‘Tarzan,' said Tim.

'Why do a project about Tarzan?' said Andrew.

Tarzan's easy,' said Tim. 'You just cut him out and stick him in.'

'Fish are easier,' said Victor.

'Why not do worms then?' said Andrew. 'Nothing could be easier than worms. Wiggle-wiggle-wiggle: all over in a second. Page one, worms are long and thin. Page two, worms are round.'

Victor began to grin but Tim sat down to give the idea serious consideration.

Victor's grin became wider, revealing teeth like Stonehenge.

'I reckon you're catching on,' he said. 'Why don't you do worms?'

'I want to do something interesting,' said Andrew.

'Ho,' said Victor. 'You'll come to a bad end, you will.'

Pick three quotes for each character and explain what we can infer about them from what they say:

Victor

Quote	Inference

Andrew

Quote	Inference