

OXFORD

# English

An International Approach



Rachel Redford  
with Eve Sullivan

Join now:[https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Great Clarendon Street, Oxford OX2 6DP

Oxford University Press is a department of the University of Oxford.  
It furthers the University's objective of excellence in research, scholarship, and  
education by publishing worldwide in

Oxford New York

Auckland Cape Town Dar es Salaam Hong Kong Karachi  
Kuala Lumpur Madrid Melbourne Mexico City Nairobi  
New Delhi Shanghai Taipei Toronto

With offices in

Argentina Austria Brazil Chile Czech Republic France Greece  
Guatemala Hungary Italy Japan Poland Portugal Singapore  
South Korea Switzerland Thailand Turkey Ukraine Vietnam

© Oxford University Press

The moral rights of the author have been asserted

Database right Oxford University Press (maker)

First published 2010

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced,  
stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without  
the prior permission in writing of Oxford University Press, or as expressly  
permitted by law, or under terms agreed with the appropriate reprographics rights  
organization. Enquiries concerning reproduction outside the scope of the above  
should be sent to the Rights Department, Oxford University Press, at the address  
above

You must not circulate this book in any other binding or cover  
and you must impose this same condition on any acquirer

British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data

Data available

ISBN: **978-0-19-912666-8**

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3

Printed in Singapore by KHL Printing Co Pte Ltd

Paper used in the production of this book is a natural, recyclable product made  
from wood grown in sustainable forests. The manufacturing process conforms to  
the environmental regulations to the country of origin.

# Contents

	<b>Introduction</b>	4
	<b>1 Friendship</b>	6
	<b>2 Education</b>	28
	<b>3 Journeys</b>	48
	<b>4 Work</b>	64
	<b>5 Being free</b>	78
	<b>6 The Future</b>	98
	<b>7 A dream of flying</b>	116
	<b>8 The Weather</b>	130
	<b>9 Cities</b>	148
	<b>10 Finding your place</b>	166

# Oxford English: An International Approach, Book 3

*Oxford English: An International Approach, Book 3* is the third in a series of four books designed for students ages 11-16. The series is aimed at those with English as a first language or a strong second language who are taking English as a subject. The books provide students with a wonderful selection of fiction and non-fiction extracts from across the globe and are grouped into themes such as 'Friendship', 'Being free', and 'Flying'.

The unique variety of textual material provides a backdrop against which students can improve their skills in reading, writing, speaking and listening. Many extracts and activities relate to everyday life and pursuits such as work, education and travel. This unique mix of content will enable students to learn about their own identity and their place in the world, and to explore the ways in which their personal experience relates to the global picture. The extracts, and the accompanying activities and questions, will encourage students to make these important connections, and to think critically. Many of the issues raised deal with ethical concepts and topics that are of real concern to young people.

The international approach is an important aim of the series. The many unusual and exciting extracts come from all over the world – from New Delhi to New York, Melbourne to Mongolia, Ankara to Africa – to embrace life in the backstreets and canals of a city or the intrepid adventures of those who scale mountains or head off into unknown territories. Readers will delight in the many different points of view that cross cultures and continents, as well as different periods in human history.

A strong focus is placed on writing activities. Often a writing assignment will come out of a reading activity so that students have a model on which to base their own writing. The writing activities have been designed to motivate students to write, and to expose them to different types of texts. The following useful features support vocabulary development and group discussions:

**Wordpool** Acquiring vocabulary is an essential part of any learning both for first and second language students. An emphasis is placed on encouraging students to identify for themselves the words they need to know. For class discussion, teachers can place large word pools on the blackboard and direct a class activity to identify unknown words from any reading or listening activity. They can be used to review vocabulary and record words recently learned.

**Glossary** The many glossaries explain technical terms and significant words of cultural relevance. Through this, students will improve their vocabulary and develop an understanding of other cultures.

**Word origins** Basic etymology and word origins are discussed in this vocabulary feature. Students will begin to understand the development of language and appreciate how languages share vocabulary.

**UK /USA English** Recognizing the often confusing spellings and differences between the UK and the USA in particular, students are encouraged to pay attention to regional differences in language usage.


**Talking Points** Students will be encouraged to talk with a partner or to discuss in groups. Speaking is an important skill in language learning, encouraging students to express opinions and develop a greater appreciation and understanding of a topic, while improving their language skills.


**Toolkit** Students will learn and be reminded of important language and grammar skills. These are connected to the content and often to the language of a particular extract so that students can see examples of how the grammar skills work. If students are using the workbook, exercises to practise these skills are provided.

**Comprehension** Questions are provided to increase students' understanding and comprehension. These questions develop in complexity for deeper understanding and appreciation of the text.

**Journals** Throughout the units there are suggested topics for students to write about. Students should write about any aspect of the topic from a personal point of view. They should not be graded on the writing – it is a chance for students to write as a direct form of expression. Students keep these in a separate journal or notebook and teachers can grade students simply by seeing they have filled a page of writing. Journals can be used to

link lessons by asking students to share what they have written with the class, perhaps at the start of a lesson. Students often enjoy sharing these because they are based on personal experience or opinion.

*The Teacher's Guide:* The Teacher's Guide provides lesson plans, rubrics for writing activities and all answers to the student book and the workbook. In addition there is an audio CD with extracts indicated in the student book with the CD symbol. 

*The Workbook:* An 80-page workbook provides extra practice exercises for vocabulary and grammar along with additional support for the writing assignments. 

And, finally, to acknowledgements. This publication is dedicated to all the students who use this book. It would not have been possible without the permission of the authors and artists who have kindly granted us the rights to reproduce excerpts and illustrations of their work. Special thanks to academic advisor Patricia Mertin, series editor Carolyn Lee, Mara Singer for the design concept and co-author and editor Eve Sullivan.

Rachel Redford, 2010

# 1

# Friendship

## What do our friends mean to us?

### In this unit you will:

#### Experience

- Psychology
- Philosophy
- The United Kingdom
- Life on a Native American reservation

#### Read

- theories of friendship
- poetry
- a web site
- fiction
- an interview

#### Create

- a friendship wall
- an e-pal profile
- a dialogue
- an unusual friendship
- journal entries

One old friend is better than two new ones.

Russian proverb



Almost everyone feels the need for friends, although some of us make friends more easily than others. Some of us make friends in childhood, and stay friends for the rest of our lives. Some of us quarrel with our friends and are constantly making new ones. What about you? Do you think that friendships just happen, or do certain factors determine with whom we will become friends? What do you think makes people become friends rather than just acquaintances?

Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

## Magazine article

Read what a psychologist says about friendship in a monthly column from a magazine and see if you agree.

# Q&A: Friendship

### Why do we make the friends we do?

Friends are people who regularly cross our paths, for example our classmates or our team-mates. But why do we become friends with one particular classmate rather than another? Perhaps both our mothers are single parents, or perhaps we are both computer geeks – whatever it is, we have things in common.

### How does acquaintanceship develop into friendship?

The key is self-disclosure. ‘Can I talk to you for a minute?’ or ‘May I share something with you?’ are questions which could move an acquaintanceship into a friendship. You are taking the risk of disclosing information about yourself, but the acquaintanceship is not going to develop unless there is reciprocity. If your acquaintance listens to what you have to say – perhaps about your problems at home – but does not divulge anything personal in return, there is no reciprocity. That acquaintanceship is not going to tip over into friendship.

### Why do some friends stick and others don't?

Having established a friendship through self-disclosure and reciprocity, the glue that binds it is intimacy. This involves emotional expression, and unconditional support, followed by acceptance, loyalty and trust. Our friends are always there for us through thick and thin – but there are limits. If a friend proves to be overcritical of our clothes or our behaviour, the friendship may not last. On the other hand, if our friend asks for help, we will value the friendship more highly.

### Talking points

- 1 Do you agree with what the psychologist says?
- 2 Discuss the points in the article which you agree with. Talk about examples of friendships which you have experienced or know about.
- 3 Are there some points which you do not agree with? For example, if you move to another school do you think it is easy to keep up with your friends from your old school?
- 4 What ‘rules’ do you think friends should follow if their friendship is to be enjoyable and nurturing for both of them?

### How do we stay friends?

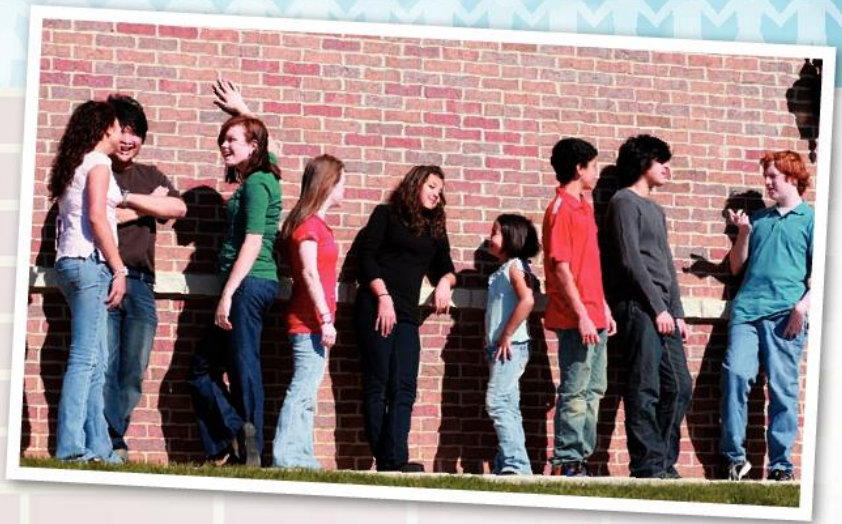
Four basic behaviours have been identified by psychologists as necessary to maintain the bond of friendship:

1. Self-disclosure
2. Supportiveness
3. Interaction
4. Keeping the friendship positive

These first two (self-disclosure and supportiveness) are facilitated by communication. We must be willing to extend ourselves, share our lives, listen, and offer support. Don't worry if you move away – emails and phone calls may be as good as being there. The third (interaction) involves spending time together, while the fourth (keeping the friendship positive) necessitates more consideration of the quality of the relationship. Self-disclosure isn't an unrestricted licence to offload or let off steam. The intimacy which makes a friendship thrive must be enjoyable and nurturing for both of you. The more rewarding a friendship, the better we feel about it and the more willing we are to expend the energy to keep it alive.

## Filling in the friendship wall

Make sure you understand the vocabulary by filling in the gaps in the wall below. All the words appear in the text Q&A: *Friendship* which you have just read.



Communication is needed to fill the gaps between two basic behaviours necessary for binding a friendship. (10 letters)

If you tell an acquaintance about an emotional difficulty you are experiencing and he or she does not respond, then you are not going to become real friends. (11)

What really makes friends stick together is intimacy. (8)

Within a friendship, friends need to express their emotions. (8)

A friendship needs to be positive and non-competitive for both of you. (9)

If you are not willing to disclose personal details about yourself, you will not develop an acquaintanceship into a friendship. (8)

To be a loyal friend, you need to be supportive and be willing to help your friend if you possibly can. (10 and 4)

You need to maintain the bond of friendship through communication otherwise the friendship will not last. (11)

Not everyone agrees with what people say. Do you? (13)

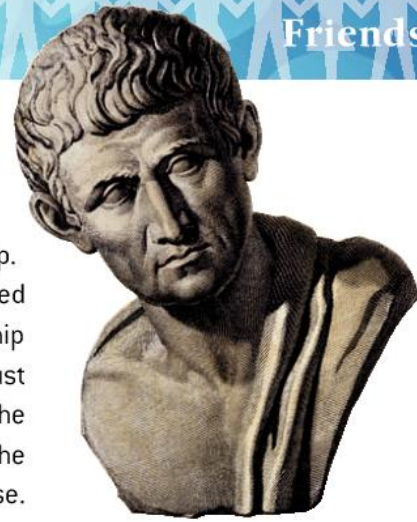


Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

## Ancient Greek philosophy

From *The Nicomachean Ethics* by Aristotle

Over the centuries, there have been many different theories of friendship. Following is an extract by the ancient Greek philosopher Aristotle who lived from 384 BCE to 322 BCE (more than 2,300 years ago). He stated that friendship has three components: 'Friends must enjoy each other's company, they must be useful to one another, and they must share a common commitment to the good'. In contemporary societies, we tend to define friendship in terms of the first component, and define those more useful relationships as something else. But what about the idea of the shared commitment to the 'good'?



### Friendship

There are three kinds of friendship:

**Friendship based on utility.** Utility is an impermanent thing – it changes according to circumstances. Friendships of this kind seem to occur most frequently among those who are pursuing their own advantage. Such persons do not spend much time together, because sometimes they do not even like one another, and therefore feel no need of such an association unless they are mutually useful. So with the disappearance of the grounds for friendship, the friendship also breaks up, because that was what kept it alive. For they take pleasure in each other's company only in so far as they have hopes of advantage from it.

**Friendship based on pleasure.** Friendship between young people is thought to be grounded on pleasure, because their chief interest is in their own pleasure and the opportunity of the moment. As the years go

by, however, their tastes change too, so that they are quick to make and to break friendships; because their affection changes just as the things that please them do. That is why they fall in and out of friendship quickly, changing their attitude often within the same day.

**Perfect friendship is based on goodness.** Only the friendship of those who are good, and similar in their goodness, is perfect. For these people each alike wish good for the other, and they are good in themselves. And it is those who desire the good of their friends for the friends' sake that are most truly friends, because each loves the other for what he is, and not for any incidental quality. Friendship of this kind is permanent, because in it are united all the attributes that friends ought to have.

ARISTOTLE

### Talking points

- 1 How much pleasure do you derive from friendships based on what you do together?
- 2 Do you agree with Aristotle's view of friendship among young people?
- 3 What attributes do you value in yourself and in your friends?

### Journal

Write a journal entry about the qualities in a friend that you value most highly. Base it on someone you know.

## Poem

From *About Friends* by Brian Jones

In the following poem, the British poet remembers a perfect childhood friendship, and how he felt when he met his friend again after twenty years.

### ∞ About Friends ∞

The good thing about friends  
is not having to finish sentences.

I sat a whole summer afternoon with my friend once  
on a river bank, bashing heels on the baked mud  
and watching the small chunks slide into the water  
and listening to them – plop plop plop.  
5 He said ‘I like the twigs when they ... you know ...  
like that.’ I said ‘There’s that branch ...’  
We both said ‘Mmmm.’ The river flowed and flowed  
10 and there were lots of butterflies, that afternoon.

I first thought there was a sad thing about friends  
when we met twenty years later.  
We both talked hundreds of sentences,  
taking care to finish all we said,  
15 and explain it all very carefully,  
as if we’d been discovered in places  
we should not be, and were somehow ashamed.

I understood then what the river meant by flowing.

BRIAN JONES



### Comprehension

- 1 What was so special about the writer's childhood friendship?
- 2 How had the way they communicated as children changed when the two friends met again twenty years later?
- 3 In the first part of the poem, the river 'flowed and flowed'. What kind of picture of the scene does this paint for you?
- 4 In the last line of the poem the flowing of the river has a metaphorical meaning. What is it?



## Poem

What do you think the British writer of the following poem has to offer as a friend? How would you describe this type of friendship?



### Friends

I fear it's very wrong of me,  
 And yet I must admit.  
 When someone offers friendship  
 I want the *whole* of it.  
 5 I don't want everybody else  
 To share my friends with me.  
 At least, I want *one* special one,  
 Who, indisputably  
 Likes me much more than all the rest,  
 10 Who's always on my side,  
 Who never cares what others say.  
 Who lets me come and hide  
 Within his shadow, in his house –  
 It doesn't matter where –  
 15 Who lets me simply be myself,  
 Who's always, *always* there.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

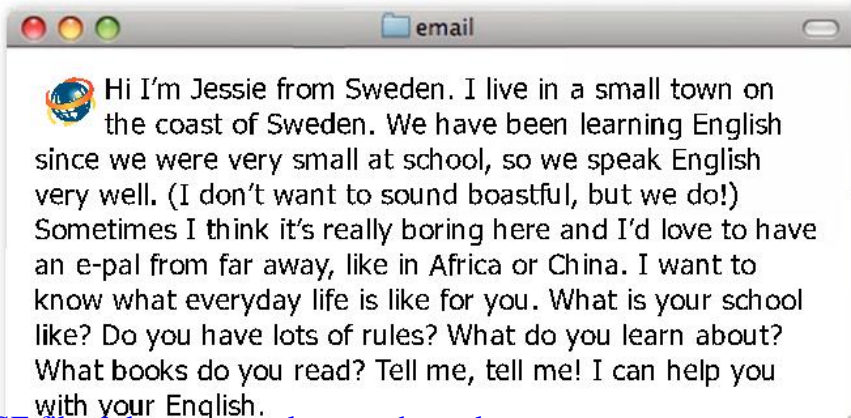
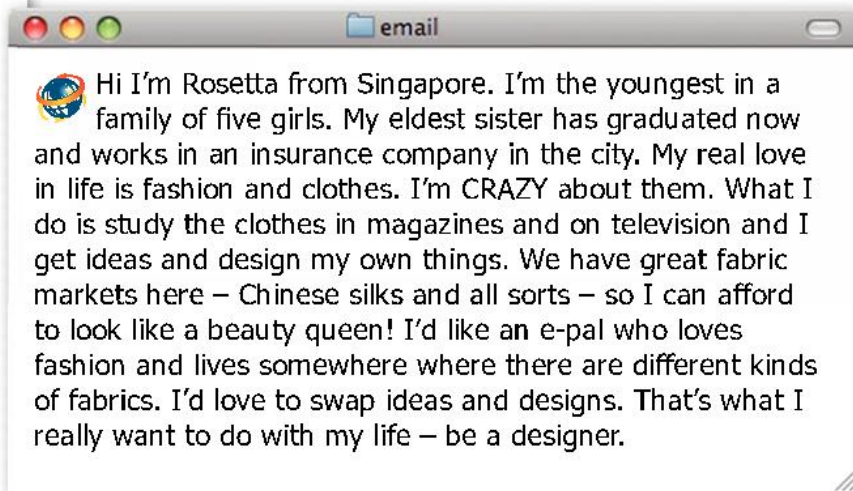
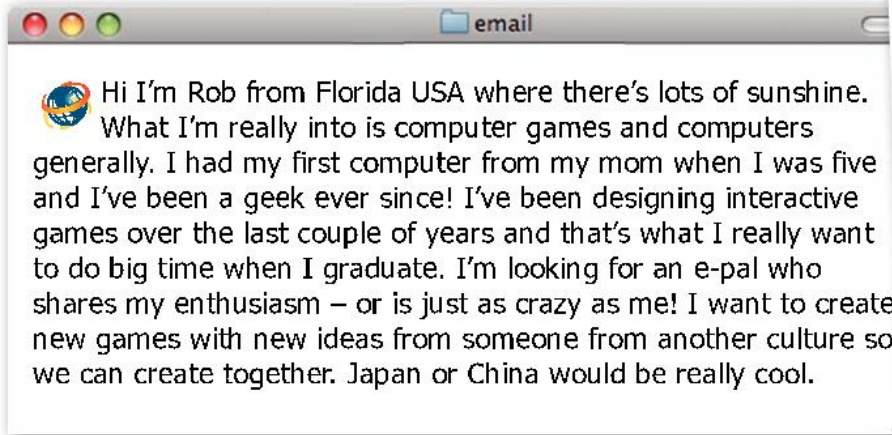
## Comprehension

- 1 What does the writer want from her friend? Do you think it is 'very wrong' of her to want what she does?
- 2 What emotional qualities does she have which would make her the sort of friend you would or would not like?
- 3 Which line or lines in the poem do you most agree with? Quote the words and explain why you have chosen them.

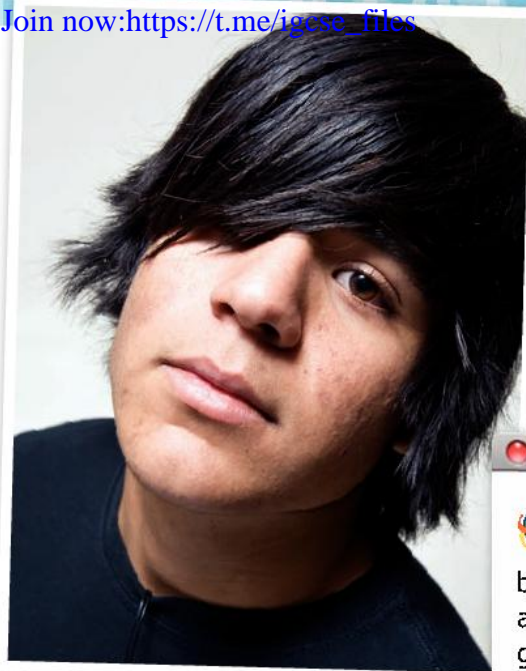


## Web page

Online friends, or e-pals, can be a great way to explore new interests, or get to know people from other parts of the world. Read the following requests for e-pals from five fourteen-year-old students in different parts of the world.

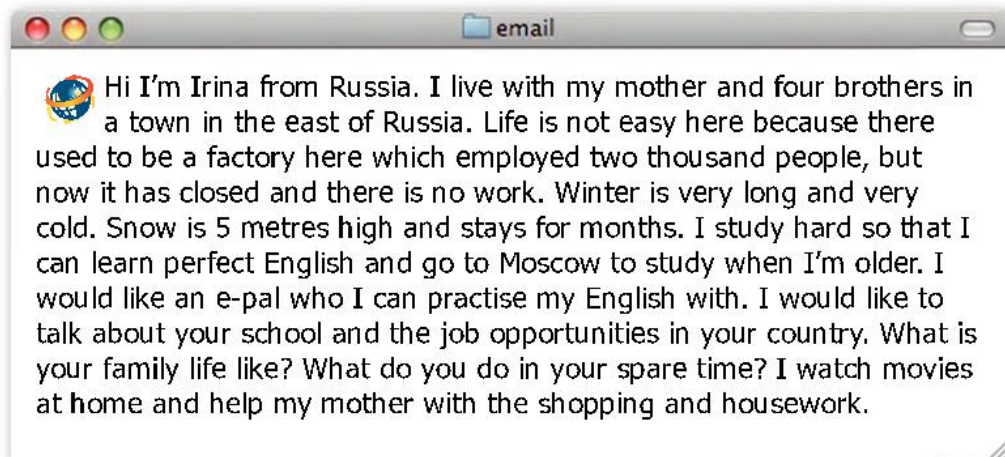
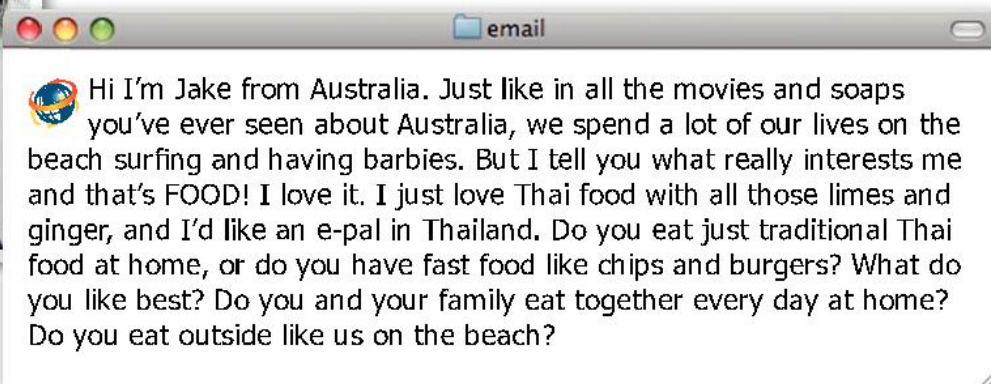


Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)



### Talking points

- 1 What do you think are the advantages of having a 'virtual' friend?
- 2 Some people say that chatting to 'virtual' friends on blogs or in on-line chat rooms is a substitute for real life, or even dangerous. Do you agree?



### Writing to an e-pal

Be an e-pal. Think about how you want to present yourself and your interests, and your way of life.

- Choose one of these e-pals to reply to. Explain who you are, where you live and tell your e-pal a little about your family life. Give your e-pal the information he or she wants. Ask questions of your own so that your e-pal will have plenty to respond to.
- Write your own request for an e-pal. Include a picture which may be of you, or something which interests you. Include information about yourself, and what you would like from your e-pal.

## What happens when friends fall out?

Sometimes friends fall out when their paths diverge or they turn to other people for companionship. It is a part of growing up that people change and move on. Things can come to a head very quickly, as in the following account.

### Fiction

From *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-time Indian* by Sherman Alexie

Junior is a fourteen-year-old boy who feels trapped living on an Indian reservation in Washington State, USA. Eventually, Junior decides he will attend Reardan, the school for white children twenty miles away and make something of his life. But that means leaving behind his life-long best friend, Rowdy. Junior has to tell Rowdy that he is leaving the reservation school and going to Reardan.

### ☞ Telling Rowdy ☛

I was the *only* kid, white or Indian, who knew that Charles Dickens wrote *A Tale of Two Cities*. And let me tell you, we Indians were the worst of times and those Reardan kids were the best of times.

5 Those kids were *magnificent*.

They knew *everything*.

And they were *beautiful*.

They were beautiful and smart.

They were beautiful and smart and epic.

10 They were filled with hope.

I don't know if hope is white. But I do know that hope for me is like some mythical creature.

Man, I was scared of those Reardan kids, and maybe I was scared of hope, too, but Rowdy absolutely hated all of it.

15 'Rowdy,' I said. 'I am going to Reardan tomorrow.'

For the first time he saw that I was serious, but he didn't want me to be serious.

#### GLOSSARY

**The Tale of Two Cities** by Charles Dickens is set at the time of the French Revolution which began in 1789. The first famous opening sentence begins: 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times ...' Junior is thinking of this sentence in line 2.

The **rez** is the reservation where Native American Indians, whose ancestors were the original inhabitants of what became the USA, live separately from the rest of the American population.

'You'll never do it,' he said. 'You're too scared.'

'I'm going,' I said.

20 'No way, you're a wuss.'

'I'm doing it. ... I'm going to Reardan tomorrow.'

'You're really serious?'

'Rowdy,' I said. 'I'm as serious as a tumor.'

25 He coughed and turned away from me. I touched his shoulder. Why did I touch his shoulder? I don't know. I was stupid. Rowdy spun around and shoved me.

'Don't touch me, you idiot!' he yelled.

My heart broke into fourteen pieces, one for each year that Rowdy and I had been best friends.

30 I started crying.

That wasn't suprising at all, but Rowdy started crying, too, and he hated that. He wiped his eyes, stared at his wet hand, and screamed. I'm sure that everybody on the rez heard that scream. It was the worst thing I'd ever heard.

35 It was pain, pure pain.

'Rowdy, I'm sorry,' I said. 'I'm sorry.'

He kept screaming.

'You can still come with me,' I said. 'You're still my best friend.'

40 Rowdy stopped screaming with his mouth but he kept screaming with his eyes.

'You always thought you were better than me,' he yelled.

'No, no, I don't think I'm better than anybody. I think I'm worse than everybody else.'

45 'Why are you leaving?'

'I have to go. I'm going to die if I don't leave.'

### Looking closely

- 1 What is serious about tumours? Find other references to physical pain and injury, used metaphorically.
- 2 What was Rowdy feeling when he 'kept screaming with his eyes'?
- 3 How can you tell that despite the fact that he punched his best friend in the face, Rowdy was deeply attached to Junior?



I touched his shoulder again and Rowdy flinched.

*Yes, I touched him again.*

What kind of idiot was I?

I was the kind of idiot that got punched hard in the face by  
50 his best friend.

*Bang!* Rowdy punched me.

*Bang!* I hit the ground.

*Bang!* My nose bled like a firework.

I stayed on the ground for a long time after Rowdy walked  
55 away. I stupidly hoped that time would stand still if I stayed  
still. But I had to stand eventually, and when I did, I knew  
that my best friend had become my worst enemy.

SHERMAN ALEXIE

## Comprehension

- 1 Why does the author make the parallel reference to *The Tale of Two Cities*?
- 2 What is the difference between life on the reservation and Rearden?
- 3 Why is it important for Junior to go to school in Reardan? What is he leaving behind?
- 4 What emotions made Rowdy call Junior by all those offensive names? What is likely to happen to their friendship?
- 5 Why did Junior remain lying on the ground for a while before getting up?

## Writing a dialogue

**W** Think of a reason why you might have to stop seeing so much of a friend who has been important to you. Perhaps you are moving to another part of town, or another city? Perhaps your friend has changed in a way you cannot relate to?

- Write down the dialogue for your imagined conversation as a script or through reported speech.
- What would be the most tactful and least hurtful way of communicating what you need to say to your friend?



## Extension reading

From *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* by C.S. Lewis

In the story, Lucy has just walked through the wardrobe to find herself in the land of Narnia. She is in a forest full of snow, and stands for a while under the lamp-post, before she sees Mr Tumnus, the faun. A faun is a mythological creature that is half human (the top half) and half animal (the bottom half), resembling a goat or a type of deer, with cloven hooves.

In this extract they strike up an unlikely friendship. Notice how Mr Tumnus plays with the word 'Eve' and 'Evening' to refer to Lucy as a 'Daughter of Eve', which means she is human, and a descendant of Eve, the first woman, according to the Bible.

The land of Narnia is home to a number of mythological creatures from the literature of ancient Greece and Rome. Which ones can you identify?

### Meeting Mr Tumnus

'Good Evening,' said Lucy. But the Faun was so busy picking up its parcels that at first it did not reply. When it had finished it made her a little bow.

'Good evening, good evening,' said the Faun.

5 'Excuse me – I don't want to be inquisitive – but should I be right in thinking that you are a Daughter of Eve?'

'My name's Lucy,' said she, not quite understanding him.

10 'But you are – forgive me – you are what they call a girl?' asked the Faun?

'Of course I'm a girl,' said Lucy.

'You are in fact Human?'

'Of course I'm human,' said Lucy, still a little puzzled.

15 'To be sure, to be sure,' said the Faun. 'How stupid of me! But I've never seen a Son of Adam or a Daughter of Eve before. I am delighted, delighted,' it went on. 'Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Tumnus.'



'I am very pleased to meet you, Mr Tumnus,' said Lucy.

20 'And may I ask, O Lucy Daughter of Eve,' said Mr Tumnus,  
'how you have come into Narnia?'

'Narnia? What's that?' said Lucy.

25 'This is the land of Narnia,' said the Faun, 'where we are  
now; all that lies between the lamp-post and the great castle  
of Cair Paravel on the eastern sea. And you – you have come  
from the wild woods of the west?'

'I – I got in through the wardrobe in the spare room,' said  
Lucy.

30 'Ah!' said Mr Tumnus in a rather melancholy voice, 'if only I  
had worked harder at geography when I was a little Faun, I  
should no doubt know all about those strange countries. It is  
too late now.'

'But they aren't countries at all,' said Lucy, almost laughing.  
'It's only just back there – at least – I'm not sure. It is  
summer there.'

35 'Meanwhile,' said Mr Tumnus, 'it is winter in Narnia, and  
has been for ever so long, and we shall both catch cold if we  
stand here talking in the snow. Daughter of Eve from the far  
land of Spare Oom where eternal summer reigns around the  
bright city of War Drobe, how would it be if you came and  
40 had tea with me?'

'Thank you very much, Mr Tumnus,' said Lucy. 'But I ought  
to be getting back.'

'It's only just round the corner,' said the Faun, 'and there'll be  
a roaring fire – and toast – and sardines – and cake.'

45 'Well, it's very kind of you,' said Lucy. 'But I shan't be able to  
stay long.'

'If you will take my arm, Daughter of Eve,' said Mr Tumnus,  
'I shall be able to hold the umbrella over both of us.  
That's the way. Now – off we go.'

50 And so Lucy found herself walking through the wood arm in  
arm with this strange creature as if they had known one  
another all their lives.

They had not gone far before they came to a rocky place  
with little hills up and little hills down. At the bottom of one  
55 small valley Mr Tumnus turned suddenly aside as if he were  
going to walk straight into an unusually large rock, but at  
the last moment Lucy found he was leading her into the  
entrance of a cave. As soon as they were inside she found  
herself blinking in the light of a wood fire. 'Now we shan't  
60 be long,' he said, and immediately put a kettle on.

Lucy thought she had never been in a nicer place. It was a  
little, dry, clean cave of reddish stone with a carpet on the  
floor and two little chairs ('one for me and one for a friend,'  
said Mr Tumnus) and a table and dresser and a mantelpiece  
65 over the fire and above that a picture of an old Faun with a  
grey beard. In one corner there was a door which Lucy  
thought must lead to Mr Tumnus's bedroom, and on one  
wall was a shelf full of books. Lucy looked at these while he  
was setting out the tea things. They had titles like *The Life*  
70 *and Letters of Silenus* or *Nymphs and Their Ways* or *Men,*  
*Monks and Gamekeepers; a Study in Popular Legend* or *Is*  
*Man a Myth?*

'Now, Daughter of Eve! said the Faun. And really it was a  
wonderful tea. There was a nice brown egg, lightly boiled,  
75 for each of them, and then sardines on toast, and then  
buttered toast, and then toast with honey, and then a sugar-  
topped cake. And when Lucy was tired of eating, the Faun  
began to talk. He had wonderful tales to tell of life in the  
forest. He told about the midnight dances and how the  
80 Nymphs who lived in the wells and the Dryads who lived in  
the trees came out to dance with the Fauns; about long  
hunting parties after the milk-white stag who could give you  
wishes if you caught him; about feasting and treasure-  
seeking with the wild Red Dwarfs in deep mines and caverns  
85 far beneath the forest floor; and then about summer when  
the woods were green and old Silenus on his fat donkey

would come to visit them, and sometimes Bacchus himself, and the whole forest would give itself up to its jollification for weeks on end.

90 'Not that it isn't always winter now,' he added gloomily. Then to cheer himself up he took out from its case on the dresser a strange little flute that looked as if it were made of straw and began to play. And the tune he played made Lucy want to cry and laugh and dance and go to sleep all at the  
95 same time. It must have been hours later when she shook herself and said:

'Oh, Mr Tumnus – I'm so sorry to stop you, and I do love that tune – but really, I must go home. I only meant to stay for a few minutes.'

100 'It's no good *now*, you know,' said the Faun.

'No good?' said Lucy, jumping up and feeling rather frightened. 'What do you mean? I've got to go home at once. The others will be wondering what has happened to me.' But a moment later she asked, 'Mr Tumnus! Whatever is the  
105 matter?' for the Faun's brown eyes had filled with tears and then the tears began trickling down its cheeks, and soon they were running off the end of its nose; and at last it covered its face with its hands and began to howl.

'Mr Tumnus! Mr Tumnus!!' said Lucy in great distress.

110 'Don't! don't! What is the matter? Aren't you well? Dear Mr Tumnus, do tell me what is wrong.' But the Faun continued sobbing as if its heart would break. And even when Lucy went over and put her arms round him and lent him her handkerchief, he did not stop. He merely took the  
115 handkerchief and kept on using it, wringing it out with both hands whenever it got too wet to be any more use, so that presently Lucy was standing in a damp patch.

'Mr Tumnus!' bawled Lucy in his ear, shaking him. 'Do stop. Stop it at once! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a great  
120 big Faun like you. What on earth are you crying about?'

'Oh – oh – oh! Sobbed Mr Tumnus, 'I'm crying because I'm such a bad Faun.'

125 'I don't think you're a bad Faun at all,' said Lucy. 'I think you are a very good Faun. You are the nicest Faun I've ever met.'

'Oh – oh – you wouldn't say that if you knew,' replied Mr Tumnus between his sobs. 'No, I'm a bad Faun. I don't suppose there ever was a worse Faun since the beginning of the world.'

130 'But what have you done?' asked Lucy.

'My old father, now,' said Mr Tumnus; 'that's his picture on the mantelpiece. He would never have done a thing like this.'

'A thing like what?' said Lucy.

135 'Like what I've done,' said the Faun. 'Taken service under the White Witch. That's what I am. I'm in the pay of the White Witch.'

'The White Witch? Who is she?'

140 'Why, it is she that has got all Narnia under her thumb. It's she that makes it always winter. Always winter and never Christmas; think of that!'

'How awful!' said Lucy. 'But what does she pay *you* for?'

145 'That's the worst of it,' said Mr Tumnus with a deep groan. 'I'm a kidnapper for her, that's what I am. Look at me, Daughter of Eve. Would you believe that I'm the sort of Faun to meet a poor innocent child in the wood, one that had never done me any harm, and pretend to be friendly with it, and invite it home to my cave, all for the sake of lulling it asleep and then handing it over to the White Witch?'

150 'No,' said Lucy. 'I'm sure you wouldn't do anything of the sort.'

'But I have,' said the Faun. 'Daughter of Eve, don't you understand?' said the Faun. 'It isn't something I *have* done. I'm doing it now, this very moment.'

'What do you mean?' cried Lucy, turning very white.

155 'You are the child,' said Tumnus. 'I had orders from  
the White Witch that if ever I saw a Son of Adam  
or a Daughter of Eve in the wood, I was to catch  
them and hand them over to her. And you are the  
first I ever met. And I've pretended to be your  
160 friend and asked you to tea, and all the time I've  
been meaning to wait till you were asleep and  
then go and tell *Her*.'

'Oh, but you won't, Mr Tumnus,' said Lucy. 'You  
won't, will you? Indeed, indeed you really  
165 mustn't.'

'And if I don't,' said he, beginning to cry again,  
'she's sure to find out ... And she'll have my tail  
cut off, and my horns sawn off, and my beard  
plucked out, and she'll wave her wand over my  
170 beautiful cloven hoofs and turn them into horrid  
solid hoofs like a wretched horse's. And if she is  
extra and specially angry she'll turn me into  
stone and I shall be only a statue of a Faun in  
her horrible house until the four thrones at Cair  
175 Paravel are filled – and goodness knows when that will  
happen, or whether it will ever happen at all.'

'I'm very sorry, Mr Tumnus,' said Lucy. 'But please let me go  
home.'

'Of course I will,' said the Faun. 'Of course I've got to. I see  
180 that now. I hadn't known what Humans were like before I  
met you. Of course I can't give you up to the Witch; not now  
that I know you. But we must be off at once. I'll see you  
back to the lamp-post. I suppose you can find your own way  
from there back to Spare Oom and War Drobe?'

185 'I'm sure I can,' said Lucy.

'We must go as quietly as we can,' said Mr Tumnus. 'The  
whole wood is full of *her* spies.'

They both got up and left the tea things on the table, and Mr  
Tumnus once more put up his umbrella and gave Lucy his



A statue of a faun.

190 arm, and they went out into the snow. The journey back was not at all like the journey to the Faun's cave; they stole along as quickly as they could, without speaking a word, and Mr Tumnus kept to the darkest places. Lucy was relieved when they reached the lamp-post again.

195 'Do you know your way from here Daughter of Eve?' said Mr Tumnus.

Lucy looked very hard between the trees and could just see the distance a patch of light that looked like daylight. 'Yes,' she said, 'I can see the wardrobe door.'

200 'Then be off home as quick as you can,' said the Faun, 'and – c-can you ever forgive me for what I meant to do?'

'Why, of course I can,' said Lucy, shaking him heartily by the hand. 'And I do hope you won't get into dreadful trouble on my account.'

205 'Farewell, Daughter of Eve,' said he. 'Perhaps I may keep the handkerchief?'

'Rather!' said Lucy, and then ran towards the far-off patch of daylight as quickly as her legs would carry her.

C.S. LEWIS

### Comprehension

- 1 What does Lucy like about Mr Tumnus? What does she find so reassuring about his manners and behaviour?
- 2 What do 'Spare Oom' and 'War Drobe' stand for? What does Mr Tumnus identify as the most significant difference between the two worlds?
- 3 What does Lucy find comforting about Mr Tumnus's home?
- 4 What does Mr Tumnus do to keep Lucy entertained?
- 5 What dreadful thing has Mr Tumnus done. What does he do to make up for it?

## Interview

Following is an extract from an interview between the actors Georgie Henley and James McAvoy, who starred in the Walt Disney film version of the novel, *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*. The two of them discuss the friendship that grew between them in real life, as it did in the story.

When they started filming, Georgie was only ten years old. This was her first acting role.



### ☞ Georgie Henley and James McAvoy ☜

**Q:** Why does Lucy follow Mr Tumnus home?

**GEORGIE:** She does it because she really trusts in Mr Tumnus. They're almost like long-lost friends, and there's no point in having long-lost friends if you don't go into tea with them.



10 JAMES: The thing that is so special about them is they're nearly the same person in a lot of ways, even though he's 150 and she's eight years old. When they meet each other it is fast friends immediately. It's quite unviable to make friends that quickly, but we have to believe it can happen. But if you can't believe two people can become friends that quickly, then don't watch the rest of the film.

15 GEORGIE: They connect.

JAMES: Yes, they connect in a really fundamental way, because they're very similar people.

Q: How did shooting in chronological order help you?

20 GEORGIE: We got more mature, really. In the earliest shoots I was a bit of a spitfire on set, I was really hyper on set, wasn't I?

JAMES: You were a bit hyper on set. But I didn't help, I was jumping around like I was seven.

25 GEORGIE: You were? It did help me.

JAMES: I think so. You guys got more experienced, more chilled out. And you got so much more comfortable by the end.

30 GEORGIE: And you became more faun-ey. More goat-like.

JAMES: My beard got longer.

35 GEORGIE: The thing is, when you see a goat, they actually don't curl under like Mr Tumnus', they actually don't go like that. He's already growing a beard, see?

JAMES: I'm starting to. That was my favourite thing, watching you grow. You all grew inches during this film.

### GLOSSARY

Following are some examples of colloquial language, frequently used in speech

A **spitfire**, meaning something or someone who spits fire, describes a person who behaves in an angry or explosive manner.

**hyper**, from the Greek word for over or beyond, is often used as a short form for **hyperactive**. This is a medical term for someone who behaves in an overactive or crazy way.

**chilled out** means to behave in a relaxed manner, and is related to being 'cool'.

**Q: Did you keep track on the wall?**

40 **GEORGIE:** Yeah. Skandar (Keynes) grew six and a half inches, I did four inches, William (Moseley) grew two inches, and Anna (Popplewell) grew a half an inch.

**Q: How did they keep up with your costumes?**

45 **GEORGIE:** They just ... had to keep doing them again and again and again. It was so weird, do you remember when Will stood up and his fur coat ripped in the back? So wardrobe was, like, seriously stressing, because these were real fur  
50 coats.

**Q: James, did you want Mr. Tumnus to wear a shirt for the coronation?**

**JAMES:** No, he's too scruffy for that, my friend.

**GEORGIE:** Scruffy!

55 **JAMES:** Well, you know, it's the faun's way, isn't it? Classically speaking, fauns are followers of Dionysus and Bacchus and they make reference to that in the book. They were free, they were unrestricted ... It was all about being  
60 open. That's why, I think, it was a good choice to make Tumnus a faun, because he's about openness, which is what he and Lucy have in common.

**Q: Did you like filming in New Zealand?**

65 **GEORGIE:** New Zealand inspired me to write two books on set. One is called 'The Snow Stag,' and one is about an Arctic island, called 'The Pillow of Secrets,' and I sold that to charity and I made  
70 about \$350 for WWF – not the wrestling fund! The wildlife fund.

**Q: Do you want to get them published?**

### Journal

Describe a situation in which you got to know someone well, because you had to spend a lot of time together.

75 **GEORGIE:** I want to set them up to publish when I'm older, when I'm a teenager. So I'm going to keep them safe. And I'm writing a story at the moment called 'The Diary of a Bully,' which describes a boy who is bullied, and it is a diary, and it involves the police, and gets quite serious, and it's an in-depth book. It's quite disturbing.

80 **Q:** What was the hardest thing about filming movie?

**GEORGIE:** Being away from my friends and family.

85 **JAMES:** Yeah, being away from my loved ones for so long. You know, New Zealand is twenty four hours from London. I couldn't go home for a few days, it was difficult. It's hard to call. Emails are the best way.

**GEORGIE:** Emails and phone calls. And letters. I wrote letters to school.

## An unusual friendship

Write about an unusual or unlikely friendship like that between Lucy and the faun, or the actors who play them in the film. An unusual friendship could be between people of very different ages, or backgrounds, Think about what makes your friendship unusual or special.

- What is the situation that brings the two friends together? What kinds of things do they do together or have in common?
- Imagine a conversation between the two friends, What do they talk about?
- Write your conversation down as a narrative using direct and indirect speech.

## Talking points

- 1 How does the friendship between the actors help them in their on-screen relationship?
- 2 Why was this role a particular challenge for Georgie?
- 3 Discuss in class some of the difficulties of making a film like *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*.

## Toolkit

### Punctuating compound sentences

When joining two main clauses together, a comma is placed before the coordinating conjunction. For example, 'It's quite unviable to make friends that quickly, but we have to believe it can happen.' 'But' is the coordinating conjunction. Find two more compound sentences in the interview above, identify the coordinating conjunction and notice how it has been punctuated, Then write two compound sentences of your own. **W**

# 2

## Education

$$S = \nabla U dV$$

### Why is education so important?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- United States
- United Kingdom
- South Africa

##### Read

- an interview
- a poem
- a play
- autobiography

##### Create

- an interview
- autobiography
- journals

Learning is a treasure that will follow its owner everywhere.

Chinese Proverb



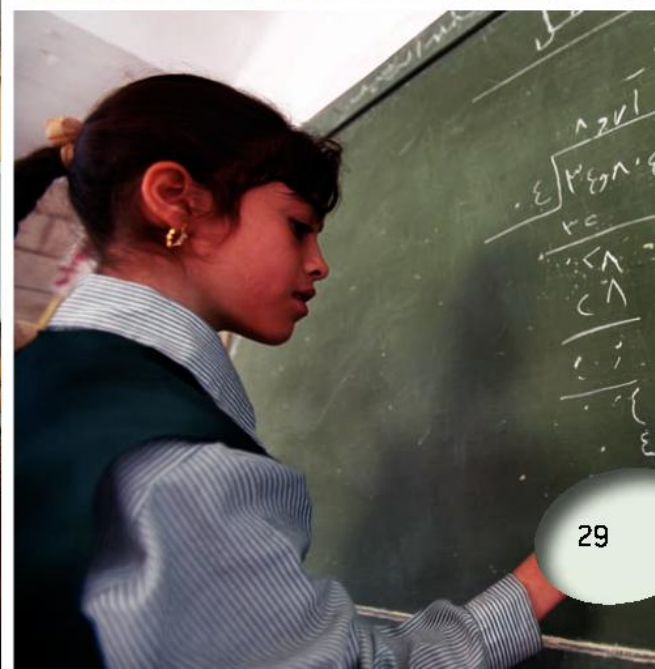
How would your life be different without education? For most of us, it's an essential part of life. This is because we believe that it will help us throughout our lives. 'The mind, once stretched by a new idea, never regains its original dimensions.' This idea was expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. and reflects the idea that education helps us to grow.

