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English

An International Approach

Rachel Redford

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Oxford English: An International Approach, Student Book 4

Oxford English: An International Approach, Student Book 4 is the final book in a series of four designed for students. The series is aimed at those with English as a first language or a strong second language who are studying English as a subject. The series is suitable for students of the International Baccalaureate Programme and for students studying IGCSE English as a first or second language.

The books provide students with a superb selection of fiction and non-fiction extracts and poetry from across the globe. Each of the ten units has a different theme explored through its texts and writing tasks, and related topics for discussion. The challenging and insightful themes, including 'Fire', 'Time', 'In the dark' and 'Reaching out' are intended to capture students' interest and involvement in a diverse range of subjects.

The variety of textual material provides a unique opportunity for students to engage in a range of current global issues, and also to learn about different places and historical periods. The texts and the accompanying questions and activities are designed to develop students' critical faculties and to explore concepts and ethical issues which are relevant to their lives.

The international approach is essential to the OIE series. The many unusual, imaginative and stimulating texts come from all over the world (not just from the United Kingdom and the United States) but from places as diverse as Australia, Canada, the Caribbean, Finland, India, Japan, Nigeria, Mozambique, Morocco and Turkey. The range of topics reflects customs and traditions from across the globe and the centuries,

from porcelain making in thirteenth-century Korea to the experiences and stories of Native Americans and Aboriginal Australians. Conflicts such as civil war are explored in stories about an Irish republican sniper, and an escape from persecution in Kurdish Iraq.

All the texts have been chosen to stimulate and entertain adolescent students, and at the same time to expose them to varieties of English, from Anglo-Saxon and Shakespeare to contemporary Jamaican English and the texts of writers whose first language is not English. Adolescent viewpoints and experiences are fully represented throughout in topics such as finding a place in a new country, making friends and learning English.

The following features appear in each unit:

The **Wordpool** feature identifies key vocabulary for students. Acquiring vocabulary is an essential part of any learning for both first and second language students. Each wordpool contains words which are likely to be unfamiliar. Students are encouraged to identify their meanings for themselves, and to add further words if necessary. The student's wordpool becomes a record of recently learned words for each unit.

Glossaries help define references, technical terms, significant words of cultural relevance, non-English vocabulary, and words from specific vocabularies such as dialects or colloquialisms. Glossaries thus extend not only the students' vocabulary, but also their frames of reference and their understanding of other cultures.

Word origins provide the derivations of words. Students will begin to understand the diverse

roots, and the development, of the English language, and appreciate how words from other languages are part of contemporary English.


UK/USA English words are listed under the national flags of the United Kingdom and the United States to show clearly the distinctive spelling differences between British and American English.

Talking points suggest topics and issues for discussion in groups or pairs. Speaking and listening is an essential skill in language acquisition. The topics arise from the texts and tasks in each unit and encourage students to express opinions and to develop an understanding at an increasingly sophisticated level. Students' contributions can be part of their Speaking and Listening coursework. Students for whom English is their second language will learn the pronunciation and stress patterns of English.

The **Comprehension** and **Looking closely** questions following the texts test students' understanding of explicit and implicit meaning, and their appreciation of language use. Answers require an increasing level of basic comprehension, interpretation, empathy and imagination; they are designed to establish and develop students' confidence in giving comprehensive and thoughtful answers in which they draw inferences from the given texts, and analyse the writers' use of language.

Writing activities direct students to write in a variety of forms and registers addressing real-life situations; to express ideas and opinions; summarize and extract main points; and to express clearly what the task requires them to think, feel and imagine.

Journals are suggested topics for students to write about in a way which interests and absorbs them. It is not intended that students' journals should be assessed; they are intended as opportunities for students to write openly and personally in their own voices. Students may keep their journal entries in a separate book and may (or may not!) wish to share them in class.

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

The Workbook which accompanies Student Book 4 is an exam practice workbook for IGCSE English as a second language, and provides extensive practice for comprehension, note-making, summary writing, formal and informal writing including essay preparation, and data transference.

This publication is dedicated to all the students and teachers who will 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. Thanks to academic advisor Patricia Mertin, series editor Carolyn Lee, production editor Eve Sullivan, designer Mara Singer and Batul Ali of OUP Pakistan for cultural advice and editorial review.

Special thanks to Eve Sullivan for her thematic development and additional text and image research.

RACHEL REDFORD, 2010

1

Money

Does money make us happy?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- ancient and modern money
- the UK and the USA
- the Solomon Islands
- India
- Italy
- Zimbabwe

Read

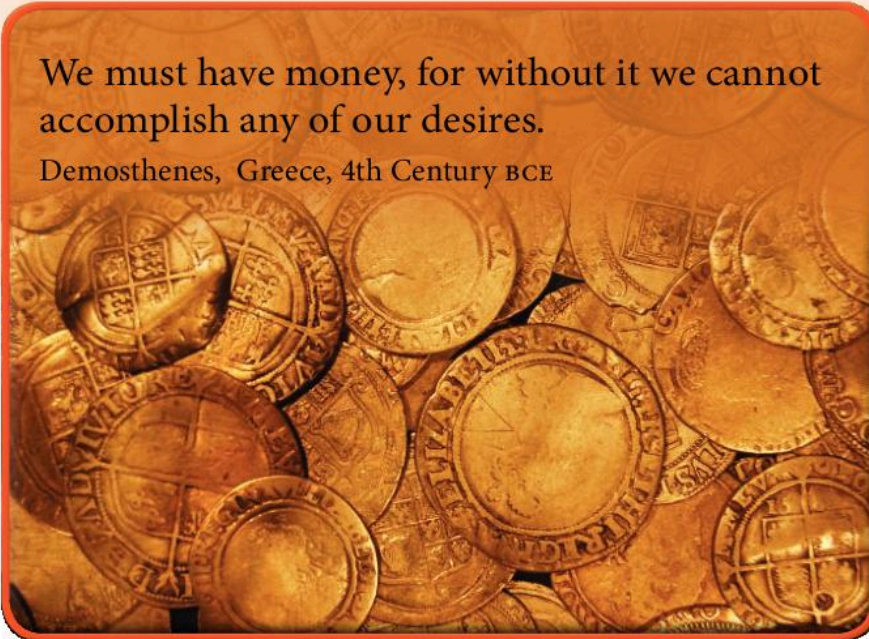
- fiction
- poetry
- a Shakespeare play
- a news report
- an encyclopedia entry

Create

- comparisons
- a letter to an MP
- a summary
- an opinion piece
- an account
- a piece of research

We must have money, for without it we cannot accomplish any of our desires.

Demosthenes, Greece, 4th Century BCE



The desire for money is nothing new, as the opening quotation from ancient Greece shows.

Ask your fellow students – and yourself – what you would wish for if you were offered a magic wish. Would it be ‘health’, ‘top marks in all my exams’, ‘an end to world poverty’ or just ‘loads of money’? Try the question out on your classmates!

However much money people have, it seems they always want more, as though money guarantees everything anyone could ever want, including happiness. Do you think this is true?

Talking points

- 1 How would you define the words ‘personal wealth’?
- 2 What other things might we value highly?

Which countries are the wealthiest?

Before you look at the first map below, identify the countries of the world where you think people have the most money, and where they have the least.

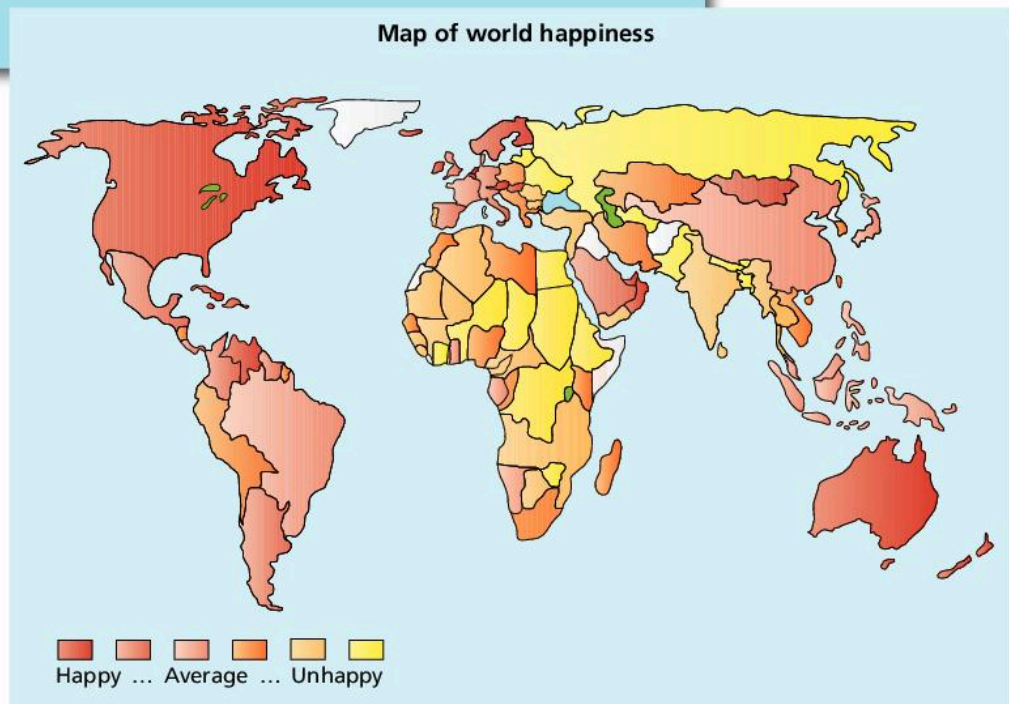
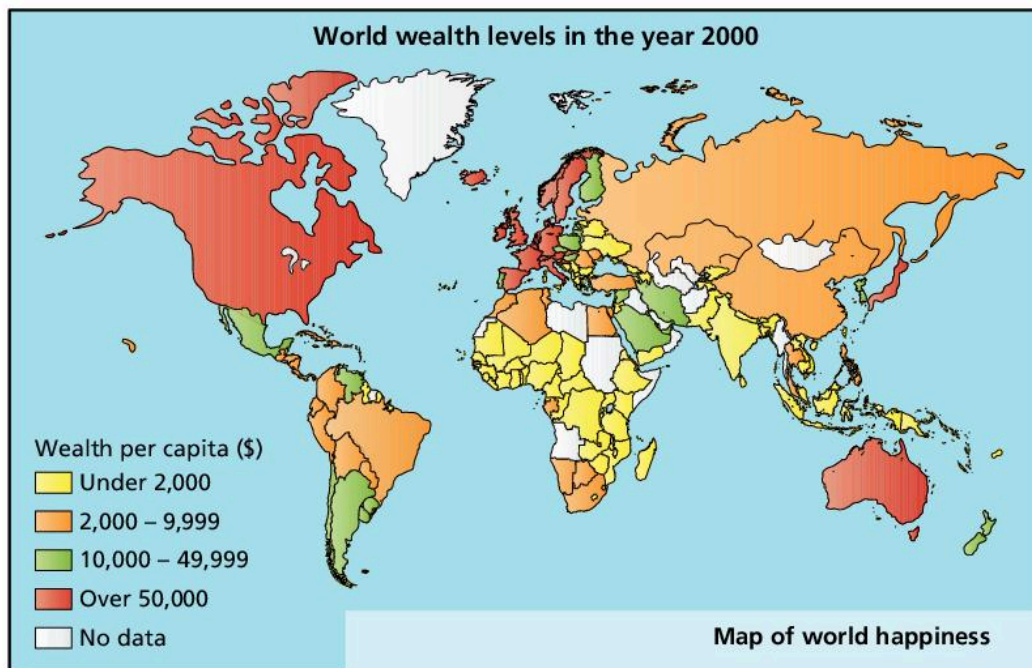
Now look at the map. What do you think are the factors which contribute to the wealth in the red areas and the poverty in the yellow areas? Can you think of any ways in which the distribution of wealth could be made more equal?

How does this map relate to the second map which measures world happiness? How important is economic wellbeing to subjective wellbeing? What other factors are important?

Discuss the following words:

money riches wealth

wellbeing distribution



How powerful is money?

How powerful is money? The American businessman John D. Rockefeller, who earned his fortune from oil, became the world's richest man and the first American worth more than a billion dollars. He had this to say: 'I believe it is my duty to make money and still more money and to use

the money I make for the good of my fellow man according to the dictates of my conscience.'

What dictates might those be? Think about the advantages and disadvantages of aspiring to great wealth as you read the following poems.

Poem

The following poem is written by the American poet William Heyen. What are the questions about the global economy which this poem raises?

∞ The Global Economy ∞

You've got a dollar. You deposit it in your savings account. Now you've got a dollar and the bank's got a dollar.

The bank loans a dollar to Joe's Construction. Now

- 5 You've got a dollar, the bank's got a dollar, and Joe's got a dollar.

Joe buys a board from Hirohito Lumber. Now Hirohito's got a dollar too.

Where did you get your dollar?

- 10 How much money is there in the world?

Who's got it?

Where is it?

What happened to all the trees?

WILLIAM HEYEN

Looking closely

- 1 The poet uses very simple words. How many words have more than two syllables? What effect do you think this simple language has on the point that the poet is making?
- 2 If the poet had used more complex language, imagery and sentence structure, what difference do you think it would have made to the effectiveness of his poem?

Comprehension

- 1 Explain where the dollars come from and where they go in lines 1–8.
- 2 What answers would you give to the four questions in lines 9–12?
- 3 What is the answer to the final question?
- 4 What do you think is the point of William Heyen's poem?
- 5 How would you describe the tone of the poem?

Talking points

The US dollar note is often referred to as a greenback, based on its distinctive colour marking. In your group, discuss the issues raised by the poem and the cartoon on this page.



Poem

The following poem is by Celso Kulagoe, a writer from the Solomon Islands, part of Melanesia in the South Pacific Ocean.

☞ This Johnny ☞

This johnny
is Mr Strong from Strongtown.
He's got the government by the throat
He's got the prime minister by the throat
5 because he's the johnny
that runs the Big Men
he's the johnny that runs them round.
He opens all the Big Men's mouths
and they all talk Mr Strong talk
10 He candycakes all the Big Men's tongues
and they all talk Mr Sweet talk
He unshuts all the Big Men's eyes
and they all see Mr Strong's Progress Highway Go Now!

This johnny
15 is a friend of mine
Mm he wears all the gear
and all the flash jangles that go with the gear
But he's got me by the throat too
He's got me running all over the show too
20 oh looking for work work work
and working working working working
till I'm just a bunch of bones Ah

This Johnny
is Mr Dollar.

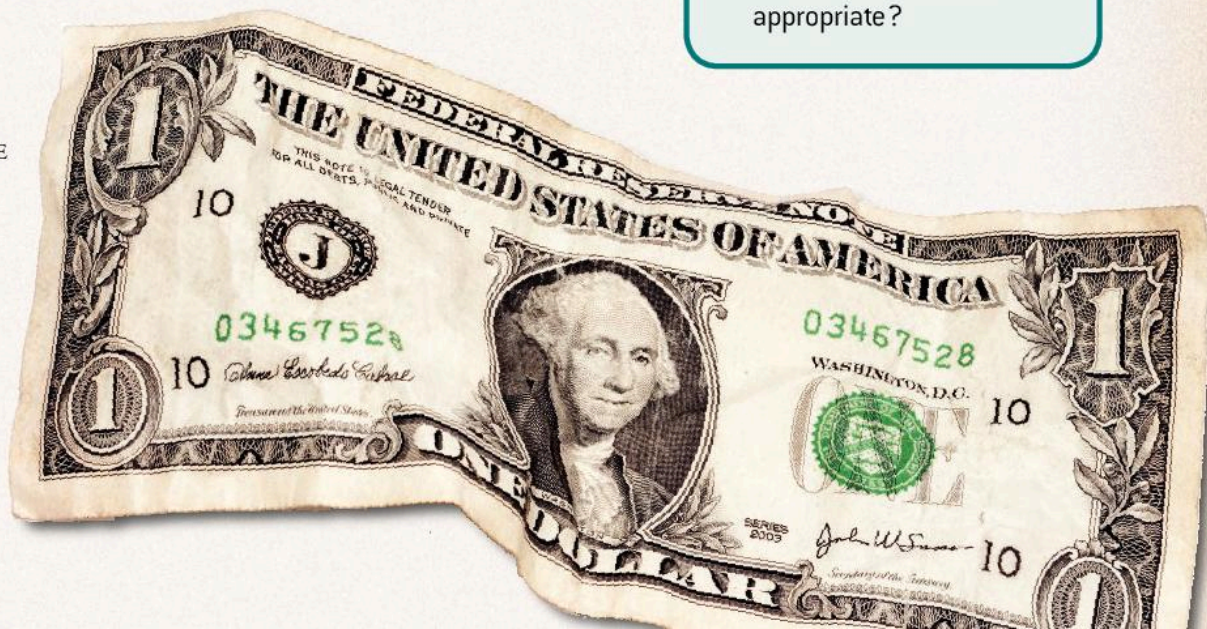
CELO KULAGOE

Looking closely

- 1 Select an example from the following and explain how it helps you to understand the poem:
a use of capital letters
b lack of punctuation
c alliteration
d repetition.
- 2 Write an explanation of the following:
a candycakes (line 10)
b Mr Sweet talk (line 11)
c gear (line 16)
d flash jangles. (line 17)

Comprehension

- 1 What or who exactly is 'Johnny', and what is his power?
- 2 Who are the winners and who are the losers with 'Johnny'?
- 3 The poet personifies 'Johnny' in lines 15–17. Why is his description appropriate?



Making comparisons

Analyse the two poems you have read and write a comparison.

- Make a list of bullet points summarizing what these two poems have told you about money.
- Compare the tone and language of the two poems.

Writing to your MP

Near where you live is an area of woodland that has become a sanctuary for birds and animals, and a popular recreation ground.

Now a construction company is proposing to fell the trees and build an estate of houses on it.

- Write a letter to your Member of Parliament explaining why you don't want this development to go ahead.
- State why you think this area of common land should be made into parkland, and a place that everyone can enjoy.




How would you describe the money market?

What do you know about financial systems in our modern market economy? How much of our lives is dominated by financial regulation and the marketplace?



The Bank of England, headquarters of England's central bank in London.

Classic fiction

 From *Dombey and Son* by Charles Dickens

The following extract is from a novel by Charles Dickens published in 1848. In this section Mr Dombey has a conversation with his young son, Paul, about money. He is a very wealthy, proud man but his son is weak and sickly. Mr Dombey's wife died shortly after giving birth to Paul, and he is an anxious, lonely child.

☞ What's money? ☛

'Papa! What's money?'

The abrupt question had such immediate reference to the subject of Mr Dombey's thoughts, that Mr Dombey was quite disconcerted.

5 'What is money, Paul?' he answered. "'Money?'

'Yes,' said the child, laying his hands on the elbows of his little chair and turning the old face up towards Mr Dombey's. 'What is money?'

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words.

circulation [line 10]

currency [11]

depreciation [11]

bullion [11]

presumptuous [24]

prompter [38]

Make your own wordpool of any other unfamiliar words

Mr Dombey was in a difficulty. He would have liked to give
 10 him some explanation involving the terms circulation,
 currency, depreciation, paper, bullion, rates of
 exchange, value of precious metals in the market,
 and so forth; but looking down at the little chair,
 and seeing what a long way down it was he
 15 answered: 'Gold, and silver, and copper. Guineas,
 shillings, half-pence. You know what they are?'

'Oh yes, I know what they are,' said Paul. 'I
 don't mean that, Papa, I mean what's money
 after all?'

20 Heaven and Earth. How old his face was as he
 turned it up again towards his father's!

'What is money after all!' said Mr Dombey, backing
 his chair a little, that he might the better gaze in sheer
 amazement at the presumptuous atom that propounded
 25 such an inquiry.

'I mean, Papa, what can it do?' returned Paul, folding his
 arms (they were hardly long enough to fold), and looking at
 the fire, and up at him, and at the fire and up at him again.

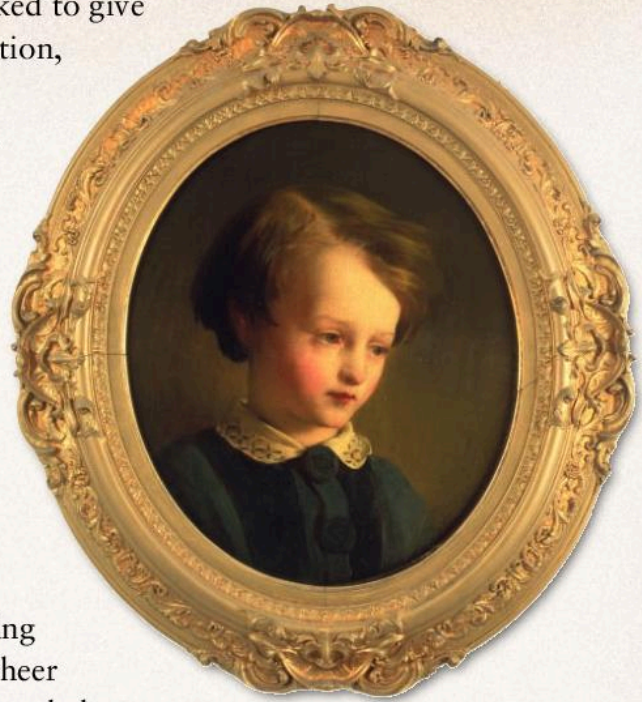
Mr Dombey drew his chair back to its former place, and
 30 patted him on the head. 'You'll know better by-and-by, my
 man,' he said. 'Money, Paul, can do anything.' He took hold
 of the little hand, and beat it softly against one of his own as
 he said so.

But Paul got his hand free as soon as he could; and rubbing
 35 it gently to and fro on the elbow of his chair, as if his wit
 were in the palm, and he were sharpening it – and looking at
 the fire again, as though the fire had been his adviser and
 prompter – repeated, after a short pause:

'Anything, Papa?'

40 'Yes. Anything – almost,' said Mr Dombey.

'Anything means everything, doesn't it, Papa?' asked his son,
 not observing, or possibly not understanding, the
 qualification.



Painting of a boy by the Scottish artist William Quiller. This portrait in Dickens' possession was his ideal image of little Paul in *Dombey and Son*.

'It includes it: yes,' said Mr Dombey.

45 'Why didn't money save me my mamma?' returned the child.
'It isn't cruel, is it?'

'Cruel!' said Mr Dombey, settling his neckcloth, and seeming to resent the idea. 'No. A good thing can't be cruel.'

50 'If it's a good thing, and can do anything,' said the little fellow thoughtfully, as he looked back at the fire, 'I wonder why it didn't save me my mamma.'

CHARLES DICKENS

Looking closely

- 1 How does Dickens make Paul seem very little? Select words and phrases which give you this impression.
- 2 How does Dickens make Paul seem very wise for his years? Select words and phrases to back up what you say.
- 3 What do you think Dickens is saying about money in this part of the story?

Comprehension

- 1 Why is Mr Dombey 'quite disconcerted'? [line 4]
- 2 What kind of explanation did Mr Dombey want to give to his son, and why would such an answer not be what Paul wanted?
- 3 Explain Mr Dombey's definition of money. Why does it leave Paul with his question unanswered?
- 4 What impression do you have of Mr Dombey, and of his son Paul?

Journal

Write a journal entry about something money couldn't buy.

Poem

In this poem the poet Debjani Chatterjee is walking through the local market in Delhi, India, with her father. The poet now lives in England and she reflects on how her perception of the market has changed since she first went there as a young girl in the company of her grandfather.

☞ Hungry Ghost ☜

Today I went shopping with my father
after many years. I was back
in time to when I'd follow Grandfather
to the market, smelling the spicy scents,
5 drinking the sights and mingling with the shouts.
Neither buyer nor seller, I would float
like a restless spirit hungry for life.

The market is bigger. I have grown too.
There are more goods as distances have shrunk.
10 The prices are higher. I understand
about money and, alas, its bondage
of buyers and sellers. Almost I wish
I was again that hungry ghost, watchful
and floating through the world's noisy bazaar.

DEBJANI CHATTERJEE

Looking closely

- 1 How does the word 'float' help you to understand the sense of freedom enjoyed by the child?
- 2 What does the phrase 'hungry for life' suggest about the child's personality?
- 3 What has the poet come to understand about money now that she is older? Why does she use the word 'alas'?

Comprehension

- 1 Describe the atmosphere of the market in the first verse.
- 2 What are the poet's impressions of the market in the second verse?
- 3 The last line of the poem refers not to the local market, but to the 'world's noisy bazaar'. What does the poet mean by this metaphor?
- 4 Explain the poet's final wish. Do you sympathize with her wish?



What is the bondage of money?

The 'bondage' of money is one way of explaining the burden of too great a fixation on money. It also describes the perils of getting into debt, or living on credit. In *Hamlet*, a play by the great English playwright William Shakespeare, Polonius gives the following advice to his son Laertes:

'Neither a lender nor a borrower be.'

Drama

From *The Merchant of Venice* by William Shakespeare

The Merchant of Venice is one of Shakespeare's most famous plays and was written between 1596 and 1598. Central to the plot is the dilemma of Antonio, a wealthy merchant, who makes the decision to act as guarantor for a loan to help out his friend Bassanio. Bassanio needs the money to woo the heiress Portia, with whom he is in love.

Antonio has often loaned his friend Bassanio money, without charging interest, but is not able to do so on this occasion. Antonio's merchant ships are due to return within three months, and he will then have plenty of money, but meanwhile he cannot raise the 3,000 ducats Bassanio needs. Antonio, therefore, goes to Shylock, the Jewish moneylender, whom he has formerly abused in public.

Do you think this is good advice? How practical is it in today's society? Think about this advice as you read through the following extract. Have you heard of exacting as payment for a debt 'a pound of flesh'?

Jewish people at this time in Europe were restricted from most occupations and the ownership of land. They were allowed to lend money from which they could earn interest (that is, to be a 'usurer' or practice 'usury'), which Christians by law were not allowed to do. Christians therefore had to borrow money from Jewish moneylenders, whom they often treated with extreme disrespect and hostility.

Sixteenth-century English language is significantly different from today's. You will need to refer to the glossary box for some of the terms used.

GLOSSARY

A **ducat** is a gold coin that was used throughout Europe as trade currency.

The **rate** (line 2) refers to the rate of interest on the loan. A **doit** (line 38) is a further term used here for interest.

To be beholden (line 3) is to be in debt.

the Rialto (line 5) is the market place in the centre of Venice.

To **rate me** (line 5) means to abuse or **berate me**.

Usance (line 6) comes from the practice of usury, which means to lend money for interest.

Gabardine (line 10) means clothing, or dress.

Void your rheum (line 15) means spit.

A **cur** (line 16) is a dog.

A **forfeit** (line 47) means a penalty.

Word origins

A **notary**, in Old French *notarie*, is from the Latin word *notarius*, which means a writer, clerk or secretary. By this period, it had come to mean a person (like a lawyer) authorized to draw up legal contracts, such as bonds.

∞ Act 1, Scene III ∞

Shylock Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Antonio Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shylock Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
5 In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
10 And spit upon my Jewish gabardine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have moneys': you say so;
15 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
20 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?'
Or shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this: 'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
25 You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Antonio I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
30 As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

35 **Shylock** Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,



An eighteenth-century Venetian gold ducat, issued by the Doge of Venice.

Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me;
40 I can offer you this kindness.

Antonio This were kindness.

Shylock This kindness will I show,
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
45 If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
50 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Antonio Content, i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



Street markets on the Riva degli Schiavoni in Venice, painted by Leandro da Ponte Bassano [1557–1622].

Comprehension

- 1 What does Shylock say Antonio has 'rated' him for? How has he reacted to the abuse and why has he reacted in that way? (lines 4–9)
- 2 What had Antonio done to express his loathing of Shylock? (lines 9–16)
- 3 What argument does Shylock use to express his reluctance to lend Antonio money? (lines 18–26) Explain why you think Shylock's attitude is reasonable or unreasonable.
- 4 What tone do you think Antonio uses in lines 27 and 28?
- 5 Why does Antonio say it's better to lend money to your enemy than to your friend? (lines 29–34) Explain why you think that is, or is not, sound advice.
- 6 What does Shylock offer in lines 36–40?
- 7 What tone of voice do you think Antonio uses when he says 'This were kindness' (line 41)?
- 8 There is a catch in Shylock's 'kindness': the bond, or loan, he is offering is not as simple as it seems. What are the details of the bond?
- 9 What do you think Antonio is thinking when he says the final line?



Al Pacino as Shylock in the 2004 version of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Writing a summary

Summarize this scene in one paragraph. What bargain is entered into, and what does it reveal about the characters involved?

- What prejudices and qualities of character does the scene reveal?
- How much sympathy do you think Shakespeare wants you to feel towards Antonio and Shylock?

Writing your opinion

‘Neither a lender nor a borrower be.’

Do you think this is good advice? Write an article or a column for a magazine in which you express your opinion.

- One way of starting such a piece is to describe very briefly but persuasively a scenario which illustrates your point of view. For example, if you think that borrowing money is a good idea, use a good business model to show how a small loan can lead to greater profits.
- What is the difference between a business transaction and a personal debt? You may wish to explore examples of both arrangements to support your conclusions.

What happens when money loses its value?

Hyperinflation is very rapid monetary inflation which is so fast that the country's economic stability is threatened or destroyed. It happened in Europe in the Weimar Republic of Germany in the 1920s, and most recently in Zimbabwe in Africa.

Word origins

The prefix **hyper-** is from the Greek *huper*, meaning overmuch or above measure. Think of *hypermarket*, *hypercritical*, *hyperthermia*, *hypertension*.

News Report

Zimbabwe grapples with hyperinflation

JANUARY 2009

Zimbabwe is grappling with hyperinflation officially estimated at 231 million per cent, and its currency has virtually lost its value. One US dollar was trading at this date at around ZW\$25 billion. When the government issued a \$10 billion note just three weeks ago, it bought 20 loaves of bread. That note can now buy less than half one loaf.

Now that the currency is worthless, goods and services are charged in foreign currency as the worthless Zimbabwe dollar virtually ceases to be legal tender. Zimbabwe was once a regional economic model, but now in the throes of an economic crisis with unemployment running at more than 80%, many families are unable to afford a square meal.

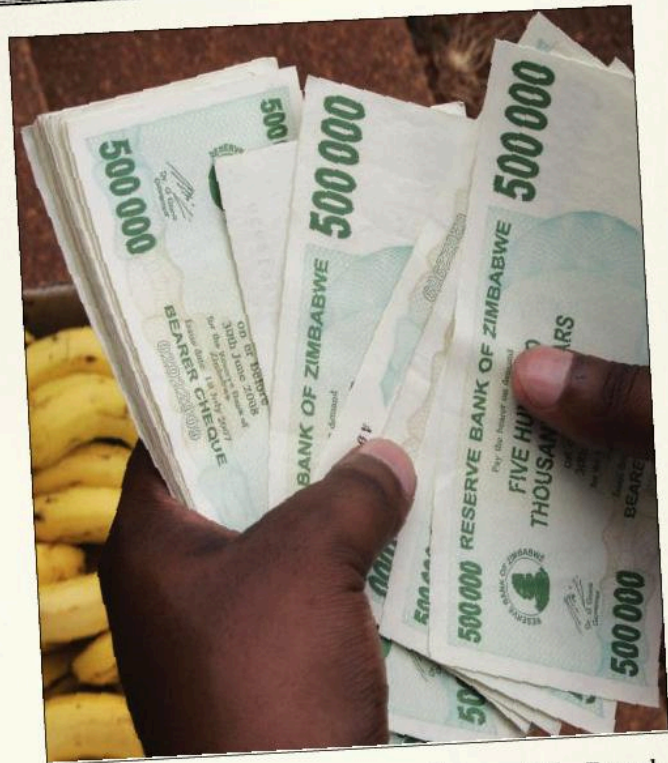
LIVING WITH INFLATION

What Zimbabwe people say:

Taxi Driver: "Now we can hardly look after our families. Our customers are now walking in and out of town. On a good day, I'm left with barely enough to feed myself, let alone my family."

Student: "When you go to the bank there's a long queue, and then when you want 10 million they can only give you 2.8 because there's not enough in the bank."

Lecturer: "We are given pay rises but they're



worthless. They're immediately eroded. People are willing to lend money, but at the rate of 90% or even 100%. These people may be your relatives or colleagues - people are cannibalizing each other."

Mother: "We have to buy groceries as soon as we get the money. We know if we wait, we won't be able to afford the prices. If we wait a week, we'll not be able to afford anything. People are taking their money out in suitcases or carrier bags."

Businessman: "I don't know if I'll have a job at the end of the week - so many businesses are closing down."

Looking closely

- 1 What does the verb 'to grapple with' mean? What kind of problem does one usually 'grapple with'?
- 2 Write out ZW\$25 billion in words and figures.
- 3 What is 'legal tender'?
- 4 'In the throes of' is an expression used only in the plural. What does it mean? What kind of experience is the expression used for?
- 5 In what way are people metaphorically 'cannibalizing each other'?
- 6 According to the figures in the news report, how much was one loaf of bread three weeks ago? How much is it at the time when the reporter was writing this article?

Writing an account

Imagine that you live in Zimbabwe during this time of hyperinflation. Write an account of a part of your day. Perhaps you are a mother writing about your trip to the market, or a taxi driver writing about your morning's work.

In your account:

- Express three opinions.
- Include three facts.

When you have finished, highlight the opinions in one colour and the facts in another.



Can you have a society without money?

There are communities in the world today which live without possessing or using money. They are small communities which are isolated from the modern world, such as the Amazonian tribe, Piraha, in a remote part of Brazil. You may know of other geographically isolated communities, or of religious sects who have consciously separated themselves from the world. Generally, however, money in some form is essential in today's societies.

Read the following encyclopedia entry about the use of shells for money.

Talking points

- 1 What would be the advantages and disadvantages of not using money?
- 2 What other forms of exchange would replace it?

Encyclopedia entry

Shell Money

The earliest recorded use of shells as currency was in China during the Shang Dynasty (1765–1122 BCE). The particular shells used were cowrie shells, called *bei* in Chinese. The cowries were an intelligent solution for 'small money' because they were collected in seas far south of China and only kings could afford to import them. Furthermore, natural shells were impossible to counterfeit. Later imitations were made of various materials: bone, stone, jade, clay, bronze, and even silver and bronze with gold plating. Whether imitations were burial money or not is difficult to tell. This could very well be the case with those made of pottery, bone and stone, but the bronze imitations were more likely to be real currency. The character *bei* 貝, here shown in both the full and simplified form, is today a part of around 400 Chinese characters that in ancient times signified value. The two horizontal lines on the *bei* character symbolize the lines on the open side of the natural shells. The shell coins had a hole to make strings. Some holes were drilled, some shells just had the top filed off. If you turn the ancient form of the character upside down, you clearly see a *bei* hanging on a string 𠄎.



The shell most widely-used worldwide as currency is *Cypraea moneta*, the money cowrie.

Money from around the world

Look at these currency notes from around the world. Find other examples and discuss the various design features. How well do they represent the country in which they are in circulation? How easy is it to differentiate between the different denominations? Which features help to prevent counterfeit copies being mistaken for legal tender?

Talking points

- 1 What is the advantage of currency, such as the gold ducat or the euro, that can be used across international borders?
- 2 How can money be made easier to use (i.e. for people who are blind or visually impaired)?



Research currency design

Research a particular banknote or coin from your country. It can be in current circulation or an earlier example that is no longer in use.

- Find out who designed the money, and explain the particular design features, including the central images (back and front), colour and background patterns.
- Explain the measures taken to avoid any confusion between the denominations, and the design features used to avoid counterfeit fraud.

Extension reading

From *The Rocking Horse Winner* by D.H. Lawrence

Following are the opening pages of a short story by D.H. Lawrence. The writer died in 1930, so the social position of the family in the story is very different from today. The children's mother is unhappy and desperately wants more money in order to 'keep up appearances', that is, to live in a way she thinks suits the family's social position.

GLOSSARY

A **rocking horse** is a traditional nursery toy, often very beautifully carved and painted. It is a large wooden horse on rockers which children can ride.

∞ The Rocking Horse Winner ∞

There was a woman who was beautiful, who started with all the advantages, but who had no luck. She married for love, and the love turned to dust. She had lovely children, but she felt that they had been forced on her, and she could not love
5 them. They looked at her coldly, as if they were finding fault with her, and she felt that she must cover up some fault in herself. But she never knew what she must cover up. But when her children were present, she always felt the centre of her heart go hard. This troubled her, and in her manner she
10 was more gentle and anxious for her children, as if she loved them very much. Only she herself knew that at the centre of her heart was a hard little place that could not feel love, no, not for anybody. Everybody else always said of her, 'She is such a good mother. She loves her children.' Only she herself,
15 and her children themselves, knew that it was not true. They read it in each other's eyes.

There were a boy and two little girls. They lived in a pleasant house, with a garden, and they had servants, and they felt themselves to be better than anyone in the neighbourhood.

20 Although they lived like rich people, they felt an anxiety in the house. There was never enough money. The mother had a small income, and the father had a small income, but it was not nearly enough for the social position which they had to keep up. The father went into town to some office. But
25 though he had good hopes of a better position, those hopes were never realized. There was never enough money, but the way of life was always kept up.

Finally the mother said, 'I will see if I can do something.' But she did not know where to begin. She thought as hard as she could, and tried this thing and the other, but could not find anything successful. The failure brought deep lines to her face. Her children were growing up, they would have to go to school. There must be more money, there must be more money. The father, who was always very good-looking and expensive in his tastes, seemed as if he never would be able to do anything worth doing. And the mother, who had a great belief in herself, did not succeed any better, and her tastes were just as expensive.

And so a whisper began to fill the house, though it was never spoken out loud: 'There must be more money! There must be more money!' The children could hear it all the time, though nobody said it out loud. They heard it in their own room, which was full of expensive and wonderful toys. Behind the shining modern rocking horse a voice whispered: 'There must be more money! There must be more money!' And the children stopped playing, to listen for a moment. They looked into each other's eyes, to see if they had all heard. And each one saw in the eyes of the other two that they too had heard. 'There must be more money!'

It came whispering from the springs of the rocking horse and even the horse, bending its wooden head, heard it. The other toys heard it, and even the foolish little dog looked more foolish because he heard the secret whisper all over the house: 'There must be more money!'

But nobody ever said it out loud. The whisper was everywhere, and therefore no one spoke it. Just as no one ever says: 'We are breathing!' although breath is coming and going all the time.

'Mother,' said the boy Paul one day, 'why don't we keep a car of our own? Why do we always use Uncle's, or a taxi?'

'Because we're the poor members of the family,' said the mother.



‘But why are we, Mother?’

65 ‘Well – I suppose,’ she said slowly and bitterly, ‘it’s because your father has no luck.’

The boy was silent for some time. ‘Is luck money, Mother?’ he asked, rather anxiously.

70 ‘No, Paul. Not quite. It’s what causes you to have money. If you’re lucky, you have money. That’s why it’s better to be born lucky than rich. If you’re rich, you may lose your money. But if you’re lucky, you will always get more money.’

‘Oh! Will you? And is Father not lucky?’

‘Very unlucky, I think,’ she said bitterly.

75 The boy watched her with uncertain eyes.

‘Why?’ he asked.

‘I don’t know. Nobody ever knows why one person is lucky and another unlucky.’

‘Don’t they? Nobody at all? Does nobody know?’

80 ‘Perhaps God. But He never tells.’

‘He ought to, then. But aren’t you lucky either, Mother?’

‘I can’t be, if I married an unlucky husband.’

‘But by yourself, aren’t you?’

85 ‘I used to think I was, before I married. Now I think I am very unlucky.’

‘Why?’

‘Well – never mind! Perhaps I’m not really,’ she said.

90 The child looked at her to see if she meant it. But he saw, by the lines of her mouth, that she was only trying to hide something from him.

‘Well,’ he said bravely, ‘I’m a lucky person.’

‘Why?’ said his mother, with a sudden laugh.

'God told me,' he said.

95 'I hope He did, dear!' she said; again with a laugh, but a bitter one.

'He did, Mother!'

'Excellent!' said the mother, using one of her husband's words.

100 The boy saw that she did not believe him, and then realized that she was paying no attention to what he said. This made him angry: he wanted to force her to listen.

He went off by himself, in a childish way, in search of the secret of luck. He was busy with his thoughts, taking no notice of other people. He wanted luck, he wanted it, he wanted it. While the two girls were playing with their toys, he sat on his big rocking horse, riding into space with a madness that made the little girls look at him anxiously. Wildly the horse flew, the wavy dark hair of the boy was thrown up into the air, his eyes had a strange look in them.
110 The little girls dared not speak to him.

When he had ridden to the end of his mad little journey, he climbed down and stood in front of his rocking horse, his eyes fixed on its lowered face. Its red mouth was slightly open, its big eye was wide and bright like glass.

115 'Now!' he silently commanded the horse. 'Now, take me to where there is luck! Now take me!'

D.H.LAWRENCE

Comprehension

- 1 How does the mother feel about her children?
- 2 Why is the mother dissatisfied?
- 3 How does her dissatisfaction affect the children and, in particular, Paul?
- 4 In what way is the family 'unlucky'?
- 5 What does Paul hope to do by riding on his rocking horse?

Talking points

- 1 What do you think will happen in the rest of the story?
- 2 How do you think the family could have resolved their problems?
- 3 How do you think too much or too little money in a family affects the children?

Journal

Write a journal entry about what you imagine would happen if your family suddenly won an enormous sum of money.

2

First impressions

What are your earliest memories?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- the United Kingdom
- Barbados
- New York
- Iraq
- Australia

Read

- autobiography
- poetry
- a news report
- fiction

Create

- a comparison
- a poem
- two different accounts
- journal entries

We stopped by a cornfield
Near Shrewsbury
A girl in a sunhat
Smiled at me.

Then I was seven
Now sixty-two
Wherever you are
I remember you.

'Girl from a train' by Gareth Owen



First impressions, experienced when you are very young, are sometimes the deepest and the ones you remember the longest. It may be a very simple impression, as described in the brief poem which opens this unit: an image of a smiling face which made such a deep impression on the poet as a child that he remembers it over fifty years later.

Talking points

What are your earliest memories of something which made a very deep impression on you?

Do you remember your first day at school?

Most people remember their first day at school and here two writers remember theirs, one in rural England and one in Barbados in the Caribbean. Both take place in the first half of the twentieth century.

Autobiography

From *Cider with Rosie* by Laurie Lee

Laurie Lee, the writer of the first text, lived all his life in a small steep-sided valley in Slad, a rural village in Gloucestershire, England. He had an absent father and his mother worked hard to support all her children. He describes his first day at school in the 1920s.

∞ First Day at the Village School ∞

- The village school at that time provided all the instruction we were likely to ask for. It was a small stone barn divided by a wooden partition into two rooms – The Infants and The Big Ones. There was one dame teacher, and perhaps a young girl assistant. Every child in the valley crowding there remained until he was fourteen years old, then was presented to the working field or factory with nothing in his head more troublesome than a jumbled list of wars, and a dreamy image of the world's geography.
- 5
- 10 The morning came, without any warning, when my sisters surrounded me, wrapped me in scarves, tied up my bootlaces, thrust a cap on my head, and stuffed a baked potato in my pocket.
- ‘What’s this?’ I said.
- 15 ‘You’re starting school, today.’
- ‘I ain’t. I’m stopping home.’
- ‘Now, come on, Loll. You’re a big boy now.’
- ‘I ain’t.’
- ‘You are!’
- 20 ‘Boo-hoo.’

GLOSSARY

A **dame teacher** is the woman in charge of the school. ‘Dame’ is an old-fashioned word for a woman and ‘dame schools’ were small schools run by one woman.

I ain’t is dialect for ‘I’m not’

To box ears means smacking both sides of the head at the same time. It was a punishment used as a way of controlling unruly children, especially boys. It is both painful and dangerous.

Wordpool

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

to bawl (line 21)

rabble (line 30)

veteran (line 47)

ruthless (line 47)

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

They picked me up bodily, kicking and bawling, and carried me up the road.

‘Boys who don’t go to school get put into boxes, and turn into rabbits, and get chopped up on Sundays,’ they said.

25 I felt this was overdoing it rather, but I said no more after that. I arrived at the school just three feet tall and fatly wrapped in scarves. The playground roared like a rodeo, and the potato burned through my thigh. Old boots, ragged stockings, torn trousers and skirts, went skating and skidding
30 around me. The rabble closed in; I was encircled; grit flew in my face like shrapnel. Tall girls with frizzled hair, and huge boys with sharp elbows, began to prod me with hideous interest. They plucked at my scarves, spun me round like a top, screwed my nose, and stole my potato.

35 I was rescued at last by a gracious lady, the sixteen-year-old junior teacher, who boxed a few ears and dried my face and led me off to The Infants. I spent that first day picking holes in paper, and then went home in a smouldering temper.

‘What’s the matter, Loll. Didn’t we like it at school then?’

40 ‘They never gave me the present!’

‘Present? What present?’

The Slad Valley, Gloucestershire,
England.

‘They said they’d give me a present.’

‘Well now I’m sure they didn’t.’

45 ‘They did! They said, “You’re Laurie Lee, ain’t you? Well you just sit there for the present”. I sat there all day but I never got it. I ain’t going back there again!’

50 But after a week I felt like a veteran and grew as ruthless as anyone else. Somebody had stolen my potato, so I swiped someone else’s apple. The Infant Room was packed with toys such as I’d never seen before – coloured shapes and rolls of clay, stuffed birds and colouring books. Also a frame of counting beads which our young teacher played like a harp.

LAURIE LEE

Comprehension

- 1 What were the future prospects of the children attending the village school likely to be?
- 2 How did the writer’s sisters prepare their little brother for his first day at school?
- 3 Who was the ‘gracious lady’ and in what way was she the writer’s saviour?
- 4 Explain the misunderstanding which led the writer to be in a ‘smouldering temper’ when he got home.
- 5 How did his impressions of school change after a week? How did his behaviour change accordingly?

Writing a comparison

Write a comparison between this text and the one on the following pages about the first day at a new school. Discuss:

- the different ways the two boys were prepared for their first day at school, including the role played by family members and the local community.
- the attitudes towards education shown in the texts. Which ones do you most agree with?

Which text did you enjoy reading the most? Give your reasons.

Looking closely

- 1 How does the writer convey his impressions of the playground in lines 27–34? Explain what was going on and how the choice of action verbs helps to create the atmosphere.
- 2 Explain how the following similes help you to understand and imagine:
 - a like a rodeo (line 27)
 - b like shrapnel (line 31)
 - c like a top (line 34)
 - d like a harp (line 52)
- 3 In what way does the direct speech add to your enjoyment of the text?

Journal

Write down your impressions of your first day at school.

Autobiography

From *Growing up Stupid Under the Union Jack* by Austin Clarke

Austin Clarke, the author of the following text, was brought up in Barbados in the Caribbean, when it was under British colonial rule. Like Laurie Lee, he had an absentee father and his mother worked hard as a washerwoman to support her family. Here the writer describes his first day at school in 1944.

☞ First day at school in Barbados ☜

I was admitted to Combermere School, a secondary school in Barbados in September 1944, and placed in the 'L2D', the Lower Second Form, with thirty other boys. For all these years, I have been wondering whether the 'D' in L2D stood
5 for 'dunce.' And nobody so far has told me.

But that was a day of personal rejoicing for my mother. She had at last achieved something beyond the expectations of the village. The village of St Matthias rejoiced with her. The poor and ambitious mothers gave me their blessing, and in
10 their stern and frightening voices, they said, 'Go long, boy, and learn! Learning going make you into a man.'

And Delcina, the tallest, blackest and most beautiful woman I had ever seen, smiled and broke into a hymn. She lifted her operatic voice, trained in the hot broiling sun, as she bent
15 over tubs of many sheets and shirts with her black hands in the heavy soap suds. The washing, white as snow and ironed like glass, would be carried back later to the Marine Hotel.

Delcina sang a beautiful hymn that morning as I
20 walked from my house on my way to a new but uncertain world. My bag was filled with books of interminable pages, with puzzles of new knowledge undreamed of by my mother and by anybody else in the village. There was the shining, gold-painted set
25 of compasses; the Rankin biscuit tin, scrubbed clean and looking like a small silver coffin, with a flying-fish sandwich in it; and my bottle of 'clear' lemonade.

30 On the previous Sunday, one of the 'uncles' in that circle of men, with a pair of scissors and a broken

GLOSSARY

A **clammy-cherry tree** (a *cordia*) is a blossoming tree which grows freely in tropical climates.

Limacol is an astringent lotion. It is scented and may be used as an after-shave.

Wordpool

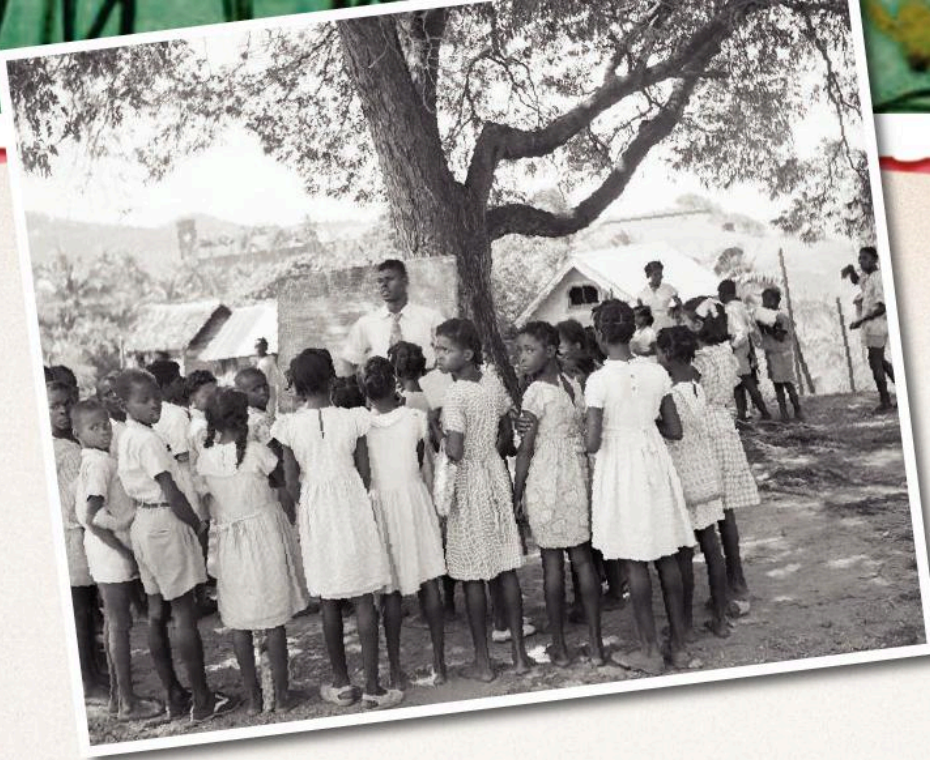
operatic [line 14]

broiling [14]

to have the knack [51-2]

A cordia tree.





glass-bottle for a razor, had sat me down on the throne of a chair, under the clammy-cherry tree, and when I got up, my head was clean.