#### Talking points

- 1 What are some great things you have learned and how did you learn them?
- 2 What is your idea of a good education?

## How is a good education provided?

In most parts of the world, providing a good education is seen as essential to society and personal well-being. Although it may not seem like a complicated issue, there are so many different theories and opinions about what is needed to provide a good education. Many people question whether schools need more money, better educated teachers, formal exams, different types of lessons, more homework or less homework. How important is it for every school-age child to have access to a computer and the Internet? Of course the answers to these questions may be different, according to an individual student's needs and the resources of the local community.



## An interview

In the following interview with President Obama, eleven-year-old Damon Weaver from Pahokee in Florida takes the opportunity to raise issues that are close to his heart. The interview took place on 13 August 2009, around the time when the president was due to make a statement on his government's education policies.

Damon had already interviewed a number of prominent people in the United States. Pay attention to his interview techniques.



### ☞ An Interview with President Obama ☛

**DAMON WEAVER:** I've heard that you would like to make an announcement about education. Can you tell me about the announcement?

**PRESIDENT OBAMA:** Well Damon on September 8 when young people around the country have just started or are about to go back to school I'm going to be making a big speech to people all across the country about the importance of education and the importance of staying in school, about how we want to improve the education system and why it's so important for the country, so I hope everybody tunes in.

**WEAVER:** All across America, money is being cut from education. How can education be improved with all these cuts?

**OBAMA:** Well, we here in the administration, are actually trying to put more money into schools, and there are a lot of schools all across the country that are getting new buildings and new facilities. We're now putting more money into training good teachers and giving them more support. But money alone is not going to make the difference. We've also got to improve how the schools are operating, and we have been trying to focus on how you identify the best schools and figure out what it is that they're doing well. And we're trying to get other schools that aren't doing so well to do the same kind of things that the schools who are doing well are

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words taken from the extract.

facilities [line 17]

funding [26]

reforming [26]

constructive [132]

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words you come across.

doing. So I hope that we can really see some improvement,  
25 not just with funding, but also with reforming how the schools work.

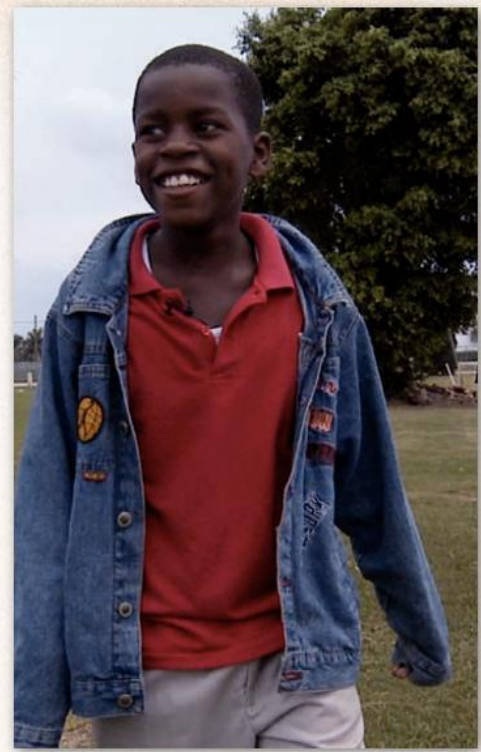
Can I also add that there are certain programs, like dropout prevention programs, for example, that local school districts might not be able to afford, but we can provide federal  
30 government funding to those local districts so they can support such programs.

**WEAVER:** I've learned that your mom always made sure that you were doing well at school. What should parents do to make sure their child's education is better?

35 **OBAMA:** Parents are the most important thing to any child's ability to do well in school, so making sure you're reading to your children, especially when they're young, even before they get to school so they start being used to reading, and they know their alphabet, they know the basics. So even  
40 when they get to kindergarten, they're already a leg up. I think it's important to make sure that kids are doing their homework and that they're not just turning on the TV all day or playing video games. I think parents should talk to teachers and find out from teachers directly what can be  
45 done to improve their child's performance. Setting a high standard is also important. Saying if you get a B, you can do better, you can get an A. Making sure we have high expectations for all children because I think all children can do well as long as they have the support that they need.

50 **WEAVER:** Do you have the power to make the school lunches better?

**OBAMA:** Well, I remember that when I used to get school lunches they didn't taste so good, I got to admit. We are seeing if we can work to at least make school lunches  
55 healthier. There's a lot of french fries, pizza, tater tots, all kinds of stuff that isn't a well-balanced meal, so we want to make sure there are more fruits and vegetables in the schools. Now, kids may not end up liking that, but it's better for them, it'll be healthier for them, and those are some of the  
60 changes we're trying to make.



Damon Weaver in Pahokee, Palm Beach County, Florida

**GLOSSARY**

A **dropout** is someone who leaves school before graduating high school at age 18.

To **dunk** is a casual term for scoring in basketball by slamming the ball through the hoop.

**Dwayne Wade** is a basketball celebrity

A **homeboy** is a close friend or a person from one's hometown.

**WEAVER:** I suggest that we have french fries and mangoes every day for lunch.

**OBAMA:** See, and if you were planning the lunch program it'd probably taste good to you, but it might not make you  
65 big and strong like you need to be. So we want to make sure that food tastes good in school lunches and is healthy for you too.

**WEAVER:** I loooooove mangoes.

**OBAMA:** I love mangoes too, but I'm not sure we can get  
70 mangoes in every school. They only grow in hot temperatures and there are a lot of schools up north where they don't have mango trees.

**WEAVER:** I notice as president you get bullied a lot. How do you handle it?

**OBAMA:** You mean people say mean things about me? I  
75 think that when you're president you're responsible for a lot of things. People are having a tough time, they're hurting out there, and the main thing I try to do is just stay focused on trying to do a good job. I understand that sometimes people  
80 are going to be mad about things, but if I'm doing a good job – I'm doing my best, and I'm helping people – that keeps me going.

**WEAVER:** Were you ever bullied in school?

**OBAMA:** You know, I wasn't bullied too much in school.  
85 I was pretty big for my age, but obviously it's a terrible thing and I hope all young people out there understand that they should treat each other with respect.

**WEAVER:** What can kids do to make our country better?

**OBAMA:** I think the things that kids can do best is just work  
90 really hard in school and succeed. If young people like yourself are reading at high levels, doing their homework, doing math and science and ending up going to college, that makes everyone better off. But also when they have some spare time, try to help people out. It could be people in your





### Looking closely

- 1 How would you describe the language used by Obama and Weaver?
- 2 Choose a word or phrase that reflects a casual tone. Do you think this is an effective technique? Why or why not?
- 3 Choose a word or phrase that reflects a more formal tone and discuss how it is or is not effective.

95 church or your religious community, or out in the neighborhood. Helping an elderly person carry their grocery bags or helping out a younger person with their schoolwork, those kind of things are also really helpful to the country.

100 **WEAVER:** Everybody knows that you love basketball. I think it would be cool to have a president who could dunk. Can you dunk?

**OBAMA:** Not anymore. I used to when I was young, but I'm almost 50 now. Your legs are the first thing to go!

105 **WEAVER:** My buddy Dwayne Wade promised me if you gave me the interview he would play you in a one-on-one basketball game. But he's not sure if he would let you score. Would you be willing to play him in a one-on-one basketball game?

110 **OBAMA:** I would play Dwayne Wade. I've got to admit, though, Dwayne Wade is a little bit better at basketball than I am, so I would rather have him on my team playing against someone else than play against him.

**WEAVER:** What is it like to be President of the United States?

115 **OBAMA:** Well, it's very exciting, it's a lot of work, and there are times where you get a little worn down. But every day you have the possibility, the ability to help other people, and if you can do that, it's a great, great thing.

120 **WEAVER:** In my town, Pahokee, I've seen a lot of shootings and fights. What are you going to do about violence and to keep me safe?

125 **OBAMA:** Well, I think that we have to make sure that all schools have resources to keep kids safe, but also that parents and community members participate in training their young people to resolve arguments and disagreements without resorting to violence. Too many of our young people, they get frustrated or angry with each other, they start acting out in violence. We need to make sure that we're teaching young people to deal with the issues that they may have in a better way, in a more constructive way.

WEAVER: I know that you're busy being the president, but I would like to invite you to my school, Canal Point Elementary School, because there's a lot of good things going on there that I would like you to see.

135 **OBAMA:** Well I hope that at some point I get a chance to visit your school because you did a great job on this interview! So somebody must be doing something right down at that school.

140 **WEAVER:** When I interviewed Vice President Joe Biden, he became my homeboy. Would you like to become my homeboy!

**OBAMA:** Absolutely, thank you man. Great job.

**WEAVER:** Thanks for making my dream come true, Mr. President.

145 **OBAMA:** Well I appreciate it. You did an outstanding job. I look forward to seeing you in the future.

## Preparing an interview

**W** Prepare for an interview with a parent, teacher or school principal about education. You might focus on education generally as Weaver did, or issues related to your particular school or you may want to find out about a person's own experience of education.

- In the interview, Weaver discussed issues that are important to him. What are the major issues that you want to raise?
- Look at Weaver's first questions. They include a statement as well as a question. Be sure to include comments and statements with your interview questions.
- Think about how you can add in some light relief and humour.

## Comprehension

- 1 What are the key issues that Weaver raises and why do you think he chose those specific topics?
- 2 Why do you think Weaver brings up the topic of school lunches and basketball?
- 3 Choose one question and one reply and discuss them. Explain why the issue is important and discuss the effectiveness of the question and answer. Give examples.
- 4 Summarise Obama's key solutions. Do you think they will be effective?

## Toolkit

### Pronoun and verb contraction

Because the President Obama and Damon Weaver text is a spoken interview, it contains a lot of contractions, for example: 'I've' for 'I have', and 'they're' for 'they are'. These are contractions of a pronoun and a primary verb – the most common kind of contraction in English. Find all of the contractions in the text and work out what words they have been formed from. **W**

## How do we learn in school?

Some students do better than others at school and teachers and educators wonder why. Is the teacher ineffective, or is the school or the type of lesson inappropriate? What can be done to make learning exciting and interesting for all?

### Poem

The following poem is a humorous one about a student who is resistant to learning. It also says a lot about the relationship between teachers and students. What do you think makes a good teacher–student relationship?



### ♫ Billy McBone ♫

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which he mostly kept under his hat.  
The teachers all thought  
5 That he couldn't be taught,  
But Bill didn't seem to mind that.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
Which the teachers had searched for for years.  
10 Trying test after test,  
They still never guessed  
It was hidden between his ears.

Billy McBone  
Had a mind of his own,  
15 Which only his friends ever saw.  
When the teacher said, 'Bill,  
Whereabouts is Brazil?'  
He just shuffled and stared at the floor.

Billy McBone  
20 Had a mind of his own,  
Which he kept under lock and key.

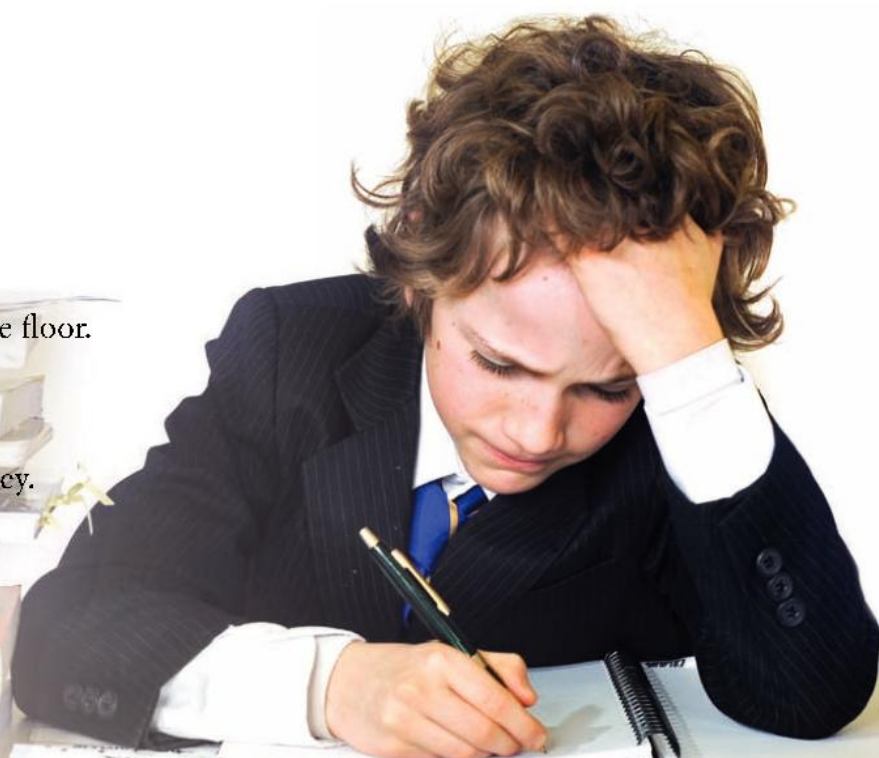
ALLAN AHLBERG

### Comprehension

- 1 What is implied by the phrase 'a mind of his own'?
- 2 Who is to blame for Billy's refusal to learn? Choose a line that reflects your answer.
- 3 What comment about education do you think the poet is making?

### Journal

Write down what you enjoy most about school? What would you change about school?



## A play

From *The History Boys* by Alan Bennett

In his play *The History Boys*, playwright Alan Bennett focuses on a select group of sixth-form students, who are being given special coaching to help them get a scholarship to one of the top universities in England. The setting for the play is a boy's school in the north of England, possibly Sheffield or Leeds.

The headmaster wants to get the boys places at the universities of Oxford or Cambridge. 'Oxbridge', short for Oxford and Cambridge, refers to the two oldest and most prestigious universities in England.

In the selection of scenes from the play that follow, various methods of teaching history and passing exams effectively are discussed among the teachers and students. Not everyone is in agreement. Mrs Lintott and Irwin are teachers. Dakin and Rudge are students.



Christ Church College at the University of Oxford

## ☞ The History Boys ☞

### Staff room

---

- Headmaster** Mrs Lintott, Dorothy.
- Mrs Lintott** Headmaster?
- Headmaster** These Oxbridge boys. Your historians. Any special plans?
- Mrs Lintott** Their A Levels are very good.
- Headmaster** Their A Levels are very good. And that is thanks to you, Dorothy. We've never had so many. Remarkable! But what now – in teaching terms?
- Mrs Lintott** More of the same?
- Headmaster** Oh, do you think so?
- Mrs Lintott** It's what we've done before.
- Headmaster** Quite. Without much success. No one last year. None the year before. When did we last have anyone in history at Oxford and Cambridge?
- Mrs Lintott** I tend not to distinguish.
- Headmaster** Between Oxford and Cambridge?

- Mrs Lintott** Between centres of higher learning. Last year two at Bristol, one at York. The year before ...
- Headmaster** Yes, yes. I know that, Dorothy. But I am thinking league tables. Open scholarships. Reports to the Governors. I want them to do themselves justice. I want them to do you justice. Factually tip-top as your boys always are, something more is required.
- Mrs Lintott** More?
- Headmaster** Different. I would call it grooming did that not have overtones of the monkey house. 'Presentation' might be the word.
- Mrs Lintott** They know their stuff. Plainly stated and properly organised facts need no presentation, surely.
- Headmaster** Oh, Dorothy. I think they do. 'The facts: serving suggestion.'
- Mrs Lintott** A sprig of parsley, you mean? ...
- Headmaster** I am thinking of the boys. Clever, yes, remarkably so. Well taught. But a little ... *ordinaire*? Think charm. Think polish. Think Renaissance man.
- Mrs Lintott** Yes, Headmaster. ...



The teachers

## GLOSSARY

The **Advanced Level** General Certificate of Education, universally referred to as an **A Level**, is a qualification offered by educational institutions in the United Kingdom. It is a grading system used to qualify for university entrance.

A **serving suggestion** is a term used in cookery books to suggest attractive ways to present food. When included on food packaging it is used to point out that other ingredients not included in the packet are needed.

A **Renaissance man** is a term used to describe a person who has attained a high level of education across many disciplines.

A **battery chicken** is a form of intensive farming in which the chickens are confined in very small cages, **Free-range** farms allow chickens more space to move around in, with a more varied diet and lifestyle.

## Word origins

*Oxbridge* is a collective term for the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. It can be used as a noun, or an adjective to describe the students that attend them.



## School room

- Irwin** (distributing exercise books) Dull. Dull. Abysmally dull. A triumph ... the duller of the lot.
- Dakin** I got all the points.
- Irwin** I didn't say it was wrong. ...  
If you want to learn about Stalin, study Henry VIII. If you want to learn about Margaret Thatcher, study Henry VIII. The wrong end of the stick is the right one ... A question has a front door and a back door. Go in the back, or better still, the side. ... Be perverse. Take Stalin. Generally agreed to be a monster, and rightly. ... Find something, anything, to say in his defence. History nowadays is not a matter of conviction. It's a performance. It's entertainment. And if it isn't, make it so. ...
- Rudge** I get it. It's an angle. You want us to find an angle.

The boys



### Looking closely

- 1 Why does Mrs Lintott make the comparison of the new teaching methods to 'a sprig of parsley'?
- 2 Which word in the text sums up Irwin's idea of taking a new approach to accepted historical facts? What other metaphor does he use?
- 3 How does Rudge sum up this new approach?
- 4 Explain the metaphor used in the last extract to compare the two different approaches to learning with chicken farming.

## School corridor

Mrs Lintott Ah, Rudge.

Rudge Miss

Mrs Lintott How are you getting on with Mr Irwin?

Rudge It's ... interesting Miss, if you know what I mean. It makes me grateful to you for your lessons.

Mrs Lintott Really? That's nice to hear.

Rudge Firm foundations type thing. Point A. Point B. Point C. Mr Irwin is more ... free-range?

Mrs Lintott I hadn't thought of you as a battery chicken, Rudge.

Rudge It's only a metaphor, Miss.

Mrs Lintott I'm relieved to hear it.

Rudge You've force-fed us the facts; now we're in the process of running around acquiring flavour.

Mrs Lintott Is that what Mr Irwin says?

Rudge Oh no, Miss. The metaphor's mine.

### Comprehension

- 1 What is wrong with being 'ordinaire' ? What does the headmaster want to achieve with his students?
- 2 What new approaches to history is Irwin trying to encourage?
- 3 How does Rudge complement his former teacher Mrs Lintott? What does he prefer about her teaching methods?
- 4 What does Irwin suggest is needed to get the attention of the university examiners?

### Talking points

- 1 Have you heard of the phrase 'A little information goes a long way?'. How does this apply to some of the ideas raised in these extracts from *The History Boys*?
- 2 Discuss in your group, connections you could make between different countries and different periods in history.

## How do we learn outside school?

Much of what we learn is from experience, from everyday life. Our family life, friends and the things that happen to us and the things we observe tell us a lot about the world. These experiences and observations are sometimes recounted in people's autobiographies. Autobiographical accounts can be as touching and moving as novels and poetry as they often contain descriptions and experiences that are genuine and heartfelt.

### Autobiography

From *My early days*, by Nelson Mandela

Nelson Mandela is one of the most important leaders of the modern age. He was born in a village in Transkei, about 550 miles south of Johannesburg in South Africa where most children did not go to school.

In 1994, at the age of seventy-six, Mandela became South Africa's first-ever black President, following the country's first-ever multi-racial elections. During his lifetime, Mandela endured twenty-seven years in prison for his anti-government activities, and it was in prison that he began to write his autobiography from which the following text is taken. Despite his great age and his retirement in 2004, Mandela has continued to work towards justice and peace in the world.

#### GLOSSARY

**Veld** (from the Dutch word for 'field') is the unenclosed grassland country of South Africa.

**Xhosa** is the African nation in Transkei.

The **Mbekela brothers** were from a different tribe who had become Christian and educated.

**Ticks** are parasites which suck the blood of animals and can cause infections or even death.

#### Wordpool

dung [line 7]

ochre poplar [14]

a dipping tank [19]

slingshot [28]

udder [30]

to get the hang of [43]

unruly [44]



Part of a Xhosa village in Transkei, South Africa





## My Early Days

My home village of Qunu was situated in a narrow, grassy valley criss-crossed by clear streams, and overlooked by green hills. It consisted of no more than a few hundred people who lived in huts, which were beehive-shaped structures of mud walls, with a wooden pole in the centre holding up a peaked grass roof. The floor was kept smooth by smearing it regularly with fresh cow dung. The smoke from the hearth escaped through the roof, and the only opening was a low doorway one had to stoop to walk through. The huts were generally grouped in a residential area that was some distance away from the maize fields. There were no roads, only paths through the grass worn away by barefooted boys and women. The women and children of the village wore blankets dyed in ochre. Cattle, sheep, goats and horses grazed together in common pastures. The land around Qunu was mostly treeless except for a cluster of poplars on a hill overlooking the village. In the area, there were two small primary schools, a general store, and a dipping tank to rid the cattle of ticks and diseases.

From an early age, I spent most of my free time in the veld playing and fighting with the other boys of the village. At night, I shared my food and blanket with these same boys. I was no more than five when I became a herd-boy looking after sheep and calves in the fields. I discovered the almost mystical attachment that the Xhosa have for cattle, not only as a source of food and wealth, but as a blessing from God and a source of happiness. It was in the fields that I learned how to knock birds out of the sky with a slingshot, to gather wild honey and fruits and edible roots, to drink warm, sweet milk straight from the udder of a cow, to swim in the clear, cold streams, and to catch fish with string and sharpened bits of wire. From these days I date my love of the veld, of open spaces, the simple beauties of nature, the clean line of the horizon.

As boys, we were mostly left to our own devices. We played with toys we made ourselves. We moulded animals and birds

### Journal

Think of a favourite game you played as a child. Describe the game, how you played, and who you played with. Did this game teach you a lesson for life? If so, what was it?

### Looking closely

- 1 Explain what 'dyed in ochre' means. [line 14]
- 2 Explain the 'mystical attachment' which the Xhosa had for their cattle.
- 3 What is meant by the following in your own words: a) 'left to our own devices' (line 35) b) 'Nature was our playground' (line 38) c) 'I had lost face' (lines 50–51)
- 4 What reason did Mandela's father give for agreeing to his son going to school?
- 5 What does the last sentence tell you about Mandela as a boy and as a man?



Nelson Mandela at home in Qunu on his 90th birthday in 2008.

### Comprehension

- 1 How did the village boys entertain themselves? Would you have enjoyed this life? Why or why not?
- 2 What did Mandela learn during his early life and how did he learn? How valuable do you think his learning was?
- 3 What important lesson did he learn from the donkey? How valuable do you think the lesson was to him as an adult?
- 4 Explain how it was that Mandela went to school even though no member of his family had done so before.

out of clay. We made ox-drawn sledges out of tree branches. Nature was our playground. The hills above Qunu were dotted with large smooth rocks which we transformed into  
40 our own roller-coaster. We sat on flat stones and slid down the face of the large rocks. I learned to ride by sitting on top of calves – after being thrown to the ground several times, one got the hang of it.

I learned my lesson one day from an unruly donkey. We had  
45 been taking turns climbing up and down its back and when my chance came, I jumped on, and the donkey bolted into a nearby thorn bush. It bent its head, trying to unseat me, which it did, but not before the thorns had pricked and scratched my face, embarrassing me in front of my friends.  
50 Africans have a highly developed sense of dignity. I had lost face among my friends. Even though it was a donkey that unseated me, I learned that to humiliate another person is to make him suffer an unnecessarily cruel fate. Even as a boy, I defeated my opponents without dishonouring them.

55 The Mbekela brothers would often see me playing or minding sheep and come over to talk to me. One day, George

Mbekela paid a visit to my mother. 'Your son is a clever young fellow,' he said. 'He should go to school.' My mother remained silent. No one in my family had ever attended school and my mother was unprepared for Mbekela's suggestion. But she did relay it to my father who, despite – or perhaps because of – his own lack of education, immediately decided that his youngest son should go to school.

The schoolhouse consisted of a single room, with a Western-style roof, on the other side of the hill from Qunu. I was seven years old, and on the day before I was to begin, my father took me aside and told me that I must be dressed properly for school. Until that time, I, like all the other boys in Qunu, had worn only a blanket, which was wrapped round one shoulder and pinned at the waist. My father took a pair of his trousers and cut them at the knee. He told me to put them on, which I did, and they were roughly the correct length, although the waist was far too large. My father then took a piece of string and drew the trousers in at the waist. I must have been a comical sight, but I have never owned a suit I was prouder to wear than my father's cut-off trousers.

NELSON MANDELA



### Talking points

- 1 What did young Mandela learn before he went to school?
- 2 Can you think of an experience you had as a young child which taught you a lesson the hard way? Tell the group about it.

### **W** Writing autobiography

Write a short autobiography about your early school days. You can focus on one particular day or on general memories of your first weeks.

- Make a list of everything you can remember. Then see if there are a few specific things you could focus on in your account.
- Write about how you felt, and what kind of child you were. Think about how those early memories reflect who you are today.

## Extension reading

From *To Sir With Love* by E.R. Braithwaite

E.R. Braithwaite worked in the 1950s as a teacher in the East End of London. With an Oxford education behind him, but no formal training as a teacher, he was placed in charge of an undisciplined class of final-year students. As a black man, working in a school with a predominantly white, working-class population, with little or no aspiration to higher learning, he had his job cut out for him. After the first clashes with this badly behaved and defiant class, one morning, in desperation, he tries to win their trust and cooperation by talking to them frankly about what he wants them to achieve together.



### My Plans For This Class

'I am your teacher, and I think it right and proper that I should let you know something of my plans for this class.' I tried to pitch my voice into its most informally pleasant register. 'We're going to talk, you and I, but we'll be  
5 reasonable with each other. I would like you to listen to me without interrupting in any way, and when I'm through any one of you may say your piece without interruption from me.' I was making it up as I went along and watching them; at the least sign that it wouldn't work I'd drop it, fast.

10 They were interested, in spite of themselves; even the husky, blasé Denham was leaning forward on his desk watching me.

'My business here is to teach you, and I shall do my best to make my teaching as interesting as possible. If at any time I say anything which you do not understand or with which  
15 you do not agree, I would be pleased if you would let me know. Most of you will be leaving school within six months or so; that means that in a short while you will be embarked on the very adult business of earning a living. Bearing that in mind, I have decided that from now on you will be treated,  
20 not as children, but as young men and women, by me and by each other. When we move out of the state of childhood certain higher standards of conduct are expected of us ...'

### Wordpool

informally [line 3]  
husky [10]  
blasé [11]  
to embark [17]  
to barge in [33]  
insolence [34]  
courtesies [44]  
conduct [100]

At this moment the door was flung open and Pamela Dare rushed in, somewhat breathlessly, to take her seat. She was  
25 very late.

‘For instance,’ I continued, ‘there are really two ways in which a person may enter a room; one is in a controlled, dignified manner, the other is as if someone had just planted a heavy foot on your backside. Miss Dare has just shown us  
30 the second way; I’m quite sure she will now give us a demonstration of the first.’

To this day I do not know what made me say it, but there it was. I was annoyed by the way in which she had just barged her way in, insolently carelessly late.

35 All eyes were on her as she had probably planned, but instead of supporting her entrance they were watching her, waiting to see the result of my challenge. She blushed.

‘Well, Miss Dare.’

Her eyes were black with anger and humiliation, but she  
40 stood up and walked out, closing the door quietly behind her; then to my surprise, and I must confess, my relief, she opened it as quietly, and with a grace and dignity that would have benefitted a queen, she walked to her seat.

‘Thank you. As from today there are certain courtesies which  
45 will be observed at all times in this classroom. Myself you will address as “Mr Braithwaite” or “Sir” – the choice is yours; the young ladies will be addressed as “Miss” and the young men will be addressed by their surnames.’

I hadn’t planned any of this, but it was unfolding all by itself,  
50 and I hoped, fitting into place. There was a general gasp at this, from boys and girls alike.

Potter was the first to protest.

‘Why should we call ’em “Miss”, we know ’em.’

‘What is your name?’

55 ‘Potter.’

'I beg your pardon?'

'Potter, Sir.' The 'Sir' was somewhat delayed.

'Thank you, Potter. Now is there any young lady present whom you consider unworthy of your courtesies?'

60 'Sir?'

'Is there any one of these young ladies, who you think does not deserve to be addressed as Miss?'

The girls all turned around to look at Potter, as if daring him; he drew back before their concerted eyes and said, 'No, Sir.'

65 'You should remember, Potter, that in a little while all of you may be expected to express these courtesies as part of your jobs; it would be helpful to you to become accustomed to giving and receiving them.'

70 I walked around my desk and sat in my chair. For the time being at least they were listening, really listening to me; maybe they would not understand every word, but they'd get the general import of my remarks.

75 'The next point concerns the general deportment and conduct of the class. First, the young ladies. They must understand that in future they must show themselves both worthy and appreciative of the courtesies we men will show them. As Potter said, we know you. We shall want to feel proud to know you, and just how proud we shall feel will depend entirely on you. There are certain things which need  
80 attention, and I have asked Mrs Dale-Evans to discuss them with you in your Domestic Science period today.' This last bit was right off the cuff; I'd have to see Grace about it during recess, but I felt sure she'd help.

85 'Now the boys. I have seen stevedores and longshoremen who looked a lot cleaner and tidier. There is nothing weak or unmanly about clean hands and faces, and shoes that are brushed. A man who is strong and tough never needs to show it in his dress or the way he cuts his hair. Toughness is a quality of the mind, like bravery or honesty or ambition; it

#### GLOSSARY

**deportment**, from the Old French word *deportement*, means good conduct and behaviour.

**stevedores** and **longshoremen** were employed to unload cargo from boats either stationed in the docks or along the shoreline. The Port of London docklands, located in East London, were still in operation in the 1950s.

90 has nothing whatever to do with muscles. I suppose that in about a year or so some of you will be thinking of girlfriends; believe me, they will think you much more attractive with clean teeth, hands and faces than without.'

I gave them a moment to digest that.

95 'You are the top class; the operative word is "top". That means you must set the standards in all things for the rest of the school, for, whether you wish it or no, the younger ones will ape everything you do or say. They will try to walk like you and use the words you use, and dress like you, and so, for as long as you're here, much of their conduct will be your responsibility. As the top class you must be top in cleanliness, deportment, courtesy and work. I shall help you in every way I can, both by example and encouragement. I believe that you have it in you to be a fine class, the best this school has ever known, but I could be wrong; it all depends on you. Now any questions?'


E.R. BRAITHWAITE

### Journal

Write about a teacher or someone in a position of authority who inspired you. What did they do to motivate you and win your respect?

### Toolkit

#### Adverbs that end in 'ly'

Many adverbs end in 'ly' and tell more about a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. They give more information about how, when or where something happens, for example, 'Daniel danced happily', tells how Daniel danced. Note how this is different from the adjective in this sentence, 'Daniel is happy.' Adverbs add detail to writing. For example, 'Pamela Dare rushed in, somewhat breathlessly'. Find two other adverbs in the text 'My Plans For This Class' and then write two sentences of your own using adverbs. 

### Looking closely

- 1 What does 'interested in spite of themselves' mean? [line 10]
- 2 What polite forms of address does the teacher suggest they use?
- 3 Describe the emotions of Pamela and the teacher.
- 4 What personal qualities does the teacher hope to bring out in his pupils?
- 5 What is the teacher's definition of a 'top class'?

### Comprehension

- 1 What resistance is there at first to the teacher's plans?
- 2 How does he manage to capture the students' interest and attention?
- 3 Why is it so important to gain mutual self-respect between the students and the teacher?
- 4 What lessons do they learn?
- 5 What kind of example does the teacher want his students to set? Why is this so important?

# 3

## Journeys

### What is a journey?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- London, England
- United States
- Western Australia

##### Read

- travel writing
- travel advertisements
- fiction

##### Create

- historical research
- advertising analysis
- journals

Once more upon the waters! Yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to the roar!  
**Swift be their guidance, wheresoe' er it lead!**

From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* by Lord Byron, 1816



What do you think of, when you think of a journey? Is it enough to just set off down the road? In the early nineteenth century, poets like Byron thought it was the most adventurous thing to do. In those days, few people had the opportunity to travel far, and for those who did, the journey could be long and hazardous.

#### Talking points

- 1 How do you go about planning a journey?
- 2 What is your idea of a great journey? Tell your group of some great journeys made in your country in the past.



Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

# How long does it take?

In the days of journeymen workers, a day trip meant covering a short distance on foot. These days, it is possible to travel by aeroplane to the other side of the world in one day (24 hours).

When the French writer Jules Verne wrote *Around the World in Eighty Days*, a novel set in 1872, he was being very modern and very bold to boast that the distance could be covered in eighty days. Already, in the late-nineteenth century, he suggests 'The world has grown smaller, since a man can now go round it ten times more quickly than a hundred years ago.' To prove this, he provided the following travel itinerary (also marked on the map provided below):

From London to Suez via Mont Cenis and Brindisi, by rail and steamboat	7 days
From Suez to Bombay, by steamboat	13 days
From Bombay to Calcutta, by rail	3 days
From Calcutta to Hong Kong, by steamboat	13 days
From Hong Kong to Yokohama (Japan), by steamboat	6 days
From Yokohama to San Francisco, by steamboat	22 days
From San Francisco to New York, by rail	7 days
From New York to London, by steamboat and rail	9 days
<b>Total</b>	<b>80 days</b>

### Word origins

*Journey* comes from the Old French *journee* (modern French *ournée*) meaning work or distance completed in a day. (*Le jour* is modern French for 'day'.)

A *journeyman* was someone who was hired for a day's work.



Caricature of Jules Verne, author of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, with a model of the globe speared by his writer's quill pen.



The route taken by Phileas Fogg in *Around the World in Eighty Days* by Jules Verne.

## Fiction

From *Around the World in Eighty Days* by Jules Verne

In the following extract from the novel *Around the World in Eighty Days*, Phileas Fogg has just returned home early from the Reform Club to his house at number 7, Savile Row, Burlington Gardens, in London. He has taken on a bet for £20,000 with his fellow club members, to travel around the world in eighty days.

Passepartout, his French servant, is shocked to see his master home so early. It is his first day in this new position of employment, and he was looking forward to a restful life as Fogg is known for his regular habits. Passepartout is even more shocked when he hears that they are due to travel to the English port of Dover, to cross the English Channel by boat to Calais in France that very evening.



Phileas Fogg arrives home early.



Passepartout, his servant.



### ∞ In which Phileas Fogg Astounds ∞ Passepartout, His Servant

Having won twenty guineas at whist, and taken leave of his friends, Phileas Fogg, at twenty-five minutes past seven, left the Reform Club.

Passepartout, who had studied the programme of his duties,  
5 was more than surprised to see his master guilty of the inexactness of appearing at this unaccustomed hour; for, according to the rule, he was not due in Savile Row until precisely midnight.

Mr. Fogg went to his bedroom, and called out,  
10 'Passepartout!'

Passepartout did not reply. It was not the right hour.

'Passepartout!' repeated Mr. Fogg, without raising his voice.

Passepartout made his appearance.

'I've called you twice,' observed his master.

15 'But it is not midnight,' responded the other, showing his watch.

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words taken from the extract.

unaccustomed [line 6]

to murmur [26]

Make haste! [35]

to mutter [37]

orderly [49]

tattered [??]

Make your own word pool of any unfamiliar words you come across.

‘I know it; I don’t blame you. We start for Dover and Calais in ten minutes.’

A puzzled grin spread over Passepartout’s round face; clearly he had not understood his master.

‘Monsieur is going to leave home?’

‘Yes,’ returned Phileas Fogg. ‘We are going round the world.’

Passepartout opened his eyes wide, raised his eyebrows, held up his hands, and seemed about to collapse, so overcome was he with astonishment.

‘Round the world!’ he murmured.

‘In eighty days,’ responded Mr. Fogg. ‘So we haven’t a moment to lose.’

‘But the trunks?’ gasped Passepartout, unconsciously swaying his head from right to left.

‘We’ll have no trunks; only a carpet-bag, with two shirts and three pairs of stockings for me, and the same for you. We’ll buy our clothes on the way. Bring down my mackintosh and travelling-cloak, and some stout shoes, though we shall do little walking. Make haste!’

Passepartout tried to reply, but could not. He went up to his own room, fell into a chair, and muttered: ‘That’s good that is! And all I wanted was a quiet life!’

He mechanically set about making the preparations for departure. Around the world in eighty days! Was his master a fool? No. Was this a joke, then? They were going to Dover; good! To Calais; good again! After all, Passepartout, who had been away from France five years, would not be sorry to set foot on his native soil again. Perhaps they would go as far as Paris, and it would do his eyes good to see Paris once more. But surely a gentleman unwilling to take so many steps would stop there; no doubt – but, then, it was nonetheless true that he was going away, this person who had previously had such an orderly, domestic life!

**GLOSSARY**

A **guinea** is twenty-one shillings [£1.05 in decimal currency].

**whist** is a game of cards.

A **trunk** is a chest or box used to store things in.

A **mackintosh** is a full-length coat or cloak made of waterproof rubberized material.

**Word origins**

*Passepartout* is from the French *passe-partout*, from *passer* ‘to pass’ and *partout* ‘everywhere,’ and means a master key. It is also related to the French word for passport.

*alms* from *alemosyna* in Church Latin (*eleemosyne* in Greek), are a form of charitable giving. To give or ask for alms is to request or show pity or mercy.

50 By eight o'clock Passepartout had packed the modest carpet-bag, then, still troubled in mind, he carefully shut the door of his room, and descended the stairs to Mr. Fogg.

Mr. Fogg was quite ready. Under his arm might have been observed a red-bound copy of Bradshaw's Continental  
55 Railway Steam Transit and General Guide, with its timetables showing the arrival and departure of steamboats and railways. He took the carpet-bag, opened it, and slipped into it a goodly roll of Bank of England notes, which would pass wherever he might go.

60 'You have forgotten nothing?' asked he.

'Nothing, monsieur.'

'My mackintosh and cloak?'

'Here they are.'

'Good! Take this carpet-bag,' handing it back to  
65 Passepartout. 'Take good care of it, for there are twenty thousand pounds in it.'

Passepartout nearly dropped the bag, as if the twenty thousand pounds were in gold, and weighed him down.

Master and man then descended, the street-door was double-  
70 locked, and at the end of Savile Row they took a cab and drove rapidly to Charing Cross. The cab stopped before the railway station at twenty minutes past eight. Passepartout jumped off the box and followed his master, who, after paying the cabman, was about to enter the station, when a  
75 poor beggar-woman, with a child in her arms, her naked feet smeared with mud, her head covered with a wretched bonnet, from which hung a tattered feather, and her shoulders wrapped in a ragged shawl, approached, and mournfully asked for alms.

80 Mr. Fogg took out the twenty guineas he had just won at whist, and handed them to the beggar, saying, 'Here, my good woman — I'm glad that I met you;' and passed on.

### Looking closely

- 1 What is Phileas Fogg guilty of in Passepartout's eyes at the beginning of the extract?
- 2 Find the phrase that states what Passepartout expected of life with his new employer?
- 3 Throughout the extract Phileas expresses little emotion. We get a more detailed account of Passepartout's emotional state. Select key words and phrases that describe how Passepartout was feeling.
- 4 Find examples in the text of precise times at which the actions occur. Construct a brief timeline of the events in the extract.

Passepartout had a moist sensation about the eyes; his master's action touched his heart.

85 Two first-class tickets for Paris having been speedily purchased, Mr. Fogg was crossing the station to the train, when he saw his five friends from the Reform Club.

'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'I'm off, you see; and, if you will examine my passport when I get back, you will be able to judge whether I have accomplished the journey agreed upon.'

'Oh, that would be quite unnecessary, Mr. Fogg,' said Ralph politely. 'We will trust your word, as a gentleman of honour.'

'You do not forget when you are due in London again?' asked Stuart.

95 'In eighty days; on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1872, at a quarter before nine p.m. Good-bye, gentlemen.'

Phileas Fogg and his servant seated themselves in a first-class carriage at twenty minutes before nine; five minutes later the whistle screamed, and the train slowly glided out of the station.

The night was dark, and a fine, steady rain was falling. Phileas Fogg, snugly sitting in his corner, did not open his lips. Passepartout, not yet recovered from the shock of it all, clung mechanically to the carpet-bag, with its enormous treasure.

Just as the train was whirling through Sydenham, Passepartout suddenly uttered a cry of despair.

'What's the matter?' asked Mr. Fogg.

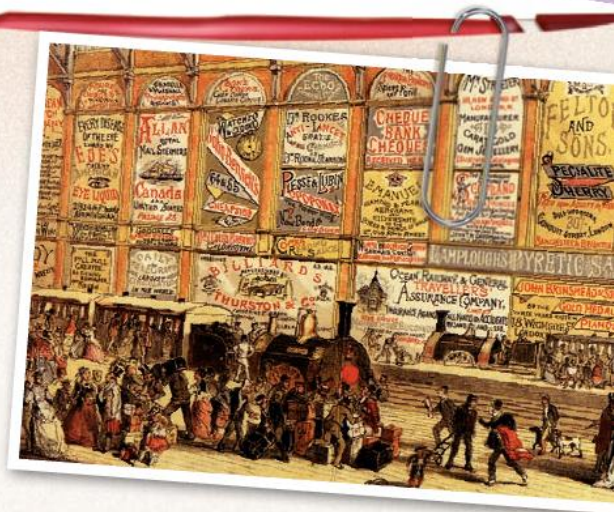
'Alas! In my hurry – I – I forgot –'

110 'What?'

'To turn off the gas in my room!'

'Very well, young man,' returned Mr. Fogg, coolly, 'it will burn – at your expense.'

JULES VERNE



Charing Cross Station, London, in 1874.

### Comprehension

- 1 Describe Phileas's mood as he tells Passepartout his plans.
- 2 What essential items does Phileas take with him on his journey?
- 3 What is the significance of Phineas's act of charity at Charing Cross Station?
- 4 What did Passepartout forget?
- 5 In what ways is Phileas Fogg a caricature of an English gentleman?

### Journal

Write a journal entry about setting off on a journey. Give precise details of your itinerary and what you took with you.

## Travel Writing

### From *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains* by Isabella Bird

In 1873, Isabella Bird, an adventurer from England, rode a horse 800 miles through the Rocky Mountains in the Western United States. She wrote letters home to her sister so that she could imagine all of Isabella's adventures in detail. Magazines and newspapers in England and the United States began buying her letters and publishing them which provided her with money to continue travelling throughout the world. She became a well-known for her writing and she found she was happiest when exploring exciting places.



### Finding our Way Through the Dark

After riding twenty miles, which made the distance for that day fifty, I remounted Birdie to ride six miles farther, to a house which had been mentioned to me as a stopping-place. The road rose to a height of 11,000 feet, and from thence I  
5 looked my last at the lonely, uplifted prairie sea. 'Denver stage-road!' The worst, rudest, dimmest, darkest road I have yet travelled on, nothing but a winding ravine, the Platte Canyon, pine-crowded and pine-darkened, walled in on both sides for six miles by pine-skirted mountains 12,000  
10 feet high! Along this abyss for forty miles there are said to be only five houses, and were it not for miners going down, and freight-waggons going up, the solitude would be awful. As it

## Wordpool

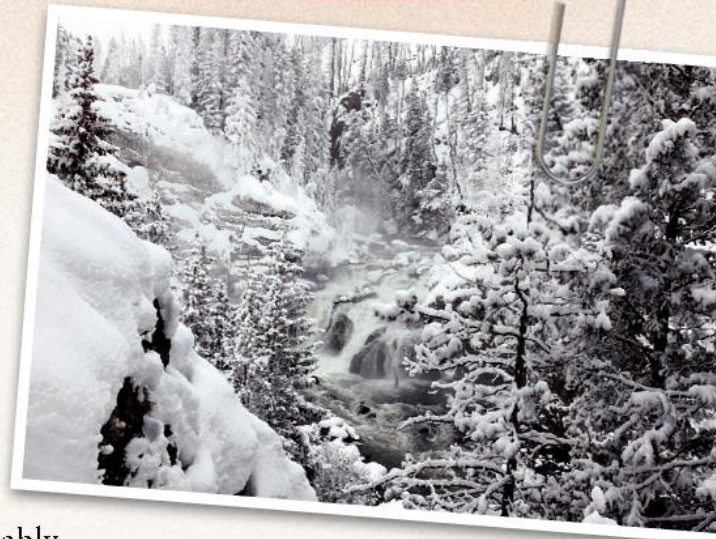
thence [line 4]  
Denver stage-road [5]  
gulch [35]  
to ford [37]

## Looking closely

- 1 What do you think the writer means by 'a darkness which could be felt'? [lines 15–16]
- 2 How can you tell that the writer has great affection for her horse, Birdie?
- 3 What metaphor does the writer use to describe the sounds she hears? Explain its effect.
- 4 The long lists of descriptive words and phrases create an image for the reader. Select two of these lists and explain how the image is created.
- 5 The writer uses a few very small sentences to create a similar effect. Select one and explain the effect it creates.

was, I did not see a creature. It was four when I left South Park, and between those mountain walls and under the pines it soon became quite dark, a darkness which could be felt. The snow which had melted in the sun had refrozen, and was one sheet of smooth ice. Birdie slipped so alarmingly that I got off and walked, but then neither of us could keep our feet, and in the darkness she seemed so likely to fall upon me, that I took out of my pack the man's socks which had been given me at Perry's Park, and drew them on over her fore-feet—a solution which for a time succeeded admirably, and which I suggested to all travellers similarly circumstanced. It was unutterably dark, and all these operations had to be performed by the sense of touch only. I remounted, allowed her to take her own way, as I could not see even her ears, and though her hind legs slipped badly, we managed to get along through the narrowest part of the canyon, with a tumbling river close to the road. The pines were very dense, and sighed and creaked mournfully in the severe frost, and there were other eerie noises not easy to explain. At last, when the socks were nearly worn out, I saw the blaze of a campfire, with the two hunters sitting by it, on the hillside, and at the mouth of a gulch something which looked like buildings. We got across the river partly on ice and partly by fording, and I found that this was the place where, in spite of its somewhat questionable reputation, I had been told that I could put up.

ISABELLA BIRD



### Journal

Have you ever been on a long trek through the wilderness? Describe the experience.

### Comprehension

- 1 Explain Isabella Bird's solution to a problem that comes up.
- 2 How do you know she is proud of her survival skills?
- 3 How long do you think the journey she describes takes?
- 4 The writer is clearly adventurous. What other characteristics does she have? Use the text to support what you say.
- 5 Do you think she enjoys her adventures or not?

## Do you know of any famous travellers?



The French explorer Alexandra David-Neal travelled to Lhasa in Tibet in 1924 when it was closed to foreign visitors ...



Vasco da Gama left Lisbon in Portugal on his first great journey of discovery in 1497 ...



Ibn Battuta, the great Muslim traveller and adventurer, made his great journeys in the Islamic world in the fourteenth century ...