‘You is a Combermere boy now!’

35 The finished product had the look of a bowl on your head, with all the visible hair wiped clean away with soap and water. The smell of Limacol was strong even as I entered the large iron gate of the school on that shaking, quivering morning, grabbed by the hand by my equally scared mother.

40 Combermere School was a second grade school. It would turn me into a civil servant, if I did well. If I didn’t do well, it would turn me into a sanitary inspector. If I did even worse than that, into a ‘book-keeper’ on one of the many sugar plantations, to ride about on a horse in the sun, under a khaki helmet, dressed in a khaki suit, to drive some of my
45 less fortunate friends and neighbours to work in the fields. But to be a civil servant, that was beyond my wildest dreams! Could I be like one of those powerful young men, walking up and down the corridor of the Old Public Buildings, with
50 huge important files of all colours – blue, red, white, faded and musty – dressed in white shirts and ties who had the knack of looking important?

‘Not on your blasted bottom dollar!’ my mother said, imagining greater things. ‘I want you to be a doctor, hear?’

AUSTIN CLARKE

Comprehension

- 1 In what way was the day as important to the writer’s mother as it was to him?
- 2 In what way did the villagers contribute to making the day significant for the writer?
- 3 How does the description of Delcina and her song add to the effect of the account?
- 4 How does the description of the contents of his book bag show his family’s feelings about this day?
- 5 How had his ‘uncle’ prepared the writer for school?
- 6 How do the ambitions of the writer and his mother compare?

Have you ever moved to a new country?

Read the following poem and extract and compare the experiences and perceptions to your own, or to those of someone you know.

Poem

In this poem James Berry describes the experience of a West Indian man arriving in London at the time of the first mass migration of West Indians into the United Kingdom.



∞ Beginning in a City, 1948 ∞

Stirred by restlessness, pushed by history,
I found myself in the centre of Empire.
Those first few hours, with those packed impressions
I never looked at in all these years.

5 I knew no room. I knew no Londoner.
I searched without knowing.
I dropped off my grip at the 'left luggage'.
A smart policeman told me a house to try.

In dim-lit streets, war-tired people moved slowly
10 like dark-coated bears in a snowy region.
I in my Caribbean gear
was a half-finished shack in the cold winds.
In November, the town was a frosty field.
I walked fantastic stone streets in a dream.

15 A man on duty took my ten-shilling note
for a bed for four nights.
Inflated with happiness I followed him.
I was left in a close-walled room,
left with a dying shadeless bulb,
20 a pillowless bed and a smelly army blanket –
all the comfort I had paid for.

Curtainless in morning light, I crawled out of bed
onto wooden legs and stiff-armed body,
with a frosty-board face that I patted
25 with icy water at the lavatory tap.

GLOSSARY

Empire Many people from the British West Indies looked towards England as the centre of the British Empire. A large number of these countries have since established their independence.

War-tired The Second World War had ended in 1945, but life in Britain was still austere in 1948 and there was much bomb damage, particularly in London. Food was rationed until the early 1950s.

Ten-shilling note: Britain's currency was pounds, shillings and pence until decimalization in 1971. Ten shillings (50 pence) was paper money.

A grip is a large zip-up bag.

I walked without map, without knowledge
 from Victoria to Brixton. On Coldharbour Lane
 I saw a queue of men – some black –
 and stopped. I stood by one man in the queue.

30 ‘Wha happenin brodda? Wha happenin here?’

Looking at me he said ‘You mus be a jus-come?
 You did hear about Labour Exchange?’ ‘Yes – I hear.’
 ‘Well, you at it! But, you need a place whey you live.’
 He pointed. ‘Go over dere and get a room.’

35 So, I had begun – begun in London.

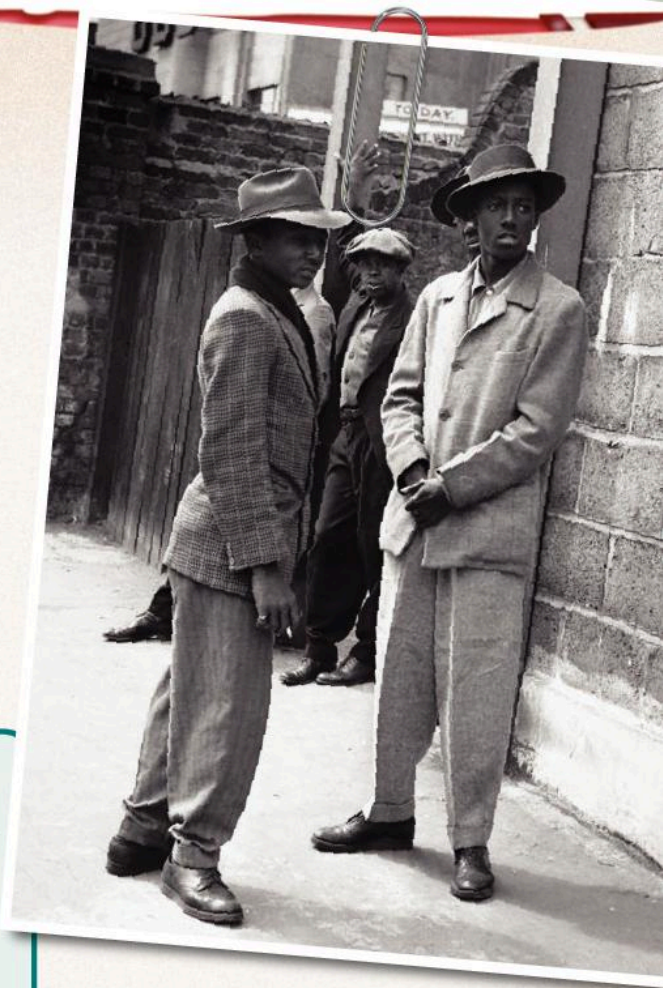
JAMES BERRY

Comprehension

- 1 The poet James Berry arrived in London from the West Indies in November, when it is cold. How did the city appear to him and how well prepared was he? (lines 9–13)
- 2 How was the poet feeling when he ‘walked fantastic stone streets in a dream’ (line 14)?
- 3 Why was he ‘inflated with happiness’ (line 17)? How do you think his mood here contrasts with his mood in the last line of the poem?
- 4 How does the poet create the atmosphere of cold in lines 23–5?
- 5 What are the men queuing for in the last two stanzas of the poem?

Looking closely

- 1 What was ‘smart’ about the policeman? (line 8)
- 2 How does the simile in line 10 help you to understand how the poet was feeling?
- 3 In lines 19–22 the poet uses three words with a ‘-less’ suffix. How do these words help to create the atmosphere of the place where he spent the night?
- 4 Write out in British English the conversation between the man in the queue and the poet. (*Note:* in West Indian English ‘th’ may be pronounced ‘d’ and the final consonants of words may be left off.)
- 5 Why does the poet call the man in the queue ‘brodda’?



Fiction

From *The Arrangers of Marriage* by Chimamanda Adichie

Chinaza is a Nigerian girl in Lagos who wanted to go to university, but instead her uncle and aunt, with whom she lived, arranged a marriage for her with an 'American doctor'.

Chinaza and her new husband have flown straight from Lagos to New York the day before. This part of the short story describes her first trip the next morning to a supermarket, and her first impressions of her new life.

☞ First Day in New York ☞

Our neighborhood was called Flatbush, my new husband told me, as we walked, hot and sweaty, down a noisy street that smelled of fish left out too long before refrigeration. He wanted to show me how to do the grocery shopping and
5 how to use the bus.

'Look around, don't lower your eyes like that. Look around. You get used to things faster that way,' he said.

I turned my head from side to side so he would see that I was following his advice. Dark restaurant windows promised the
10 BEST CARIBBEAN AND AMERICAN FOOD in lopsided print, a car wash across the street advertised \$3.50 washes on a chalkboard nestled among Coke cans and bits of paper. The sidewalk was chipped away at the edges, like something nibbled at by mice.

15 Inside the air-conditioned bus, he showed me where to pour in the coins, how to press the tape on the wall to signal my stop.

'This is not like Nigeria, where you shout out to the conductor,' he said, sneering, as though he was the one who had invented the superior American system.

Inside Key Food, we walked from aisle to aisle slowly. I was wary when he put a beef
25 pack in the cart. I wished I could touch the

GLOSSARY

A **kobo** is a very small unit of Nigerian currency.

The packaging of Burton's Rich Tea biscuits has ears of wheat on it which are 'embossed', or raised.



meat, to examine its redness, as I often did at Ogbete Market, where the butcher held up fresh-cut slabs buzzing with flies.

30 ‘Can we buy those biscuits?’ I asked. The blue packets of Burton’s Rich Tea were familiar; I did not want to eat biscuits but I wanted something familiar in the cart.

‘Cookies. Americans call them cookies,’ he said. I reached out for the biscuits (cookies).

35 ‘Get the store brand. They’re cheaper, but still the same thing,’ he said, pointing at a white packet.

‘Okay,’ I said. I no longer wanted the biscuits, but I put the store brand in the cart and stared at the blue packet on the shelf, at the familiar grain-embossed Burton’s logo, until
40 we left the aisle.

‘When I become an Attending, we will stop buying store brands, but for now we have to; these things may seem cheap but they add up,’ he said.

‘When you become a Consultant?’

45 ‘Yes, but it’s called an Attending here, an Attending Physician.’

The arrangers of marriage only told you that doctors made a lot of money in America. They did not add that before doctors started to make a lot of money, they had to do an internship and a residency program, which my new husband had not
50 completed. My new husband had told me this during our short in-flight conversation, right after we took off from Lagos, before he fell asleep.

‘Interns are paid twenty-eight thousand a year but work about eighty hours a week. It’s like three dollars an hour,’ he had
55 said. ‘Can you believe it? Three dollars an hour!’

I did not know if three dollars an hour was very good or very bad – I was leaning toward very good – until he added that even high school students working part-time made much more.



60 'Also when I become an Attending, we will not live in a neighborhood like this,' my new husband said. He stopped to let a woman with her child tucked into her shopping cart pass by. 'See how they have bars so you can't take the shopping carts out? In the good neighborhoods, they don't

65 have them. You can take your shopping cart all the way to your car.'

'Oh,' I said. What did it matter that you could or could not take the carts out? The point was, there were carts.

70 'Look at the people who shop here; they are the ones who immigrate and continue to act as if they are back in their countries.' He gestured, dismissively, toward a woman and her two children, who were speaking Spanish. 'They will never move forward unless they adapt to America. They will always be doomed to supermarkets like this.'

75 I murmured something to show I was listening. I thought about the open market in Enugu, the traders who sweet-talked you into stopping at their zinc-covered sheds, who were prepared to bargain all day to add one single kobo to the price. They wrapped what you bought in plastic bags

80 when they had them, and when they did not have them, they laughed and offered you worn newspapers.

CHIMAMANDA ADICHIE

Looking closely

- 1 What were Chinaza's first impressions of the New York Street?
- 2 What does the word 'sneering' reveal to you about Chinaza's and her husband's feelings about Nigeria? [line 20] What is different about Chinaza's feelings for her homeland?
- 3 Chinaza does not call her husband by his name, but just calls him 'my new husband'. What impression does this give you of how she feels about him?

Comprehension

- 1 How had the arrangers of marriage deceived Chinaza about her new husband's job?
- 2 How do you think Chinaza felt during the flight from Lagos to New York?
- 3 Why did Chinaza want to buy the Burton's Rich Tea biscuits? Why did the store's own brand not satisfy her?
- 4 In what ways does Chinaza's new husband try to teach Chinaza how to think and behave now that she is in New York?
- 5 How did the opinions about the shopping trolleys of Chinaza and her new husband represent their different attitudes? Do you think that they will ever share the same attitudes?

Talking points

- 1 How were the experiences of Chinaza in New York and James Berry in London similar? In what ways were they different?
- 2 Discuss with your group the effect moving to a new country can have on our expectations and family relationships.

How does it feel to experience snow for the first time?

Occasionally, red dust from the African Sahara Desert falls in the United Kingdom, or monsoon-like rain causes floods. Any kind of extraordinary weather conditions not usually seen in a country causes enormous interest.

GLOSSARY

120 degrees Fahrenheit (120°F) is 49 degrees Celsius (49°C).

Baghdad residents see snow for the first time

JANUARY 11, 2008 BAGHDAD, IRAQ

The flakes melted quickly. But the smiles, wonder and excited story-swapping went on throughout the day: it snowed in Baghdad.

The morning flurry on Friday was the first in memory in the heart of the Iraqi capital. Perhaps more significant, however, was the rare ripple of delight through a city snarled by army checkpoints, divided by concrete walls and ravaged by sectarian killings. "For the first time in my life I saw a snow-rain like this falling in Baghdad," said 63-year-old Mohammed Abdul Hussein. "When I was young, I heard from my father that such rain had fallen in the early '40s on the outskirts of northern Baghdad, but snow falling in Baghdad in such a magnificent scene was beyond my imagination."

After weathering nearly five years of war, Baghdad residents thought they'd seen it all. But as muezzins were calling the faithful to prayer, the people here awoke to something new.

Snow is common in the mountainous Kurdish areas of northern Iraq, but residents of the capital and surrounding areas could remember just hail. And that only very occasionally. Summer temperatures in Baghdad are routinely a sweltering 120 degrees and winters generally mild.

But this week has been unusually cold and blustery, with overnight temperatures more than 10 degrees below normal. On Thursday morning, the thermometer hovered around freezing after a low of 27, and the Baghdad airport closed because of low visibility.

"I asked my mother, who is 80, whether she'd ever seen snow in Iraq before, and her answer was no," said Fawzi Karim, a 40-year-old father of five who runs a



Throwing snowballs in Iraq.

small restaurant in a village six miles southeast of Baghdad. "This is so unusual, and I don't know whether or not it's a lesson from God."

Talib Haider, a 19-year-old college student, said, "A friend of mine called me at 8 a.m. to wake me up and tell me that the sky is raining snow. I rushed quickly to the balcony to see a very beautiful scene. I tried to film it with my cell phone camera. This scene has really brought me joy. I called my other friends and the morning turned out to be a very happy one in my life."

An Iraqi who works for The Associated Press said he woke his wife and children shortly after 7 a.m. to "have a look at this strange thing." He then called his brother and sister and found them awake, also watching the "cotton-like snow drops covering the trees."

For a couple of hours anyway, a city where mortar shells routinely zoom across the Tigris River to the Green Zone became united as one big White Zone. There were no reports of bloodshed during the snowstorm. The snow showed no favoritism as it dusted neighborhoods, Shiite and Sunni alike.

Poem

In the following poem, the Australian poet Les Murray writes about his uncle's first experience of snow.

☞ Once in a Lifetime, Snow ☛

Winters at home brought wind,
black frost and raw
grey rain in barbed-wire fields,
but never more
5 until the day my uncle
rose at dawn
and stepped outside – to find
his paddocks gone,
his cattle to their hocks
10 in ghostly ground
and unaccustomed light
for miles around.
And he stopped short, and gazed
lit from below,
15 and half the wrinkles vanished
murmuring *Snow*.
A man of farm and fact
he stared to see
the facts of weather braised
20 to a mystery
white on the world he knew
and all he owned.
Snow? Here? He mused. I see.
High time I learned.
25 He stooped to break the sheer
crust with delight
at finding the cold unknown
so deeply bright,

at feeling it take his prints
30 so softly deep,
as if it thought he knew
enough to sleep,
or else so little he
might seek to shift
35 its weight of wintry light
by a single drift,
perceiving this much, he scuffed
his slippered feet
and scooped a handful up
40 to taste, to eat
in memory of the fact
that even he
might not have seen the end
of reality ...
45 Then, turning, he tiptoed in
to a bedroom, smiled,
and wakened a murmuring child
and another child.

LES MURRAY



Looking closely

- 1 How do 'black frost' and 'grey rain' contrast with the effects of winter described elsewhere in the poem? Quote words and phrases to explain the contrast.
- 2 Why is the ground 'ghostly'? (line 10)
- 3 What does the poet mean by the metaphor 'braised to a mystery'? (lines 19–20)
- 4 Choose some alliterating phrases which made the scene come alive for you. Explain why you have chosen them.
- 5 Describe the poem's rhyme scheme. What effect do the rhymes have on your experience of the poem?

Comprehension

- 1 Which 'home' does the poet refer to? (line 1)
- 2 What sort of man is the poet's uncle?
- 3 Why did the uncle welcome the 'mystery'? What has come alive for him?
- 4 Who is the child referred to? Why does the uncle smile at the end, as he goes into the child's bedroom?
- 5 How does this final verse sum up the uncle's experience?

Writing a poem

Write your own four-line poem about an unusual climatic event. How do unusual weather conditions change your perceptions of the world around you?

- What new impressions of a familiar scene does it give you? Describe your reaction as you first come on the scene.
- Give your poem a rhyme scheme.

Who are you calling an impressionist?

There are many creative ways in which to record our impressions. Writers, comedians, and artists strive to create just that – an *impression*.

Impressions can be fixed in our memory, as well as on canvas or in words.

In the nineteenth century a group of French painters became known as ‘impressionists’. When

these paintings were first exhibited in Paris in 1874, art critics were horrified by what they thought were merely ‘sketches’, giving only an incomplete impression of their subjects.

Impression, Sunrise (*Impression, soleil levant* in French) by Claude Monet was first seen in that 1874 exhibition in Paris.



Impression, Sunrise, by Claude Monet, painted in 1872.

Looking closely

- 1 In what ways does this painting give you an ‘impression’ of a sunrise, rather than a photographic likeness?
- 2 Which parts of the painting do you think critics at the time might have criticized for being ‘sketchy’?
- 3 Why do you think the artist avoided using definite outlines?
- 4 What is your impression of the painting?

Meeting someone for the first time

First impressions are important when you meet someone for the first time. Can you think of an intriguing book or a film where two important characters meet for the first time? Tell your group about such a fictional meeting, and what made it special or memorable. How does it compare with scenes from real life?

What do you think a writer has to do to make readers emotionally involved in the characters in a novel?

Fiction

From *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë

Jane Eyre, by Charlotte Brontë, was first published in 1847. In this part of the novel, Jane has come to Thornfield Hall in a wild part of Yorkshire in England to be governess to the daughter of the owner, Mr Rochester. Mr Rochester has been absent from the Hall since Jane arrived there, so they have never met face to face. Jane is returning home from a walk as dusk is falling.



My First Meeting with Mr Rochester

The din was on the causeway: a horse was coming; the windings of the lane yet hid it, but it approached. I was just leaving the stile but as the path was narrow, I sat still to let it go by. In those days I was young, and all sorts of fancies
 5 bright and dark and memories of nursery stories were in my mind. As this horse approached, and as I watched for it to appear through the dusk, I remembered certain of Bessie's tales of a North-of-England spirit, called a 'Gytrash'; which, in the form of horse, mule, or large dog, haunted solitary
 10 ways, and sometimes came upon belated travellers, as this horse was now coming upon me.

It was very near, but not yet in sight; when I heard a rush under the hedge, and out glided a great dog, whose black and white colour made him a distinct object against the trees.
 15 It was exactly Bessie's Gytrash – a lion-like creature with long hair and a huge head: it passed me, however, quietly enough, not staying to look up. The horse followed – a tall steed, and on its back a rider. The man broke the spell at once. Nothing ever rode the Gytrash: it was always alone.

GLOSSARY

Gytrash is a Northern English word for a mythical beast said to haunt travellers. Bessie, who explained the myth of Gytrash, was the nursemaid who had cared for Jane Eyre as a child.

A **causeway** is a stone path.

The saying **If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must come to the mountain** means one may have to change one's approach to achieve what one wants.

Like heath that ... The couplet which ends this text comes from 'Fallen is thy throne' by Thomas Moore (1780–1852), a very popular poet of the time.

20 No Gytrash was this, only a traveller taking the short cut. He
passed, and I went on; a few steps, and I turned: a sliding
sound, an exclamation and a clattering tumble, arrested my
attention. Man and horse were down; they had slipped on
the sheet of ice on the causeway. The dog came bounding
25 back, and seeing his master down, and hearing the horse
groan, barked till the evening hills echoed the sound. I
walked to the traveller, by this time struggling himself free of
his steed. His efforts were so vigorous, I thought he could
not be much hurt; but I asked him 'Are you injured, sir? Can
30 I do anything?'

'You must just stand on one side,' he answered as he rose,
first to his knees, and then to his feet.

I did. The horse was got up, and the dog was silenced. The
traveller now stooping, felt his foot and leg, as if trying
35 whether they were sound; apparently something ailed them,
for he limped to the stile and sat down.

I now drew near him again.

'If you are hurt, and want help, sir, I can fetch some one.'

'Thank you; I shall do: I have no broken bones – only a
40 sprain,' and again he stood up and tried his foot, but the
result extorted an involuntary 'Ugh'.

Something of daylight still lingered, and the moon was
waxing bright: I could see him plainly. His figure was
enveloped in a riding cloak, fur-collared, and steel-clasped; I
45 traced the general points of middle height, and considerable
breadth of chest. He had a dark face, with stern features and
a heavy brow; his eyes and gathered eyebrows looked ireful;
he was past youth, but had not reached middle age. I felt no
fear of him. Had he been a handsome, heroic-looking young
50 gentleman, I should not have dared to stand offering my
services unasked.

'I cannot think of leaving you, sir, at so late an hour, in this
solitary lane, till I see you are fit to mount your horse.'

He looked at me when I said this: he had hardly turned his
55 eyes in my direction before.



'I should think you ought to be at home yourself,' said he. 'Where do you come from?'

'From just below; and I am not at all afraid of being out late when it is moonlight.'

60 'You live just below – do you mean at that house with the battlements?' pointing to Thornfield Hall, on which the moon cast a hoary gleam.

'Yes, sir.'

'Whose house is it?'

65 'Mr Rochester's.'

'Do you know Mr Rochester?'

'No, I have never seen him.'

'He is not resident then?'

'No.'

70 'Can you tell me where he is?'

'I cannot.'

'You are not a servant at the hall, of course. You are ...' He stopped, ran his eye over my dress, which, as usual, was quite simple and not fine enough for a lady's maid. He seemed
75 puzzled to decide what I was: I helped him.

'I am the governess.'

'Ah, the governess,' he repeated. 'You may help me a little yourself, if you will be so kind.'

'Yes, sir.'

80 'Try to get hold of my horse's bridle and lead him to me: you are not afraid?'

I should have been afraid to touch a horse when alone, but when told to do it, I obeyed. I went up to the tall steed and endeavoured to catch the bridle, but it was a spirited thing,
90 and would not let me come near its head; I made effort on effort, being so mortally afraid of its trampling fore feet. The traveller watched for some time, and at last he laughed.



North Lees Hall in Derbyshire is thought to have been the inspiration for Thornfield Hall.

‘I see,’ he said, ‘the mountain will never be brought to Mahomet, so all you can do is to aid Mahomet to go to the mountain. I must beg of you to come here.’

I came. ‘Excuse me,’ he continued. ‘Necessity compels me to make you useful.’

He laid a heavy hand on my shoulder, and leaning on me limped to his horse. Having once caught the bridle, he mastered it directly, and sprang to his saddle; grimacing grimly as he made the effort.

‘Now,’ said he, ‘hand me my whip; it lies there under the hedge.’

I sought it and found it.

‘Thank you; now return as fast as you can.’

A touch of a spurred heel made his horse first start and rear, and then bound away; the dog rushed on behind.

*Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.*

CHARLOTTE BRONTË

Writing two different accounts

Write two different accounts of the meeting between Jane Eyre and Mr Rochester.

- Write a diary entry of Jane Eyre’s first impressions of Mr Rochester, and their encounter on the causeway.
- Write down Mr Rochester’s thoughts on the incident, after he is back at the hall. What does he think of the new governess?

Looking closely

- 1 Which words and phrases create the sense that Jane is in the country with no one else around?
- 2 Make a note of all the references to light in the extract. Select examples and explain how the words help to create an atmosphere.
- 3 In what way does the couplet which ends the text intensify the atmosphere which has been created in lines 45-51?

Comprehension

- 1 What ‘fancy’ is in Jane’s mind as she encounters the dog and horseman?
- 2 What causes Mr Rochester to fall from his horse?
- 3 What impression does Mr Rochester make on Jane in lines 42–53?
- 4 Why do you think Mr Rochester does not identify himself, even when he knows that Jane is the new governess in his household?
- 5 What qualities of character do Jane and Mr Rochester reveal in this extract?

Fiction

From *How I Live Now* by Meg Rosoff

In the following text, fifteen-year-old Daisy has arrived in London to spend the summer with her English cousins. Life has been difficult at home for Daisy, and her father and stepmother think that time apart would be a good idea.

Daisy, who has spent all her life in New York, is shocked by her cousin Edmond's eccentric behaviour. We are forewarned in the opening paragraph that her life is about to drastically change, now that she has met Edmond.



Meeting Edmond

But the summer I went to England to stay with my cousins everything changed. Part of that was because of the war, which supposedly changed lots of things, but I can't remember much about life before the war anyway so it
5 doesn't count in my book, which this is.

Mostly everything changed because of Edmond.

And so here's what happened.

I'm coming off this plane, and I'll tell you why that is later, and landing at London airport and I'm looking around for a
10 middle-aged kind of woman who I've seen in pictures who's my Aunt Penn. The photographs are out of date, but she looked like the type who would wear a big necklace and flat shoes, and maybe some kind of narrow dress in black or grey. But I'm just guessing since the pictures only ever
15 showed her face.

Anyway, I'm looking and looking and everyone's leaving and there's no signal on my phone and I'm thinking Oh Great, I'm going to be abandoned at the airport so that's two countries they don't want me in, when I notice everyone's
20 gone except this kid who comes up to me and says You must be Daisy. And when I look relieved he does too and says I'm Edmond.

Hello Edmond, I said, nice to meet you, and I look at him hard to try to get a feel for what my new life with my
25 cousins might be like.

GLOSSARY

A **mutt** is a dog, not a pedigree dog but a scruffy mongrel

Now let me tell you what he looks like before I forget
because it's not exactly what you'd expect from your average
fourteen-year-old what with the CIGARETTE and hair that
looks like he cut it himself with a hatchet in the dead of
30 night, but aside from that he's exactly like some kind of
mutt, you know the ones you see at the dog shelter who are
kind of hopeful and sweet and put their nose straight into
your hand when they meet you with a certain kind of dignity
and you know from that second that you're going to take
35 him home? Well that's him.

Only he took me home.

I'll take your bag, he said, and even though he's about half a
mile shorter than me and has arms about as thick as a dog
leg, he grabs my bag, and I grab it back and say Where's
40 your mom, is she in the car?

And he smiles and takes a drag on his cigarette, which even
though I know smoking kills and all that, I think is a little bit
cool, but maybe all the kids in England smoke cigarettes? I
don't say anything in case it's a well-known fact that the
45 smoking age in England is something like twelve and by
making a big thing about it I'll end up looking like an idiot
when I've barely been here five minutes. Anyway, he says
Mum couldn't come to the airport cause she's working and
it's not worth anyone's life to interrupt her while she's
50 working, and everyone else seemed to be somewhere else, so
I drove here myself.

I looked at him funny then.

You drove here yourself? You DROVE HERE yourself?

And then he gave a little shrug and a little dog-shelter dog
55 kind of tilt of his head and he pointed at a falling-apart black
jeep and he opened the door by reaching in through the
window which was open, and pulling the handle up and
yanking. He threw my bag in the back, though more like
pushed it in, because it was pretty heavy, and then said Get
60 in Cousin Daisy, and there was nothing else I could think of
to do so I got in.

I'm still trying to get my head around all this when instead of following the signs that say Exit he turns the car up on to this grass and then drives across to a sign that says Do Not
 65 Enter and of course he Enters and then he jogs left across a ditch and suddenly we're out on the highway.

Can you believe they charge thirteen pounds fifty just to park there for an hour? he says to me.

Well to be fair, there is no way I'm believing any of this,
 70 being driven along on the wrong side of the road by this skinny kid dragging on a cigarette and let's face it who wouldn't be thinking what a weird place England is.

And then he looked at me again in his funny doggy way, and he said You'll get used to it. Which was strange too, because
 75 I hadn't said anything out loud.

MEG ROSSOFF

Comprehension

- 1 What does Daisy notice about Edmond straightaway? What do you think this shows about Edmond's character?
- 2 How does Daisy's references to a 'mutt' help you understand the effect on her of this first meeting?
- 3 What impression have you formed of Aunt Penn from Edmond's reference to her (lines 47–50)?
- 4 What impression of Edmond's character do you have by the end of the text?
- 5 What are the things which have made Daisy think 'what a weird place England is' (line 72)? Do you think her feelings are justified? Give your reasons.

Writing an email

Imagine that you are Daisy. Before you go to bed on that first night in England you send an email to your friend back in New York. Tell her all about your arrival and your drive from the airport to your cousins' house.

- Tell your friend about Cousin Edmond's strange behaviour.
- Write down your first impressions of English life.

Looking closely

- 1 Most of the text is written in the present tense. Why has the author chosen to use the present tense rather than the past? What effect does it have on you, the reader?
- 2 Rewrite lines 16–22 as conventional prose with direct speech set out correctly.
- 3 What is unusual about the author's use of punctuation and capitalization? Explain the effect, using examples from the text.
- 4 What does the description of Edmond's hair tell you about Edmond, and about Daisy?
- 5 Explain the following in your own words: **a** a little dog-shelter dog kind of tilt of his head (lines 54–5)
b a falling-apart black jeep (lines 55–6).
- 6 Find examples of American expressions in Daisy's speech. How does her speech contrast with Edmond's?

3

Fire

How does fire get out of control?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Australia
- Canada
- the Great Fire of London
- the United Kingdom
- Korea

Read

- fiction
- autobiography
- a diary
- a rhyme
- encyclopedia entries

Create

- a script for a play
- a different point of view
- a PowerPoint presentation
- research on old rhymes
- research on glass techniques

There is no more silence on the plains of the moon
and time is no more alien there, than here.
Sun thrust his warm hand down at high noon,
but all that stirred was the faint dust of fear.

From 'Night after Bushfire' by Judith Wright



'Fire is a bad master and a good servant' is a very old saying. In countries like Australia, which suffer frequent bushfires, people know only too well the destruction wreaked by the bad master. The quotation above describes the scene of desolation after such a fire, when the scorched earth makes the familiar landscape look like another planet, and people are filled with fear.

Talking points

How many causes of accidental fires can you think of? What role does human error play?

Fiction

From *Ash Road* by Ivan Southall

Three boys, Wallace, Graham and Harry, are camping in the Australian bush. Graham has woken in the early hours of the morning and is boiling water to make some tea. He is using highly flammable methylated spirits, which the boys call 'metho', to light their camping stove.

∞ Fire! ∞

'Stinkin' hot, isn't it?'

'You can say that again. But this water's awful slow coming to the boil.'

'The wind, I suppose.'

5 'It's taken two lots of metho already,' said Graham. 'Have you got the lid on?'

'Can't see when it boils if you've got the lid on.'

'Put the lid on, I reckon, or it'll never boil.'

'Don't know where the lid is, do you?'

10 'Feel for it. It's there somewhere. Use your torch.'

'The battery's flat. Blooming thing. Must have been a crook battery. Hardly used it at all. Now look what I've done! There's the metho bottle knocked for six.'

15 'You dope,' cried Wallace. 'Pick it up quick. Or we'll lose it all.'

'The cork's in it.' Graham groped for it, feeling a bit of a fool, and said, 'Crumbs.'

'Now what?'

'The cork's not in it, that's what. It must have come out.'

20 'How could it come out? Honest to goodness ...'

'It's burning!' howled Graham.

A blue flame snaked from the little heater up through the rocks towards the bottle in the boy's hand; or at least that



GLOSSARY

A **billy-can** is a tin or enamel cooking pot. A **crook battery** is a dud one, one which doesn't work. 'Crook' is a colloquial Australian adjective.

This story was published in 1965 and many of the boys' expressions are from that time.

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words and phrases.

to be knocked for six [line 13]

nozzle [27] to singe [73]

sapling [44] creek [49]

humus [54]

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

was how it seemed to happen. It happened so swiftly it may
25 have deceived the eye. Instinctively, to protect himself, Graham
threw the bottle away. There was a shower of fire from its neck,
as from the nozzle of a hose.

‘Oh, my gosh!’ yelled Wallace and tore off his sleeping bag.
‘Harry!’ he screamed. ‘Wake up, Harry!’

30 They tried to stamp on the fire, but their feet were bare and they
couldn’t find their shoes. They tried to smother it with their
sleeping bags, but it seemed to be everywhere. Harry couldn’t
even escape from his bag; he couldn’t find the zip fastener, and
for a few awful moments in his confusion between sleep and
35 wakefulness he thought he was in his bed at home and the house
had burst into flames around him. He couldn’t come to grips
with the situation; he knew only dismay and the wildest kind of
alarm. Graham and Wallace, panicking, were throwing
themselves from place to place, almost sobbing, beating futilely
40 at a widening arc of fire. Every desperate blow they made
seemed to fan the fire, to scatter it farther, to feed it.

‘Put it out!’ shouted Graham. ‘Put it out!’

It wasn’t dark any longer. It was a flickering world of tree trunks
and twisted boughs, of scrub and saplings and stones, of shouts
45 and wind and smoke and frantic fear. It was so quick. It was
terrible.

‘Put it out!’ cried Graham, and Harry fought out of his sleeping
bag, knowing somehow that they’d never get it out by beating at
it, that they’d have to get water up from the creek. But all they
50 had was a four-pint billy-can.

The fire was getting away from them in all directions, crackling
through the scrub down-wind, burning fiercely back into the
wind. Even the ground was burning; grass, roots, and fallen
leaves were burning, humus was burning. There were flames on
55 the trees, bark was burning, foliage was flaring, flaring like a
whip-crack; and the heat was savage and searing and awful to
breathe.

‘We can’t, we can’t!’ cried Wallace. ‘What are we going to do?’
They beat at it and beat at it and beat at it.

60 ‘Oh gee,’ sobbed Graham. He was crying, and he hadn’t cried since he was twelve years old. ‘What have I done? We’ve got to get it out!’

Harry was scrambling around wildly, bundling all their things together. It was not that he was more level-headed than the
65 others; it was just that he could see the end more clearly, the hopelessness of it, the absolute certainty of it, the imminent danger of encirclement, the possibility that they might be burnt alive. He could see all this because he hadn’t been in it at the start. He wasn’t responsible; he hadn’t done it; and now that he
70 was wide awake he could see it more clearly. He screamed at them: ‘Grab your stuff and run for it!’ But they didn’t hear him or didn’t want to hear him. They were blackened, their feet were cut, even their hair was singed. They beat and beat, and fire was leaping into the tree tops, and there were no black shadows left,
75 only bright light, red light, yellow light, light that was hard and cruel and terrifying, and there was a rushing sound, a roaring sound, explosions, and smoke, smoke like a hot red fog.

‘No,’ cried Graham. ‘No, no, no!’ His arms dropped to his sides and he shook with sobs and Wallace dragged him away. ‘Oh,
80 Wally,’ he sobbed. ‘What have I done?’

‘We’ve got to get out of here,’ shouted Harry. ‘Grab the things and run.’

‘Our shoes?’ cried Wallace. ‘Where are they?’ ‘I don’t know. I don’t know.’

85 ‘We’ve got to find our shoes.’

‘They’ll kill us,’ sobbed Graham. ‘They’ll kill us. It’s a terrible thing, an awful thing to have done.’

‘Where did we put our shoes?’ Wallace was running around in circles, blindly. He didn’t really know what he was doing.
90 Everything had happened so quickly, so suddenly.

‘For Pete’s sake run!’ shouted Harry.

Something in his voice seemed to get through to Wallace and Graham, and they ran, the three of them, like frightened rabbits. They ran this way and that, hugging their packs and their



95 scorched sleeping-bags, blundering into the scrub, even into
the trunks of trees. Fire and confusion seemed to be all
around them. The fire's rays darted through the bush; it was
like an endless chain with a will of its own, encircling and
entangling them, or like a wall that leapt out of the earth to
100 block every fresh run they made for safety. Even the creek
couldn't help them. They didn't know where it was. There
might as well not have been a creek at all.

'This way,' shouted Harry. 'A track!'

105 They stumbled back down the track towards Tinley; at least
they thought it was towards Tinley, they didn't really know.
Perhaps they were running to save their lives, running simply
from fear, running away from what they had done.

110 When they thought they were safe they hid in the bush close
to a partly constructed house. They could hear sirens wailing;
lights were coming on here and there; the headlamps of cars
were beaming and sweeping around curves in the track. They
could hear shouts on the wind, they heard a woman cry
hysterically, they heard Graham sobbing.

Over all was a red glow.

IVAN SOUTHALL

Looking closely

- 1 Explain how the bottle of methylated spirits was spilt.
- 2 Explain the effect of the metaphor 'snaked' (line 22).
- 3 What do you imagine an 'arc of fire' looks like?
- 4 How does the simile 'like a whip-crack' add to the vividness of the description? (line 56)
- 5 How does the writer's description of the fire as 'with a will of its own' add to the drama and terror?
- 6 Describe the sights and sounds of the fire as it develops into a full-scale blaze.



Comprehension

- 1 What was Graham's instinctive reaction to the burning bottle, and why was it the wrong thing to do?
- 2 Describe some of the thoughts and feelings rushing through the boys' minds as they realized what was happening.
- 3 What did Harry understand more clearly than the others?
- 4 Why was it so important that the boys should find their shoes?
- 5 Why was the creek no good to them?
- 6 Where did they go to seek refuge? How did they know the alarm had been raised?

Looking at effects

This is an intensely dramatic and exciting piece of writing. The story is a simple one, so how does the writer make it so dramatic?

- 1 First of all, jot down words from the text which illustrate the following emotions: terror, panic, danger, guilt, confusion.
- 2 Select examples of alliteration, for example 'foliage was flaring', and explain how the words add to the atmosphere.
- 3 Choose a simile (not 'like a whip-crack') and explain how it extends your experience of the scene.
- 4 Select examples of listing (where one thing follows another as in a list) and explain how they add to the atmosphere.
- 5 Select examples of words which you think are particularly vivid, for example 'searing', and explain how they deepen your understanding and enjoyment.
- 6 Select examples of repetition and explain their effects.

Writing a script

What a great film this story would make! It would also make an excellent radio play.

- Write your own radio play of this terrible night. Write sound effects in brackets.
- Include an extra scene about what happened after the boys were found hiding in the bush.

Autobiography

From *Roughing it in the Bush* by Susanna Moodie

The following dramatic description of a fire comes from the nineteenth century. It is set in northern Canada. Many settlers came from Britain and elsewhere to start a new life in Canada, including Susanna Moodie who arrived in Quebec in 1832. Life was hard as she and her husband struggled to establish themselves in a hostile environment. Susanna Moodie had been long settled in her family's log cabin when the fire described here broke out.



Fire in the Snow

I had hired a young Irish girl the day before. Her friends were only just located in our vicinity, and she had never seen a stove until she came to our house. After Moodie left I suffered the fire to die away in the Franklin stove in the parlour, and went into the kitchen to prepare bread for the oven.

The girl, who was a good-natured creature, had heard me complain bitterly of the cold, and the impossibility of getting the green wood to burn, and she thought that she would see if she could not make a good fire for me and the children, for when my work was done. Without saying one word about her intention, she slipped out through a door that opened from the parlour into the garden, ran round to the wood-yard, filled her lap with cedar chips, and, not knowing the nature of the stove, filled it entirely with the light wood.

Before I had the least idea of my danger, I was aroused from the completion of my task by the crackling and roaring of a large fire, and a suffocating smell of burning soot. I looked up at the kitchen cooking-stove. All was right there. I knew I had left no fire in the parlour stove; but not being able to account for the smoke and smell of burning, I opened the door, and to my dismay found the stove red hot, from the front plate to the topmost pipe that let out the smoke through the roof.

My first impulse was to plunge a blanket, snatched from the servant's bed which stood in the kitchen, into cold water. This I thrust into the stove, and upon it I threw water, until all was cool below. I then ran up to the loft, and by

GLOSSARY

Moodie is Mr Moodie, Susanna Moodie's husband. It was common at this time for wives to call their husbands by their surnames, or with the prefix 'Mr'.

Shingles are the wooden tiles on the roof.

And lave you . . . means 'And leave you, Madam, and the children alone with the burning house?' The writer has reproduced the girl's Irish accent in her written account.

The **team** in the final paragraph is the team of horses which the writer's brother brought to the scene.

Wordpool

vicinity [line 2]

parlour [5]

uncouth [36]

to expend [50]

brand (*noun*, 86)

brush-heap [103]

to blast [106]

brine [152]

sleigh (*slay*) [162]

30 exhausting all the water in the house, even to that contained in the boilers upon the fire, contrived to cool down the pipes which passed through the loft. I then sent the girl out of doors to look at the roof, which, as a very deep fall of snow had taken place the day before, I hoped would be completely covered, and safe from all danger of fire.

35 She quickly returned, stamping and tearing her hair, and making a variety of uncouth outcries, from which I gathered that the roof was in flames.

This was terrible news, with my husband absent, no man in the house, and a mile and a quarter from any other
40 habitation. I ran out to ascertain the extent of the misfortune, and found a large fire burning in the roof between the two stone pipes. The heat of the fires had melted off all the snow, and a spark from the burning pipe had already ignited the shingles. A ladder, which for several
45 months had stood against the house, had been moved two days before to the barn, which was at the top of the hill, near the road; there was no reaching the fire through that source. I got out the dining-table, and tried to throw water upon the roof by standing on a chair placed upon it, but I only
50 expended the little water that remained in the boiler, without reaching the fire. The girl still continued weeping and lamenting.

‘You must go for help,’ I said. ‘Run as fast as you can to my sister’s, and fetch your master.’

55 ‘And lave you, ma’arm, and the childher alone wid the burnin’ house?’

‘Yes, yes! Don’t stay one moment.’

‘I have no shoes, ma’arm, and the snow is so deep.’

60 ‘Put on your master’s boots; make haste, or we shall be lost before help comes.’

The girl put on the boots and started, shrieking ‘Fire!’ the whole way. This was utterly useless, and only impeded her progress by exhausting her strength. After she had vanished from the head of the clearing into the wood, and I was left

65 quite alone, with the house burning over my head, I paused
one moment to reflect what had best be done.

The house was built of cedar logs; in all probability it would
be consumed before any help could arrive. There was a brisk
breeze blowing up from the frozen lake, and the
70 thermometer stood at eighteen degrees below zero. We were
placed between the two extremes of heat and cold, and there
was as much danger to be apprehended from the one as the
other. In the bewilderment of the moment, the direful extent
of the calamity never struck me: we wanted but this to put
75 the finishing stroke to our misfortunes, to be thrown naked,
houseless, and penniless, upon the world. 'What shall I save
first?' was the thought just then uppermost in my mind.
Bedding and clothing appeared the most essentially
necessary, and without another moment's pause, I set to
80 work with a right good will to drag all that I could from my
burning home.

While little Agnes, Dunbar, and baby Donald filled the air
with their cries, Katie, as if fully conscious of the importance
of exertion, assisted me in carrying out sheets and blankets,
85 and dragging trunks and boxes some way up the hill, to be
out of the way of the burning brands when the roof should
fall in.

How many anxious looks I gave to the head of the clearing
as the fire increased, and large pieces of burning pine began
90 to fall through the boarded ceiling, about the lower rooms

Word origins

Brand means a piece of burning wood. It comes from the Anglo-Saxon word *brand* for firebrand.



where we were at work. The children I had kept under a large dresser in the kitchen, but it now appeared absolutely necessary to remove them to a place of safety. To expose the young, tender things to the direful cold was almost as bad as
95 leaving them to the mercy of the fire. At last I hit upon a plan to keep them from freezing. I emptied all the clothes out of a large, deep chest of drawers, and dragged the empty drawers up the hill; these I lined with blankets, and placed a child in each drawer, covering it well over with the bedding, giving to
100 little Agnes the charge of the baby to hold between her knees, and keep well covered until help should arrive. Ah, how long it seemed coming!

The roof was now burning like a brush-heap, and, unconsciously, the child and I were working under a shelf,
105 upon which were deposited several pounds of gunpowder which had been procured for blasting a well, as all our water had to be brought up hill from the lake. This gunpowder was in a stone jar, secured by a paper stopper; the shelf upon which it stood was on fire, but it was utterly forgotten by me
110 at the time; and even afterwards, when my husband was working on the burning loft over it.

I found that I should not be able to take many more trips for goods. As I passed out of the parlour for the last time, Katie looked up at her father's flute, which was suspended upon
115 two brackets, and said,

'Oh, dear mamma! do save Papa's flute; he will be so sorry to lose it.'

God bless the dear child for the thought! The flute was saved; and, as I succeeded in dragging out a heavy chest of
120 clothes, and looked up once more despairingly to the road, I saw a man running at full speed. It was my husband. Help was at hand, and my heart uttered a deep thanksgiving as another and another figure came upon the scene.

I had not felt the intense cold, although without cap, or
125 bonnet, or shawl; with my hands bare and exposed to the bitter, biting air. The intense excitement, the anxiety to save all I could, had so totally diverted my thoughts from myself, that I had felt nothing of the danger to which I had been

exposed; but now that help was near, my knees trembled
130 under me, I felt giddy and faint, and dark shadows seemed
dancing before my eyes.

The moment my husband and brother-in-law entered the
house, the latter exclaimed, 'Moodie, the house is gone; save
what you can of your winter stores and furniture.'

135 Moodie thought differently. Prompt and energetic in danger,
and possessing admirable presence of mind and coolness
when others yield to agitation and despair, he sprang upon
the burning loft and called for water. Alas, there was none!

'Snow, snow; hand me up pailsful of snow!' Oh it was bitter
140 work filling those pails with frozen snow; but Mr. T and I
worked at it as fast as we were able.

The violence of the fire was greatly checked by covering the
boards of the loft with this snow. More help had now
arrived. Young B and S had brought the ladder down with
145 them from the barn, and were already cutting away the
burning roof, and flinging the flaming brands into the deep
snow.

'Mrs. Moodie, have you any pickled meat?'

'We have just killed one of our cows, and salted it for winter
150 stores.'

'Well then, fling the beef into the snow, and let us have the
brine.'

This was an admirable plan. Wherever the brine wetted the
shingles, the fire turned from it, and concentrated into one
155 spot. But I had not time to watch the brave workers on the
roof. I was fast yielding to the effects of overexcitement and
fatigue, when my brother's team dashed down the clearing,
bringing my excellent old friend, Miss B and the servant-girl.

My brother sprang out, carried me back into the house, and
160 wrapped me up in one of the large blankets scattered about.
In a few minutes I was seated with the dear children in the
sleigh, and on the way to a place of warmth and safety.

SUSANNA MOODIE

Comprehension

- 1 What did the young servant girl do out of kindness to Susanna Moodie and why were her actions disastrous?
- 2 What did the writer hope would be the effect of the heavy fall of snow? How were her hopes dashed?
- 3 Why could the writer not use a ladder? What did she use instead and why was it not so effective?
- 4 What were the main dangers they faced? (lines 67–81)
- 5 Why did the family have gunpowder stored? Why was it potentially dangerous?
- 6 What qualities of character did the eldest daughter, Katie, show at this difficult time?
- 7 What qualities did Mr Moodie show after he arrived to help?

Nineteenth-century language

This account was written over 150 years ago and some of the language and the expressions used are now archaic. Rewrite the following in contemporary English:

- a what had best be done (line 66)
- b there was as much danger to be apprehended (line 72)
- c the direful extent of the calamity (line 73–4)
- d had so totally diverted my thoughts from myself (line 127)
- e when others yield to agitation (line 137)

Writing from a different point of view

Can you imagine how the Irish servant girl must have felt at the end of this terrible day? Write an account of the day from her point of view.

- Think about her age, experience and situation, and how she would view her new employers and her new life in a foreign country.
- Write in the first person and go through the events as they unfold, explaining how she thinks, feels and acts, and her perception of what is going on around her.

What happens when a city is on fire?

Throughout history, cities have been swept by terrible fires. Both Lisbon and San Francisco suffered massively destructive fires which followed earthquakes in 1755 and 1906 respectively. In the nineteenth century, Constantinople (Istanbul) in Turkey suffered many fires. One of the most famous and destructive city fires was the Great Fire of London in 1666.

Diary

From *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, September 1666

The Great Fire of London started in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane during the night of 1 September 1666, and raged for several days. A man was hanged for starting the fire, but later research has shown it was started by spontaneous combustion from the flour. Very few people actually died, but the fire engulfed four-fifths of the old city, which in 1666 was made up of narrow streets and timber-framed buildings built closely together. The Great Fire destroyed 13,200 houses, 89 churches and many great landmarks including St Paul's Cathedral.

Samuel Pepys [pronounced peeps] (1633–1703) held an important post as Secretary to the Admiralty and kept a personal diary from 1660–69. He is England's most famous diarist, and his descriptions of the Great Fire are of particular interest.



Portrait of Samuel Pepys, painted in the year of the Great Fire of London by the English artist John Hayls.



A seventeenth-century woodcut of The Great Fire of London, 1666, English School.

GLOSSARY

The **waterside** refers to the banks of the River Thames, which flows through London.

The **lighters** are small boats which 'lay off', or were a little distance from the banks.

Twopence [tuppence] is two pennies. Before decimalization, 12 pennies made one shilling.

Pitch is a mixture of wood tar and turpentine, used to protect wood from moisture seepage.

Wordpool

to be loth	to quench
lamentable	matter
spent	to discourse

SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1666

Jane called up about three in the morning to tell us of a great fire in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep.

By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down tonight by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, and there I did see the houses at the end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side of the bridge.

So down I went, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I rode down to the waterside, and there saw a lamentable fire. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they some of them burned their wings and fell down.

I hurried to St. Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary goods carried in carts and on backs. At last I met my Lord Mayor in Cannon Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. He cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' So he left me, and I him, and walked towards home; seeing people all distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil and wines and brandy and other things.

As far as we could see up the hill of the City there was a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the flame of an ordinary fire. We saw the fire as an entire arch of flame from this to the other side of the bridge, an arch above a mile long. It made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, all on fire and flaming at once, and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with sad heart and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire.

SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1666

Sir W. Batten dug a pit in his garden and buried his wine, and I put my office papers in there too. In the evening Sir W. Penn and I dug another hole and I put in there our parmesan cheese and our wine.

SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1666

Walked into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals) and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there. Paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. I also saw a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney with the hair all burned off its body and yet alive.

What did London burning look like?



The Great Fire of London, 1666, Dutch School.

Dutch artists who had not witnessed the fire produced some distinctive views of the Great Fire of London, like this one from the Museum of London. Artists often worked from black and white prints, like the one shown on page 62, to get authentic details of events they were not able to witness first-hand.

Looking closely

- 1 Pepys' syntax and verb forms are very different from those of today. Select some examples from the text and rewrite them in today's 'correct' English. Explain how the syntax differs.
- 2 Diaries can be very dull, but Pepys makes this one extremely interesting.
 - a Select some of Pepys' words which help to create lively descriptions that appeal to the senses.
 - b Select examples of Pepys' use of details to make the scene memorable.
- 3 How does Pepys convey the panic and fear of the people? (3rd paragraph)
- 4 Rewrite the following words and phrases in your own words:
 - a called up (remember there were no phones!)
 - b infinite
 - c full of trouble
 - d laden
 - e malicious
 - f discoursing
 - g wretches

Comprehension

- 1 Why did Pepys go back to bed despite the fire?
- 2 Why did Pepys get up 'upon one of the high places'?
- 3 Describe the difficulties which the Lord Mayor had been facing, and how he is feeling.
- 4 What does Pepys' experience of buying bread tell you about what happened to prices after the fire?
- 5 How does the phrase 'poor wretches' in the final diary entry convey Pepys' feelings for the people of London fleeing from the fire? Where else in the diary entries does he record similar feelings and observations?
- 6 What else does Pepys describe as 'poor'? What do these observations tell us about Pepys as a man and as a diarist?

Researching old rhymes

This is the beginning of a playground action rhyme which goes back to the time of the Great Fire of London.

*London Bridge is falling down
Falling down, falling down
London Bridge is falling down
My fair lady*

Do you know of any popular expressions or rhymes (including songs) that mark some event or important period in your country's past?

- Think of an example to present to your group as a PowerPoint presentation, with a sound recording and any relevant photographs or illustrations.
- Explain the references as well as you can. Explain how you think the precise meanings have been lost or changed over time.

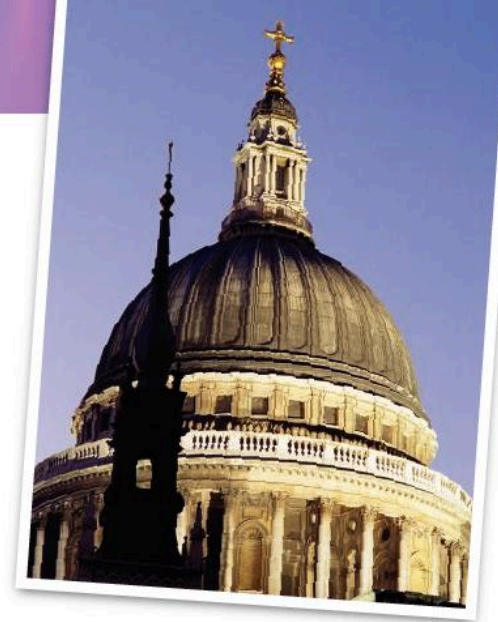
What rises from the flames?

The Great Fire of London was the most catastrophic fire in the history of the city, but it had a positive outcome. Sir Christopher Wren rebuilt St Paul's Cathedral and many other churches, and houses were rebuilt in less flammable materials. Plague, which had revisited the city over the centuries, did not come back after the fire was finally extinguished.

Although many notable London landmarks were lost, a new London emerged from the ashes, just as Lisbon and San Francisco were rebuilt after their destructive fires in the eighteenth and twentieth centuries.

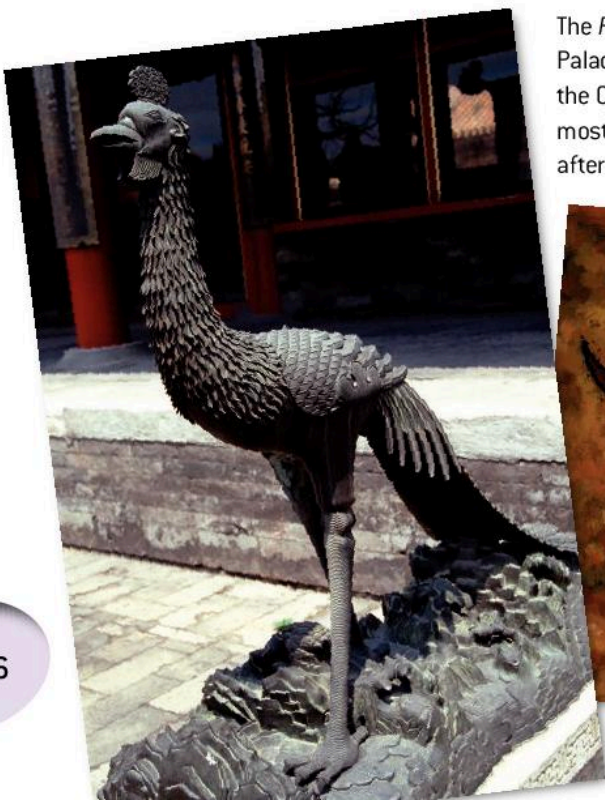
Have you heard of the legendary bird, the phoenix? The phoenix occurs in the mythology of cultures across the globe. Details of the legend vary according to the culture in which it is told, but the essential story is that the fabulous bird lives in Arabia. As large as an eagle with feathers in gorgeous colours of red and purple, it builds a nest of frankincense, myrrh and spices and lives for 500 or 600 years. At the end of this time it burns itself and its nest, fanning the flames with its great wings – and from the ashes a new phoenix rises to begin the cycle once more.

Depending on culture and religion, the phoenix is a symbol of rebirth, immortality through resurrection, the reappearance of the sun each morning ... Can you think of what else it may symbolize?



Talking points

- 1 What stories have you heard about the phoenix?
- 2 Do you know of any cultural symbols or logos that include an image of a phoenix?
- 3 What is the significance of the phoenix to you?



The *Fenghuang* outside the Summer Palace in Beijing, China. Also known as the Chinese phoenix, it is the second most-respected legendary creature after the dragon.



A traditional Korean painting of a phoenix.



Fiction

From *The Phoenix and the Carpet* by E. Nesbit

At the beginning of the story, the children accidentally burned the nursery carpet, and their mother bought a replacement. Rolled up inside the carpet was a large egg, which they had placed on the mantelpiece. On this particular evening, the children's parents have gone out and Anthea, Robert, Cyril and Jane sit by the nursery fire, wanting something to happen. They try to make magic by burning a cedarwood pencil and eucalyptus oil, and when Robert fans the flames he accidentally knocks the mystery egg into the fire.

Wordpool

fender [line 11]
bantam [19]
ornithology [32]
to accost [76]
enchanter [84]
grate [98]

∞ The Phoenix and the Carpet ∞

‘Oh, stop,’ cried Anthea. ‘Look at it! Look! look! look! I do believe something is going to happen!’

For the egg was now red-hot, and inside it something was moving. Next moment there was a soft cracking sound; the egg burst in
5 two, and out of it came a flame-coloured bird. It rested a moment among the flames, and as it rested there the four children could see it growing bigger and bigger under their eyes.

Every mouth was a-gape, every eye a-goggle.

The bird rose in its nest of fire, stretched its wings, and flew out
10 into the room. It flew round and round, and round again, and where it passed the air was warm. Then it perched on the fender. The children looked at each other. Then Cyril put out a hand towards the bird. It put its head on one side and looked up at him, as you may have seen a parrot do when it is just going to
15 speak, so that the children were hardly astonished at all when it said, ‘Be careful; I am not nearly cool yet.’ They looked at the bird, and it was certainly worth looking at. Its feathers were like gold. It was about as large as a bantam, only its beak was not at all bantam-shaped. ‘I believe I know what it is,’
20 said Robert. ‘I’ve seen a picture.’

‘Which of you,’ the bird was saying, ‘put the egg into the fire?’

‘He did,’ said three voices, and three fingers pointed at Robert.

The bird bowed; at least it was more like that than anything else.

‘I am your grateful debtor,’ it said with a high-bred air.



‘The bird rose from its nest of fire ...’. An original illustration from the first edition of *The Phoenix and the Carpet*, published in 1904.

25 The children were all choking with wonder and curiosity—all except Robert.

He said, 'I know who you are. You are the Phoenix.'

The bird was quite pleased. 'My fame has lived then for two thousand years,' it said.

'I can read you something about yourself, if you like,' said Robert.

30 The Phoenix nodded, and Cyril went off and fetched Volume X of the old Encyclopedia, and on page 246 he found the following: 'Phoenix – in ornithology, a fabulous bird of antiquity. The ancients speak of this bird as single, or the only one of its kind.'

'That's right enough,' said the Phoenix.

35 All the children were kneeling on the hearthrug, to be as near the Phoenix as possible.

'You'll boil your brains,' it said. 'Look out, I'm nearly cool now,' and with a whirr of golden wings it fluttered from the fender to the table. The children gathered round.

40 'The size of an eagle,' Cyril went on, 'its head finely crested with a beautiful plumage, its neck covered with feathers of a gold colour, and the rest of its body purple; only the tail white, and the eyes sparkling like stars. They say that it lives about five hundred years in the wilderness, and when advanced in age it builds itself a pile of sweet wood and aromatic gums, fires it with the
45 wafting of its wings, and thus burns itself ...'

'It makes a pile and it lays its egg, and it burns itself; and it goes to sleep and wakes up in its egg, and comes out and goes on living again, and so on for ever and ever. I can't tell you how weary I got of it!'

'But how did your egg get here?' asked Anthea.

50 'Ah, that's my life-secret,' said the Phoenix. 'I couldn't tell it to anyone who wasn't really sympathetic. I might tell you,' it went on, looking at Robert with eyes that were indeed starry. 'You put me on the fire –' Robert looked uncomfortable.

'The rest of us made the fire of sweet-scented woods and gums, though,' said
55 Cyril.

'And – and it was an accident my putting you on the fire,' said Robert, telling the truth with some difficulty, for he did not know how the Phoenix might

take it. It took it in the most unexpected manner.

‘I will tell you my story,’ it said.

60 ‘And you won’t vanish, or anything will you?’ asked Anthea, anxiously.

‘Why?’ it asked, puffing out the golden feathers. ‘Do you wish me to stay here?’

‘Oh yes!’ said every one, with unmistakable sincerity.

65 ‘Why?’ asked the Phoenix again.

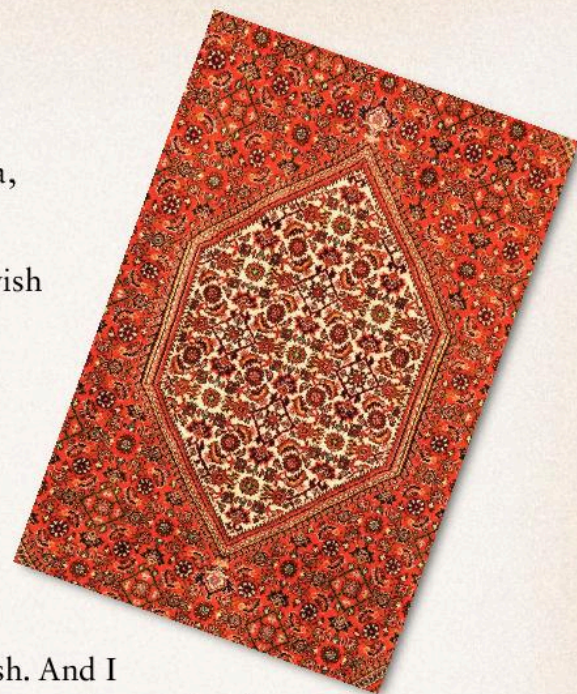
‘Because –’ said everyone at once; only Jane added after a pause, ‘you are the most beautiful person we’ve ever seen.’

‘You are a sensible child,’ said the Phoenix, ‘I will not vanish. And I
70 will tell you my tale. I had resided, as your book says, for many thousands of years in the wilderness, which is a large, quiet place, and I was becoming weary of the monotony of my existence. But I acquired the habit of laying my egg and burning myself every five hundred years. One morning I awoke from a feverish dream – it was getting near the time for me to lay that tiresome fire
75 and lay that tedious egg upon it – and I saw two people, a man and a woman. They were sitting on a carpet – and when I accosted them civilly they told me their life-story, which, as you have not yet heard it, I will now proceed to relate. They were a prince and princess, and the story of their parents was one which I am sure you will like to hear ...’

80 ‘Oh, do tell us your own story,’ said Anthea. ‘That’s what we really want to hear.’

‘Well,’ said the Phoenix, seeming on the whole rather flattered, ‘to cut about seventy long stories short, this prince and princess were so fond of each other that they did not want anyone else. An enchanter had given them a magic
85 carpet (you’ve heard of a magic carpet?), and they had just sat on it and told it to take them right away from every one – and it had brought them to the wilderness. And as they meant to stay there they had no further use for the carpet, they gave it to me.’

‘I don’t see what you wanted with a carpet,’ said Jane, ‘when you’ve got those
90 lovely wings.’



‘They are nice wings, aren’t they?’ said the Phoenix, simpering and spreading them out. ‘Well, I got the prince to lay out the carpet, and I laid my egg on it; then I said to the carpet, “Now, my excellent carpet, take that egg somewhere where it can’t be hatched for two thousand years, and where, when that
95 time’s up, someone will light a fire of sweet wood and aromatic gums, and put the egg in to hatch”. The words were no sooner out of my beak than egg and carpet disappeared. I burnt myself up and knew no more till I awoke on your grate.’

100 ‘But the carpet,’ said Robert, ‘the magic carpet that takes you anywhere you wish. What became of that?’

‘Oh, that?’ said the Phoenix, carelessly. ‘I should say that that is the carpet. I remember the pattern perfectly.’

It pointed as it spoke to the floor, where lay the carpet which Mother had bought in the Kentish Town Road.

105 At that instant father’s key was heard in the door.

‘Oh,’ whispered Cyril, ‘now we shall catch it for not being in bed!’

‘Wish yourself there,’ said the Phoenix, in a hurried whisper, ‘and then wish the carpet back in its place.’

110 No sooner said than done. It made them a little giddy, certainly, and a little breathless; but when things seemed right way up again, there the children were, in bed, and the lights were out.

E. NESBIT

Comprehension

- 1 Why is the Phoenix Robert’s ‘grateful debtor’?
- 2 Why did Robert look ‘uncomfortable’? (line 53)
- 3 What is a ‘magic carpet’? Explain briefly how it came to be in the children’s nursery.
- 4 What qualities of character does the Phoenix have? Quote words and phrases from the text to back up what you say.
- 5 Write the following in your own words:
 - a a-goggle (line 8)
 - b high-bred air (line 24)
 - c wafting (line 45)
 - d feverish (line 74)
 - e aromatic gums (line 44)

What does fire create?

In alchemy fire is considered the primary agent of change, as one of the four elements or natural substances that is the basis of the earliest forms of chemistry. One of the most fascinating substances created by fire is glass.

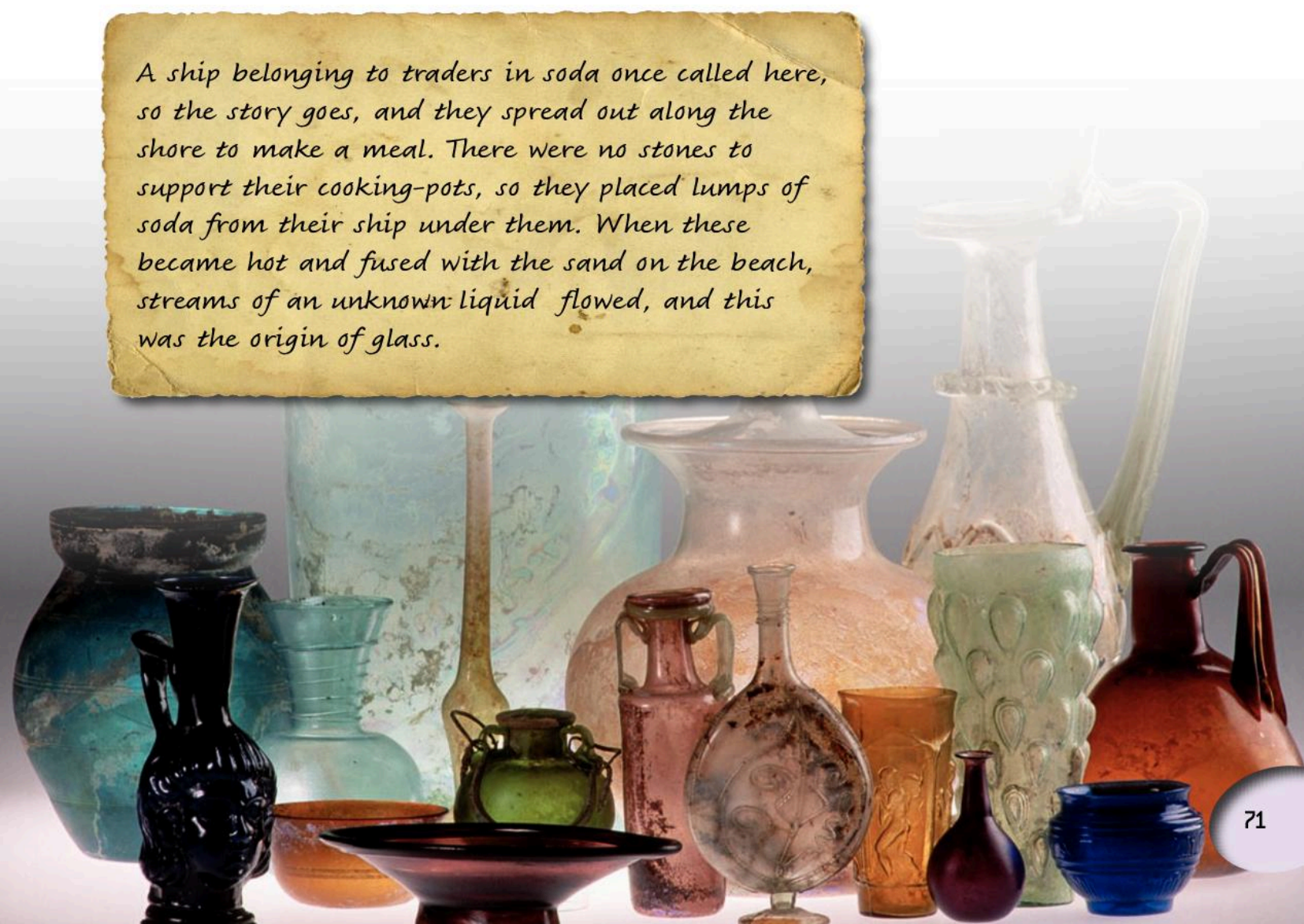
There are both natural forms of glass and those that are created through human intervention. Read the following extracts on the origins of glass, and study the images on these pages.

Encyclopedia entry

From *Natural History* by Pliny the Elder

Naturalis Historia (Latin for 'Natural History') is an encyclopedia published in around 77–79 BCE by the Roman writer Pliny the Elder. In it, he gives one of the earliest accounts of how glass-making was invented. Ancient Romans believed that glass was an invention of the Phoenicians of the eastern Mediterranean, in a place that is now part of Syria.

A ship belonging to traders in soda once called here, so the story goes, and they spread out along the shore to make a meal. There were no stones to support their cooking-pots, so they placed lumps of soda from their ship under them. When these became hot and fused with the sand on the beach, streams of an unknown liquid flowed, and this was the origin of glass.



Online encyclopedia

Read the following online information article about the origins of glass and glazing. Use this as the starting point for your own research into the properties of glass.

The Discovery of Glass

Glass is that mysterious translucent substance of what is essentially super-heated silica sand. Although details about the history of glass and glass-making are still disputed, the earliest use of glass was undoubtedly that of the natural glass called obsidian. Obsidian is a natural byproduct of volcanic eruptions and it was prized by prehistoric societies the world over for its beauty, and its workability. Its sharp edges made it particularly useful in the production of tools.



Other sources of natural glass are of extraterrestrial origin, in the form of meteorites that come in a range of different glazed and solid mineral deposits. Many of these rocks show the effects of their aerodynamic passage and quick cooling. Tektites (from the Greek word *tektos*, for molten) are natural glass rocks up to a few centimeters in size, which most scientists argue were formed by the impact of large meteorites on the Earth's surface. Fulgurites (from the Latin word *fulgur* for thunderbolt) are created by lightning strikes on sandy soils.

Early glass was made from sand, fluxed (melted together) with either soda or potash. Adding a flux material to quartzite sand as it is melted controls

both the heat and the viscosity of the glass as it is formed. Natron (sodium carbonate) was used as a flux for the production of faience and glazed steatite beads beginning at least in the early 4th millennium BCE. Faience was used to make jewellery throughout Egypt and Mesopotamia. Faience objects, such as this cute little Middle Kingdom Egyptian [ca 2022–1650 BCE] hippo, are not glazed, but moulded, taking on a shiny crust when fired.

The oldest fragments of glass vases (evidence of the origins of the hollow glass industry), however, date back to the 16th century BCE and were found in Mesopotamia. Hollow glass production was also evolving around this time in Egypt, and there is evidence of other ancient glass-making activities emerging independently in Mycenae (Greece), China and North Tyrol.



Writing your own account

Write your own story about the the special properties of glass.

- Perhaps you are a geologist who has been set the task of identifying an unusual mineral deposit. You could be the inventor of a new product, or the one who first discovers how glass is created (like the Phoenician merchants on the beach in Pliny's account).
- Make your account as informed as possible, by undertaking research into the historical period you have chosen.

Talking points

- 1 Discuss in your group the different forms of glass that you know of.
- 2 Why do you think glass objects from the past are so highly prized?

Fiction

From *A Single Shard* by Linda Sue Park

This text is set in 13th-century Korea and is about a boy called Tree-ear who becomes a helper to Min, a great artist who makes celadon ceramic pots. An emissary from the King is coming to the village and Min is making the very best vases ever in the hope that his work will be chosen for the King.

The process of creating an incised (cut) design into the surface, incorporating clay slip [clay mixed with water to form a fluid paste] is a celebrated technique for creating subtle patterns under translucent glazes.

✎ Making Porcelain for the King ✎

Having finally selected a design, Min began incising it. This was the most detailed part of the work, and he disliked anyone watching. As Tree-ear swept the yard or brought clay, he tried to catch what glimpses he could. It was always so
 5 when Min was incising. Tree-ear loved seeing the incision work emerge even more than he had once loved watching the vessels grow on the wheel.

Min used sharp tools with points of various sizes. The outline of the design was first etched lightly into the leather-hard clay with the finest point. Then Min would carve out
 10 the design a bit at a time. Unlike other potters, who traced a complete pattern with their initial incisions, Min sometimes varied from the sketchy tracing; his work seemed to flow more freely both in the making and in the final result.

15 The glaze would collect in the crevices of the design, making it slightly darker than the rest of the surface. Once the piece was fired, the pattern would be so subtle as to be almost invisible in some kinds of light. Min's incision work was meant to provide a second layer of interest, another pleasure for the eye, without detracting in the least from the grace of shape and wonder of colour that were a piece's first claims to
 20 beauty.

Min was inscribing lotus blossoms and peonies between the ribbed lines of one of the melon vases. At the end of each day, Tree-ear always tried to check Min's shelves, to see what progress had been made. The blossoms had many petals,

Wordpool

to incise [line 1]

vessel [7]

to etch [9]

to exult [27]

replica [32]

to inscribe [32]

inlay [33]

eaves [42]

curt [53]

tongs [67]



Celadon bowl with lotus petal design.



25 each beautifully shaped; the stems and leaves twined and feathered as if alive.

Tree-ear exulted silently over his master's work. He could hardly wait to see the pieces after they were fired. Surely, the emissary would see that Min's work could both honour
30 tradition and welcome the new in a way that was worthy of a commission.

Min made five replicas of the melon-shaped vase. To inscribe the design and then inlay each part of it with the coloured slip was the work of countless hours, and Tree-ear remained
35 at the house until well after dark to assist Min however he could. After a vase had been inscribed and inlaid, Min removed every bit of excess slip. Finally, the vases were dipped in glaze. Min was like a man with a demon inside him. He ate little, slept less, and whether he worked by
40 daylight or lamplight, his eyes always seemed to glitter with ferocity. Tree-ear felt that the very air in the workspace under the eaves was alive with whispers and hisses of anxiety: the emissary would be returning very soon.

At last, the day came when they would load the vases into
45 the kiln. Each vase was placed carefully on three seashells set in a triangle atop one of the clay shelves, in a position near the middle of the kiln where Min determined it would fire best. Then the wood was precisely arranged in a complicated crisscross pattern of many layers. The kindling of twigs and
50 pine needles was lit with a spark from a flint stone, and when the fire was well on its way, the door of the kiln was sealed and there Min sat, the hollows under his eyes dark with exhaustion. His orders were curt, as usual, but quiet.

The quiet was alarming. Tree-ear brought food from the
55 house, but Min left most of it untouched. He sent Tree-ear back and forth between the house and the kiln on various errands. At the end of each day Tree-ear crept away on tiptoe, as if any noise might disrupt Min's concentration and somehow ruin the firing.

60 On the last day, Min told Tree-ear to spend the afternoon at the house, tidying the yard. He was to return to the site after



sundown. The pieces would be removed from the kiln under cover of darkness.

A misty half-moon had risen to the height of its arc by the time Tree-ear had swept the kiln entrance clear of ashes. Holding a lamp, he stood aside as Min crawled in. Min used a pair of special wooden tongs to carry out the still-hot vases one by one, and placed them carefully into the cart, where Tree-ear had prepared a bed of straw. The moon did not give enough light for Tree-ear to see clearly, but when the last vase had been removed, Tree-ear crawled back into the kiln to fetch the lamp.

The flame in the small lamp flickered treacherously; it was difficult to inspect the vases closely. The inlay work stood out even in the deceptive light. They would have to wait until morning to see the results.

LINDA SUE PARK

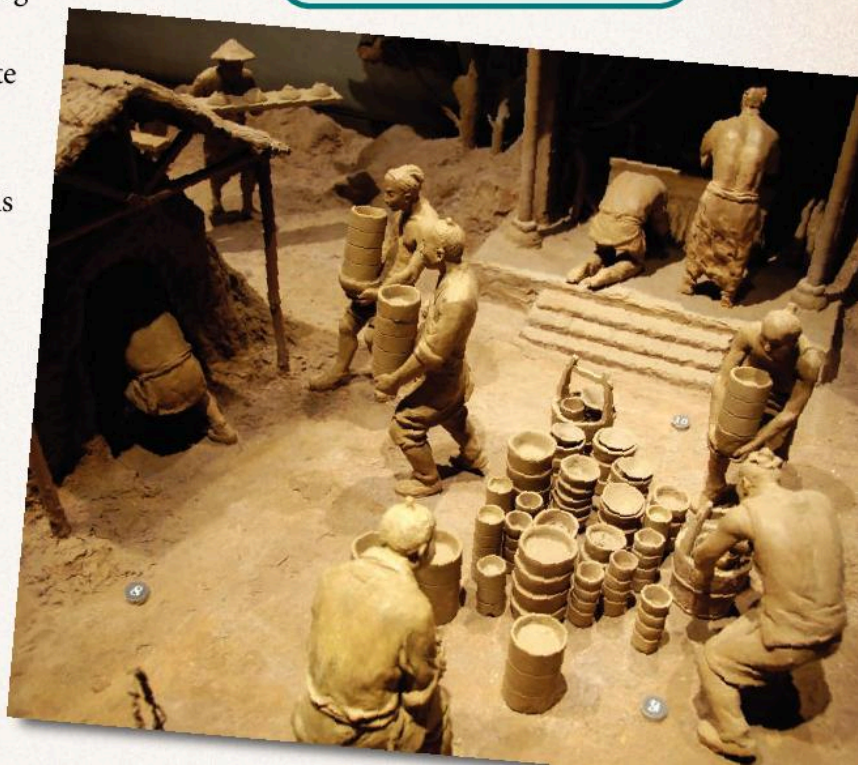
Explaining the technique

You are writing an explanation for the benefit of someone who is not aware of the traditional techniques used in the manufacture of fine porcelain.

- Explain how the vase is decorated and fired, using the account you have just read. Describe the techniques and the mastery required to complete the work to a high standard.
- Do further research into the motifs and type of glaze used, including the ingredients and models for the designs.

Comprehension

- 1 The design which Min painted on his melon vase was 'almost invisible in some kinds of light'. What was the point of making the design?
- 2 How did Tree-ear feel about his master's work? Quote words from the text which help you to understand how he felt.
- 3 In what way did Min seem 'like a man with a demon inside him'? [lines 38–9]
- 4 Why did the workspace seem 'alive with whispers and hisses of anxiety'?
- 5 Why did Min have 'hollows under his eyes'? [line 52]
- 6 What does the writer mean by the lamp flickering 'treacherously'? [line 73]
- 7 What jobs did Tree-ear do?



A museum model of traditional porcelain production in China.

4

Reaching out

What does it mean to reach out?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Italian painting
- the United Kingdom
- Nicaragua
- Venezuela
- China
- Australia

Read

- poetry
- fiction
- a newspaper article
- a fable

Create

- an art review
- a report
- a nomination for an award
- a letter
- an adventure story
- journal entries

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

From 'Andrea del Sarto' by Robert Browning, 1855



The obvious meaning of 'to reach' is 'to reach one's destination', as for example when your train is scheduled to reach Beijing at 16.00.

The noun 'reach' is the extent to which something can be extended, or extends. For example, how far you can extend or stretch your arm, or a ladder. Sometimes things are 'out of reach', or 'beyond your reach'. 'Reach' is also an enclosed stretch of water.

Talking points

- 1 What does the opening quotation mean to you?
- 2 Do you agree with the quotation?
- 3 What do you think is worth 'reaching' for?
- 4 What kinds of things do you think are 'out of reach' or 'beyond your grasp'?

What does 'to reach out' mean to you?

What does 'to reach out' suggest to you? You could reach out to touch something literally, such as a ripe fruit; or you could reach out metaphorically to make amends after a quarrel, or in an attempt to help someone, as for example in the Bible story of The Good Samaritan.

What does the poet Robert Browning mean in the opening quotation? Your 'grasp' is what you actually have hold of. Your 'reach' is what you may aspire to but never actually be able to 'grasp'. The poet was writing in the persona of the sixteenth-century Italian Renaissance painter Andrea del Sarto, a contemporary of Michelangelo whose famous painting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome shows the hand of God reaching out to man. What other symbols of reaching out do you know of?

Reproduced on this page is a more recent painting by the Welsh artist Evelyn Williams.

Writing an interpretation

This painting is on display in an art gallery. The gallery curator is collecting viewers' impressions and interpretations to publish in an exhibition catalogue.

- Write a description of what you see in the painting and your impressions of the scene, the figures and the artist's choice of colours.
- Where do you think the figures are, and what do you think they are reaching up for, or reaching up towards?



Couple Reaching Up, painted by Evelyn Williams in 1981.

Poem

In this narrative poem, 'The Malfeasance', the contemporary Scottish poet Alan Bold tells a story which can teach us about reaching out to our enemies.

∞ The Malfeasance ∞

It was a dark, dank, dreadful night
And while millions were abed
The Malfeasance bestirred itself
And raised its ugly head.

5 The leaves dropped quietly in the night,
In the sky Orion shone;
The Malfeasance bestirred itself
Then crawled around till dawn.

Taller than a chimney stack,
10 More massive than a church,
It slithered to the city
With a purpose and a lurch.

Squelch, squelch, the scaly feet
Flapped along the roads;
15 Nothing like it had been seen
Since a recent fall of toads.

Bullets bounced off the beast,
Aircraft made it grin,
Its open mouth made an eerie sound
20 Uglier than sin.

Still it floundered forwards,
Still the city reeled;
There was panic on the pavements,
Even policemen squealed.

25 Then suddenly someone suggested
(As the beast had done no harm)
It would be kinder to show it kindness,
Better to stop the alarm.

When they offered it refreshment
30 The creature stopped in its track;
When they waved a greeting to it
Steam rose from its back.

As the friendliness grew firmer
The problem was quietly solved:
35 Terror turned to triumph and
The Malfeasance dissolved.

And where it stood there hung a mist,
And in its wake a shining trail,
And the people found each other
40 And thereby hangs a tail.

ALAN BOLD

Word origins

Malfeasance is an archaic noun which means an 'evildoing'. It comes from the Latin *malefacio* meaning 'to do evil'.

If you imagine a malfeasance or an evildoing as some kind of living creature, what do you think it would look like and what do you think it would do?

GLOSSARY

Abed is an archaic form of 'in bed'.

To bestir is an archaic verb meaning 'to move' or 'to get going'.

Orion is the brightest constellation of stars and is named after Orion, the hunter in Greek mythology.

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words from the extract.

chimney stack [line 9]

lurch (*noun*, 12)

wake (*noun*, 38)

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

Looking closely

- 1 What effect do the poem's rhythm and the rhyme have?
- 2 Give an example of: **a** onomatopoeia
b alliteration and explain how they add to your enjoyment of the poem.
- 3 What is the effect of the verb 'squealed' in line 24?
- 4 Comment on the two consequences of the people's tactics expressed in lines 35 and 39. What do you think would have happened if the people had not changed their tactics?
- 5 Why do you think the poet changed the 'tale' in the expression 'thereby hangs a tale' to 'tail'? (line 40)

Comprehension

- 1 How does the first line set the scene for the rest of the poem?
- 2 What kind of picture of the Malfeasance is built up in your mind by the verbs used to describe its movements? Select four verbs.
- 3 What do you know about the Malfeasance's physical appearance, and what do you not know?
- 4 Why are the people afraid of the Malfeasance? How do they show their fear of it?
- 5 How do the tactics suggested by 'someone' in line 25 defuse the situation?

Writing a report

When you are writing, your language and approach can vary, depending on how you want the reader to respond. Consider carefully how you want to focus your writing, and the overall tone and feeling which you want to convey.

- You are a newspaper reporter sent to write up this strange story. Write your report, using headlines, sub-headings and quotations from some of the inhabitants of the city.
- You are the 'someone' in line 25. Write an email to a friend in another city, describing what happened and what you thought was the best way of coping with the situation.

Talking points

This story clearly has a moral to it like a fable. What do you think the lesson of the poem is? Do you agree with it?

Poem

In this poem Luis Enrique Mejía Godoy reaches out to his enemies. The poet is a Nicaraguan writer and musician who used his work to protest against his country's dictatorship. Tomás Borge was a political prisoner in Nicaragua who was released after the Nicaraguan Revolution in 1979 that marked the end of the dictatorship. He then became Minister for the Interior and had his revenge on those who had imprisoned him. The poem is based on the words of Tomás Borge in his address to his torturers.

☞ Revenge ☛

My personal revenge will be your children's
right to schooling and to flowers.

My personal revenge will be this song
bursting for you with no more fears.

5 My personal revenge will be to make you see
the goodness in my people's eyes,
implacable in combat always
generous and firm in victory.

My personal revenge will be to greet you

10 'Good morning!' in the streets with no beggars,
when instead of locking you inside
they say, 'Don't look so sad'.

When you, the torturer,
daren't lift your head.

15 My personal revenge will be to give you
these hands you once ill-treated
with all their tenderness intact.

LUIS ENRIQUE MEJÍA GODOY

Translated from the Spanish by Dinah Livingstone

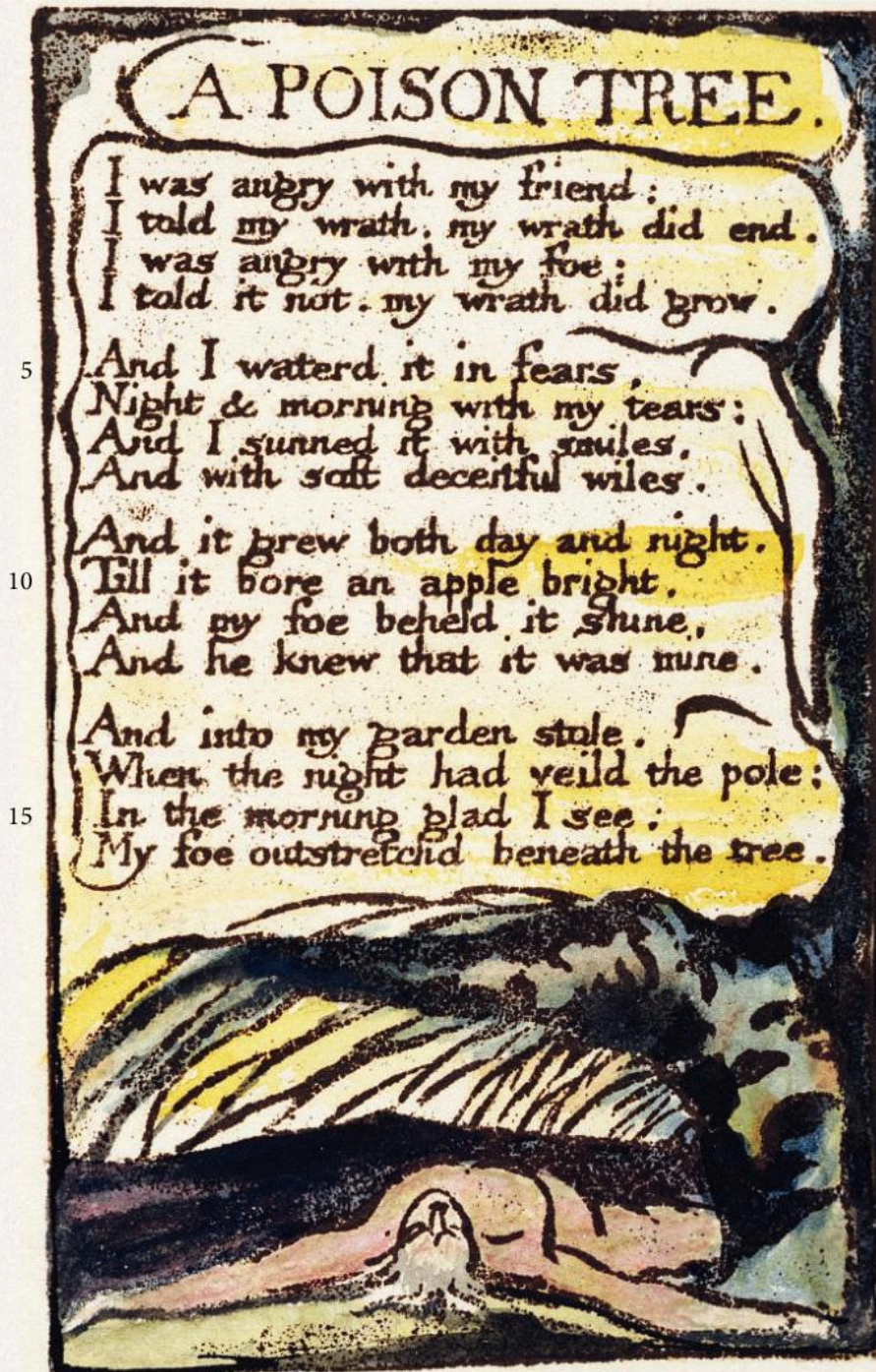
Talking points

- 1 What is 'revenge'? Discuss what kind of revenge Borge, or someone in his position, might think of taking.
- 2 What do you think would be the effects of Borge 'reaching out' to his torturers in this way?
- 3 Compare the attitude of Borge with that of the speaker in *A Poison Tree* on the following page.
- 4 How do you think the lessons to be learned from these two poems can be applied to real-life situations?

Poem

This poem comes from *Songs of Experience*, which the visionary English poet William Blake wrote between 1789 and 1794 and which show the dark side of human nature and human society.

The speaker in the poem also reaches out to his enemy, but in a completely different way to Borge's 'Revenge' on the previous page. Before you read the poem, discuss how you would define 'wrath', and how it differs from 'anger'.



A POISON TREE.

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

5 And I waterd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

10 And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright,
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

15 And into my garden stole,
When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see:
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

GLOSSARY

Water'd means watered. Eighteenth-century writers, particularly poets, used an apostrophe to indicate the omission of the 'e' in past tenses and participles. Can you find another example in the poem?

Wordpool

foe [line 3] wiles (8)

Comprehension

- 1 What is the difference between how the speaker deals with the 'wrath' between him and his friend, and between him and his foe?
- 2 Explain the central tree metaphor of the poem.
- 3 How can a wrath be 'sunned ... with smiles'? What effect does this 'sunning' have on the wrath?
- 4 Why does the speaker's enemy steal the apple?
- 5 What do the final two lines tell you about the speaker?

William Blake created his own illustrations for *Songs of Experience* that incorporate text and images.

How do we reach for the stars?

'Per ardua ad astra' (to the stars through hard work) and 'per aspera ad astra' (to the stars through difficulties) are two Latin tags, or sayings, which have been adopted as mottos for institutions of all kinds right across the world. The words are intended to encourage people to work hard and struggle to achieve their ambitions.

The members of *El Sistema*, the Venezuelan youth orchestra, illustrate the spirit of these tags. They have 'reached for the stars' – and succeeded.

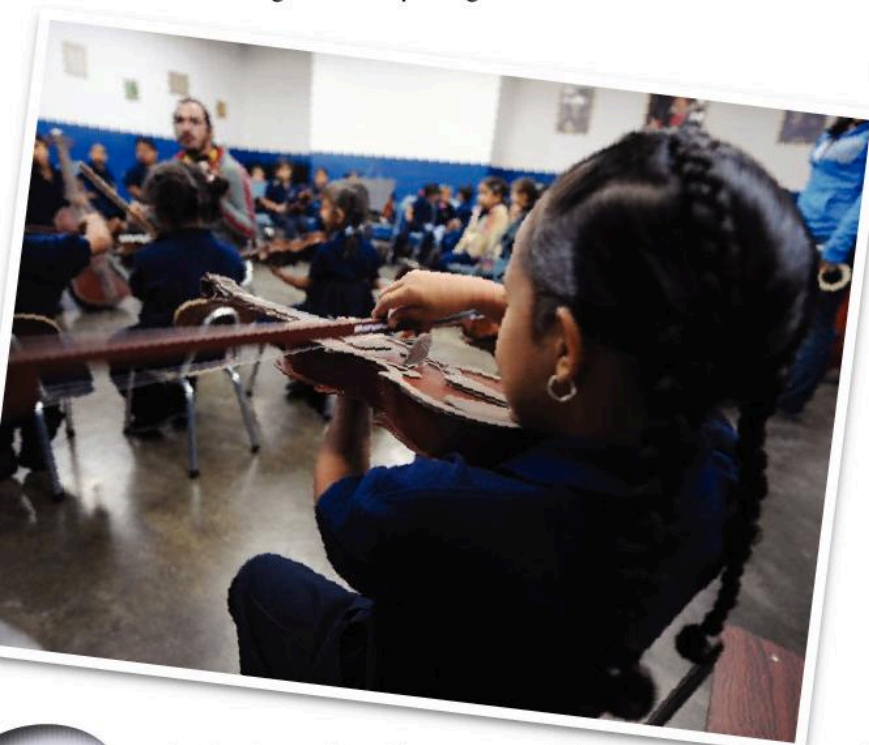
José Antonio Abreu, the Venezuelan philanthropist and musician, has devoted his life to reaching out to children from very poor areas of the capital city, Caracas, through enabling them to learn to play musical instruments. He founded *El Sistema*, the National System of Venezuelan Youth and Children's Orchestras, originally called 'Social Action for Music', in 1975. It is now a nationwide organization of 102 youth orchestras, 55 children's orchestras and 270 music centres involving 250,000 young musicians.

Word origins

Philanthropy is the desire to improve the welfare of human beings. The adjective is *philanthropic* and someone who has this desire is a *philanthropist*. The word comes from the ancient Greek *philo* meaning 'love' and *anthropos* meaning 'man' or 'humankind'.

This is what Abreu says about his aims in creating *El Sistema*:

'Since I was a boy I wanted to be a musician and I had all the necessary support to do so. My dream was that under-privileged Venezuelan children should have the same opportunity. Music has to be recognized as an agent of social development in the highest sense, because it transmits the highest values – solidarity, harmony, mutual compassion. It has the ability to unite an entire community and express sublime feelings.'



Pupils play cardboard instruments during a music lesson in a school in Caracas.



Music lessons in the La Rinconada neighbourhood in Caracas. Young musicians start out by practising on cardboard instruments.

An online newspaper

Lennar Acosta is one young musician whose life has been transformed by the inspirational José Antonio Abreu and music. The following newspaper article comes from *The Boston Globe*.

For Venezuela's Poor, Music Opens Doors

June 22nd, 2005, by Indira A. R. Lakshmanan for *The Boston Globe*

CARACAS – By the time Lennar Acosta was introduced to classical music at age 15, he had been arrested nine times for armed robbery and drug offenses. A year into his sentence at a state home, a music teacher came to offer the delinquent, abused, and abandoned children there free instruments, instruction, and an opening to a new life.

"Before, nobody trusted me, everyone was afraid of me. I was a discarded kid. The teacher was the first person who understood me and had confidence in me," said Acosta, now 23. Bearing scars on his face from knife attacks during a childhood on the streets, he now knows Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Mahler pieces by heart, and long ago cut ties with the criminal gang that raised him.

One of nearly 400,000 children who have passed through Venezuela's state-funded classical music program since it was founded 30 years ago, Acosta says he owes his life to its caring, dedicated teachers – most of whom are graduates of the program. Today, he plays in the Caracas Youth Orchestra, studies at the national Simón Bolívar Conservatory, and is paid to teach younger clarinetists. He's even mentoring two young men released from his former state home, who are living with him until they get on their feet. "This program opened an unimaginably big door for me. It gives you everything, from instruments to affection, which for me was the most important. Everyone deserves the opportunity they gave us," said Acosta, a crooked smile lighting his face.

The program is the brainchild of Venezuelan conductor José Antonio Abreu, 66, who in 1975 envisioned classical music training as a social service that could change the lives of lower-income, at-risk, and special needs children. From 11 young musicians at the first rehearsal in a Caracas garage, his vision has grown into a national treasure, with 240,000 children as young as 2 – some deaf, blind, or otherwise disabled – now studying and performing in orchestras and choruses nationwide. Hundreds of them tour to international acclaim.

The program, which has been funded by every government since it started, has spurred the creation of similar programs in 22 other Latin American countries. Within five years, Abreu aspires to involve 1 million Venezuelan youngsters in daily programs. In Venezuela, a country of 25 million people where the average income is \$3,490 a year, the youth music program's budget is \$29 million annually, most of it from government funding, said Abreu, who campaigns tirelessly for additional private donations and cooperation programs with foreign orchestras. Eighty-five percent of the Venezuelan students come from low-income and working-class families. Practicing three to four hours a day, five days a week in neighborhood centers, plus all day on weekends at the higher levels, the students make stunningly fast technical progress, learning to play with a cohesion and flair rarely heard anywhere. The great majority become members of Venezuelan

GLOSSARY

A **barrio** is a Spanish word meaning neighbourhood or district.

Cheek-by-jowl is an expression which means 'very closely packed together'. Jowls are the hanging flesh from the muzzle of an animal like a dog. If used for a human, it is not complimentary!

Wordpool

delinquent [line 3]

discarded [6]

dedicated [13]

to mentor [15]

brainchild [20]

to envision [21]

ghetto [46]

maestro [50]

meritocracy 82]



USA

offenses

program

center

neighbor

conservatory

traveling



UK

offences

programme

centre

neighbour

conservatoire

{ musical
academy }

travelling

40 symphonies or bands or work as music teachers in the program, Abreu said. A few exceptional talents have won international conducting competitions or earned seats in major foreign orchestras.

Sir Simon Rattle, the Berlin Philharmonic music director, who visited last year to conduct 850 musicians and choral singers in Mahler's Second Symphony, called the program the most important thing happening anywhere "for the future of classical music".

45 From the start, Abreu's vision was of music as a way to "rescue children, as a weapon against poverty," and he chartered the program in the Ministry of Health and Social Development. What organized sports has done to lift talented children out of ghettos elsewhere in the world, Abreu's program has done in Caracas, making classical music a part of Venezuelan popular culture. "When a poor child begins to play an instrument in his home, it begins to transform the household and the neighbors, and his dedication becomes a model for other children," the maestro said. "When he leaves the slums and starts playing in public places wearing a uniform, it builds his self-esteem. Poverty generates anonymity, loneliness. Music creates happiness and hope in a community, and the triumph of a child as a musician helps him aspire to even higher things."

55 The impact of the program is evident in La Vega, a sprawling low-income barrio of cheek-by-jowl cinder-block homes clinging precariously to hillsides, where few public services reach. Yet hundreds of La Vega youngsters – most of whom had no prior exposure to museums, concerts, or theater – study classical singing, percussion, scales, and instruments in nearby centers. When Wilfrido Galarraga practices Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition" amid flapping laundry on the roof of his family's tiny cinder-block home, neighbors who once covered their ears now gather around to applaud him.