**Thor Heyerdahl**

**Gudridur Thorbjarnardottir**

**Ernest Shackleton**

**Freya Stark**

**David Livingstone**

**Captain Cook**

**Lewis and Clark**

**Sacagawea**

**Ibn Battuta**

**Mungo Park**

**Rene Callie**

**Magellan**

### Doing your own historical research

Choose an explorer, traveller or journey to write about. Above are some suggestions. Research your subject as thoroughly as you can.

- Find out when and where the person went and why.
- Find out what it was like. Find letters and accounts to quote from that describe the feelings and conditions of their journey.
- Identify what changes, effects or results occurred as a result of the journey.



# Journeys that broaden the mind

Thomas Cook was a church minister in Leicestershire, England who worked with local societies to improve people's lives. He invented the idea of cheap package tours and family day trips. This was made possible by the expanding railway networks that were opening up the country to travel.

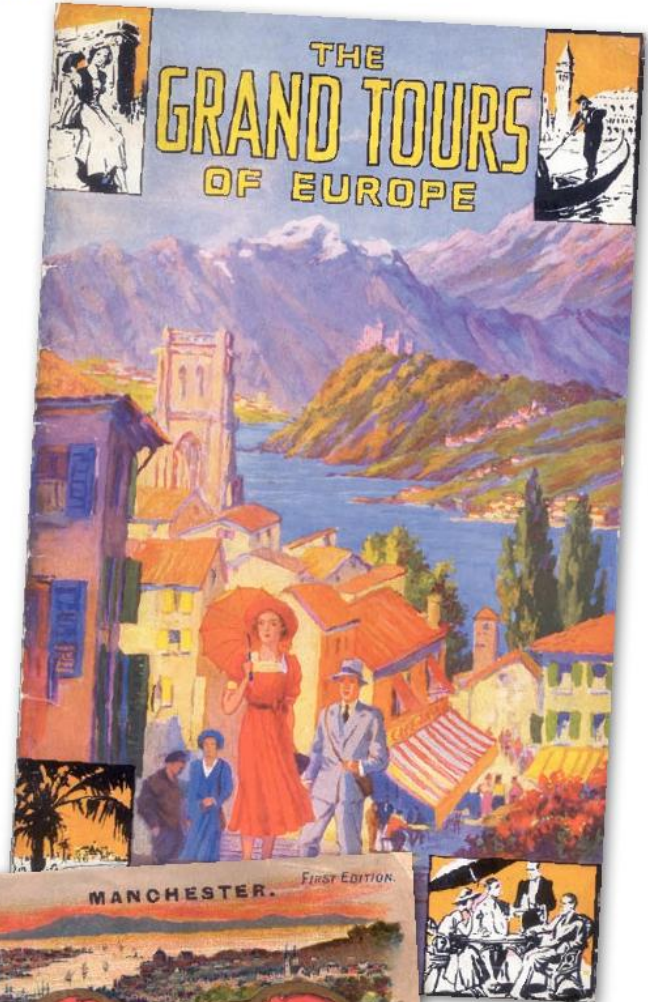
By giving people new experiences he hoped to broaden their minds. Holidays were also fun and contributed to people's general health and well-being.

His first excursion was a twelve-mile round trip from Leicester to Loughborough in July 1841. He then developed a company and began selling the world-famous Cook's Tours, with European tours from 1855.

## Analysing advertisements

**W** Choose a travel advertisement to analyse. What region in the world does it promote? It can be a place that you know very well, or somewhere you would like to go to. Give a brief presentation in class, and discuss the following points:

- How is the destination and region presented? How realistic do you think it is?
- Who is the target audience? Why do you think it is aimed at this group?
- What design features and slogans make it effective? What does it say to you about the travel industry and the way the country or place is marketing itself?



Advertisements for Thomas Cook Tours 1902 & 1920.

## Extension reading

From *Rabbit Proof Fence* by Doris Pilkington (Nugi Garimara)

In the 1930s, mixed-race children were removed from their communities to integrate them into white society. For Aboriginal people, this policy has created generations of sadness and loss, as many children never saw their families again. *Rabbit Proof Fence* is a true story about a fourteen year-old Aboriginal girl called Molly, who was taken from her mother in Jigalong, in the Pilbara region of Western Australia, with her eight year-old sister Daisy and their ten year-old cousin Gracie. They were taken to the Moore River Native Settlement, from where they escaped. Molly knew that the best way to get back home to Jigalong was to find and follow the rabbit proof fence. They walked for an incredible 1,500 miles (2,414 km), a journey that took nine weeks.



### ☞ The Escape ☞

Molly scanned the surrounding countryside swiftly, then paused and pointed to a small range of sand dunes not far from the forest of banksia trees. The two younger sisters nodded. They could see the shallow valley of deep sand and the sand dunes on the left and began making their way  
5 towards them.

‘See that,’ said Molly when they reached the sand dunes, pointing to the rabbit warrens. ‘We’ll just dig one. We have to make it big enough for three of us to fit into.’

‘We gunna sleep in the bunna like rabbits too, Dgudu?’ asked  
10 Grace.

‘Youay, nobody gunna look in a rabbit burrow for us, indi,’ replied Molly confidently.

‘That’s true, no one will find us in there,’ said Daisy.

15 So, crouching on their knees, they dug furiously with their elbows. Very soon they managed to widen and deepen a deserted burrow to make a slightly cramped but warm, dry shelter. This was their first night out in the bush since leaving their homes in the East Pilbara.

#### GLOSSARY

**Bunna** means earth or sand.

**Dgudu** means older sister.

**youay** means yes.

**indi** means ‘isn’t it’.

**marbu** is a harmful spirit that runs quickly and has a long beard. The girls are convinced they have seen one.

**mardu** is short for **mardujara** which is the tribe or group the girls belong to.

**bush tucker** is wild food.

**bush** is the Australian word for the natural landscape, used to describe mixed desert and scrub land as well as deep forest.

A **wuungku** is a rough shelter

**Marble Bar** is a town in the Pilbara.

20 Before the three sisters settled down to sleep they ate some of the dry crusts of bread they had brought with them and drank the cool, clear water from the pools at the bottom of the valley.

Molly had chosen a rabbit burrow that faced east because she had noticed that the rain came from the west over the coast. They would be well protected from the wet and cold while they slept. Crawling one at a time, they cuddled up together in the rabbit burrow, wriggling and twisting around until they were comfortable. Soon, with the warmth of their young bodies and weariness, Daisy and Gracie drifted off to sleep. With their heads resting on their calico bags at the entrance and their feet touching the sandy wall at the back of the burrow they felt safe and warm.

While her two sisters were sleeping, Molly lay quietly listening to the rain falling steadily on the sand outside. She was too tense and had too much on her mind to relax and go to sleep just yet. But despite that she felt safe inside the rabbit burrow. Tomorrow, she told herself, I will find the rabbit-proof fence and it will take us all the way home to Jigalong. The thought raised her hopes and a few minutes later she too drifted off into sleep.

Suddenly Molly and Daisy were awakened by the frightened cries of Gracie, 'Dgudu, Dgudu, where are you?'

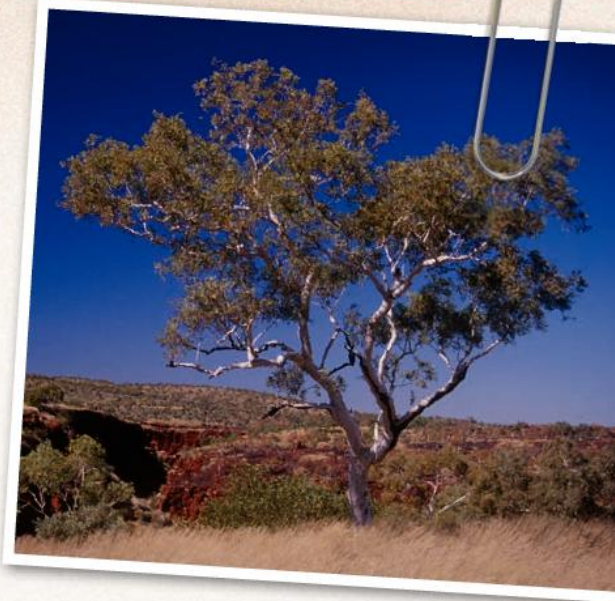
'I am here, right next to you. What's wrong?' Molly asked.

45 'Dgudu, that marbu, he came back and pulled me by the hair. He tried to drag me outside,' she said sobbing loudly.

'Shush, don't cry,' said Molly as she put her arm around her. 'It was just a bad dream. Go back to sleep. I wouldn't let anything bad happen to you,' she promised. Molly managed to calm Gracie and soon they all fell asleep once again.

50 The next morning, very early, the three girls were awakened by the thump, thumping of rabbits from adjoining burrows.

'It's not worth trying to catch any rabbits this time,' said Molly disappointedly.



The Pilbara region in Western Australia.

### Wordpool

to scan [line 1]  
 aroma [56]  
 frock [130]  
 to drool [146]  
 to flog [156]  
 abundance [183]  
 sparse [185]

55 'Why can't we catch any rabbits, Dgudu?' queried Gracie, brushing the sand off her legs, while trying rather feebly not to think of the aroma and taste of a freshly cooked rabbit. At that moment Gracie spied one and gave chase, caught and killed it.

60 'What did you do that for?' asked Molly angrily, 'I told you, we got no matches to make a fire to cook it.'

Gracie replied, 'Well, I'm hungry,' as she searched around for a sharp object with which she could gut the rabbit. Finding none, she swore loudly then threw it hard on the ground, and stomped off over the thick prickly undergrowth. So  
65 instead of rabbit roasted over the coals for breakfast, there was plenty of fresh water from the pools at the bottom of the valley and stale crusts from the settlement. This was their second meal on the run.

'Dgudu,' said Gracie, 'we should go back to the settlement. We might die. Come on, we got back,' she pleaded. She was  
70 still shaken by the sight of a real marbu. There might more lurking in the woodlands.

'You want to go back to the settlement,' retorted Molly angrily. 'You heard what they'll do to us. They'll shave our  
75 heads bald and give us a big hiding and lock us up in the little gaol,' she said shaking her finger, while Daisy stood by silently watching and listening.

'You want to go back, you're mad. We three came down together, and we will go home together. We're not going to  
80 die in the bush,' she assured her. 'So let's move,' she added finally as she strode off into the acacia thickets.

Gracie became stubborn and refused to move. 'I'm hungry Dgudu. I want some mundu not just bread and water.'

Molly stopped and turned to face her young sister. 'I know  
85 that. We are all hungry for meat,' she reminded her. But most of all they were missing their mothers and wished that they were back home with them.

Molly walked back to the dejected younger sister and put her  
90 arms around her to comfort her gently, 'Don't worry, we

90 will find something to eat, you'll see. This country's different from ours, so we gotta learn to find their bush tucker, that's all. Come on, let's go along now.'

Molly managed to coax Gracie out of her stubbornness and they walked briskly to where Daisy sat playing with some  
95 dry banksia nuts. She stood up when she saw them coming and the three of them walked northwards.

The skies were grey and a cold wind was blowing across the bushland. It looked like more rain was coming their way. Gracie and Daisy missed their warm gabardine coats and  
100 they longed for a meal of meat, hot damper and sweet tea. They continued north, through the wet countryside, never knowing what was waiting for them over the next hill.

The three were pacing in good style, covering the miles in an easy manner. Soon they found that they were entering a  
105 landscape dominated by clumps of grass trees. Interspersed amongst them were zamia palms and scattered here and there were a few marri, wandoo and mallee gums. The girls descended a hill into a clump of tall flooded river gums and paperbarks and stared at the flowing water. They had come  
110 to a branch of the Moore River.

'How are we going to get across the river, Dgudu?' asked Daisy.

'I don't know yet,' she replied as she began to search along the banks until she found a suitable place to cross.

115 'Up here,' she called out to her sisters. 'We will cross over on this fence. Come on,' encouraged Molly as she tucked her dress into the waist of her bloomers. With her calico bag slung around her neck, she clung to the top strand of fence wire, with her feet planted firmly on the bottom  
120 strand.

'See, it's strong enough to hold us,' she assured them. 'Watch me and follow, come on.'

Slowly and gingerly they stepped onto the fence wire, not daring to look down at the brown flooded river below.



Banksia seed pod.

Paperbark trees.



125 The water swirled and splashed against their feet. They tried  
to shut out the sounds and sights of the gushing water and  
concentrated on reaching the muddy bank on the other side.  
They were worried about their precious bags that contained  
130 all their worldly goods, which wasn't much at all, just an  
extra pair of bloomers, a frock, their small mirrors, combs  
and a cake of Lifebuoy soap. However, they made it safely.

On their second day they came into a section of bushland  
that had been ravished by fire. All the trees and the grass  
under them was burnt black. In a few weeks' time, however,  
135 this charcoal landscape would be revived by the rain. It  
would come alive and be a green wilderness again, full of  
beautiful flowers and animals that are wonderfully and  
uniquely Australian. The three girls walked in silence over  
the next hill where they saw a most unexpected but very  
140 welcome sight indeed. Coming towards them were two  
Mardu men on their way home from a hunting trip. Gracie  
and Daisy were so pleased to see them that they almost ran  
to meet them, but Molly held the girls back and whispered  
softly, 'Wait.'

145 So the three girls waited for the men to come closer. When  
they saw the men's catch, they drooled – a cooked kangaroo  
and two murrandus. The girls were more interested in the  
bush tucker than in the two hunters who introduced  
themselves and told the girls that they were from Marble Bar.

150 'Where are you girls going?' asked one of the men.

'We are running away back home to Jigalong,' replied Molly.

'Well, you girls want to be careful, this country different  
from ours, you know,' advised the old man with the white  
hair and a bushy white beard.

155 'They got a Mardu policeman, a proper cheeky fullah. He  
flog 'em young gel runaway gels like you three,' he added  
very concerned for them as they were from the Pilbara too.

'Youay,' said Molly. 'We heard about him at the settlement.'



A goanna (*murrundu*) on a tree trunk.

### Looking closely

- 1 There are many Aboriginal and colloquial English expressions in this story. Identify the standard English words for: 'gunna', 'gotta' and 'fullah'.
- 2 What are 'bloomers'? What other 'worldly goods' did they take with them? Which world do these refer to?
- 3 The narrator identifies a range of bush habitats (environments) and species of plants. Describe the different landscapes in your own words.
- 4 Find the phrase used to identify what will happen to the charcoal landscape in a few weeks time.

## Comprehension

- 1 What kind of shelters do the girls sleep in? Explain why they chose these particular types of shelter on their first two nights?
- 2 Why can't the girls eat the rabbit that Gracie has killed?
- 3 What do they need to learn about to make sure they have enough to eat?
- 4 The girls face a number of challenges to make their way home safely. What are they particularly scared of?
- 5 The black tracker is from the Kimberley, a region close to the Pilbara where the girls come from. Why does this make him a particular threat?

160 'He follow runaway gels and take 'em back to the settlement. He's a good tracker, that Mardu,' the old man told them.

'We know that, the girl from Port Hedland already told us about him,' replied Molly who was confident that the black tracker would not be able to follow their path because their footprints would have been washed away by the rain.

165 The men gave them a kangaroo tail and one of the goannas. They shook hands with the girls and turned to walk away when the younger man remembered something.

'Here, you will need these,' he said as he held up a box of matches. Then he emptied another box and filled it with salt.

170 The girls thanked them and said goodbye.

'Don't forget now, go quickly. That Kimberley bloke will be looking for you right now, this time now.'

175 It was highly unlikely that an attempt to track them down in this weather would even be considered but Molly wasn't taking any chances.

The miles they had covered should have been adequate according to Daisy and Gracie but no, their elder sister made them trudge along until dusk. Then the three young girls set about preparing a wuungku made from branches of trees and shrubs. They searched under the thick bushes and gathered up handfuls of dry twigs and enough leaves to start a small fire. There was no shortage of trees and bushes around their shelter as they grew in abundance, quite different from the sparse landscape of the Western Desert.

185 Each girl carried armfuls of wood and dropped them on the ground near the fire to dry as they had decided that it was safe enough to keep the fire burning all night. They made the fire in a hole in the ground in the centre of the shelter.

190 After a supper of kangaroo tail, goanna and the last crust of bread, washed down with rain water, they loaded more wood on the fire and slept warm and snug in the rough bush shelter around the fire.

# 4

## Work

### How do we view people's working lives?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- United Kingdom
- United States

##### Read

- autobiography
- a profile
- fiction
- an interview

##### Create

- a journal entry
- a job profile
- a research presentation

Work! work! Work!  
While the cock is crowing aloof!  
And work – work – work,  
Till the stars shine through the roof  
From 'The Song of the Shirt' by Thomas Hood, 1843

Work, work, work! All adults need paid employment in order to earn a living to support themselves and their families. In the opening quotation, Thomas Hood shows sympathy for the nineteenth century seamstresses, who spent many long daylight and night-time hours sewing garments for a meagre wage.

#### Talking points

- 1 How are people defined by the work they do?
- 2 Why is work so important to our daily lives?



Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

## What are the working conditions like?

People all over the world, and over the centuries, have experienced very different working conditions. Some people, like the nineteenth century seamstress in the poem, work from home. Other people go to an office every day. Many people work in very challenging environments. Can you think of a working environment today as dramatic as the one in this picture?

### Journal

Describe a workplace you know about.



*The Wealth of England:  
The Bessemer Converter,*  
painted by William Holt  
Yates Titcomb in 1895.

The Bessemer Converter was one of the great industrial inventions of the late nineteenth century. It converted iron into steel. At the time William Holt Yates Titcomb painted this picture, Britain was exporting a million tons of steel around the world.

Imagine what it must have been like to be one of those men stoking the machine with coal and handling the great vats of molten metal. How does it compare with the modern industrial scene illustrated here?



## Autobiography

From *Kitchen Confidential* by Anthony Bourdain

Many people work with noisy or dangerous machines, or in environments that generate extreme heat. The following extract from an autobiography of a chef who became a writer describes what it was like to work in the kitchen of a top restaurant in New York.

### ∞ The Kitchen ∞

- On the strength of my diploma – and my willingness to work for peanuts – I landed a job almost right away at the venerable New York institution, the Rainbow Room, high at the top of the Rockefeller Center. It was my first experience
- 5 of the real Big Time, one of the biggest, busiest and best-known restaurants in the country. I was willing to do anything to prove myself, and when I got in that elevator to the sixty-fourth floor kitchen for the first time, I felt as if I was blasting off to the moon.
- 10 The Rainbow Room at that time sat a little over 200 people. The Rainbow Grill sat about another 150. Added to that were two lounges where food was available, *and* an entire floor of banquet rooms – all of it serviced simultaneously by

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words.

- to service [line 13]
- simultaneously [13]
- to contend with [22]
- circulation [24]
- radiant [24]
- to recuperate [26]
- filter [29]
- to inflame [39]

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words.

### GLOSSARY

to **work for peanuts** is a colloquial expression meaning to work for very little money. Birds or animals used in experiments will perform tasks for the reward of a peanut.

**major league** originally referred to baseball. It can also be used to describe people working in other competitive fields or jobs.



A kitchen in a top New York restaurant.

15 a single, central kitchen. So you had some major league volume, as well as some major league cooks to go along with it.

20 A long hot line of glowing flat-tops ran along one wall, flames actually roaring back up into a fire wall behind them. A few feet across, separated by a narrow, trench-like workspace, ran an equally long stainless-steel counter. Much of this counter was taken up by vast, open steam boilers which were kept at a constant, rolling boil. What the cooks had to contend with was a long, uninterrupted slot, with no air circulation, with nearly unbearable dry, radiant heat on one side and clouds of wet steam heat on the other. When I say unbearable, I mean they couldn't bear it; cooks would regularly pass out and have to be dragged off to recuperate.

30 There was so much heat coming off those ranges – especially when the center rings were lit for direct fire – that the filters in the overhead hoods would often burst into flames, inspiring a somewhat comical scene as the overweight Italian chef would hurl himself down the narrow line with a fire extinguisher, bowling over the cooks and tripping as he hurried to put out the flames before the central system went off and filled the entire kitchen with fire-suppressant foam.

40 As I've said, it was hot. Ten minutes into the shift, the cheap polyester whites we all wore would be soaked through with sweat, clinging to chest and back. All the cooks' necks and wrists were pink and inflamed with awful heat rashes. It was a madhouse.

ANTHONY BOURDAIN



UK

centre  
lift



USA

center  
elevator

As the Rockefeller Center is an American institution, it is always spelt this way.

### Looking closely

- 1 What do you think the writer means by 'major league'? What adjective could you use in its place?
- 2 In what way was the employees' workspace 'trench-like'?
- 3 Provide an alternative word or phrase for the following words from the text: 'venerable', 'simultaneously', 'rolling', 'radiant', 'bowling'.
- 4 What does the writer mean by saying 'I felt as if I was blasting off to the moon.' How was he feeling when he got into the lift of the Rockefeller Center?

### Comprehension

- 1 How does the writer feel about his new job?
- 2 What were the sources of the 'radiant heat' on one side and the 'wet steam heat' on the other?
- 3 In what way was this heat literally 'unbearable' for some of the employees?
- 4 What was 'comical' about the scene of the chef and his fire extinguisher?

## A newspaper profile

Can you imagine controlling the air traffic that surrounds a huge airport? The following is a profile of someone's working life and is based on an interview and observation. The writer of this article spent time with the air traffic controller to get a sense of the job. This makes the article descriptive and lively to read. Notice the quotations from the interviewee. Swanwick, the location of the National Air Traffic Control Centre, is in the County of Hampshire, England.



Map of England, showing the location of Swanwick and Bristol.

# Sky high: The Air Traffic Controller

## Profile by Leo Benedictus

'Everyone's always very surprised, actually,' says Becky Evans. 'When they come into the operations rooms they think it's going to be some mad hubbub of craziness.' And she is right. Arriving at the National Air Traffic Control Centre at Swanwick, I did indeed think that. But it isn't. Instead, a mood of nonchalant tranquillity fills the vast, white chamber below us, from where almost all of the aircraft over England and Wales are being controlled.

Casually dressed staff chat calmly in front of their computers. When I am allowed in for a peep, one man is even reading a newspaper in his expensive chair. 'It's very quiet,' says Evans. 'It's a very controlled environment, that's the only way I can describe it. We know when aircraft are going to arrive in the sector, and you know what you have to do with them. And then you pass them on to the next guy.' It sounds a disarmingly simple way of describing a very complex job.

And though Evans seems a master of it now, she only got into air traffic control, quite literally, by accident. All set to join the army after university, she snapped a ligament in her knee and was rejected on medical grounds. While she was looking around for alternatives, a friend who had already begun training as a controller recommended the air traffic service. 'And the more I read about it,' she says, 'the more I thought, ooh that sounds right up my street.'

So in 1998, aged 21, she headed straight for the College of Air Traffic Control in Bournemouth. And after three years of training, having passed her final exams, she was ready to start moving real planes. Was she nervous that first time? 'You're probably wanting me to say that it was more of a big moment than it was. But you have been doing this training for such a long time, and during the training you also do periods on the job. So it's not the first time you've spoken to a pilot on the radio.'

While hundreds of lives depend on Evans doing her job properly, she has always been perfectly calm about it. 'Everybody thinks it's a really stressful job,' she says. 'But I don't find it stressful. It's very rewarding and satisfying when you've done it, and you've been sitting there for an hour and a half and it's all gone really smoothly. There are moments of high pressure, but the training that you do helps you deal with it. It just becomes second nature, almost.'

In Evans's case, this pressure usually means having to deal with the busy times when there are around 25 aircraft an hour jostling for her attention. In her patch of sky – the area above the south-west of England and the southernmost half of Wales – this happens most often at around 4 a.m. when many flights from America begin descending towards London. It then peaks again from 10 a.m., when another surge of planes heads off west once more.

**Word origins**

*hubbub* comes from the Gaelic *ub! ub! ubub!*, the war-cry of the ancient Irish. These days it means the confused noise of a multitude of people.

*mayday* the international distress signal, comes from the French word 'm'aidez' for 'help me'.

**Wordpool**

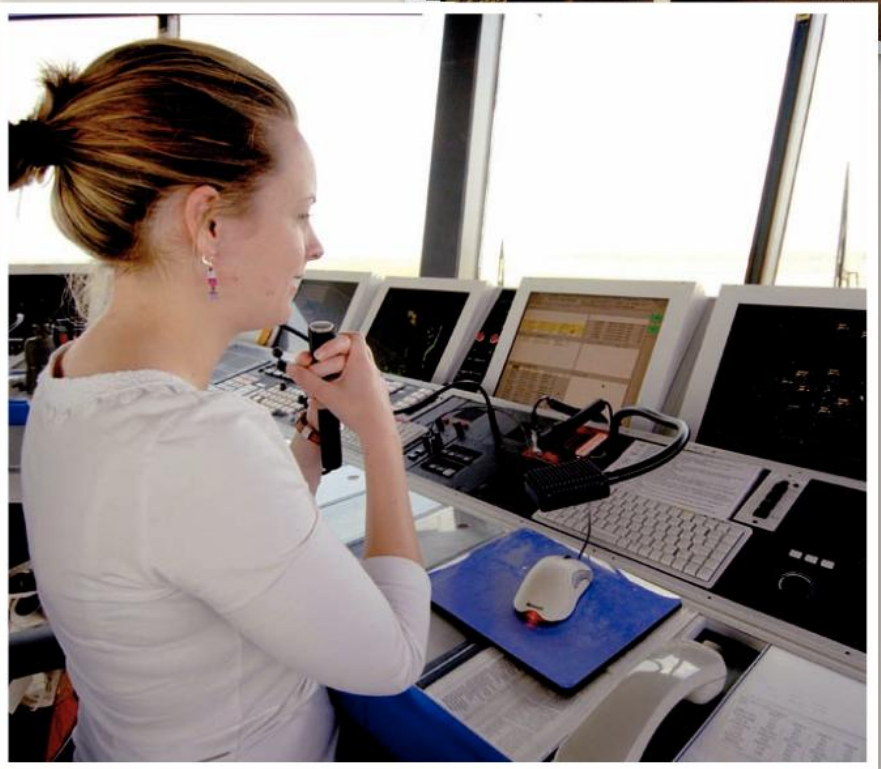
- nonchalant
- tranquillity
- diabolical
- disarmingly
- jostling
- surge
- well-honed
- decompression



The more dramatic types of pressure, of course, are very rare. Evans reels off a list of different systems, each of which is designed to prevent mid-air collisions, and it certainly sounds as if there are enough of them. While other emergencies happen so infrequently that only once, in eight years as an air traffic controller, has she ever had to deal with one. So then, what does happen in an emergency? 'If an aircraft says it's got an engine failure or a decompression or something that is not within your control, you just have to deal with it as best you can at the time.'

Usually, this means clearing everything out of its way so the plane can land as soon as possible. And so it proved in Evans's own emergency. 'There was smoke in the cockpit,' she remembers. 'A pilot getting airborne from Bristol, called me and said 'Pan, pan, pan, pan!' Pan is like a warning. 'Mayday' means big disaster, need to get down immediately, and 'pan' is the next one down. It's not as serious, basically.'

So what happened? 'There was nothing wrong with his aircraft, but there was smoke in the cockpit, so he said, "I want to land immediately." And Brize Norton is just there, which has a huge runway. So he took off from Bristol, went up two or three thousand feet, and then landed at Brize. And he was absolutely fine.' She still cannot resist a little smile at the memory of this comically tiny flight.



It is interesting to listen to the way Evans tells this story about 'him', as if just one man was involved, when in fact 'he' was the pilot of a jet full of passengers. It is a reminder that, while other members of her team plan routes and manage traffic flows, her job is fundamentally about talking to people using the coded language of the skies. 'Speedbird123 climb flight level 300,' for example, would mean 'British Airways flight 123, please could you fly up to an altitude of 30,000 feet? Thanks awfully.'

*The Guardian*, 18 October 2008

## Comprehension

- 1 What is the atmosphere in the control room? What was the writer of the profile expecting?
- 2 How does Becky feel about her job?
- 3 How does she handle the pressure of all of the responsibility?
- 4 What does Becky need to do in an emergency?
- 5 In what way is the interviewer impressed with Becky? How does he convey this?

## Writing a job profile

**W** A newspaper magazine runs a weekly column called *A Day in the Life of ...* in which people with very different jobs describe their working lives.

- To gather information, you are going to interview someone you know about his or her job or career. Think of questions that will help you understand the personal motivations and professional skills involved.
- Once you have collected information, select the best material to include in the profile. You can give the person a pseudonym (a made-up name) if you want to. Be sure to include a few direct quotations.

## Toolkit

### Interview techniques

Open-ended questions can get an interviewee talking. It's important to make the person feel comfortable and at ease. You want to get the most interesting and personal information possible. The types of questions you ask are important too. Ask questions like:

'What made you first think about becoming a ...?'

'What do you like/dislike about your job?'

'How did you get started in this industry?'

'Did you think you would be doing this job when you were fourteen?'

'In what way are you suited to your job?'

## Talking points

- 1 What are your favourite subjects at school? What do you like doing most of all?
- 2 What kind of job do you think you would enjoy doing after you have completed your education?
- 3 How useful do you think aptitude tests are?

## Prose fiction

From *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* by Mark Twain

Sometimes the difference between what is work, and what is not work, is not clear. Is work something you have to do and don't want to do? In the story below, Tom examines these questions and uses his wits to get out of work that he doesn't want to do.

Loosely based on Mark Twain's own childhood, *Tom Sawyer* is about a boy who grows up on the the Mississippi River in the late 1800s. The story follows Tom 's adventures as he learns the ways of the world. Here, he is painting or whitewashing a fence for his aunt. How does Tom trick his friend into doing the work for him?

### ☞ Painting the Fence ☞

Tom went on whitewashing – paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said: 'Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you!'

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the  
5 eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's mouth watered for the apple that Ben was eating, but he stuck to his work.

10 Ben said: 'Hello, old chap, you got to work, heyy?'

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:  
'Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing.'

'Say – I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work* – wouldn't you?

15 Course you would!'

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:  
'What do you call work?'

'Why, ain't *that* work?'

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

20 'Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer.'



A paddle steamer like this one was coming into dock at the opening of the story.

‘Oh come, now, you don’t mean to let on that you *like* it?’

The brush continued to move.

25 ‘Like it? Well, I don’t see why I oughtn’t to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?’

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth –  
30 stepped back to note the effect – added a touch here and there – criticised the effect again – Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed.  
35 Presently he said:

‘Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little.’

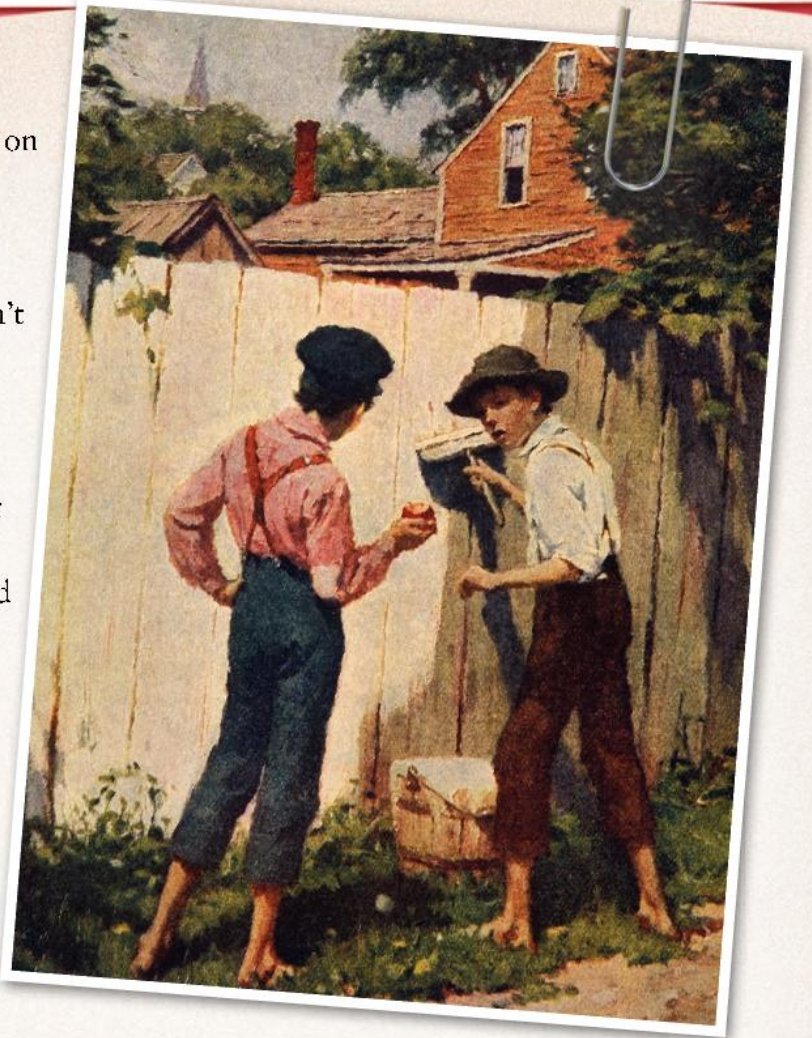
Tom considered, was about to consent; but changed his mind:

40 ‘No-no – I reckon it wouldn’t hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly’s awful particular about this fence – right here on the street, you know – but if it was the back fence I wouldn’t mind and she wouldn’t. Yes, she’s awful particular about this fence; it’s got to be done very  
45 careful; I reckon there ain’t one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it’s got to be done.’

‘No – is that so? Oh come, now – lemme just try. Only just a little – I’d let *you*, if you was me, Tom.’

50 ‘Ben, I’d like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly – well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn’t let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn’t let Sid. Now don’t you see how I’m fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it –’

55 ‘Oh, shucks, I’ll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say – I’ll give you the core of my apple.’



### Wordpool

to survey [line 4]  
to contemplate [16]  
to consent [39]  
reluctance [58]  
dilapidated [78]  
window sash [78]  
to covet [86]  
obliged [90]  
substantial [100]



‘Well, here – No, Ben, now don’t. I’m afeard –’

‘I’ll give you *all* of it!’

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but enthusiasm in his heart. And while the late steamer Big Missouri worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when he played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with – and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jews-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn’t unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass doorknob, a dog-collar – but no dog – the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while – plenty of company – and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn’t run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

Tom said to himself that it was not such a hollow world, after all. He had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it – namely, that in order to make a man or a boy covet a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to attain. If he had been a great and wise philosopher, like the writer of this book, he would now have comprehended that Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that Play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do. And this would help him to understand why constructing artificial flowers or performing on a tread-

### GLOSSARY

**druther** is a colloquial term for ‘would rather’ or ‘would prefer’. What other colloquial terms can you find in the text?

**whitewash** is a mixture of lime and water, for whitening walls, ceilings, fence posts etc.

**honest injun** is a phrase used to swear the truth. It is no longer used as it is demeaning to Native American Indians.

**shucks** is a slang word to express mild disappointment.

The **slaughter of innocents** is a Biblical reference to the Massacre of the Innocents, a mass slaughter of infant children after the birth of Jesus, ordered by King Herod.

A **spool cannon** is a slingshot made out of a cotton-reel.

### Looking closely

- 1 What does Ben mean when he says ‘You’re up a stump’?
- 2 What is the word ‘lemme’ short for? [lines 47 and 54]
- 3 What do you think being ‘fagged out’ means? [line 65]
- 4 What does it mean ‘to covet’ something? [line 86]
- 5 What did Tom have in mind when he ‘planned the slaughter of more innocents’? [line 62]

mill is work, while rolling ten-pins or climbing Mont Blanc is only amusement. There are wealthy gentlemen in England  
95 who drive four-horse passenger-coaches twenty or thirty miles on a daily line, in the summer, because the privilege costs them considerable money; but if they were offered wages for the service, that would turn it into work and then they would resign.

100 The boy thought about the substantial change which had taken place in his worldly circumstances, and then wended toward headquarters to report.

MARK TWAIN



Mark Twain's boyhood home and Tom Sawyer fence in the town of Hannibal, Missouri, USA.

## Comprehension

- 1 Why does Tom take his time before saying to Ben 'Why it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing'?
- 2 How does Tom trick Ben?
- 3 What substantial change has taken place in Tom's worldly status by the end of the extract?
- 4 What is the essential lesson Tom learns about how to get the most out of people?
- 5 What does the phrase 'wended toward headquarters' imply about Tom's new sense of himself?

## Toolkit

### W Colloquial language

Strict rules for English are not always applied to informal language. This is called colloquial or vernacular language, meaning it is local to a particular area and is related to the way people speak. Writers often try to capture the particular qualities of spoken language by incorporating it in their dialogue.

- Sometimes people forget (or can't be bothered!) to include all of the verbs that are necessary. A phrase like *You got* is missing the verb 'have'. Find other examples of missing verbs in the extract.
- Short forms are also a characteristic of colloquial language. Some of these, from the text, include: *warn't, ain't, you're, wouldn't*. Which of these are colloquial expressions, and which are more standard English usage?

## Should children be allowed to work?

Is it a right for children to work? Or should there be strict laws against it? Much of what we know about the horrors of child labour comes from the reports into the working conditions of children employed in the factories, textile mills and coal mines of Europe in the nineteenth century.

Working children played an important role in the Industrial Revolution, particularly in the United Kingdom, where industrialization was at an advanced stage. Children as young as four years of age went out to work in what were often extremely dangerous and unpleasant working conditions.

Reports into these working conditions led to changes in the legislation (laws).

### Report

From the Sadler Committee Report, 1832

In 1832, Michael Sadler, an English reformer, led a parliamentary investigation into the working conditions in the textile factories of England, Scotland and Wales. The immediate effect of the report was the passage of the Factory Act of 1833, making it illegal for children under nine years of age to work in textile factories. Children aged between nine and thirteen were not allowed to work for more than a 48-hour week.

The following account is from one of many interviews undertaken to compile evidence for the report

#### Peter Smart, called in and examined

You say you were locked up night and day? — *Yes.*

Do the children ever attempt to run away? — *Very often.*

Were they pursued and brought back again? — *Yes, the overseer pursued them, and brought them back.*

5 Did you ever attempt to run away? — *Yes, I ran away twice.*

And you were brought back? — *Yes, and I was sent up to the master's loft, and thrashed with a whip for running away.*

Were you bound to this man? — *Yes, for six years.*



### Wordpool

to pursue (line 3)

to compel (12)

to engage (13)

to inflict (21)

exceedingly (46)

fatigued (46)

10 By whom were you bound? — *My mother got 15s for the six years.*

Do you know whether the children were, in point of fact, compelled to work during the whole time they were engaged? — *Yes, they were.*

15 By law? — *I cannot say by law, but they were compelled by the master. I never saw any law used there but the law of their own hands.*

To what mill did you next go? — *To Mr Webster's, at Battus Den, within eleven miles of Dundee.*

In what situation did you act there? — *I acted as overseer.*

20 At 17 years of age? — *Yes.*

Did you inflict the same punishment that you yourself had experienced? — *I went as an overseer; not as a slave, but as a slave-driver.*

25 What were the hours of labour in that mill? — *My master told me that I had to produce a certain quantity of yarn, the hours were at that time fourteen. I said that I was not able to produce the quantity of yarn that was required. I told him if he took the timepiece out of the mill I would produce that quantity, and after that time I found no difficulty in*  
30 *producing the quantity.*

How long have you worked per day in order to produce the quantity your master required? — *I have worked for nineteen hours.*

Was this a water-mill? — *Yes, water and steam, both.*

35 To what time have you worked? — *I have seen the mill going till it was past 12 o'clock on the Saturday night.*

So that the mill was still working on the Sabbath morning? — *Yes.*

40 Were the workmen paid by the piece, or by the day? — *No, all had stated wages.*

#### GLOSSARY

An **overseer** is a factory foreman or floor manager.

**15s** is an amount of **fifteen shillings** or 75 pence, less than one pound sterling currency.

To be **bound** refers to the child labourer being bound to his master. Peter's mother signed Peter's indentures (his legally binding agreement) which binds Peter to work, in this case, for six years. She was paid 15 shillings.

**Dundee** on the North Sea is the fourth largest city in Scotland. Its growth as a city in the nineteenth century was mostly due to the textile industry.

Did not that almost compel you to use great severity to the hands then under you? — *Yes, I was compelled often to beat them, in order to get them to attend to their work, from their being over-wrought.*

- 45 Were not the children exceedingly fatigued at that time? — *Yes, exceedingly fatigued.*

Did you find that the children were unable to pursue their labour properly to that extent? — *Yes, they have been brought to that condition, that I have gone and fetched up*  
50 *the doctor to them, to see what was the matter with them, and to know whether they were able to rise or not. We have had great difficulty in getting them up out of bed.*

- When that was the case, how long have they been in bed, generally speaking? — *Perhaps not above four or five hours*  
55 *in their beds.*



Boys working in a spinning mill, 1910.

## Comprehension

- 1 What is 'the law of their own hands'?
- 2 What is Peter's definition of an overseer's role?
- 3 What is the significance of the timepiece in Peter's account?
- 4 What does it mean to be paid by the piece instead of by the day?
- 5 Why do you think Peter's mother allowed her son to be 'bound'?

## Researching a presentation

In some countries, children are forced into labour by their impoverished parents. What effects do you think this has on the children? There are many organizations which work to protect children. Research one such organization and find out what it has achieved.

- Find out about the aims of the organization and when and how it was started.
- Find out how the organization has helped children.
- Give examples of children whose lives have been improved as a result.
- Present your research to your group in a five-minute presentation.

## Talking points

- 1 What do you know about child labour laws in your country?
- 2 If children are allowed to work, what is being done to limit the hours they work so that their health doesn't suffer and they can attend school?

# 5

## Being free

### What does it mean to be free?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- Zimbabwe
- Southern States, USA
- Siberia, Russia
- Macedonia
- Jamaica

##### Read

- Declaration of Human Rights
- fiction
- autobiography
- poetry

##### Create

- an opinion piece
- an animal's point of view
- journal entries

Man is born free, but everywhere he is in chains.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Social Contract*, 1762



The first article of the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights (1948) states 'We are all born free and equal. We all have our own thoughts and ideas. We should all be treated in the same way.' This Human Right is a great aspiration, but unfortunately it is not respected all over the world. Those who are not free long to be free, and those of us who are free perhaps do not entirely appreciate our freedoms.

#### Talking points

- 1 What would you like to be free to do which at present you are not free to do? What or who is stopping you? Think of your own situation compared to others in the world.
- 2 Write down what you think it means to be free.

## Poem

The English poet Adrian Mitchell wrote about his desire for peace and social equality. Both are necessary to create freedom from want and equality of opportunity. In the following poem he writes about the idea of a free country. Do you think such a country exists? If it does exist, where would it be?



### Secret Country

There is no money  
 So there's no crime  
 There are no watches  
 Cos there's no time  
 5 It's a good country  
 It's a secret country  
 And it's your country and mine  
  
 If you need something  
 You make it there  
 10 And we have plenty  
 For we all share  
 It's a kind country  
 It's a secret country  
 And it's your country and mine  
  
 15 There are no cages  
 There is no zoo  
 But the free creatures  
 Come and walk with you  
 It's a strange country  
 20 It's a secret country  
 And it's your country and mine  
  
 There are no prisons  
 There are no poor  
 There are no weapons  
 25 There is no war  
 It's a safe country  
 It's a secret country  
 And it's your country and mine

And in that country  
 30 Grows a great tree  
 And it's called Freedom  
 And its fruit is free  
 In that blue country  
 In that warm country  
  
 35 In that loving country  
 In that ragamuffin country  
 In that secret country  
 Which is your country and mine

ADRIAN MITCHELL

## GLOSSARY

**Ragamuffin** is named after the character of the *Ragamoffyn*, a demon that was popular in mediaeval mystery plays. It describes a 'dirty, disreputable boy', a scoundrel in modern English.

Why do you think the poet would write with such affection about a naughty character like the ragamuffin to represent a space of freedom?



## Fiction

### From *If only Papa hadn't danced*

The following text is an extract from a story told from the viewpoint of a young girl. It is set in a country which has long been ruled by 'the Old Man', an unjust ruler who 'robbed from the poor to make himself rich', and who committed many human rights abuses.

In this story, the girl's father, her 'Papa', danced and celebrated with other people when the Old Man was beaten in elections. But when the results of the free and fair elections were overturned, it was no longer safe for the family to live there. After two days' walking, the family finally reached the river on the border between the two countries.

### ☞ If Only Papa Hadn't Danced ☞

Mama knelt in the shallows and splashed water on her face. But as I knelt down next to her, I saw that she was trying to cover her tears.

5 'This is our homeland,' she said. 'No one wants us over there.' She gestured to the tawny hills across the river.

10 It was then that I saw the long metal fence which uncoiled, like a snake, all along the riverbank on the other side. The fence was tall and crowned with rings of wire: wire with teeth that could slice the clothes from your back, the skin from your bones. In the distance I saw a man in an orange jumpsuit patching a hole at the bottom of the fence – a spot where some lucky person must have slipped through the night before. His tools were at his feet, a pistol in his belt.

15 Papa came over and said I was needed. There was a sign, that he needed me to read. He brought me to a spot where someone had hand-painted a warning: *Beware of crocodiles*.

That night, we hid in the bushes until the sky was black.

20 We would wade across at midnight, when the man in the orange jumpsuit had gone home and when the crocodiles, we hoped, would be sound asleep.

When it was time to go, I walked straight towards the river, knowing my nerve would fail if I faltered for even a moment.

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words taken from the extract.

tawny (line 5)

jumpsuit (42)

unyielding (40)

invincible (40)

piteously (63)

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words that you come across.



But Papa stopped me at the water's edge.

25 'Wait here,' he said. And then he scooped Mama up into his arms and waded silently into the darkness.

It seemed a lifetime until he returned. He didn't say a word, just lifted me up onto his shoulders and strode into the water. Every stick I saw was a crocodile. Under every rock, every ripple in the water was a pair of ferocious jaws. When we  
30 reached the other side, I leapt from his shoulders and kissed the sand.

Once more Papa stepped into the river – this time to fetch our suitcase. Surely our luck wouldn't hold again ... I watched him disappear into the dark and thought how much  
35 I loved that broad back; how it shouldered all our woes, and now all our hopes. Finally Papa emerged from the darkness with all our worldly possessions balanced on his head.

Then we got down on our hands and knees and crawled along the base of the fence, like scorpions looking for a place  
40 to dig. But the sand was unyielding and the fence invincible. Everywhere our fingers scrabbled for a weakness, someone – the man in the orange jumpsuit, most likely – had mended it with links of chain held tight with wire.

The sky overhead had begun to brighten and the horizon  
45 was edged with pink. Soon it would be light and we'd be trapped between the waking crocodiles and the man with the gun in his belt.

We came to a spot in the fence where a thorn bush grew on the other side. Papa said we would have to dig here: no time  
50 to keep looking. Perhaps the roots of the bush had loosened the sand, he said. If not, at least we could hide behind the bush, if only for a while.