65 In 11 years, Galarraga, now 21, has progressed from singing and learning to read music to playing trumpet in Venezuela's National Youth Orchestra. The first in his family to travel, he has performed in Italy, Germany, Austria, the United States, and all over Latin America. Now a third-year university and conservatory student, he is paid \$600 a month to play in the national Simón Bolívar Youth Orchestra – more than his father and mother earn combined.



Looking closely

- 1 What does Lennar Acosta mean by saying he was a 'discarded kid'?
- 2 Where does the funding for Abreu's music programme come from?
- 3 Why do the young players make 'stunningly fast technical progress'?
- 4 In what way can the programme be seen as 'a weapon against poverty'? Why is the phrase an effective metaphor?
- 5 What does the adjective 'grandfatherly' used to describe Abreu suggest to you? In what way do you think it is appropriate?
- 6 Write down your own adjectives to describe
a Abreu **b** the music programme **c** Acosta **d** Galarraga

Wilfrido Galarraga, 21, plays the trumpet on the roof of his home in La Vega, a poor neighborhood on the outskirts of Caracas, as his nephew Onil Galarraga, 8, joins in on the French horn.

70 Six years ago Galarraga joined the National Children's Orchestra. The first time he performed in the Teresa Carreno Cultural Hall, the nation's top concert venue, his father, a 53-year-old security guard, recalls crying and "clapping so hard that my hands got red and swollen." Wilfrido's mother, Days Ruiz, a social worker, recalls that at first, neighbors complained about his practicing, asking, "What's he doing making all that noise?" But later when he started doing so well, traveling overseas, they asked him to play at their homes for birthdays and special occasions."

75 As his older brother Antonio José, 25, a high-school dropout, watched Wilfrido's success, he felt inadequate and envious, and one day confided in his brother. "Wilfrido said to me: 'It's not too late. You can go back to your studies.' With everything he has achieved, he believed in me, too," recounted Antonio José, who went back to high school and now studies engineering. A key motivation for Wilfrido and so many others is that their dedication, not the status into which they were born, will determine their success.

80 The grandfatherly Abreu, known to his adoring students as "El Maestro", says "An orchestra is a meritocracy and a team. It teaches kids how to live in society. Music makes our children better human beings."

Comprehension

- 1 Why do you think Lennar Acosta would make a successful mentor?
- 2 What are the similarities between organized sports and classical music?
- 3 What effect does the uniform have on members of *El Sistema*?
- 4 What has been the impact of the music programme on the community?
- 5 What do the experiences of Wilfrido Galarraga tell you about the changes in families which the music programme can effect?
- 6 In what way can 'music make our children better human beings'?

Writing a nomination for an award

The Reach for the Sky Award is given annually to someone from anywhere in the world who has succeeded in achieving an ambition through enormous personal effort. Who do you think deserves this award?

You may nominate someone who has overcome a disability to achieve success in their chosen field, or someone who has made a significant contribution to the community in some way.

- Write your recommendation in brief and provide the name and details of your nominee.
- Provide details of your nominee's achievements.
- Summarize your nominee's personal qualities to support your recommendation.

A fable

Sometimes, of course, someone may reach out too far. The results of such over-reaching can be disastrous, as this legend from China shows. The monkey thinks he has been endowed with special gifts and is determined to become King of Heaven.



∞ The Monkey Who Would Be King ∞

Now the august personage of Jade, who was the proper ruler of Heaven, was at his wits' end. So in despair he sent for the one being who was more powerful than him – more powerful in fact, than anyone or anything in the universe: the Buddha.

- 5 And so the Buddha came and asked the monkey what all the fuss was about.

'I want to be King of Heaven,' the monkey told him.

'Do you think you are ready for such a position?' the Buddha asked, with a gentle sigh.

- 10 'Of course I am,' the monkey snapped. 'I'm ready for anything. Did you know, for example, that I can change myself into seventy-two different shapes? And that I can jump 36,000 miles with one bound? I bet you can't jump that far.'

'You think yourself more powerful than me?' the Buddha asked.

- 15 'I most certainly do.'

'Let us see, then, my little friend. Show me how far you can jump. But to prove that you really go as far as you say, write your name on the ground when you get there.'

- So the monkey took a deep breath, crouched down and with all his strength leaped into the air. It was a fantastic jump. He soared up into the sky, broke through the clouds and continued into outer space, past the planets, right out of the solar system and beyond the stars. At last he landed in the middle of a great desert where two huge trenches met in the ground in front of him. Nothing grew for thousands of miles in any direction, but he could see that the ground was laced with a network of lines; making intricate patterns as they crossed over one another. The monkey had no idea where he was, but he was
- 20
25



30 terrifically pleased with himself. He signed his name on the ground with a great flourish and jumped all the way back again.

‘Not bad,’ the Buddha said. ‘But I’m sure you can do even better than that. Why not try again? And this time put all
35 your strength into it.’

‘All right,’ the monkey said.

He puffed himself up so much that he looked more like a frog than a monkey. Then he scrunched himself into a ball and finally catapulted himself off the ground with legs like
40 rockets. This time he shot through the universe so quickly that he was just a blur. Not only did he break out of the solar system, but he passed the five red pillars which mark the boundary of the created world. At last he landed, this time on the edge of a perfectly circular cliff. A white precipice jutted
45 out just below the ground on which he stood and beneath that all was darkness. The height almost made him dizzy, but he still signed his name as he had been told before jumping all the way back.

‘There you are!’ he said to the Buddha, unable to stop himself
50 sneering. ‘I have proved that I am more powerful even than you. Could you have jumped that far? Of course not! Only the monkey could do it!’

‘Wretched creature!’ the Buddha cried, getting angry for the first time. He stretched out his hand. ‘See here – the full extent of
55 your vanity. You have signed your name twice on my right hand. The first time you landed on my palm, between my life line and my line of destiny. The second time you reached as far as the tip of my index finger and stood above my nail. Look where you have made your mark. It is the evidence of your own
60 limitations!’

Now the monkey was afraid and began to tremble. He opened his mouth to speak, but it was too late for words. The Buddha seized the wretched creature and shut him up in a magic
65 mountain. And there he remained until the day that he forgot his ambitions and realized that although a monkey can rule the world, only the Buddha is fit to rule the kingdom of Heaven.

ANTHONY HOROWITZ



A performer from Pingyao, Shanxi Province in China, dressed as the Monkey King.

Talking points

What does this legend tell you about over-reaching, or reaching out too far?

Reaching out to save a life

You have been thinking about metaphorical and spiritual reaching out, but what about literally reaching out your arms to save someone's life? For example, you may reach out and pull someone away from a fire, or reach out to save a drowning person. Rescuers after natural disasters such as earthquakes reach out to save those buried in the rubble. Such rescues can be extremely risky and traumatic for the people involved. They also make great stories of human ingenuity and survival.

Extension reading

From *Robbery Under Arms* by Rolf Bolderwood

This dramatic story comes from the classic Australian novel, *Robbery Under Arms* by Rolf Bolderwood, first published in 1888. Dick and Jim Marston are Australian brothers who have travelled far from home to work as sheep shearers. At the beginning of the story, Mr Falkland, the owner of the sheep station, and his daughter have set off on horseback. Miss Falkland is riding a very powerful mare. Unknown to the brothers, at the edge of the plain is a creek at the bottom of a steep gorge. The first-person narrator is Dick Marston.

☞ The Maddened Mare ☜

It seems that this wretch of a mare had been fidgeting when Mr Falkland and his daughter started for their ride, but had gone along pretty fairly, for Miss Falkland could ride anything in reason. Then suddenly a dead branch dropped
5 off a tree close to the side of the road. The mare made one wild plunge and reared, but Miss Falkland sat her splendidly and got the animal's head up. Nevertheless, the horse went off as hard as she could lay legs to the ground. It was like trying to stop a mail-coach going down Mount Victoria with
10 the brake off. So, what we saw was the wretch of a mare coming along as if the devil was after her, and heading straight across the plain at its narrowest part where it wasn't more than half-a-mile wide. The mare was clean out of her senses, and I don't believe anything could have held her.

15 Miss Falkland was sitting straight and square, with her hands down, leaning a bit back, and doing her level best to stop the brute. Her hat was off and her hair had fallen down and hung down her back – plenty of it there was, too. The

GLOSSARY

A **station** is an Australian word for a large farm or ranch for livestock such as cattle.

A **creek** is an Australian word for a stream or river.

Shears are the cutting implement for shearing sheep [or for cutting vegetation]. Shearing sheep involves cutting off a sheep's fleece, leaving it with a thin layer of wool for protection, without cutting the skin.

Wordpool

brute [line 17]	bee-line [34]
to collar [51]	to be inclined [105]
brink [95]	

mare's neck was stretched straight out. We gathered
20 up our reins and went after her, not in a hurry, but
just collecting ourselves a bit to see what would be
the best way to head off the brute and stop her.

Jim's horse was far and away the fastest, and he sped
away to head the mare off.

25 'By George!' cried one of the men, a young fellow
who lived near the place and knew about the creek
that was just in front and at the end of the plain.
'The mare's turning off her course, and she's
heading straight for the creek where the policeman
30 was killed. If she goes over that, they'll be smashed up like a
matchbox, horse and rider!'

'What creek is that?' I asked.

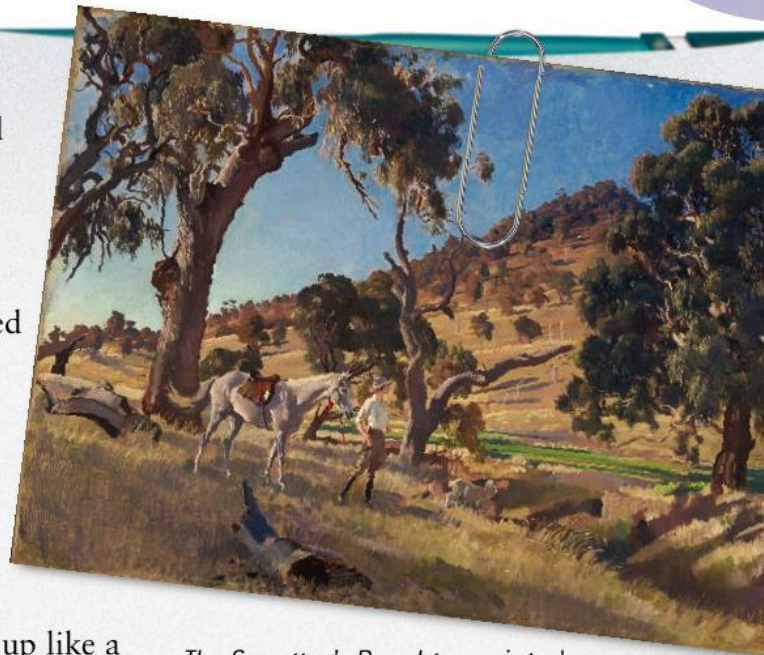
'Why, it's a creek a hundred feet deep, a straight drop with
rocks at the bottom. She's making as straight as a bee-line for
35 it now,' he said.

'And Jim doesn't know it!' I said. 'He's closing up to her, but
he doesn't calculate to do it for a quarter of a mile more; he's
letting her take it out of herself.'

40 'He'll never catch her in time,' said the young chap. 'My
God! it's an awful thing, isn't it? A fine young lady like her!'

'I'll see if I can make Jim hear,' I said, and though I looked
cool, I was as nearly mad as I could be to think of such a girl
being lost before our eyes. 'No, he'll never hear, but I'll
telegraph!'

45 Jim and I had had many a long talk together about what we
should do in case we wanted to signal to each other very
urgently. The sign was to hold up your hat or cap straight
over your head. As luck would have it, Jim looked round to
see how we were getting on, and up went my cap. I could see
50 him turn his head and keep watching me. He took up his
brown horse, and made such a rush to collar the mare that
showed he intended to see for himself what the danger was.
But Miss Falkland's horse went as if she wanted to win The
Derby and we could see that Jim was riding for his life.



The Squatter's Daughter, painted
by the Australian artist George
Lambert in 1924.

55 'They'll both be over!' cried the young shearer. 'They can't stop themselves at that pace!'

'He's neck and neck!' I cried, and shouted, 'Stick to her Jim old man!'

The word had been passed round and now all the shearers
60 were watching. No one spoke for a few seconds. We saw the two horses rush up at top speed to the very edge of the trees – and the fateful creek.

'By Jove! They're over! No! He's reaching for her rein. It's no use! Now, now! She's saved! Oh, my God! They're both all
65 right. By the Lord, well done! Hurrah! One cheer more for Jim Marston!'

It was all right! We saw Jim suddenly reach over as the horses were going side by side; saw him lift Miss Falkland from her saddle as if she had been a child and place her
70 before him, saw the brown horse swing round on his haunches. We saw Jim jump to the ground and lift the young lady down. We saw only one horse.

Three minutes after, Mr Falkland overtook us, and we rode up to Jim and Miss Falkland together. The father's face was
75 white, and his dry lips couldn't find words at first. At length, he managed to say to Jim:

'You have saved my child's life, James Marston, and if I forget the service, may God in that hour forget me. You are a noble fellow. You must allow me to show my gratitude in
80 some way.'

'You needn't thank me so out and out as all that, Mr Falkland,' said Jim, standing up very straight and looking at the father first, and then at Miss Falkland, who was pale and trembling, not altogether from fear, but excitement, and
85 trying to choke back the sobs that would come out now and then. 'I'd risk life and limb any day before Miss Falkland's finger should be scratched, let alone see her killed before my eyes. I wonder if there's anything left of the mare, poor thing – not that she deserves it.'

90 Here we all walked forward to the deep creek bank. A yard
 or two farther and the brown horse, Jim and Miss Falkland
 would have gone over the terrible drop onto the awful rocks
 below. We could see where Jim's brown horse had torn up
 the turf as he struck all four hoofs deep into it at once. Then
 95 the other tracks, the long score on the brink – and over the
 brink – where the frightened, maddened mare had made an
 attempt to alter her speed, all in vain, and had plunged over
 the bank and the hundred feet of fall.

We peered over, and saw a bright-coloured mass among the
 100 rocks below, very still. Just at the time one of the men came
 by with a spring cart. Mr Falkland lifted his daughter in and
 took the reins, leaving his horse to be ridden home by the
 man. As for us, we rode back to the shearers' hut, not quite
 as fast as we came, with Jim in the middle.

105 He did not seem inclined to talk much.

ROLF BOLDERWOOD

Comprehension

- 1 To what task does Dick liken trying to stop the mare? How does the comparison help you to imagine the scene in the first paragraph?
- 2 Why is it a disadvantage to Jim not to be a local?
- 3 What did Dick 'telegraph' to his brother? Why was the message essential?
- 4 What did the marks left by the horses' hooves show about the rescue?
- 5 How do Miss Falkland and her father show their emotions? [lines 74–86]
- 6 Jim 'did not feel inclined to talk much' as the men rode back to the shearers' hut (line 105). What do you think he was thinking and feeling?

Writing an adventure story

Write your own story about an adventurous rescue. Decide on the setting and the background to the scenario, then focus on the immediate circumstances of the event as it unfolds.

- Write a catchy opening line such as 'The moment he (or she, or it) reached ...'
- Describe the scene and the setting as summarily as you can, so that you can keep up a lively pace in your narrative. What quick actions and ingenuity saved the day, or prevented a disaster?

5

Time

Why is time so important to us?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Old England
- China
- Afghanistan
- ancient Egypt
- Australia

Read

- a Shakespeare speech
- a biography
- an online encyclopedia
- an autobiography
- poetry

Create

- an age of man
- a proposal
- research
- a sundial
- journal entries

Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

Ralph Hodgson, 1917



The poet in the opening quotation sees time as a nomad, a metaphorical gypsy, ceaselessly on the move. Will time stop for one day? No, never!

But what is one day, compared to a lifetime? A small child may say 'My little brother is two years younger than me, but he'll catch up soon!' No, the little brother will always be two years younger, because time never stops. But over a lifetime, that two years' difference in their ages will become less significant.

Talking points

- 1 What role does time play in your daily life?
- 2 Make a list of as many symbols of time as you can think of.

What role does time play in our daily life?

Do you experience time as continuous, or as a fleeting moment? How do we explain the relationship between the past, the present and the future? These are just some of the many concepts of time.

Have you heard of the Latin expression *tempus fugit* – ‘time flies’ in English? A related motto is *carpe diem*, to ‘seize the day’, that is, to make the most of life while you have it.

In previous centuries, death was closer to people in everyday life. Many children died before they were five years old, and illnesses and diseases, now cured with antibiotics, were fatal. *Memento mori*, or reminders of death such as skulls and skeletons, were common in paintings, and Father Time with his scythe and hourglass was a popular image. Time as a measure of the stages of human life – as the passing of time from youth to old age – was a favourite subject for writers and artists.

Word origins

The English language includes many Latin ‘tags’ or expressions.

Tempus fugit means ‘time flies’.

Memento mori means ‘remember that you will die’. *Carpe diem* means ‘seize the day’, that is, make the most of life while you have it.



A traditional image of a *memento mori* and a woodcut of Father Time from the seventeenth century.



The Ages of Man, seventeenth-century English School.

A speech

From *As You Like It* by William Shakespeare

Shakespeare wrote *As You Like It* in 1599. In this speech Jaques compares the world to a stage and life to a play. Read through this famous speech and see how Shakespeare describes each of the seven stages of life.

☞ All's the World's a Stage ☜

Jaques: All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
5 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
10 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
15 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
20 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
25 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

GLOSSARY

Shakespeare is making fun of the lover who, in a fever of love, tries to win his lady by writing ridiculously passionate sonnets addressed to the beauty of her eyebrows, or her delicate hand.

Pard is the archaic form of leopard from the ancient Greek word *pardos* for 'male panther'.

The **justice** means a judge.

Sans in the final line is French for 'without'.

Woeful in Shakespeare's time means 'full of woe or suffering'.

A **capon** is a chicken.

A **wise saw** is a wise saying.

A **pantaloon** is the popular character of an old man.

A **shank** is the lower leg.

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words from the extract.

to mewl (line 6)

to puke (line 6)

furnace (line 10)

ballad (line 10)

oath (line 12)

cannon (line 15)

treble (line 24)

oblivion (line 27)

Make your own wordpool of any other unfamiliar words.

Comprehension

- 1 List the seven ages of man identified by Shakespeare in your own words.
- 2 What distinguishes the first two ages of man?
- 3 What do you think Shakespeare thinks of the lover's behaviour?
- 4 What do the words 'seeking the bubble reputation / Even in the cannon's mouth' (lines 14 and 15) tell you about the soldier?
- 5 What do the words 'in fair round belly with good capon lin'd' (line 16) tell you about Shakespeare's view of the judge?
- 6 Why are the old man's stockings 'a world too wide'? (line 22)
- 7 Why does Shakespeare describe the final age of man as being in his 'second childishness'? (line 27)
- 8 Why does Shakespeare call the seven ages 'acts' (line 5)?

Writing about an age of man

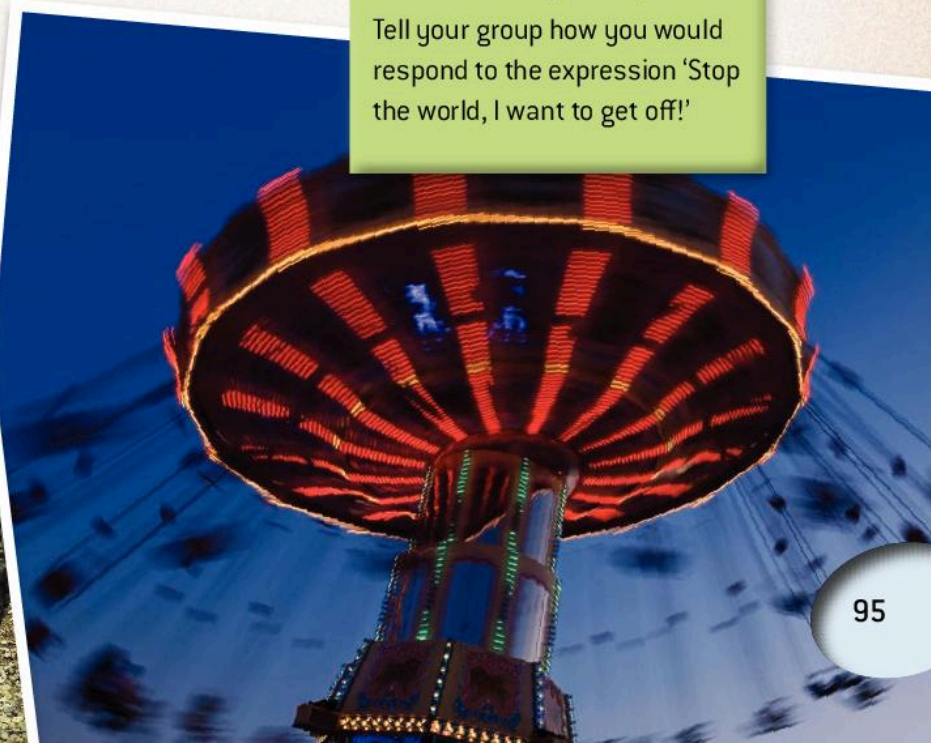
In Shakespeare's seven ages of man, he does not identify the teenager or adolescent. Why do you think this stage of life is missing from his narrative? Write your own account of the stage of adolescence to supplement Shakespeare's speech.

- Use general terms to describe the stereotypical view of a teenager or adolescent.
- Make your account light-hearted and humorous, as Shakespeare does.

Talking points

In another of his plays, *Twelfth Night*, Shakespeare uses the phrase 'the whirligig of time' to express this relentless and giddy passing of time. It is a theme explored through the centuries by writers, artists, musicians and philosophers.

Tell your group how you would respond to the expression 'Stop the world, I want to get off!'



How old is man?

With today's advances in the science of evolution, it is difficult to understand that our knowledge today is very recent in historical terms. The theory of evolution which established that man evolved from apes was a truly shocking idea when it was first put forward in the second half of the nineteenth century.

Biography

From *The Dinosaur Hunters* by Deborah Cadbury

Mary Anning (1799–1847) lived with her family in Lyme Regis on the south coast of England in the early nineteenth century. Mary and her brother collected shells and bones which could be unearthed from the cliffs and sold them as curios to make a little money for the family. They learned over the years that they were unearthing dinosaur fossils which held the secrets of evolution.

People still find fossils on this stretch of coast, now called 'The Jurassic Coast', and on the nearby Isle of Wight. These coasts are one of the richest sources of dinosaur bones in the world.

GLOSSARY

A **half a crown** was two shillings and sixpence – twelve and a half pence.

An **upholsterer** is a person who makes and repairs fabric-covered furniture.

Palaeontology is the branch of science that deals with extinct and fossilized humans, animals, and plants.

Wordpool

apprenticed (line 1)

ammonite (line 3)

trophy (line 4)

shale (line 12)

to unearth (line 12)

eye socket (line 14)

embedded (line 17)

relic (line 24)

elapse (line 61)

☞ The Dinosaur Hunter ☞

While Joseph, Mary's elder brother, was apprenticed to an upholsterer, Mary continued to search the beach for fossils. One day she found a beautiful ammonite, or snake-stone. As she carried her trophy from the beach, a lady in the street
5 offered to buy it for half a crown. For Mary this was wealth indeed, enough to buy some bread, meat and possibly tea and sugar for a week. From that moment she 'fully determined to go down upon the beach again'.

During 1811 – the exact date is not known – Joseph made a
10 remarkable discovery while he was walking along the beach. Buried in the shore a strange shape caught his eye. As he unearthed the sand and shale, the giant head of a fossilised creature slowly appeared, four feet long, the jaws filled with sharp interlocking teeth, the eye sockets huge like saucers.
15 On one side of the head the bony eye was entire, staring out at him from some unknown past. The other eye was damaged, deeply embedded in the broken bones of the skull. Joseph immediately hired the help of two men to assist him



An ammonite.

and uncovered what was thought to be the head of a
20 very large crocodile.

Joseph showed Mary where he had found the enormous skull but since that section of the beach was covered by a mudslide for many months afterwards it was difficult to look for more relics of the creature. Nearly a year elapsed
25 before Mary, who was still scarcely more than twelve or thirteen, came across a fragment of fossil buried nearly two feet deep on the shore, a short distance from where Joseph had found the head.

Working with her hammer around the rock, she found large
30 vertebrae, up to three inches wide. As she uncovered more, it was possible to glimpse ribs buried in the limestone, several still connected to the vertebrae. She gathered some men to help her extract the fossils from the shore. Gradually, they revealed an entire backbone, made up of sixty vertebrae. On
35 one side, the shape of the skeleton could be clearly seen; it was not unlike a huge fish with a long tail. On the other side, the ribs were forced down upon the vertebrae and squeezed into a mass so that the shape was harder to discern. As the fantastic creature emerged from its ancient tomb they
40 could see this had been a giant animal, up to seventeen feet long.

News spread fast through the town that Mary Anning had made a tremendous discovery: an entire connected skeleton. The local lord of the
45 manor, Henry Hoste Henley, bought it from her for £23, enough to feed the family for well over six months.

The strange creature was first publicly displayed in Bullock's Museum in Piccadilly in the heart
50 of London. It quite baffled the scholars who came to visit, as there was no scientific context in England within which they could readily make sense of the giant fossil bones. Geology was in its infancy and palaeontology did not exist. The peculiar
55 'crocodile', with its jaw set in a disconcerting smile and its enormous bony eyes, was something inexplicable from the



Mary Anning's 'crocodile' described in the text. Now in the Natural History Museum in London.



Duria antiquior (Ancient Dorset) painted in 1830 by Henry de la Beche: a painting based on Mary Anning's discoveries.

primeval world. In the words of a report in Charles Dickens's journal, *All the Year Round*, there was to be a 'ten year siege before the monster finally surrendered' and revealed its
60 long-buried secrets to the gentlemen of science. Nearly a decade was to elapse before the experts could even agree on a name for the ancient creature.

DEBORAH CADBURY

Comprehension

- 1 Why could Mary not find more of the creature straightaway?
- 2 Why was it thought that the great head which Joseph discovered was a crocodile?
- 3 What was so amazing about Mary's find?
- 4 Do you think Henry Hoste Henley's actions were generous or not? Give your reasons.
- 5 Why were the scholars of the day unable to identify the creature?

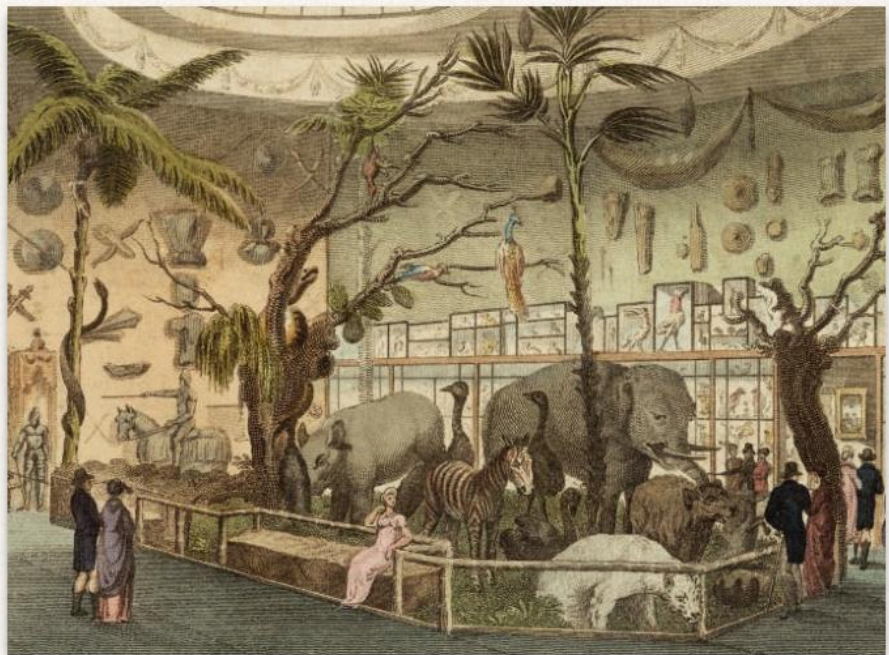
Writing a proposal

You are a nineteenth-century fossil hunter. Draft a proposal for an exhibition at Bullock's Museum in Piccadilly, London. Address it to Mr Bullock.

- Draft your proposal, explaining its fascination for the scientific community and the general public. Use headings and visual support material.
- Include a covering letter to introduce yourself and the proposal enclosed.

Looking closely

- 1 What are 'vertebrae'? What is the singular form of this noun? Why is the plural not 'vertebras'?
- 2 Which line tells us that part of the fossil form was a less distinguishable arrangement of vertebrae and ribs?
- 3 The fossilized creature stared out 'from some unknown past'. Select two more phrases from the text which suggest that the creature had been buried for a very long time.
- 4 Explain the metaphor in the words from Charles Dickens's journal. Why is it appropriate?



The Egyptian Hall in Bullock's Museum in London, 1812.

How do we measure time?

Imagine a time before there were clocks and watches. How could time be measured?

One way of measuring time is the science of dendrochronology, discovered by the American astronomer Andrew Ellicott Douglass (1867–1962), who saw a connection between tree rings and the sunspot cycle. Dendrochronology can date the time at which tree rings were formed, in many types of wood, to the exact calendar year.

Astronomy, one of the oldest fields in science, also contributed to the measurement of the positions of celestial objects. Historically, accurate knowledge of the positions of the sun, moon, planets and stars has been essential in celestial navigation and in the making of calendars.

Word origins

Many tree and shrub names end in *-dendron*, such as rhododendron. *Dendron* means 'tree' in ancient Greek.

Chronology is the science of computing dates and arranging events in the order of time and occurrence. *Kronos* means 'time' in ancient Greek.

An **armillary sphere** is a circle or globe showing the movement of the stars around the Earth. An armillary sphere is also called an astrolabe. *Armill* is 'bracelet' or 'arm-ring' in Latin.



A drawing of an armillary sphere.

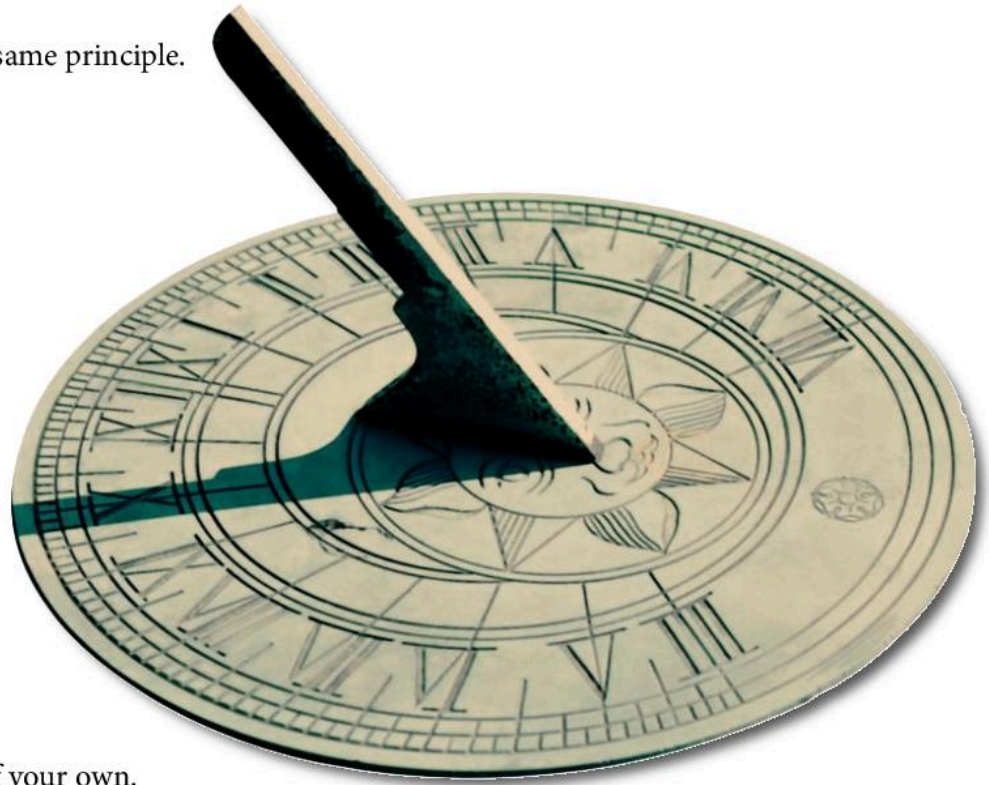


What do you know about the science of chronology? Dendrochronology is the science of arranging events in the order of time by the study of the annual growth rings in trees.

What is a sundial?

Great civilizations in the Middle East and North Africa began to make basic clocks 5,000 or 6,000 years ago but as early as 3500 BCE ancient Egyptians divided their days into something approaching hours with the positioning of obelisks. The moving shadows cast by these 'shadow clocks' enabled people to divide the day into morning and afternoon.

Sundials today work on the same principle.



Making a sundial

Now try making a sundial of your own.

- You will need scissors, sticky tape, some heavy card and a compass. Use templates to make your sundial base and the gnomon, which is the 45° right-angle triangle which casts the shadow. There are many websites from which you can print out templates and download detailed instructions and information.
- Sundials may be made from many materials including granite, slate and marble. Contemporary sundials may be made of fibre glass or coloured glass. Paint your sundial to give it texture and colour.

Traditionally, sundials are inscribed with a wise saying, or a line of poetry. Think of a suitable inscription for your sundial. You may like to consider a quotation like one of these:

Long live the sun! (Cézanne)

Each day is a journey. (Basho)

Hide not your talents – what's a sundial in the shade? (Benjamin Franklin)

Time is the most valuable thing a man can spend. (Diogenes)

Poem

Once essential for telling the hour of the day, sundials are still popular today as a garden ornament, where they are a symbol of the way nature and the changing seasons create a peaceful garden. See how this theme is part of the following love poem by the Scottish poet Douglas Dunn.

∞ Love Poem ∞

I live in you, you live in me;
We are two gardens haunted by each other.
Sometimes I cannot find you there,
There is only the swing creaking, that you have just left,
Or your favourite book beside the sundial.

DOUGLAS DUNN

Journal

Write about the passing of time in a favourite location.



So where is present, past and future time?

*Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.*

From 'Burnt Norton' by T.S. Eliot

This is a question which philosophers and theologians have long discussed – and puzzles everyone who thinks about it.

Poem

Read the following poem and consider what the poet Philip Larkin thinks about time.

∞ Days ∞

What are days for?
Days are where we live.
They come, they wake us
Time and time over.

5 They are to be happy in:
Where can we live but days?

Ah, solving that question
Brings the priest and the doctor
In their long coats

10 Running over the fields.

PHILIP LARKIN

Talking points

- 1 A critic has said about this poem: 'What an amazing poem! In less than fifty simple, mostly monosyllabic words, Larkin raises enormous philosophical issues.' Do you agree?
- 2 What would be the effect on you if the poet used words like 'metaphysical', 'terrestrial' or 'thesis' to express his thoughts?
- 3 In the quotation from T.S. Eliot above, you can see that he thinks that present, future and past time are all interlinked. Do you think Larkin is saying the same thing, or something different?



Autobiography

From *The Storyteller's Daughter* by Saira Shah

Saira Shah was born in the United Kingdom, but was brought up with stories from her Afghan father about Kabul in Afghanistan, the idyllic place where he grew up. She always wanted to travel to Kabul and see the wonderful place for herself, a trip she finally made as an adult in 2001.

Return to a Lost Homeland

I am three years old. I am sitting on my father's knee. He is telling me of a magical place: the fairytale landscape you enter in dreams. Fountains fling diamond droplets into mosaic pools. Coloured birds sing in the fruit-laden orchards.

5 The pomegranates burst and their insides are rubies. Fruit is so abundant that even the goats are fed on melons. The water has magical properties: you can fill to bursting with fragrant pilau, then step to the brook and drink – and you will be ready to eat another meal. On three sides of the
10 plateau, majestic mountains tower, capped with snow. The fourth side overlooks a sunny valley where, gleaming far below, sprawls a city of villas and minarets. And here is the best part of the story: it is true.

The garden is in Paghman, where my family had its seat for
15 nine hundred years. The jewel-like city it overlooks is the Afghan capital, Kabul. The people of Paghman call the capital *Kabul jan*: beloved Kabul. We call it that too, for this is where we belong. 'Whatever outside appearances may be, no matter who tells you otherwise, this garden, this country,
20 these are your origins. This is where you are truly from. Keep it in your heart, Saira *jan*. Never forget,' says my father.

But I need to know what is fact and what is fairytale more than I need the reassurance of the myth. Only truth can answer the questions that for years I haven't even dared to
25 ask my own heart. Does the Afghanistan of our myths really exist? Are we still Afghans? And if I am not an Afghan, what am I?

There is one last place to visit. As I climb the steep mountainside to the Paghman plateau, I am gripped with



Wordpool

plateau (line 29)

to be strewn with debris
(line 37)

minaret (line 51)

30 fear. If the magical gardens my father told me of never
existed, then part of me will be a lie as well. I am standing
upon a desolate plateau. No birds sing. The fruit trees have
been cut down for firewood. The irrigation channels are
35 bombed and the once-fertile soil is dry. All my life, I have
carried a picture of this place in my heart. All my life, this is
where I have most longed to be.

The ground is seeded with mines and strewn with the debris
of its former splendour: the blue mosaic tiles, the broken
watercourses and the dried-out fountains. This myth, at least,
40 was true: in my mind's eye, I can reconstruct what once must
have been a magical garden. Sa'adi once gazed on the full
bloom of a garden such as this. His poet's vision saw that its
beauty would fade. 'The rose of the garden has no
continuance,' he said. 'Do not become attached to what will
45 not endure.' He decided to create a garden that time could
not destroy. He built his rose garden – his great work, the
Gulistan – out of stories. It has survived for eight hundred
years. 'Roses,' he said, 'live but for a few days. My Rose
Garden will never die.'

50 Towering above me, unchanging, eternal, are the mountains.
Down in the valley, a city of towers and minarets sparkles in
the late-afternoon sun. Kabul *jan* – beloved Kabul – lies like
a jewel at my feet. I know by now that its beauty is an
illusion: close up, the city is in ruins, as shattered and broken
55 as this garden. I have missed the golden age. I have come too
late.

My journey here has taken me over twenty years. While I
was making my way towards it, the place that inspired the
myth has been destroyed. But only because of the myth – the
60 map of tales my family drew for me all those years ago – can
I recognize the beauty in this ruin.

SAIRA SHAH

Comprehension

- 1 What makes the landscape which Saira's father tells her about seem like a 'magical, fairy-tale place'?
- 2 What does the writer mean when she says she needs to know 'what is fact and what is fairytale' more than she needs the 'reassurance of myth'?
- 3 What does the writer see as she stands on the plateau? How does it compare with her father's description?
- 4 Why did the poet Sa'adi create his work, the Gulistan? Why does the writer think of Sa'adi at that moment?
- 5 In what way is the beauty of Kabul an 'illusion'?

GLOSSARY

Sa'adi is one of the greatest Persian poets of the medieval period, widely translated and treasured for his wisdom and philosophy.

Gulistan means 'place of roses'.

Does time sweep everything away?

Great statues through the ages have been built as symbols of power and prestige. But they do not last forever. You may have seen pictures of statues of Lenin which used to stand in every Soviet town toppled and broken after the break-up of the USSR in the 1990s. You may be able to think of other examples.

Poem

Broken statues symbolize the way that in time everything passes away and once powerful empires and people may be reduced to a broken pile of stones.

The English poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley, expressed this idea in his poem from 1817 below, in which he imagines a traveller gazing at the broken statue of a once-great ruler. Ozymandias is probably Ramses II of Ancient Egypt.

∞ Ozymandias ∞

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said, Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 5 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 And on the pedestal these words appear:
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
 10 Look on my works ye mighty and despair!
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Talking points

What do relics of the ancient world, such as old statues, tell us about the passing of time?

Wordpool

trunkless (line 2)
 visage (line 4)
 pedestal (line 8)



How else can we think about time?

As the world has developed and become a global village, the measurement of time has become standardized. Some cultures, however, hold on to alternative concepts of time.

For Aboriginal Australians, there are different ways of thinking about time. One is the timetable of everyday life, and the other is an infinite spiritual cycle – known as the Dreamtime. Both cohabit in real time.

The Dreamtime is recognized through rituals, ceremonies and seasons in kinship with the environment and ancestral stories about the land.

Poem

The following poem is written by Oodgeroo, a member of the Noonuccal Aboriginal tribe, who has written many poems and stories. She also writes under the name of Kath Walker. In the poem she expresses her sadness at the way that Aboriginal people have been ill-treated by the white settlers (the 'white tribe') who failed to understand or value the ways of the Aboriginal people who had lived in Australia for thousands of years.

☞ We are going ☛

They came in to the little town
A semi-naked band subdued and silent,
All that remained of their tribe.
They came here to the place of their old bora ground
5 Where now the many white men hurry about like ants.
Notice of estate agent reads: 'Rubbish May Be Tipped Here'.
Now it half covers the traces of the old bora ring.
They sit and are confused, they cannot say their thoughts:
'We are as strangers here now, but the White tribe are the strangers
10 We belong here, we are of the old ways.
We are the corroboree and the bora ground,
We are the old sacred ceremonies, the laws of the elders.
We are the wonder tales of Dream Time, the tribal legends told.
We are the past, the hunts and the laughing games, the wandering camp fires.
15 We are the lightning-bolt over Gaphembah Hill

Word origins

Oodgeroo is the Minjerriba name for paperbark.

The *Noonuccal* people come from Moreton Bay in south-east Queensland, Australia.

GLOSSARY

bora ground is a sacred initiation ground, made up of two circles linked by a path.

The **corroboree** is a ceremonial Aboriginal meeting with music, song and dance where, for example, events from the Dreamtime may be acted out.

Gaphembah Hill is a local landmark.

paling means 'making pale': the dawn is lightening the dark lagoon.

Quick and terrible.

And the Thunderer after him, that loud fellow.

We are the quiet daybreak paling the dark lagoon.

We are the shadow-ghosts creeping back as the camp fires burn low.

20 We are nature and the past, all the old ways

Gone now and scattered.

The scrubs are gone, the hunting and the laughter.

The eagle is gone, the emu and the kangaroo are gone from this place

The bora ring is gone.

25 The Corroboree is gone.

And we are going.'

OODGEROO (KATH WALKER)

Comprehension

- 1 What is described in the first eight lines? Who are the 'semi-naked band'?
- 2 What does the simile in line 5 tell you about the activities of the 'white men'? In what ways have the 'white men' been insensitive?
- 3 How do you think the 'half-naked band' may interpret the estate agent's sign?
- 4 Why can the band not 'say their thoughts'? (line 8)
- 5 How do the 'semi-naked band' feel about what has happened to their land in lines 9–14?
- 6 Why are lines 9–26 in quotation marks?
- 7 What is the effect of the repetition of the pronoun 'we' in lines 9–26?
- 8 What is the mood of the last 7 lines of the poem?

Extension reading

From *The Dresskeeper* by Mary Naylor

This is a story about thirteen-year-old Picky Robson, who tries on a dress in her grandmother's attic and time-travels back to eighteenth-century London. There she discovers that she is called Amelia and that her life is shockingly different. She finds herself in a dressmaker's shop on the eve of her wedding to an earl who is one of the richest men in England.



∞ The Lilac Dress ∞

It is lilac, simple with minute white daisies embroidered on the front. I step into it. Strangely, it fits again. Perfectly. This is it. I am ready. Do I actually want to do this? Of course I do. Mostly because I am half convinced nothing will happen
5 anyway, plus I am thirteen so the consequences of my actions are of little concern.

Right, this really is it. I take hold of the clasps at my neck. Slowly, slowly, holding my breath, I secure the fabric together.

10 Like before, it's as if I've been in a deep sleep, so I don't hear the voice straight away.

'Amelia, where are you? The carriage is waiting.' Someone who sounds like the Queen is calling, and I don't react until I come to my senses and remember Amelia is me. Or at least
15 was me.

This time it is still daylight, and now I can see clearly that the attic is quite different to Gran's. Everything around me – furniture, wooden crates, stacks of material – looks like it belongs in *Antiques Roadshow*, but at the same time brand
20 new.

I jump to attention but fear holds my feet rigid. Won't the owner of the voice see that I'm not Amelia? And when she realises I'm not her, what will she do? Scared, my hand inches towards the back of the dress. Perhaps I should go
25 back?

GLOSSARY

Antiques Roadshow and **Dr Who** are popular British TV programmes. **The Tardis** (in the form of a typical English telephone box) is Dr Who's time-travelling machine.

A **mouchoir** is an old-fashioned word for handkerchief, originally from the French.

Posh is used to describe someone who affects aristocratic or upper class ways of behaving and speaking. It is usually used as a derogatory comment.

The Derby is a horse race held annually at Epsom Downs in Surrey. Fashionable women traditionally wear extravagant hats to the race.

Wordpool

lethal (line 60)

banister (line 63)

to inhale (line 88)

imposter (line 122)

sludge (line 133)

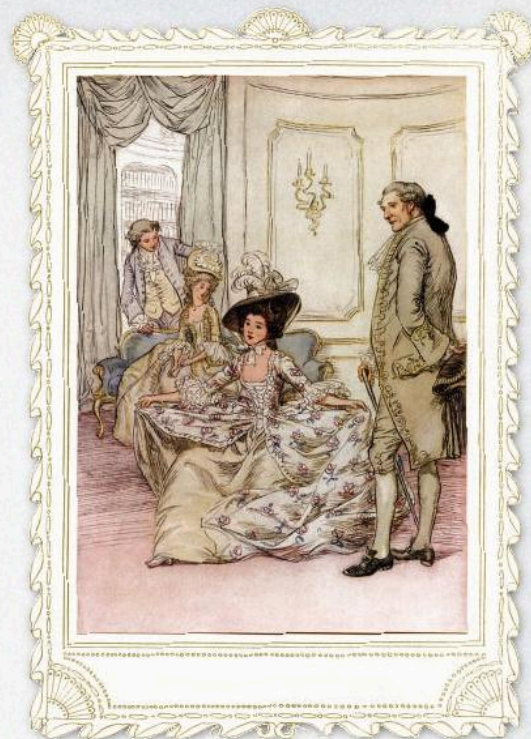
Then a head pops up through the hatch. ‘Miss Amelia, your mother is calling.’ A young female, this one not at all posh. ‘Do you need help?’ She points to the dress. I shake my head and after a moment the girl disappears. Well, at least she
30 seems to think I am Amelia too. Feeling slightly braver, I move to the hatch. Time to go.

Climbing carefully down into the hallway below, I notice I am wearing black leather shoes with tiny silver buckles and I can feel that the jeans and T-shirt I left on under the dress are
35 missing too – stockings with something tight around my leg holding them up are in place. The stockings are slightly itchy. Plus, something really hard and uncomfortable is strapped around my waist, making it hard to breathe. (Which I suppose isn’t really a problem as I am so scared I am holding
40 my breath.)

The dress swooshes about my legs and drags on the floor behind me as I walk down to the first floor. It is as wide as the corridor. Although it’s daytime, the rooms are darker than Gran’s; windows seem to be missing or boarded up.
45 And it’s freezing, even though I am wearing enough material to make a duvet.

From the first floor landing I see some women standing near the front door. A pompous-looking lady in an outlandishly colourful outfit is being helped into an equally eye-popping
50 red coat by a girl about my age. The girl is wearing an apron and I see she is the one who checked on me earlier.

An older woman stands beside them, holding white boxes tied with string. I can’t see her face. The pompous lady turns and spies me cowering on the stairs. Her hair is styled like a
55 wedding cake gone wrong, with all sorts of colourful accessories poking out of it, and it doesn’t move when she does. Blue eyes consider my own. Despite the fluffy clothes and hair, I suspect she could sort out 14 music-blaring lads on the Number 52 bus with that look. And maybe the
60 application of one of those lethal-looking hair pins.



‘There you are! Really, Amelia. We will miss our next appointment if you delay further.’

‘Appointment?’ I say, holding tight to the banister. I reach the bottom and they all turn and stare.

65 ‘I just told you. The beading. For the dress.’ A thin hand reaches out and draws me closer. ‘Amelia, are you quite well? Shall we call in the doctor?’

‘All the preparations is what’s taxing her,’ says the older woman, who I see is also wearing an apron. And sporting an
70 unfortunate looking mole the size of a doughnut on her nose.

‘Ever so exciting ’tis,’ says the young girl. ‘The wedding of the year, they say ...’

‘Whose wedding is it?’ I ask.

The three of them stare at me as if I had just announced I
75 was a squirrel.

The posh lady’s lips curl into a tight smile. ‘Darling, have you gone quite mad? Your wedding, of course.’

‘Dead good catch, is the Earl,’ the older woman with the boxes says.

80 The young girl giggles, then blushes red as she receives stern looks from both the others that could curdle milk.

God, where am I? More importantly, how old am I?
Certainly older than thirteen.

The woman, apparently my mother, orders the girl to open
85 the door. As she does, the foul air off the street hits me, and I think I am going to throw up. God, now my knees are buckling.

I try not to inhale through my nose. Difficult, because dust and soot are building up in my mouth. What is that stuff in
90 the air? Is half of London burning?

‘Here Miss, your mouchoir.’ The girl reaches into my pocket and thrusts a small, perfumed handkerchief at me. My what?

It smells of lavender and I take in the flowery odour, not daring to remove my nose from the fabric.

95 She stands back to let me pass.

She barks: 'You, quickly, help me,' and thrusts me towards the carriage that is actually being drawn by four horses. And the horses are decorated with ribbons and medals and things.

100 A boy in a bright, gold-threaded uniform obliges instantly, and in seconds I am sitting on comfy velvet cushions in a dark space, still feeling ill but less likely to pass out now. Climbing in next to me, the mother takes out a white-handled fan with a delicate painting of birds on it, and begins waving it at me furiously.

105 Recovering enough to open my eyes, I see that the carriage is moving at a brisk pace. I try to work out where we are going but the minute I try looking through the window the world begins to spin again.

110 'Where are we going?' I can't get over my voice. As posh as a Derby hat, as Gran used to say ...

I wish Luce could hear it. And see me in a carriage driven by servants, wearing gloves and a silk dress! Hilarious, when you consider I insist on wearing trousers to school, even though Mr Silvakis, the Head, threatens me with suspension for deliberate flouting of the school dress code.

115 The woman who is Amelia's mother clicks her tongue impatiently and thumps on the front of the carriage. 'Home! Immediately!' Then she turns to me. 'Once we are at St James's Square, Mama shall send Jones for the doctor at once. Try not to worry, darling Amelia.'

125 Not eager to make conversation in case I expose myself as an imposter, I turn to the window, managing to take a quick look outside without heaving. The glass of the carriage itself is sparkly clean, but beyond that London looks filthy and sci-fi-ish – as if I am in an episode of *Dr Who* and the carriage is The Tardis.

Large chunks of what I recognise about London are missing. I think we might be coming up to Piccadilly Circus, because there are a couple of buildings that seem familiar. The rest
130 seems nothing like I remember – in fact, the shop windows don't have any glass in them and all the street signs are missing.

As the horses work their way through the sludge, I see what I think is Oxford Street, but I can't be sure because all my
135 favourite shops are missing. No H&M, or Zara. Tragic.

We make a sudden right turn and a minute or so later the carriage stops abruptly. The boy with the outfit swings open the door and places a small board from the carriage to the front steps of the house. Honestly, his gear belongs in a bad
140 pantomime.

I alight – where did that word come from? – and see we are in front of one of the few houses built around a beautiful square. If I recall correctly, the statues and grassy circle of Hyde Park Corner should be visible, along with the
145 Lanesborough and the pricey buildings that lead up from Buck House.

Ignoring the wailing pleas of Mama, I speed-walk to the end of the road, hanky over my mouth, and stare out onto Piccadilly. Everything is different, mostly because loads of
150 stuff is missing. Where I expect to see hotels, monuments, statues and shops there is only grass and trees.

A deer comes running up – it's about five metres away. A deer, standing on what should be one of London's most congested roads?

155 Where am I? Or when am I?

MARY NAYLUS



Looking closely

- 1 What features of the dress does Picky-Amelia find awkward and uncomfortable?
- 2 What do you think hair 'styled like a wedding cake gone wrong' would look like? (lines 54–5)
- 3 Why do you think the three of them all stare at Picky-Amelia? (line 74) What excuses for her does the older woman make?
- 4 Why does Picky-Amelia think that the boy who drives the coach looks and behaves like a character out of a pantomime?
- 5 Why is it difficult for Picky-Amelia to recognize where she is in London?

Comprehension

- 1 What differences are there between the lives of teenagers in the eighteenth century and teenagers now? Use the text to inform your answer.
- 2 What role does the dress play in the story?
- 3 Why is Picky-Amelia given a mouchoir? How do you think the air quality in central London today compares with then?
- 4 How is Picky-Amelia feeling in the final line? How would you feel?

Writing about dress

Find an old piece of clothing, and write about the imagined life of its wearer. It could go back centuries or even just decades. It could be a work uniform or ceremonial robes, or even a suit of armour worn in battle. Perhaps you have found an old dress that your mother or grandmother once wore.

- How would it feel to be the wearer? What kind of life would you lead?
- Think about how the garment is worn, and where you would be likely to find yourself. What would you be doing and where would you live?



6

Escaping

What does escaping mean to you?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Norway
- Morocco
- Zambia
- Iraq

Read

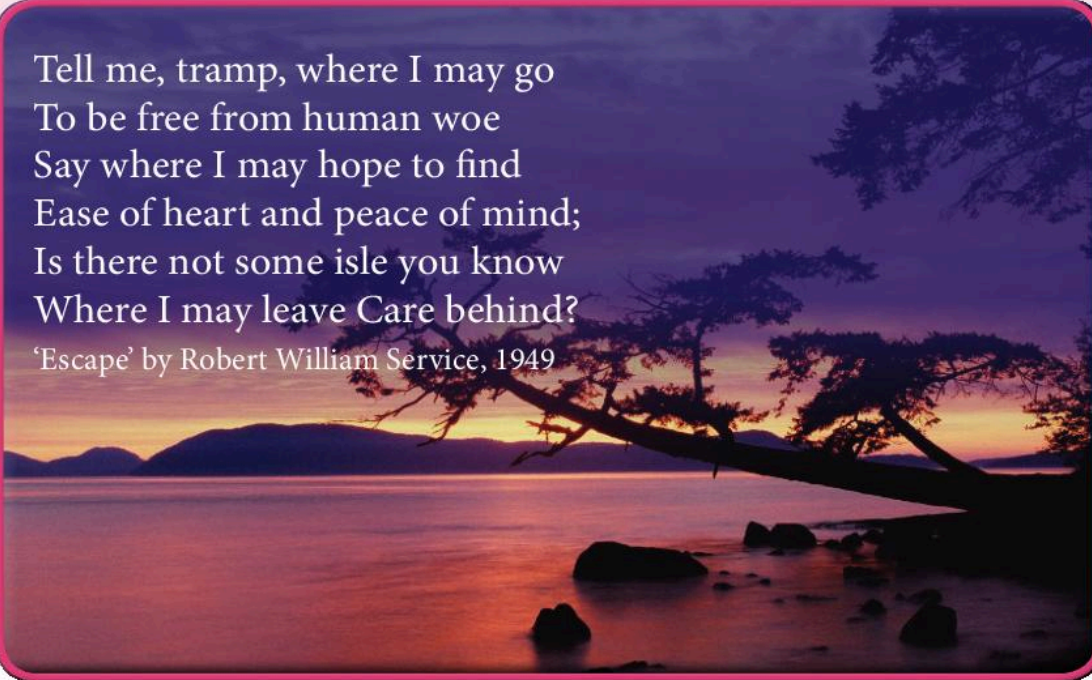
- fiction
- newspaper report
- a graphic novel
- poetry

Create

- a dramatic account
- a chapter in a novel
- a graphic novel
- journal entries

Tell me, tramp, where I may go
To be free from human woe
Say where I may hope to find
Ease of heart and peace of mind;
Is there not some isle you know
Where I may leave Care behind?

'Escape' by Robert William Service, 1949



You can probably think of a Great Escape film which has kept you on the very edge of your seat. A perilous escape from death might mean having to run away from somewhere or someone. Making an escape could also be about getting away from the frustrations of everyday life, or perhaps making a new beginning.

In your group, define these words:

escapology escapism escapade escapist
escape escaping escapee

Word origins

to escape is derived from the Old French *eschaper* meaning to escape. The modern French is *échapper*.

What makes a great escape?

The performance artist Harry Houdini (1874–1926) became the most famous escapologist of all time. Extricating himself from a straitjacket while under water or hanging upside down were just some of his great acts.

In January 2009, the pilot of US Airways Airbus A320 managed to crash land on New York's Hudson River when the plane's engine failed on running into a flock of geese shortly after take-off. Everyone on board got out safely before the plane sank. There are many other great stories from film, literature and real life.



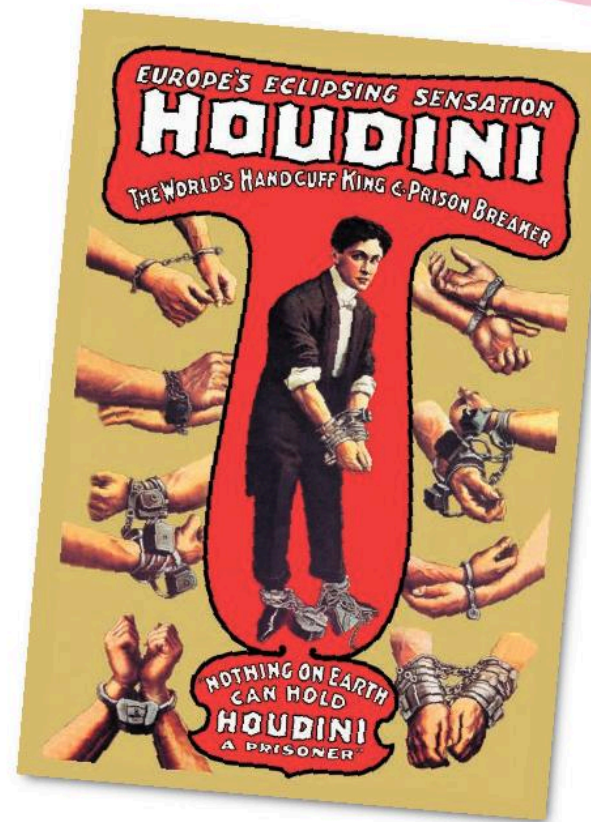
Airbus A320 in the Hudson River, January 2009.



Helicopter rescue.



A still from Alfred Hitchcock's film *North by Northwest*, 1959.



Talking points

- 1 Why do escapes make such good fiction?
- 2 List all the factors that make a gripping account of escape from death, capture or other difficult situations.
- 3 What do stories of human ingenuity and survival tell us about ourselves?

Fiction

From *Descent into the Maelstrom* by Edgar Allan Poe

This extract comes from a short story first published in 1841. Jomas Ramus and the narrator are sitting on top of rugged mountainous cliffs on the Loföten Islands in Norway, gazing at the rough waters below. Here, Jonas tells his story of when he and his brothers encountered the tidal whirlpool known as the Moskoe-ström.



∞ The Descent into the Maelstrom ∞

Myself and my two brothers often used to fish among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh. We three were the only fishermen who made a regular business of going out to the islands. The usual grounds are further down south. There
5 you can fish at all hours, without much risk. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, yield a greater variety and abundance of fish, so that we often got in a single day what other fishermen could not scrape together in a week.

It is now three years since what I am going to tell you
10 occurred. It was on the tenth day of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget – for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morning, and indeed
15 until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle breeze, and the sun shone brightly.

The three of us – my two brothers and myself – had crossed over to the islands about two o'clock, and had soon nearly loaded the boat with fish, which, we all remarked, were more
20 plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, by my watch, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Ström at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

We set out with a fresh wind, and for some time went along at a great rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw
25 not the slightest reason for fear. All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen, and I began to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat

Word origins

maelstrom comes from the Dutch words *malen*, which means to crush, and *stroom*, meaning current. It was used by Dutch explorers to describe the Moskenstraumen (also known as the *Moskoe-ström*), a powerful tidal current in the Lofoten Islands off the Norwegian coast. Maelstrom has since become a general term for a whirlpool or an encircling force in winds and waterways that sucks things into the centre. It is also used metaphorically.

on the wind, but could make no headway at all, and I was upon the point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when, looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered with an astonishing singular copper-colored cloud. In the meantime the breeze fell away, and it was dead calm.

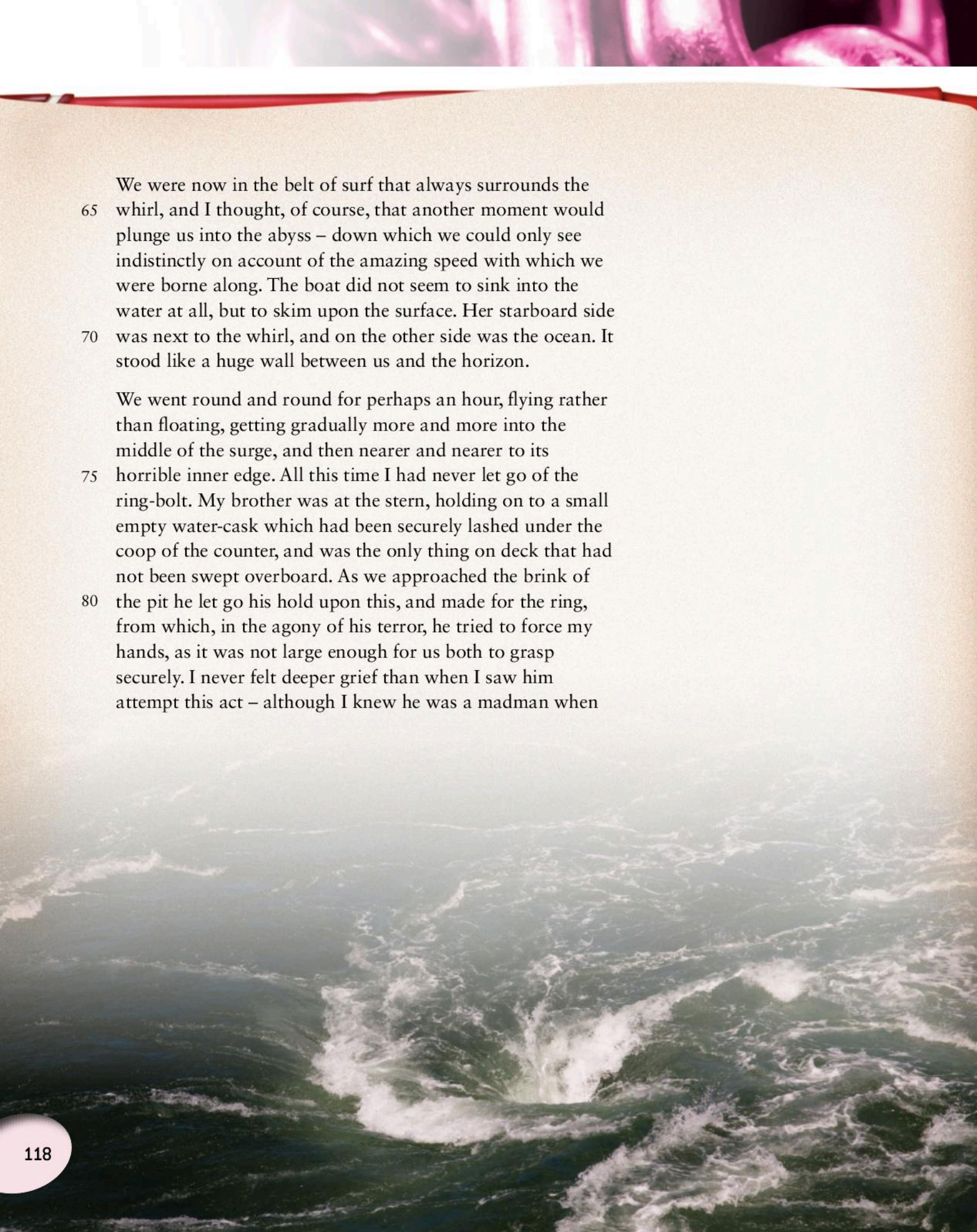
This state, however, did not last long. In less than a minute the storm was upon us – in less than two the sky was entirely overcast – and what with this and the driving spray, it became suddenly so dark that we could not see each other. Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to attempt describing. The oldest seaman in Norway had never experienced anything like it. At the first puff, both our masts went by the board as if they had been sawn off – the mainmast taking with it my youngest brother, who had lashed himself to it for safety.

Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that ever sat upon water. It had a flat deck, with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch it had always been our custom to batten down when about to cross the Ström, as a precaution. I threw myself flat on deck, with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the fore-mast.

As I was trying to collect my senses, I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I thought he had gone overboard – but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror – for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word ‘Moskoe-ström!’ I knew what he meant by that one word – I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Ström, and nothing could save us! The Moskoe-ström whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead ahead. I dragged my pocket watch. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then flung it into the ocean. It had run down at seven o’clock! We were behind the time of the slack, there was no going back, and the whirl of the Ström was in full fury!

Wordpool

abundance (line 7)
anchorage (29)
astern (30)
starboard (69)
abyss (66)
buoyant (120)
gyrations (153)
succession (153)



We were now in the belt of surf that always surrounds the
65 whirl, and I thought, of course, that another moment would
plunge us into the abyss – down which we could only see
indistinctly on account of the amazing speed with which we
were borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the
water at all, but to skim upon the surface. Her starboard side
70 was next to the whirl, and on the other side was the ocean. It
stood like a huge wall between us and the horizon.

We went round and round for perhaps an hour, flying rather
than floating, getting gradually more and more into the
middle of the surge, and then nearer and nearer to its
75 horrible inner edge. All this time I had never let go of the
ring-bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a small
empty water-cask which had been securely lashed under the
coop of the counter, and was the only thing on deck that had
not been swept overboard. As we approached the brink of
80 the pit he let go his hold upon this, and made for the ring,
from which, in the agony of his terror, he tried to force my
hands, as it was not large enough for us both to grasp
securely. I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him
attempt this act – although I knew he was a madman when

85 he did it. I knew it could make no difference whether
either of us held on at all, so I let him have the bolt, and
went astern to the cask.

Scarcely had I got into my new position, when we gave a
wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the
90 abyss. Never shall I forget the sensations of awe and
horror with which I gazed about me. The boat appeared
to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the
interior surface of a deep funnel whose perfectly smooth
sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the
95 bewildering rapidity with which they spun around. The
rays of the full moon captured the gleaming and ghastly
radiance of the black walls, and the view down into the
inmost recesses of the abyss. Our first slide into the abyss
itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us a great
100 distance down the slope. Round and round we swept in
dizzying swings and jerks that sent us sometimes only a
few hundred yards – sometimes nearly the complete
circuit. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was
slow, but perceptible.

105 Looking about me, I saw that our boat was not the only
object in the whirl. Both above and below us were visible
fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and
trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pieces
of furniture, broken boxes and barrels. I now began to
110 watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that
floated by. I must have been delirious – for I even sought
amusement in speculating upon the relative speed of their
descents toward the foam below. ‘This fir tree,’ I found
myself at one time saying, ‘will certainly be the next thing
115 that takes the awful plunge and disappears,’ – and then I
was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch
merchant ship overtook it.

At length, several false guesses of this nature set me upon
a train of reflection. I called to mind the great variety of
120 buoyant matter that strewed the coast of Loföten, having
been absorbed and then thrown back by the Moskoe-

ström. By far the greater number of the articles were completely shattered, but then I recalled that some of them were not. Now I could not account for this difference except
125 by supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been completely absorbed – that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, for some reason, had descended so slowly after entering, that they did not reach the bottom before the tide turned.

130 I made, also, some important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent. And, secondly, that some shapes were absorbed more slowly. We passed something like a barrel, or the mast of a vessel, which had been on our level when I first
135 opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, but these were now high up above us, and seemed to have moved but little while we were already further down.

I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it
140 loose, and to throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention, pointed to the floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought that he understood – but, whether this was the case or not, he shook
145 his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ring-bolt. It was impossible to reach him, there was no time, and so, I fastened myself to the cask, and threw myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As
150 you see that I did escape, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion. It might have been an hour after my quitting the vessel, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my beloved brother with it, plunged headlong,
155 at once and forever, into the chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of

160 the vast funnel became by the moment less and less steep.
The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less
violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared,
and the bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to rise up.

The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full
165 moon was radiant, when I found myself on the surface of the
ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoten. It was the hour
of the slack – but the sea still heaved in mountainous waves.
In a few minutes I was hurried down the coast into the
grounds of the fishermen. A boat picked me up – exhausted
170 from fatigue – and (now that the danger was removed)
speechless with horror. Those who drew me on board were
my old companions – but they did not recognize me. My
hair, which had been raven-black the day before, was as
white as you see it now.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Writing a dramatic account

Write about an experience in which you or your chosen narrator survives a calamity like *The Descent into the Maelstrom* or the events illustrated on p. 115. It could be based on a true account or one that you make up.

- Make your account as graphic and detailed as you can, without losing the momentum and the sense of urgency.
- Conclude your story with a brief description of your state of mind on realizing that you have survived the ordeal. What long-term effect does it have on you?

Looking closely

- 1 Why are the spots among the rocks 'choice' (paragraph 1)?
- 2 Why were the men 'never dreaming of danger' (line 24)?
- 3 In what ways is the interior of the whirlpool like ebony (line 94)?
- 4 Select words which convey vividly the movement within the whirlpool.
- 5 Explain the following in your own words:
 - a the Ström (line 21)
 - b slack water (line 21)
 - c abyss (line 98)
 - d raven-black (line 173).

Comprehension

- 1 What precaution do Jonas and his brothers usually take when they fish off the rocky shores between the islands?
- 2 What is the significance of time in the story?
- 3 At what point do the fishermen know they are in grave danger?
- 4 How does Jonas work out which objects descend most quickly into the the maelstrom?
- 5 Why is Jonas unable to save his brother?
- 6 What happens after the narrator jumps into the sea?

What is escapism?

As you read the following extract and poem, think about real-life situations that you might wish to escape from. When does our need for escape turn into escapism? What do you do to escape from the realities of everyday life? Do you like to watch movies?

Fiction

From *The Secret Son* by Laila Lalami

In the following opening extract from a novel by the Moroccan-born author Laila Lalami, a young man dreams of escape. A good student and a football player, Youssef El-Mekki and his mother live in the slums of Hay An Najat, in Casablanca. The city was made famous by the 1942 Hollywood film *Casablanca*, starring Humphrey Bogart. The experiences of Youssef and his mother in that city are, however, entirely different. Youssef, who also wants to be an actor, dreams of escape through a life in the movies. Think about his dreams and expectations as you read through the opening section of the novel.

∞ The Year of the Flood ∞

The rain came unexpectedly, after nearly three years of drought. In those days, Youssef still lived with his mother in a whitewashed house that huddled with others like it along a narrow dirt road. The house had one room with no
5 windows, and a roof made of corrugated tin held down by rocks. The yard, where his mother did the cooking and the washing, was open to the sky. It was in the yard that she cleaned the sheep hides she took in on the day of Eid, and there Youssef received the rare friends who came to visit. The front door was painted blue but over the years rust had eaten
10 its edges, turning them reddish brown, so that holes had begun to appear at each of the four corners.

They were having lunch when it began to drizzle, the thin raindrops making craters as they landed on the fava bean
15 soup. Youssef's mother looked up at the sky for a few surprised seconds, and then, as though a spark had ignited inside her, she jumped to her feet, grabbed the soup pot by its ears, and took it to the bedroom. Youssef's first thought was of the framed black-and-white picture of his father, which
20 hung on the yard wall, above the divan. He took it inside,



wiping the raindrops off the glass with the hem of his shirt. He left the picture next to his bed and went back outside.

25 His mother had already picked up the bowls and the loaf of bread, so he grabbed the radio and carried it to the water closet. He lifted the divan on which they had been sitting and positioned it on its side, under the green awning that ran from the kitchen corner to the front door. There was just enough room there for the table as well. His mother finished collecting the laundry – now everything was safe.

30 They stood together at the door of the bedroom, arms folded, watching the rain. ‘The year might turn out to be good,’ Youssef said. He was thinking of the farm labourers who had been moving into the city, chased by the drought. They came from the Gharb, from the Chaouïa, even from as far as Marrakech, here to Casablanca, where their teenage children crowded the markets and drove down wages for every kind of labor. Maybe this year there would not be as many of them.

40 His mother looked up at him. ‘We’re already in March,’ she said. ‘It’s too late for the rain to do most crops any good.’

They sat down on the straw mat, facing the open door. Youssef’s mother dipped her bread in the thick soup and tasted it. ‘It’s all cold now,’ she said. ‘I’ll reheat it for you.’

45 ‘Don’t trouble yourself, ummi,’ he said. Always she doted on him, like this, as though he were eight instead of eighteen. Even though he discouraged her constant attention, it never occurred to him to resent it. He was her only child.

50 When they finished eating, he put on his sneakers and checked his watch. He wondered what movie he would see this week at the Star Cinema, but even before he could ask his mother for ticket money, she was already sorting through her purse. She handed him a coin. ‘Don’t forget your jacket,’ she said. He left the house, hunching his shoulders against the light rain, and headed for the theatre.

55 The Star was not, strictly speaking, a cinema. This would have been obvious to anyone who visited the dilapidated

GLOSSARY

Eid ul-Fitr, often abbreviated to **Eid**, is a Muslim holiday that marks the end of Ramadan, the Islamic holy month of fasting. *Eid* is an Arabic word meaning ‘festivity’, while *Fitr* means ‘to break fast’; and so the holiday symbolizes the breaking of the fasting period.

The Moroccan **dirham** comes from the Arabic measure of weight that was originally a form of currency across the Arab world.

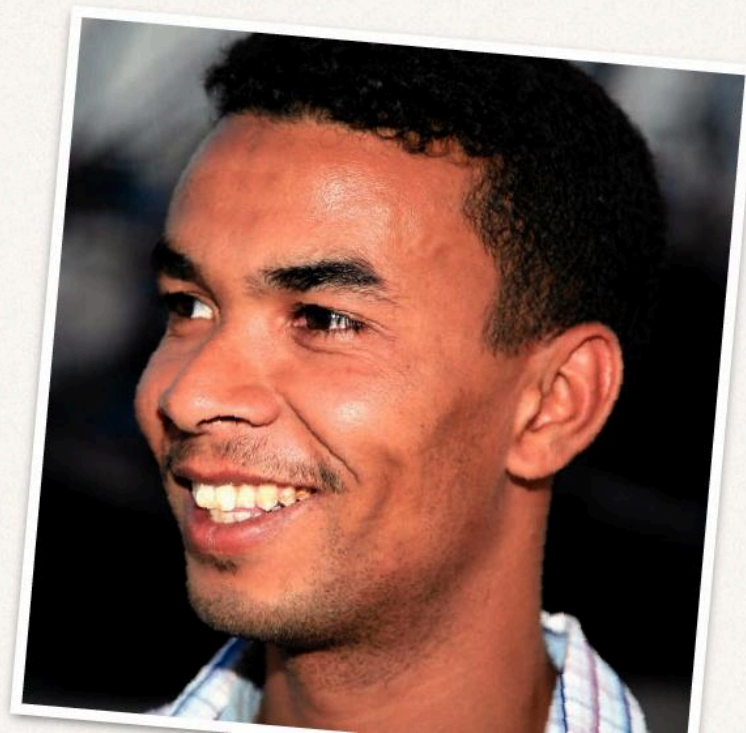
The **Green March** was a peaceful Moroccan uprising to reclaim the Moroccan Sahara from Spain that took place on 6 November 1975.

building that stood across from a butcher and a tailor on one of the garbage-strewn alleyways of Hay An Najat.

Nevertheless, that was the name that a Casablanca charitable association had given to the place where, every week, a new
60 older movie was projected on a cracked screen, and where patrons competed with rats for space on the gutted seats. For five dirhams, Youssef could watch Hong Kong action films, Bollywood romances, Egyptian dramas or American
65 blockbusters. He never missed a show.

All his life, he had dreamed of becoming an actor. He had performed in the only play his high school had ever put on, a re-enactment of the Green March, and he had spent long afternoons playing football, hoping to have the athletic chest
70 that was appropriate for the moment when, shirtless, he would raise the Moroccan flag and lead his fellow civilians to reclaim the Spanish border post in the Sahara. He loved inhabiting the life of the hero, loved feeling his euphoria run through him. Of course, Youssef knew that his dream was
75 unachievable – no different than wanting to win the lottery when you can't even afford to buy a ticket – but it provided a refuge from the more sobering turns he knew his life would, by necessity, have to take: finish high school, go to university, and, with any luck, find a steady job that would
80 finally get his mother and him out of Hay An Najat.

LAILA LALAMI





Atlas Film Studios in Ouarzazate, Morocco.

Comprehension

- 1 How do Youssef and his mother react to the first drops of rain?
- 2 Describe in your own words the kind of house that Youssef and his mother live in.
- 3 Why is rain a good thing? What direct effect will it have on the Casablanca suburb where Youssef lives?
- 4 Describe the cinema which Youssef goes to. What kind of films does it show?
- 5 What are Youssef's realistic and idealistic expectations of life?

Writing a chapter

Write the next chapter of the novel. What do you think will happen to Youssef when he finishes high school? Give one possible scenario, building on what you know about him from these opening paragraphs. Does he get a lucky break, and get picked up by a film scout, or does he take his interests in another direction?

- What kind of choices do you think Youssef makes? What qualities of character does he reveal, based on what you have read so far?
- Describe a possible scenario in which Youssef meets an influential person who gets him a small part in a film or another kind of professional opportunity.

Poem

This poem has been translated from Kannada, a language spoken in southern India. A girl describes her feelings as she works in the kitchen and dreams of the world outside and the aircraft flying overhead.

Girl in the Kitchen

Like other things
they say a kitchen too
means many things
but for this girl –

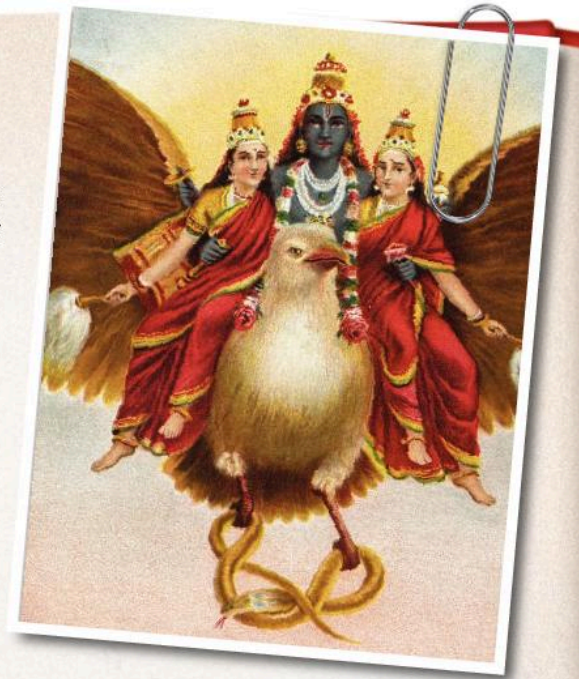
5 this kitchen is her house,
even the house of burial

Just as every creature
has a stomach
every house has a kitchen.

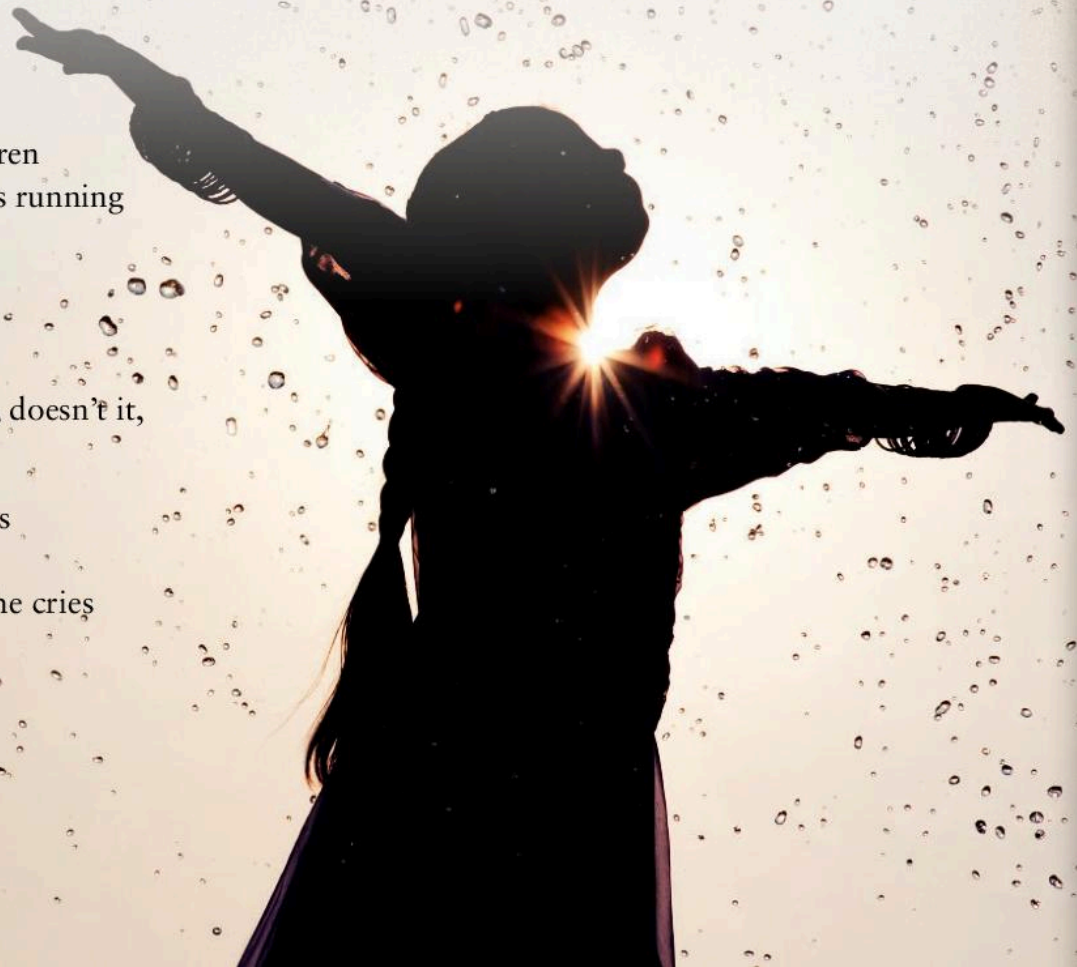
10 I don't know whose plan it is,
no windows no doors,
not even a chimney for the smoke,
not even a hole somewhere –
she longs for one

15 As she cooks,
the birds outside
the noise of playing children
buses cars auto-rickshaws running
into the distance
20 even to the seashore,
but she ignores them
as she grinds the spices.
Renunciation comes easy, doesn't it,
when you have nothing?

25 Yet sometimes if she hears
the airplane in the sky
'The plane! The plane!' she cries
from where she is.



The Hindu god Vishnu, as the incarnation of Rama, riding the mythical bird Garuda. With him are Bhudevi, goddess of Earth, and Shridevi Lakshmi, the goddess of wealth.



After all what trips can she take
 30 while she is with salt and tamarind?
 'The twenty-first century
 will you take me with you?'
 The sound in the sky
 melts away
 35 v e r y s l o w l y

This B.C. girl in the kitchen
 blows *foo foo* into the fire
 and sings –
 'Maybe there's surely someone
 40 up there in the plane
 a gentleman in make-up and costume
 as surely as all creatures are born
 to steal and to rule

Maybe the flying chariot
 45 will flap its wings,
 break through the roof
 let down a ladder,
 lift me up as I peel potatoes
 and make me the chief queen

O Rama, Rama! Carrying me
 to Lanka or to Ayodhya,
 old names and places
 heard many times before.
 Now what about worlds
 55 no one has heard of?
 Fly to those worlds
 I command you –'

and so on.
 She weaves songs this girl,
 60 her ears open to the sounds in the sky
 breaking the stalks of green chillies,
 her lifetime being spent drop by drop

VAIDEH (JANAKI SRINIVASAMURTHY)

Translated by A.K.Ramanujan

GLOSSARY

Lord Rama is the protagonist of the Hindu holy epic Ramayana. His home city was Ayodhya.

Looking closely

- 1 What do lines 23 and 24 mean?
- 2 What do you think is meant by 'this B.C. girl'(line 36)?
- 3 What does the fact that the girl blows 'foo foo' (line 37) into the fire tell you about what the amenities in the kitchen were like? Which other lines support your view?
- 4 Write down
 - a adjectives you could use to describe the mood of the poem
 - b abstract nouns you could use to describe what the aeroplane symbolizes for the girl.

Comprehension

- 1 Describe the scene in the poem before the girl hears the aeroplane. What tasks is she performing?
- 2 What comparison is made between a house and a creature (lines 7–9)? What does this say about the girl's situation?
- 3 What effect does the sound of the aeroplane have on the girl's state of mind?
- 4 What does she dream of when she hears the sound?
- 5 What does the final line of the poem suggest is the girl's future?

When do animals need to escape?

It is not just human beings who feel the need to escape from situations. Animals, too, suffer from the ravages of extreme weather, and natural disasters, but the most frequent cause of disruption to their lives is the activities of humans.



Newspaper report

The following newspaper report explains the situation for elephants escaping from Zimbabwe into nearby Zambia in 2003. The Zambians are worried about the havoc caused by migrating elephants. Unless a solution can be found, the livelihood of both the elephants and the local villagers is threatened. Read this report to find out what and who the elephants are fleeing from, and the potential solution.

GLOSSARY

Land distribution is the government policy of taking land from white Zimbabweans and 'settling' it on black Zimbabweans. The war veterans are some black Zimbabweans who have taken land by force.

Wordpool

to poach

to implement

foliage

hectare

ELEPHANTS ESCAPING ZIMBABWE DAMAGE ZAMBIAN CROPS AND PROPERTY

MICHAEL DURHAM REPORTS FROM ZAMBIA, SOUTH-EAST AFRICA

Hundreds of wild elephants are the latest refugees from violence and disorder in Zimbabwe. The animals are fleeing the country by wading across the Zambezi River to escape being shot or trapped by so-called 'war veterans' and illegal hunters.

Game wardens in Zambia say record numbers of elephants are crossing the Zambezi, which forms the border between the two countries, to avoid being poached by armed gangs in Zimbabwe. 'Elephants are quite intelligent and can communicate. They know they are safer on this side of the river,' said one game warden.

The exodus is an indication of the devastation facing wildlife in Zimbabwe, where animals are said to be at risk of indiscriminate slaughter in reserves and former privately owned game parks. With the breakdown of law and order, animals of all kinds are reportedly

being poached on a massive scale for ivory and even for food.

At Mosi-o-Tunya National Park, on the Zambian side of the Zambezi River, elephants are arriving daily from across the river. Wildlife experts say the movement is much larger than the normal seasonal emigration and is causing a serious problem for Zambian authorities. There are so many elephants trapped in a small area that serious damage is being caused to the environment.

About 200 elephants are thought to be living in the small Zambian national park, an area more used to a population of about 50. The elephants are stripping the area of foliage and knocking down trees, there are conflicts between the wild elephants and farmers and two local villagers have been killed by elephants.

The Zambian representative of the David Shepherd Wildlife Foundation, said: 'Lawlessness in Zimbabwe is



Elephants swimming across the Zambezi River.

definitely a factor in driving more elephants into Zambia and causing a problem here. If an elephant is shot, others will leave the area for safety. Elephants can communicate over up to seven miles – and they never forget. Zimbabwe used to have an excellent record for wildlife conservation and some of the best game parks in the world. But with land redistribution, some of the best game parks have been settled or invaded by people with no experience of wildlife management at

all. Game is being systematically wiped out by local people shooting and setting snares. It's lawlessness.'

The head of the Zambian Wildlife Authority (ZAWA) said he had been assured that Zimbabwean wildlife authorities were implementing 'appropriate wildlife management' and providing good leadership in conservation issues. He blamed the exodus on drought and overpopulation.

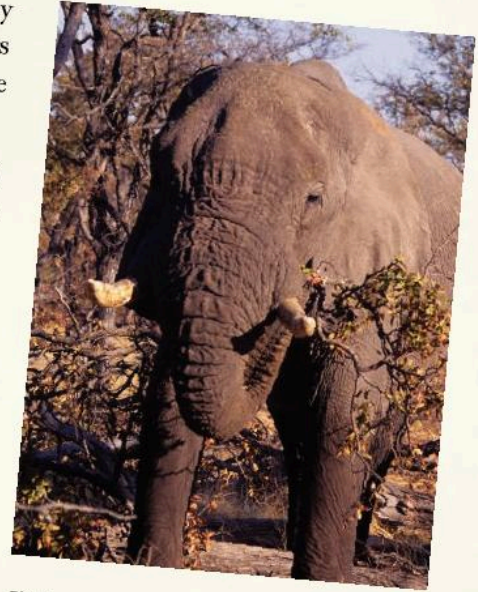
He said reports on the Internet that up to 80 per cent of Zimbabwe's wild elephants had been slaughtered were without foundation. However, he acknowledged there might be a problem on Zimbabwe's private game parks, where land redistribution meant new owners 'may not have the skills' and wildlife could be at risk.

Experts acknowledge that the influx of elephants into the tiny Mosi-o-Tunya park is presenting a problem for Zambian

authorities. The park is hemmed in by houses and farms and smallholders have blamed the elephants for damage to fruit trees and property.

Simasiku Pumulo, who farms 200 hectares of maize, millet, vegetables and fruit on the edge of Livingstone, said wild elephants regularly visited his land to eat what they could find. 'Sometimes they come at night and break down the trees just across from the front door. It is terrifying, you cannot go out,' he said. 'The elephants destroy the maize and dig up vegetables. If you plant five acres of maize, the elephants usually eat four of them. To put so much work into growing food for the elephants is devastating - I believe they should be culled.'

National Park authorities are considering how to solve the problem without resorting to a cull, which would be unpopular with wildlife experts and tourists. Under present Zambian law,



Elephants wreak havoc on the environment. elephants cannot be shot, although the government will reintroduce hunting.

One solution is to open up an elephant 'corridor' to encourage the animals to migrate 124 miles north to a larger national park in Northern Zambia, where elephants are in short supply.

Looking closely

- 1 Select as many words as you can from the report which are connected with the trapping and killing of wildlife. Give their meanings.
- 2 What does 'indiscriminate slaughter' mean?
- 3 What is: **a** an 'elephant corridor' **b** normal seasonal emigration **c** an influx of elephants?
- 4 A form of the word 'devastation' is used twice in this article. What other words could be used for the suffering caused in both instances?

Comprehension

- 1 Explain why the elephants are leaving their natural environment, and the problems they are causing.
- 2 Explain the different points of view represented in the report.
- 3 What non-violent solution has been proposed?
- 4 What do you think is the best solution to the problems caused by the elephants? Give your reasons.

Talking points

- 1 What threat does an increase in the population of elephants pose to the environment?
- 2 What threat does the increase in the human population have on the needs of elephants and other wildlife?

Graphic novel

From *Pride of Baghdad* written by Brian K. Vaughan and illustrated by Niko Henrichon

In the same year that elephants were fleeing Zimbabwe, lions escaped from Baghdad Zoo when it was hit by bombs during the invasion of Iraq in 2003. The lions survive the bombing, but go on to face even worse dangers. On these

pages the lioness is searching for her cub, Ali, who has become separated from her. Ali has been taken by a pack of monkeys and is in great danger.

Talking points

- 1 In the following pages, the animals are given human speech. In what other aspects of their behaviour do they resemble human beings?
- 2 What can a dangerous situation bring out in humans and animals that are desperate to survive?





Let him go!

Or I'll eviscerate every last one of you!



Oh, yeah?

When did your kind learn how to swim?



I'm going over

Noor, no! He's right. You'll drown.

We'll circle back to our old den, climb to the top of the rubble. We should be able to jump onto their island from the high ground and--



We don't have time! This is my child.

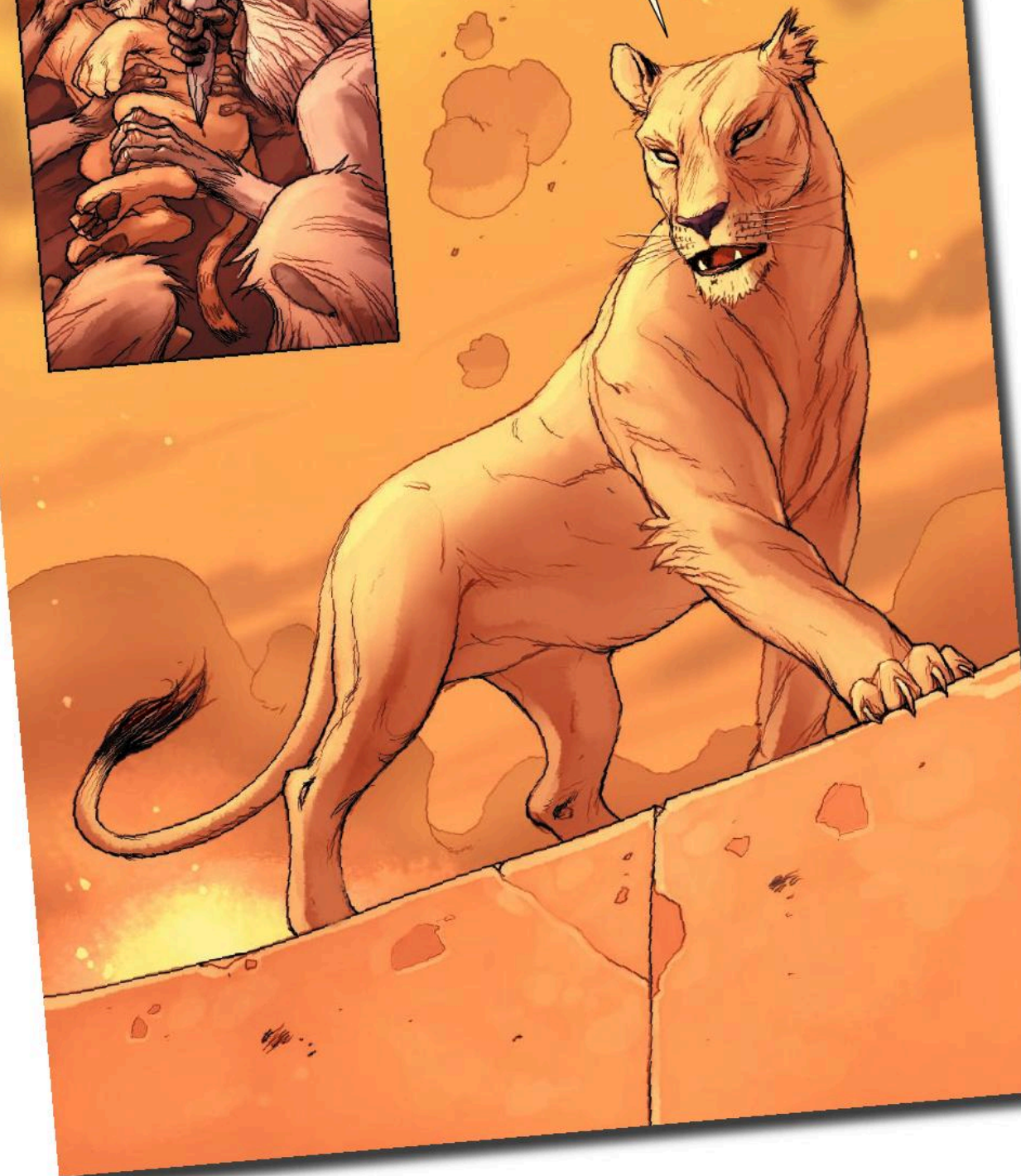
MOM!
HELP!!



This would go a lot faster if you'd quit--

Drop the rock, monkey.

I'll only warn you once.





Comprehension

- 1 What is happening in these pages on a literal level?
- 2 What are the characteristics of the various animals?
- 3 What is the worst threat expressed? Put it in your own words.
- 4 What do you think the authors are saying about the way that human beings behave?
- 5 Do you think the authors have a message? If so, what is it?
- 6 How do you think the graphics create the atmosphere of the story and its background?

Journal

Write about an occasion when you learned something from watching, or interacting with, an animal.

Scenes from a graphic novel

Plan a section for your own graphic novel that focuses on an 'escape'. You may interpret it in any way you choose.

- Draw your own graphics, or use cut-outs.
- Think carefully about the dialogue and how you will represent action scenes.

When do people need to escape?

The following poem and extract from a novel highlight the plight of Kurdish refugees fleeing persecution and conflict in northern Iraq in the 1980s.

Poem

The following poem is by the Kurdish poet Choman Hardi, who emigrated to the United Kingdom in the 1990s. Much of her poetry and research focuses on the effects of forced migration on people from Iraq and Iran.

☞ Escape Journey, 1988 ☜

- They force you to crawl, these mountains,
even if you are only 14.
Who made the first journey over them?
Whose feet created this track?
- 5 The exhausted mules carry us
along with the smuggled goods.
Sitting on their backs, climbing mountains
feels much safer than going down.
The steepness makes me lean backwards,
- 10 my back nearly touching the mule's,
then holding on becomes impossible
and I dismount.
It is easier, safer to walk sideways.
And from high up, I can see the white valley.
- 15 'A valley of plaster,' I tell my sister.
The mule owner says: 'It is snow.'
But I cannot imagine being rescued from this rough mountain
only to walk over the snow, covering the river.
I cannot imagine listening to the rushing water
- 20 passing by holes where the river exposes itself.
- You are too young to complain,'
the mule owner says,
and I look at my father, his little body,
and listen to his difficult breathing.
- 25 But then again, he's been here before.

CHOMAN HARDI

Talking points

- 1 Why do people need to escape from their homes?
- 2 What makes such journeys particularly perilous?



Fiction

From *Kiss the Dust* by Elizabeth Laird

The events in this extract take place after Tara and her family have left her home town of Sulaimaniya in Iraqi Kurdistan in the spring of 1984. Her father was being persecuted by the secret police and the family are forced to hide with relatives in a village in the Zagros Mountains.

Up until this point, Tara had felt secure, but then their village is targeted. At the first sign of danger, Tara and her mother, Teriska Khan, and her little sister, Hero, head for the caves, along with all the other villagers seeking refuge, among them an older woman called Baji Rezan.

∞ In the Mountains ∞



Tara could hardly take in the awful things everyone was talking about. The numbers of dead and the names of villages blown to pieces somehow didn't mean anything. It was like listening to the radio or watching the news on TV. It all
5 seemed to be happening to other people, a long way away. And it was hard to believe that they were in immediate danger when things seemed so normal, and everyone was busy with their ordinary springtime work.

Perhaps that was why, when the bombers came, she was
10 taken completely by surprise. It was late in the afternoon. The sun was already going down behind the mountains. Where it still shone, it made all the colours look brilliant and intense, but the shadows were getting longer so fast you could almost see them moving. Tara had gone up to the
15 spring for a pot of water, and she was coming down the hill on her way home again when she heard the roar of aircraft. She looked up. There were four of them, wicked black darts shooting across the golden sky. They were flying so low they had to gain height to skim over the tops of the hills. They
20 were already out of sight when Tara heard two distant thuds that echoed from hillside to hillside. She looked across the valley. A spurt of smoke with an orange flame in the middle was shooting up from a village on the other side.

Tara didn't hang around to see if the bombers had found
25 their target. She ran down the hillside, water from her full



pot spilling down her dress. Teriska Khan was already at the gate of the courtyard looking out for her, holding Hero by the hand.

‘Quick!’ she said. ‘We’ve got to get to the cave!’