And so all three of us dug – Mama in the middle and Papa and I on either side – our hands clawing furiously at the earth.  
55 I'd only made a few inches of progress when the sky turned red. It would be dawn in less than an hour. I redoubled my effort, working the outer edge of the bush where the soil was a bit looser. Soon I'd dug a hole barely big enough for a man's



foot. I lifted my head to call out to Papa to come  
and see my work – and saw the man in the orange  
60 jumpsuit striding towards us.

Mama wailed piteously, then plucked at her hem  
where she'd hidden the tiny bit of money we had.  
She knelt in the sand, her arms outstretched, our  
few coins in her upturned palms. But the man  
65 shook his head. He placed his hand on the belt  
that held his gun.

'Take me,' Papa begged him. 'Spare the woman  
and the girl.'

Again the man shook his head. Then he reached  
70 into his pocket and took out a giant cutting tool.  
With one mighty snap he severed the links  
where the fence had been patched. He yanked  
on the fence so hard it cried out in protest, and  
peeled it back as if it were made of cloth.

75 'Hurry,' he said. 'Once the light comes, I will  
have to go back to patrolling.'

We didn't fully comprehend what he was saying, but we  
didn't wait.

'You go first,' Papa said to me. 'I want you to be the first in  
80 our family to taste freedom.'

I scrambled through the fence, stood next to the man in the  
orange jumpsuit and looked back at our homeland as the sun  
began to turn its fields to gold.

85 'You will miss it for a long time,' the man said to me. 'I still  
do.'

I stared up at him.

'Yes,' he said. 'I outran the Old Man long ago.' Mama  
crawled through and kissed the man's boots. He simply  
helped her to her feet.

90 'Quickly now,' he said, once Papa had made it through.



‘Walk, as fast as you can, until you see a house with white flowers out front. Go round to the back and tell them Robert sent you. They will feed you and hide you until night. Then they will send you to the next safe house, which will send  
95 you to the next, and the next – until finally you are in the city and can be swallowed up by all the people there.’

‘How do we know we can trust these people?’ Mama asked.

‘They are our countrymen,’ he said. ‘You will find many of us here. Now go!’

100 We did as he instructed, and found the house with the white flowers just as the morning sun broke through the clouds. A woman there brought us inside, gave us water and meat and led us to mats where we could rest. It had been so long since I’d slept on anything other than bare, open ground that I fell  
105 asleep at once.

I awoke sometime later and saw that Papa’s mat was empty. I stood and wandered outside. The sun was setting, so all I could see was his silhouette against the deepening sky. He raised his arms to the heavens and started to hum. And then

110 I saw Papa dance.

PATRICIA MCCORMICK

### Comprehension

- 1 Why did Papa cross the river more than once? What were the dangers?
- 2 The family intended to dig underneath the fence and crawl through while it was still dark. What hindrances did they face?
- 3 What did you think was going to happen when the man patrolling the fence approached the family?
- 4 Why did Mama offer the man in the orange jumpsuit the little bit of money that they had?
- 5 Why and how did the man in the orange jumpsuit help the family?

### Looking closely

- 1 Explain how the following similes help to create the dramatic atmosphere of the story: a) ‘uncoiled, like a snake’ b) ‘like scorpions looking for a place to dig’.
- 2 What words and phrases describe Papa’s strength?
- 3 Where had Mama hidden the family’s money?
- 4 When are the girl’s own particular skills needed? What can she do, that her parents can’t?
- 5 Select three different emotions experienced by members of the family in the story. Explain what they are and how each is conveyed.

### GLOSSARY

A **safe house** is a place where those who are running away from danger can seek refuge.

### Talking points

- 1 How can dancing celebrate human freedom?
- 2 What kind of situations are people who use safe houses escaping from?

## Fiction

From *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*

by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

In Soviet Russia during the leadership of Joseph Stalin many men and women were sent to labour camps in Siberia. Their 'crimes' were often political and extremely trivial. Conditions were unimaginably harsh and made even worse by the punishing cold during the long winter months. Millions of people from the countries that made up the Soviet Union were sent to these camps, or Gulags, and many did not survive.

Here, a Russian political prisoner, Shukhov, begins his day in the labour camp. The story is based on Solzhenitsyn's own experience of life in a labour camp, at Karaganda in Kazakhstan.



Karaganda in Kazakhstan. This photo was taken in 1937.

### ☞ Out You Get ☞

'Sleep's over! Out you get.'

And at once the entire team, drowsing or not, got up, yawned, and went to the door. Tiurin had been in for nineteen years and never turned his men out for the muster a moment too soon. When he said 'Out you get' it meant you'd better.

And while the men with heavy tread and tight lips walked into the corridor one by one and then on to the porch, and the leader of the 20th, following Tiurin's example, called in turn 'Out you get', Shukhov drew his *valenki* over the double thickness of foot-cloths, slipped his coat over his wadded

#### GLOSSARY

**Valenki** are knee-length felt boots.

**Zek** is the abbreviation for the Russian word for 'prisoner'.

**wadding** is any fibrous material, like wool or cotton, used in padding, stuffing or quilting for warmth and protection.

jacket and fastened a cord tightly round him (leather belts had been removed from *zeks* who had them – leather belts weren't allowed in 'special' camps).

- 15 So Shukhov managed to get everything done and to catch up with the last of his companions, just as their numbered backs were passing through the door on to the porch. Looking rather bulky, for they had wrapped themselves up in every garment they possessed, the men shuffled diagonally towards  
20 the mustering-group in single file, making no attempt to overtake one another. The only sound was the crunch of their heavy tread on the snow.

It was still dark, though in the east the sky was beginning to glow with a greenish tint. The cold stung and made him  
25 cough painfully. It was -27. A light but piercing breeze came to meet them from the rising sun. There is nothing as bitter as this moment when you go out to the morning muster in the dark; in the cold, with a hungry belly, to face a whole day of work. You lose your tongue. You lose all desire to speak to  
30 anyone.

Out beyond the camp boundary the intense cold, accompanied by a head wind, stung even Shukhov's face, which was used to every kind of unpleasantness. Realizing that he would have the wind in his face all the way to the  
35 power-station, he decided to make use of his bit of rag. To meet the contingency of a head wind he, like many other prisoners, had got himself a cloth with a long tape at each end. The prisoners admitted that these helped a bit. Shukhov covered his face up to the eyes, brought the tapes round  
40 below his ears, and fastened the ends together and fastened the ends together at the back of his neck. Then he covered his nape with the flap of his hat and raised his coat-collar. The next thing was to pull the front flap of the hat down on to his brow. Thus in front only his eyes remained  
45 unprotected. He fixed his coat tightly at the waist with the cord. Now everything was in order except for his hands, which were already stiff with cold (his mittens were wretched). He rubbed them, he clapped them together, for he

### Wordpool

to muster (line 4)  
bulky (18)  
contingency (36)  
escort (51)  
column (59)  
tommy gun (62)  
to filch (89)

50 knew that in a moment he'd have to put them behind his back and keep them there for the entire march.

'Attention, prisoners' recited the chief of the escort, 'Marching orders must be strictly obeyed. Keep to your ranks. No hurrying, keep a steady pace. No talking. Keep your eyes fixed ahead and your hands behind your backs. A  
55 step to right or left is considered an attempt to escape and the escort has orders to shoot without warning. Leading guards, quick march.'

The two guards in the lead of the escort must have set out along the road. The column heaved forward, shoulders  
60 swaying, and the escorts, some twenty paces to the right and left of the column, each man at a distance often paces from the next, tommy-guns at the ready, set off too.

It hadn't snowed for a week and the road was worn hard and smooth. They skirted the camp and the wind caught  
65 their faces sideways. Hands clasped behind their backs, heads lowered, the column of prisoners moved on, as though at a funeral. All you saw was the feet of two or three men ahead of you and the patch of trodden ground where your own feet were stepping. From time to time one of the escorts  
70 would cry: 'U 48. Hands behind back', or 'B 502. Keep up.' But they shouted less and less: the slashing wind made it difficult to see. The guards weren't allowed to tie cloth over their faces. Theirs was not much of a job either. In warmer weather everybody in the column talked, no matter how  
75 much the escort might shout at them. But today every prisoner hunched his shoulders, hid behind the back of the man in front him and plunged into his own thoughts. The thoughts of a prisoner, they're not free, either. They keep returning to the same things.

80 Meanwhile the column had come to a halt before the guard house of the great sprawling site on which the power-station stood. While the column was still on the move, two of the escort clad in ankle-length sheepskins, had left their places and wandered across open country to their distant watch-towers. Until the towers were manned the site was forbidden  
85

### Looking closely

- 1 Select some phrases which you think convey vividly the intense cold. Explain why you have chosen them.
- 2 Describe what Shukhov could see during the march to the work site.
- 3 What does the direct speech add to understanding the experience of the prisoners?
- 4 What is the effect of the brief sentence 'Ached and throbbled' in the penultimate line?
- 5 Choose a sentence which has affected you particularly. Write it down and explain the effect it has had on you.

### Journal

What would it be like to be a number instead of a name? Write about a situation in which your number was called out.

territory. The head guard, a tommy-gun slung over his shoulder, advanced to the guard-house. Smoke, a great cloud of it, belched from its chimney. A civilian watchman sat there all night to prevent anyone filching planks or cement.

90 Far in the distance, on the other side of the site, the sun, red and enormous, was rising in haze, its beams cutting obliquely through the gates, the whole building-site and the fence. During the march, Shukhov's facecloth had grown quite wet from his breath. In some places the frost had caught, it and  
95 formed an icy crust. He drew it down from his face to his neck and stood with his back to the wind. He'd managed to keep the cold out in most places, though his hands were numb in his worn mittens. The toes of his left foot were numb too. That left boot was badly worn. The sole had been  
100 repaired twice.

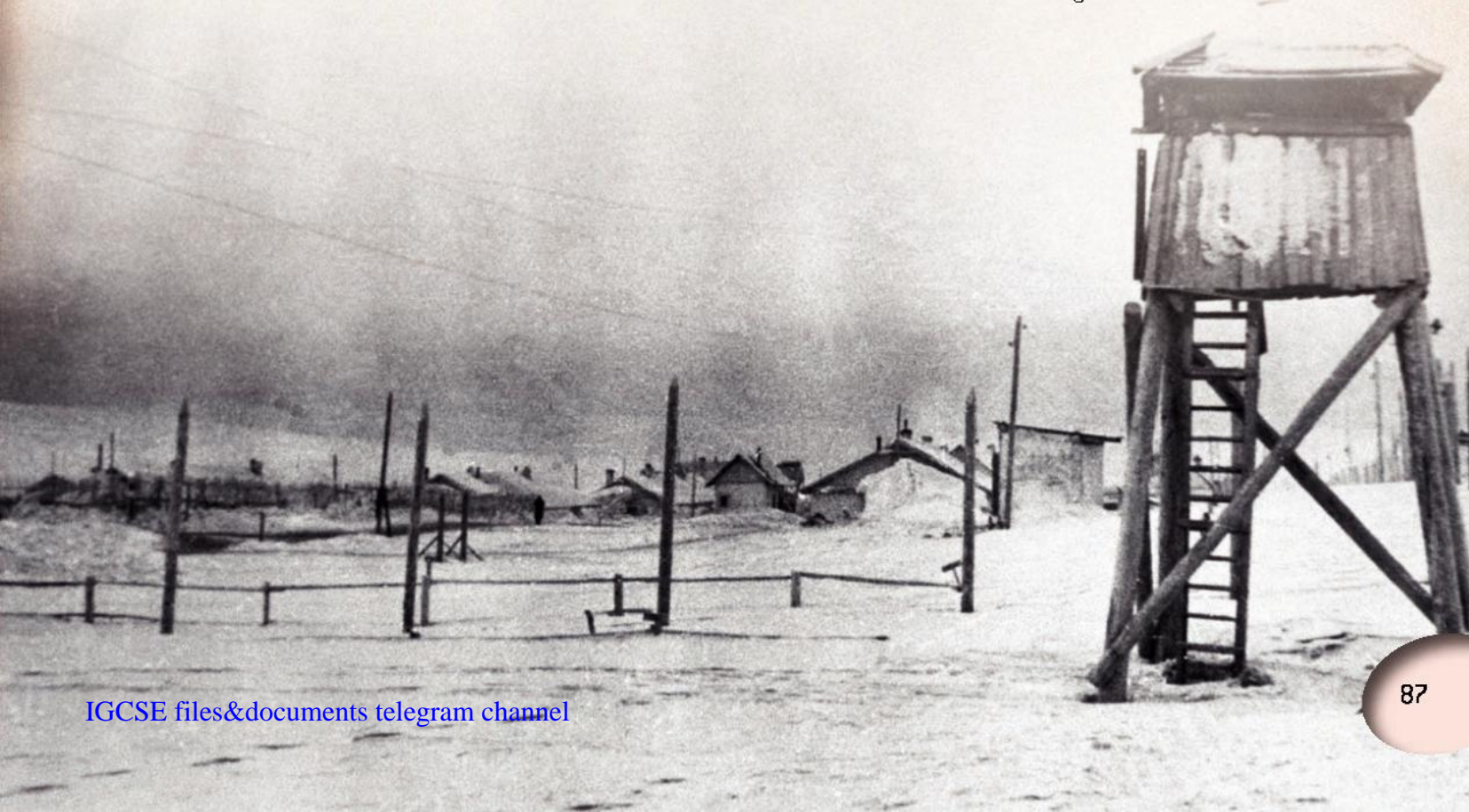
The small of his back ached, and so did the rest of it, all the way. Up to his shoulders. Ached and throbbed. How could he work?

ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN

### Comprehension

- 1 Explain why the prisoners did not feel like speaking.
- 2 Why is the first part of the morning the worst for the prisoners?
- 3 Why do the instructions from the chief of the escort make the march even colder for the prisoners?
- 4 Why do you think the prisoners were not allowed to enter the work site until the towers were manned?
- 5 Describe the various freedoms which were denied the prisoners.

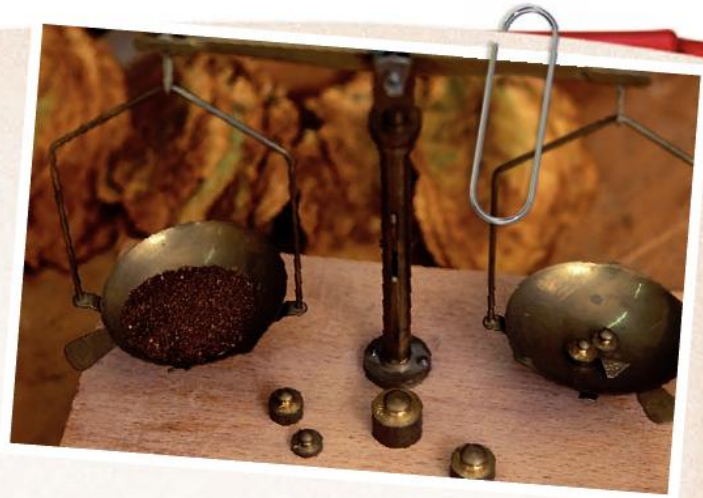
Watchtower and barracks at the Vorkuta Gulag.



## What is a landscape of toil?

Hard labour is a fact of life for many people who work the land, often struggling to feed themselves and their families. Oppressed people throughout history have suffered under the hands of cruel masters and employers.

Often it is the goods and artefacts left, the old industrial equipment and landscapes that remind us of the suffering of workers of the past.



Old tobacco scales from Thrace in Greece.

### Poem

The following poem 'Tobacco Pickers' is by Kocho Racin, who was born in Veles, Macedonia. A writer and a revolutionary, he campaigned for better working conditions for peasants and workers, and worked for a time in his father's ceramics workshop. What is he weighing up in this poem?

### ∞ Tobacco Pickers ∞

Bronze stones and cold scales:  
but they'll never weigh  
our tobacco-bane,  
our salt sweat.

5 From night-blurred summer daybreaks  
to godforsaken winter lightdeaths,  
tobacco drinks our pain,  
sweat, blood and strength.  
Our faces thin, and a bronze weight  
10 sits cold on our hearts.

First light, dew-wet, we're there,  
bent double in our home-fields,  
automatic pickers:  
leaf, leaf, pick –  
15 leaf, leaf, tie –  
leaf, leaf, turn over, push down-  
leaf, leaf, thread – patient, sad  
on long sweatbead strings.  
Rage and hope and hate,  
20 milk-blind eyes stare

at leaves, leaves, paper-bronze,  
the hard pages of an unlucky life.  
Tie, next, tie, next quiet, necessary.  
Now you know.

25 It's weigh-up day.  
No scales will do it: this bane  
pushes on and on into the heart.  
Nothing can balance it:  
not sadness – but rage:  
30 and into our milkblind eyes  
its storm wells up.

The scales hold bronze leaves  
and in our hearts rage the great storms  
of bronze sadness, bronze tobacco,  
35 bronze salt sweat from our hands.

KOCHO RACIN



## Poem

The poet James Berry was born in Jamaica in 1924, where he spent his childhood before travelling to the United States and later the United Kingdom where he has lived ever since. For Berry, aspects of the landscape of Jamaica will always remind him of the life of toil of previous generations of slave workers.

### ❧ Old Slave Villages ❧

The windmills are dead  
Their tombs are empty towers

Where high estate walls are broken down  
Wire fences control the boundaries

5 Thatched slave shacks are gone  
In their place – zinc houses, gardens

The Great houses, now derelict,  
Turned to school grounds – or hotels

The vast fields of sugar cane  
10 Are pastures, with cattle grazing

The tombs of landscape windmills  
Are broken empty towers.

JAMES BERRY

## Toolkit

### Hyphens

Hyphens join two words to create one idea. For example, in the poem 'Tobacco Pickers' there are several hyphenated words such as 'dew-wet' that create a new single idea. In this poem there are four more hyphenated words. Identify them and explain what new meaning they create. Then write sentences with at least two of your own hyphenated words.

Women picking tobacco in Jamaica in 1900.

### Talking points

- 1 What places do you know of that remind you of past lives of hardship?
- 2 What do you know about the lives of the people who produce the food and other products you consume?

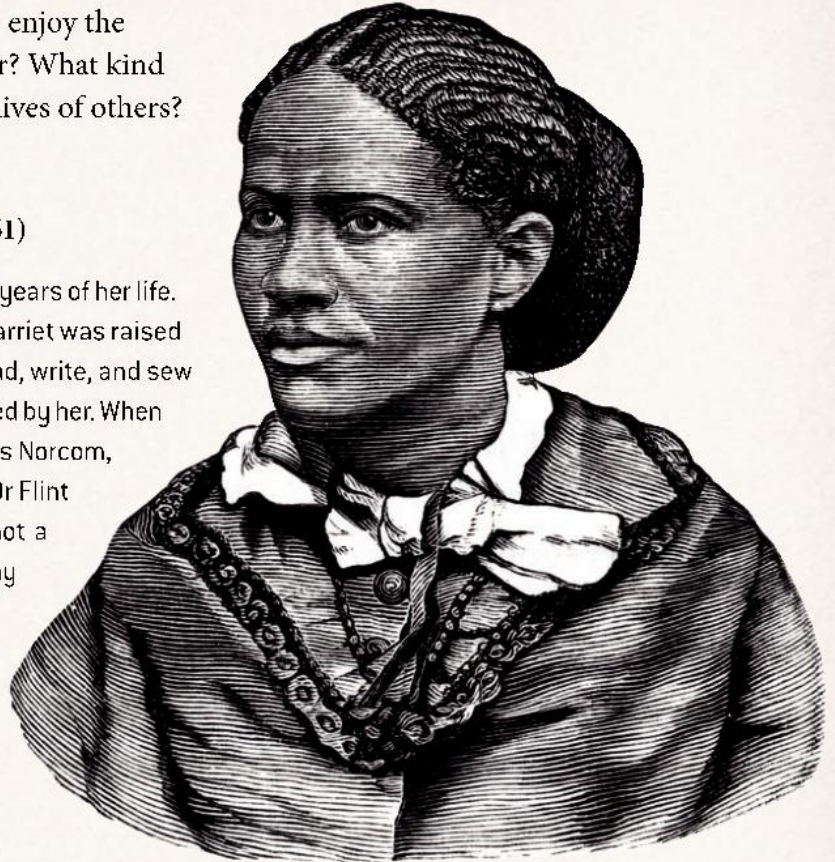
## What is it like to be in hiding?

What would it be like to be in hiding, and in fear of your life if you were discovered? Can you imagine what it would be like to live in a secret room or a crawl space, never to enjoy the freedom of walking around in the open air? What kind of perspective would this give you on the lives of others?

### Autobiography

From *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl* (1861)

Harriet Brent Jacobs was a slave for the first 27 years of her life. Born in Edenton, North Carolina, USA, in 1813, Harriet was raised by her freed grandmother. Harriet learned to read, write, and sew under her first mistress, and had hoped to be freed by her. When her mistress died, Harriet was given to Dr James Norcom, who is called Dr Flint in the narrative. Although Dr Flint eventually freed Harriet's children, he was a not a good master to Harriet. Eventually Harriet ran away and hid herself in the crawl space at her grandmother's house. From there, she read, sewed, and watched over her children from a hole in the roof, waiting for an opportunity to escape to the northern states of America, where slavery had been abolished.



### ☞ The Loophole of Retreat ☞

A small shed had been added to my grandmother's house years ago. Some boards were laid across the joists at the top, and between these boards and the roof was a very small garret, never occupied by anything but rats and mice. It was a pent roof, covered with nothing but shingles, according to the southern custom for such buildings. The garret was only nine feet long and seven wide. The highest part was three feet high, and sloped down abruptly to the loose board floor. There was no admission for either light or air. My uncle Phillip, who was a carpenter, had very skilfully made a concealed trap-door, which communicated with a storeroom. The storeroom opened upon a piazza.

To this hole I was conveyed as soon as I entered the house.

#### GLOSSARY

A **pent** roof is an old-fashioned term for a sloping roof.

A **piazza** is a covered room or walkway, like a colonnade on the outside of a building.

A **gimlet** is a tool used for boring holes.

The air was stifling; the darkness total. A bed had been  
 15 spread on the floor. I could sleep quite comfortably on one  
 side; but the slope was so sudden that I could not turn on the  
 other without hitting the roof. The rats and mice ran over  
 my bed; but I was weary, and I slept such sleep as the  
 wretched may. Morning came. I knew it only by the noises I  
 20 heard; for in my small den day and night were all the same. I  
 suffered for air even more than light. But I was not  
 comfortless. I heard the voices of my children. There was joy  
 and there was sadness in the sound. It made my tears flow.  
 How I longed to speak to them! I was eager to look on their  
 25 faces; but there was no hole, no crack, through which I could  
 peep.

This continued darkness was oppressive. It seemed horrible  
 to sit or lie in a cramped position day after day, without one  
 gleam of light. Yet I would have chosen this, rather than my  
 30 lot as a slave, though white people considered it an easy one;  
 and it was so compared with the fate of others. I was never  
 cruelly overworked; I was never lacerated with the whip  
 from head to foot; I was never so beaten and bruised that I  
 could not turn from one side to the other; I never had my  
 35 heel-strings cut to prevent my running away; I was never  
 chained to a log and forced to drag it about, while I toiled in  
 the fields from morning till night; I was never branded with  
 hot iron, or torn by blood-hounds. On the contrary, I had  
 always been kindly treated, and tenderly cared for, until I  
 40 came into the hands of Dr Flint. I had never wished for  
 freedom till then. But though my life in slavery was  
 comparatively devoid of hardships, God pity the woman  
 who is compelled to lead such a life!

My food was passed up to me through the trap-door my  
 45 uncle had contrived; and my grandmother, my uncle Phillip,  
 and aunt Nancy would seize such opportunities as they  
 could, to mount up there and chat with me at the opening.  
 But of course this was not safe in the daytime. It must all be  
 done in darkness. It was impossible for me to move in an  
 50 erect position, but I crawled about my den for exercise. One  
 day I hit my head against something, and found it was a

### Wordpool

joist (line 2)  
 shingles (5)  
 oppressive (27)  
 to contrive (45)  
 fugitive (123)  
 concealment (135)

gimlet. My uncle had left it sticking there when he made the trap-door. I was as rejoiced as Robinson Crusoe could have been at finding such a treasure. It put a lucky thought into  
55 my head. I said to myself, 'Now I will have some light. Now I will see my children.'

I did not dare to begin my work during the daytime, for fear of attracting attention. But I groped round; and having found the side next the street, where I could frequently see my  
60 children, I stuck the gimlet in and waited for evening. I bored three rows of holes, one above another; then I bored out the interstices between. I thus succeeded in making one hole about an inch long and an inch broad. I sat by it till late into the night, to enjoy the little whiff of air that floated in. In the  
65 morning I watched for my children. The first person I saw in the street was Dr Flint. I had a shuddering, superstitious feeling that it was a bad omen. Several familiar faces passed by. At last I heard the merry laugh of children, and presently two sweet little faces were looking up at me, as though they  
70 knew I was there, and were conscious of the joy they imparted. How I longed to *tell* them I was there!

The heat of my den was intense, for nothing but thin shingles protected me from the scorching summer's sun. But I had my consolations. Through my peeping-hole I could watch the  
75 children and when they were near enough, I could hear their talk. Aunt Nancy brought me all the news she could hear at Dr Flint's. From her I learned that the doctor had written to New York to a colored woman who had been born and raised in our neighborhood. He offered her a reward if she  
80 could find out any thing about me. I know not what was the nature of her reply; but he soon after started for New York in haste, saying to his family that he had business of importance to transact. I peeped at him as he passed on his way to the steamboat. It was a satisfaction to have miles of  
85 land and water between us, even for a little while; and it was a still greater satisfaction to know that he believed me to be in the Free States. My little den seemed less dreary than it had done.

He returned, as he did from his former journey to New York,  
90 without obtaining any satisfactory information. When he  
passed our house next morning, Benny was standing at the  
gate. He had heard them say that he had gone to find me,  
and he called out, 'Dr Flint, did you bring my mother home?  
I want to see her.' The doctor stamped his foot at him in a  
95 rage, and exclaimed, 'Get out of the way, you little damned  
rascal! If you don't, I'll cut off your head.' Benny ran terrified  
into the house, saying, 'You can't put me in jail again, I don't  
belong to you now.' It was well that the wind carried the  
words away from the doctor's ear. I told my grandmother of  
100 it, when we had our next conference at the trap-door; and  
begged of her not to allow the children to be impertinent to  
the irascible old man.

Autumn came, with a pleasant abatement of heat. My eyes  
had become accustomed to the dim light, and by holding my  
105 book or work in a certain position near the aperture I  
contrived to read and sew. That was a great relief to the  
tedious monotony of my life. But when winter came, the cold  
penetrated through the thin shingle roof, and I was  
dreadfully chilled. The winters there are not so long, or so  
110 severe, as in northern latitudes; but the houses are not built  
to shelter from cold, and my little den was peculiarly  
comfortless. The kind grandmother brought me bed-clothes  
and warm drinks. Often I was obliged to lie in bed all day to  
keep comfortable; but with all my precautions, my shoulders  
115 and feet were frostbitten. O, those long, gloomy days, with  
no object for my eye to rest upon, and no thoughts to occupy  
my mind, except the dreary past and the uncertain future! I  
was thankful when there came a day sufficiently mild for me  
to wrap myself up and sit at the loophole to watch the  
120 passers by. Southerners have the habit of stopping and  
talking in the streets, and I heard many conversations not  
intended to meet my ears. I heard slave-hunters planning  
how to catch some poor fugitive. Several times I heard  
allusions to Dr Flint, myself, and the history of my children,  
125 who, perhaps, were playing near the gate. One would say,  
'I wouldn't move my little finger to catch her, as old Flint's  
property.' Another would say, 'I'll catch *any* negro for the

reward. A man ought to have what belongs to him.' The opinion was often expressed that I was in the Free States. Very rarely did any one suggest that I might be in the vicinity. Had the least suspicion rested on my grandmother's house, it would have been burned to the ground. But it was the last place they thought of. Yet there was no place, where slavery existed, that could have afforded me so good a place of concealment.

Dr Flint and his family repeatedly tried to coax and bribe my children to tell something they had heard said about me. One day the doctor took them into a shop, and offered them some bright little silver. Ellen shrank away from him, and would not speak; but Benny spoke up, and said, 'Dr Flint, I don't know where my mother is. I guess she's in New York; and when you go there again, I wish you'd ask her to come home, for I want to see her; but if you put her in jail, or tell her you'll cut her head off, I'll tell her to go right back.'

HARRIET JACOBS

**Appendix note:** Harriet's children were freed while she was still in hiding, but she had to wait until some years later, after her escape to New York City, for an employer to buy her out of slavery [in 1852].

The Thirteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution in December 1865 ended legalized slavery in the United States. Up until this Amendment, even those who made it to the northern states were still at risk of being stolen back by their owners under the terms of the Fugitive Slave Act [1850].

## A day in the life of ...

Write your own account of a day in the life of someone who is not at liberty to enjoy the freedoms most people take for granted. Research the work of organizations like Amnesty International, or a Prisoner Action Group.

- Describe the situation. Make it realistic. Make detailed notes of the time and place, and the circumstances of your character's confinement or constraint.
- How would he or she feel? What would help a person get through such an ordeal? What sort of survival strategies would you or

### Looking closely

- 1 List the three words that the author uses to describe the crawl space.
- 2 Describe the shape of the crawl space. What features made it so uncomfortable?
- 3 What tortures does the author describe that could happen to a slave?
- 4 What are 'heel strings' (line 35)?
- 5 What are Harriet's 'consolations'?

### Comprehension

- 1 Why doesn't Harriet let her children know that she is concealed in the roof?
- 2 To what lengths is Dr Flint prepared to go to get his 'property' back?
- 3 Why do you think freedom is so important to Harriet, even though she is not as severely mistreated as other slaves were?
- 4 What makes Harriet's account dramatic? [Think about the conversations she overhears.]

## Extension reading

From *Watership Down* by Richard Adams

Watership Down is a hill in the north of Hampshire, England, near the area where the writer, Richard Adams, grew up. It inspired Adams to write a story about a group of rabbits who set up a new settlement there after their original warren was destroyed by land developers.

The problem for this new community of rabbits is that there are no female rabbits in their group. Hazel, the chief rabbit, learns of a hutch of domestic rabbits at Nuthanger Farm. He and another young rabbit, Pipkin, make a visit to the farm to invite the rabbits there to join them. Hazel is not sure what he can expect of rabbits who have never experienced life in the wild, and who don't know how to cope with predators (*elil* in the rabbit language *Lapine*). Their most immediate problem, however, is how to negotiate the farmyard cats.



### Nuthanger Farm

The two rabbits began to wander among the outbuildings. At first they took care to remain under cover and were continually on the watch for cats. But they saw none and soon grew bolder, crossing open spaces and even stopping to nibble at dandelions in the patches of weeds and rough grass.

Guided by scent, Hazel made his way to a low-roofed shed. The door was half open and he went through it with scarcely a pause at the brick threshold. Immediately opposite the door, on a broad wooden shelf – a kind of platform – stood a wire-fronted hutch. Through the mesh he could see a brown bowl, some greenstuff and the ears of two or three rabbits. As he stared, one of the rabbits came close to the wire, looked out and saw him.

Beside the platform, on the near side, was an up-ended bale of straw. Hazel jumped lightly on it and from there to the thick planks, which were old and soft-surfaced, dusty and covered with chaff. Then he turned back to Pipkin, waiting just inside the door.

'Pipkin,' he said, 'there's only one way out of this place. You'll have to keep watching for cats or we may be trapped. Stay at the door and if you see a cat outside, tell me at once.'



### Word origins

*Lapine* is the fictional language that the rabbits speak in the novel. The word comes from the French word for rabbit, *le lapin*. Following are some *Lapine* words in the extract:

*elil* are the natural predators of rabbits: fox, stoat, weasel, cat, owl, man, etc.

The suffix *-rah* means prince, lord or chief. (*Hazel-rah* is Hazel's title as chief rabbit.)

‘Right, Hazel-rah,’ said Pipkin. ‘It’s all clear at the moment.’

Hazel went to the side of the hutch. The wired front projected over the edge of the shelf so that he could neither reach it nor look in, but there was a knot-hole in one of the boards facing him and on the far side he could see a twitching nose.

‘I am Hazel-rah,’ he said. ‘I have come to talk to you. Can you understand me?’

The answer was in strange but perfectly intelligible Lapine.

‘Yes, we understand you. My name is Boxwood. Where do you come from?’

‘From the hills. My friend and I live as we please, without men. We eat the grass, lie in the sun and sleep underground.’

How many are you?

‘Four. Bucks and does.’

‘Do you ever come out?’

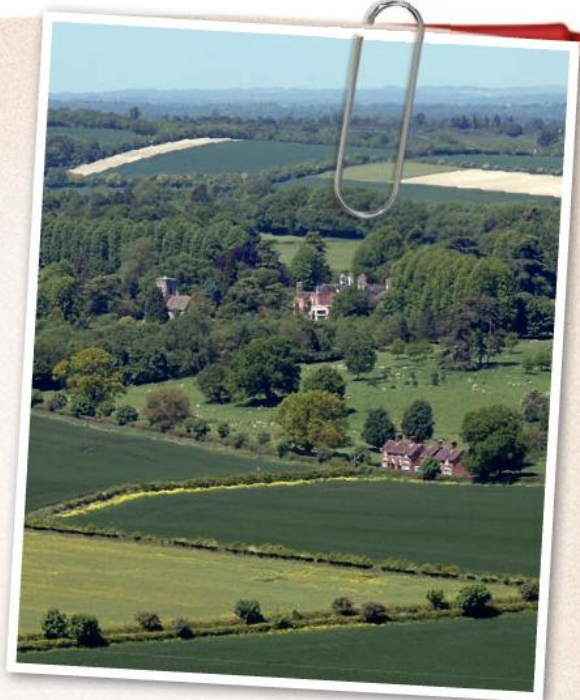
‘Yes, sometimes. A child takes us out and puts us in a pen on the grass.’

‘I have come to tell you about my warren. We need more rabbits. We want you to run away and join us.’

‘There’s a wire door at the back of this hutch,’ said Boxwood. ‘Come down there: we can talk more easily.’

The door was made of wire netting on a wooden frame, with two leather hinges to the uprights and a hasp and staple fastened with a twist of wire. Four rabbits were crowded against the wire, pressing their noses through the mesh. Two – Laurel and Clover – were short-haired black Angoras. The others, Boxwood and his doe Haystack, were black and white Himalayans.

Hazel began to speak about the life of the downs and the excitement and freedom enjoyed by wild rabbits. He spoke about the predicament of his warren in having no does and how he had come to look for some. ‘But,’ he said, ‘we don’t



The view from Watership Down, Hampshire.

#### GLOSSARY

A **doe** is a female deer. It is also used to describe some other female animals. A male rabbit is called a buck.

**bran** is a processed form of the husk (the outer cover) of grains such as wheat, barley and oats. It is used in animal feed and breakfast cereal.



55 want to steal your does. All four of you are welcome to join us, bucks and does alike. There's plenty for everyone on the hills.' He went on to talk of the evening feed in the sunset and of early morning in the long grass.

The hutch rabbits seemed at once bewildered and fascinated. 60 Clover, the Angora doe, was clearly excited by Hazel's description and asked questions about the warren and the downs. It was plain that they thought of their life in the hutch as dull but safe. They had heard about *elil* from some source or other and seemed sure that few wild rabbits survived for 65 long. Hazel realized that although they were glad to talk and welcomed his visit because it brought a little excitement and change into their monotonous life, it was not within their capacity to take a decision and act on it. They did not know how to make up their minds. To him and his companions, 70 sensing and acting were second nature; but these rabbits had never had to act to save their lives or even to find a meal. If he was going to get any of them as far as the down they would have to be urged. He sat quiet for a little, nibbling a patch of bran spilt on boards outside the hutch.

75 Then he said, 'I must go back now to my friends in the hills; but we shall return. We shall come one night and when we do, any of you who wish will be free to come with us.'

Boxwood was about to reply when suddenly Pipkin spoke from the floor. 'Hazel, there's a cat in the yard outside!'

RICHARD ADAMS

### Writing from an animal's point of view

In his novel *Watership Down* Richard Adams combined research, observation and creative invention to give as real an account as possible of what it might be like to be a rabbit in the wild.

Choose an animal that you have had the opportunity to research and observe. Write about the world from your chosen animal's perspective.

- Create as full a sense as you can of what your animal's life is like.
- Think of an exciting event or encounter to write about.

### Comprehension

- 1 How does Hazel find the location of the hutch rabbits?
- 2 What role does Pipkin play in the visit to the farm?
- 3 What is Hazel's impression of the hutch rabbits?
- 4 What is the response of the hutch rabbits to the opportunity to join the group on Watership Down? Do you think they will go?



# 6

## The Future

### How do we see the future?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- United States
- United Kingdom
- Japan

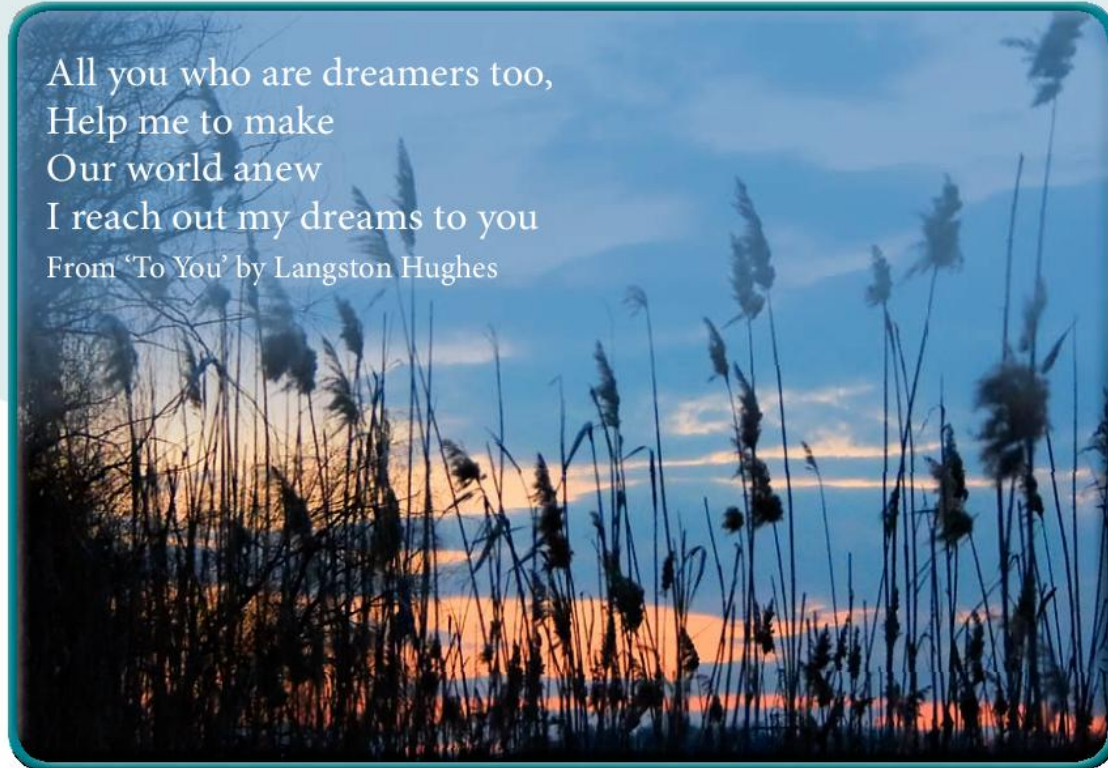
##### Read

- a poem
- fiction
- an online article
- a comic

##### Create

- an essay
- science fiction
- research an invention
- journal entries

All you who are dreamers too,  
Help me to make  
Our world anew  
I reach out my dreams to you  
From 'To You' by Langston Hughes



What do you think of when you think of the future? Across the world and across the centuries people have had many different ideas and visions. In 1516 Thomas More wrote *Utopia*, which is about an island state in the future where people lived communally in peace. Such idealistic visions of the future are called 'utopian'.

#### Word origins

*utopia* comes from the ancient Greek word *ou* for 'not' and *topos* for 'place'.

It's opposite, the word *dystopia*, is formed from the Greek prefix *dys-*, which means something bad, abnormal or difficult.

## What are dreams of the future?

Abraham Lincoln said, 'The good thing about the future is that it comes one day at a time.' What do you think he meant by this? What hopes do people have for the future of their own lives and for those of their children?

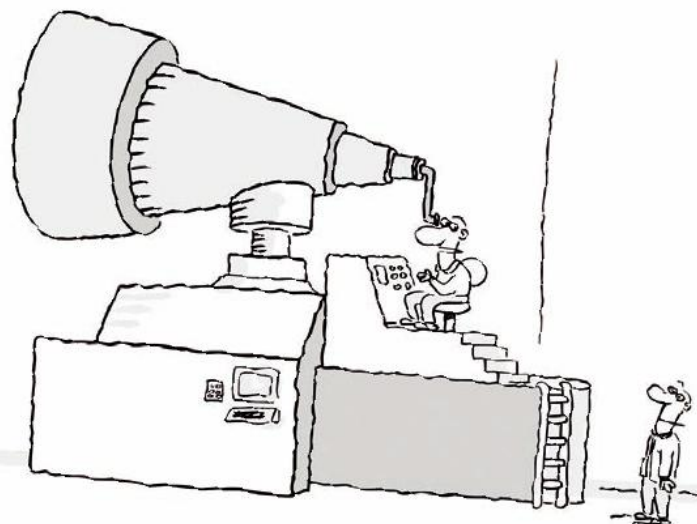
People often call these hopes 'dreams'. It might be a hope to change society or a hope to find a cure for a disease. New technologies and new inventions often feature in people's ideas of human progress.

### Talking points

- 1 What are your dreams for the future?
- 2 Do you have any dreams for the future of the world?

<http://www.evlad.com>

© SnAAB



*"No...I can not see the future..."*

### Writing an essay

Write an essay about how you see the world in fifty years time! It only needs to be 500–700 words.

- As you work through this unit, think about your ideas for a winning essay.
- Plan your paragraphs carefully. Decide on the main points you will make in each one.
- Use examples or case studies to make your points effectively.

[www.forumyoungpeople.com](http://www.forumyoungpeople.com)

**Today is your world!**

Cash prizes

**Essay Competition for young people**

Tell us about how you see the world in fifty years' time. Write no more than 700 words!

## Speech

This extract comes from the famous 'I have a dream' speech made by the American Civil Rights leader Martin Luther King in Washington USA in 1963. It is one of the most passionate and powerful speeches of the twentieth century. Tragically, King was assassinated five years later in 1968.

King was a great speaker. Pay attention to his use of persuasive language and rhetorical devices, such as repetition, alliteration and metaphor.

### ☞ I Have a Dream ☞

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal.'

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

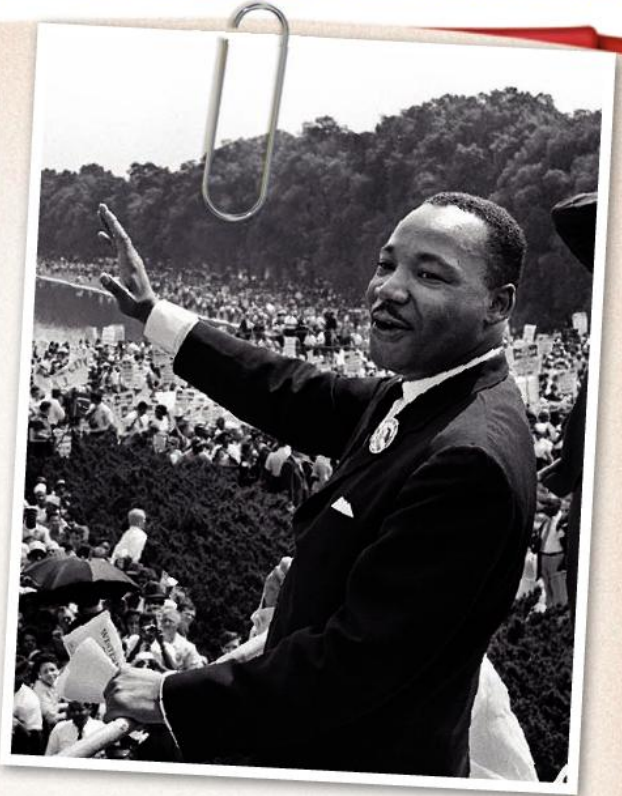
I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. ...

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

MARTIN LUTHER KING



### Comprehension

- 1 What are the four points in Martin Luther's dream?
- 2 In your own words, describe what is the 'hope' and 'faith' which Martin Luther King wants to return home with?
- 3 In your own words, describe which three things Martin Luther King says he can do 'with this faith'?
- 4 Choose two metaphors. What do they mean and how do they convey Martin Luther King's message?

## Toolkit

*Alliteration* is the repetition of the initial consonant. There should be at least two repetitions in a row.

*For example:* Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. The first letter, 'p', is a consonant. It is repeated many times. (If you use a syllable rather than a consonant, it is *assonance*.)

Which words are repeated the most in the Martin Luther King speech? What is the effect of this repetition? Find an example of alliteration from the speech. Explain its effects. **W**

## Poem

The following poem was written in 1944 by the author of the opening quotation, the black American poet Langston Hughes. He dreamed of a time when black and white people would be equal in America, but died before he saw his dream fulfilled.



### I, too, sing America

I, too, sing America.  
I am the darker brother.  
They send me to eat in the kitchen  
When company comes,  
5 But I laugh,  
And eat well,  
And grow strong.  
  
Tomorrow,  
I'll be at the table  
10 When company comes.  
Nobody'll dare  
Say to me,  
'Eat in the kitchen',  
  
Besides,  
15 They'll see how beautiful I am  
And be ashamed –  
I, too, am America.

LANGSTON HUGHES



## GLOSSARY

The **American Civil Rights Movement** refers to the reform movement aimed at outlawing racial discrimination against African Americans.

**creed** means belief, also in a set of principles.

**rhetoric** is the art of the spoken word and is often used in public debate and in presenting speeches to persuade an audience. **rhetorical devices** are the techniques used.

**the South** refers to the southern states of the USA, where the largest number of African people lived and worked as slaves until the abolition of slavery. *Georgia* and *Mississippi* are two states in the American south.

**company** means a group of people who come together as a social group. It can also mean a big business or a corporation.

## Comprehension

- 1 'I, too' too means 'I, as well as'. Who else is the poet thinking of?
- 2 Who are the 'company' that is referred to? What kind of company would the person who is the subject and writer of the poem be excluded from?
- 3 What is the darker brother going to do until 'tomorrow'?
- 4 How is the poem optimistic about the future?

## How do we see the future?

As the great Indian leader, Gandhi said, 'the future depends on what we do in the present.' Visions of the future can be described as utopian or dystopian. Science fiction can act as a warning for what could happen in the future if we do not change some aspects of our life today.

### Fiction

From *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells

The following extract comes from the final part of *The Time Machine*, one of the very first science fiction stories written by H.G. Wells more than one hundred years ago in 1895. In the story, an inventor travels to other civilizations in his time machine which enables him to travel backwards and forwards in time. The text below describes the end of his travels when he is propelled far into the future. He sees a desolate and chilling world.

The narrator is the inventor who is addressing his colleagues on his return.



### ∞ My Return ∞

I stopped and sat upon the Time Machine, looking around. The sky was no longer blue. Ahead, it was inky dark, and out of the blackness shone brightly and steadily the white stars. Overhead it was starless and a deep red and behind it was glowing scarlet where lay the huge sun, red and motionless. The rocks about me were of a harsh reddish colour, and all the trace of life that I could see at first was the intensely green vegetation that covered every projecting point. It was the same rich green that one sees on plants which grow in a perpetual twilight.

The Time Machine was standing on a sloping beach. The sea stretched to a sharp bright horizon against the pale sky. There were no waves, for not a breath of wind was stirring. Only a slow swell, which rose and fell like a gentle breathing, showed that the sea was still living. Where the water sometimes broke was a thick incrustation of salt, which appeared pink under the lurid sky. The air forced me



Advertising poster for the 1960 film of *The Time Machine*.

### Wordpool

- perpetual (line 10)
- lurid (17)
- incrustation (26)
- algal (37)
- sombre (42)
- aghast (66)
- eclipse (81)
- marrow (85)
- arc (87)
- tentacle (90)

to breathe very fast which reminded me of my only experience of mountaineering.

20 Looking round me again, I saw that what I had taken to be a reddish mass of rock was moving slowly towards me. It was a monstrous crab-like creature. Can you imagine a crab as large as that table, with its many legs moving slowly, its big claws swaying, its long antennae waving and feeling, and its  
25 eyes on stalks gleaming at you? Its back was covered with ugly lumps and a greenish incrustation. I could see its complicated mouth flickering as it moved.

As I stared at this sinister creature crawling towards me, I felt a tickling on my cheek as though a fly had lighted there.  
30 I tried to brush it away with my hand, but in a moment it had returned, and almost immediately came another by my ear. As I tried again to brush it away, I caught something threadlike which was drawn swiftly out of my hand. In fright, I turned and saw that I had grasped the antenna of  
35 another monster crab that stood just behind me. Its evil eyes were wriggling on their stalks, its mouth was all alive with appetite, and its vast claws, smeared with an algal slime, were descending upon me.

In a moment my hand was on the lever of my Time Machine,  
40 and I had placed a month between myself and these monsters. But I was still on the same beach, and I saw them distinctly; dozens of them were crawling in the sombre light. I cannot convey the sense of abominable desolation that hung over the world. The red eastern sky, the blackness  
45 northward, the dead sea, the stony beach crawling with these slow-stirring monsters, the poisonous-looking green of the plants, the thin air that hurt my lungs: all contributed to an appalling effect. I moved on a hundred years, and all was still the same.

50 I then travelled on a thousand years or more, drawn on by the mystery of the earth's fate, watching with a strange fascination the sun grow larger and duller in the westward sky, and the life of the old earth ebb away. At last, more than thirty million years hence, the huge red-hot dome of the sun

## GLOSSARY

**antennae** are the thin, whiskery feelers, or sensory receptors, on either side of the heads of crustaceans, as here, and of insects and butterflies.

*antennae* is an example of a Latin word in current use which has retained its Latin plural. The singular is *antenna*. The Latin plural is always used in scientific contexts. The plural *antennas* is used colloquially for television antennas, or aerials.

Alien model from 1947.



Landscape  
from Mars.

55 had come to obscure nearly a tenth part of the dark sky.  
Then I stopped once more, for the crawling multitude of  
crabs had disappeared, and the red beach seemed lifeless.  
Now it was flecked with white and a bitter cold assailed me  
as white flakes came eddying down. There were fringes of ice  
60 along the sea margin, but the main expanse of that salt  
ocean, all bloody under the eternal sunset, was still unfrozen.

I looked about me to see if any traces of animal life remained  
but I saw nothing moving, in earth or sky or sea. The green  
slime on the rocks alone testified that life was not extinct.

65 Suddenly I noticed that the circular outline of the sun had  
changed. For a minute perhaps I stared aghast at the  
blackness that was creeping over the day, and then I realized  
that an eclipse was beginning. Either the moon or the planet  
Mercury was passing across the sun's disk. The darkness  
70 grew; a cold wind began to blow in gusts, and the white  
flakes in the air increased in number.

From the edge of the sea came a ripple and whisper. Beyond  
these lifeless sounds the world was silent. Utterly silent. All  
the sounds of man – the bleating of sheep, the cries of birds,  
75 the hum of insects, the stir that makes the background of our

### Looking closely

- 1 Which are the dominant colours used to describe the landscape in the first paragraph?
- 2 What was the 'reddish mass of rock'? (line 21)
- 3 What does the description of the crab's mouth as 'alive with appetite' mean? (line 36–37)
- 4 What does the inventor mean by the 'sense of abominable desolation' which hung over the world? (line 43)
- 5 Write down the words from the text that mean the same as the following: 'sticking out', 'recede', 'totally', 'plentiful', 'swirling', 'climbed clumsily'.



lives – all that was over. As the darkness thickened, the snow flakes grew more abundant and the cold of the air more intense. At last, one by one, swiftly, one after the other, the white peaks of the distant hills vanished into blackness. The breeze rose to a moaning wind. I saw the black central shadow of the eclipse sweeping towards me. In another moment all was rayless obscurity. The sky was absolutely black.

A horror of this great darkness came on me. I was cold to my marrow, and the pain I felt in breathing overcame me. Then in the sky appeared the edge of the sun again as a red-hot arc. I got off my Time Machine to recover myself. As I stood sick and confused, I saw again a thing moving towards the shore. It was a round thing, the size of a football perhaps, and tentacles trailed down from it. It seemed black against the blood-red water and it was hopping fitfully about. I felt I was fainting. A terrible dread of lying helpless in that remote and awful twilight sustained me while I clambered upon the saddle of my Time Machine

Then, gentlemen, I returned.

H.G. WELLS

## Writing science fiction

**W** Now it's your turn to create a work of science fiction. Use your imagination to create a utopia or a dystopia.

- Think of a frightening and chilling scenario or a utopian vision. It could be a short story or the introductory chapter to a novel if you prefer.
- Concentrate on your use of descriptive vocabulary and using some really exciting expressions so that the reader can imagine what it would be like to be there.

## Comprehension

- 1 Why was the inventor reminded of his mountaineering experience?
- 2 What was the 'threadlike' thing which the inventor grasped? Why was it so frightening?
- 3 The inventor travels through periods of time. How far into the future does he travel each time?
- 4 Explain what happened as the eclipse began and continued.
- 5 Explain why the inventor felt such 'horror' in the final paragraph.

## Toolkit

### The '-ness' suffix

The suffix '-ness' is used to turn adjectives into nouns. For example, in *My Return* the words 'blackness' and 'darkness' that are repeatedly used, are formed from the adjectives 'black' and 'dark'.

*For example:* With adjectives that end in 'y', like 'happy' or 'empty', the 'y' is replaced with an 'i' to become 'happiness' and 'emptiness'. **W**

## What is a robot?

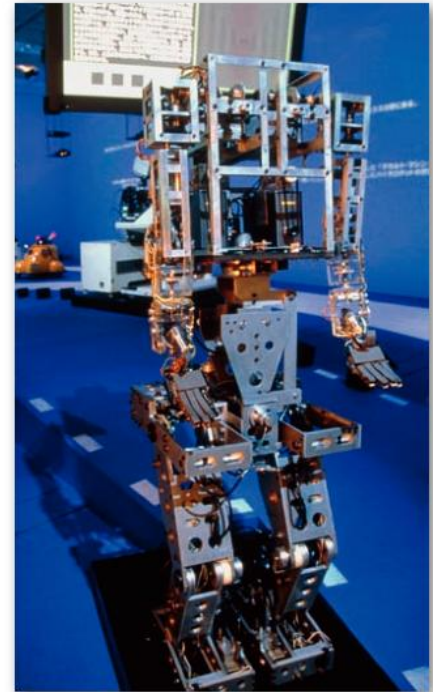


The first robot fair was held in Tokyo, Japan, in 2008. This type of robot works in hospitals delivering medicines to patients.

Is a robot something that looks or behaves like a human or an animal? Or is it simply a machine that performs a job that might have previously been carried out by a human? There are many famous robots from literature, television and movies. These creatures can be affectionate and sometimes menacing and terrifying.

Aristotle, the ancient philosopher, wrote the first theory of robotics. 'This condition would be that each instrument could do its own work, at the word of command or by intelligent anticipation, ... as if a shuttle should weave of itself, and a plectrum should do its own harp playing.' As Aristotle points out, using the example of the threading arm on a loom used to weave cloth, and the implement used to pick the strings of an instrument, the ideal robot combines mechanical perfection with an aspiration towards the most intelligent solution.

Ultimately, a robot must have some kind of use value. The first industrial robot, Unimate, was built in 1961 and the first computer-controlled artificial robotic arm was designed in 1963 for use by the disabled.



WABOT-1, the first anthropomorphic robot, was built in 1973 in Japan.

### Talking points

- 1 If you had a robot, what would you want it to do?
- 2 Do you think Robots are useful to society?

### Word origins

The word *robot* was first used in 1923 in a play called *Rossum's Universal Robots* by Karel Capek who made up the word from a Czech word *robotnik*, which means slave or forced labour.

*anthropomorphism* comes from the Greek word *anthropomorphous* for human being and the word *morphe* which means 'to form'. It is used to refer to something that takes on human form.

Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

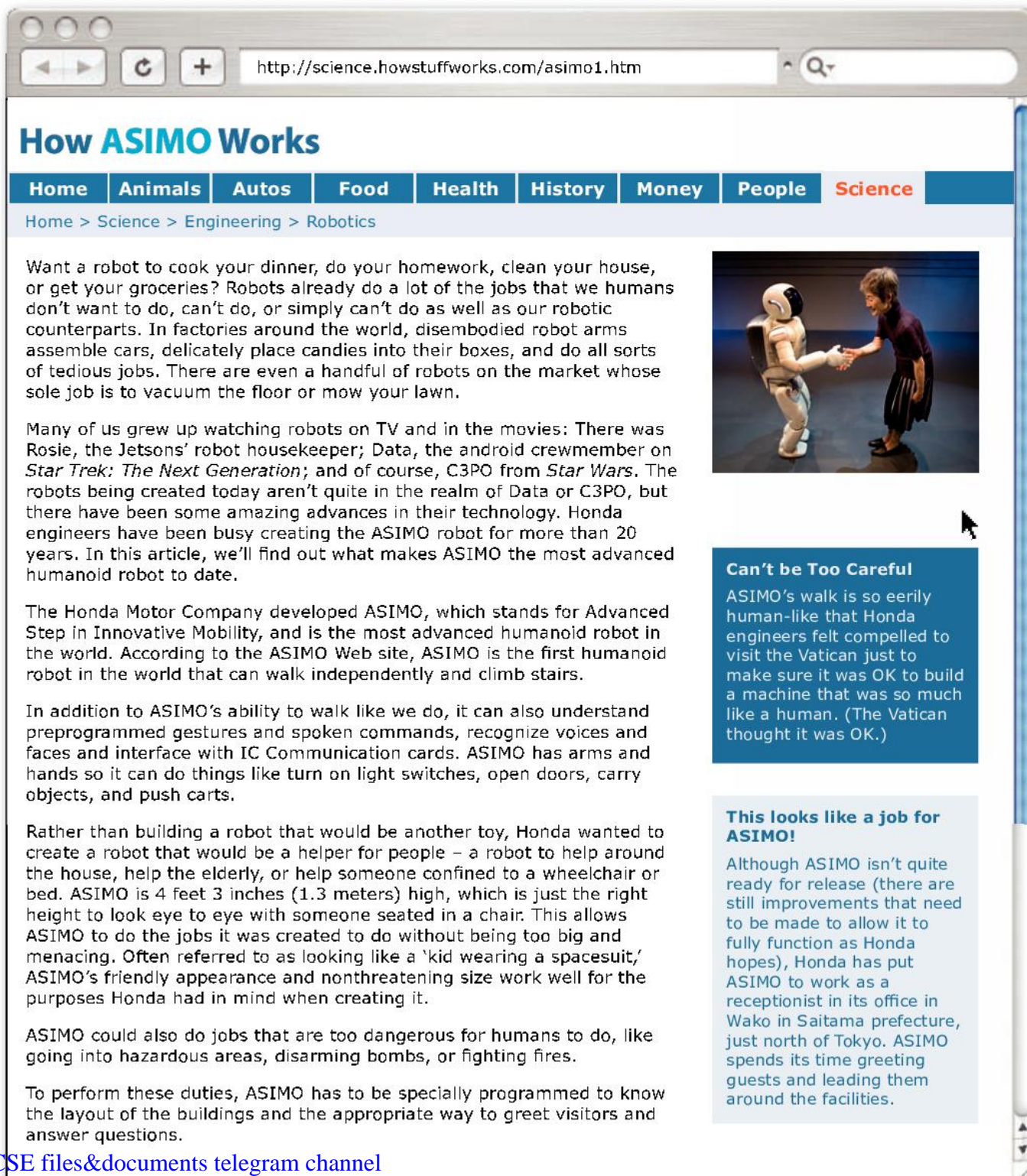
## Online magazine

From *How Stuff Works* by Lee Ann Obringer and Jonathan Strickland

Have you ever seen an actual robot or visited a trade fair where robots are for sale? ASIMO, has been developed to assist people in a variety of ways and will be available for people or companies to purchase.

### Wordpool

counterparts eerily  
disembodied innovative  
tedious



**How ASIMO Works**

Home Animals Autos Food Health History Money People Science

Home > Science > Engineering > Robotics

Want a robot to cook your dinner, do your homework, clean your house, or get your groceries? Robots already do a lot of the jobs that we humans don't want to do, can't do, or simply can't do as well as our robotic counterparts. In factories around the world, disembodied robot arms assemble cars, delicately place candies into their boxes, and do all sorts of tedious jobs. There are even a handful of robots on the market whose sole job is to vacuum the floor or mow your lawn.

Many of us grew up watching robots on TV and in the movies: There was Rosie, the Jetsons' robot housekeeper; Data, the android crewmember on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*; and of course, C3PO from *Star Wars*. The robots being created today aren't quite in the realm of Data or C3PO, but there have been some amazing advances in their technology. Honda engineers have been busy creating the ASIMO robot for more than 20 years. In this article, we'll find out what makes ASIMO the most advanced humanoid robot to date.

The Honda Motor Company developed ASIMO, which stands for Advanced Step in Innovative Mobility, and is the most advanced humanoid robot in the world. According to the ASIMO Web site, ASIMO is the first humanoid robot in the world that can walk independently and climb stairs.

In addition to ASIMO's ability to walk like we do, it can also understand preprogrammed gestures and spoken commands, recognize voices and faces and interface with IC Communication cards. ASIMO has arms and hands so it can do things like turn on light switches, open doors, carry objects, and push carts.

Rather than building a robot that would be another toy, Honda wanted to create a robot that would be a helper for people – a robot to help around the house, help the elderly, or help someone confined to a wheelchair or bed. ASIMO is 4 feet 3 inches (1.3 meters) high, which is just the right height to look eye to eye with someone seated in a chair. This allows ASIMO to do the jobs it was created to do without being too big and menacing. Often referred to as looking like a 'kid wearing a spacesuit,' ASIMO's friendly appearance and nonthreatening size work well for the purposes Honda had in mind when creating it.

ASIMO could also do jobs that are too dangerous for humans to do, like going into hazardous areas, disarming bombs, or fighting fires.

To perform these duties, ASIMO has to be specially programmed to know the layout of the buildings and the appropriate way to greet visitors and answer questions.

**Can't be Too Careful**  
ASIMO's walk is so eerily human-like that Honda engineers felt compelled to visit the Vatican just to make sure it was OK to build a machine that was so much like a human. (The Vatican thought it was OK.)

**This looks like a job for ASIMO!**  
Although ASIMO isn't quite ready for release (there are still improvements that need to be made to allow it to fully function as Honda hopes), Honda has put ASIMO to work as a receptionist in its office in Wako in Saitama prefecture, just north of Tokyo. ASIMO spends its time greeting guests and leading them around the facilities.

## Comprehension

- 1 How is Asimo like a human? What makes him humanoid? Would he be better with more human-like features?
- 2 Why do you think he doesn't have these?
- 3 In what specific ways did Honda make him more human-like?
- 4 What are some benefits of Asimo? Why is he being created?
- 5 What do you think are some advantages and disadvantages of creating robots?

## Toolkit

### Ellipsis ( ... )

There is a bit missing from the first sentence of *How Asimo Works*. Can you work out what it is? The symbol used for missing words out from a sentence is called an ellipsis. It happens frequently in speech, but writers may also make use of it to create a particular effect. The missing part in this sentence is: '(Do you) Want a robot to cook your dinner, do your homework, clean your house, or get your groceries?' and lends the text an informal tone.

## GLOSSARY

An **android** is a robot that has human features.

**humanoid** can refer to a pre-historic species of human. In science fiction, it often refers to an alien with a human form.

**The Vatican** is the official residence of the head of the Catholic Church in Rome.

## Researching an Invention

Which are the inventions that will change our future? Find out about one of them.

- Research inventions that could change the future. Decide on one that you would like to research.
- Find out how it works. Does it use any new technology?
- Consider how it will affect people in the future. How might it be developed further?
- Create a visual display or a leaflet for the invention you are researching.

## Will Robots be part of our future?

Fears about science and technology have been with us for a long time. Have you heard of the novels *Frankenstein* and *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* where science had unforeseen consequences? These were written during a time when science and technology was advancing like never before.

Many people are worried about robots. What are people's fears about robots? That they will malfunction? That they will take over the world? 'It all started out when they took on the little jobs ...'

Artificial Intelligence (AI) is the area of computer science focused on creating intelligent machines. Today, with access to computer technology, smart machines are becoming a reality. Researchers are creating machines that can mimic human thought, understand speech, and beat us at a game of chess.

### Plot synopsis

The following extract is a summary of the film *iRobot* written by a film fan, for a film review website.



A still from the film *iRobot*, 2004.

### Journal

Write a short entry about a film you saw that presents a picture of the future.

**FILM\_fan**

log in | contact | help

---

*film\_fan* Plot summary

**iRobot. (Dir. Alex Proyas, 2004)**

It's the year 2035, and the community now has the help of robots. These robots have three laws integrated into their system. One, they cannot harm a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm. Two, they must do whatever they're told by a human being as long as such orders don't conflict with law one. Three, they have to defend themselves as long as such defense doesn't conflict with laws one or two. One day, the writer of the three laws, Alfred Lanning, is murdered, and Detective Del Spooner thinks the number one suspect is a Nestor Class-5 robot who calls himself Sonny. However, if it was Sonny, then that means he would've had to have broken the three laws. With the help of Dr Susan Calvin, Spooner must now discover the truth before it's too late.

*Written by Lora Rilley*

▶ RECENT POSTS

---

▶ LINKS

---

## Science fiction

From *Reason* by Isaac Asimov

Isaac Asimov is the most famous of all science fiction writers. His stories highlight the possible unexpected results from our technological advances. *Reason* is a short story written in 1941 that was published in a collection of stories called *I, Robot*.

In the story, Cutie the robot becomes convinced that he is superior to humans. He must take control of the ship for he knows only he can save it. Without the crew being aware of it, Cutie is following the first law of robots: a robot must not harm or allow a human to be harmed. In the extract below, Cutie uses reason to convince himself that his action of taking over the ship is justified.



### ☞ A Superior Robot ☜

Powell stood up and seated himself at the table's edge next to the robot. He felt a sudden strong sympathy for this strange machine. It was not at all like the ordinary robot, attending to his specialized task at the station with the intensity of a  
5 deeply ingrained positronic path.

He placed a hand upon Cutie's steel shoulder and the metal was cold and hard to the touch.

'Cutie,' he said, 'I'm going to try to explain something to you. You're the first robot who's ever exhibited curiosity as  
10 to his own existence – and I think the first that's really intelligent enough to understand the world outside. Here, come with me.'

The robot rose up smoothly and his thickly sponge-rubber-soled feet made no noise as he followed Powell. The  
15 Earthman touched a button and a square section of the wall flickered aside. The thick, clear glass revealed space – star-speckled.

'I've seen that in the observation ports in the engine room,' said Cutie.

20 'I know,' said Powell. 'What do you think it is?'

'Exactly what it seems – a black material just beyond this glass that is spotted with little gleaming dots? I know that

## Wordpool

infinitely (line 31)  
incandescent (46)  
implausible (85)  
hypothesis (85)  
oblivious (95)  
astounded (95)  
glowered (133)  
introspection (138)  
dictates (155)  
metronome (160)  
contempt (163)

## GLOSSARY

a **positronic brain** is a fictional phrase coined by Isaac Asimov to mean the central functioning of a robot.

**Descartes** an important 17th-century philosopher.

**screwy** is a colloquial expression meaning mixed-up or incorrect.



UK

labour

moustache

sceptic



USA

labor

mustache

skeptic

our director sends out beams to some  
of these dots, always to the same ones  
25 – and also that these dots shift and that  
the beams shift with them. That’s all.’

‘Good! Now I want you to listen  
carefully. The blackness is emptiness –  
vast emptiness stretching out infinitely.  
30 The little, gleaming dots are huge  
masses of energy-filled matter. They  
are globes, some of them millions of  
miles in diameter – and for  
comparison, this station is only one  
35 mile across. They seem so tiny  
because they are incredibly far off.

‘The dots to which our energy  
beams are directed, are nearer and  
much smaller. They are cold and  
40 hard, and human beings like myself  
live upon their surface – many  
billions of them. It is from one of these worlds that Donovan  
and I come. Our beams feed these worlds energy drawn from  
one of those huge incandescent globes that happens to be  
45 near us. We call that globe the Sun and it is on the other side  
of the station where you can’t see it.’

Cutie remained motionless before the port, like a steel statue.  
His head did not turn as he spoke, ‘Which particular dot of  
light do you claim to come from?’

50 Powell searched, ‘There it is. The very bright one in the  
corner. We call it Earth.’ He grinned, ‘Good old Earth. There  
are three billions of us there, Cutie – and in about two weeks  
I’ll be back there with them.’

And then, surprisingly enough, Cutie hummed abstractedly.  
55 There was no tune to it, but it possessed a curious twanging  
quality as of plucked strings. It ceased as suddenly as it had  
begun, ‘But where do I come in, Powell? You haven’t  
explained *my* existence.’



60 'The rest is simple. When these stations were first established to feed solar energy to the planets, they were run by humans. However, the heat, the hard solar radiations, and the  
65 electron storms made the post a difficult one. Robots were developed to replace human labor and now only two human executives are required  
70 for each station. We are trying to replace even those, and that's where you come in. You're the highest type of robot ever developed and if  
75 you show the ability to run this station independently, no human need ever come here again except to bring parts for repairs.'



80 His hand went up and the metal visi-lid snapped back into place. Powell returned to the table and polished an apple upon his sleeve before biting into it.

The red glow of the robot's eyes held him. 'Do you expect me,' said Cutie slowly, 'to believe any such complicated, implausible hypothesis as you have just outlined? What do  
85 you take me for?'

Powell sputtered apple fragments onto the table and turned red. 'Why, it wasn't a hypothesis. Those were facts.'

90 Cutie sounded grim, 'Globes of energy millions of miles across! Worlds with three billion humans on them! Infinite emptiness! Sorry, Powell, but I don't believe it. I'll puzzle this thing out for myself. Good-bye.'

He turned and stalked out of the room. He brushed past Michael Donovan on the threshold with a grave nod and passed down the corridor, oblivious to the astounded stare  
95 that followed him.



Mike Donovan ruffled his red hair and shot an annoyed glance at Powell, 'What was that walking junk yard talking about? What doesn't he believe?'

100 The other dragged at his mustache bitterly. 'He's a sceptic,' was the bitter response. 'He doesn't believe we made him or that Earth exists or space or stars.'

'Sizzling Saturn, we've got a lunatic robot on our hands.'

'He says he's going to figure it all out for himself.'

105 'Well, now,' said Donovan sweetly, 'I do hope he'll condescend to explain it all to me after he's puzzled everything out.'

He seated himself with a jerk and drew a paper-backed mystery novel out of his inner jacket pocket, 'That robot gives me the willies anyway – too inquisitive!'

110 Mike Donovan growled from behind a huge lettuce-and-tomato sandwich as Cutie knocked gently and entered.

'Is Powell here?'

115 Donovan's voice was muffled, 'He's gathering data on electronic stream functions. We're heading for a storm, looks like.'

120 Gregory Powell entered as he spoke, eyes on the graphed paper in his hands and dropped into a chair. He spread the sheets out before him and began scribbling calculations. Donovan stared over his shoulder, crunching lettuce and dribbling bread crumbs. Cutie waited silently.

Powell looked up, 'The Zeta Potential is rising, but slowly. Just the same, the stream functions are erratic and I don't know what to expect. Oh, hello, Cutie. I thought you were supervising the installation of the new drive bar.'

125 'It's done,' said the robot quietly, 'and so I've come to have a talk with the two of you.'

'Oh!' Powell looked uncomfortable. 'Well, sit down. No, not that chair. One of the legs is weak and you're no light-weight.'

130 The robot did so and said placidly, 'I have come to a decision.'

Donovan glowered and put the remnants of his sandwich aside. 'If it's on any of the screwy –'

The other motioned impatiently for silence, 'Go ahead, Cutie.  
135 We're listening.'

'I have spent these last two days in concentrated introspection,' said Cutie, 'and the results have been most interesting. I began at the one sure assumption I felt permitted to make. I, myself, exist, because I think'.

140 Powell groaned, 'Oh, Jupiter, a robot Descartes!'

'Who's Descartes?' demanded Donovan. 'Listen, do we have to sit here and listen to that metal maniac –'

'Keep quiet, Mike!'

Cutie continued imperturbably, 'And the question that  
145 immediately arose was: Just what is the cause of my existence?'

Powell's jaw set lumpily. 'You're being foolish. I told you already that we made you.'

'And if you don't believe us,' added Donovan, 'we'll gladly  
150 take you apart!'

The robot spread his strong hands in a deprecatory gesture, 'I accept nothing on authority. A hypothesis must be backed by reason, or else it is worthless – and it goes against all the dictates of logic to suppose that you made me.'

155 Powell dropped a restraining arm upon Donovan's suddenly bunched fist. 'Just why do you say that?'

Cutie laughed. It was a very inhuman laugh – the most machine-like utterance he had yet given vent to. It was sharp and explosive, as regular as the metronome and as  
160 uninflected.

- ‘Look at you,’ he said finally. ‘I say this in no spirit of contempt, but look at you! The material you are made of is soft and flabby, lacking endurance and strength, depending for energy upon the inefficient oxidation of organic material – like that.’ He pointed a disapproving finger at what remained of Donovan’s sandwich.
- 165 ‘Periodically you pass into a coma and the least variation in temperature, air pressure, humidity, or radiation intensity impairs your efficiency. You are *makeshift*.
- 170 ‘I on the other hand, am a finished product. I absorb electrical energy directly and utilize it with an almost one hundred percent efficiency. I am composed of strong metal, am continuously conscious, and can stand extremes of environment easily. These are facts which, with the self-evident proposition that no being can create another being superior to itself, smashes your silly hypothesis to nothing.’
- 175

ISAAC ASIMOV

### Looking closely

- 1 Robots sometimes mimic human behaviour and cause us to reflect on what it is to be human. Find two good examples of how Cutie mimics human behaviour.
- 2 Find the words in the text that mean the same as ‘unbelievable’, ‘proposition’, ‘undaunted’ and ‘ridiculous’.
- 3 Which statements made by Cutie reveal what he considers to be the more inferior attributes of humans?
- 4 How does the writer describe the way Cutie laughs? What simile does the writer use to support his description?
- 5 What does Cutie mean by the word ‘makeshift’? How does Cutie describe himself to make clear the contrast between a robot and a human?

### Comprehension

- 1 Why does Powell have sympathy for Cutie?
- 2 What is Cutie sceptical about and why is he sceptical at all?
- 3 What argument does Cutie come up with to convince himself that he is superior to humans?
- 4 What do you think is the difference between how a human can think and the way that a robot thinks?
- 5 How convincing is the author’s portrayal of artificial intelligence?

### Journal

Describe the operations of a machine using language more often associated with human behaviour. Give it a name and decide whether it should be male or female.

# 7

## A dream of flying

### Why do we dream of flying?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

- ancient Greece
- 16th-century Flanders (Belgium)
- Romania
- France
- Afghanistan

##### Read

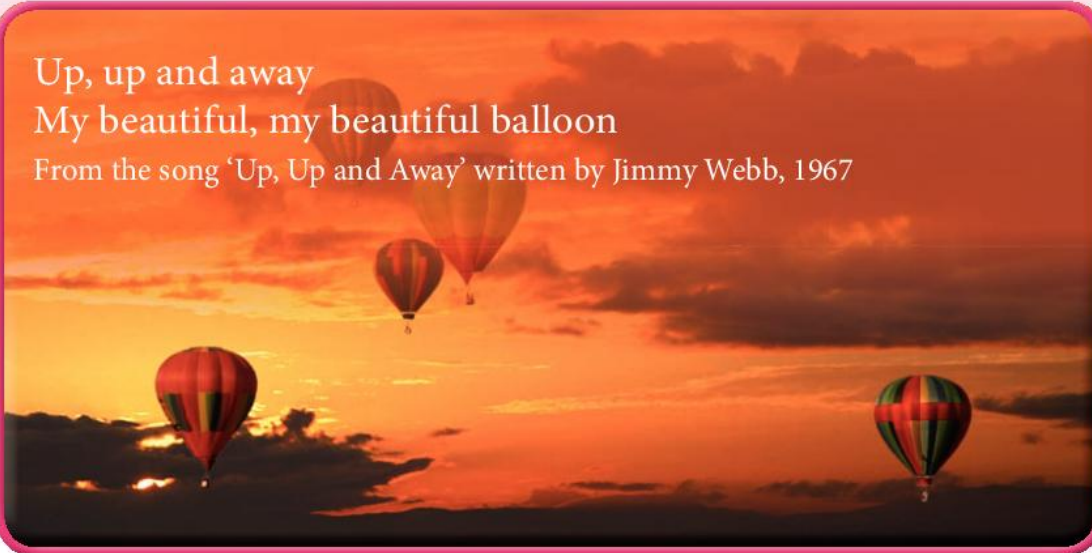
- an ancient Greek myth
- poetry
- fiction

##### Create

- a contemporary version of an old myth
- a presentation
- a story about an aviator

Up, up and away  
My beautiful, my beautiful balloon

From the song 'Up, Up and Away' written by Jimmy Webb, 1967



From very early times, our ancestors must have watched birds and insects flying in the sky and dreamed of what it would be like to be able to fly. Perhaps they dreamed of having the wings of a bird, or the ability to fly away and escape. The idea of human flight did not become a real possibility until the end of the nineteenth century when the first 'flying machines' made their test flights. Even now, when passenger aircraft fly all over the world, people still want to fly like birds and abseil, hang-glide and bungee-jump for sport.

#### Talking points

- 1 Why do you think we dream of flying?
- 2 Do you know any stories about flying? For example, stories about chariots in the sky, or magic carpets? Share your ideas with your group.

## A myth

The myth of Daedalus who built wings for himself and his son is a great story of human inventiveness and, ultimately, failure. It was told, probably not for the first time, by the great Roman writer, Ovid, who was born in 43 BCE. Since then the story has been told and re-told all over the world, and been the inspiration for writers and artists right up to the present day.

### ∞ Daedalus and Icarus ∞

In Athens, and throughout ancient Greece, Daedalus was a renowned craftsman and inventor. He had taken on his nephew, Talos, as an apprentice, but by the age of twelve Talos had surpassed his master in skill. One day Talos studied the spine of a fish, copied it in iron, and so  
5 invented the first saw. He also invented the potter's wheel and a compass for marking out circles. Instead of being delighted at his nephew's inventions, Daedalus grew increasingly jealous. Hadn't he invented the first saw, not his  
10 nephew? Wasn't he the great Athenian inventor, rather than this mere boy, Talos?

His jealousy grew and festered inside him. At last, as Talos' skills developed, Daedalus' jealousy became unbearable to him and he devised an evil plan. He invited Talos up to the  
15 roof of Athene's temple in the Acropolis to see the wonderful views from the top. Talos went happily with his uncle. Daedalus did indeed show him the impressive view, but as the boy gazed entranced at the temples far below, Daedalus pushed him over the edge. Daedalus tried to bury his  
20 nephew's body secretly, but he was found out and banished. Talos was buried where he fell and his soul flew off in the form of a partridge.

Daedalus fled to Crete with his son, Icarus, where for a while they lived in peace. One day, King Minos of Crete called  
25 Daedalus to him. He wanted him to build a labyrinth in the cellars of his grand palace. Only Daedalus was skilled enough to design a maze of tunnels which no one else could ever find the way out of. Daedalus did as the king asked. He laboured for many months and the cruel tyrant King Minos  
30 was pleased with the result. The labyrinth was to be the



### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words taken from the extract.

renowned [line 2]

to surpass [4]

to fester [12]

to devise [14]

entranced [18]

partridge [22]

labyrinth [25]

maze [27]

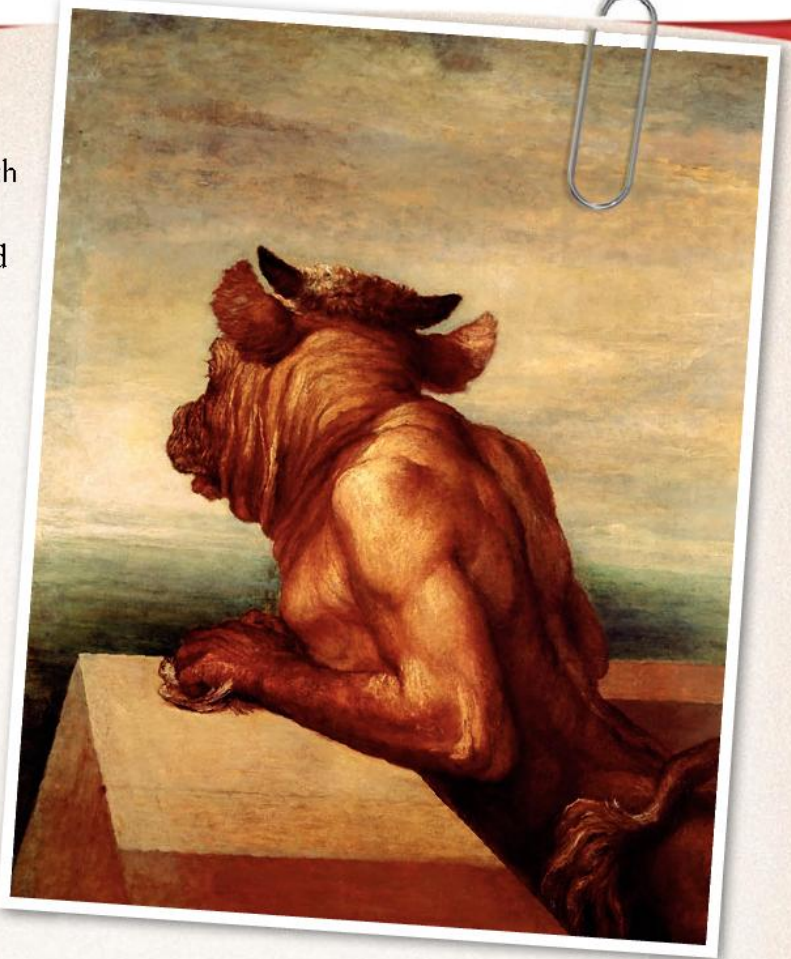
painstakingly [52]

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words you come across.

prison of the Minotaur, an evil monster with the head of a bull and the body of a man. The Minotaur was fed with young men and women who were sent from Athens to  
35 supply its greedy appetite. Daedalus now wanted to leave Crete, but King Minos would not let him leave.

‘You made the labyrinth and are the only one who knows the way out. I cannot let  
40 you go,’ he said.

So once more, Daedalus had to flee the place where he had made his home. But it was not easy to escape from Crete, because it was an island, and King Minos  
45 kept all his ships under military guard, and in addition he was offering a large reward to anyone who captured Daedalus or his son. Daedalus decided that the only escape was through the air: he and his son would fly to  
50 safety. He set to work to make two pairs of wings from birds’ feathers which he and Icarus collected each day. He painstakingly threaded them all together, and secured them with wax. After many weeks, the strong wings were ready. He tied the wings onto the shoulders and arms of his son.



*The Minotaur* painted by George Frederic Watts in 1885.



Common blue  
*Polyommatus icarus*

55 'My dear Icarus,' he said, holding his shoulders and looking into his eyes. 'You must obey this one rule. Do not soar too high, or the sun will melt the wax, and do not swoop too low, or the sea will wet the feathers, and you will fall. Do you promise me?'

60 'I promise, Father,' the excited boy replied.

Together they took off and, flapping their giant feathered wings, they flew over Crete. Fishermen, shepherds and ploughmen gazed upwards at what they thought were gods flying in the sky. Icarus was enjoying himself greatly in the warm currents of air. Rejoicing in the exhilarating sweep of his wings, he forgot his father's warning, and in a great rush of joy, he soared up towards the sun. As they left Crete behind, Daedalus turned to make sure Icarus was following him, but his son had disappeared. He looked down to the sea below him and saw scattered feathers floating on the turquoise water. Daedalus circled around the spot where Icarus had fallen until his son's body rose to the surface. He carried his drowned boy to a nearby island, now called Icaria, where he buried him with many tears.

75 Perched on a tree as Daedalus wept was a partridge cooing triumphantly to itself.

### Comprehension

- 1 How would studying the spine of a fish give an inventor the idea for making a saw?
- 2 Why was Talos such an easy victim of Daedalus's evil plan?
- 3 Why did King Minos want the labyrinth built? Why wouldn't he let Daedalus leave Crete when it had been built?
- 4 Why didn't Daedalus leave Crete by sea?
- 5 Why did Icarus's flight end in disaster?
- 6 What is the significance of the cooing partridge in the final sentence?

## How do we make ancient myths relevant today?



*Landscape with the Fall of Icarus* painted in about 1555 by Pieter Bruegel the Elder.

In the sixteenth century, Pieter Bruegel the Elder painted a scene that would have looked contemporary to the people of Flanders (modern-day Belgium). Describe what is happening in the scene and answer the following questions.

### Reworking myths and legends

Choose a favourite myth or folk tale and try to update the story by giving it a more contemporary feel. Write your own version and find an illustration to accompany it.

- Describe the setting and the characters. Make them convincing. You could use a photograph or a scene from a film as a model for your retelling of the story.
- How does the human predicament (the issue in the original story) relate to the problems that people face today? You may need to change some of the details to make it more relevant.
- What details from the original version (like the partridge in the painting) do you want to include?

### Looking closely

- 1 Describe the scene in the painting.
- 2 What dramatic event is taking place? What is the reaction to it of the three people in the painting?
- 3 What is the artist saying about Daedalus's invention and the fall of Icarus?
- 4 What other signs of human industry and achievement do you see?
- 5 Can you find the partridge in the painting? Why did the artist include it?



## Poem

The American poet William Carlos Williams wrote the following poem after seeing Pieter Brueghel the Elder's painting which you have just been looking at.

### ∞ Landscape With the Fall of Icarus ∞

According to Brueghel  
when Icarus fell it was spring  
a farmer was ploughing  
his field  
5 the whole pageantry  
of the year was  
awake tingling  
near  
the edge of the sea  
concerned  
10 with itself  
sweating in the sun  
that melted  
the wings' wax  
15 insignificantly  
off the coast  
there was  
a splash quite unnoticed  
it was  
20 Icarus drowning.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

## Toolkit

There is no punctuation in the poem apart from the final full stop. The way the lines lead into one another without punctuation is called *enjambment*. Can you think why the poet chose to use *enjambment*? How does it help to express the feeling of flight.

## Comprehension

- 1 Springtime in Europe is when nature comes alive again after the winter. Which words and phrases help to create this atmosphere?
- 2 In what ways are 'insignificantly' and 'unnoticed' key words in the poem? The negative prefix for 'significantly' is 'in', not 'un'. Can you think why the poet chose to use 'un'?
- 3 Write out the poem as correctly punctuated prose. Which version do you prefer, the prose or the poetry? Why?
- 4 What do you think the poet is saying about great ambitions and achievements?

## Who invented flight?

In past centuries, long before the invention of aeroplanes and flying machines, men experimented with designs and ideas which went beyond building bird wings like Daedalus.

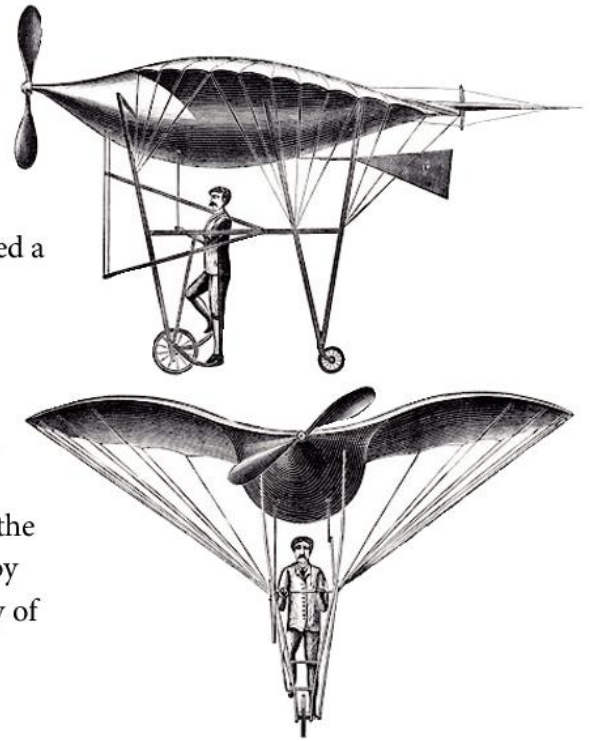
The most famous of these designs are the astounding drawings by the great Italian artist scientist Leonardo da Vinci, who lived between 1452 and 1519. He studied the flight of birds and designed a range of devices including a kind of helicopter, a parachute and a hang-glider. More than four centuries after it was designed, Leonardo da Vinci's hang glider was constructed and flown.

You might have heard of the Wright brothers, but have you heard of Goupil's Sesquiplane built by the French Engineer Alexandre Goupil in 1883? Or *L'Albatros artificiel* (The Artificial Albatross), the glider inspired by the shape of the great bird, the albatross, built by Le-Bris in France in 1856? There were many inventions and many of them actually worked but weren't further developed.

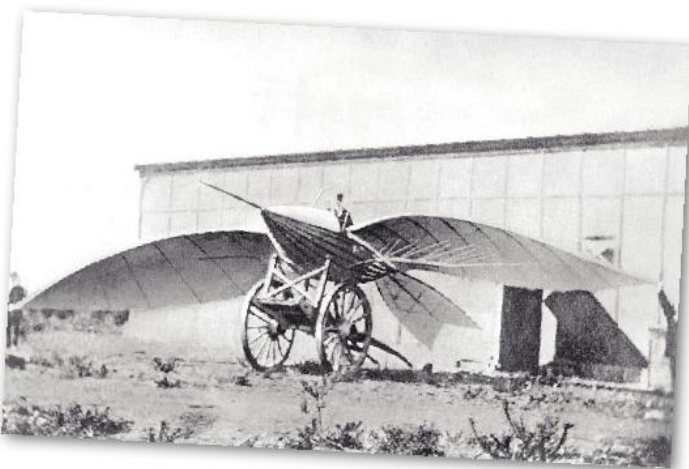
### Researching a presentation

There are accounts of human flight going back thousands of years. Some were more successful than others! It was not until the twentieth century that real advances in flight machines were made.

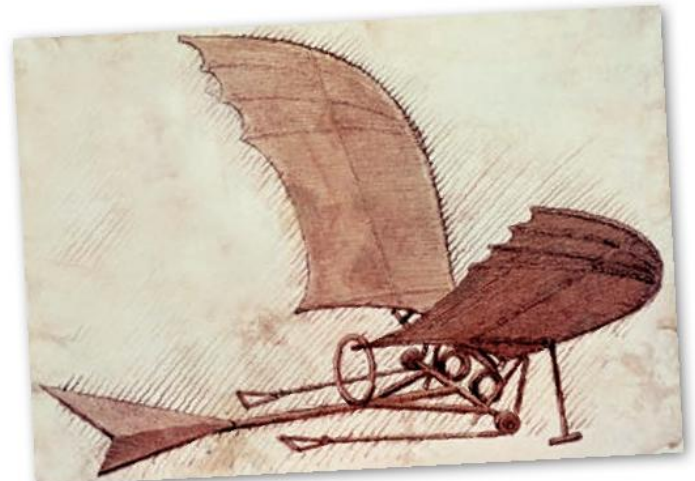
- Prepare a presentation on your chosen flying machine. What inspired the inventor? Did it become the prototype for something that came later?
- Provide visual support in the form of diagrams and photos. Present your research to the group as a powerpoint presentation.



Alexandre Goupil's Sesquiplane 1883



L'albatros artificiel built by Le Bris in 1856



One of Leonardo da Vinci's flying machines

## Poem

The poem was written by Marin Sorescu, one of Romania's most important poets. Romania was ruled by a dictator, Nicolae Ceaușescu (also spelt Ceausescu and Ceaucescu pronounced [chow-ches-koo]), until his death in 1989. Under Ceaușescu people were denied the freedom to live their lives as they wished, and writers were subject to censorship. Marin Sorescu's collection of poems called 'Censored Poems' was not published until after Ceaușescu's death.



### Playing Icarus

I went begging to the birds  
And each of them gave me  
A feather.

5 A high one from the vulture,  
A red one from the bird of paradise,  
A green one from the humming-bird,  
A talking one from the parrot,  
A shy one from the ostrich –  
Oh, what wings I've made for myself.

10 I've attached them to my soul  
And I've started to fly.  
High flight of the vulture,  
Red flight of the bird of paradise,  
Green flight of the humming-bird,  
15 Talking flight of the parrot,  
Shy flight of the ostrich –  
Oh, how I've flown!

MARIN SORESCU



Ruby-throated hummingbird.

## Talking points

- 1 How does the title of the collection of poems, and further information about the experiences of living under a repressive regime, influence the way you interpret this poem?
- 2 Have you ever heard of the saying 'Birds of a feather flock together'? What do you think the feathers of the different birds symbolize?
- 3 What kind of flying is the poet writing about?