30 ‘But they’ve gone,’ said Tara, putting her pot down.

‘They’ll be back,’ said Teriska Khan over her shoulder.

‘Follow me!’ and she started running down the track that led around the shoulder of the hill to a small cave, which went back quite a long way into the rock.

35 They were only half way there when the roar came again.

This time the planes weren’t little black arrows on the far side of the valley but thundering, screaming pieces of machinery, hurtling directly overhead, and the falling bombs

40 didn’t land with a distant crump, but with shattering explosions that filled the air with suffocating smoke and deadly flying debris.

It was over so quickly that Tara hardly knew what had happened. When the first explosion came she felt something hit her on the back of the head. She was knocked over, and
45 must have blacked out for a moment or two, but she opened her eyes almost at once, and tried to struggle back onto her feet. She could only just manage to sit up. Her legs seemed to have turned to water. People were rushing past her shouting to each other, pushing and shoving to get to the cave. Behind
50 her, from the smoking village, she could hear injured people screaming. Daya and Hero had raced on. They were out of sight already. She had to follow them! She tried to stand up again, but she felt all muzzy and confused. Her legs just didn’t seem to be working, and for a moment she thought
55 she was going to faint.

Then she felt someone grabbing her arm and hauling her to her feet.

‘Come on, love,’ said a rasping voice. It was Baji Rezan.

‘It’s – it’s my head. I can’t walk,’ whispered Tara.

60 Baji Rezan put her arm round her and half carried, half
dragged her down the path. But they'd only managed to
stagger a few yards when the terrifying roar came again. A
single plane had got behind the main squadron. It skimmed
over the nearest hilltop. The stream of people trying to run
65 away were cruelly lit up by the very last rays of the sun. The
pilot saw his chance and veered a little to drop his deadly
load right on top of them. The plane was going so fast that
most of the bombs went wide, but one landed a bit further
down the path in front of Tara and Baji Rezan. All of a
70 sudden there was nothing but a mass of dust and smoke
hanging over the road where only a few seconds before
there'd been a dozen or more people.

Tara shut her eyes and fell against Baji Rezan, who
practically lifted her up. But a minute or two later, Baji
75 Rezan skidded on the path. Tara looked down. What she saw
made her stomach heave and she was nearly sick. The
ground was spattered with blood. She'd nearly tripped over
something. She forced herself to look at it once, quickly, then
she turned her eyes away.

80 Tara felt everything start to go black again.

'You go on,' she managed to say. 'I can't move.'

Baji Rezan didn't say anything. She just grunted, grabbed
Tara round the waist and heaved her up and over her
shoulder as if she'd been a sack of grain.

85 The blackness came and went for a few more minutes, then
Baji Rezan put her down, and Tara found she could just
about stand up in spite of the thundering pain in her head.
She looked round. They were outside the cave.

Tara had always thought that the cave was quite big. She'd
90 been a little way into it before, but she'd never gone very far
because she was afraid of snakes. Now she saw that it was
actually quite small, much too small anyway to hold all the
people who were trying to cram themselves into it.

Tara would never have thought there were so many people in
95 the village. There seemed to be hundreds, all shouting and

pushing and trying to force their way in. She saw Teriska Khan wildly gesticulating to a woman who was already in the cave, asking her in sign language to get Hero in. The woman seemed to understand, and reached over people's heads. Teriska Khan passed Hero in, and she disappeared into the crowd somewhere at the back of the cave.

Tara didn't even try to get herself in. There was no point. There'd be no room, and she hadn't got any strength left to push. Anyway, it didn't seem to matter anymore. She couldn't seem to understand what was going on. She just wanted not to faint. She sat down and put her head down between her knees. Her whole skull and neck felt battered. She put her hand up and gingerly felt around. It came away sticky with blood. She turned her head cautiously, looking for Daya. She couldn't see her anywhere. There were too many scrambling, frantic people.

Suddenly, overhead, the dreadful screaming roar came again. The bombers were back. The people outside the cave flinched away from the noise, huddling uselessly together on the ground.

'I'm going to die,' thought Tara. 'I'm going to die now.'

All around she heard people screaming. The sound wasn't even drowned out by the vicious roar of exploding bombs and the crackle and boom of what sounded like a million shells going off somewhere further down the hillside. After a while, she realized she was screaming herself.

She stopped all of a sudden because the breath was knocked out of her. Baji Rezan had thrown herself on top of her, spreading her arms and body out like a mother hen covering up a chick. Her sharp knee dug into Tara's thigh, and one of her buttons scratched Tara's cheek.

After what seemed like an hour but was actually less than a minute, Baji Rezan picked herself up.

Come on, get up,' she said, sounding incredibly calm.
'They've gone. They won't come back today. They've got what they came for. Look.'

Comprehension

- 1 Why does Tara feel removed from the immediate effects of war at the start of the extract?
- 2 How is Tara injured? What effect does it have on her?
- 3 How does Baji Rezan risk her own life to help Tara?
- 4 Why does Tara not realize what she is doing when the bombs start falling again? (lines 85–111)
- 5 Find the two sections that show how disoriented Tara is about the passing of time.
- 6 What did the bombers successfully target? What else did they bomb?

135 She was pointing down the hillside. Tara looked. About half a mile away, a huge roaring fire was billowing up from the ground, explosions still shooting out from its centre. It was throwing rolls of flame and thick curls of choking black smoke up into the sky.

‘There goes all the ammunition,’ said Baji Rezan. ‘I never thought they’d find it.’

‘Did you know about it?’ said Tara, surprised.

140 ‘Yes, of course,’ said Baji Rezan. ‘What do you take me for?’

Tara suddenly wanted to cry. She flung her arms round Baji Rezan’s sinewy neck and pressed her face into her shoulder. The sharp button scratched her again, but she didn’t care.

‘You saved me!’ she said unsteadily.

145 Baji Rezan gave her a generous hug. ‘You’re a good girl,’ she said. ‘You’ll do all right.’

ELIZABETH LAIRD

Journal

Write about your feelings of gratitude for someone who saved you from danger.



7

In the dark

What is darkness?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- the United Kingdom
- Gothic fiction
- nuclear fall-out

Read

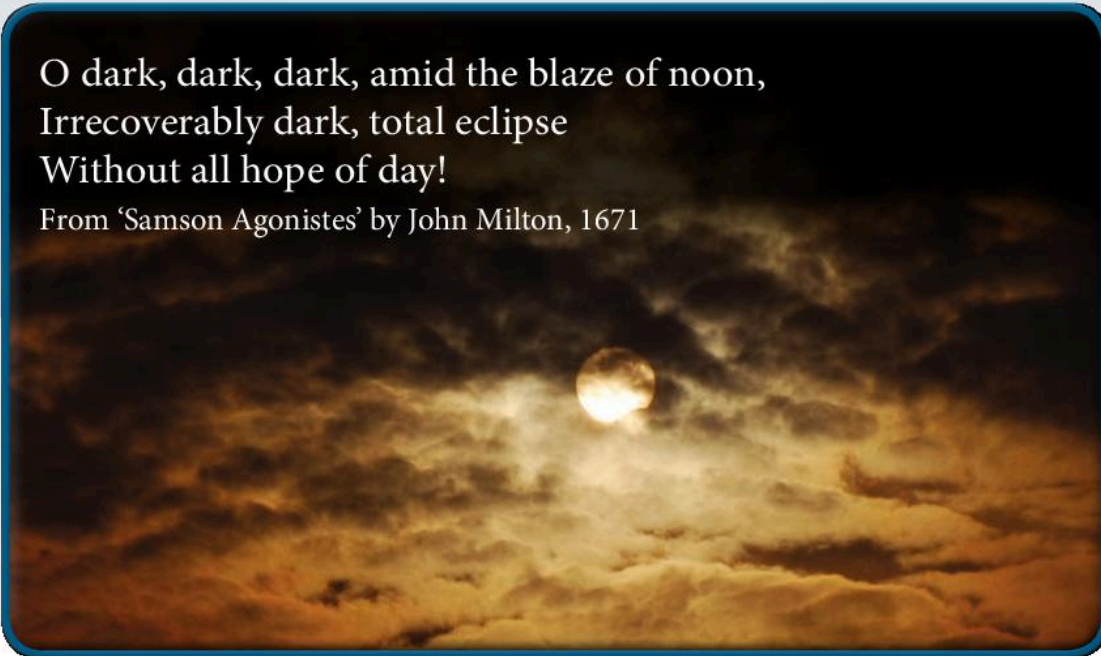
- autobiography
- Victorian fiction
- a graphic novel
- poetry
- fiction

Create

- a story about darkness
- a graphic sequence
- an opinion piece
- journal entries

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day!

From 'Samson Agonistes' by John Milton, 1671



What does it mean to be 'in the dark'? Literally, it means in darkness, as in the night-time when there is no moon. To keep something 'in the dark' is to store something such as plant bulbs away from the light. Metaphorically, to be kept 'in the dark' means that something is being kept from you, and 'darkness' can mean evil or ignorance.

The opening quotation is spoken by Samson, whose story appears in the Bible. He had been blinded. The anguish and despair is particularly poignant because the great English poet Milton was also blind when he wrote the poem.

What is life like in the dark?

Some countries experience more darkness than others. In Greenland, partly located within the Arctic Circle, half the population experiences 24 hours of darkness in the winter.

Autobiography

In the following article Peter White, who has been blind from birth, describes his life in the dark, but his mood is very different from Samson's. He presents a regular radio programme in Britain for visually impaired listeners.

∞ My Friend Darkness ∞

I've never needed a lot of sleep (five hours normally is enough for me), and it's never worried me. More time to read; more time to think; more time to listen to the excellent BBC World Service in the middle of the night. Trouble is, it
5 seems to worry the people who have to live with me.

My very first punishment was for waking up too early. Having been blind from birth, I had to go off to a pretty Dickensian boarding school to be educated. Even aged as young as seven, we slept in large dormitories, governed by
10 prefects, big boys who had reached the great age of 16, with all the maturity to be expected from a 16-year-old boy. Apparently my constant tossing and turning early in the morning disturbed prefect Pete, who dished out 100 lines to me: "I must not wake up before the bell goes."

15 The truth was that, for me, night-time at boarding school was a time of blessed relief: a time free from noise, free from smells, free from bullying (by bigger children and adults alike). It was a time when I got to think, to plan, to play strange mind games, to read braille books under the
20 bedclothes, disturbed only by the snorts, sighs and whistles of my fellows. In fact 'disturbed' would be the wrong word. I found their noises companionable, even entertaining. When they were asleep, they could do me no harm. As I did with almost everything around me at the time, I turned their
25 night-time noises into a game, listening to their patterns of snoring interweave, and laying bets with myself as to whose



GLOSSARY

Dickensian is an adjective used to describe a harsh, backward institution or situation, like those in the novels of Charles Dickens.

100 lines: writing 'lines' is an old-fashioned punishment which used to be meted out to school children. It involved writing out the same sentence 'I must not ...' 100 times – or more!

Out of kilter means 'out of sync' or 'out of order'.

Wordpool

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

to interweave [line 26]

minuscule [52]

anecdotally [61]

to flesh out [94]

to sough [95]

flotsam [96]

jetsam [96]

double-glazing [97]

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

rhythm would break first. This sport could be used to provide relief from the other more strenuous mind games that I played to keep myself amused during those night-time
30 hours: working my way through the 92 English football league clubs in strict alphabetical order, counting backwards from 900, and, once I had mastered braille, reading the books for which I needed no night lamp.

But night-time wasn't good just for these internal, intellectual
35 activities. Being a school for blind children, we were simply less concerned about the onset of darkness. True, there were children there with varying degrees of sight, but certainly for those of us who were either totally blind or, like me, had just a little bit of light perception, night-time was no reason to
40 stop playing games of football or cricket with balls adapted to make noise, or playing 'tag'. Indeed, it was a rather good time, because the supervision seemed to slacken for some reason as it got darker. I suppose we sensed that, actually, the darkness was a bit of a friend: it evened up the odds with
45 those who had some sight.

Indeed, this was true at home as well. My brother was blind too, and I can still remember my dad, who used to come out and play cricket with us in the garden after work, pleading that it was nearly 10 o'clock and he could hardly see the ball.
50 'Tough!' we laughed, and forced him to carry on. The problem with the very tiny amount of sight that I have (and it really is minuscule, no good for identifying objects, just perceiving light) is that it's never quite clear what we actually do 'see' and what I just 'sense'. So, for example, there's very
55 little concept of gradualness: light is either there, or it's not, which is why I don't really have a sense of the nights 'drawing in'. So I miss out on that rhythmic but creeping change in the seasons that my reading of poetry and prose tell me is its charm.

60 Is sleep a particular problem for blind people? Conversations with blind friends and colleagues suggested that anecdotally it is: a lot of blind people we knew complained about erratic patterns of sleep, although they were not necessarily worried

by it. There has indeed been some research on the effect of
65 the deprivation of melatonin, the naturally occurring
hormone that helps to regulate our 24-hour cycle, including
our sleep patterns. The theory seems to be that because
melatonin production is affected by different levels of light,
70 people with no light perception at all find their sleep patterns
can get out of kilter, causing them to sleep at odd times.

For me, the problem seems to be rather the other way
around. I enjoy being awake, and it's at night that I can get
my most vivid picture of the world, through sounds. During
the day there's just too much going on – too much noise,
75 which all merges together to form a mess of sound. But at
night, the noises separate out. Again, I'm taken back to my
childhood, where I seem to have been much more alive to
what those noises were telling me. And, at the time, I didn't
realise consciously what those noises were telling me. It was
80 only after reading an account of going blind by the
theologian John Hull that I understood it. What he spelled
out was that sounds tell you so much more than what is
physically making that sound.

Take rain, for instance. What's significant about rain is not
85 the water itself, but what it's falling on. Rain can paint a
complete sonic landscape, a geography lesson that is hard for
a blind person to get any other way because we can only
touch one thing at one time. But rain falls everywhere,
simultaneously. As it falls it can tell you about the texture of
90 the roof; about where the guttering and the drainpipes are as
it runs down them; about the trees in the vicinity as it falls
through them; and about the different surfaces on the
ground as it lands, sounding different on each one – gravel,
grass, tarmac, wood. Wind can flesh out the picture:
95 soughing through the branches, rattling doors and blowing
around all kinds of flotsam and jetsam.

Double-glazing has got a lot to answer for.

PETER WHITE



Looking closely

- 1 Why is 'disturbed' the wrong word to describe the sounds of the boys sleeping at night?
- 2 What do the expressions 'laying bets' (line 26) and 'it evened up the odds' (line 44) mean as used by the writer?
- 3 What does the writer mean when he says he has 'little concept of gradualness'? (line 55)
- 4 What does the writer mean by 'a mess of sound' (line 75)? Why is 'mess' an effective word to use?
- 5 What does the writer mean by a 'sonic landscape'? (line 86) How does it differ from a 'visual landscape'?

Comprehension

- 1 In what way was prefect Pete disturbed by the writer? Why was the writer not disturbed by the other boys in the dormitory?
- 2 In what ways was darkness 'a bit of a friend' to the writer? (line 44)
- 3 Why did the writer's father find it difficult to keep up with his sons' cricket games? Why do you think they taunted him? What else do you imagine was difficult for the father of two blind sons?
- 4 Why are blind people likely to be deficient in melatonin, and what are the effects of the deficiency?
- 5 Explain what the writer understood after he read John Hull's account. Explain how it relates to his perception of the effects of rain.
- 6 Why does the writer conclude by saying that 'Double-glazing has a lot to answer for'?

Writing about darkness

Do you think of darkness as a friend or a foe? What goes on in the night? Write an account of your experience of darkness.

- Relate your account to a particular place, time of day or season in your part of the world. Describe the sounds, the scents, and perhaps the animal life that is active at night.
- Describe how the sensory or literal qualities of darkness influence your broader perceptions of the world around you. What do you like or not like about darkness and night-time?

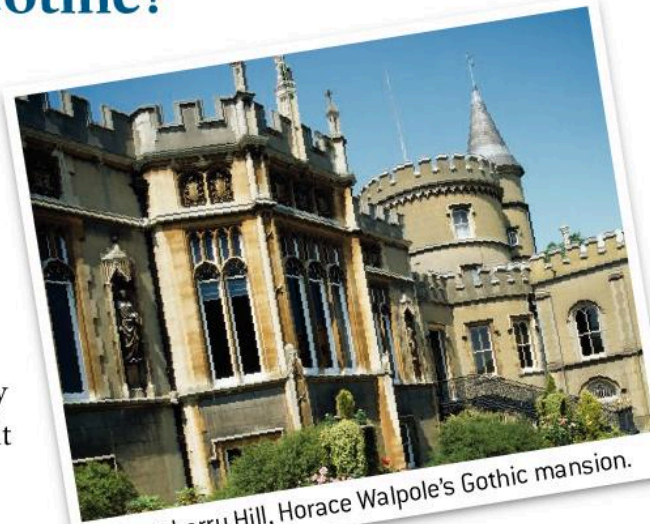
What do you know about the Gothic?

*Come thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'*

From *Macbeth* by William Shakespeare

Darkness is an essential ingredient in Gothic horror. From the very earliest writings, the darkness of night has been the time to commit crimes and carry out dark deeds. The monster Grendel in the first major work of English literature, *Beowulf* (whom you will meet in Unit 10), slaughtered men at night. In the quotation above, Lady Macbeth calls upon night to hide the imminent killing of the King. Think of how many writers, film-makers and fashion designers make use of the suggestive power of darkness in their work.

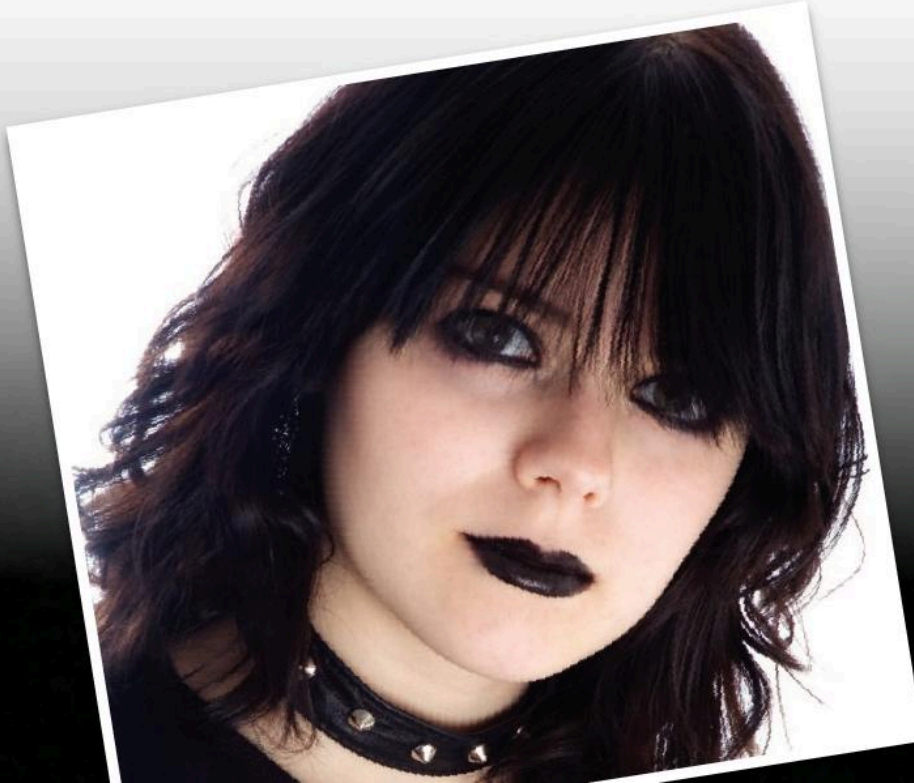
The interest in Gothic horror, Gothic architecture and all things Gothic and 'medieval' started with *The Castle of Otranto*, the 1764 novel by Horace Walpole. The author built himself a house in the medieval style with turrets like an ancient castle. The craze for the Gothic spread all over Europe and the essential ingredients such as darkness, terror, mystery, supernatural haunting, secrets and madness were fully exploited in stories. The tradition continued into the nineteenth century when Victorian Gothic was hugely popular with writers such as Edgar Allan Poe and Robert Louis Stevenson.



Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole's Gothic mansion.



Bran Castle on the border between Transylvania and Wallachia, one of several locations in the region thought to be the model for Dracula's Castle.



Talking points

- 1 What do you know about the Gothic?
- 2 Why do you think it continues to be a popular theme in art and literature?
- 3 Why do young people like to dress up as Goths?

Victorian Gothic fiction

From *Dracula* by Bram Stoker

Dracula, first published in 1897, was written by the Irish writer Bram Stoker. It is not the first fictional account of vampires, but it is certainly the most famous. It is written in the form of diary entries and letters.

The following extracts are from Mina Harker's journal. Mina (short for 'Wilhelmina') is visiting her young friend Lucy Westenra in Whitby, and is concerned about a mysterious ailment that is affecting Lucy.



Whitby Abbey on the East Cliff overlooking the town of Whitby.



☞ Mina Harker's Journal ☛

13 AUGUST: – Again I awoke in the night, and found Lucy sitting up in bed, still asleep, pointing to the window. I got up quietly, and pulling aside the blind, looked out. It was brilliant moonlight, and the soft effect of the light over the sea and sky, merged together in one great silent mystery, was beautiful beyond words. Between me and the moonlight flitted a great bat, coming and going in great whirling circles. Once or twice it came quite close, but was, I suppose, frightened at seeing me, and flitted away across the harbour towards the abbey. When I came back from the window Lucy had lain down again, and was sleeping peacefully. She did not stir again all night.

14 AUGUST: – On the East Cliff, reading and writing all day. Lucy seems to have become as much in love with the spot as I am, and it is hard to get her away from it when it is time to come home for lunch or tea or dinner. This afternoon she made a funny remark. We were coming home for dinner, and had come to the top of the steps up from the West Pier and stopped to look at the view, as we generally do. The setting sun, low down in the sky, was just dropping behind Kettleness. The red light was thrown over on the East Cliff and the old abbey, and seemed to bathe everything in a beautiful rosy glow. We were silent for a while, and suddenly Lucy murmured as if to herself . . .

25 'His red eyes again! They are just the same.' It was such an odd expression, coming apropos of nothing, that it quite startled me. I slewed round a little, so as to see Lucy well

without seeming to stare at her, and saw that she was in a half dreamy state, with an odd look on her face that I could
30 not quite make out, so I said nothing, but followed her eyes. She appeared to be looking over at our seat, whereon was a dark figure seated alone. I was quite a little startled myself, for it seemed for an instant as if the stranger had great eyes like burning flames, but a second look dispelled the illusion.
35 The red sunlight was shining on the windows of St. Mary's Church behind our seat, and as the sun dipped there was just sufficient change in the refraction and reflection to make it appear as if the light moved. I called Lucy's attention to the peculiar effect, and she became herself with a start, but she
40 looked sad all the same. We went home to dinner. Lucy had a headache and went early to bed. I saw her asleep, and went out for a little stroll myself.

I walked along the cliffs to the westward, and when coming home, it was then bright moonlight, so bright that, though
45 the front of our part of the Crescent was in shadow, everything could be well seen. I threw a glance up at our window, and saw Lucy's head leaning out. I opened my handkerchief and waved it. She did not notice or make any movement whatever. Just then, the moonlight crept round an
50 angle of the building, and the light fell on the window. There distinctly was Lucy with her head lying up against the side of the window sill and her eyes shut. She was fast asleep, and by her, seated on the window sill, was something that looked like a good-sized bird. I was afraid she might get a chill, so I
55 ran upstairs, but as I came into the room she was moving back to her bed, fast asleep, and breathing heavily. She was holding her hand to her throat, as though to protect it from the cold.

I did not wake her, but tucked her up warmly. I have taken
60 care that the door is locked and the window securely fastened. She looks so sweet as she sleeps, but she is paler than is her wont, and there is a drawn, haggard look under her eyes which I do not like. I fear she is fretting about something. I wish I could find out what it is.

65 17 AUGUST: – No diary for three whole days. I have not had
the heart to write. Some sort of shadowy pall seems to be
coming over our happiness. Lucy seems to be growing
weaker; I do not understand Lucy's fading away as she is
70 but all the time the roses in her cheeks are fading, and she
gets weaker and more languid day by day. At night I hear her
gasping as if for air.

I keep the key of our door always fastened to my wrist at
night, but she gets up and walks about the room, and sits at
75 the open window. Last night I found her leaning out when I
woke up, and when I tried to wake her I could not. She was
in a faint. When I managed to restore her, she was weak as
water, and cried silently between long, painful struggles for
breath. When I asked her how she came to be at the window
80 she shook her head and turned away.

I looked at her throat just now as she lay asleep, and the tiny
wounds seem not to have healed. They are still open, and, if
anything, larger than before, and the edges of them are
faintly white. They are like little white dots with red centres.
85 Unless they heal within a day or two, I shall insist on the
doctor seeing about them.

BRAM STOKER

Comprehension

- 1 What does the appearance of the bat suggest in the first paragraph?
- 2 What is the mysterious presence which is having an unsettling effect on Lucy?
- 3 What is unnerving about what Mina sees?
(lines 43 – 58)
- 4 What is worrying about the wounds on Lucy's neck?
- 5 What do you think will happen to Lucy?



Victorian Gothic fiction

From *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* by Robert Louis Stevenson

The following extract is from the novel by the great Scottish novelist Robert Louis Stevenson, published in 1886. It provides an account of an unprovoked attack on a man in a London street. The victim is a well-respected member of the community, Sir Danvers Carew. The murderer is Mr Hyde, the creation of the scientist Dr Jekyll, who discovers that he can change his personality and his appearance by drinking a mixture of chemicals. But the experiment begins to get out of control when the good Dr Jekyll finds that, as Mr Hyde, he cannot control his vicious and murderous impulses.

The extract starts after a maidservant has witnessed the murder and calls the police. The dead man's lawyer, Mr Utterson, is also a friend of Dr Jekyll. He has been worried for some time about Dr Jekyll's strange behaviour, and by his association with an unpleasant man called Mr Hyde.

☞ A Crime of the Night-time ☞

A maid servant living alone in a house not far from the river had gone upstairs to bed about eleven. Although a fog rolled over the city in the small hours, the early part of the night was cloudless, and the lane, which the maid's window
 5 overlooked, was brilliantly lit by a full moon. As she sat she became aware of an aged and beautiful gentleman with white hair drawing near along the lane; and advancing to meet him, another and very small gentleman, to whom at first she paid less attention. When they had come within
 10 speech (which was just under the maid's eyes) the older man bowed and approached the other with a very pretty manner of politeness. It did not seem as if the subject of his address were of great importance; indeed, from his pointing, it sometimes appeared as if he were only inquiring his way; but
 15 the moon shone on his face as he spoke, and the girl observed his old-world kindness of disposition. Presently her eye wandered to the other, and she was surprised to recognize in him a certain Mr. Hyde, who had once visited her master, and for whom she had conceived a dislike. He
 20 had in his hand a heavy cane, with which he was trifling; but he answered never a word, and seemed to listen with an ill-contained impatience.



*He put the glass to his lips and drank at one gulp, an illustration by Howard Pyle for an American edition of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*, published in 1895.*

Wordpool

disposition [line 16]
 audibly [30]
 insensate [38]
 pall [68]
 lurid [74]
 to assail [85]

And then all of a sudden he broke out in a great flame of anger, stamping with his foot, brandishing the cane, and carrying on (as the maid described it) like a madman. The old gentleman took a step back, with the air of one very much surprised and a trifle hurt; and at that Mr. Hyde clubbed him to the ground. And next moment, with ape-like fury, he was trampling his victim under foot, and hailing down a storm of blows, under which the bones were audibly shattered and the body dumped upon the roadway. At the horror of these sights and sounds, the maid fainted.

It was two o'clock when she came to herself and called for the police. The murderer was gone but the mangled body of his victim lay in the middle of the lane, incredibly mangled. The stick with which the deed had been done, although it was of some rare and very tough and heavy wood, had broken in the middle under the stress of this insensate cruelty; and one splintered half was found in the gutter – the other, without doubt, had been carried away by the murderer. A purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim; but no cards or papers, except a sealed and stamped envelope, which he had been probably carrying to the post, and which bore the name and address of Mr Utterson.

This was brought to Mr Utterson, the lawyer, the next morning, before he was out of bed; and he was told the circumstances. 'I shall say nothing till I have seen the body,' said he. 'This may be very serious. Have the kindness to wait while I dress.' And with the same grave countenance he hurried through his breakfast and drove to the police station, whither the body had been carried. As soon as he came into the cell, he nodded. 'Yes,' said he, 'I recognize him. I am sorry to say that this is Sir Danvers Carew.'

'Good God, sir!' exclaimed the officer. 'Is it possible? Perhaps you can help us to the man.' And he briefly narrated what the maid had seen, and showed the broken stick.

Mr Utterson had already quailed at the name of the suspect, Hyde; but when the stick was laid before him, he could doubt no longer: broken and battered as it was, he

GLOSSARY

A **cab** at this time was a horse-drawn carriage for hire. A cab is now a taxi.

penny numbers were cheaply printed, very popular, sensational stories which cost one penny.

umber is a shade of dark brown. It is the name of the earth from which dark shades of brown pigments are made

whither means 'to where'. It is now archaic.

Scotland Yard is London's police headquarters.

60 recognized it for one that he had himself presented many years before to Henry Jekyll.

‘Is this Mr Hyde a person of small stature?’ he inquired.

‘Particularly small and particularly wicked-looking, is what the maid calls him,’ said the officer. Mr Utterson reflected;
65 and then, raising his head, ‘If you will come with me in my cab,’ he said, ‘I think I can take you to his house.’

It was by this time about nine in the morning, and the first fog of the season. A great chocolate-coloured pall lowered over heaven, but the wind was continually charging and routing these embattled vapours; so that as the cab crawled
70 from street to street, Mr Utterson beheld a marvellous number of degrees and hues of twilight; for here it would be dark like the back-end of evening; and there would be a glow of a rich, lurid brown, like the light of some strange
75 conflagration; and here, for a moment, the fog would be quite broken up, and a shaft of daylight would glance in between the swirling wreaths. The dismal quarter of Soho seen under these changing glimpses, with its muddy ways,



and slovenly pedestrians, and its lamps, which had been
80 kindled afresh to combat this mournful reinvasion of
darkness, seemed, in the lawyer's eyes, like a district of some
city in a nightmare. His thoughts besides, were of the
gloomiest dye; and when he glanced at his companion, he
was conscious of some touch of that terror of the law and its
85 officers, which may at times assail the most honest.

As the cab drew up before the address indicated, the fog
lifted a little and showed him a dingy street, a low French
eating house, a shop for the retail of penny numbers, many
ragged children and women huddled in the doorways; and
90 the next moment the fog settled down again upon that part,
as brown as umber, and cut him off from his dark
surroundings. This was the home of Dr Jekyll's friend, Mr
Hyde.

An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the
95 door. She had an evil face, but her manners were excellent.
Yes, she said, this was Mr Hyde's, but he was not at home;
he had been in that night very late, but had gone away again
in less than an hour: there was nothing strange in that; his
habits were very irregular, and he was often absent; for
100 instance, it was nearly two months since she had seen him,
until yesterday.

'Very well then, we wish to see his
rooms,' said the lawyer; and when
the woman began to declare it was
105 impossible, 'I had better tell you
who this person is,' he added. 'This
is Inspector Newcomen, of
Scotland Yard.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Looking closely

- 1 This story was written over 100 years ago and the author's language is sometimes different from today's. Rewrite the following in your own words: **a** they had come within speech (line 9) **b** a very pretty manner of politeness (lines 11–12) **c** old-world kindness of disposition (line 16) **d** ill-contained impatience (line 22) **e** grave countenance (line 49).
- 2 The writer says that Mr Hyde was 'trifling' with his cane (line 20), and a few lines further on he says that Sir Carew Danvers was surprised and 'a trifle' hurt. (line 27) What do 'trifling' and 'trifle' mean?
- 3 Explain the two metaphors in lines 67–77. Explain how they evoke the unhealthy air and unpleasant conditions of Victorian London.
- 4 Select three quotations which you think convey the atmosphere particularly well. Explain why you think they are effective.

Comprehension

- 1 Explain the scene which the maid servant witnessed. How does the writer make it so shocking for the reader?
- 2 Explain how important the murderer's cane was as a piece of evidence.
- 3 What does the fact that a purse and a gold watch were found upon the victim tell the police about the murderer's motives?
- 4 When Mr Utterson asks if Mr Hyde is a person of small stature, what do you think he has realized?
- 5 What are the shocking implications of Mr Utterson's suspicions?

Making a graphic sequence

The story of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde has been reproduced in many forms over the years, and the expression 'a Jekyll and Hyde' has passed into the language to describe someone who has two completely different sides to their personality.

The story would make an excellent graphic novel.

- Produce a graphic sequence for this extract, using the colourful descriptions and sequence of events to retell the story in words and pictures.
- Draft a plan first and write your narrative under each picture. Use direct and indirect speech.

A graphic novel

From *Salem Brownstone: All along the Watchtowers* by John Harris Dunning and Nikhil Singh

The Gothic with all its cloak-and-dagger mystery and darkness is still popular as you can see from this 2009 graphic novel created by two South African artists now working in the United Kingdom, John Dunning and Nikhil Singh.

Salem Brownstone works in a laundromat where one day he receives a telegram telling him that his estranged father has died and has left him his entire house and its contents. A car will arrive at 9pm to take him there!

This strange, dark tale starts with Salem being taken at night to the mysterious house which he has never seen before. What will he find?

He is about to enter what one critic calls 'the territory of international high gothic: a world of labyrinthine passages, strange semi-organic machines, and immaculate black capes'.

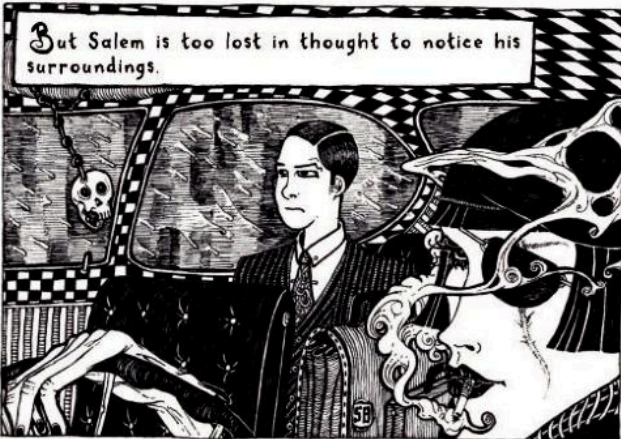


Journal

Write about an occasion when you received a mysterious invitation.



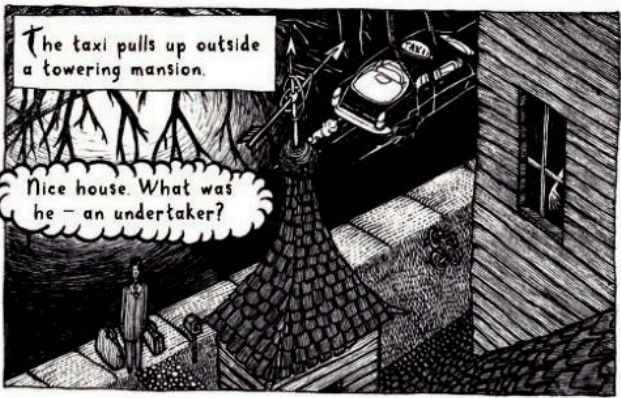
The low rumble of thunder rolls through the cement canyons of New Mecco City...



But Salem is too lost in thought to notice his surroundings.



After all these years of wanting to know my father, now it's too late. I've lost him.

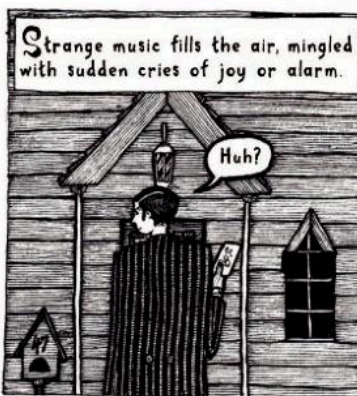


The taxi pulls up outside a towering mansion.

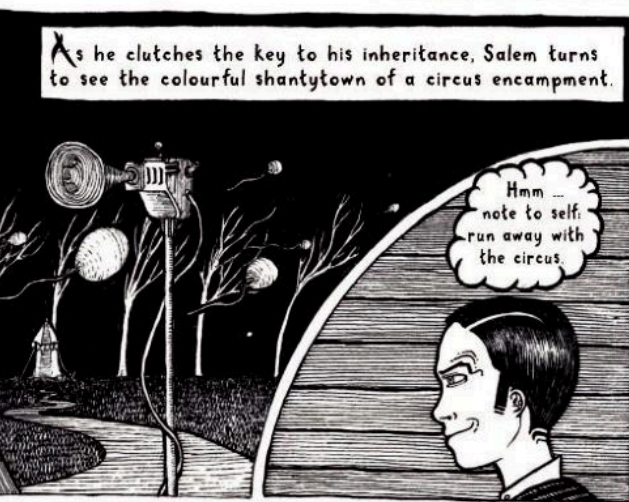
Nice house. What was he - an undertaker?



If he knew where I was all along, why didn't he contact me before?



Strange music fills the air, mingled with sudden cries of joy or alarm.



As he clutches the key to his inheritance, Salem turns to see the colourful shantytown of a circus encampment.

Hmm... note to self: run away with the circus.



Well, here goes nothing...



The key catches momentarily and Salem is almost relieved. Then the door opens with a nerve-shattering creak.



Salem gropes for the switch, then light floods the room revealing...



A wand and a cape!
What kind of a man
was my father?



I knew he was in show business,
but never imagined...



He was a
magic man!



This place may be more
House of Horrors than
swingin' bachelor's pad but,
even so, it beats my hovel. I
could get used to it here.

Talking points

- 1 How effective do you think the art work is in conveying atmosphere?
- 2 How well do the drawings and the text work together?
- 3 Why do you think the artist chose to work only in black and white?

Is the end of the world an everlasting night?

Do you ever think about how this world will end? Will there be some catastrophic event? Will the world slowly die as temperatures rise? Or will the planet go into a long, dark nuclear winter? No one really knows, but scientists and fantasists have their own ideas.

Writing an opinion piece

Research potential outcomes of a man-made or environmental catastrophe. Compare real-world events with examples from film and literature. How easy is it to distinguish between fact and fantasy?

- Research the dropping of the bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan in 1945, and the nuclear disaster at the Chernobyl power plant in the Ukraine in 1986, or any other incidents that you know of.
- Find out more about the effects of climate change, meteorite showers and volcanic eruptions. Research how such climatic events might cause the planet to descend into darkness, literally and/or metaphorically.
- Find apocalyptic narratives or accounts of Armageddon or environmental catastrophe in film and literature. What would be a realistic outcome if humans survived to tell the tale?

Word origins

Apocalypse comes from the Book of the Apocalypse written by St John the Divine in which he revealed his vision of the future. It comes from the ancient Greek *apokaluptikos* meaning 'the uncovering'.

Armageddon also has its origin in the Bible, in the Book of Revelations, where the last battle on the Day of Judgement takes place. It comes from the Hebrew *Har Megiddo*, a city in central Palestine, which was a site of important battles. It is now used in a general sense to mean a decisive conflict on a great scale, especially the end of the world.



Poem

In 1815 the Tambora volcano erupted in Indonesia. The sun was blotted out and the whole planet suffered a global drop in temperature. The English poet Byron wrote his long poem 'Darkness' about this dark time. He concluded his poem with an apocalyptic vision of the end of the world. This is an extract.



∞ Darkness ∞

The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless –
A lump of death – a chaos of hard clay.
5 The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge –
10 The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expir'd before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Or aid from them – She was the Universe.

BYRON

Looking closely

- 1 In what way is the world 'void' as Byron sees it?
- 2 In line 2 Byron uses five successive words with the '-less' suffix. What is the effect of this line? Write down as many other words with the '-less' suffix which would be appropriate in this poem.
- 3 How does Byron convey the sense of stillness in the water? Why is there no movement there?
- 4 Why do you think the ships are 'sailorless' (line 7)?
- 5 Why were the tides 'in their grave'?
- 6 What is being personified as 'she' in the final line? Why do you think Byron wrote 'she' rather than 'it'?
- 7 Byron does not use rhyme, but he does have a set number of syllables to each line. How many are there? What is the correct adjective to describe a poem with lines like this?
- 8 Explain how Byron uses alliteration. What effect does it create?

Extension reading

From *Brother in the Land* by Robert Swindells

Danny is a teenage boy in the north of England in a place called Skipley. He is out on his bicycle on a summer's day when it seems as though a heavy storm is approaching. He takes shelter in an old bunker, which is a military underground shelter left from the war. It is no ordinary storm, however, but the effects of a nuclear explosion which is followed by a deadly nuclear fallout. Safe in the bunker, Danny has survived.

∞ The Darkness ∞

It was dark when I heard it. I'd been asleep: God knows how. I guess it was my mind's way of denying reality. Anyway, I woke up suddenly and there was this awful noise; a sort of moaning, and a shuffling sound outside the bunker. I lay
 5 rigid, biting my lip, something was moving about out there, something big. I heard the rattle and scrape of branches and something heavy fell to the ground. I felt the impact and dug my nails into my palms, willing the thing to go away; willing it not to find the doorway. A low moan subsided into a wet,
 10 bubbly sound that went on and on.

I couldn't move. Something hideous was lying out there in the darkness; its face, if it had one, inches from my own. The hiss of its breath penetrated the concrete and I imagined I could smell it. I lay, damply terrified, breathing quietly
 15 through my mouth. My eyes were open. Shoals of phantom lights floated across the blackness that pressed down on them. And as I lay listening I heard other sounds, fainter and farther away. Out there in the darkness people were screaming. I saw a film once about Pompeii: people
 20 blundering through murky streets as the ash came down. It sounded like that.

Presently, I became aware that the thing outside had gone quiet. I listened intently but there was nothing, only the Pompeian voices far off. Perhaps it's holding its breath, I
 25 thought, listening for me. I stayed soundless for some time but the breathing never resumed and I told myself the thing had moved off. I felt my way to the doorway and peered out.



A bunker from the Second World War.

GLOSSARY

Pompeii was a city in Italy that was totally destroyed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius in 79 CE.

Motes are specks in the fluid around the eye which can sometimes be seen in one's vision.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner is a poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge first published in 1798. The mariner, or sailor, tells a terrible story of the death of sailors aboard a ship in calm water. They were surrounded by water but as it was salt water they could not drink it.

Wordpool

to blunder [line 20]

to skulk [33]

to be stricken with [35]

laden [80]

The glow from Branford had shrunk to a thin flush but now, against the backdrop of night, I saw that Skipley was
30 burning. The rain had stopped and a cool breeze from the moor seemed to clear my mind. I felt a rush of what I can only call normal emotion. My family. Mum and Dad and Ben. Here I was, skulking in my bunker while God knew what had become of them. They might be dead. Maybe some
35 of the cries I had heard were theirs. Stricken with fright and guilt, I scrambled from the pillbox and stood up. The bike had fallen over. I picked it up and began shoving it towards the ditch. I must get home; find them. We could go away; take the van and drive north to the lakes and mountains
40 before the fallout got us.

The fallout. As I reached the ditch it started to drizzle and something I'd read; a phrase, flashed across my mind. Black rain. After they dropped the bomb on Hiroshima it rained, and the rain brought down all the radioactive dust from the
45 atmosphere. Thousands of people from the outskirts of the city, who'd survived the actual explosion, got rained on by this stuff and died of radiation sickness. Afterwards, the scientists called it black rain, because it ended up killing nearly as many people as the bomb itself.

50 I guess I panicked. It wasn't the cold drops hitting my face, so much as the name. Black rain. It was like something filthy was falling on me out of the sky and I couldn't even see it. Anyway, I dropped the bike and ran back doubled up trying to shield my head with my arms, as if that would do any
55 good. Inside the bunker I used the front of my tee-shirt to scrub the stuff off my hair, face and neck. My arms were spattered too, so I tore the garment off and wiped them with it. Then I screwed it up and shoved it out through the slot.

After that I sat propped up in a corner with my bare back to
60 the concrete. It was fantastically cold. I crossed my arms on my chest and held onto my shoulders and sat there waiting to get sick. I had a fantasy that I'd die like this and that someday, centuries from now maybe, somebody would find my skeleton, still hugging itself trying to get warm.

65 Outside, the noises never stopped. Voices, and a bang now
and then, like something exploding down in the town.
Sometimes a voice would come quite close, but mostly they
were far away. I know it sounds rotten but I tried not to hear.
The rain was falling on them and there was nothing I could
70 do. I dozed a bit eventually, and came to with a start to find
daylight filtering through the slot. Rain was hissing onto the
concrete and a line of bright droplets hung from its upper lip,
falling now and then in random sequence. I sat half-
paralysed with cold, watching them, trying, to see the deadly
75 motes inside. Apart from the rain it was quiet now.

I was thirsty. I was hungry too, but it was the thirst that
bothered me most. I was struck by the irony of the situation.
Outside, the ground was sodden. Pools were forming in
every hollow and the ditch was filling up. The clouds, the
80 earth, and the air between were laden with water yet none of
it was any use to me. I remembered that poem about the
Ancient Mariner, dying of thirst with an ocean all round him.
Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink: something
like that. It kept going round and round in my head as I
85 watched the bright drips falling across the slot.

This is what first made me understand the enormity of what
had happened. Nuclear missiles had fallen on England, and if
they'd fallen on England they must have fallen on a lot of
other countries too. This rain, black rain, was falling now on
90 each of them; falling into rivers and reservoirs, tanks and
troughs; drifting down on sheep and cows and crops; seeping
through the soil to contaminate wells and subterranean
lakes.

Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink.

ROBERT SWINDELLS

Comprehension

- 1 The noises which Danny hears sound to him like an unknown creature. Which words tell you this and how does the description add to your understanding of Danny's fear?
- 2 What are the 'Pompeian voices' (line 24) which Danny can hear?
- 3 What have you learned about the fallout? Why is it so dangerous?
- 4 Why did Danny rip off his tee-shirt? In what ways were his actions 'crazy'?
- 5 What were the 'deadly motes' (line 75-6) which Danny tried to see inside the drops of rain?
- 6 What does Danny understand about the situation by the end of the text?
- 7 Why does the quotation from the Ancient Mariner make an appropriate conclusion?

8

Viewpoint

What is your point of view?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Tudor England
- Mozambique
- Hamlin, Germany
- Japan
- Northern Ireland

Read

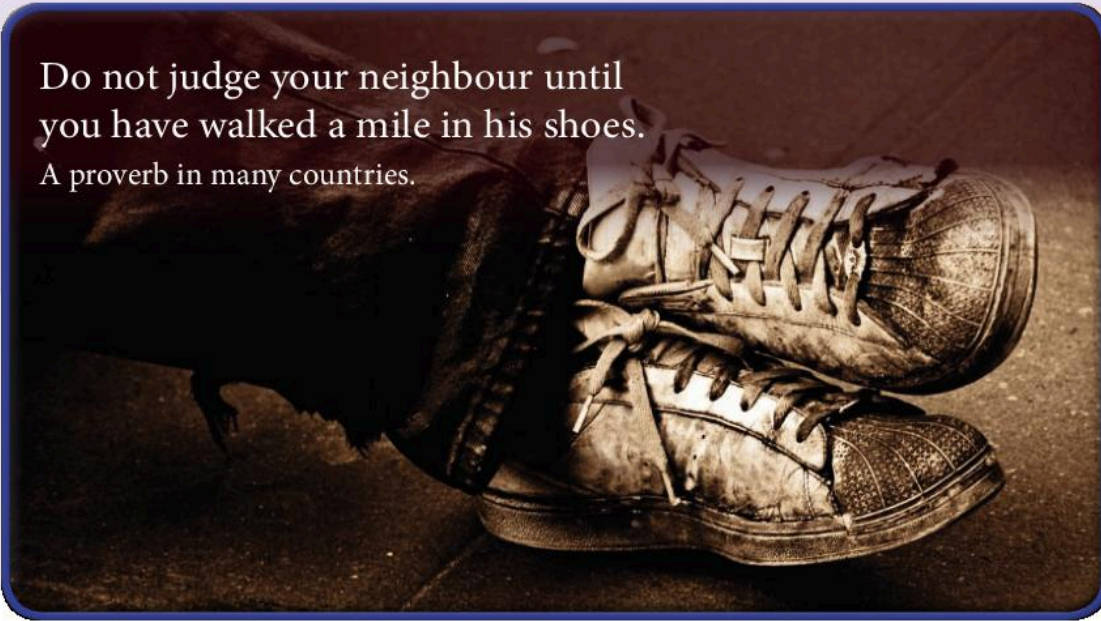
- poetry
- a news report
- about rats in art and literature
- fiction

Create

- a review
- a caption
- a report
- a presentation
- a satirical monologue
- journal entries

Do not judge your neighbour until you have walked a mile in his shoes.

A proverb in many countries.



We all have different opinions and points of view, whether they are about important global, national or political issues, such as war or climate change, or about domestic or personal issues.

How an opinion is expressed is all-important – most people would agree that two people shouting at one another are not likely to get very far in a discussion. When you hear someone express an opinion with which you may not agree, what makes you listen and consider what the person is saying and what makes you dismiss it?

Talking points

Discuss the meaning of the following words with your group:

- | | |
|------------|-----------|
| respectful | appealing |
| dogmatic | tone |
| assertive | listening |
| persuasive | |

Is the glass half full or half empty?

Divide your group into those who describe the glass as half full, and those who describe it as half empty. Everyone writes down adjectives to describe the current global, national or local situation as they see it. Compare the adjectives from the half-full group with those from the half-empty group. Are there significant differences?