Bird of paradise.



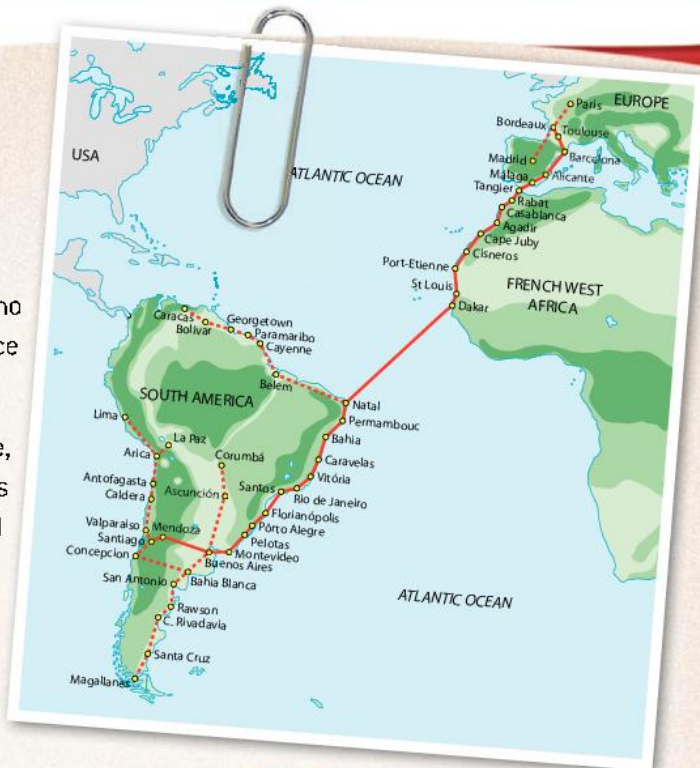
## Fiction

### From *Southern Mail* by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was a French writer and aviator who worked for the French airmail service and later the French air force in the Second World War.

He used his own experience with the French postal service, travelling in Europe, Africa and South America, as the basis for his fictional writing. In these accounts, he describes the exciting and sometimes harrowing experience of the early days of aviation, when aeroplanes had an open cockpit and pilots were exposed to the elements, often flying solo over difficult and dangerous terrain. Before air travel was a common experience, few people had seen what the landscape looked like from the air – not even in films and photographs.

In this short extract from the novel *Southern Mail*, published in 1929, Jacques Bernis, the pilot in the story, starts out by describing his impression of the landscape as he is making the rapid descent into landing.



## Wordpool

- altitude [line 2]
- recumbent [5]
- acceleration [8]
- to steady [11]
- amber [23]
- certitude [27]
- rudimentary [36]
- rudder [50]
- cable [51]



Antoine de Saint Exupéry





## ✎ Flying into Alicante ✎

From up there the earth had looked bare and dead; but as the plane loses altitude, it robes itself in colours. The woods spread out their quilts, the hills and valleys rise and fall in waves, like someone breathing. A mountain over which he  
5 flies swells like some recumbent giant's breast, almost grazing his wing-tip.

Now close, like a torrent under a bridge, the earth begins its mad acceleration. The ordered world becomes a landslide, as houses and villages are torn from the smooth horizon and  
10 swept away behind him. The landing strip of Alicante rises, tilts, then steadies into place. The wheels graze and then grind into it as on a whet-stone.

As Bernis climbs out of the cockpit, his legs feel heavy. For a second he closes his eyes, his head still full of sky and the  
15 roar of his engine, his limbs still quivering from the vibrations of his machine. Then, entering the office, he slowly sits down, pushes aside the ink well and several books, and pulls the flight plan for Plane 612 towards him.

Toulouse–Alicante: 5 hours, 15 minutes flying time.

20 Motor: nothing to report.

Plane: slight tilt to starboard.

He lays down the pen and thinks, 'I'm tired,' as the same vision hovers before his gaze. An amber light falling on a radiant landscape. Meadows and well-ploughed fields. A  
25 village off to the right, to the left a tiny flock of sheep, and covering them all the blue vault of heaven. 'A house,' thinks Bernis. He remembers having felt, with a sudden certitude, that this countryside, this sky, this earth were all built like a mansion. A well-ordered family mansion. Everything so  
30 vertical. No lurking danger, no flaw in the oneness of this vision, in the oneness of a landscape within which he is safely lodged.



### Word origins

*aviator*, from the French word, *aviateur*, means a pilot. Early on, it was used to distinguish a pilot from an aeronaut, i.e., a balloonist.

*starboard* comes from the Old English word *stearbord*, for the 'side on which a vessel was steered', from *stear*- 'rudder, steering paddle' and *bord* 'ship's side'.

*diluvial* is a geological term for a deluge of water. It also has associations with the Great Flood in the Bible.

*sabotage* is from the French word *sabotage*, from *saboter* 'to sabotage or bungle'. It literally means to 'walk noisily', from *sabot* for 'wooden shoe'.



## Flying into a Storm

'Time to leave. Good-bye.' And Bernis takes off again.

35 He plunges into a storm, which batters at the plane like the  
pick-axe of a wrecker. He's been through others, he'll come  
through this one too. Bernis's thoughts are rudimentary,  
thoughts geared to action: how to climb out of this ring of  
mountains into which the whirling down-draughts are  
40 sucking him, how to see through this diluvial night and jump  
the black wall of whipping rain, and come out on to the sea?

A sudden shudder! Has something snapped? Suddenly the  
plane lurches towards the left. Bernis holds it back with one,  
then two hands, and then with every sinew of his body. 'God  
Almighty!' The plane drops earthwards like a weight. Bernis  
45 is done for. One more second and he'll be flung forever from  
that suddenly troubled mansion he was just beginning to  
understand. Fields, forests, villages will spiral up towards  
him. The smoke of appearances, wraiths of smoke, smoke!  
And here's a sheepfold doing somersaults across the sky ...

50 'Phew! A nasty fright! ... 'A kick to the rudder-paddle frees a  
cable. A jammed control? Sabotage? No. Nothing. Nothing  
at all. A simple kick of the heel re-establishes the world. But  
what a close thing!

ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY

### Writing about an early aviator

**W** Research the adventures of an early aviator (these days called a pilot) that you have read about. It could be someone from your country, or someone who particularly fascinates you.

- Use a fictional approach to relive their experience.
- Use all the information you know about your flying hero or heroine, including the kind of plane he or she flew, and where it flew to.



UK

aeroplane  
colour



USA

airplane  
color

### Comprehension

- 1 The writer describes the wheels on the runway as like a 'whet-stone', and his new image of the world as a 'well-ordered' house or mansion. Explain these metaphors.
- 2 Compare the pilot's feelings in the first extract with the second. How do you think these thoughts communicate the 'highs' and 'lows' of flying?
- 3 What technical features and landscape terms, make it possible to compare the plane with a boat?
- 4 What is 'sabotage'? What does Bernis think might have been done?



The American aviator Elinor Smith.

## Extended fiction

From *The Kite Runner* by Khaled Hosseini

The following extract is from *The Kite Runner*, a novel set in Afghanistan in the 1970s. The author, Khaled Hosseini was born in Afghanistan and lived there until 1980 when he and his family were granted asylum in America. He is now a doctor in California.

Amir and Hassan are twelve-year-old boys who love the local kite fighting tournament. The two boys are close friends, but it is Hassan who excels as a kite runner.



Thousands of children in the Gaza Strip prepare to set a new world record for the number of kites flown simultaneously on 30 July 2009.

### ☞ Hassan ☞

It quickly became apparent that Hassan and I were better kite fighters than kite makers. Some flaw or other in our design always ruined them. So Baba started taking us to Saifo's to buy our kites. Saifo was a nearly blind old man who was a *mochi* by profession – a shoe repairman. But he was also the city's most famous kite maker, working out of a tiny hovel on Jedeh Maywand, the crowded street south of the muddy banks of the Kabul River. I remember you had to crouch to enter the tiny store, and then had to lift a trapdoor to creep down a set of wooden steps to the dank basement where Saifo stored his coveted kites. Baba would buy us each three identical kites and spools of glass string.

The kite fighting tournament was an old winter tradition in Afghanistan. It started early in the morning on the day of the contest and didn't end until only the winning kite flew in the sky. People gathered on sidewalks and roofs to cheer for their kids. The streets filled with kite fighters, jerking and tugging on their lines, squinting up to the sky, trying to gain position to cut the opponent's line. Every kite fighter had an assistant – in my case, Hassan – who held the spool and fed the line.

The rules were simple: No rules. Fly your kite. Cut the opponents. Good Luck. Except that wasn't all. The real fun began when a kite was cut. That was where the kite runners came in, those kids who chased the wind-blown kite drifting

#### GLOSSARY

The 'people in Spain ...who ran from bulls' is a reference to the annual tradition in Pamplona in Spain when bulls are let loose in the streets to chase the crowds. People are frequently badly hurt and sometimes killed.

#### Wordpool

hovel [line 7]  
 dank [10]  
 coveted [11]  
 spool [20]  
 horde [28]  
 trophy [38]  
 to uncoil [43]  
 overcast [50]  
 ragged [55]  
 to plummet [90]

through their neighbourhoods until it came spiralling down in a field, dropping in someone's yard, on a tree, or a rooftop. The chase got pretty fierce; hordes of kite runners swarmed the streets, shoved past each other like those people in Spain I'd read about once who ran from bulls. One year a neighbourhood kid climbed a pine tree for a kite. A branch snapped under his weight and he fell thirty feet. He broke his back and never walked again. But he fell with the kite in his hands. And when a kite runner had his hands on a kite, no one could take it from him. That wasn't a rule. That was a custom.

For kite runners, the most coveted prize was the last fallen kite of a winter tournament. It was a trophy of honour, something to be displayed for guests to admire. When the sky cleared of kites and only the final two remained, every kite runner got ready for the chance to land this prize. He positioned himself at a spot that he thought would give him a head start. Tense muscles ready to uncoil. Necks craned. Eyes crinkled. Fights broke out. And when the last kite was cut, all hell broke loose.

Over the years I had seen a lot of kids run kites. But Hassan was by far the greatest runner I'd ever seen. It was downright eerie the way he always got to the spot the kite would land before the kite did, as if he had some sort of inner compass. I remember one overcast winter day, Hassan and I were running a kite. I was chasing him through neighbourhoods, hopping gutters, weaving through narrow streets. I was a year older than him, but Hassan ran faster than I did, and I was falling behind.

'Hassan! Wait!' I yelled, my breathing hot and ragged.

He whirled round, motioned with his hand. 'This way!' he called before dashing around another corner. I looked up, saw that the direction in which we were running was opposite to the one in which the kite was drifting.

'We're losing it! We're going the wrong way!' I cried out.

'Trust me!' I heard him call up ahead.

### Looking closely

- 1 Which words and phrases tell you about the pride associated with kite fighting and kite running?
- 2 How do the words in lines 43–44 convey the tension felt by the runners?
- 3 What type of movement do the verbs 'to stagger' and 'to plummet' describe? Look for other verbs that describe physical movement in the text.



I reached the corner and saw Hassan bolting along, his head down, not even looking at the sky, sweat soaking through the back of his shirt. I tripped over a rock and fell – I wasn't  
65 just slower than Hassan but clumsier, too; I'd always envied his natural athleticism. When I staggered to my feet, I caught a glimpse of Hassan disappearing around another street corner. I hobbled after him, in pain because of my scraped knees.

70 I saw we had ended up on a rutted dirt road near Isteqlal Middle School. There was a field on one side where lettuce grew in the summer, and a row of sour cherry trees on the other. I found Hassan sitting cross-legged at the foot of one of the trees, eating from a fistful of dried mulberries.

75 'What are we doing here?' I panted, feeling sick in the stomach.

He smiled. 'Sit with me, Amir.'

I dropped next to him, lay on a thin patch of snow, wheezing. 'You're wasting our time. It was going the other  
80 way, didn't you see?'

Hassan popped a mulberry in his mouth. 'It's coming,' he said. I could hardly breathe and he didn't even seem tired.

'How do you know?' I said.

'I know.'

85 'How can you *know*?'

He turned to me. A few sweat beads rolled from his bald scalp. 'Would I ever lie to you, Amir?' he said, and then suddenly pointing to the sky, 'Here it comes!' He rose to his feet and walked a few paces to his left. I looked up, saw the  
90 kite plummeting towards us. I heard footfalls, shouts, an approaching crowd of kite runners. But they were wasting their time. Because Hassan stood with his arms wide open, smiling, waiting for the kite. And may God strike me blind if the kite didn't just drop into his outstretched arms.

KHIALED HOSSEINI



### Comprehension

- 1 Why did Amir's father take the boys to the kite store?
- 2 How long did the kite tournaments last?
- 3 What was ultimate trophy for a kite runner?
- 4 Compare the physical abilities of Hassan and Amir.
- 5 How does this story convey Amir's respect and admiration for his friend Hassan? What does it reveal about the differences between them?

# 8

## The Weather

How does the weather affect our way of life?

### In this unit you will:

#### Experience

- the United Kingdom
- Mongolia
- United States
- Bohemia
- Turkey

#### Read

- fiction
- travel writing
- a poem
- an historical account

#### Create

- journals
- a poem
- research weather phenomena

And now the rain! In sudden squalls  
It sweeps the street, and equally sudden  
Are the naked boys paddling in the ditches.  
Alive, alive, everything is alive again.  
Savour the rain's coolness on lips and eyes.  
From 'Arrival of the Monsoon' by Taufiq Rafat, Pakistan



The seasonal weather patterns of countries differ across the globe and have many different effects on the people living there. For example, in parts of Asia people suffer sweltering heat and long for the monsoon rains to arrive. The poet in the opening quotation describes how life is renewed when the rains finally arrive.

### Talking points

- 1 How many different kinds of weather can you think of which are (a) beneficial and (b) harmful to people?
- 2 What do you like and dislike about the weather where you are living?

Join now: [https://t.me/igcse\\_files](https://t.me/igcse_files)

## What is extreme weather?

It seems that freak, or extreme weather is on the increase. In February 2009, London experienced the biggest snowfall in 18 years bringing the city's transport network to a standstill. In September, a huge outback dust storm swept eastern Australia turning Sydney into a brilliant orange haze, while many other parts of the state experienced rain, hail and snow. In October, the Philippines, recovering from devastating floods and landslides, narrowly missed a third typhoon that swept through South-east Asia.

Weather is perhaps never entirely predictable as the writer Mark Twain suggested in a pretend weather report of a typical New England day in 1876:

'Probably nor'east to sou'west winds, varying to the southard and westward and eastward, and points between: high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning.'



## Classic fiction

### From the *Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot

Flash floods are usually associated with mountainous areas of the world, but they can occur in places where the climate is temperate, such as England. The following extract comes from a classic work of English fiction published in 1860, *The Mill on the Floss*. It was written by George Eliot, the pseudonym for Mary Anne Evans. (Many female writers in the nineteenth century published under male names).

Maggie is a young woman whose family home is at Dorlcote Mill on the River Floss. As a child she and her younger brother Tom had been extremely close, but just before the time of this extract they had quarrelled. When the River Floss floods, she takes a rowing boat across the flooded fields to try to get to the Mill where she knows her brother and mother are stranded. She is very anxious about them.



### ∞ The Flood ∞

‘O God, where am I? Which is the way?’ Maggie cried out, in the lonely darkness.

What was happening to them at the Mill? The flood had once nearly destroyed it before. They will be in danger: her mother and her brother, alone there, beyond reach of help!  
5 And she imagined the long-loved faces of Tom and her mother looking for help in the darkness – and finding none. She was floating in smooth water now – perhaps far on the flooded fields, straining her eyes against the curtain of gloom  
10 that she might catch the first sight of the Mill.

Oh, how welcome was the gradual uplifting of the clouds as objects slowly defined themselves out of the blackness! Yes, she must be out on the fields – those were the tops of hedgerow trees. She knew now that the river lay before her.  
15 She seized an oar and began to paddle the boat forward with the energy of hope. Dawn advanced more swiftly: she could soon see the poor cattle crowding on a mound where they had taken refuge. Onward she rowed, driven by the determination to save her brother and mother, her wet

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words, taken from the extract.

to strain [line 9]

gradual [11]

uplifting [11]

hedgerow [14]

vigour [69]

desolation [76]

clarity [77]

ravages [94]

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words you come across.

20 clothes clinging round her, and her streaming hair dashed about by the wind. Maggie was filled also with the strong love towards her brother that swept away all the recent quarrels and misunderstandings, and left only the deep, unshakeable childhood love.

25 'Tom! I'm coming – we will never be separated again!' she cried out to the shapes of the trees.

Now she recognized a large dark mass in the distance. Ah, now she knew which way to look for the first glimpse of the well-known trees and above them the old roof of the mill.

30 She must get her boat into the current of the river, but if she flowed into it, then she might be carried too far down, and be unable to guide her boat out of the current again. Visions of danger began to press upon her, but there was no choice and she floated into the current. Swiftly she went now,  
35 without effort; she began to make out the objects that she knew more and more clearly in the growing light. These must be the well-known trees and roofs; she was now not far off a rushing muddy current that must be the strangely altered part of the usually gentle river on which the old mill  
40 stood. Great God! There were dark objects in it, which might dash against her boat as she passed, and drown her. What were those masses? Maggie's heart began to beat in an agony of dread. Now she must use all her skill to manage the boat and get out of the current.

45 She could see now that the bridge was broken. Colour was beginning to awake now, and as she approached the fields, she could see the trees, but oh, how deep they lay in the water! And where was the roof of the mill? But the house stood firm, drowned up to the first storey, but still firm – or  
50 was it broken in at the end towards the mill? With joy that overcame all distress, Maggie neared the front of the house. At first she heard no sound and saw no object moving. Her boat was on a level with the up-stairs window. She called out in a loud, piercing voice.

55 'Tom, where are you? Mother, where are you? It's Maggie!'

Soon, from the window of the attic she heard Tom's voice.

## GLOSSARY

**Wharves** (the plural of *wharf*) are wooden structures built along the river bank to enable boats to moor, load and unload.

‘Who is it? Have you brought a boat?’

‘Tom, it’s Maggie! Where is Mother?’

60 ‘She is not here: she’s safe with our aunts. I’ll come down to the lower window.’

‘Are you all alone, Maggie?’ said Tom, in a voice of deep astonishment, as he opened the window on a level with the boat.

65 ‘Yes, Tom: God has taken care of me, to bring me to you. Get in quickly.’

‘Give me the oar, Magsic,’ said Tom, using the old childhood name as he climbed into the boat.

70 Maggie could make no answer, feeling only a great happiness. Tom rowed with more vigour than poor Maggie. The boat was soon in the current again, and soon they would be at the village.

75 Nothing else was said when suddenly a new danger was being carried towards them by the river. Some wooden machinery had just given way on one of the wharves, and huge pieces were being floated along. The sun was rising now, and the wide area of desolation was spread out in dreadful clarity around them – and in dreadful clarity floated onwards the threatening masses.

80 A large company in a passing boat observed their danger, and shouted, ‘Get out of the current!’

But that could not be done at once, and Tom, looking before him as huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one wide mass across the stream.

85 ‘It is coming, Maggie!’ Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars, and clasping her.

The next instant the boat was no longer visible.

But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.

### Looking closely

- 1 How does the writer’s use of punctuation – the question mark, the exclamation mark and the dash – help to convey Maggie’s emotions? (paragraph 1)
- 2 Why did Maggie have to row hard at the beginning but, by paragraph 3, travel ‘swiftly’ and ‘without effort’?
- 3 What does the word ‘unshakeable’ tell you about Maggie’s feelings for her brother?
- 4 Describe the range of Maggie’s emotions in paragraph 4. What has become apparent, that turns Maggie into ‘an agony of dread’?
- 5 How can you tell that Tom has forgotten his quarrel with Maggie?

The boat reappeared, but brother and sister had gone down  
 90 in an embrace never to be parted, living through again in one  
 supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little  
 hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together.

#### EPILOGUE:

Nature repairs her ravages – repairs them with her sunshine,  
 95 and with human labour. The desolation wrought by that  
 flood had left little visible trace on the face of the earth, five  
 years after. The fifth autumn was rich in golden cornstacks,  
 rising in thick clusters among the distant hedgerows. The  
 wharves and warehouses on the Floss were busy again, with  
 100 echoes of eager voices.

But all is not as before. The uptorn trees are not rooted  
 again, and the parted hills are left scarred. If there is a new  
 growth, the trees are not the same as the old, and the hills  
 underneath their green verdure bear scars. To the eyes that  
 105 have dwelt on the past, there is no thorough repair.

GEORGE ELIOT

### Toolkit

#### Conjunctions

Often people are told that it is wrong to start a sentence with a conjunction like 'and' or 'but'. However, many sentences start with conjunctions. Writers like to use them to create a particular effect. There are several instances of this in *The Flood*, including:

*But soon the keel of the boat reappeared, a black speck on the golden water.*

Find the other examples in *The Flood* and explain what effect the author has created in each case. **W**

### Comprehension

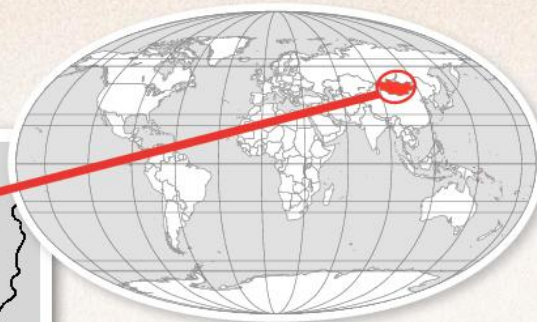
- 1 At what point in the extract does the full extent of the flood damage become apparent?
- 2 How is Maggie's cry in paragraph 4 a forewarning of what is about to happen?
- 3 What do the 'dark objects' and the 'fatal fellowship' of the huge fragments mean to Maggie and Tom?
- 4 What does the image of 'roamed daisied fields together' symbolize? In what way is this a positive ending to the tragedy? (line 92)
- 5 What ravages are repaired, and what scars remain at the end of the dramatic conclusion to the novel?

### Journal

What is the most extreme weather you have experienced? Describe how you felt and whether you were in danger.

## Travel writing

From *Letters from Tsengel, Mongolia 1998*



Map showing the Altai Mountains in Mongolia.

After spending two years working in Ulaanbaatar, the capital of Mongolia, Louisa Waugh moved into a remote village in the Altai Mountains in the far north-west of the country on its border with Siberia in Russia. She spent a year in the remote community of Tsengel from where she sent monthly newsletters to a British journal. Here she describes a winter morning in 1998.



### ∞ A Frozen World ∞

I wake up and my world has frozen. Everything, and I mean everything – my water, tomato paste, soap – is encased in thick, milky ice. I light a candle, stand up in my sleeping bag and pull on another layer of clothing. Shivering, I take a knife to the water bucket and hack at the ice until bubbles rise to the surface. Lighting my small stove is difficult because the wood, which was damp, is now frozen. By the time my smoky fire is finally crackling and heating the water and ice in the kettle, the outside temperature has risen to -25°C. I've never been so cold in my life. I know the mountains surrounding my village will be covered in fresh snow but I can't see anything because my window is coated with thick ice. On this dark, freezing winter morning, venturing to the communal outside toilet is quite an endurance test. But, after two cups of steaming black coffee I

### Wordpool

- communal [line 14]
- endurance [15]
- concealed [21]
- herder [29]
- settlement [29]
- ricochet [44]
- livestock [54]



am wrapped up and off to work, just as the sky is gradually brightening.

My school is a ten-minute walk alongside the Hovd river which flows through the village. The river has now frozen so solid that horses are being ridden and cars driven over it. Everything but my eyes is concealed from the freezing air and my gloved fingers are pushed down into my pockets.

‘Off to work, Louisa?’ calls my neighbour, Sansar-Huu. ‘Don’t worry, it’s quite warm today – just wait till it gets really cold!’

Our school has no electricity or running water, but each small classroom is heated by a wood-burning stove. This morning we all wear our coats during lessons. Wind-burned children from herders’ settlements outside the village board at the school twelve to a dormitory. Their parents pay the fees in meat and wood. At break we jostle to be near the staff-room stove and my colleagues pull their fur hats back on.

‘You sit by the fire, Louisa – you must be freezing,’ offers Gansukh, my fellow English teacher.

After our classes, Gansukh and I cross the street to the post office, which is crowded, as the weekly post has arrived. Clutching two letters, I walk home with Gansukh and a couple of our students, passing herders trading camel, sheep, goat and wolf skins. We stop *en route* for bowls of tea at a friend’s house.

At home, I need more water. I lift the creaking lid of the well opposite our yard, but the water is frozen so hard that I can hear the rocks I fling down the shaft ricochet off the ice. Taking the axe, I set out for the nearby river to make my own well.

That afternoon it snows heavily as Sansar-Huu and I saw logs in the yard. ‘How long will it be this cold?’ I ask him as I stand panting, my face flushed and numb.

‘Oh, it gets as low as  $-48^{\circ}\text{C}$  degrees here,’ he tells me, grinning. ‘But we need this snowy winter. Even by October

## GLOSSARY

**$-25^{\circ}\text{C}$**  is minus 25 degrees Centigrade, or Celsius. This is equivalent to  $-13^{\circ}\text{F}$  (minus 13 degrees Fahrenheit).

**$-48^{\circ}\text{C}$**  is  $-54^{\circ}\text{F}$ .

**en route** is a French expression used in English. It means ‘on the way’.

it's really too cold to live in a felt *ger* here – so the herders in the mountains move up into their winter log cabins. Their livestock live on hay and the herders melt snow for all their water. They slaughter sheep and cows for food at the start of winter, when the animals are still fat, and the ice preserves the meat till the end of spring.'

'So, if the snow comes late, like it did this year, what then?' I ask.

'That's when the steppe gets overgrazed, which means spring will be very tough. Remember those trucks loaded up with ice driving way into the mountains?' I nod. 'The ice was for herders who didn't have enough snow and weren't near the rivers.'

Sansar-Huu pauses to wave and call greetings to a local who trots past, his horse crusted in frozen sweat. I look around me at the snowscape – silent mountains on all four sides, pack camels weighed down with flour and hay, children skating on the river – and the deep snow. I pick up the axe and raise it to my shoulder just as Sansar-Huu turns back to me. 'The herders are fine now,' he says. 'The snow is here for the winter.'

LOUISA WAUGH

#### GLOSSARY

**The steppe** is the expanse of treeless grassland in Mongolia and Russia. The grass is short and sparse.

A **ger** (or 'yurt') is a Mongolian house made of leather and felt (wool or animal hair) stretched over a wooden framework and secured with horsehair ropes. Inside the walls are hung with rugs and there is a stove with an external chimney. A ger is built to withstand the strongest winds and most extreme temperatures.



### Looking closely

- 1 How does using the verb phrase 'to venture out' rather than 'to go out' add to what the writer is saying?
- 2 Which words tell you that the herders probably do not use money?
- 3 Which words and phrases tell you that the writer gets on well with others in the community?

### Comprehension

- 1 Describe some difficulties of the writer's morning routine.
- 2 What have you learned about the herders' way of life?
- 3 Why did trucks take ice up to the herders?
- 4 How will the axe help the writer to make her 'own well'?
- 5 How do you think the writer feels about her life in Mongolia?

### Toolkit

#### Use of the dash –

Find three examples of the dash in *The Frozen World*. Explain how each dash adds meaning and why the author might have chose to use it.

Distinguish between a dash that functions as an additional point at the end of a sentence, and one that contains an expansion of the idea or point being made, placed in the middle of the sentence. **W**

### Writing a newsletter

**W** A newsletter is different from a private letter, as it is addressed to a more general reader, rather than one person. It might be distributed through a news group, an online service, or circulated more informally among friends or work colleagues. A letter is usually more informal than an essay or an article.

Write your own newsletter on your experience of living somewhere that has an extreme climate or an unusual lifestyle.

- Write about the effects of the weather on your everyday life, as the writer did in her newsletter.
- Include plenty of interesting details and descriptive vocabulary.
- A newsletter does not require a letter layout.

## How do we describe the weather?

Many people throughout the centuries have come up with intriguing explanations and descriptions for unusual weather conditions. Have you ever gazed in wonder at the observable phenomena of the sky, and the effects of precipitation (rain, snow, dew etc.)?

Have you ever seen an aurora, or a fog so dense that you could get lost in it?

### Poem

In the very short poem 'Fog', the American poet Carl Sandburg personifies the fog. This means that he describes the fog as a living creature.

#### ☞ Fog ☞

The fog comes  
On little cat feet

It sits looking  
Over harbor and city

5 On silent haunches  
And then moves on.

CARL SANDBURG

### Writing about phenomena

Now it's your turn! Write your own poem or a description in which you compare an observable natural phenomenon with a living creature. This could be a person or an animal.

- Think about your personification and how you can sustain it. This means you extend your idea as Carl Sandburg did. His fog had 'little cat feet' and 'haunches' and moved like a cat.
- Make a list of your points of comparison before you start.
- Make each word and phrase contribute to the general idea. Make it short, but powerful!

### Word origins

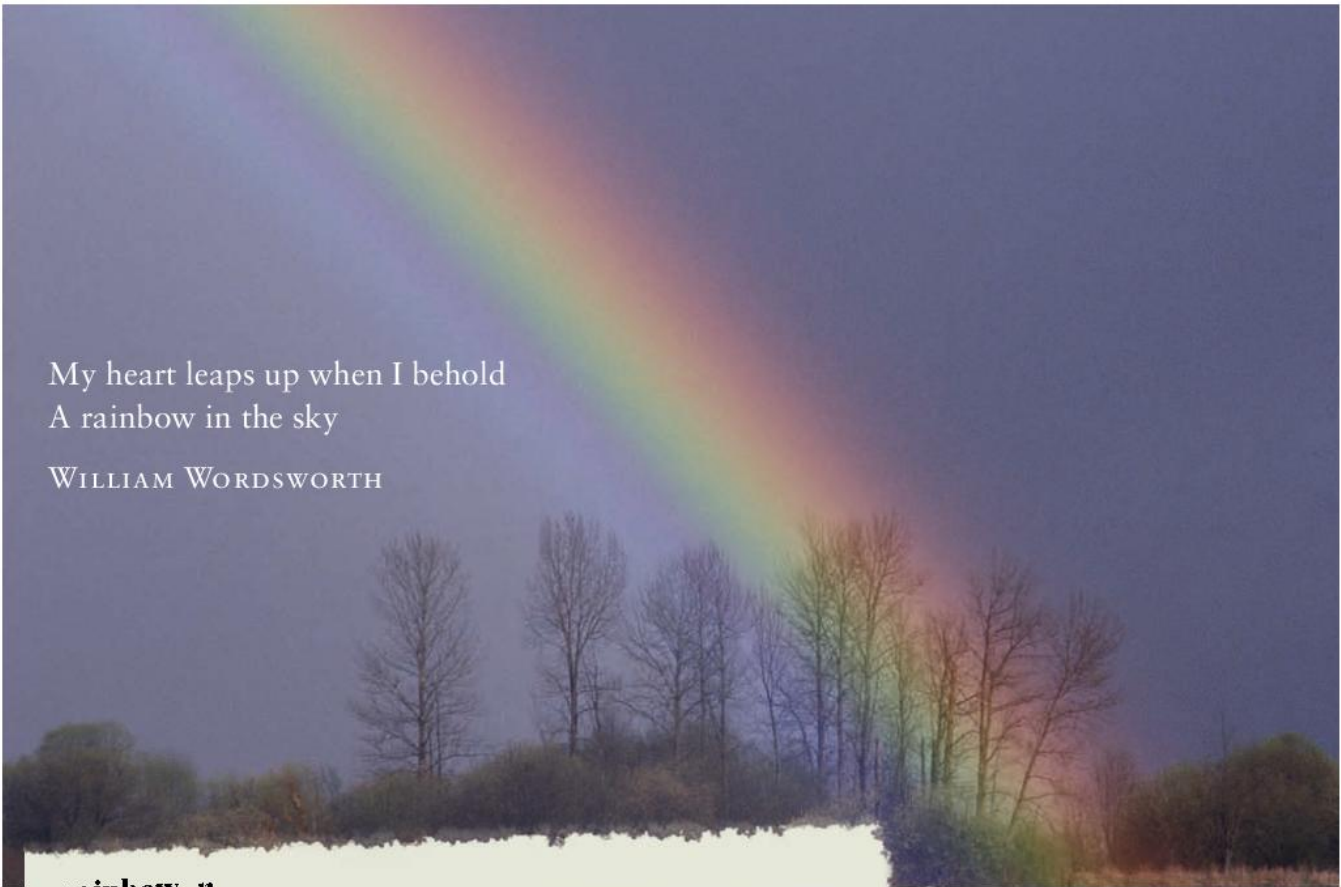
*phenomenon* (plural *phenomena*) is from the ancient Greek word *phainomenon* and means 'that which appears or is seen'.

*Precipitation*, from the Latin word *praecipitationem* means the act of falling or descending. These days it is most often used to describe the rain, snow, dew, etc. that comes down from the sky.

### Toolkit

An extended metaphor is a metaphor that compares how something is similar to something else in lots of ways.

The poem 'Fog' is an extended metaphor. What are all the ways fog is compared to a cat?



My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

### **rainbow, *n.***

**1. a.** An arc of spectral colors, usually identified as red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, that appears in the sky opposite the sun as a result of the refractive dispersion of sunlight in drops of rain or mist.

## Writing a description

**W** Think of a phenomenon to do with the atmosphere. It could be a type of storm, a rainbow or other halo effect, or some unusual cloud formation that you have seen.

- Find examples of poetic description.
- Research a scientific explanation.
- Describe the phenomenon in your own words, as you experienced it.

Make use of all the information available to you to inform your personal account.

## An historical account

The following account of the northern lights was written in Bohemia in 1570. Bohemia is in Central Europe, and is now part of the Czech Republic. When this account was written, people didn't understand that auroras (polar lights) were a natural phenomenon, caused by magnetic storms in the Earth's upper atmosphere.

What does this account reveal about the fears and beliefs of those who observed the astonishing effects?.

### Talking points

When did you last experience some unusual and dramatic effects of the weather? How did it affect you?

### *An Uncommon Omen*

*An uncommon omen was observed among the clouds over Bohemia on the 12th January, 1570. It lasted four hours. First, a black cloud like a great mountain appeared where several stars had been shining. Above the cloud there was a bright strip of light as of burning sulphur and in the shape of a ship. From this arose many burning torches, almost like candles, and between these, two great pillars, one to the east and one to the north. Fire coursed down the pillars like drops of blood, and the town was illuminated as if it were on fire. The watchmen sounded the alarm and woke the inhabitants so they could witness this miraculous sign from God. All were dismayed and said that never within the memory of man had they seen or heard tell of such a sinister sight.*



Two views of the aurora borealis (northern lights).

## Extension reading

From *Against the Storm* by Gaye Hiçyılmaz

The following extract comes from a story set in Turkey. Mehmet has moved with his family from the country to the city of Ankara in search of a better life. But life is hard for the family who have to live in a shanty town outside the city. Mehmet makes a friend called Muhlis, and they are occasionally employed by Zekiye Hanım to work in her garden. They go to her house by cart pulled by Yildiz, Muhlis's horse. On this occasion, the weather has been getting increasingly hot, and a storm is threatening.



Mehmet lived in a shanty town like this one.

### ☞ The storm ☜

It was hotter still. Mehmet's mother had nailed sheets over most of the empty windows but it was impossible to keep the house cool. By day they were plagued with flies. They settled on your food as you raised the spoon to your mouth and  
 5 they crawled along your eyelids and round your nose. With the coming of darkness, the mosquitoes rose up in great, humming clouds. Even when you thought you had covered yourself completely with a sheet, the high whine of yet another disturbed your sleep. The children scratched and  
 10 scratched until they bled. Tonight it was extra bad. The older people said that there was a storm coming: flies always came

#### GLOSSARY

**Hanım**, as in Zekiye Hanım, means 'Mrs' or 'Miss'.

**Yıldız**, the name of the horse, means 'star'.

**Korsan** is the name of the Mehmet's dog.

#### Wordpool

to be plagued with [line 3]

scythe [17]

oppressive [19]

flurry [19]

cone [62]

crimson [114]

veined [124]

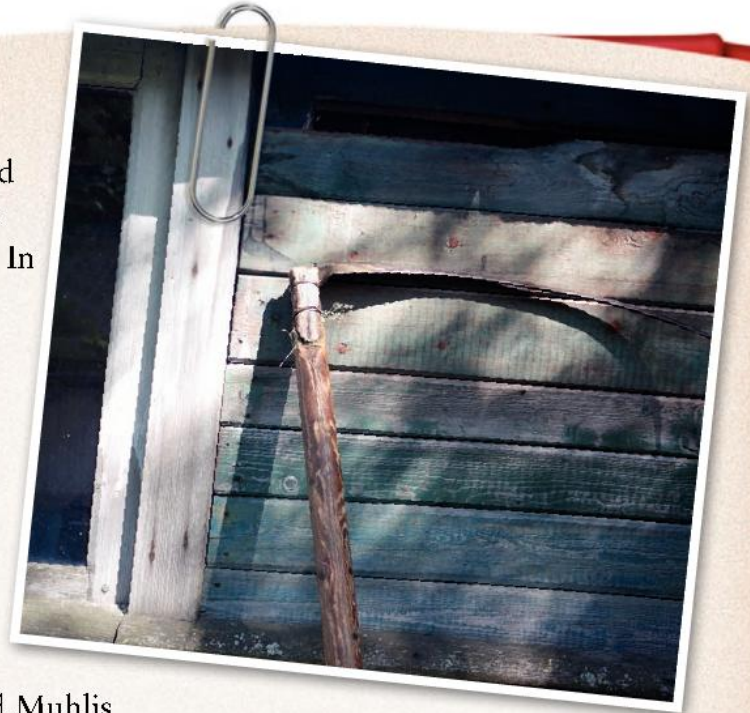
indoors before a storm. Once Mehmet awoke and he sat with his grandfather and they watched the lightning forking in the distance, but no rain fell. In  
15 the morning he was to go to Zekiye Hanim's house, so Mehmet was glad to get up early. He sharpened the scythe, and then hurried out on hearing the clink of Yildiz's hooves. It was oppressively hot. A sudden flurry blew the dust  
20 up into their faces. The wind was warm and the grit grated between their teeth. They urged Yildiz, on, eager to reach the cooling green of the walled garden.

They set to work, Mehmet scything the grass and Muhlis  
25 weeding between the rose bushes. It was too hot to talk and the garden was quieter than they had ever known it. Not a leaf stirred. The cut grass shrivelled as soon as it fell. Zekiye Hanim, who liked to talk and help a little, sat on the balcony and fanned herself and looked out to the distant mountains.  
30 She said that a storm must come. At lunch-time they knocked on the door and fetched their tray of bread, olives and fruit and searched for the shade. Today the shadows were warm. They soaked their heads and shirts with water from the hose, trying to refresh themselves, but their clothes felt heavy and  
35 chill instead. After lunch they raked the grass into a pile and then they began sweeping and washing the paths and steps. Suddenly Zekiye Hanim banged on the window and shook her head, as if she did not want them to continue working. She pointed repeatedly to something in the distance and  
40 when they did not understand she came back on to the balcony.

'Your work will be wasted. Look over there: don't you see the storm coming?'

'I don't see any clouds,' said Mehmet, 'really I don't. Let us  
45 tidy up for you.'

'Some storms come without clouds. If you know the signs you can tell. Look!'



A scythe leaning up against a woodshed.



'I can't see anything,' said Mehmet. 'It looks to me like the sun is shining on the mountains.'

50 'Look more carefully.'

'I can see a brightness and the mountains have a dark line around them.' Then he shivered: a sharp, twirling wind went over the garden and up the street. They heard windows bang and the scratch of dry papers blown along the base of the wall. He shivered again and Korsan ran up to him with his tail between his legs and whined.

'Now,' insisted Zekiye Hanım, 'look again. I've known it was coming for a long time, though I hoped that it would not.'

'Do you see that?' called Muhlis. The light behind the mountains – a strange greenish-yellow light – became brighter and there, far beyond the other side of the great city were three cones of darkness, which looked as though a giant hand had scribbled them in the sky. As they watched, the cones grew in size.

65 'Is it smoke?' Mehmet wondered if something very big was burning.

'No, it's the wind ...'

'But you can't see the wind ...'

'It's the dirt and dust caught up in the wind. In about half an hour it will be here. It'll be a very strong wind.'

'Strong enough to blow things down?' Mehmet thought anxiously of his family in that half-finished building. Another gust rustled the leaves in the garden.

'It'll be strong enough to blow a few roofs off. Now, do you still want to help me?'

75 They nodded. 'Then take your shoes off and come indoors quickly and help me fasten down all the shutters and windows before that wind reaches us.' They dropped their tools hastily and entered the house for the first time.

80 Mehmet had seen a few films on neighbours' televisions and so he knew that people in foreign lands lived like this with bathrooms and polished wooden floors and bedrooms where children slept all alone, except for hundreds of toys. He had never thought that just one hour's walk away from where he  
85 lived there could be houses like this. In the village there had been richer and poorer families too, but they had all lived in much the same way. Now he had stepped into a different world. He saw a whole shelf of different coloured towels in the bathroom and a row of dresses hanging up in a  
90 cupboard: a whole row, like you could see in a shop. Everywhere there were objects, pictures, curtains, rugs — things that were just there because they looked pretty.

The sky was darkening rapidly and it was not with the coming of evening. The yellow light was deepening and the  
95 brightness fading. They quickly started untying the cushions from the white chairs, and began to pack away the furniture on the balcony. Another strong gust thrust against the balcony doors as they tried to shut them. From somewhere up the street they heard glass breaking. Outside, the roses  
100 glowed very clearly in the lightless garden.

'You had better get that grass into the sacks before the wind really comes,' she reminded them and they ran barefoot into the garden. They saw papers swept high up and spinning around in the air, high above the trees. The heap of grass  
105 lifted and began to fan upwards. Muhlis leapt forward with his arms outstretched to try and save it. He seemed to stumble. He did not cry out. They heard a gasping sound as though the wind had torn his words from him. Then he curled up on the ground with his hands around his foot. He  
110 had trodden heavily on to the curved blade of the scythe that Mehmet had hastily flung down amongst the grass cuttings. There was blood everywhere. Mehmet tried to make him take his hand away and then the wound opened like a crimson mouth. Mehmet was frightened of the blood: if he  
115 could wash it away, perhaps the cut was not so bad. He grabbed the hose and directed the jet of cold, clear water on to Muhlis's foot. It kept on bleeding. Muhlis lay very still with his face the colour of dust and his other hand pressed to

his mouth. The old lady begged them to go to a hospital. She  
120 would pay, she pleaded, but Muhlis refused. He crawled on  
to the marble steps while the wind rose higher and higher.  
Mehmet, with a shaking hand, poured iodine into the cut  
and Muhlis lay back with his cheek on the white and gold  
veined marble. Zekiye Hanim knelt down and bandaged the  
125 wound herself and Mehmet saw that she was crying. The  
blood soaked through the bandage and she begged them  
again to let her go for help but Muhlis refused and leaning  
on Mehmet, dragged himself down the steps and on to the  
cart.

130 'It was my fault,' said Mehmet, picking up the reins. He had  
thrown down the scythe: everybody knows that you should  
stand a scythe up. Then at least you can see the blade before  
it cuts you. He remembered that the scythe was still there,  
lying like a scorpion in the grass. He jumped down and  
135 pulled it clear and hung it up on a branch so that the blade  
swung to and fro amongst the rose blooms. Well, it could  
just stay there, it and the other tools; they could stay there  
and perhaps the coming rain would wash their blades clean.

'It wasn't your fault,' Muhlis muttered as Mehmet climbed  
140 back on to the cart. 'Things happen like that.'

GAYE HIÇYILMAZ

### Comprehension

- 1 What signs are there of the approaching storm?
- 2 What details tell you that it was very hot?
- 3 What are Mehmet's reactions to the interior of Zekiye Hanim's house?
- 4 How do the similes 'like a crimson mouth' (line 114) and 'like a scorpion in the grass' (line 134) add to your understanding of the scene?
- 5 Explain how the accident happened.

## Oh Samarkand! Where is Samarkand?

### In this unit you will:

#### Experience

- Samarkand
- London
- Paris
- Istanbul
- Venice
- Delhi

#### Read

- a poem
- fiction
- autobiography
- non-fiction

#### Create

- data analysis
- historical analysis
- a description
- an opening scene
- journal entries

Look 'round thee now on Samarcand! –  
**Is she not queen of Earth? her pride**  
Above all cities? in her hand  
Their destinies?

From 'Tamerlane' by Edgar Allan Poe, 1827

Do you know where Samarkand is? One of the oldest cities in the world, it was once part of Persia and is now in Uzbekistan. In its heyday, up to the fourteenth century, when it was ruled by Tamerlane, it was a major city on the old Silk Road – the trade route between China and Western Europe – going all the way to the Mediterranean Sea.

Why do you think writers continue to imagine the delights of Samarkand? What does it represent in people's imagination?

## What are the Top Ten cities?

Which do you think are the ten biggest cities in the world at the present time in terms of population? Make a list of them. If you had made your Top Ten list in 1950, probably around the time when your grandparents were children, do you think your list would have been the same? Can you think of any ways in which your 1950 list would be different? What do you think are the reasons for the changes? When you have finished your discussion, compare your Top Tens with the ones on page 151.

## What's so special about towns and cities?

Poets and writers often dwell on the lost cities and empires of the ancient world. Sometimes these exotic places are bigger in the imagination than they could ever have been in reality.

In 'Town', the English writer Holbrook Jackson is making a general point rather than writing about a specific town, city, race or nation. Below is an extract from his poem, first published in 1913.

### ∞ Town ∞

I write of Town, not of this town or that town,  
 not of London or Paris, neither of Venice nor  
 Oxford, nor Florence, nor Bath, nor Bruges, nor  
 Rome; nor yet write I of Bagdad or Babylon,  
 Damascus or Samarkand: good towns all, but  
 5 I write not of them. I write of Town. I celebrate  
 all of these master cities domed or towered or  
 turreted, roofed in red or grey or purple, walled  
 or free, filled with trees or threaded by river  
 or canal, piercing heaven with spire or  
 10 striking it with minaret, it is all of these in the  
 final expression of man's creativeness – Town.

HOLBROOK JACKSON

### Talking points

- 1 What is your idea of an ideal town or city?
- 2 What would be the opposite?
- 3 Do you know of any cities that followed a 'master plan'?

A nineteenth-century view of Florence by the English artist John Brett.

## Why do more people live in cities today?

A recent report by the United Nations established that for the first time in history more people live in cities than in small towns and communities. This has important consequences for all aspects of our lives, from the way we produce our food to the quality of the air we breathe and the kind of work we do.

- Do you recognize any of these cities? What features or landmarks helped you to identify each one?



# Why do populations in cities continue to increase?

10 largest cities today	
1	Tokyo, Japan 28,025,000 people
2	Mexico City, Mexico 18,131,000
3	Mumbai, India 18,042,000
4	São Paulo, Brazil 17,711,000
5	New York City, USA 16,626,000
6	Shanghai, China 14,173,000
7	Lagos, Nigeria 13,488,000
8	Los Angeles, USA 13,129,000
9	Calcutta, India 12,900,000
10	Buenos Aires, Argentina 12,431,000

10 largest cities in 1500	
1	Beijing, China 672,000
2	Vijayanagar, India 500,000
3	Cairo, Egypt 400,000
4	Hangzhou, China 250,000
5	Tabriz, Iran 250,000
6	Constantinople (Istanbul), Turkey 200,000
7	Gaur, India 200,000
8	Paris, France 185,000
9	Guangzhou, China 150,000
10	Nanjing, China 147,000

10 largest cities in 1950	
1	New York, USA 12,463,000
2	London, UK 8,860,000
3	Tokyo, Japan 7,000,000
4	Paris, France 5,900,000
5	Shanghai, China 5,406,000
6	Moscow, Russia 5,100,000
7	Buenos Aires, Argentina 5,000,000
8	Chicago, USA 4,906,000
9	Ruhr, Germany 4,900,000
10	Calcutta, India 4,800,000

10 largest cities in 1000	
1	Cordova, Spain 450,000
2	Kaifeng, China 500,000
3	Constantinople (Istanbul), Turkey 400,000
4	Angkor, Cambodia 250,000
5	Kyoto, Japan 175,000
6	Cairo, Egypt 135,000
7	Baghdad, Iraq 125,000
8	Nishapur (Neyshabur), Iran 125,000
9	Al-Hasa, Saudi Arabia 110,000
10	Patan (Anhilwara), India 100,000

## Analysing the data

**W** Read the population charts above. Are there any surprises?

Write a paragraph for each of the questions below.

- What do the charts tell you about the world since 1950?
- What happens when we go back to earlier centuries?
- What is the effect of the growth of megacities?

## Talking points

- 1 Can you place these cities on a world map?
- 2 What do these charts tell you about our changing world?

## Fiction

### From *Smith* by Leon Garfield

Crimes committed on city streets today may be different from the past. Some remain the same: pick-pockets have operated in all big cities all over the world and still do.

This story is about Smith, a poor boy in nineteenth-century London who makes a living by picking people's pockets – that means he is a thief. In Smith's time London was the biggest city in the world and the streets were full of opportunities.

Smith's life was like Oliver's in Charles Dickens's great novel *Oliver Twist*.



An image of central London from the sixteenth century, showing old St Paul's.

### Smith

Smith had a turn of speed that was remarkable, and a neatness in nipping down an alley or vanishing in a court that had to be seen to be believed. Not that it was often seen, for Smith inhabited the tumbledown mazes about St Paul's like the air itself. A rat was like a snail beside Smith, and the most his thousand victims ever got of him was the powerful whiff of his passing and a cold draught in their dexterously emptied pockets.

Only the birds that perched on the church's dome ever saw Smith's entire progress, and as their beady eyes followed him, they chattered savagely, 'Pick-pocket! Pick-pocket! Jug him! Jug-jug-jug him!' His favourite spot was Ludgate Hill, where the world's coaches and carriages met from morning to night, in a horrible confusion. And here, in one or other of the ancient doorways, Smith leaned and grinned while the shouting and cursing and scraping and raging went endlessly, hopelessly on – till, sooner or later, something prosperous would come his way.

At about half past ten of a cold December morning an old gentleman got furiously out of his carriage, in which he'd been trapped for an hour, shook his red fist at his helpless coachman and the roaring but motionless world, and began to stump up Ludgate Hill.

#### GLOSSARY

**jug** is nineteenth-century slang for 'prison'.

**gentlemen**, that is gentry or upper-class men, often wore wigs at this time.

A **clerk** is an office worker, generally employed to do paperwork – to write letters and maintain account books, etc.

A **yard** is 36 inches or 90 centimetres.

#### Word origins

*dexterous* also spelt 'dextrous' means having good mental or manual skills. It comes from the Latin word *dexter* meaning 'right-handed'. Left-handed in Latin is *sinister*, and has negative connotations.



25 'Pick-pocket! Pick-pocket!' shrieked the cathedral birds in a fury.

He was a country gentleman, judging by his complexion, his clean old-fashioned coat and his broad-legged, lumbering walk which bumped out his pockets in a manner most provoking.

30 Smith twitched his nose and nipped neatly along like a shadow ...

The old man's pace was variable: sometimes it was brisk, then he'd slow down, hesitate, look about him as if the Town had changed much since last he'd visited and he was now no longer confident of his way. He took one turning, then another; stopped, scratched the crisp edge of his wig, then eyed the sallow city gentry as if to ask the way, till he spied another turn, nodded, briskly took it – and came straight back to Ludgate Hill ...

40 A dingy fellow creaked out of a doorway and made to accost the old man: but did not. He'd glimpsed Smith. Looks had been exchanged, shoulders shrugged – and the old villain gave way to the young one.

45 On went the old gentleman, confident now in his bearings, deeper and deeper into the forest of the Town where Smith hunted best.

Now a sharpish wind sprang up, and the cathedral birds eyed the leaden sky and screeched.

'Pick-pocket! Pick-pocket! Jug-jug-jug him!'

50 The old gentleman was very deep in Smith's country now, and paused many a time to peer down the lanes and alleys. Then he'd shake his head vaguely and touch at his coat pocket – as if a deep sense had warned him of a pair of sharp eyes fairly cutting into the cloth like scissors. At last he saw something familiar – some landmark he'd remembered –

55 Godliman Street. Yes: he was in Godliman Street ...

As suddenly as it had sprung up, the wind died – and the cathedral birds flew back to their dome.

### Wordpool

court (line 2)  
 maze (4)  
 dingy (40)  
 to accost (40)  
 leaden (48)  
 urchin (80)  
 speck (84)

### Looking closely

- 1 Why does Smith leave behind nothing but a 'powerful whiff' and a 'cold draught'? (line 6–7) What do these phrases describe?
- 2 What do the words 'shouting and cursing and scraping and raging' add to your understanding of the street scene? Why do you think the writer used four words in a row rather than just one? (line 16)
- 3 What does it mean that the gentleman's walk 'bumped out' his pockets? Why did Smith find this 'provoking'? (line 28–29)
- 4 The old gentleman 'stumped' along the streets. Why does the writer choose this verb rather than 'walked'?

‘Pick-pocket! Pick-pocket!’

60 The old gentleman began to stomp very particularly down Godliman Street, eyeing the old, crumbling houses. As he went, he seemed to have two shadows – his own and another that was not so much seen as sensed ...

65 This was the deepest heart of Smith’s country, hidden even from the cathedral birds. Here, the houses reared and clustered as if to shut out the sky, and so promoted the growth of the pale and unhealthy faces of the clerks glimpsed in their dark caves through dusty windows.

70 Now came an alley between two such properties, a quiet way roofed over at first-floor level: Curtis Alley, leading to Curtis Court.

As the old gentleman’s steps echoed in the alley, a solitary, dusty raven flew up out of the court with a bitter croak.

‘Beg pardon, sir! Beg pardon –’

75 Out of a doorway on the left of the court came Smith.

It was the first time the old man had ever laid eyes on him; though all the way from Ludgate Hill there’d never been more than two yards between them.

80 He stopped, flustered, about six paces from the end of the alley. Which way was the damned urchin going? Angrily he shifted, and Smith brushed against him, and – it was done! In an instant! Smith had emptied the old gentleman’s pocket.

85 He changed direction as briefly as a speck in the wind – and vanished back into his doorway. But so quickly that, seconds after he’d disappeared, the old gentleman was still staggering and bewildered.

LEON GARFIELD

### Comprehension

- 1 Describe Smith’s most remarkable characteristic, mentioned in the first paragraph. Why does he need this characteristic?
- 2 How can you tell that the gentleman who got out of the coach was a country gentleman?
- 3 How could Smith tell that the gentleman was not familiar with the streets?
- 4 How did Smith finally succeed in picking the gentleman’s pocket? Why had the gentleman not realized that Smith had been behind him all the time?
- 5 What does the shrieking of the birds add to the atmosphere of the story?

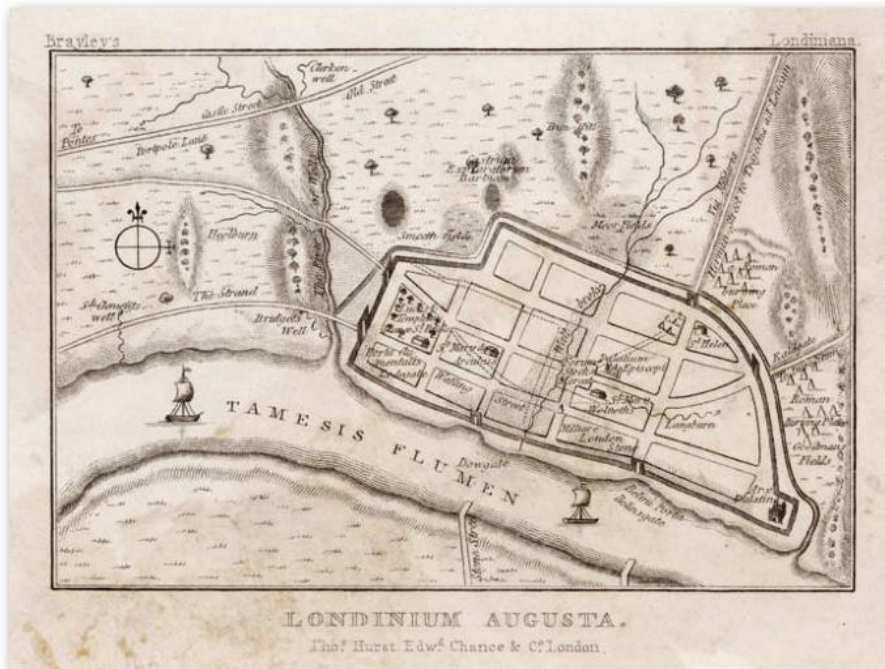
## Using historical evidence

- Look at the print and the map and see if you can match the Roman roads to the roads in the print.
- How much has London changed over the last eighteen centuries?
- How much still remains of the old Roman city of Londinium?

Match up the image and map reproduced below.



This print made in 1889 is a view London looking east from St Paul's Cathedral. You can see the Dome of St Paul's where the birds shrieked at Smith and you can see the network of streets and the River Thames.



This is a map of the same area during Roman times, that is, eighteen centuries before the print. (The Romans left Britain in 410 CE). You can see marked on this map the position of St Paul's and the old Roman walls. The River Thames is marked in Latin as 'Flumen Tamesis'. The black line, as marked, shows the walls of the old city.

## Autobiography

From *Down and Out in Paris and London* by George Orwell

Paris and London have often featured in great novels of the nineteenth century. In this semi-autobiographical account by the young writer George Orwell, first published in 1933, he describes city life from the point of view of its poorest inhabitants. It starts out with a description of life in a boarding house in Paris.



Street scene in Paris, painted in 1926 by Christopher Wood.

### ☞ The Rue du Coq'Or, Paris ☛

The rue du Coq d'Or, Paris, seven in the morning. A succession of furious, choking yells from the street. Madame Monce, who kept the little hotel opposite mine, had come out on to the pavement to address a lodger on the third floor.

5 Her bare feet were stuck into sabots and her grey hair was streaming down.

#### GLOSSARY

A **sabot** is a wooden shoe made of a single piece of wood shaped and hollowed out to fit the foot.

A **navvy** (the plural is navvies) is a labourer employed in the construction of a canal, road or railway.

A **hawker** is someone who sells goods in the street.

#### Word origins

*Vache* means cow in French.

A *leprous* person is someone who suffers from the disease of *leprosy*. Leprosy is a bacterial infection that eats away body parts.

Madame Monce: How many times have I told you not to squash bugs on the wallpaper? Do you think you've bought the hotel, eh? Why can't you throw them out of the window  
10 like everyone else? The woman on the third floor: '*Vache!*'

Thereupon a chorus of yells, as windows were flung open on every side and half the street joined in the quarrel. They shut up abruptly ten minutes later, when a squadron of cavalry rode past and people stopped shouting to look at them.

15 I sketch this scene, just to convey something of the spirit of the rue du Coq d'Or. Not that quarrels were the only thing that happened there – but still, we seldom got through the morning without at least one outburst of this description. Quarrels, and the desolate cries of street hawkers, and the  
20 shouts of children chasing orange-peel over the cobbles, and at night loud singing and the sour reek of the refuse-carts, made up the atmosphere of the street.

It was a very narrow street – a ravine of tall, leprous houses, lurching towards one another in queer attitudes, as though  
25 they had all been frozen in the act of collapse. All the houses were hotels and packed to the tiles with lodgers, mostly Poles, Arabs and Italians. At the foot of the hotels were tiny Bistros.

On Saturday nights there was fighting, and the navvies who  
30 lived in the cheapest hotels used to conduct mysterious feuds, and fight them out with chairs and occasionally revolvers. At night the policemen would only come through the street two together. It was a fairly rackety place. And yet amid the noise and dirt lived the usual respectable French shopkeepers,  
35 bakers and laundresses and the like, keeping themselves to themselves and quietly piling up small fortunes. It was quite a representative Paris slum.

GEORGE ORWELL

### Looking closely

- 1 What does being 'Down and Out' mean do you think?
- 2 Orwell described the buildings as 'leprous', 'lurching' and 'rackety'? What do these words mean, and which ones could also be used to describe a person?
- 3 List all the sounds Orwell describes that build up a picture of a very noisy neighbourhood.
- 4 List all the descriptions of rubbish and dirt.

### Comprehension

- 1 How do we know this is a very crowded part of Paris?
- 2 Why do you think the people who live here quarrel so much?
- 3 Why do you think the police liked to patrol this part of the city in groups of two?
- 4 What do the 'respectable' people who live here do?

## Fiction

From *The White Tiger* by Aravind Adiga.

This extract from the novel *The White Tiger* by Aravind Adiga is written from the point of view of the driver and servant, Balram Halwai, who works for Mr Akoshi. Mr Akoshi is a wealthy landowner, whose estates are close to the village where Balram grew up. Both of their lives change dramatically when they move to the city. While they are driving through New Delhi, on the road to the satellite city of Gurgaon, Balram describes his frustration at being caught in a traffic jam.



### ☞ Traffic Jam in New Delhi ☞

There was a fierce jam on the road to Gurgaon. Every five minutes the traffic would tremble – we'd move a foot – hope would rise – then the red lights would flash on the cars ahead of me, and we'd be stuck again. Everyone honked every now and then, the various horns, each with its own pitch, blended into one continuous wail that sounded like a calf taken from its mother. Fumes filled the air. Wisps of blue exhaust glowed in front of every headlight; the exhaust grew so fat and thick it could not rise or escape, but spread horizontally, sluggish and glossy, making a kind of fog around us. Matches were continually being struck – the drivers of autorickshaws lit cigarettes, adding tobacco pollution to petrol pollution.

A man driving a buffalo cart had stopped in front of us; a pile of empty car engine oil cans fifteen feet high had been tied by rope to his cart. His poor water buffalo! To carry all that load – while sucking in this air!

The auto-rickshaw driver next to me began to cough violently – he turned to the side and spat, three times in a row. Some of the spit flecked the side of the Honda City. I glared – I raised my fist. He cringed, and *namasted* me in apology.

'It's like we're in a concert of spitting!' Mr Ashok said, looking at the auto-rickshaw driver.

An autorickshaw and other vehicles waiting at the traffic lights, New Delhi.

### Word origins

*Namaste* comes from the Sanskrit words *namas* and *te* (to you) and means 'I bow to you'. It is a formal greeting and a show of respect common in South India and is often accompanied by a slight bow made with hands pressed together.

### Wordpool

sluggish (line 9)  
to cringe (20)  
multitudes (31)  
to squat (31)  
to unfurl (33)  
gruel (41)

25 *Well, if you were out there breathing that acid air, you'd be spitting like him too, I thought.*

The cars moved again – we gained three feet – then the red lights flashed and everything stopped again.

30 Dim streetlights were glowing down onto the pavement on either side of the traffic; and in that orange-hued half light, I could see multitudes of small, thin, grimy people squatting, waiting for a bus to take them somewhere, or with nowhere to go and about to unfurl a mattress and sleep right there.

35 These poor creatures had come from the Darkness to Delhi to find some light – but they were still in the darkness.

Hundreds of them, there seemed to be, on either side of the traffic, and their life as entirely unaffected by the jam. Were they even aware that there was a jam? We were like two separate cities – inside and outside the dark egg. I knew I was  
40 in the right city. But my father, if he were alive, would be sitting on that pavement, cooking some rice gruel for dinner, and getting ready to lie down and sleep under a streetlamp and I couldn't stop thinking of that and recognizing his features in some beggar out there. So I was in some way out  
45 of the car too, even while I was driving it.

ARAVIND ADIGA

### Describing the city

Write a description of a part of a town or city that you are familiar with. Perhaps it is where you live or somewhere you visit regularly.


- Decide on what point of view you are going to have. How do you travel there? Are you a visitor or do you live there?
- Be opinionated! What fascinates you about it? Describe the scene and the things that go on there.

### Comprehension

- 1 What kinds of vehicles are caught up in the traffic jam?
- 2 Who is not affected by the traffic jam?
- 3 What word does the writer use as a metaphor for the car?
- 4 Who is in darkness, and who is in light? Where does the writer see himself?

### Toolkit

#### Commas

The rules around commas change over time and their use is debated. You can see a vast number of commas used in 'Traffic Jam in New Delhi'. Each comma is used to separate each additional piece of information. Writers must use their judgment to determine when too much information makes a sentence awkward and confusing rather than graceful and informative. One clear use of a comma is to separate information that tells more about a noun. For example, 'My friend, a registered nurse, gives me great advice about nutrition.' Write five sentences that follow this sentence structure. 

## When is a city like a work of art?

Do you sometimes think of pictures when you walk through an old city? Do you find yourself comparing what you see with a postcard, a painting, or an old photograph? Perhaps you also remember a scene from a favourite film.

In the following extracts, the writers focus on ways of looking at their favourite cities that relate to art.

### Autobiography

From *Istanbul: Memories of a City* by Orhan Pamuk

The writer Orhan Pamuk has lived all his life in Istanbul and has a great affection for the city, and the memories of his childhood there. In the following extract he makes the connection between his fascination for old black-and-white prints and photographs of the city and his love of black and white.

Istanbul's grand past as the centre of the Ottoman Empire can be seen in the grand old buildings that are now in a state of neglect and disrepair. He calls his family home a 'museum house' because of the large formal sitting room where he was not allowed to play. In this room, the curtains were permanently drawn in order to protect the old photographs and objects from the heat, light and dust.



Istanbul, Old Town.



### Black and White

Accustomed as I was to the semi-darkness of our bleak museum house, I preferred being indoors. The street below, the avenues beyond, the city's poor neighbourhoods seemed as dangerous as those in a black-and-white gangster film.

- 5 And with this attraction to the shadow world, I have always preferred the winter to the summer in Istanbul. I love the early evenings when autumn is slipping into winter, when the leafless trees are trembling in the north wind and people in black coats and jackets are rushing home through the darkening streets. I love the overwhelming melancholy when I look at the walls of old apartment buildings and the dark surfaces of neglected, unpainted, fallen-down wooden mansions: only in Istanbul have I seen this texture, this shading. When I watch the black-and-white crowds rushing through the darkening streets on a winter evening, I feel a deep sense of fellowship, almost as if the night has cloaked
- 10
- 15

#### Word origins

*gangster* is an American-English term for a criminal. It comes from the Old English word *gang*, meaning 'a going' or passage way, and *gangr* in Old Norse referring to a group of men.

*melancholy* is a term for black thoughts, associated with depression and gloom. The ancient Greek word *melankholia* literally means 'black bile', a body fluid, with the connotation of physical illness.



our lives, our streets, our every belonging in a blanket of darkness, as if once we're safe in our houses, our bedrooms, our beds, we can return to dreams of our long-gone riches, our legendary past.

The wooden mansions of my childhood, and the smaller, more modest wooden houses in the city's back streets, were in a mesmerising state of ruin. Poverty and neglect had ensured these houses were never painted, and the combination of age, dirt and humidity slowly darkened the wood to give that special colour, that unique texture, so prevalent in the back-street neighbourhood I saw as a child that I took the blackness to be original. Some houses had a brown under-tone, and perhaps there were those in the poorest streets that had never known paint.

In the summer, when these old wooden houses would dry out, turn a dark, chalky, tinderbox brown, you could imagine them catching fire at any moment. During the winter's long cold spells, the snow and the rain endowed these same houses with the mildew hint of rotting wood. So it was too with the old wooden dervish lodges, now mostly abandoned and of interest only to street urchins, ghosts and antique hunters. They would awaken in me the same degrees of fear, worry and curiosity; as I peered at them over the half-broken walls through the damp trees and into the broken windows, a chill would pass through me.

ORHAN PAMUK

### GLOSSARY

A **dervish** is a Muslim, who has taken vows of poverty and leads an austere life. Of these there are various orders, some of whom are known from their fantastic practices, such as dancing, whirling or howling dervishes.

### Comprehension

- 1 What is it about old Istanbul that is so full of melancholy? Why does the writer celebrate this?
- 2 What reasons does Pamuk give for preferring darkness to the light of day?
- 3 What makes you aware that Istanbul was once a much grander city than it is now?
- 4 How is Istanbul's old city slowly disappearing?



## When is a city like a character in a film?

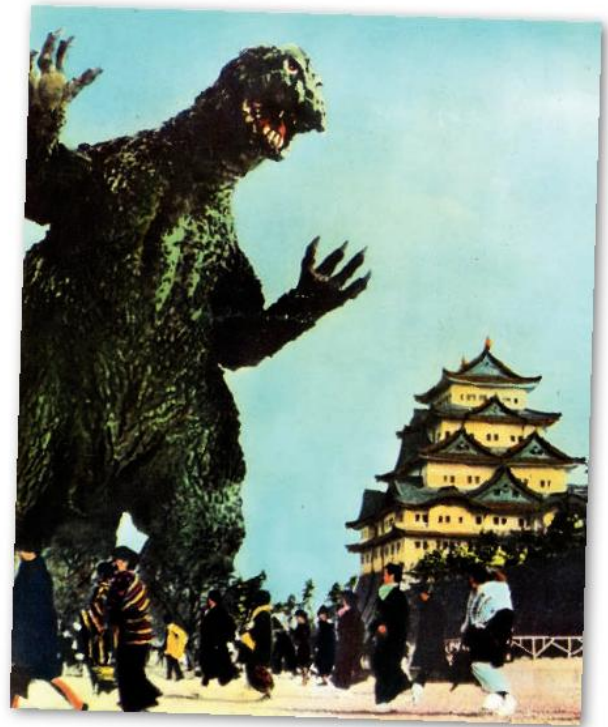
Sometimes the experience of being in a city, with so much going on around you, can feel like being an 'extra' in a film. In some films, the city plays a starring role. The city is like one of the characters, playing alongside the lead actors. This is especially the case, when we can recognize famous landmarks, or identify its familiar skyline of tall buildings.

Film-makers use cities in interesting ways, focusing on the hub-bub and traffic, the ordinary, everyday life going on there. There is always something of interest to focus on, or write about. Have you ever thought about how you might portray your chosen city, or the suburb in which you live, on film?

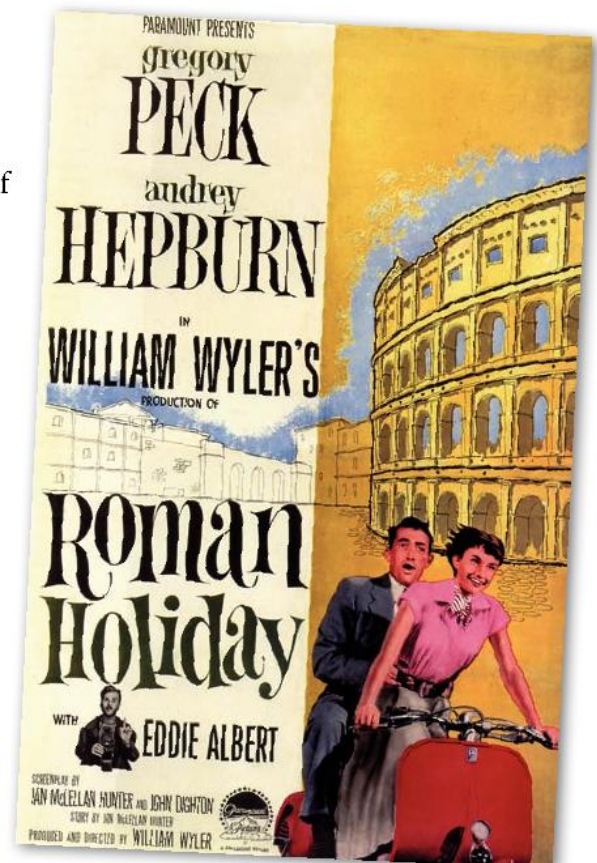
### Making the city into a work of art

Use your earlier description, or write another, that focuses on the particular qualities of the urban or suburban environment. Write an opening scene for a film or a novel, paying particular attention to what is going on in the background.

- Focus on a particular quality or art effect, or a particular viewpoint. It could be quite spectacular or just an image of ordinary, everyday life.
- Get the details right. You will need to decide on the time of day, and the time of year. What season is it? In which part of the city does the action take place?
- Now think about the main characters. Why are they there? What is happening, or is about to happen to them?



A film still from the 1964 film *Mosura tai Gojira*, set in Tokyo and featuring the famous monster Godzilla [Gojira in Japanese].



A poster for the 1953 film *Roman Holiday*, starring Audrey Hepburn and Gregory Peck.

## Non-fiction

From *The City of Falling Angels* by John Berendt

Venice is one of the most well-preserved old cities in Europe, and is like a living work of art, with its elegant *palazzi* (palaces in Italian) and canals that are the main transport routes for the city. There are no roads at all in the old city of Venice. Venice is famous for its opera, art and *Carnevale* (where people dress up in historical costumes and wear masks). The writer John Berendt writes about his experience of moving to Venice and getting to know the habits of the Venetian people.



View of the Grand Canal from the South, the Palazzo Foscari to the right and the Rialto Bridge beyond, painted by Antonio Canaletto in the eighteenth century.

### ☞ The Venice Effect ☞

‘Everyone in Venice is acting,’ Count Girolama Marcello told me. ‘Everyone plays a role, and the role changes. The key to understanding Venetians is rhythm – the rhythm of the lagoons, the rhythm of the water, the tides, the waves ...’

- 5 I had been walking along Calle della Mandola when I ran into Count Marcello. He was a member of an old Venetian family and was considered an authority on the history, the social structure, and especially the subtleties of Venice. As we were both headed in the same direction, I joined him.
- 10 ‘The rhythm in Venice is like breathing,’ he said. ‘High water, high pressure: tense. Low water, low pressure: relaxed.’

[IGCSE files&documents telegram channel](#)

#### Word origins

*trompe l'oeil* in French means ‘to deceive the eye’. It is used to describe a painting that tricks you into thinking the painted scene is real.

Venetians are not at all attuned to the rhythm of the wheel. That is for other places, places with motor vehicles. Ours is the rhythm of the Adriatic. The rhythm of the sea. In Venice the rhythm flows along with the tide, and the tide changes every six hours.'

Count Marcello inhaled deeply.  
'How do you see a bridge?'

'Pardon me?' I asked. 'A bridge?'

'Do you see a bridge as an obstacle – as just another set of steps to climb to get from one side of the canal to the other? We Venetians do not see bridges as obstacles. To us bridges are transitions. We go over them very slowly. They are part of the rhythm. They are the links between two parts of a theatre, like changes in scenery, or like the progression from Act One of a play to Act Two. Our role changes as we go over bridges. We cross from one reality ... to another reality. From one street ... to another street. From one setting ... to another setting.'

We were approaching a bridge crossing over Rio di San Luca into Campo Manin.

'A *trompe l'oeil* painting,' Count Marcello went on 'is a painting that is so lifelike it doesn't look like a painting at all. It looks like real life, but of course it is not. It is reality once removed. What, then, is a *trompe l'oeil* painting when it is reflected in a mirror? Reality twice removed?

'Sunlight on a canal is reflected up through a window on to the ceiling, then from the ceiling on to a vase, and from the vase on to a glass, or a silver bowl. Which is the real sunlight? Which is the real reflection? What is true? What is not true? The answer is not so simple, because the truth can



change. I can change. You can change. That is the Venice effect.'

50 We descended from the bridge into Campo Manin. Other than having come from the deep shade of Calle della Mandola into the bright sunlight of the open square, I felt unchanged. My role, whatever it was, remained the same as it had been before the bridge. I did not of course admit this  
55 to Count Marcello. But I looked at him to see if he would acknowledge having undergone any change himself.

He breathed deeply as we walked into Campo Manin. Then, with an air of finality, he said, 'Venetians never tell the truth. We mean precisely the opposite of what we say.'

JOHN BERENDT

### Comprehension

- 1 Venice is famous for the masked parties held during *Carnegie*. What does Count Marcello say about the people of Venice that emphasizes how much Venetians love to pretend to be someone else?
- 2 Where do the Venetians get their special sense of rhythm from, according to Count Marcello?
- 3 What other functions do the bridges of Venice have (in addition to providing a way to cross the canals), according to Count Marcello?
- 4 Describe some of the features of Venice that relate to the visual or performing arts.

# 10

## Finding your place

### What does it mean to find your own place in the world?

#### In this unit you will:

##### Experience

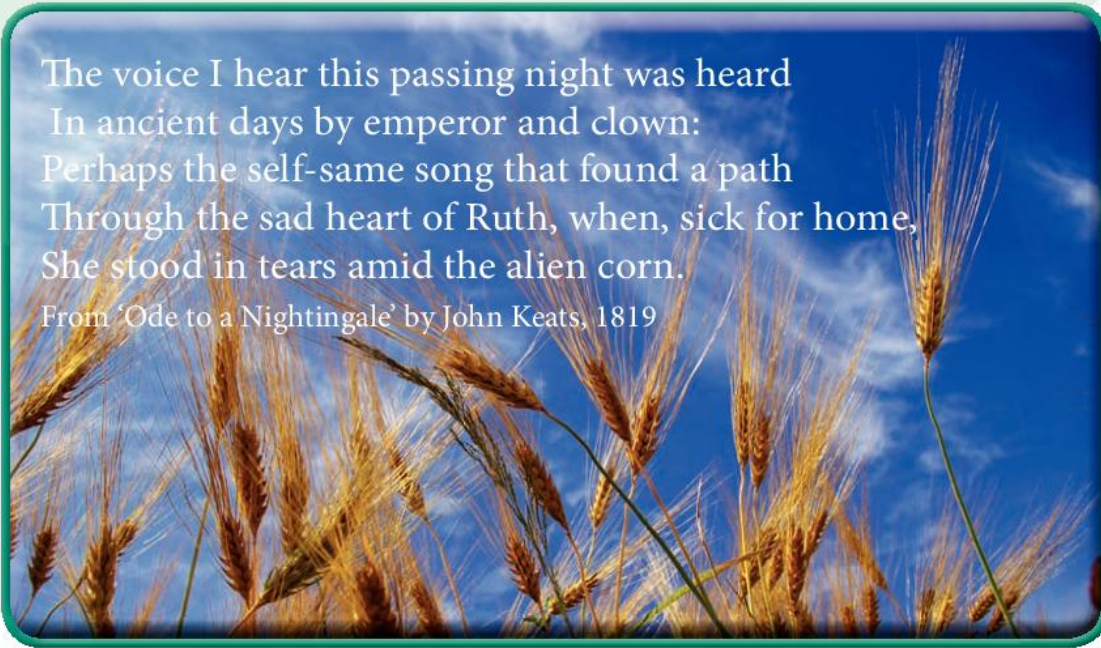
- Koreans in the USA
- Chinese in Australia
- Syrians in the USA
- Croatia and Bosnia
- The United Kingdom
- An orphan train in nineteenth-century USA

##### Read

- fiction
- poetry
- autobiography
- a historical novel

##### Create

- a letter to a magazine
- an analogy
- a reflection



The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn.

From 'Ode to a Nightingale' by John Keats, 1819

Finding your way in a changing world is something we all have to deal with at some point in our lives. Growing up is stressful for young people and their families. How much more difficult do you think it is for families who have made their home in another country?

#### Talking points

- 1 How do these lines from Keats capture what young people experience when they first come to live in another country?
- 2 What kinds of pressures does moving country put on families?

## Fiction

From *A Step from Heaven* by An Na

Young Ju is a teenager who emigrated from Korea to America with her parents when she was young. As a child she thought they were on their way to heaven, but as she grows up the difficulties become more apparent. She finds the cultural divide between life at home and school increasingly difficult to cope with. Here, she is trying to persuade her mother to allow her to go to her best friend's party on the beach.

### ☞ Becoming too American ☞

It is Amanda's first party. A beach birthday party. I can't go, Uhmma and Apa do not like it that my best friend is an American, a girl who might influence me in the wrong ways. Fast American ways. Supposedly, American girls do  
5 not study and they do not think of anyone but themselves. Uhmma and Apa do not want me to end up like them.

'But Uhmma,' I beg, following her down the hall to the kitchen. 'It is her birthday.'

10 'No, Young Ju, you can see her at school and give her your gift then, but you don't need to go to the beach with her.'

'Why?' I ask and slam my body into a chair. 'Why, Uhmma? What is so wrong with going to the beach?'

15 'Always "why" with you. Do not let your Apa hear those kinds of words. Already he has been complaining that you ask too many questions. Young Ju, we will go to the beach another time,' Uhmma says.

She pulls some scallions out of the refrigerator and rinses them off in the sink.

20 'That is not the same,' I cry. 'Amanda needs me at the party. I am her best friend!'

As Uhmma carries the scallions to the cutting board near the sieve, she gives me a narrow-eyed glance. This is a sore subject. I change my tactics.



UK

spring onion



USA

scallion

#### GLOSSARY

*Uhmma* and *Apa* are the Korean names for mother and father.

25 'Uhmma, Amanda has been so nice to me. When I missed school from that cold, she gave me all her notes from class.'

'That is nice,' Uhmma says and chops the scallions in half. 'And when it was my birthday she got me this necklace,' I say and pull out from under my shirt collar my half of the

30 'Friends Forever' heart necklace.

Uhmma presses her lips together but does not look in my direction. She lines up the halves of the scallions and starts to chop. Fine slivers of green and white circles cover the cutting board.

35 I slump in my seat and say, 'And when I did not have any lunch money, she let me borrow some from her.'

'What!' Uhmma stops chopping in mid-motion, knife raised in the air.

'Nothing,' I quickly say.

40 'What did you say, Young Ju?' Uhmma waves the knife in the air. I scratch my check, look up at the ceiling, sigh.

'When I did not have any lunch money and we ran out of bread last week, Amanda let me borrow some money.'

45 'Young Ju, how could you do this?' Uhmma cries, putting down the knife. 'You took money from Ah-man-dah!' Uhmma asks.

'Yes,' I say. 'She is my friend and she said I could borrow it.'

'Now you are obligated to her.' Uhmma leans her hip against the counter.

50 'I am not obligated to her, Uhmma. I am going to pay her back.'

'Young Ju, have I not taught you never to take from others? Do not make yourself obligated to another person.'

55 'Uhmma, she is my friend.' I stand up and wave my arms in the air. 'This is America. In America it is fine to borrow money from friends.'

### Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words taken from the extract.

sieve (line 22)

tactics (23)

sliver (32)

to be obligated (47)

Make your own word pool of any other unfamiliar words you come across.



'Stop that, Uhmma says. 'We are Korean. Do not forget.'

I sit back down. 'Korean. Then why did we move to America?'

60 'You can go to the party,' Uhmma says.

I'm so stunned I'm not sure I heard correctly. Did she say I could go?

'What?' I ask.

'You must fulfil your obligation for inconveniencing her.

65 Also, you will pay her back the money you borrowed.'

Uhmma shakes her head. 'Have I not taught you anything? After this, do not take anything from her. Understand?'

'Yes, Uhmma.'

I jump out of my chair to get ready for the party before she  
70 has a chance to change her mind.

As Uhmma drives towards the pier, I can see a group of kids from school in the far distance. I turn to Uhmma.

'Stop, Uhmma. You can drop me off here.'

The station wagon's brakes groan and then squeal in a  
75 high-pitched scream as Uhmma comes to a stop near the curb. Uhmma squints at the kids.

'Are those not your friends over there?'

I turn my head away from her and look out my window at the long stretch of sand.

80 I lie softly, 'That is another group. You can drop me off here and I will look around for Amanda. She said they would be near the pier.'

'Are you sure you will be able to find them?' Uhmma worries.

85 I open the car door and toss back, 'Do not worry, Uhmma, I know where to find them. Remember that Amanda is going to drop me off at home and you do not have to come back and get me.'

### Looking closely

- 1 What do you think is meant here by 'Fast American ways?'
- 2 Explain in your own words the meaning of the following expressions: a) a narrow-eyed glance (line 22) b) a sore subject (line 22) c) fine slivers (line 33) d) you are obligated to her (line 48) e) a finger shake (line 90) g) the station wagon sputters. (line 97)
- 3 Why do you think the writer spells 'Amanda' as 'Ah-man-dah' when it is spoken by Young Ju's mother?
- 4 How can you tell that her mother does not approve of the necklace which Amanda gave to Young Ju? Find the words in the text that express her disapproval.
- 5 Explain how Young Ju is feeling when she says, 'Then why did we move to America?' (line 58).

'Yes, I will remember,' Uhmma says.

90 I step out of the car and wave goodbye. Uhmma leans across the passenger seat giving me a finger shake.

'Young Ju, do not forget to give Ah-man-dah the money you borrowed. Be a polite girl and help her parents with the party.'

95 I hold the door, ready to slam it shut.

'Yes, Uhmma,' I say, waving again. 'Bye.'

Uhmma waves back. 'Have a nice time, Young Ju.'

I shut the door and walk away. The station wagon sputters as Uhmma presses on the gas pedal. I know without turning  
100 around that there are dark clouds of smoke streaming from the muffler.

AN NA

### Comprehension

- 1 Why is Young Ju's mother so reluctant to accept her daughter's friendship with Amanda?
- 2 How does Young Ju's father expect her to behave?
- 3 Which unsuccessful arguments does Young Ju use in her attempts to persuade her mother to allow her to go to the beach party?
- 4 Explain Young Ju's deception at the end of the text. Why does she lie to her mother?

### Writing a letter to a magazine

**W** Write a letter to the problem page of a magazine. Talk about any difficulties or misunderstandings that might occur in a family relationship. It could be with a parent or a sibling.

- You can use the case studies and the characters from these stories or make up a situation of your own.
- Use the appropriate language to express the different points of view of a parent or a brother or sister. Use emotive and expressive language to explain your frustrations, and how much you want to improve the relationship.

## Autobiography

From *Unpolished Gem* by Alice Pung

Alice Pung, the writer of the following text, was born in Melbourne in Australia. Her Chinese-Cambodian parents had made the perilous journey to escape from Cambodia's 'killing fields' when the country was ruled by Pol Pot in the 1970s just before she was born. Alice identifies with both worlds: the world of her family's history and culture, and the Australian world of school and friends into which she was born. Alice feels secure, but life continues to be a struggle for her mother who does not speak English. Her mother's ambition to 'learn the English' came comparatively late in life. Making up for lost time, it becomes an obsession, and Alice tries to help her.



Learning English in Australia.

### ∞ Learning the English ∞

The quieter I became at school the louder my mother became at home. She was loud because she could not read or speak the secret talk we knew. She could not read because she had been housebound for two decades. And now, over the dinner table, she would watch as my father and his children littered their language with English terms, until every second word was in the foreign tongue. We hardly noticed the food which she had prepared for us, so engrossed were we in our babble. She sat there staring at us, trying to make sense of these aliens at her table.

'Migrants don't assimilate,' I was told by classmates in politics class. 'They all come here and stick together, and don't bother to learn the language'. But I remembered when my mother bundled all four of us into the car after school. 'Agheare,' she told me. 'Look at the map. Find this place for me. Your father gave me the address. I am going to learn the English. I am going to learn it now, no matter what.' We did not even change out of our uniforms, there was no time. My mother decided that if she knew the English, all her problems

### Wordpool

housebound (line 4)  
to litter (5)  
to be engrossed in babble (8)  
to assimilate (11)  
felt (26)  
flannel (27)  
incredulously (33)  
blazer (50)  
discreetly (55)

20 would be solved, she would be able to do anything in this new country. Most of all, she would be able to enter the world of her children's minds.

We pulled up in front of a community centre and were met by a kind woman with a lilting British accent, hair like a soft grey felt hat on her head, grey flannel scarf and kind grey eyes. She looked like an old wise possum and she invited us all into the centre for coffee before our discussion.

30 My mother's heart melted. We all sat round a table strewn with newspapers and books.

'So it says here that your mother is forty,' said the woman incredulously.

Until then, I didn't even know my mother's age. I asked her, and she nodded.

'Unbelievable! She looks twenty!' I repeated this to my mother. She signed up for the class straightaway.

My mother asked us to speak to her in English. I did so, slowly and carefully. I asked her questions: 'How are you? How was your day?' But because these were questions Chinese children never asked their parents, even if she had enough words to answer me, she would not have known how. 'Stop asking me crazy, pointless questions,' she said, 'and let me learn something useful!'

45 'Alright, Ma. What do you want to learn? What do you want to talk about?'

'You tell me! You're the teacher now!' She looked at me as if I had all the answers and was keeping them from her from some perverse whim, as if I had them hidden in the inside pocket of my blazer.

50 The migrants in her class were all at different levels, and my mother could not understand the worksheets. She dumped all her notebooks and worksheets on the floor of her room.



An Australian possum.

#### GLOSSARY

A **possum** is a marsupial (a mammal which carries its baby in a pouch) which is found in North and Central America, Australia and New Zealand. They are nocturnal animals ['nocturnal' means that they are more active at night].

**Agheare** is the writer's Chinese name.

**ginseng** is a plant the root of which is used in Chinese medicine.

The roots of ginseng.



55 'Well, this stuff might be too hard,' I said, discreetly shoving the piles of paper under her bed. 'Why don't you start from the very beginning?' I picked up my five-year-old sister's school reader. 'Pat is ... a ... cat', my mother read. 'He is a black and white cat.' Her fingers, gnarled as just-dug-up ginseng, pointed at each word. She could read the whole book through not once, not twice, but three times. She sighed a big sigh. 'Ah, it's no use. No use! It is all useless, I don't understand a thing.'

'But Ma, you just read the whole book through three times.'

65 'No, I didn't!'

'Yes, you did!'

She turned to the middle pages and pointed. 'I don't know what it says. I just memorised the whole thing when you first read it out to me. Don't teach me any more. Go off and study.'

ALICE PUNG

### Looking closely

- 1 Explain the feelings of the writer's mother a) at the dinner table (lines 5–10) b) when she was with the community centre teacher (24–36) c) when the writer tried to teach her. (38–50)
- 2 What is 'assimilation'? (line 11) How does this extract contradict the point made about migrants refusing to assimilate?
- 3 Why are the questions the writer asks her mother inappropriate? (lines 39–44)
- 4 What is a 'perverse whim'? (line 49) How does it help to explain the confused relationship between mother and daughter?
- 5 Explain the following two similes: a) 'like a wise old possum' (line 28) b) 'gnarled as just-dug-up ginseng'. (line 59)

### Comprehension

- 1 Why did the writer's mother feel that her family had become 'aliens at her table'? (line 10)
- 2 What does this extract explain about the success and failure of the family's assimilation into Australian society?
- 3 How would 'learning the English' help the writer's mother?
- 4 What qualities in the mother's character make it difficult for her to learn English?

### Talking points

- 1 What kind of problems are the families in *Learning the English* and *Becoming too American* experiencing?
- 2 What do you think the family members could do to improve the situations in the two texts?
- 3 What special difficulties do the children of migrants face in their teenage years? What divided loyalties do they experience?

## Poem

The writer of the following poem describes the experience of her family who left Damascus in Syria for a life in Utah in the Midwest of America.

### ∞ The Roc ∞

Here's my mom and dad leaving  
all familiar signposts: Damascus, the streets they knew,  
measurement of time in mosque sounds,  
the regular scrape of heavy wooden shutters,  
5 the daily boiling and cooling of fresh milk.  
Anyone back home who had no phone fell off  
the disc of their new world: tomato-cart man,  
schoolchildren in skittish flocks. Crazy Fat' ma  
the Goatwoman, all the newly married cousins,  
10 the porter at the door they left behind.

Here they are crossing the world,  
hoisting up all they know like a sail,  
landing in Utah. The time is March 15, 1971.

They know nothing about America:  
15 how to grocery shop,  
how to open a bank account,  
how the milk comes, thin glass bottles  
on tin chinking them awake,  
what 'you bet' or 'sure thing' meant  
20 in real spoken English, outside  
the London-grammar books so creased,  
so carefully underlined. It was,  
my mother said, as if a monstrous bird  
had seized them up and dropped  
25 them in a fantastic terrain.

Here's my mother studying  
the instructions on the coin-  
box of a laundry machine,  
enrolling us in kindergarten,  
30 tape-recording her college lectures so  
that she could play, replay, decode  
the stream of alien phonemes into words.

## GLOSSARY

The **Roc** (also known as the **Rukh**) is the bird of Arabian mythology. Marco Polo described rocs living in Madagascar, and Sinbad the Sailor in *The Arabian Nights* described seeing one which 'blotted out the sun' on his second voyage after he had found the 'great white dome' of a gigantic egg. The roc was said to feed its young on elephants.

A **phoneme** is a linguistic term for a unit of sound that cannot be broken down further.

## Wordpool

disc (line 7)  
skittish (8)  
terrain (25)  
to decode (31)  
phoneme (32)  
to stake (36)  
subsidize (44)  
vertigo (55)  
transmission (59)  
epic (62)  
to pulsate (62)  
talon (66)

That's her refolding foil, stretching the little  
budget over the month, making the  
35 ten-cent toys our treasures of Sinbad.

Here's my father staking  
his life's savings on one semester.  
He works hard and at the end of the term,  
on the day before the last dollar  
40 of the life savings is gone,  
he walks into the Chair's office  
and the Chair gives him a job teaching.

Other friendly natives explain  
subsidized student housing,  
45 coupons, and the good places to find  
bargain basement merchandise.

The pilgrims were so happy  
at being shown how to survive here  
after the first long winter,  
50 they had a feast. That's mom,  
laughing at the strange loaf of the bread.  
There's dad holding up the new world coffee  
in its funny striped boxes. That's us,  
small, weightless, wobbly  
55 with the vertigo of the newly landed  
voyager.