How you view the world may depend on your perspective and your general outlook on life. Is it simply a matter of being an optimist or a pessimist, or are there alternative ways to view the world? How important is it to assess the world from the point of view of your own personal experience? The American writer Oliver Wendell Holmes summed it up in the following words:

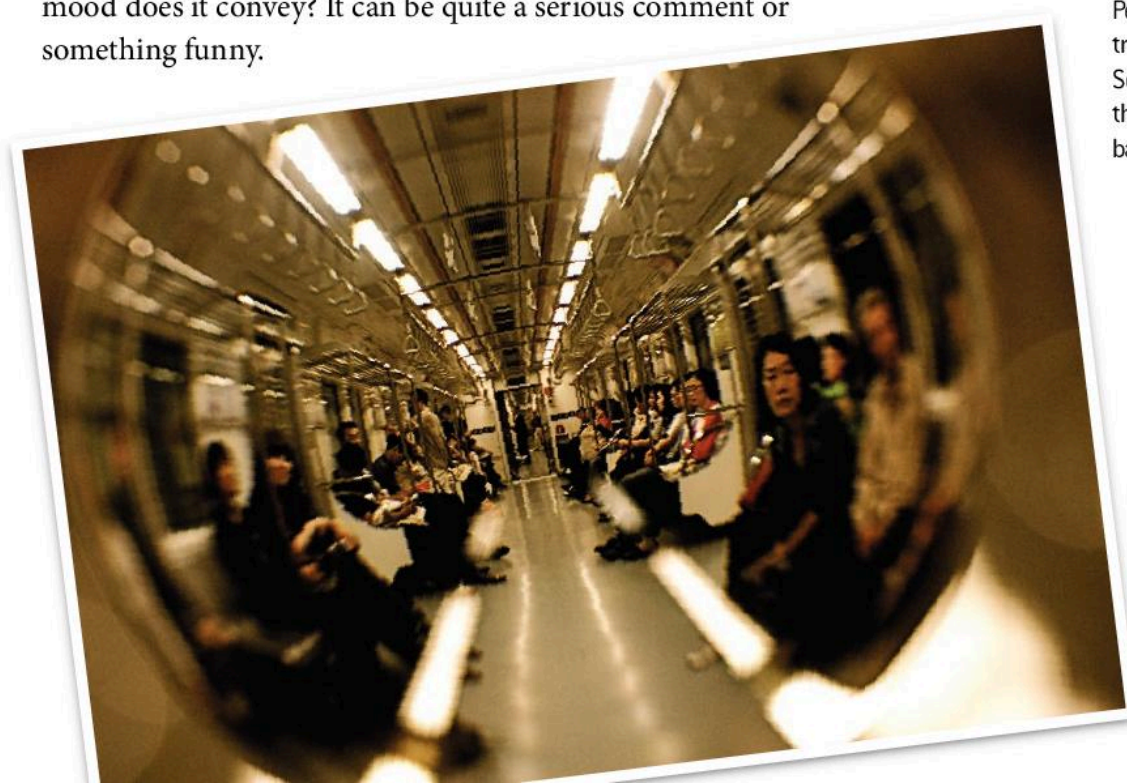
A word is not a crystal, transparent and unchanged; it is the skin of a living thought and may vary greatly in color and content according to the circumstances and the time in which it is used.



Writing a caption

Have you ever heard the saying 'A picture tells a thousand words'? How exactly does it do this? Test out the theory by writing an extended caption for a photograph in a maximum of one hundred words.

- Give as much background information as you know can about the time and place and why it was taken.
- What does the photograph communicate? What message or mood does it convey? It can be quite a serious comment or something funny.



People in a subway train, Suncheon, South Korea, viewed through a crystal ball.

Looking at things in perspective

Learning to paint or draw using perspective requires a knowledge of geometry to mimic the viewpoint of the human eye. Painters since the Renaissance have mastered the effects of three dimensions painted on a two-dimensional surface to great effect.

This 1533 painting by the German artist Holbein the Younger, court painter to Henry VIII of England, shows the mastery that had been achieved by the sixteenth century in making a painting a very convincing stage set. Here the painter shows the rich court robes and artefacts of learning and discovery, to glorify the worldly knowledge of the two ambassadors.

But the viewpoint is more complex than it might at first appear. Why, for instance, does the lute have a broken string? And what is the strange shape that seems to hover in the foreground? Now try viewing the image from the oblique right, as if you were standing to the side of the painting. Only when you view it from this angle does the perfectly formed image of a skull come into view.

Word origins

Perspective comes from *perspect-*, the participle stem of the Latin verb *perspicere*, meaning 'to look at closely'.

Dimension comes from the stem of the Latin verb *dimetri*, meaning 'to measure out'.



The Ambassadors, painted by the German artist Holbein the Younger in 1533.

Poem

As you read the following poems, think about how perspective can change or modify your point of view, just as lessons in history and geography as well as travel can broaden your mind (or not!). The first poem is by the Welsh poet Sheenagh Pugh. (Sheenagh is pronounced to rhyme with 'Gina'.)



History 3

I face him: I don't like him.
I hit him, he hits me.
We go on till one calls 'stop'.

I find a stick and make
5 myself stronger, but so does he.
Think of something else.

I sharpen the stick; shoot it
from a bow; he lies still.
I don't think I meant that to happen.

10 Now I fire lead; it makes
a mess and hurts, but I don't have
to see his face; too far off. ...

I drop death from the air.
I can't see him, but I know
15 he's somewhere hereabouts.

I sit at my desk and think of him.
I don't recollect now why we quarrelled,
but if he's calling 'stop', I can't hear.

SHEENAGH PUGH



Comprehension

- 1 The first stanza sounds like children in the playground. Why does their confrontation seem harmless?
- 2 List all the weapons mentioned in the poem.
- 3 In the first stanza, the opponents face each other. How does this face-to-face confrontation change to facelessness? What differences does this make?
- 4 Why can't the narrator of the poem hear the opponent in the last line?

Talking points

- 1 What is 'escalation' in war? How is this shown in the poem by Sheenagh Pugh?
- 2 What do you think the poet is saying about conflict and war? Do you agree or disagree?
- 3 Both poems are in the form of 'lessons'. What have they taught you?
- 4 What are your views on war and conflict?

Poem

The next poem is by Zulfikar Ghose who was born in what is now Pakistan and grew up in Mumbai in India. Seated in a jet aeroplane, he expresses how his view of the world was modified the further away it rose from the land.

∞ Geography Lesson ∞

When the jet sprang into the sky,
it was clear why the city
had developed the way it had,
seeing it scaled six inches to the mile.

5 There seemed an inevitability
about what on the ground seemed haphazard,
Unplanned and without style,
when the jet sprang into the sky.

10 When the jet reached ten thousand feet,
it was clear why the country
had cities where rivers ran
and why the valleys were populated.
The logic of geography –
that land and water attracted man –
15 was dearly delineated
when the jet reached ten thousand feet.

When the jet rose six miles high,
it was clear that the earth was round
and that it had more sea than land.
20 But it was difficult to understand
that the men on the earth found
causes to hate each other, to build
walls across cities and to kill.
From that height, it was not clear why.

ZULFIKAR GHOSE

Comprehension

- 1 In the first stanza, how did the poet's view of the city on the ground compare with his view of it from the jet?
- 2 What did the poet learn about the 'logic of geography' in the second stanza?
- 3 What does the poet find difficult to understand about 'men on earth'? In what way does this new perspective help?
- 4 How would you describe the tone and mood of this poem? In what way do you think the tone is, or is not, effective for expressing the poet's point of view?

When does a viewpoint become a prejudice or a preconception?

Both preconceptions and prejudices have the suffix 'pre-' meaning 'before'. A preconception is a belief or an opinion formed before knowing the full facts; a prejudice is a judgement formed before knowing the full facts, or one based on misinformation or misunderstanding. Viewpoints based on preconceptions and prejudices are likely to be biased and partial.

Try this out with your group. What is your group's opinion of rats? What does this picture of a newly discovered giant rat make you say? 'Ugh!' or 'Wow!?' Are rats dirty vermin which carry disease? Or are they special creatures in their own right? Listen to what your group says and find out what they are basing their opinions on. Now compare your opinion of rats with the poet's in the following poem.

Poem

The following extract is from a long poem by the nineteenth-century English poet Robert Browning, in which he retells the story of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* who was hired to rid the German town of Hamelin of its rats. Called the *Rattenfänger* [the rat catcher] in German, the Pied Piper wore a striped [or 'pied'] costume and played a pipe to attract the rats.

☞ The Pied Piper of Hamelin ☜

Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,

And bit the babies in their cradles,

And ate the cheeses out of the vats,

5 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,

Slit open the kegs of salted sprats,

Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,

And even spoiled the women's chats,

By drowning their speaking

10 With shrieking and squeaking

In fifty different sharps and flats.

ROBERT BROWNING



Recently discovered giant rat from the Fojo Mountains in Papua, Indonesia.

Looking closely

- 1 Write down **a** two words which are names for containers for storing food or drink **b** two words which are specialist musical terms **c** a word for fish **d** a word which means a spoon for serving food.
- 2 Write an example of a line with an internal rhyme.
- 3 Write an example of a metaphor.
- 4 Explain how this 10-line sentence (lines 2–11) conveys the destructive activities of the rats.



A news report

We all know that rats are highly intelligent animals. Many people keep them as pets and their role in medical research is well known, and sometimes controversial. In Africa, the intelligence of rats is being exploited to help save human lives.

RATS SAVE HUMAN LIVES

Ian Wood visits a training centre in Inhambane, Mozambique, where rats are used to detect landmines

18 December 2007

They are almost universally despised as disease-carrying vermin and are attacked wherever they are found. But in an experimental scheme in Africa the special talents of the rat are being harnessed to help save lives.

It is estimated that there are between 15,000 and 20,000 deaths and injuries caused by landmines every year. The majority of these happen to civilians, many of them children, living in countries where conflict has ended but where their lethal legacy remains.

The process of clearing landmines is slow, painstaking, and of course dangerous. In fact, using a metal detector, it takes one person roughly a week to clear a 100-square-metre area of mines. But in a pioneering project it has been found that a rat, because of its acute sense of smell and after intensive training, can find all the mines in the same patch in less than half an hour.

The APOPO project (a joint venture between Belgium and Tanzanian researchers) has successfully trained sniffer rats to detect explosives and has now developed this unusual idea into a competitive technology. The theory behind the process is termed 'vapour detection' and is based on the fact that every item releases a specific odour signature. In landmine detection, the extreme sensitivity of a rat's nose traces the vapour of the explosive emitted from mines.

APOPO has training centres in Tanzania and Mozambique where each afternoon the rats go to work. An area of land has been divided into 10 by 10 square metre sections. Each segment has several landmines buried in it and is separated from its



neighbouring box by a safe lane. Two rat trainers stand on either side and are joined by a piece of string attached to a lower leg. The rat is then led across this guide and if it successfully finds a landmine is given a food-based reward.

When it reaches the edge of the box, the trainers take a side step and repeat this process until the whole sector has been searched. The rat indicates the position of a mine by scratching the surface, but is too light to set off the explosive.

Dogs have been used for landmine detection for some time, but the rats have a number of advantages. Like dogs, they respond well to humans, but they do not bond to an individual handler. This means that in demining operations one person can deal with a number of rats consecutively.

They are also small enough to be easily accommodated and transported and can concentrate for much longer periods of time. More specifically, African Giant Pouched rats are endemic in Africa and resistant to most tropical diseases. Their one

drawback is their life expectancy, which is only up to 8 years.

Often viewed as vermin, these rodents are now moving on to detecting tuberculosis in humans. In many parts of the world TB is a growing epidemic and early detection is vital for efficient treatment. The APOPO project in Tanzania has been training rats to smell TB in human saliva samples with impressive results. A single rat can test as many as 150 samples in just 30 minutes. By contrast, a human using a microscope can test only 20 samples in a whole day.

The Daily Telegraph



Comprehension

- 1 What is the 'lethal legacy' of conflict that remains?
- 2 What is a 'pioneering' project?
- 3 Explain the theory of vapour detection in your own words.
- 4 Make two lists of bullet points to show the advantages in mine detection of using rats
 - a rather than humans
 - b rather than dogs.
- 5 Explain the difference between 'endemic' and 'epidemic'.
- 6 Assuming that both rats and humans work for eight hours in a day, six days a week, explain in figures how much quicker are rats than humans in
 - a locating landmines
 - b testing saliva samples.

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words.

to harness

civilians

legacy

acute

detection

to emit

endemic

expectancy

epidemic

Make your own wordpool of any other unfamiliar words.

Writing a report

You have been working on this project and are considering extending your operations into Angola in Africa.

- Write a report on your operations with the rats in Mozambique for the Angolan government and recommend that you should extend your work into Angola.
- Use the information in the news report you have been reading to inform and persuade the Angolan government minister.

Can a rat be an object of beauty?

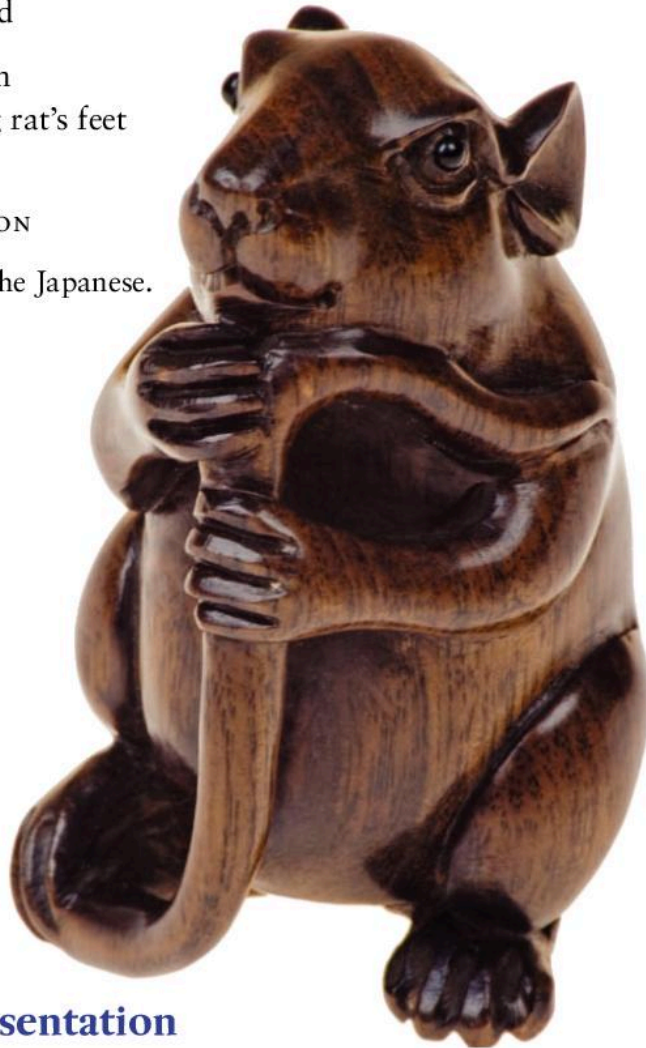
While many people are repelled by rats, they have also been made into objects of beauty as in the fine netsuke ornament from Japan illustrated here. Rats can also be the subject of poetry, as in the following by the eighteenth-century poet Taniguchi Buson.

Walking on dishes
The rat's feet make the music
Of shivering cold

Light winter rain
5 Like scampering rat's feet
over my koto

TANIGUCHI BUSON

Translated from the Japanese.



GLOSSARY

A **netsuke** is a weight used to attach a purse to a garment belt, and is often collected for its ornamental value.

A **koto** is a wooden musical instrument with 12 strings made of silk. It looks rather like a zither.

Making a presentation

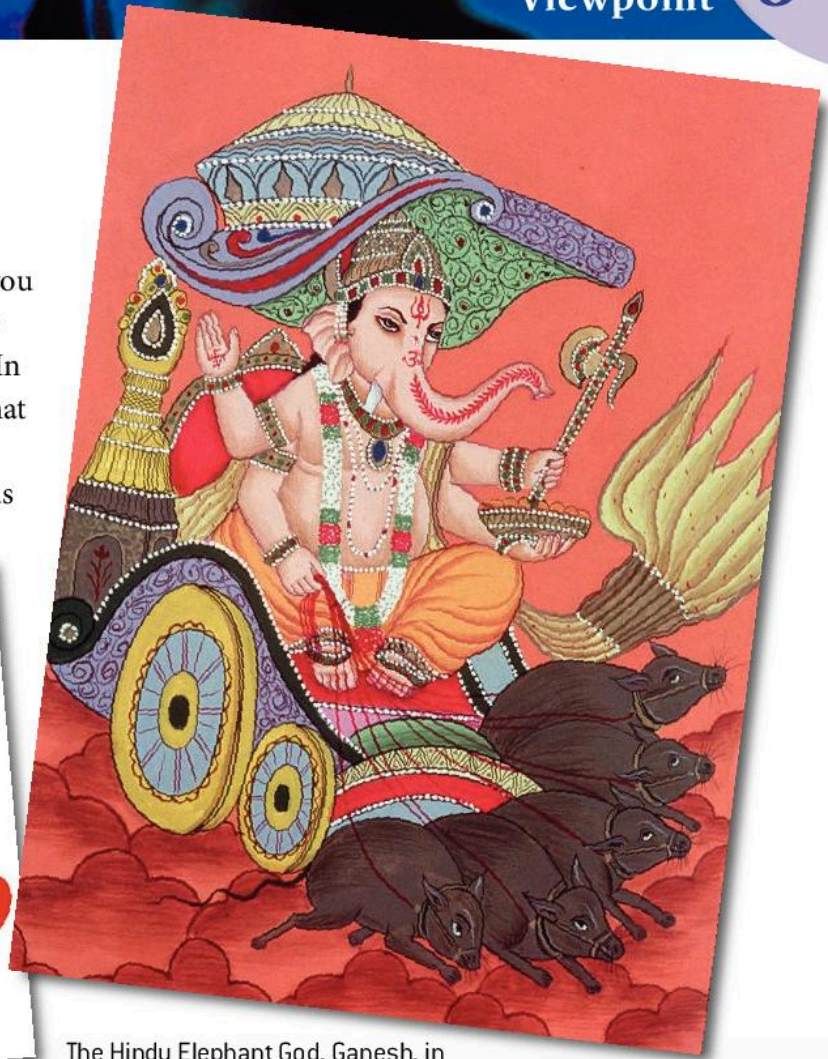
Create a PowerPoint presentation on a bird or animal that you think deserves more recognition and respect.

- Collect a variety of cultural and scientific viewpoints, including those that have been proven false or prejudicial and have contributed to its decline in numbers and/or status.
- Make your case by presenting information on its habitat or environment and the reasons for its current status.
- Give it a 'makeover' to make it look more desirable in a promotional campaign.

The rat in religion and mythology

In some religions and mythology, rats are to be revered. The rat is part of the Chinese zodiac. If you were born in the Chinese Year of the Rat, you are likely to be clever and show leadership qualities. In the Hindu religion, rats are so highly esteemed that they escort the elephant god, Ganesh. What do these symbols and images tell you about the status of rats in different cultures?

新年快乐



The Hindu Elephant God, Ganesh, in his chariot drawn by rats.

Holy rats feeding on milk at Deshnok Temple, Bikaner, India.

How do satirists express their views?

Satire is a way of pointing out faults in individuals or in society. It uses wit and irony to ridicule and criticize. Satire may be in words or pictures.

One of the most famous satires, and the most printed book in the English language, is *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift, first published in 1726. Retold for children, it is now a classic tale, but it was originally a witty and savage attack on the politics and society of the time in which the author lived.

Fiction

From *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift

Gulliver's Travels is the story of the travels of Lemuel Gulliver, who famously visited Lilliput where he is a giant among tiny people, and Brobdingnag where he is a tiny person in a land of giants. In this less-well-known extract Gulliver has been put ashore on a strange land where he meets the monstrous Yahoos and the civilized horses, the Houyhnhnms (pronounced 'Whinnims').

A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms

The land was divided by rows of trees and several fields of oats. I followed a beaten road where I saw many tracks and walked carefully for fear of being suddenly shot with an arrow. At last I beheld several animals in a field which were

5 of a very singular shape. Their heads and chests were covered with thick hair, they had beards like goats, a long ridge of hair down their backs and their legs and feet; but the rest of their bodies were bare. They had no tails and climbed high trees as nimbly as a squirrel, for they had strong, hooked

10 claws. They would spring, bound, and leap with prodigious agility. Upon the whole, I had never beheld in all my travels so disagreeable an animal, or one for which I felt such antipathy. So, full of contempt and aversion, I pursued the beaten road.

15 I had not gone far when I met one of these creatures on my path and coming up directly to me. When he saw me, the ugly monster distorted his visage and stared at me. Then, approaching nearer, he lifted up his fore paw, whether out of



Jonathan Swift was an Anglo-Irish satirist, essayist, political pamphleteer, poet and cleric who became Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

GLOSSARY

Explanation of some of the archaic or old-fashioned use of English words and phrases in *Gulliver's Travels*:

to behold (past tense beheld) means 'to see'.

singular means peculiar or extraordinary.

visage comes from *le visage* in French for 'face'.

mischief means harm.

from whence means 'from where'.

aspect means [facial] expression or look.

acute means intelligent.

lest is short for 'for fear that; in case'.

curiosity or mischief, I could not tell. But I drew my sword,
 20 and struck him with the flat side of it. The beast drew back,
 and roared so loud in pain, that a herd of at least forty came
 flocking about me from the next field, howling and making
 odious faces; but I ran to a tree, and leaning my back against
 it, kept them off by waving my sword. Several of this cursed
 25 brood leaped up into the tree, from whence they discharged
 their filth down on my head.

However, in the midst of this distress, they all ran away as
 fast as they could. Wondering what could have frightened
 them, I saw a horse walking softly in the field. It started a
 30 little when he came near me, but soon recovering himself,
 looked full in my face with obvious wonder. He observed my
 hands and feet, looking with a very mild aspect, never
 offering the least violence. We stood gazing at each other for
 some time and at last I reached my hand towards his neck to
 35 stroke it. But he shook his head, and softly raised up his
 fore-foot to remove my hand. Then he neighed three or four
 times, but in so different a cadence that I almost began to
 think he was speaking in some language of his own.

Another horse came up. The two gently struck
 40 each other's right hoof, neighed several times in
 turns and then went some paces off, as if it were
 to confer together. The two then came up close
 to me. One stroked my right hand, seeming to
 admire the softness, but he squeezed it so hard,
 45 that I was forced to roar; after which they
 both touched me with all possible tenderness.
 They were curious about my shoes and
 stockings, which they felt, neighing to each
 other. Their behaviour was orderly and
 50 rational, acute and judicious. I was amazed
 to see such actions and behaviour in brute
 beasts and thought that if the inhabitants of
 my country were endowed with a similar
 degree of reason, they would be the wisest
 55 people upon earth.

Wordpool

antipathy (line 13)
 odious (23)
 cadence (37)
 to be strewn with (73)
 carcass (74)
 to plunder (74)
 valour (75)
 diversion (79)

A Houyhnhnm graciously permits Gulliver to kiss his hoof. An illustration from a 1726 edition of *Gulliver's Travels*.



Gulliver is then taken to the Houyhnhnm's house where has many discussions with the Houyhnhnm Master about the state of affairs in their countries. Gulliver has told the Master about the skills of his countrymen in battle.

My Master continued, 'What you have told me upon the subject of war tells me about your reason. However, it is fortunate that Nature has made you incapable of doing much mischief. You can hardly bite each with your mouths
60 flat on your faces, unless by consent. Then, the claws upon your feet are so short and tender that one of our Yahoos would drive a dozen of yours before him. Therefore when you recounted the numbers of those who have been killed in battle, I cannot but think that you have told things which are
65 not true.'

I could not help shaking my head and smiling a little at his ignorance and, being no stranger to the art of war, I gave him a description of cannons, muskets, pistols, bullets, powder, swords, bayonets, sieges, retreats, attacks,
70 bombardments, sea-fights, ships sunk with a thousand men, twenty thousand killed on each side, dying groans, limbs flying in the air, smoke, noise, confusion, trampling to death under horses' feet, flight, pursuit, victory, fields strewn with carcasses left for dogs, wolves, and birds of prey, plundering,
75 stripping, burning and destroying. And to set forth the valour of my own dear countrymen, I assured him, that I had seen them blow up a hundred enemies at once in a siege, and as many in a ship; and beheld the dead bodies drop down in pieces to the great diversion of all the spectators.

80 My Master commanded me silence. He said that whoever understood the nature of Yahoos might easily believe it possible for so vile an animal to be capable of every action I had named. He hated the Yahoos of his country, yet he no more blamed them for their odious qualities, than he did a
85 bird of prey for its cruelty, or a sharp stone for cutting his hoof. But, when a creature pretending to reason could be capable of such enormities, he dreaded lest the corruption of reason might be worse than brutality itself. He seemed therefore confident that instead of reason, we were possessed
90 of some quality which increased our natural vices.

JONATHAN SWIFT

Looking closely

- 1 Explain the following in your own words: **a** prodigious agility **b** contempt and aversion **c** very mild aspect **d** orderly and rational **e** strewn with carcasses **f** odious qualities.
- 2 In what ways did the Yahoos seem to Gulliver to be a 'cursed brood'?
- 3 Compare the qualities of the Yahoos with those of the Houyhnhnms. Give a pair of adjectives for each which you think best describes them.
- 4 In what way is the phrase 'the valour of my own dear countrymen' satirical?
- 5 In what way could lines 66–79 be described as 'savage satire'?

Comprehension

- 1 How did the Houyhnhnm's behaviour when he first encountered Gulliver differ from that of the Yahoos?
- 2 In what ways did the Houyhnhnms seem almost human in their behaviour when they first met Gulliver?
- 3 What did Gulliver find most admirable about the Houyhnhnms?
- 4 Why did the Houyhnhnm Master think that Gulliver's countrymen were worse than the Yahoos?
- 5 What is the 'corruption of reason' that the author refers to in the last paragraph? Why is this 'worse than brutality itself'?
- 6 What do you think are the writer's views of human nature in these extracts?

Writing a satirical monologue

A monologue is a speech by one person. In a satirical monologue, the writer ridicules or criticizes some aspect of human behaviour. You have seen how Swift has used characters to express his opinions. You are going to write a satirical monologue.

- Think of a topic which you could satirize. The object of your satire may be a state of affairs, a group of people, or an individual anywhere in the world at the present time, or in the past. It may be something close to your heart which affects you directly, or something you have researched or read about.
- Write your monologue in the first person. You may model your character on a real person, living or dead.

Extension reading

This story is set during the Irish Civil War of 1922–3, when Ireland was divided by opposing views on the Anglo-Irish Treaty. The sniper in the story is on the Republican side, which was violently opposed to the Treaty.

Liam O’Flaherty was an Irish novelist and short story writer from the county of Galway.

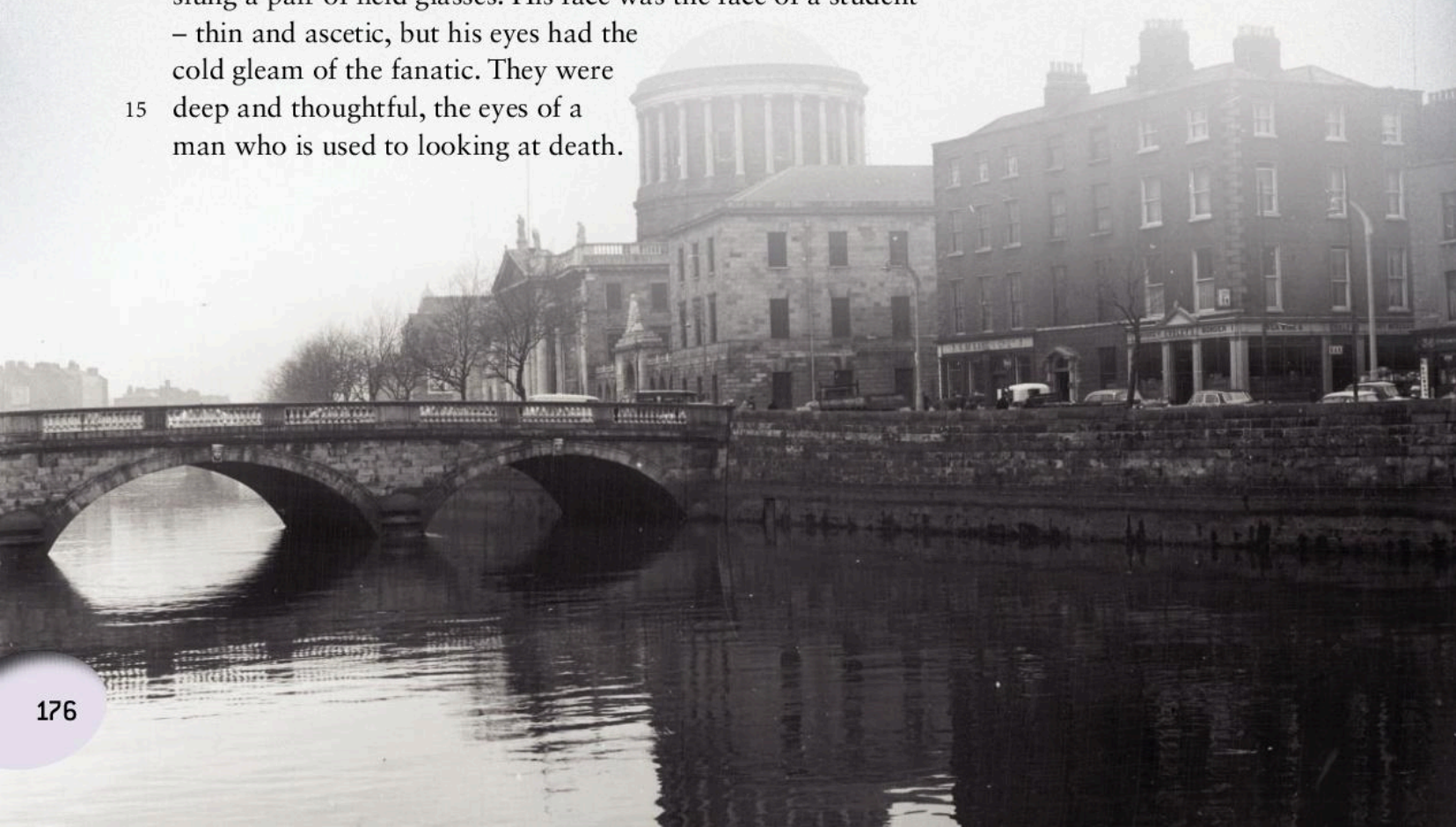
Wordpool

fleecy (line 3)
spasmodically (7)
to inhale (22)
armoured car (30)
informer (46)



∞ The Sniper ∞

- The long June twilight faded into night. Dublin lay enveloped in darkness, but for the dim light of the moon, that shone through fleecy clouds, casting a pale light as of approaching dawn over the streets and the dark waters of the Liffey. Around the beleaguered Four Courts the heavy guns roared. Here and there through the city machine guns and rifles broke the silence of the night, spasmodically, like dogs barking on lone farms. Republicans and Free States were waging civil war.
- 5
- 10 On a rooftop near O’Connell Bridge, a Republican sniper lay watching. Beside him lay his rifle and over his shoulders were slung a pair of field glasses. His face was the face of a student – thin and ascetic, but his eyes had the cold gleam of the fanatic. They were
- 15 deep and thoughtful, the eyes of a man who is used to looking at death.



He was eating a sandwich hungrily. He had eaten nothing since morning. He had been too excited to eat. He considered whether he should risk a smoke. It was dangerous. The flash
20 might be seen in the darkness and there were enemies watching. He decided to take the risk. Placing a cigarette between his lips, he struck a match, inhaled the smoke hurriedly and put out the light. Almost immediately, a bullet flattened itself against the parapet of the roof. The sniper
25 took another whiff and put out the cigarette. Then he swore softly and crawled away to the left.

Cautiously he raised himself and peered over the parapet. There was a flash and a bullet whizzed over his head. He dropped immediately. He had seen the flash. It came from the
30 opposite side of the street.

He rolled over the roof to a chimney stack in the rear, and slowly drew himself up behind it, until his eyes were level with the top of the parapet. There was nothing to be seen – just the dim outline of the opposite housetop against the blue
35 sky. His enemy was under cover.

Just then an armoured car came across the bridge and advanced slowly up the street. It stopped on the opposite side of the street fifty yards ahead. The sniper could hear the dull panting of the motor. His heart beat faster. It was an enemy
40 car. He wanted to fire, but he knew it was useless. His bullets would never pierce the steel that covered the grey monster.

Then round the corner of a side-street came an old woman, her head covered by a tattered shawl. She began to talk to the man in the turret of the car. She was pointing to the roof
45 where the sniper lay.

An informer.

The turret opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared, looking towards the sniper. The sniper raised his rifle and fired. The head fell heavily on the turret wall. The woman
50 darted toward the side-street. The sniper fired again. The woman whirled round and fell with a shriek into the gutter.

Suddenly from the opposite roof a shot rang out and the sniper dropped his rifle with a curse. The rifle clattered to the

roof. The sniper thought the noise would wake the dead. He
55 stopped to pick the rifle up. He couldn't lift it. His forearm
was dead. 'Christ; I'm hit,' he muttered.

Dropping flat on to the roof, he crawled back to the parapet.
With his left hand he felt the injured right forearm. The
blood was oozing through the sleeve of his coat. There was
60 no pain – just a deadened sensation, as if the arm had been
cut off.

Quickly he drew his knife from his pocket, opened it on the
breastwork of the parapet and ripped open the sleeve. There
was a small hole where the bullet had entered. On the other
65 side there was no hole. The bullet had lodged in the bone. It
must have fractured it. He bent the arm below the wound.
The arm bent back easily. He ground his teeth to overcome
the pain.

Then, taking out his field dressing, he ripped open the packet
70 with his knife. He broke the neck of the iodine bottle and let
the bitter fluid drip into the wound. A paroxysm of pain
swept through him. He placed the cotton wadding over the
wound and wrapped the dressing over it. He tied the end
with his teeth.

75 Then he lay still against the parapet, and closing his eyes, he
made an effort of will to overcome the pain.

In the street beneath all was still. The armoured car had
retired speedily over the bridge, with the machine gunner's
head hanging lifeless over the turret. The woman's corpse lay
80 still in the gutter.

The sniper lay for a long time nursing his wounded arm and
planning escape. Morning must not find him wounded on the
roof. The enemy on the opposite roof covered his escape. He
must kill that enemy and he could not use his rifle. He had
85 only a revolver to do it. Then he thought of a plan.

Taking off his cap, he placed it over the muzzle of his rifle.
Then he pushed the rifle slowly upwards over the parapet,
until the cap was visible from the opposite side of the street.
Almost immediately there was a report: and a bullet pierced
90 the centre of the cap. The sniper slanted the rifle forward.

The cap slipped down into the street. Then catching the rifle in the middle, the sniper dropped his left hand over the roof and let it hang, lifelessly. After a few moments he let the rifle drop to the street. Then he sank to the roof, dragging his
95 hand with him.

Crawling quickly to the left, he peered up at the corner of the roof. His ruse had succeeded. The other sniper seeing the cap and rifle fall, thought that he had killed his man. He was now standing before a row of chimney pots, looking across,
100 with his head clearly silhouetted against the western sky.

The Republican sniper smiled and lifted his revolver above the edge of the parapet. The distance was about fifty yards – a hard shot in the dim light, and his right arm was paining him like a thousand devils. He took a steady aim. His hand
105 trembled with eagerness. Pressing his lips together, he took a deep breath through his nostrils and fired. He was almost deafened with the report and his arm shook with the recoil.

Then, when the smoke cleared, he peered across and uttered a cry of joy. His enemy had been hit. He was reeling over the
110 parapet in his death agony. He struggled to keep his feet, but he was slowly falling forward, as if in a dream. The rifle fell from his grasp, hit the parapet, fell over, bounded off the pole of the barber's shop beneath and then clattered on to the pavement.

115 Then the dying man on the roof crumpled up and fell forward. The body turned over and over in space and hit the ground with a dull thud. Then it lay still.

The sniper looked at his enemy falling and he shuddered. The lust of battle died in him. He became bitten by remorse.
120 The sweat stood out in beads on his forehead. Weakened by his wound and the long summer day of fasting and watching on the roof, he revolted from the sight of the shattered mass of his dead enemy. His teeth chattered. He began to gibber to himself, cursing the war, cursing himself, cursing everybody.

125 He looked at the smoking revolver in his hand and with an oath he hurled it to the roof at his feet. The revolver went off with the concussion, and the bullet whizzed past the sniper's

head. He was frightened back to his senses by the shock. His nerves steadied. The cloud of fear scattered from his mind and he laughed. He decided to leave the roof and look for his company commander to report. Everywhere around was quiet. There was not much danger in going through the streets. He picked up his revolver and put it in his pocket. Then he crawled down through the skylight to the house underneath.

When the sniper reached the laneway on the street level, he felt a sudden curiosity as to the identity of the enemy sniper whom he had killed. He decided that he was a good shot whoever he was. He wondered if he knew him. Perhaps he had been in his own company before the split in the army. He decided to risk going over to have a look at him. He peered around the corner into O'Connell Street. In the upper part of the street there was heavy firing, but around here all was quiet.



145 The sniper darted across the street. A machine gun tore up
the ground around him with a hail of bullets, but he escaped.
He threw himself face downwards beside the corpse. The
machine gun stopped.

150 Then the sniper turned over the dead body and looked into
his brother's face.

LIAM O'FLAHERTY

Comprehension

- 1 Describe in your own words what eyes showing the 'cold gleam of a fanatic' would look like. (line 14) What other details reinforce the image of a desperate man?
- 2 How do we know the woman on the street is 'an informer'?
- 3 How does the sniper trick the enemy sniper into thinking he is dead?
- 4 Who is killed in this story? Why are they killed?
- 5 Why does the writer avoid the use of personal names in this story?
- 6 What is the moral or message of the story? What does it communicate about the tragedy of civil war?

Journal

Write about a situation in which you were on the
opposing side of someone you were close to.

9

Colour

How do we talk about colours?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- India
- the United Kingdom
- Mexico
- Germany
- Finland

Read

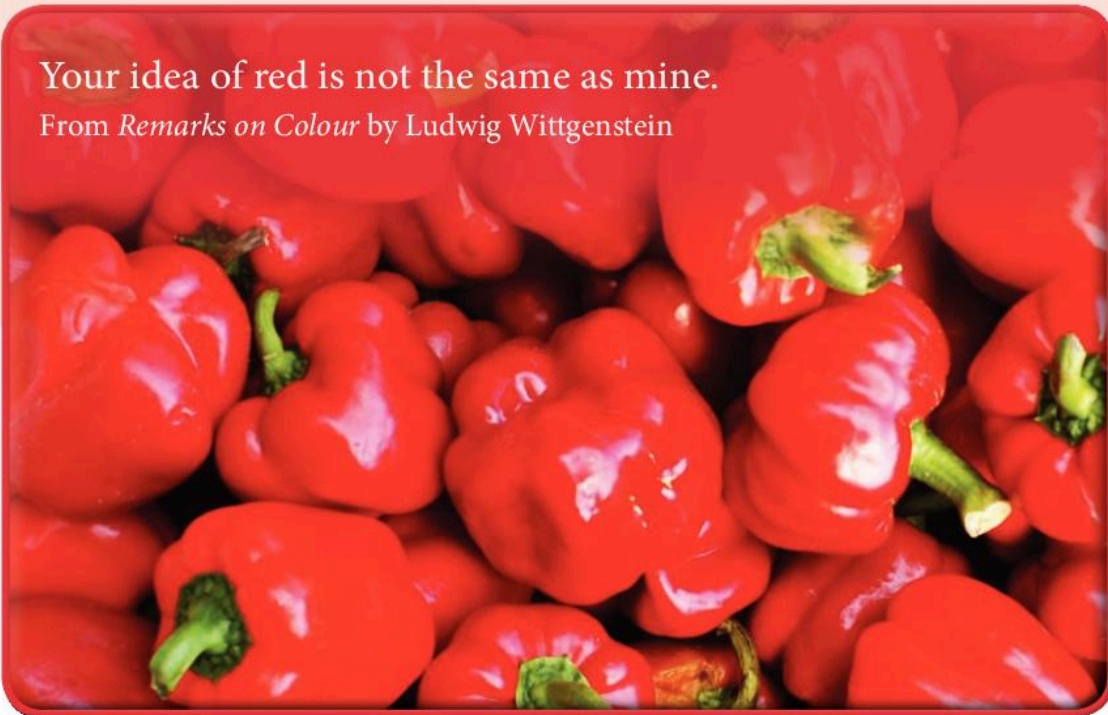
- poetry
- a fable
- non-fiction
- fiction
- an exhibition catalogue
- an interview

Create

- a poem
- a fable
- scientific and cultural research
- an art review
- journal entries

Your idea of red is not the same as mine.

From *Remarks on Colour* by Ludwig Wittgenstein



When the philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein asked the question 'What is red?' he followed it up with a number of related questions. Is it about something red, or an idea of red? What is in a colour? What is in a name?

Wittgenstein wanted to make clear that, while many cultures have a word for red and a concept of red, we don't all have the same idea of red. In fact, as the above quotation implies, it would be safer to say that each and every one of us views red quite differently!

Journal

Write a journal entry on your idea of red.

Poem

The poet Vasundhara Kulkarni is from India. As you read through her poem 'Red Diamonds', make a list of all the words for red and what they describe. How do the words add to the richness of the imagery in the poem?



Red Diamonds

Lambada woman at work
 swiftly shifts
 brick-stacked iron trays
 then lifts
 5 a cement-filled platter
 to place it
 over a coiled cushion
 on her head.
 Even as her back
 10 bares itself
 like the summer's earth,
 mirrors,
 on her bright red attire
 dazzle
 15 in the noon-day glare.
 In a tiny space half-shaded
 by the fine sand
 and the hard granites,
 a lady suckles her young
 20 in the canopy of her sari.
 As she pauses
 and looks up to drink water,
 her eyes almost close;
 yet

25 the vermilion on her forehead
 is sun herself.
 In a distant desert,
 as women dressed
 in the hues of an unhurried dusk
 30 prepare to grind spice
 by a carpet of hot peppers,
 they blaze
 like strokes of saffron and scarlet
 on a camel-coloured canvas;
 35 even with soaked armpits
 and parched skins
 they flicker
 like red diamonds
 shot forth
 40 by volcanoes of fathomless force
 and strengthened
 in the bosom of energies
 unbound, unknown.

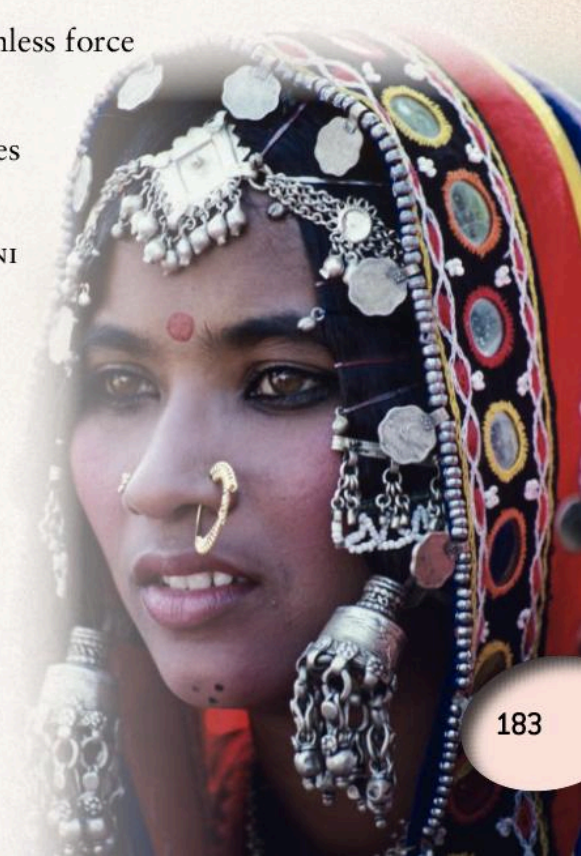
VASUNDHARA KULKARNI

GLOSSARY

The **Lambada** are a semi-nomadic tribe of various groups found in many parts of India, particularly Andhra Pradesh, a state in the south-east of India.

Talking points

- 1 Why do we use so many different words for the same colour?
- 2 Make a list of as many colour terms for red as you can think of, and discuss in your group the differences between them.



When is a poem like a painting?

How do we use colour to describe what we feel? Why do we associate certain feelings with certain colours? Think about the colours of the paint box and how you would use them to describe your day.

Poem

The writer Phoebe Hesketh is from Lancashire, England. She described a poem as a painting that is not seen and a painting as a poem that is not heard. Think about the relationship between the two art forms as you read the following poems.

Paint Box

He tried to tell them what he felt
could say it only in colours –
Sunday's white page shading to grey
of evening clocks and bells-in-the-rain.
5 Monday morning, bright yellow brass
of a cock crowing.
Story-time, purple.

Scarlet is shouting in the playground.
His world's a cocoon
10 round as an egg, an acorn
sprouting green.
The schoolroom square and hard
his desk hard and square
facing the enemy blackboard.
15 'You must learn to read,' they said
and gave him a painting-book alphabet.
Apple swelled beautifully red.
Balloon expanded in blue.
C was a cage for a bird;
20 his brush wavered through
painting himself
a small brown smudge inside.

PHOEBE HESKETH

Comprehension

- 1 What is the boy's problem? What makes his view of the world special?
- 2 How does the boy's imaginative world contrast with his description of the school environment?
- 3 Why do you think the boy sees himself as 'a small brown smudge'? Explain the colour metaphor. What do you associate with a smudge?



Poem

The following poem is by an anonymous writer. That means that the identity of the poet is either deliberately concealed or unknown.

The poem describes the perception of colour from the point of view of a little boy who is blind. How do his perceptions relate to Phoebe Hesketh's concept of a poem as a painting that cannot be seen? Try to imagine the sound of colours and ways of perceiving colour other than through sight.

☞ I Asked the Little Boy Who Cannot See ☛

I asked the little boy who cannot see,
 'And what is colour like?'
 'Why, green,' said he,
 'Is like the rustle when the wind blows through
 5 The forest; running water, that is blue;
 And red is like a trumpet sound; and pink
 Is like the smell of roses; and I think
 That purple must be like a thunderstorm;
 And yellow is like something soft and warm;
 10 And white is a pleasant stillness when you lie
 And dream.'

ANONYMOUS



Writing a poem

Write a poem that describes a conversation about colour. It can be a monologue (a one-way conversation) or in the form of a question and answer. 'What does red mean?' 'How does yellow feel?' 'Why do I like purple?'

- Use precise descriptions that explain your colour concepts as vividly as you can.
- Make notes on what colours and associated metaphors you wish to include in your poem before you begin writing.

Talking point

- 1 What do you associate with different colours?
- 2 How do advertisements exploit colour associations?

Where do colours come from?

You only have to look at the natural world to realize that beautiful and brilliant colours existed long before human beings gave a name to them. Do you know why animals and birds, as well as flowers, are so brightly coloured? What is their purpose in nature?

Fable

From *The Story of Colours* by Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos

The following fable by the Mexican writer Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos draws on the inspiration of the beautiful plumage of the macaw. Macaws, a type of parrot, are native to Mexico, Central and South America, and the Caribbean. Most species are associated with rainforest habitats. Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos is one of Mexico's most popular authors, and a campaigner for the rights of the indigenous Mayan people in the region.

☞ The Story of Colours ☛

The macaw didn't used to be like this. It hardly had any colour at all. It was just grey. Its feathers were stunted, like a wet chicken – just one more bird among all the others who didn't know how he arrived in the world. The gods
5 themselves didn't know who made the birds. Or why.

And that's the way it was. The gods woke up after Night had said to Day, 'Okay, that's it for me – your turn'. The gods were fighting, because the world was very boring with only two colours to paint it. And their anger was a true anger
10 because only the two colours took their turns with the world: the black which ruled the night and the white which strolled about during the day. And then there was a third which wasn't a real colour. It was the grey which painted the dusks and the dawns so that the black and the white didn't
15 bump into each other so hard.

And these gods were quarrelsome but wise. They had a meeting and they finally agreed to make more colours. They wanted to make it more joyous for people – who were blind as bats – to take a walk and take pleasure in their
20 surroundings.



One of the gods took to walking so he could think better. And he thought his thoughts so deeply that he didn't look where he was going. And he tripped on a stone so big that he hit his head and it started to bleed.

25 And the god, after screaming and squawking for quite a while, looked at his blood and saw that it was a different colour, one that wasn't like the other two colours. And he went running to where the other gods were and showed them the new colour, and they called the colour red, the third
30 colour to be born.

After that, another god looked for a colour to paint the feeling of hope. He found it, though it took him a little while, and he went to show it to the assembly of gods, and they named this colour green, the fourth colour.

35 Another one started to dig deep into the earth. 'What are you doing?' asked the other gods. 'I'm trying to find the heart of the earth,' he answered, throwing dirt all over the place. In time he arrived at the heart of the earth and he showed it to the other gods and they called this fifth colour brown.

40 Another god went straight upwards. 'I want to see what colour the world is,' he said, and kept climbing and climbing all the way up. When he got very high up, he looked down and saw the colour of the world, but he didn't know how to bring it
45 to where the other gods were so he kept looking for a long while until he became blind, because the colour of the world stuck to his eyes.

He came down as best he could,
50 by fits and starts, and he arrived where the assembly of the gods was and said to them, 'I am carrying the colour of the world in my

55 eyes,' and they named the sixth colour blue.



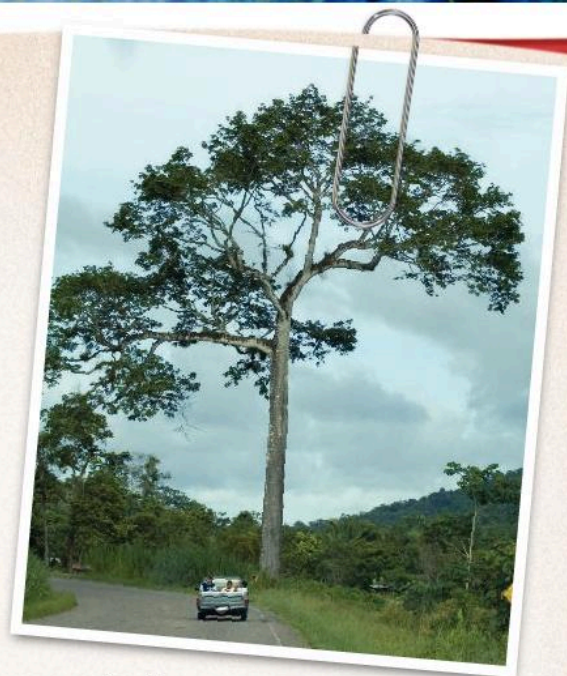
Another god was looking for colours when he heard a child laughing. He sneaked up on the child quietly and, when the child wasn't paying attention, the god snatched his laugh and left him in tears. That's why they say that children can be laughing one minute and all of a sudden they are crying. The god stole the child's laugh and they called this seventh colour yellow.