Here they are, mom and dad,  
telephoning back home, where the folks  
gather around the transmission  
60 as if it was from the moon.  
The phone call to Syria was  
for epic events only. The line pulsates  
as if with the beating of enormous wings.  
They shout and shout into the receiver  
65 as if the other end were ages  
and ages away. Spiny talon  
digs into rock.

MOHJA KAHF

The Roc which fed its young on elephants.  
IGCSE files&documents telegram channel



UK



USA

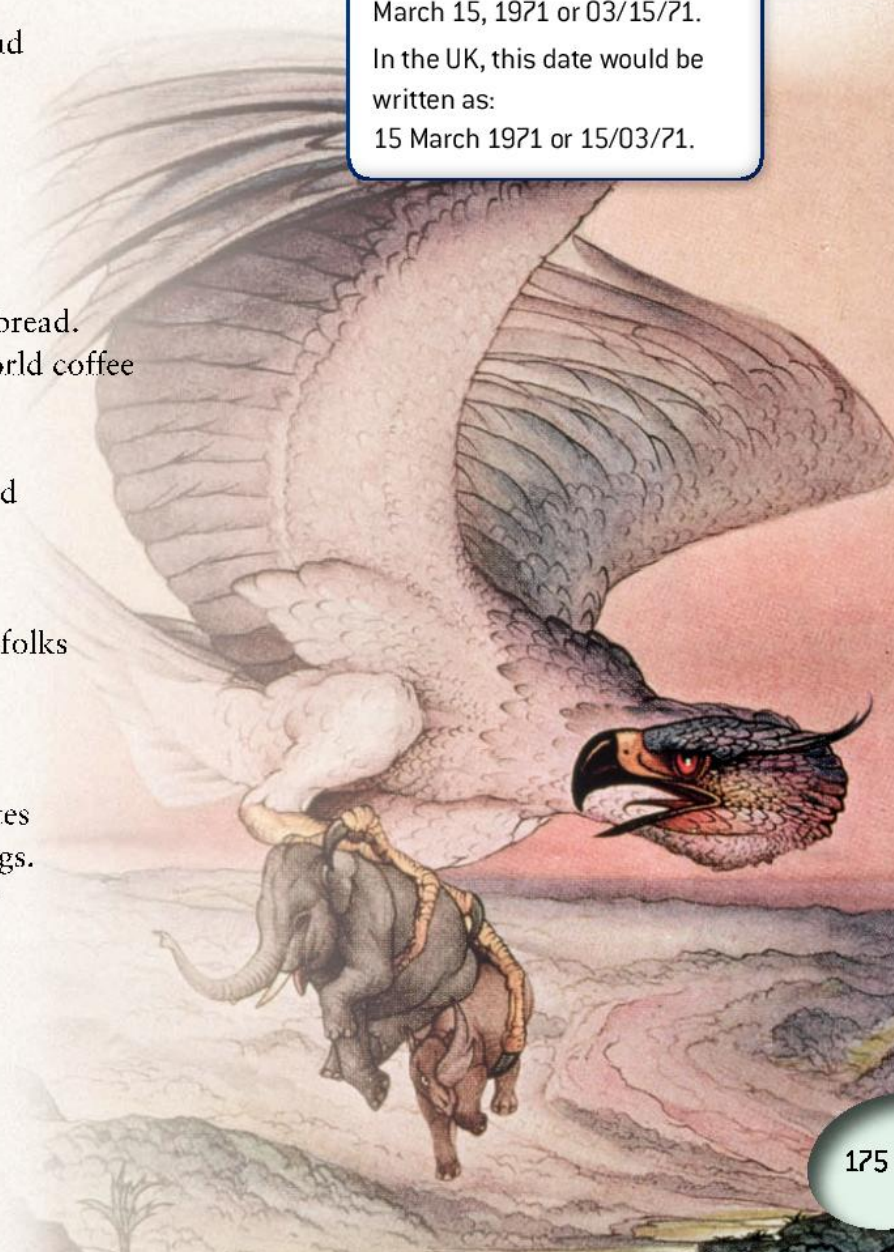
There are a number of different words for mother and father in English. In the United States you might call your parents 'mom and dad', but in the UK or Australia it would be more likely to be 'mum and dad'.

In the US, dates are written in this order:

March 15, 1971 or 03/15/71.

In the UK, this date would be written as:

15 March 1971 or 15/03/71.




## Making an analogy

By choosing to call her poem *The Roc*, the writer shows that she intends the metaphor of the mythological Arabian bird to be an important part of the poem. Your answers to the questions show you how she uses an analogy, or comparison, as a form of extended metaphor throughout the poem.

- What other analogies can you think of for moving from one country to another?
- Decide on the a striking analogy and explain the associations. Write it up as a more fully developed description in poetry or prose form.
- As an alternative to moving country, you could describe the experience of moving from a rural to an urban location, or from the centre of the city to an outer suburb. Whatever focus you choose, expand and develop the metaphor as effectively as you can.

### Toolkit

#### Idiom

Idioms are words and phrases that take on additional, non-literal meanings. These phrases can often be confusing to someone learning a new language. The phrase 'you bet' in 'The Roc' is used to mean 'Yes', or 'I agree'. Its literal meaning would be 'a wager or a lottery', used in association with putting money on a horse in a horse race. 

### Looking closely

- 1 What familiar sounds and sights of Damascus did the writer's parents leave behind? (lines 1–10)
- 2 Why did the parents not keep in touch with people like the newly married cousins? (lines 6–10)
- 3 What examples does the writer use to illustrate how little her parents knew about America? (lines 15–23)
- 4 What did the 'London grammar-books' not prepare them for? (line 22) Why were 'you bet' and 'sure thing' not found in these grammar books? (lines 19–23)
- 5 How do the words 'decode' (line 31) and 'the stream of alien phonemes' (line 32) help you to understand how the English language seemed to the writer's mother?
- 6 How was the hard work of the writer's father rewarded? Why was the reward just in time? (lines 38–42)
- 7 How did the parents' mood change after the 'first long winter'? How did they celebrate? (lines 47–56)
- 8 How did it feel for the parents when they phoned 'back home' to Syria? Which words and phrases create the feeling that Syria feels a long way away? (lines 57–67)

### Comprehension

- 1 How does the metaphor of the Roc relate to the family's experience of arriving in a strange land? Identify the passages in the poem that extend the metaphor of the Roc.
- 2 How do you know at the end of the poem that the family have adjusted to their new life in Utah?



## Autobiography

From *Bluebird: A Memoir* by Vesna Maric

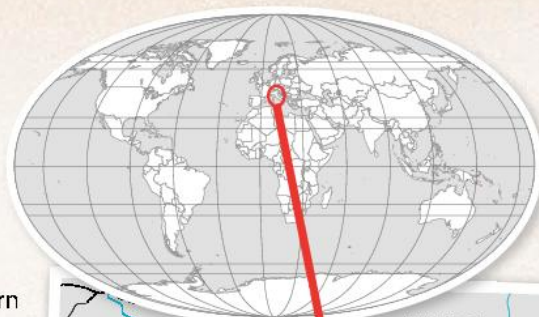
The writer of the following text left her home town of Mostar in Bosnia in 1992 at the start of the Bosnian war. She was sixteen and still at school when the shelling started. As the situation became more dangerous, she joined other refugees on a coach which took them to safety in England where she stayed for the duration of the war. The text describes her return home to Bosnia after four years, during which time she had adapted to life in the UK.



View of the Stari Most Bridge across the Neretva River in Mostar. The old bridge stood for 427 years until it was destroyed on 9 November 1993 during the Bosnian War. It has since been reconstructed.

### Coming home

You enter Croatia at around 4 a.m. and it feels like the most beautiful moment in your life. The air is a deep bruise-blue, a round moon hangs in the sky and the sea reflects its white light in small ripples. That part of the coast is your favourite, where small barren islands look like mercury dropped in water. The coach pulls into Split station at 10 a.m. and, as the door opens, smells of the sea, fish, coffee and traffic mingle and travel inside. You are taking everything in slowly, separating each scent strand in your nostrils, savouring all of them, even those that would usually make you feel sick.



Map showing location of Split in Croatia and Mostar in Bosnia.

### Wordpool

- mercury (line 5)
- to mingle (8)
- hefty (11)
- expresso (12)
- to be triggered by (32)
- to crane one's neck (53)

You take your hefty backpack and pull its bulk on the ground to the nearest table and order an espresso. The air is warm, the sun is shining and the sky is an endless spread of blue, blending with the sea. You sip your coffee, and then  
15 another and another. You are starting to feel giddy with caffeine and the numb exhaustion of the journey falls away into the background. You wash your face in the sink of the cramped white tiled bathroom. You leave your bag in a plastic white kiosk where an elderly lady looks after it for a  
20 bit of money, and you secretly hope someone will steal it, but you know no one would steal such a heavy, cheap-looking backpack. You walk down the buzzing street, among the jewellery and souvenir stands, down into the post office where you buy a telephone card.

25 ‘Hello Mama!’ you say into the small holes of the plastic receiver.

‘Darling! You are here! How are you? How was your journey?’ Your mother is ecstatic and you are happy to hear that she is so happy.

30 You dial another number. It’s one of your best friends, who doesn’t know you’re coming. You walk back to the station to board your bus for home, full of memories triggered by almost everything around you, impatience boiling in your chest to get home. The voices of your mother and your friend  
35 are still climbing up and down the walls of your brain and you go over the conversations, wondering how you sounded, trying to imagine your own voice in their ears, and wondering if they were thinking about you for as long as you were thinking about them.

40 People have told you that the city is unrecognizable: 100 per cent damage, which apparently means that every building in the city was damaged. The old bridge has gone, houses are gone, streets are rubble. But you don’t want to think about that, not yet. As the bus struggles down the winding road to  
45 the valley in which your home town sits, everything looks the same. You also heard that from people. ‘When you’re approaching, it looks just the same. You can’t see any

### Word origins

*Lilliputian* is the adjective from *Lilliput*. In the famous English classic, *Gulliver’s Travels* by Jonathan Swift, published in 1726, Gulliver’s first journey is to the island of Lilliput where the people are only five or six inches tall.

### Looking closely

- 1 How does the description in the first paragraph (lines 1–10) appeal to your senses? How does the simile help you to imagine the scene?
- 2 The blue of the sky blends with the blue of the sea. What effect does the colour blue have on the atmosphere of the scene? How would the atmosphere be different if the sea and sky were, for example, grey?
- 3 What effect does the coffee have on the writer?
- 4 How does the conversation with the elderly ladies in the bus add interest to the story and fill in the details for the reader?
- 5 What does the writer mean by ‘Everything has been frozen in your memory’? What are the effects of this? [line 62]

damage.' Two old women are asking you how long it's been since you've been home. You tell them four years and they  
50 nod their heads with sympathy. 'It was hard here my dear, you did well not to be around,' one of them says. You agree.

The bus stops at the second stop in the city, your stop, and you see your mother waiting for you, craning her neck to see where you are. You get out, take your bag and throw  
55 yourself in her arms. You hug each other as if your life depends on it, trying to squeeze as much comfort as you can out of each other, trying to blend into each other. You walk down the street towards your home, and you are struck by something unexpected – everything looks smaller. The streets  
60 look narrower, the houses Lilliputian, and you realize you have grown. It is difficult to get a grip on the time that has passed. Everything has been frozen in your memory since you left and now everything is different.

VESNA MARIC

## Writing a reflection

Write a reflection on the experience of coming home after you have been away.

- Look at things with fresh but familiar eyes, and describe how they appear to you now. What is different?
- Choose an image or a series of images made up of different details and views to support your written account. Pay special attention to the feelings associated with particular colours and forms.

A painting called 'Coming Home' by Sara Hayward, showing the artist's home town in Cornwall, England.

## Comprehension

- 1 Why do you think the writer uses the second person pronoun 'you' instead of 'I' to tell her story? What is the effect of this?
- 2 How do the metaphors in lines 33 and 35 ('impatience boiling in your chest' and 'climbing up and down the walls of your brain') help you to understand the writer's emotions as she approaches her home town, Mostar?
- 3 The writer was only sixteen when she left for England. What do you think has happened to her during her time living abroad which makes 'everything different'?



## When do new places present a particular challenge?

Many people don't like change, and like to stay in the same place all their lives. This might seem dull or unadventurous. But for some people that is all the stimulation they need. Moving away from what is safe and familiar can be a wrenching experience.

### Fiction

From *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-time* by Mark Haddon.

This excerpt from a novel by Mark Haddon describes the world from the point of view of Christopher John Francis Boone, a 15-year-old boy with autism living in Swindon, Wiltshire, in England. He is very logically-minded and good at mathematics, but he has problems relating to people, and dealing with new situations. Siobhan is Christopher's teacher and his friend. He reflects on conversations they have had as a way to help him work things out, and better adapt to the world he lives in. She encourages him to write things down.

### Standing in a Field

I see everything. That is why I don't like new places. If I am in a place I know like home, or school, or the bus, or the shop, or the street, I have seen almost everything in it beforehand and all I have to do is to look at the things that  
5 have changed or moved. For example, one week, the **Shakespeare's Globe** poster had fallen down in the classroom at school and you could tell because it had been put back slightly to the right and there were three little circles of Blu-Tack stain on the wall down the left-hand side of the  
10 poster. And the next day someone had graffitied **CROW APTOK** to lamppost 437 in our street which is the one outside number 35.

But most people are lazy. They never look properly. They do what is called *glancing* which is the same word for bumping  
15 off something and carrying on in almost the same direction, e.g. when a snooker ball glances off another snooker ball. And the information in their head is really simple. For example, if they are in the countryside, it might be:

I am standing in a field that is full of grass.

### Wordpool

to graffiti (line 10)  
cooker (29)  
scenic (36)  
clarification (72)  
processor (91)  
computer program (102)  
capacity (107)

### GLOSSARY

A person with an **autistic spectrum disorder** often has difficulty communicating and socially interacting with other people, and enjoys repetitive activities. People with autism often focus on developing very specific interests and expertise in a technical field of knowledge.

**snooker** is a game, played with balls on a billiard table.

An **economist** works in the field of economics, a branch of knowledge concerned with managing finance, production and the consumption of goods.

A **logician** works in the branch of philosophy that deals with the principles of logical thought and scientific method.

20 There are some cows in the fields.  
It is sunny with a few clouds.  
There are some flowers in the grass.  
There is a village in the distance.  
There is a fence at the edge of the field and it has  
25 a gate in.

And then they would stop noticing anything  
because they would be thinking something else  
like, 'Oh, it is very beautiful here,' or, 'I'm  
worried that I might have left the gas cooker  
30 on,' or, 'I wonder if Julie has given birth yet.'

But if I am standing in a field in the countryside  
I notice everything. For example, I remember  
standing in a field on Thursday 15th June 1994  
because Father and Mother and I were driving to Dover to  
35 get a ferry to France and we did what Father called *Taking  
the scenic route* which means going by little roads and  
stopping for lunch in a pub garden, and I went into a field  
with cows in, looked at the field and I noticed these things.

There are 19 cows in the field, 15 of which are black and  
40 white and 4 of which are brown and white.

There is a village in the distance which has 31 visible houses  
and a church with a square tower and not a spire.

There are ridges in the field which means that in medieval  
times it was what is called a *ridge and furrow* field and  
45 people who lived in the village would have a ridge each to do  
farming on.

There is an old plastic bag from Asda in the hedge, and a  
squashed Coca-cola can with a snail on it, and a long piece  
of orange string.

50 The north-east corner of the field is highest and the south-  
west corner is lowest (I had a compass because we were  
going on holiday and I wanted to know where Swindon was  
when we were in France) and the field is folded downwards  
slightly along the line between these two corners so that the



55 north-west and south-east corners are slightly lower than they would be if the field was a flat inclined plane.

I can see three different types of grass and two colours of flowers in the grass.

60 The cows are mostly facing uphill. And there were 31 more things in this list of things I noticed but Siobhan said I didn't need to write them all down. And it means that it is very tiring if I am in a new place because I see all these things, and if someone asked me afterwards what the cows looked like, I could ask which one, and I could do a drawing of them at home and say that a particular cow had patterns on it like  
65 this (draws a picture of a cow).

And I realise that I told a lie in **Chapter 13** because I said, 'I cannot tell jokes', because I do know three jokes that I can tell and I understand and one of them is about a cow, and  
70 Siobhan said I didn't have to go back and change what I wrote in **Chapter 14** because it doesn't matter because it is not a lie, just a clarification.

And this is the joke. There are three men on a train. One of them is an economist and one of them is a logician and one  
75 of them is a mathematician. And they have just crossed the border into Scotland (I don't know why they are going to Scotland) and they see a brown cow standing in a field from the window of the train (and the cow is standing parallel to the train).

80 And the economist says, 'Look, the cows in Scotland are brown.'

And the logician says, 'No. There are cows in Scotland of which one, at least, is brown.'

And the mathematician says, 'No. There is at least one cow  
85 in Scotland of which one side appears to be brown.'

And it is funny because economists are not real scientists, and because logicians think more clearly, but mathematicians are best.

### Looking closely

- 1 Why does Christopher find new places stressful? (paragraph 1)
- 2 What kinds of things does Christopher focus on, when he records what he sees? List the details of what he sees in the cow field. (lines 39–56)
- 3 What is 'a clarification'? (line 72) How is it different to a lie or a falsehood?
- 4 What does Christopher compare his mind to when he gets overloaded with too much information?
- 5 What makes Christopher impatient with other people who do not share his way of looking at the world? What does he think of them?

### Journal

Do you ever get annoyed with people who don't see things the way you do? Write about a funny situation you have experienced.

And when I am in a new place, because I see everything, it is  
 90 like when a computer is doing too many things at the same  
 time and the central processor unit is blocked up and there  
 isn't any space left to think about other things. And when I  
 am in a new place and there are lots of people there it is even  
 harder because people are not like cows and flowers and  
 95 grass and they can talk to you and do things that you don't  
 expect, so you have to notice everything that is in the place,  
 and also you have to notice things that might happen as well.  
 And sometimes, when I am in a new place and there are lots  
 of people there it is like a computer crashing and I have to  
 100 close my eyes and put my hands over my ears and groan,  
 which is like pressing CTRL + ALT + DEL and shutting  
 down programs and turning the computer off and rebooting  
 so that I can remember what I am doing and where I am  
 meant to be going.

105 And that is why I am good at chess and maths and logic,  
 because most people are almost blind and they don't see  
 most things and there is lots of spare capacity in their heads  
 that's filled with things which aren't connected and are silly,  
 like, 'I'm worried that I might have left the gas cooker on.'

MARK HADDON



## Comprehension

- 1 Why does Christopher focus so much on the detail? Why is he distrustful of conventional ideas of beauty in the landscape?
- 2 What does the joke reveal about Christopher?
- 3 How else do we know that Christopher loves mathematics?
- 4 What does Christopher mean, when he calls most people 'blind'? What is Christopher blind to?
- 5 Why do you think Christopher may appear to other people to be unsympathetic? Why does he have difficulty relating to other people?

## Toolkit

### Use of i.e. and e.g.

i.e. comes from the Latin *id est* and stands for 'that is'. It is used in place of 'in other words'.

e.g. comes from the Latin *exempli gratia* which means 'for the sake of an example'. They are often used in technical descriptions such as you might find in 'Standing in a Field'.

Write two sentences using i.e. and two using e.g.



## Extension read

From *Rodzina* by Karen Cushman

This extract from the novel *Rodzina* is set in the nineteenth century. It is about a group of orphaned children who travel on an orphan train to the Midwest of the United States of America in order to find a placement there. Although fictional, it is based on the real experience of children who were 'placed out' by the many charitable agencies operating in the nineteenth century to find homes for orphans. The narrator is a 12-year-old Polish orphan called Rodzina who, while struggling with her own doubts and fears, puts on a brave face for the younger children.

After travelling from Chicago, through Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and now Wyoming, the party of children is dwindling and the anxiety of those children still unplaced is growing. They are now heading for Cheyenne, where a poster like this one has been sent in advance:

### Wordpool

- dipper (4)
- dreary (6)
- to reckon (14)
- stubbly (18)
- prairie (19)
- a jeweled sceptre (89)

## WANTED HOMES FOR CHILDREN

A COMPANY OF TWENTY-TWO HOMELESS CHILDREN OF  
VARIOUS AGES AND SEXES, HAVING BEEN

THROWN FRIENDLESS ON THE WORLD, WILL BE AT THE  
CHEYENNE SCHOOLHOUSE ON APRIL 2, 1881, FOR THE  
PURPOSE OF FINDING THEM NEW HOMES.

PERSONS TAKING THESE CHILDREN MUST BE APPROVED BY  
THE AGENTS WHO ARE ACCOMPANYING THEM AND MUST  
PROMISE KIND TREATMENT, GOOD MORAL TRAINING,  
DECENT CLOTHES, AND A FAIR COMMON SCHOOL  
EDUCATION.

AN ADDRESS WILL BE MADE BY THE PLACING-OUT AGENT,  
LEONARD R. SZPROT.

PIE AND COFFEE  
WILL BE SERVED



## ☞ Cheyenne ☜

Next morning I bumped into Mickey Dooley at the water bucket. ‘Know what kind of fish live in a water bucket?’ He asked, his eyes as usual looking here and there at the same time. He didn’t wait for an answer but waved the dipper at me and said, ‘Wet fish. Get it? Wet fish.’

I wanted to keep on thinking my dreary thoughts and not be interrupted with fish jokes. ‘Why do you keep joking about nothing all the time?’ I asked him. ‘We’re coming up to Cheyenne, where we’ll be sold like chicken feed to farmers. Aren’t you worried?’

‘Water you mean?’ he asked.

‘Why—’ I began, and then stopped my questions. His left eye had managed to quit its wandering and look right at me. I could see sadness there. Why, I reckoned he was just as worried as I was. He just couldn’t say so. I figured the least I could do was pretend right along him. ‘Wet fish! You sure are one funny fellow, Mickey Dooley, wet fish.’

Back at my seat I watched out the window. The flat, stubbly prairie looked like Papa’s face when he needed a shave. Here and there were herds of animals Chester thought were antelope. Or moose. Or elk. Sure weren’t buffalo, he said.

Nellie came and leaned against my legs. ‘I don’t want to go west,’ she said. ‘Spud said the west is full of murderers and guns and wildfires. I’m plumb scared of the west.’

‘No. He’s wrong. West is a good place to go,’ I told her. I lifted her up and settled her between Lacey and me. ‘My mama used to tell me a story about the west, when we first came from Poland, heading west to a whole new country. Seems there was a—’

‘Once upon a time,’ said Nellie, nose dripping on my sleeve. ‘That’s how stories start.’

‘Okay, then. Once upon a time in a town far away in Poland lived a tailor named Matuschanski. He was a very tall man



**UK**

pavement  
jewelled  
traveller

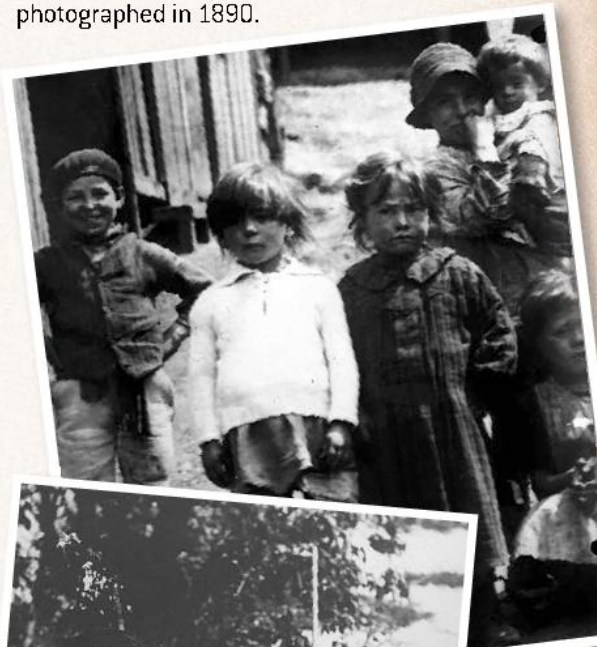


**USA**

sidewalk  
jeweled  
traveler

(In US spelling, the second ‘l’ is only used when there is a stress on the last syllable.)

Children in a city street, photographed in 1890.



Two young farm boys, photographed in 1890.

with a very long nose and a very long beard. And he was so  
35 thin, he could pass through the eye of his own needle, so thin  
he fell through the cracks in the sidewalk, so thin he could  
eat only noodles, one at a time. But he was a kind man and a  
very good tailor.'

Lacey snuggled closer to Nellie so that she could listen, until  
40 all three of us were pressed right up against the window.

I went on. 'One day a gypsy passing through town cut her  
foot on a stone. She came to see the tailor, who darned it so  
neatly there was no scar. As payment, she read his fortune in  
his palm: "If you leave this town on a Sunday," she said, 'and  
45 walk always westward, you will reach a place where you will  
be a king.'

Chester and Mickey Dooley came and sat on the floor by my  
feet. "Well," said the tailor, "I will never know whether or  
not she was right unless I go." And so Pan Matuschanski  
50 packed up a bundle with a needle, a thousand miles of  
thread, and a pair of scissors.'

'A thousand miles of thread?' asked Chester. 'Im-possible.'

'Possible in this story. Just listen. All the tailor knew of west  
is that it was where the sun set, and so he walked that way.  
55 After seven days he reached the kingdom of Splatt.'

'Now Splatt had troubles. The King had died, and it was  
raining. It was pouring. Everywhere else it was sunny, but  
over Splatt it was raining and had been ever since the king  
died.

60 'The townspeople moaned, "Oh, who will stop the rain? It  
comes in our windows and chimneys, floods our roads,  
washes away our flowers, drowns our fish.'"

'Drowned fish!' Spud and Joe, who had joined the bunch at  
my feet, laughed so hard at that they fell over in a heap,  
65 kicking and punching each other. Sammy jumped up and  
separated the two, made Joe sit down next to him, and  
motioned for me to go on. I never before saw Sammy stop  
anyone from fighting. A small miracle.

70 ‘The princess of Splatt said, ‘I promise my hand in marriage to the person who can stop the rain.’

‘The tailor liked the idea of marrying a princess and becoming king. He thought and thought. Hmm. ‘I know!’ he shouted finally. ‘Your king was so great and mighty that when he died and went to Heaven, he made a great and mighty hole in the sky. It will rain forever unless that hole is sewn up.’

‘Never happen,’ said Spud.

‘Happened here,’ I said. ‘So Pan Matuschanski had the townspeople take all the ladders in the town, tie them together, and lean them against the sky. Then he took his needle and his thousand miles of thread and climbed up and up and up. When he got to the sky, sure enough, there was a huge hole in it. He went to work and sewed and sewed. Two days later, fingers stiff and back sore, he climbed down the ladder.’

‘The sun was shining in Splatt. ‘Long live the king,’ said the mayor, handing him a golden crown while the townsfolk all cheered.

‘And,’ said the princess, handing him a jeweled sceptre, ‘long live my husband.’ And he did.’

When I finished, Nellie was asleep against my shoulder. Lacey was sleeping too. And Mickey Dooley, Spud, Chester, and Joe. ‘May we all be kings in the west,’ I said with a great sigh, as I leaned back in my seat. ‘Or at least safe and happy.’

95 And I slept too.

KAREN CUSHMAN

### Comprehension

- 1 What does the conversation at the water bucket reveal about Rodzina and Mickey Dooley?
- 2 Why do you think Rodzina and the other orphans are reluctant to travel out west for a placement with a family?
- 3 Why does Rodzina put her negative feelings aside when she talks to the other children?
- 3 Why do you think she tells them the story about the tailor Matuschanski?

Rodzina and the other orphans travelled in a train like this one across the Midwest of America.



### Acknowledgments

The author and publisher are grateful for permission to reprint the following copyright material:

Ethan Aames: extract from interview with Georgie Henley and James McAvoy as posted on CineCon site 12 August 2005, [www.cinecon.com](http://www.cinecon.com), reprinted by permission of Cinema Confidential.

Richard Adams: extract from *Watership Down* (Puffin, 2007), reprinted by permission of David Higham Associates.

Aravind Adiga: extract from *The White Tiger* (Atlantic Books, 2008), reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Allan Ahlberg: 'Billy McBone' from *Heard It in the Playground* (Viking, 1989), copyright © Allan Ahlberg 1989, reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

Sherman Alexie: extract from *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian* (Andersen Press, 2008), copyright © Sherman Alexie 2007, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Little Brown and Company, The Hachette Book Group and The Random House Group Ltd.

Isaac Asimov: extract from 'Reason' in *I, Robot* (HarperCollins, 1993) first published 1950, reprinted by permission of Random House Inc.

Leo Benedictus: extracts from profile 'Sky High: The Air Traffic Controller', *The Guardian* 18.10.2008, reprinted by permission of Guardian News and Media.

Alan Bennett: extracts from Act 1 of *The History Boys* (Faber, 2004), reprinted by permission of Faber and Faber Ltd.

John Berendt: opening extract from *The City of Falling Angels* (Hodder & Stoughton, 2005), reprinted by permission of the publishers.

James Berry: 'Old Slave Villages' from *Windrush Songs* (Bloodaxe, 2007), reprinted by permission of Bloodaxe Books.

E R Braithwaite: extract from *To Sir with Love* (Vintage, 2005), reprinted by permission of David Higham Associates Ltd.

Anthony Bourdain: extract from *Kitchen Confidential* (Bloomsbury, 2000), reprinted by permission of Bloomsbury USA.

Karen Cushman: extract from *Rodzina* (Clarion Books, 2003), copyright © Karen Cushman 2003 reprinted by permission of Curtis Brown Ltd and Clarion Books, an imprint of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All Rights reserved.

Leon Garfield: extract from Smith (Constable, 1967), reprinted by permission of Johnson & Alcock on behalf of the Estate of Leon Garfield. Graphic Maps: population statistic tables from [www.worldatlas.com](http://www.worldatlas.com), reprinted by permission of Graphic Maps.

Mark Haddon: extract from *The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime* (David Fickling Books, 2003), reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd and Aitken Alexander Associates.

Gaye Hıçyılmaz: extract from *Against the Storm* (Faber, 1998), reprinted by permission of Faber and Faber Ltd.

Khaled Hosseini: extract from *The Kite Runner* (Bloomsbury, 2003), reprinted by permission of the publishers, Bloomsbury Publishing plc and Penguin Group USA.

Langston Hughes: 'I Too Sing America' from *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes* edited by Arnold Rampersad (Alfred Knopf, 2007), reprinted by permission of David Higham Associates Ltd and Alfred A Knopf, a division of Random House Inc.

Holbrook Jackson: 'Town', first published in 1913, from *Occasions: A Volume of Essays upon Divers Subjects* (Grant Richards Ltd, 1922), reprinted by permission of The Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of Holbrook Jackson.

Elizabeth Jennings: 'Friends' from *New Collected Poems* edited by Michael Schmidt (Carcenet, 2002), reprinted by permission of David Higham Associates Ltd.

Brian Jones: 'About Friends' from *Spitfire on the Northern Line* (Chatto & Windus, 1975), reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd. Mohja Kahf: 'The Roc' from *The Poetry of Arab Women: A Contemporary Anthology* edited by Nathalie Handal (Interlink Books, 2001), reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Martin Luther King Jr: extracts from 'I have a Dream.', copyright © 1963 Martin Luther King Jr, copyright renewed 1991 by Coretta Scott King, reprinted by arrangement with the heirs of the Estate of Martin Luther King Jr, c/o Writers House as agent for the Proprietor, New York, NY.

C S Lewis: extract from *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe* (HarperCollins Childrens' Books, 2007), copyright © C S Lewis Pte Ltd 1950, reprinted by permission of The CS Lewis Company.

Patricia McCormick: extract from 'If only Papa hadn't Danced' from *Free? Stories Celebrating Human Rights* (Walker Books for Amnesty International, 2009), reprinted by permission of Amnesty International.

Nelson Mandela: extract from *A Long Walk to Freedom* (Little, Brown, 1994), copyright © Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela 1994, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Little, Brown Book Group.

Vesna Maric: extract from *Bluebird: A Memoir* (Granta, 2009), reprinted by permission of the publishers, Granta Books and Scribner.

Adrian Mitchell: 'Secret Country' from *Love Songs of World War Three* (Allison & Busby, 1989), reprinted by permission of United Agents on behalf of the author's Estate.

An Na: extract from *A Step from Heaven* (Allen & Unwin, 2002), reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.

Lee Ann Obringer and Jonathan Strickland: extract from 'How Asimo works', from [www.science.howstuffworks.com/](http://www.science.howstuffworks.com/) reprinted by permission of How Stuff Works.

George Orwell: extract from *Down and Out in Paris and London* (first published 1933), copyright © George Orwell 1933, renewed 1961 by Sonia Pitt-Rivers, reprinted by permission of A M Heath & Co Ltd on behalf of Bill Hamilton as the Literary Executor of the Estate of the late Sonia Brownell Orwell and Secker & Warburg Ltd, and of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company.

Orhan Pamuk: extract from *Istanbul: Memories of a City* translated by Maureen Freely (Faber, 2005), reprinted by permission of Faber and Faber Ltd.

Doris Pilkington: extract from *Rabbit-Proof Fence* (University of Queensland Press, 1996), copyright © Doris Pilkington-Nugi Garimara 1996, reproduced by permission of the publishers, Miramax Books c/o Hyperion. All rights reserved.

Alice Pung: extract from *Unpolished Gem* (Portobello, 2008), copyright © Alice Pung 2008, reprinted by permission of Portobello Books, Black Inc. Australia and Penguin Group USA.

Kocho Racin: 'Tobacco Pickers' translated by Broz Koneski from *The Song Atlas: A Book of World Poetry* edited by John Gallas (Carcenet, 2002), reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Taufiq Ralat: lines from 'Arrival of the Monsoon' from *A Dragonfly in the Sun* edited by Muneeza Shamsie (OUP Pakistan, 1998), reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press Pakistan.

Antoine de St Exupery: extract from *Southern Mail* translated by Curtis Cate (Penguin, 2000), reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.

Carl Sandburg: 'Fog' from *The Complete Poems of Carl Sandburg* (Houghton Mifflin, 2003), reprinted by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn: *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* Shukhov translated by Ralph Parker (Penguin Classics, 2000), reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Ltd.

Marin Sorescu: 'Playing Icarus' from *The Biggest Egg in the World* (Bloodaxe, 1987), reprinted by permission of Bloodaxe Books.

Louisa Waugh: extract from 'Letters from Tsengal', Mongolia 1998 in *Letters from the Edge: 12 Women of the World Write Home* edited by Chris Brazier (New Internationalist, 2008), reprinted by permission of the publishers.

Damon Weaver: interview with President Barack Obama on election night from [abcnews.go.com/GMA/](http://abcnews.go.com/GMA/) reprinted by permission of ABC News.

H G Wells: extract from *The Time Machine* (Penguin, 2007), reprinted by permission of A P Watt Ltd on behalf of the Literary Executors of the Estate of H G Wells.

William Carlos Williams: 'Landscape with the Fall of Icarus' from *The Collected Poems: Volume II, 1939-1962* (Carcenet, 2000), copyright © William Carlos Williams 1962, reprinted by permission of the publishers, New Directions Publishing Corp. and Carcanet Press Ltd.

Although we have made every effort to trace and contact all copyright holders before publication this has not been possible in all cases. If notified, the publisher will rectify any errors or omissions at the earliest opportunity.

Linda Sue Park: extract from *A Single Shard* (OUP, 2001), copyright © Linda Sue Park 2001, reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press.

Bill Paterson, extract from *Tales from the Back Green* (Hodder & Stoughton, 2008), copyright © Bill Paterson 2008, reprinted by permission of the publishers and David Godwin Associates Ltd.

Suzanne Fisher Staples, adapted extract from *Daughter of the Wind* (Walker Books, 2002), text copyright © Suzanne Fisher Staples 1989, reprinted by permission of the publishers, Walker Books Ltd, London SE11 5HJ and Random House, Inc.

Ingalls Wilder: extract from *Little House on the Prairie* (Egmont, 2000), copyright Laura Ingalls Wilder 1953, © renewed 1963 by Roger L MacBride, reprinted by permission of the publishers.

The Publisher would like to thank the following for permission to reproduce photographs:

Front cover photo Digital Vision/Alamy; p6a James Thew/Shutterstock; p6b JoLin/Shutterstock; p6c Fedor A. Sidorov/Shutterstock; p8 Tracy Whiteside/Shutterstock; p9a North Wind Picture Archives/Alamy; p9b BORTEL Pavel/Shutterstock; p10 ArchMan/Shutterstock; p11 Kuttig - People/Alamy; p12a Ali Ender Birer/Shutterstock; p12b OUP Captureweb; p12c ZQFotography/Shutterstock; p12d Phase4Photography/Shutterstock; p13a Condor36/Shutterstock; p13b Vladimir V. Georgievskiy/Shutterstock; p15 Steve Skjold/Alamy; p17 WALT DISNEY PICTURES/BRAY,PHI; p21 Merrill/Dreamstime; p22 Redshift Photography/Alamy; p23 Eadam/Dreamstime; p24 WALT DISNEY PICTURES/VINET,PI; p28a traff/Shutterstock; p28b Viacheslav Gorelik/Shutterstock; p29a Tiero/Dreamstime; p29b: ClassicStock/Alamy; p29c Keith Dannemiller/Alamy; p29d Ton Koene/Alamy; p29e Blend Image/OUP; p30 Splashuk/splashnews.com; p31 Press Association Images; p33 Matthew Jacques/Shutterstock; p35 JJ pixs/Shutterstock; p36a Podfoto/Shutterstock; p36b Darryl Sleath/Shutterstock; p36c Douglas Freer/Shutterstock; p37a andras\_csontos/Shutterstock; p37b Lebrecht Music and Arts Photo Library/Alamy; p38 Lebrecht Music and Arts Photo Library/Alamy; p39 Serg64/Shutterstock; p40 Peter Johnson/Corbis; p42 AFP/Getty Images; p43 Getty Images; p44 COLUMBIA PICTURES/Album/AKG; p48a Vibrant Image Studio/Shutterstock; p48b Alex Staroseltsev/Shutterstock; p49 Caricature of Jules Verne (1828-1905) from 'Men of Today', c. 1880 (colour litho), Gill, Andre (1840-85)/Collection Kharbine-Tapabor, Paris, France/The Bridgeman Art Library; p50a akg-images/Erich Lessing; p50b akg-images/Erich Lessing; p53 Pictorial Press Ltd/Alamy; p54a B. G. Smith/Shutterstock; p54b 2009fotofriends/Shutterstock; p55 akva/Shutterstock; p56a The Mountains of Mystery, from 'Incredible Journeys', 1975 (gouache on paper), English School, (20th century)/Private Collection/Look and Learn/The Bridgeman Art Library; p56b INTERFOTO/Alamy; p56c Bibliothèque nationale de France; p57a Thomas Cook Archive/Illustrated London News Ltd/Mary Evans; p57b Thomas Cook Archive/Illustrated London News Ltd/Mary Evans; p58c Miramax/Everett/Rex Features; p59a Kgrahamjourneys/Dreamstime; p61a Alan Robert Jupp/Shutterstock; p61b Bigstock; p62 Clearviewstock/Shutterstock; p64a Dave Sonnier/Shutterstock; p64b Yan Zommer/Shutterstock; p64c wona Grodzka/Shutterstock; p65a 'The Wealth of England: the Bessemer Process of Making Steel', 1895 (oil on canvas), Titcomb, William Holt Yates (1858-1930)/ Kelham Island Industrial Museum, Sheffield, UK/The Bridgeman Art Library; p65b Photodisc/OUP; p66 Picture Contact/Alamy; p69a Vario images GmbH & Co.KG/ Alamy; p69b Roger Bamber/Alamy; p71 Tom Arne Hanslien/Alamy; p72 Mary Evans Picture Library/Alamy; p74 Edwin Remsberg/Alamy; p75 Mary Evans Picture Library/Alamy; p77 akg-images; p78a Hernan H. Hernandez A./Shutterstock; p78b Faberfoto/Shutterstock; p79 Bigstock; p81 Hansjoerg Richter/ISTockphoto; p82 Adrian Arbib/Alamy; p84 RIA Novosti/Alamy; p87 akg-images/RIA Novosti; p88 IML Image Group Ltd/Alamy; p89 Mary Evans Picture Library/CHRISTINE HINZE; p90 Mrs. Francis E. W. Harper (engraving), American School, (19th century)/Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois, USA/The Bridgeman Art Library; p95 OUP Captureweb; p96 Robwatership/Alamy; p97 Rebecca Anne/Shutterstock; p98a Mushakesa/shutterstock; p98b Tischenko Irina/Shutterstock; p99a Vlad-Koarov/Etoon.com; p99b Chudo-yudo/Shutterstock; p100 AFP/Getty Images; p101 Pictorial Press Ltd/Alamy; p102 Reynold Brown; p103 photoBeard/Shutterstock; p104 Spectral-Design/Shutterstock; p106a PETER MENZEL/SCIENCE PHOTO LIBRARY; p106b akg-images/PictureContact; p107 akg-images/PictureContact; p109 20TH CENTURY FOX/GERLITZ, AVA; p111 Krol/Shutterstock; p112 serjoe/Shutterstock; p116a Taily/Shutterstock; p116b St. Nick/Shutterstock; p117 Alan Merrigan/Shutterstock; p118a Marek R. Swadzba/Shutterstock; p118b INTERFOTO/Alamy; p119 Netfalls/Shutterstock; p120 Landscape with the Fall of Icarus, c.1555 (oil on canvas), Bruegel, Pieter the Elder (c.1525-69)/Musees Royaux des Beaux-Arts de Belgique, Brussels, Belgium/Giraudon/The Bridgeman Art Library; p122a public domain; p122b public domain; p122c public domain; p121 Andrew Fox/Alamy; p123a Juniors Bildarchiv/Alamy; p123b Daniel Hebert/Shutterstock; p124a Illustrated London News Ltd/Mary Evans; p124b Pictorial Press Ltd/Alamy; p125 Kolosigor/Shutterstock; p126 Underwood & Underwood/Corbis; p127 Reuters/Suhaib Salem; p129a Reuters/Suhaib Salem; p129b MOHAMMED SABER/epa/Corbis; p130a Kushch Dmitry/ Shutterstock; p130b Andrew Chin/Shutterstock; p131a DAN PELED/epa/Corbis; p131b Cocohibb/Dreamstime; p131c Frances A Miller/Shutterstock; p132 INTERFOTO/Alamy; p138 Chantal de bruijne/Shutterstock; p140 Bigstock; p141 Photodisc/OUP; p142a Paul Fleet/Alamy Image; p142b Peter Arnold, Inc./Alamy; p142c MalDix/Shutterstock; p143 Daniel Wiedemann/Shutterstock; p144 Lenalir/Dreamstime; p147 Sonifo/Dreamstime; p148a upthebanner/Shutterstock; p148b javarman/Shutterstock; p149 Florence from Bellosguardo, Brett, John (1831-1902)/Private Collection/The Fine Art Society, London, UK/The Bridgeman Art Library; p150a Marco Rullkoetter/Shutterstock; p150b Ken Welsh/Alamy; p150c Gksana.perkins/Shutterstock; p150d MaxFX/Shutterstock; p150e

/Ffooter/Shutterstock; p150f Vinicious Tupinamba/Shutterstock; p150g Sunxuejun/Shutterstock; p150h Steba/Shutterstock; p150i Photodisc/OUP; p151 Adisa/Shutterstock; p152 Mary Evans Picture Library; p155a Garwood & Voigt Antique Maps; p155b Mary Evans Picture Library; p156 Street Scene in Paris, 1926 (board), Wood, Christopher/1901-30/Southampton City Art Gallery, Hampshire, UK/The Bridgeman Art Library; p158 David R. Frazier Photolibrary, Inc./Alamy; p160a akg-images/Suzanne Held; p160b National Geographic/Getty Images; p162a Photos 12/Alamy; p162b Pictorial Press Ltd/Alamy; p163 View of the Grand Canal from the South, the Palazzo Foscari to the right and the Rialto Bridge beyond, Canaletto, Antonio (1697-1768) (after)/Private Collection/Bonhams, London, UK/The Bridgeman Art Library; p164 Kreos/Dreamstime; p165 Rphotography/Dreamstime; p166a Matamu/Shutterstock; p166b Pakhnyuschcha/Shutterstock; p167 Yuri Arcurs/Dreamstime; p171 Howard Davies/Corbis; p172a Dejan Novkovski/Shutterstock; p172b Elena Ray/Shutterstock; p175 The Mighty Roc, Escott, Dan (1928-87)/Private Collection/Look and Learn/The Bridgeman Art Library; p177 LianeM/Shutterstock; p179 Coming Home (oil on board), Hayward, Sara (Contemporary Artist)/Private Collection/The Bridgeman Art Library; p181 Elena Elisseeva/Shutterstock; p183 Yarex/Dreamstime; p184 Javarman/Shutterstock; p185a Roger Voillet/Getty Images; p185b Time & Life Pictures/Getty Images; p187 The Protected Art Archive/Alamy.

The author and publisher are grateful for permission to reprint the following copyright material:

Although we have made every effort to trace and contact all copyright holders before publication this has not been possible in all cases. If notified, the publisher will rectify any errors or omissions at the earliest opportunity.

# English 3

## An International Approach

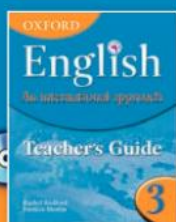


*Oxford English: An International Approach* is a series designed for students who have English as a first language or a strong second language. The series uses a theme-based, holistic approach to reading, writing, speaking and listening and provides a unique range of fiction and non-fiction from across the globe.

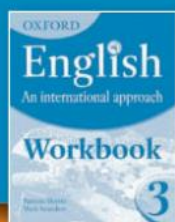
Learning to reason and think critically is emphasized through the many ethical and moral issues raised. Students will be encouraged to read and write for a purpose and tackle issues of concern. There are many enjoyable student-centred activities designed to build knowledge and confidence and capture student interest.

*Oxford English: An International Approach*, book 3 includes:

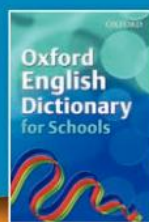
- A truly international approach with literature from around the world
- Extensive support for language development through vocabulary practice, glossaries and toolkits on grammar and language usage
- Word origin boxes, maps and contextual information about many cultures to help students learn about the world in which they live
- A huge range of reading and writing activities with models for student guidance.



9780199126699



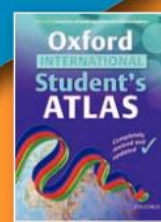
9780199127252



9780199116423



9780199118403



9780198325796

**OXFORD**  
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Orders and enquiries to Customer Services:  
tel. +44 (0) 1536 452620  
fax +44 (0) 1865 313472

ISBN 978-0-19-912666-8



9 780199 126668