By now the gods were tired and they drank some pozol and went to sleep, leaving the colours in a little box which they threw beneath the ceiba tree. The little box wasn't closed very tight and the colours escaped and started to play together, mixing more colours. The ceiba tree looked at them and covered them all to keep the rain from washing the colours away, and when the gods came back, there weren't just seven colours but many more.

They looked at the ceiba tree and said, 'You gave birth to the colours. You will take care of the world. And from the top of your head we shall paint the world.'

And they climbed to the top of the ceiba tree from where they started to fling colours all over the place, and the blue stayed partly in the sky and partly in the water, the green fell on the plants and the trees, and the brown, which was heavier, fell to the ground, and the yellow, which was a child's laugh, flew up to paint the sun. The red dropped into the mouths of men and animals and they ate it and painted themselves red inside. And the black and the white were, of course, already in the world. And it was a mess the way the gods threw the colours because they didn't care where the colours landed. Some colours splattered on the men and women, and that is why there are people of different colours and different ways of thinking. And soon the gods got tired and went to sleep again. These gods just wanted to sleep. And then, because they didn't want to forget colours or lose them, they looked for a way to keep them safe.

And they were thinking about that in their hearts when they saw the macaw, and they grabbed it and started to pour all the colours on it, and they stretched its feathers so that the



A ceiba tree.

GLOSSARY

Pozol is a traditional Mayan drink made of cooked cornmeal and cacao. It is very nutritious and filling.

The **ceiba tree** [also called a kapok tree] is a very tall tropical tree with a big, wide canopy. After rainforest clearance, it is often the only tree left standing on its own.

95 colours could all fit. And that was how the macaw took hold of the colours, and so it goes strutting about just in case men and women forget how many colours there are and how many ways of thinking, and that the world will be happy if all the colours and ways of thinking have their place.

SUBCOMANDANTE INSURGENTE MARCOS

Looking closely

- 1 What was the point of grey before the other colours were invented?
- 2 How was the colour blue discovered?
- 3 Which verbs in lines 57–63 tell you about the god's tactics in discovering yellow?
- 4 What happened to the colour red? (lines 80–82)
- 5 In what ways was the ceiba tree a parent to the colours? Which words does the writer use to express this idea?

Comprehension

- 1 In what ways were the colours in the world restricted at the beginning (lines 1–15)?
- 2 In what way were the gods 'wise'? (line 16)
- 3 What is the first colour (after black and white) which the god discovered? How does he discover it and what is its significance?
- 4 Why did the gods throw the colours at the macaw?
- 5 How do you think the writer's interest in protecting native peoples and their environment is reflected in the conclusion to his story? (lines 91–98)

Writing a fable about a colour

Pick a colour, any colour, and write a fable about its origins and meanings. It can be a colour important in your culture or one that you particularly wish to give more emphasis to.

- Identify what the predicament is. Perhaps it has in the past had unfortunate associations, and now you want to give it an alternative identity. Perhaps it has symbolic associations that you wish to develop further.
- Personify the colour, so it is like a god or a person. What kind of emotions and feelings does it express? What things in nature and in daily life do you most associate it with?
- Think of a positive outcome or focus for your chosen colour. Remember, all fables conclude with a moral or message.

Who invented a colour?

Up until the modern era, colour dying was a messy, inexact, and expensive business, reliant on expensive raw materials from dwindling animal, vegetable or mineral sources. Natural dyes like woad and indigo were non colour-fast, and faded quickly. In addition, it was difficult to guarantee exactly the same hue in each successive dye. But help was on the way, with the dawn of the new science of chemistry.

Non-fiction

From *Bright Earth: The Invention of Colour* by Philip Ball

The inventor of the first aniline dye was an eighteen-year-old chemistry student, William Henry Perkin (1838–1907), who had been set a task by his tutor to come up with a synthetic quinine to treat malaria using coal tar (a plentiful waste product during the Industrial Revolution in England). What he ended up with was a strange brown paste which produced a bright lilac or purple stain that, instead of washing down the sink, he decided to register as a patent.

For Perkin, this led to a successful family business as the inventor and manufacturer of the first synthetic aniline dye. He called this colour Tyrian purple after the famous coloured robes of the Roman Emperors. He later called it mauve following the fashion in France, and it became the most sought-after dress colour in Victorian England.

☞ A Passion for Purple ☛

In the mid-1850s, August Wilhelm von Hofmann, the director of the Royal College of Chemistry in London, set one of his young students, William Henry Perkin, on the quest for synthetic quinine. The son of a London builder, Perkin showed a talent for chemistry in his teens under the
5 tutelage of Thomas Hall at the City of London School. Hall, a former student of Hofmann, arranged for Perkin to enter the Royal College of Chemistry in 1853, when the lad was just fifteen years old. Hofmann set him the task of
10 researching the possible application of processed coal-tar, and Perkin set up his own personal laboratory in his parents'



William Henry Perkin

Wordpool

Discuss the meaning of the following words.

tutelage (line 6)

alchemist (15)

synthetic (17)

synthesis (52)

hazardous (80)

to corrode (81)

plagiarism (91)

gaudy (112)

to be afflicted (114)

Make your own wordpool of any other unfamiliar words.

home. This was not a new situation to the Perkin family. William's grandfather Thomas Perkin conducted experiments in the cellar of his house at Black Thornton in Yorkshire, gaining a local reputation as an alchemist.

So it was in a garden shed at his home in Shadwell, East London, that Perkin attempted in 1856 to make synthetic quinine. His starting material was a compound called allyltoluidine, derived from coal tar toluene. Perkins reasoned by little more than atom-counting that two molecules of allyltoluidine might unite with oxygen to generate one molecule of quinine and one of water. In other words, he hoped that oxidation of allyltoluidine might be a means of securing synthetic quinine.

It wasn't. When Perkins treated allyltoluidine with an oxidizing agent, all he obtained was a reddish-brown sludge. Organic chemists quickly become familiar with this kind of reaction – generally it means that the reagents have combined to give an unintelligible mess that is best flushed down the sink. But Perkin thought it was worth investigating further. Perkin decided to conduct the same reaction using aniline itself as his starting material. This time, oxidation produced a black solid which dissolved in methylated spirit to give a purple solution. Would cloth take up this colour? Perkin coolly explained many years later that 'On experimenting with the colouring matter thus obtained, I found it to be a very stable compound, dyeing silk a beautiful purple which resisted the light for a long time.' The colour is indeed glorious even today.

While striking and unexpected, Perkin's discovery was not of its own accord a breakthrough in dye manufacture. Others before him had found bright reddish colours from coal-tar compounds, and yet nothing had come of it. What made the difference in Perkin's case was that he was not put off at once by the formidable obstacles to making his discovery commercially useful.

Making a dye from aniline was all very well in the laboratory – but aniline was already an expensive substance, made in two steps from coal-tar benzene. First, benzene is

GLOSSARY

Aniline [also known as phenylamine or aminobenzene] is derived from coal tar. It is a precursor to many industrial chemicals used in the manufacture of synthetic plastics and dyes today.

A **reagent** is a person or thing which is acted upon or reacts to something.

In commercial law a **patent** is a licence from a government giving for a set period the sole right to make, use, or sell some process or invention. It follows the same principle as copyright legislation.

A **mordant** is a substance which helps a dye become firmly fixed in the fibre.

Calico is a general term for cotton cloth, originally imported to Europe from Calicut in India.

A **barouche** was a fashionable open horse-drawn carriage used in the nineteenth-century.

Tyrian purple is a purple-red dye used to colour the royal robes of the ancient Byzantine and Roman emperors. It is derived from a type of shellfish or sea snail called Murex.

Murexide, named after the sea snails, is made from purpuric acid.

50 converted to nitrobenzene using nitric acid; then this is
'reduced' to aniline. At that time, multi-step chemical
synthesis was unheard of on an industrial scale: according to
conventional wisdom, if you couldn't make the product in
one pot, it was not worth bothering with.

55 But before confronting this problem, Perkin needed to know
if his dye was any good. He sent samples for testing to the
Scottish dyers John Pullar and Sons in Perth, who were
impressed by the results – provided, they said, that 'your
discovery does not make the goods too expensive'. That was
60 enough to persuade Perkin to apply for a patent, and he
travelled to Perth to collaborate directly in attempts to find a
suitable mordant for cotton. But the Glasgow calico printers
that he visited were fearful of its cost. Perkin's aniline purple
seemed destined to be a speciality product for silks, not wool
65 or cotton.

At this point, Perkin had several choices. If he had been
prone to caution, he might have abandoned the whole idea
and resumed his academic studies. Alternatively, he could
have sold the rights to Pullar or some other company and left
70 them to wrestle with the dye's commercialization. But
instead, he persuaded his father George and his brother
Thomas that they should set up a business. In October 1856
he resigned from the Royal Society of Chemistry, to
Hofmann's dismay, and the Perkin family began to look for a
75 site on which to build a small factory.

Now there was no avoiding the issue of how to scale up the
synthesis without making it prohibitively expensive. Perkin
identified a relatively cheap way to convert nitrobenzene to
aniline; but the large-scale production of nitrobenzene from
80 benzene and nitric acid was hazardous. Iron vessels could not
be used since they were corroded by the concentrated acid,
and so expensive glass ones were used – with the
considerable risk of breakage and explosions. Benzene could
be bought at a reasonable rate from coal-tar distillers, but in
85 a form so impure that it had to be redistilled before use.

Perhaps it was the craze for purple that saved the Perkins'
enterprise, at face value a mad act of faith. In France, the



Perkin's original mauve dye, 1856.

manufacturers of French purple held a virtual monopoly on purple dyes that the Lyon silk dyers wanted to break. The
 90 announcement of Perkin's discovery by the Chemical Society of London in March 1857 left it open to plagiarism in continental Europe, where Perkin's patent did not apply. His attempt to secure French patents rights failed, and both French and German colour chemists began experimenting
 95 with aniline purple. By late 1858 it was being used by French calico printers, and this placed pressure on the British calico printers to reconsider their own reluctance. Orders increased at the Perkins' factory, now fully operational at Greenford Green, near Harrow.

100 Perkin continued to confront the technical problems associated with the manufacture and use of the dye. In 1857 he found a mordant effective for cotton. Later, the Perkins were able to replace their glass vessels with iron ones by using less concentrated nitric acid mixed with sulphuric acid.
 105 They marketed the dye at first as 'Tyrian purple', but by 1859 it had become known simply as 'mauve' – there was more benefit to be had from an association with Parisian *haute couture* than with antiquity. By May 1857 John Pullar in Perth was able to tell Perkin that 'a rage' had begun for his
 110 new colour; and in the next few years it overtook the competitors, murexide and French purple.

Mauve was positively gaudy by today's standards, and conservative commentators frowned on it. The British periodical *Punch* complained that London was afflicted with
 115 mauve measles. Others were more charitable. Charles Dickens' periodical *All the Year Round* sang Perkin's praises in September 1859:

120 *As I look out of my window, the apotheosis of Perkin's purple seems at hand – purple hands shake each other at street doors – purple hands threaten each other from opposite sides of the street; purple-striped gowns cram barouches, jam up cabs, throng steamers, fill railway stations: all flying countryward, like so many migrating birds of purple Paradise.*

Writing about a scientific discovery

Research further examples of experiments with new substances and colours. Explain the science involved as simply as you can, and write about the circumstances of its discovery or invention.

- Describe how the discovery came about, and whether it was by accident or a logical outcome of ongoing research. What implications did it have for people at the time?
- What exciting possibilities did the new discovery open up? What challenges did it raise? There could also be negative effects you might need to discuss, such as its impact on the environment.



April Love by Arthur Hughes, painted in 1855–6.

Comprehension

- 1 In what way was young Perkin following in the footsteps of his grandfather?
- 2 What usually happened to the 'unintelligible mess' produced by an experiment like Perkin's (line 29)? What did Perkin do and why were his actions significant?
- 3 Explain the role of John Pullar and Sons in Perkin's work.
- 4 What were the advantages and disadvantages of using glass vessels in Perkin's work?
- 5 Why did Perkin market his colour as 'mauve' rather than 'Tyrian purple'?
- 6 There are many scientific words and processes used in this text. Make a list of those you have not heard of before. If you can, add a definition to each. What effect does all this scientific vocabulary have on you as a reader?

Journal

Write a journal entry on your response to the colour purple.

How do we use colours?

How do we make colours, and what are they used for? Think of all the different sources and origins for pure colour pigments. Some are used to colour food, others to make paint colours. Think about the available natural pigments and how they are processed. What are the advantages and disadvantages of using natural as opposed to synthetic pigments?

Look at the sample images of the sources for yellow pigments on the following pages. What do they tell us about the importance of colour to our cultural traditions?



Chrome yellow is a bright yellow pigment made from lead chromate (PbCrO_4). It was first extracted from the mineral crocoite by the French chemist Louis Vauquelin in 1809. Van Gogh used chrome yellow straight out of the tube in his *Sunflowers*, painted in 1888.



Writing about colour in culture

Why do we associate colours with particular places and traditions? Choose a colour and a selection of objects or images that are linked in some way. Write 100 words on the significance of your chosen colour.

- Where do you see your colour in everyday life? Perhaps you are inspired by gemstones, flowers and birds or other images from nature.
- Find symbolic references in art and literature. Do further research to refine your understanding of the broader cultural and symbolic associations of your chosen colour.



Saffron is a spice derived from the flower of the saffron crocus (*Crocus sativus*). It is used as a spice and a food fabric dye. What spices are used in yellow curry powder?

Holi is the Hindu festival that welcomes the Spring. It is also called 'The Festival of Colours'. People celebrate the festival by smearing each other with paint, and throwing coloured powder and dye on passersby. Vegetable organic dyes have been around in India since ancient times, but the bright chemical colours that are popular today can cause harm to people and the environment.

Letter

In the following extracts from two letters from Vincent Van Gogh to a fellow painter, Émile Bernard, Van Gogh describes his enthusiasm for the landscape and his excitement about colour.

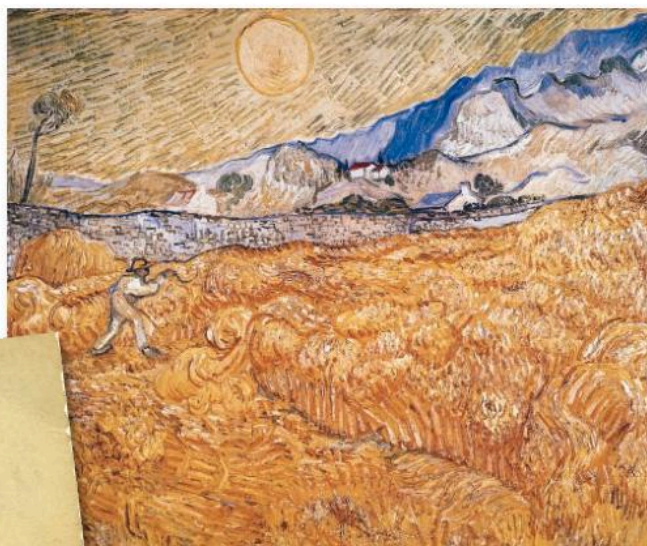
He painted many images of wheatfields when he was living in Saint-Rémy, in the south of France.

...How tired you get in the sun here! In the same way I am wholly unable to judge my own work. I cannot see whether the studies are good or bad. I have seven studies of wheatfields. The landscapes are in yellow - old gold - done quickly, quickly, quickly and in a hurry, just like the harvester who is silent under the blazing sun, intent only on his reaping ...

Yours sincerely, Vincent

I won't hide from you that I don't dislike the country, as I have been brought up there - I am still charmed by the magic of my memories of the past, of a longing for the infinite, of which the sower, the sheaf are the symbols - just as much as before. But when shall I paint my starry sky, that picture which preoccupies me continuously? ... Herewith another landscape. Sunset? Rising moon? In any case a summer sun. The town violet, the orb yellow, the sky blue-green. The wheat has all the tones of old gold, copper, gold-green or gold-red, gold-yellow, bronze-yellow, green-red.

A handshake, Vincent



The Harvester, painted by Vincent Van Gogh in 1889.

Looking closely

- 1 What elements of the landscape does Van Gogh choose to focus on with his exaggerated use of colour and line?
- 2 What qualities of this region of France interest him?
- 3 Why does Van Gogh limit his choice of colours, do you think?
- 4 How does Van Gogh depict the harvester? What do his feelings towards him seem to be?

Exhibition catalogue

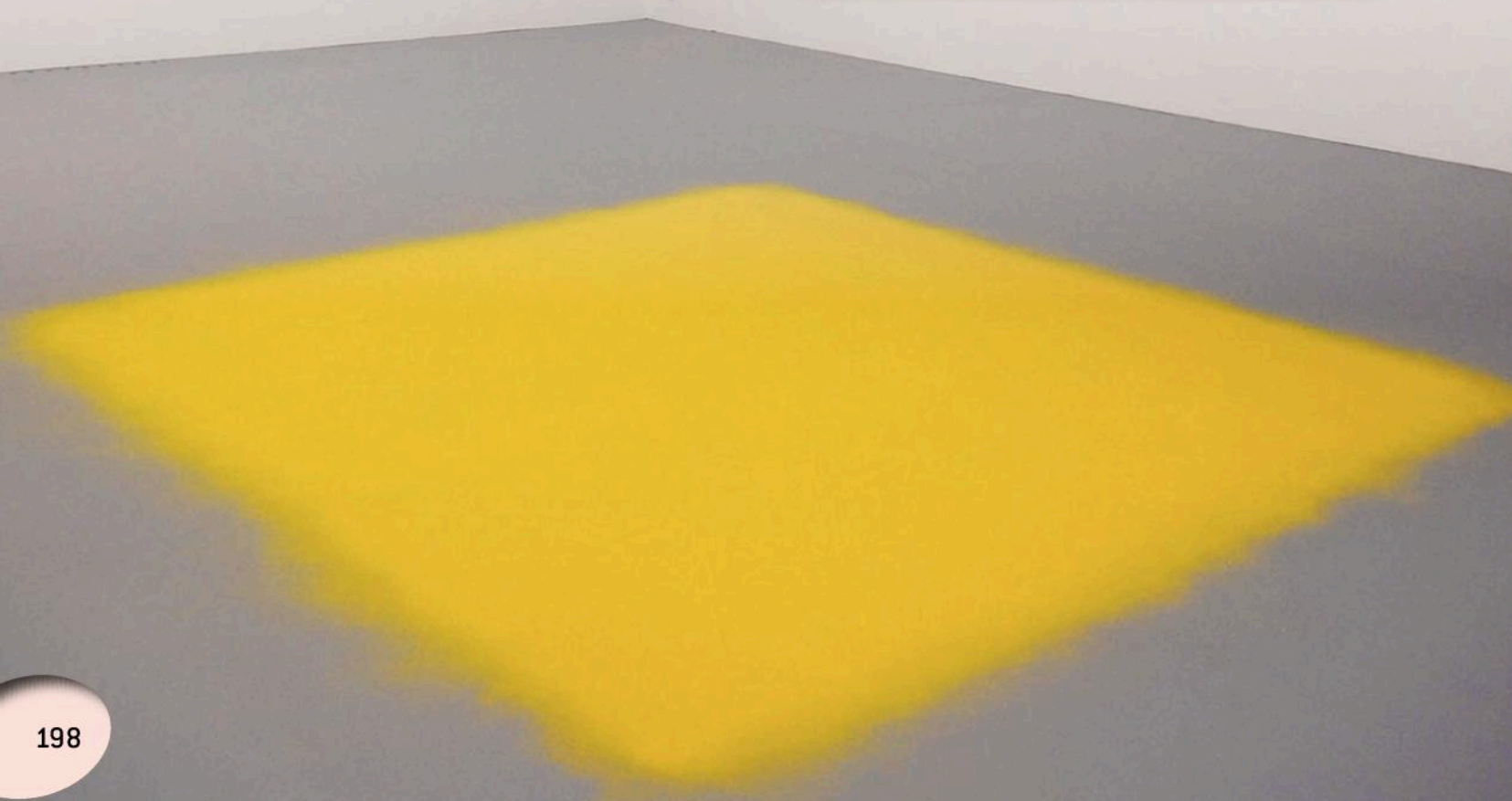
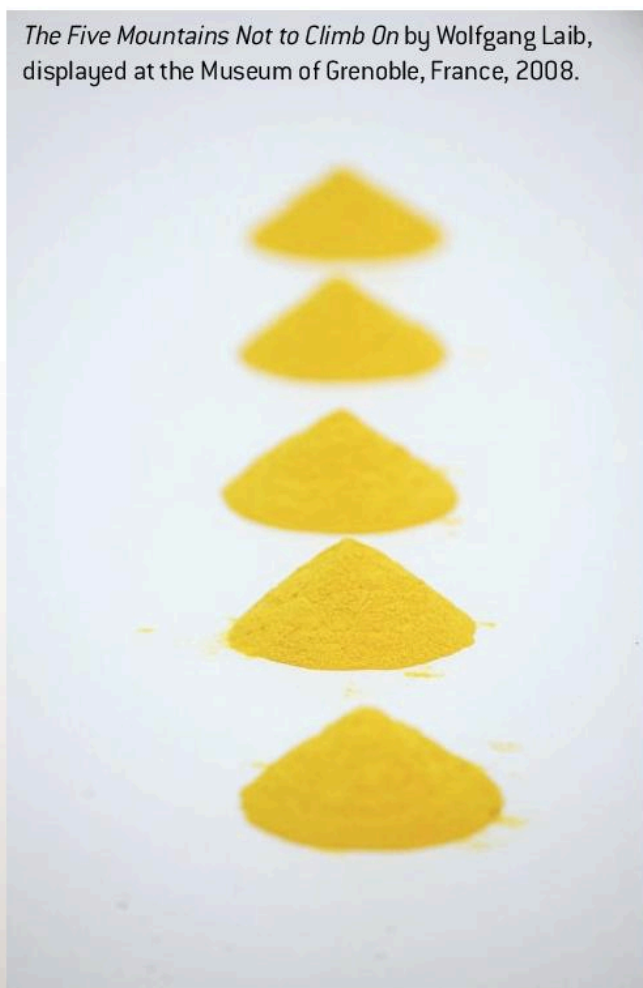
From *Wolfgang Laib: A Retrospective*

The German artist Wolfgang Laib makes installation art using pollen, milk, beeswax, marble and rice. Laib first studied medicine, but then decided to become an artist. An early inspiration was his experience of living in southern India, where he saw the temple offerings in Tamil Nadu.

Laib is best known for his 'pollen pieces'. To make a pollen field, he taps pollen through a muslin sieve to form a delicate layer of pure pollen yellow. Read more about the background to Laib's art in the following extract and interview.

Journal of Contemporary Art

The Five Mountains Not to Climb On by Wolfgang Laib, displayed at the Museum of Grenoble, France, 2008.



New York City, November 1986

Klaus Ottmann interviews Wolfgang Laib

Ottmann: Tell me about your work process.

Laib: For years I had no studio at all. I collected my pollen from early spring to August/September, and then, in the late fall, I started to be very free, not being fixed to a space. So my studio was where I collected my pollen. Then, when I was doing more and more work, I bought a beautiful space, but it's less of a studio and more like a space where I want to see my work in and be with it.

Ottmann: How long does it take you to collect pollen for one single piece?

Laib: It's very different from one pollen to the next. Dandelion, for instance, has very little pollen and blossoms only for about four to six weeks. So I get only a small jar of dandelion pollen during one summer, and the piece is therefore very small. Pine has much more pollen, so I can make a large piece in the same time.

Ottmann: Does the pollen change with the time?

Laib: You have to be very careful because of the humidity, but I have pollen that is fifteen years old. For instance, with dandelion you have to be more careful, because it is very coarse, very organic.

Ottmann: Your work is very influenced by Eastern cultures and religions.

Laib: I like very different things from very different countries, like from Africa or India, but also St Francis of Assisi is for me wonderful. I feel it could be very radical for us if we apply those things to our life, if we take them really seriously, not just as an exotic adventure. If you bring these things into your own daily life, they become revolutionary.

Ottmann: What is more important for you – the collecting of pollen or spreading it on the floor?

Laib: I think it's both. It's the pollen piece as a whole. But it's not as if I'm making an art out of the collecting. It's the pollen I'm interested in. For me the jar of pollen is as good as the spread-out piece.

Ottmann: So it's not important for you to put it on the floor?

Laib: No, of course not. It would be beautiful if I could get more people involved in that, especially in living with it. For me that's very important. Because if such a piece is in a space, it changes the life around it.

Ottmann: Your pollen pieces are for sale. If a collector wants to own one how exactly does that work?

Laib: He buys three jars of pollen and it's his choice of keeping it in the jar or to get rid of his furniture and spread it out on the floor.

Ottmann: Would you go to his home and do that?

Laib: Yes, but of course I would be even happier if he would do it himself.

Writing a review

Write a review of an exhibition by the artist Wolfgang Laib.

- Describe the experience of viewing his pollen works in installation.
- Give some details of what you know of his creative process. You can quote sections from the interview to support your comments.
- What do you think he is saying about art and life? What do you think the pollen fields represent?

What are colour customs?

What do colours symbolize? Colours have different meanings in different cultures, and to different people.. Think about the different colours people wear for weddings and funerals, and the colours, jewels and pigments that are most prized traditionally.

Fiction

From *Kalpana's Dream* by Judith Clarke

Neema's Indian great-grandmother Kalpana comes to visit her in Sydney, Australia. In this short extract, Neema discusses with her father her great grandmother's sudden interest in colour after so many years of wearing only white, following the Hindu tradition of mourning.

∞ White Sari ∞

Neema and her dad sat on the garden swing, rocking gently, watching the last of the day.

'Did you see Nani's new runners?' asked Dad.

'Yeah.'

- 5 'And the ones she bought for Sumati: purple, with orange laces? Your mum says she calls them "flying shoes".'

Neema nodded. She's been wrong about Nani the other night: her great grandmother hadn't been thinking Neema's big white runners were ugly; she'd been admiring them. The pair she'd bought for herself were exactly the same.

10 Above their swing the sky grew pale and tender, the clouds flushed pink and for a moment the whole garden glowed; on the clothesline near the back fence Nani's white pinned saris swayed and drifted; a row of airy ghosts pinned upon the wire.

'Dad?'

'Mmmm?'



An Indian girl with her face painted blue as the Hindu god Krishna.

GLOSSARY

White mourning. Wearing white (the colour of purity) out of respect for the dead is a distinctive feature of Hindu mourning customs.

‘Why does Nani always wear white saris, and never coloured ones?’

20 ‘Because she’s a widow – white saris are widows’ saris.’

‘But Gran wears coloured saris, and she’s a widow.’

‘Your gran’s from a different generation; she’s a modern city lady now.’

25 ‘Your great-grandfather? A very long time ago, in a cholera epidemic.’ Ignatius sighed, ‘He was only a boy, really – barely twenty. And your Nani was only eighteen. Think of it, Neema! An eighteen-year-old girl left alone with a tiny baby daughter ...’

30 That baby daughter would have been bossy old head-mistress Gran! It was hard to imagine Gran as a tiny fatherless child, but she had been, all the same. It was easier to picture Nani as a sad young girl, already dressed in her white widow’s sari, gently rocking a small child in her arms.

35 ‘Widow’ sounded old, thought Neema, but Nani had only been a few years older than her, the same age as the Year Twelve girls at school. The Year Twelve girls in their vivid scarlet sweatshirts, who would leave next summer and begin their larger lives: going on to work and university, travelling, searching for adventure and fresh experiences, friendships
40 and love, bright new worlds. Dressed in colours ...

Imagine never wearing a colour again: yellow, which made you feel happy, dashing red, peaceful blue, those flowery prints which told of summer coming, sunshine and long light days.

45 ‘You know,’ said her dad thoughtfully, ‘those little blue flashes on her new runners must be the first colour Nani’s worn in nearly sixty years.’

JUDITH CLARKE

Comprehension

- 1 What do you think the training shoes or ‘runners’ symbolize for Neema’s great-grandmother?
- 2 Why do her great grandmother’s saris seem ghostly to Neema?
- 3 What does Neema associate bright colours with?
- 4 How does Neema describe the expectations of a teenager in Australia today? How do these expectations compare with those of Neema’s great grandmother when she was young?

Extension reading

From *The Iceberg* by Tove Jansson

Tove Jansson was Swedish, but was born and raised in Finland. In the following short story, *The Iceberg*, she describes her encounter with a green iceberg on an excursion to one of the many small islands off the coast of Finland.

Small icebergs can be found in the waterways of Finland and Sweden even in the summer. The story is about a young girl who sees an iceberg for the first time.



∞ The Iceberg ∞

The summer came so early that year that it might almost have been called spring – it was a kind of present and everything one did had to be thought out differently. It was cloudy and very calm.

5 We and our luggage were the same as usual, and so were Old Charlie and Old Charlie's boat, but the beaches were bare and forbidding and the sea looked stern. And when we had rowed as far as Newness Island, the iceberg came floating towards us.

10 It was green and white and sparkling and it was come in order to meet me. I had never seen an iceberg before.

Now it all depended on whether anyone said anything. If they said a single word about the iceberg, it wouldn't be mine any longer.

15 We got closer and closer. Dad rested on his oars but Old Charlie went on rowing and said: 'It's early this year.' And Daddy answered, 'Yes, it's not long since it broke up,' and went on rowing.

Mummy didn't say a thing.

20 Anyway, you couldn't count that as actually saying anything about an iceberg, and so this iceberg was mine.


We rowed past it but I didn't turn round to look because then they might have said something. I just thought about it all the way along Batch Island. My iceberg looked like a

25 tattered crown. On one side there was an oval-shaped grotto
which was very green and closed in by a grating of ice. Under
the water the ice was a different green, which went very deep
down and was almost black where the dangerous depths
began. I knew that the iceberg would follow me and I wasn't
30 the least bit worried about it.

I sat in the bay all day long and waited. Evening came but
still the iceberg hadn't reached me. I said nothing, and no
one asked me anything. They were all busy unpacking.

When I went to bed, the wind had got up. I lay under the
35 bedclothes and imagined I was an ice mermaid listening to
the wind rising. It was important not to fall asleep but I did
anyway, and when I woke up, the house was completely
quiet. Then I got up and dressed and took Daddy's torch and
went out onto the steps.

40 It was a light night, but it was the first time I had been out
alone at night and I thought about the iceberg all the time so
I wouldn't get frightened. I didn't light the torch. The
landscape was just as forbidding as before and looked like an
illustration in which, for once, they had printed the grey
45 shades properly. Out at sea the long-tailed ducks were
carrying on like mad, singing wedding songs to one another.



Even before I got to the field by the shore I could see the iceberg. It was waiting for me and was shining just as beautifully but very faintly. It was lying there bumping
50 against the rocks at the end of the point where it was deep, and there was deep black water and just the wrong distance between us. If it had been shorter, I should have jumped over; if it had been a little longer, I could have thought: 'What a pity, no one can manage to get over that.'

55 Now I had to make up my mind. And that's an awful thing to have to do.

The oval grotto with the grating of ice was facing the shore and the grotto was as big as me. It was made for a little girl who pulled up her legs and cuddled them to her. There was
60 room for the torch too.

I lay down flat on the rock, reached out with my hand and broke off one of the icicles in the grating. It was so cold, it felt hot. I held onto the grating with both hands and could feel it melting. The iceberg was moving as one does when
65 one breathes – it was trying to come to me.

My hands and my tummy began to feel icy-cold and I sat up. The grotto was the same size as me, but I didn't dare to jump. And if one doesn't dare to do something immediately, then one never does it.

70 I switched on the torch and threw it into the grotto. It fell on its side and lit up the whole grotto, making it just as beautiful as I had imagined it would be. It became an illuminated aquarium at night, the manger at Bethlehem or the biggest emerald in the world! It was so unbearably
75 beautiful that I had to get away from the whole thing as quickly as possible, send it away, do something! So I sat down firmly and placed both feet on the iceberg and pushed it as hard as I could. It didn't move.

'Go away!' I shouted. 'Clear off!'

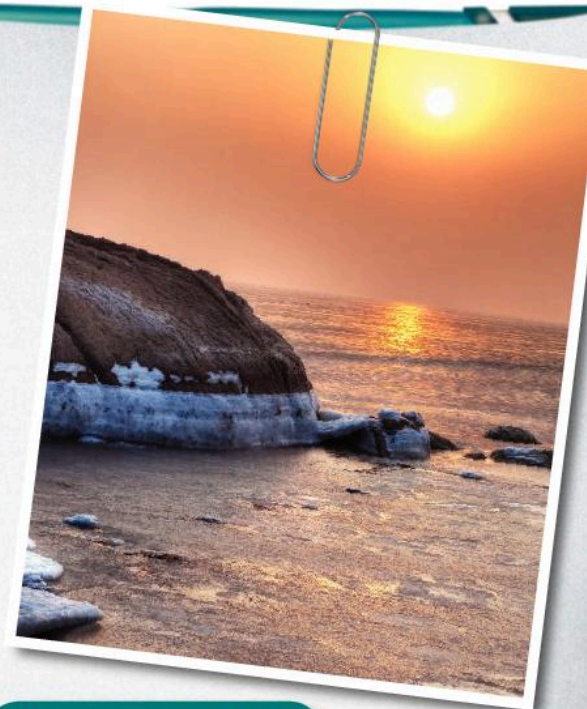
80 And then the iceberg glided very slowly away from me and was caught by the offshore wind. I was so cold that I ached

and saw the iceberg carried by the wind towards the sound – it would sail all right out to sea with Daddy’s torch on board and the ducks would sing themselves hoarse when they saw
85 an illuminated bridal barge coming towards them.

And so my honour was saved.

When I got to the steps, I turned round and looked. My iceberg shone steadily out there like a green beacon and the batteries would last until sunrise because they were always
90 new when one had just moved to the country. Perhaps they would last another night; perhaps the torch would go on shining at the bottom of the sea after the iceberg had melted and turned into water.

TOVE JANSEN



Looking closely

- 1 What is unusual about the seasons? How does it affect the girl?
- 2 What do you think the girl's comment 'We and our luggage were the same as usual' means? (line 5)
- 3 Why does the girl not help with the unpacking?
- 4 Which colours are mentioned in the story? What kind of atmosphere do they help to create?
- 5 Why did the iceberg appear 'like a green beacon'? (line 88)

Comprehension

- 1 Why does the girl think that talking about the iceberg will ruin it for her? Describe her relationship with the iceberg.
- 2 What is a grotto? What other imagery is used to describe the iceberg?
- 3 How does the girl feel about the proximity of the iceberg?
- 4 How did the icicle feel in the girl's hand?
- 5 Explain the role of the ducks in the story. How do they add to the atmosphere which is created?

10

The English language

Where does English come from?

In this unit you will:

Experience

- Old English
- Middle English
- Jamaican English
- text messaging
- Newspeak

Read

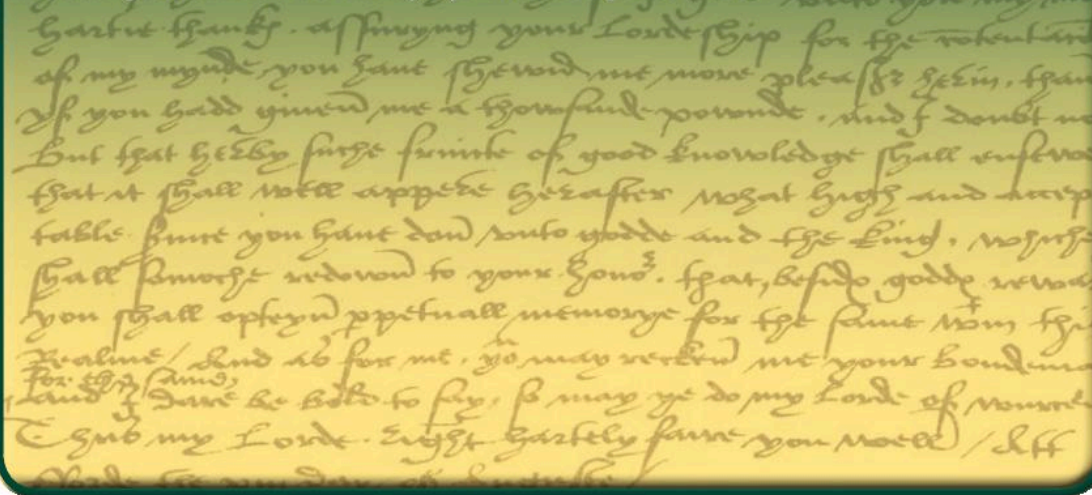
- poetry
- fiction
- an encyclopedia entry
- a newspaper article
- a txt poem

Create

- dictionaries
- a letter
- a txt poem
- an opinion piece
- journal entries

So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

From *Epistle to Gabriel Harvey* by Edmund Spenser, 1579



How many different languages can you think of which have contributed words to the English language which is spoken and written today?

Talking points

- 1 See how many examples of words borrowed from other languages your group can jot down in five minutes.
- 2 List as many examples as you can of different forms of English, such as 'Chinglish' (Chinese English). What other 'lishes' do you know of?

How does language change?

Language is alive and constantly changing. In the sixteenth century the English poet Edmund Spenser lamented the way in which the language had become a 'gallimaufry', an ungainly jumble or hotchpotch of other languages:

They patched up the holes with peces [pieces] and rags of other languages, borrowing here of the French, there of the Italian, everywhere of the Latine, not weighing how il [ill] those tongues accord with themselves, but much

worse with ours: So now they have made our English tongue a gallimaufry or hodgepodge of all other speeches.

Whether you agree with Spenser and believe the English language has become a jumbled 'gallimaufry' of other languages, or whether you welcome its vibrancy and growth, no one can dispute its importance in our world today.

Encyclopedia entry

Back to [Introduction to the English language](#)

Countries in which [The English language](#) is spoken today

Approximately 375 million people speak English as their first language. English today is probably the third largest language by number of native speakers, after Mandarin Chinese and Spanish. However, when combining native and non-native speakers it is probably the most commonly spoken language in the world.

Estimates that include second-language speakers vary greatly from 470 million to over a billion depending on how literacy or mastery is defined and measured. Linguistics professor David Crystal calculates that non-native speakers now outnumber native speakers by a ratio of 3 to 1.

According to the 2006 census the countries with the highest populations of native English speakers are, in descending order: United States (215 million), United Kingdom (61 million), Canada (18.2 million), Australia (15.5 million), Nigeria (4 million), Ireland (3.8 million), South Africa (3.7 million), and New Zealand (3.6 million).

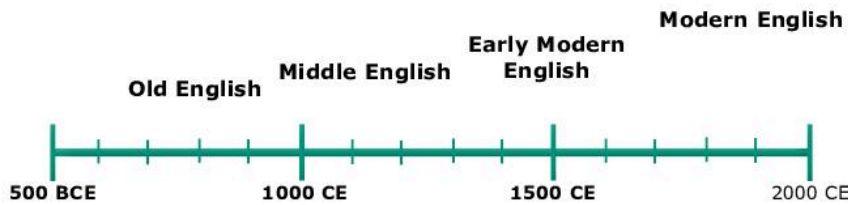
Countries such as the Philippines, Jamaica and Nigeria also have millions of native speakers of dialect continua (that is a range of dialects) ranging from an English-based creole to a more standard version of English. Of those nations where English is spoken as a second language, India has the most speakers ('Indian English'). Crystal claims that, combining native and non-native speakers, India now has more people who speak or understand English than any other country in the world.



Comprehension

- Define
 - native English speakers
 - non-native English speakers
 - speakers of English as a second language
 - speakers of dialect continua.
- How can English be defined as the 'most commonly spoken' language in the world, when it is only 'the third largest' language?
- Using this information, draw a pie chart to show the eight countries with the highest populations of native English speakers.

What did English look like in the past?



Simple timeline showing the main periods of the English language.

Old English poem

Beowulf [bear-wolf] is the only epic of its time to have survived, and is one of the most important works of European literature, set in the Kingdom of the Geats (Scandinavia), a culture which did not survive beyond the end of the sixth century CE. If the hero, Beowulf, was based on a real man, he would have lived around 570 CE. The epic was translated into Anglo-Saxon verse around 700 CE, and the only existing copy in the British Museum in London was made around 1000 CE. This priceless manuscript miraculously survived a fire in the eighteenth century.

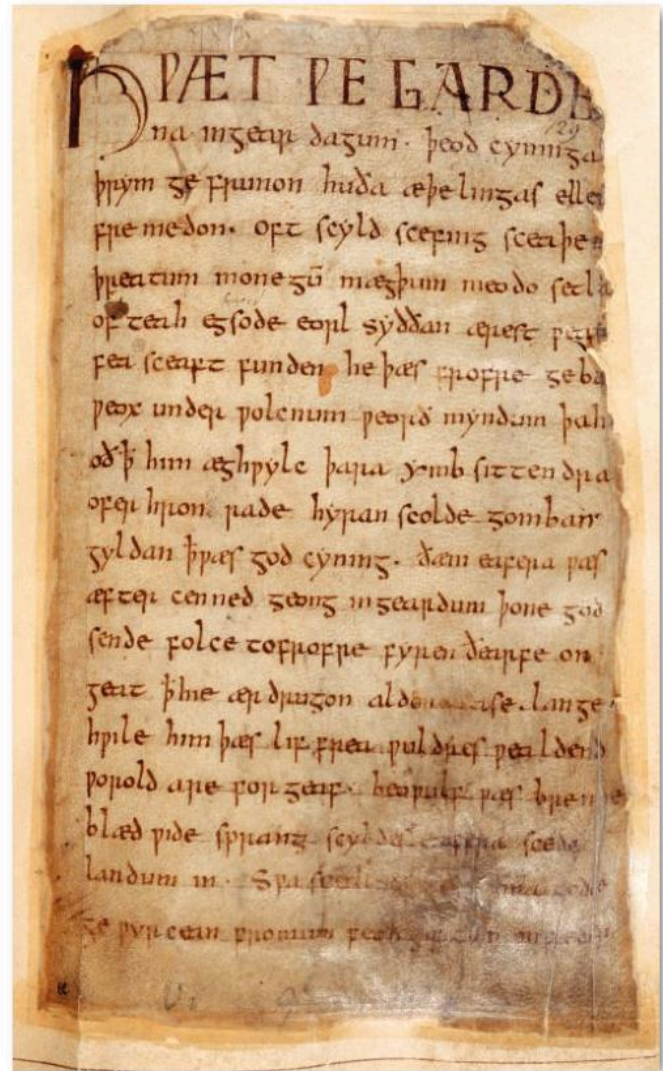
The story takes place in the Kingdom of the Geats where King Hrothgar has built a splendid banqueting hall to celebrate the peace he has secured following the overthrow of his enemies. Unknown to the king, there lurks in the fens (the surrounding marshlands) a monster called Grendel, who jealously watches the building of the hall, and plots his revenge on the humans who built it. The 'rinc' or warrior, Beowulf, overcomes the terrible monster, although this is not the end of the story, because Grendel's monster mother later comes to avenge her son's death, and Beowulf has to fight another battle. The following extract describe Grendel's first attack on the men in the Hall.

The language is the oldest form of written English – called Old English, or Anglo-Saxon.

Anglo Saxon letters which we no longer have:

ð = 'eth' [pronounced 'th', as in 'the']

æ = 'a' [as in 'cat']



The earliest surviving manuscript of the seventh-century epic poem *Beowulf*, made in around 1000 CE.

Word origins

Ancient Britain's close links with Scandinavia before the sixth century can be seen in the name *Thursday*, named after

the Norse god, Thor. *Friday* is named after Frigg, the wife of Odin, and *Wednesday* is named after another Norse god, Woden.

œ Beowulf œ

[Old English]

ac he gefeng hraðe forman siðe
 slæpendne rinc, slat unwearnum,
 bat banlocan, blod edrum dranc,
 synsnædum swealh; sona hæfde
 unlyfigendes eal gefeormod,
 fet ond folma.

[Translation into modern English]

The fiend wasted no time, but for a start snatched up a sleeping man. He tore him apart in an instant, crunched the body, drank blood from its veins, and gulped it down in great bites until he had wholly swallowed the dead man, even the hands and feet.

TRANSLATED BY DAVID WRIGHT, 1957

[Translation into modern English]

Nor did the creature keep him waiting
 But struck suddenly and started in;
 He grabbed and mauled a man on his bench,
 Bit into his bone-lappings, bolted down his blood
 and gorged on him in lumps, leaving the body
 utterly lifeless, eaten up
 hand and foot.

TRANSLATED BY SEAMUS HEANEY, 1999



Compiling an Old English–English dictionary

Study the lines from *Beowulf* and their translations. Complete the second column with the meanings of the Anglo Saxon words provided in the third column. You will have to rearrange the words, as they are not in the correct order!

	Old English	Definition	Anglo-Saxon
1	hraðe	quickly	
2	slæpendne		feet
3	rinc	warrior	
4	slat		drank
5	bat		dead man (one without life)
6	banlocan	body (where bones lock together)	
7	blod		swallow
8	dranc		slit open (past tense)
9	swealh		sleeping
10	unlyfigendes		blood
11	sona		bit (past tense of 'to bite')
12	fet		soon
13	folma	hands	

When Old English developed into Middle English

When the Danish Viking invaders began to rule England briefly in the eleventh century, the English language changed, and the subsequent Norman French invasion in 1066 split language use in England in two. The ruling classes spoke French and the conquered people spoke English in all its various dialects.

Look at the Middle English of Geoffrey Chaucer in the following text. You will find it a great deal more recognizable than 'Beowulf' but still very different from today.

Poem

Geoffrey Chaucer (1346–1400) is the greatest English poet of the Middle Ages. He is also important because he chose to write in English when most court poetry was written in French or Latin. His most famous work, *The Canterbury Tales*, is written in Middle English. A group of pilgrims set off from Southwark, now London, to travel to the shrine of Thomas à Becket in the town of Canterbury in Kent, a journey of several days. Each pilgrim tells a tale to entertain the group, and in the Prologue to the tales, Chaucer describes each pilgrim.

The following is the description of the Merchant from *The Prologue*. From his concerns, it is clear that the Merchant probably had business reasons for going on the pilgrimage, rather than religious ones!

∞ The Canterbury Tales ∞

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,

A Merchant there was with a forked beard,

In mottelee, and hye on horse he sat;

In cloth of various colours; high on his horse he sat;

Upon his heed Flaundryssh bever hat,

On his head a beaver skin hat from Flanders,

His bootes clasped faire and fetisly.

His boots buckled neatly and elegantly.

5 His resons he spak ful solempnely

His opinions he expressed very solemnly

Sownynge alwey th'encrees of his wyning.

proclaiming constantly the profit of his winnings.

He wolde the see were kept for any thyng

He wanted the sea-lanes kept open for trade

Bitwixe Middelburgh and Orewelle.

Between Middleburgh and Orwell.

Wel koude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.

He was highly skilled in trading in units of exchange.

10 This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette:

This worthy man used his wit very well:

Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,

So no man knew that he was in debt,

So estatly was he of his governaunce

So dignified was he in his negotiations

With his bargaynes and with his chevysaunce.

With his bargains and his profitable money dealings.

For sothe he was a worthy man with alle,

In truth, he was nevertheless a worthy man,

15 But, sooth to seyn, I noot how men hym calle.

But, truth to tell, I do not know what his name is.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

Looking closely

- Which words can you recognize? Which words would be the same as Modern English if they were spelled differently? Which words do not exist at all in Modern English?
- Find the Middle English for the following words:

a beard	b high
c head	d boots
e proclaiming	f wanted
g knew	h money dealings
i truth	j do not know

Comprehension

Chaucer was frequently ironic in his descriptions of the pilgrims, some of whom were deceitful, boasting and hypocritical. The Merchant was not really a worthy man, but a trader who in modern colloquial English would be called a 'wheeler-dealer', someone who makes questionable profits from his business.

- What do you learn about the Merchant which makes you think that he is not a totally upright, or honest, trader?
- What do his clothes tell you about him?
- What secret did he keep from other people?
- Why do you think Chaucer says that he does not know his name?
- What sort of companion do you think the Merchant would have made on the pilgrimage?

How is the English language continuing to change?

If you look back at the timeline on page 208, you will see that 'Modern English' began around 300 years ago, but if you were to read what was written at the beginning of the Modern English period, you would not call it 'modern'. Even nineteenth-century writing contains what are now classed as 'archaisms' and does not always make for easy reading.

Newspaper article

From *Txtng: The Gr8 Db8* by David Crystal

One of the most profound influences on language change has been the technological revolution which has taken place since the 1990s. Texting, or SMS messaging, is part of that revolution and its effects are hotly debated. How many students in your class use text messaging? How many texts on average do you and your class send and receive each day?

Many teachers complain that children can no longer spell correctly, but the linguist David Crystal argues that texting has not been the disaster for language that many feared. He claims that, on the contrary, it improves children's writing and spelling.

Talking points

- 1 What do you think are the factors which have produced language change during this period?
- 2 What do you think is producing changes in language use in the twenty-first century?

GLOSSARY

SMS is an acronym for 'short message service'.

Textiquette is a neologism, a newly coined word which has not yet become part of mainstream English language. 'Etiquette' is the code of social behaviour; so 'textiquette' are the unwritten rules of texting. For example, informing someone of a friend's death in a text message is bad textiquette.

Wordpool

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

orthography	to initialize
norm	juxtaposition
hoax	graphic unit
to predate	forensic

Make your own wordpool of any other unfamiliar words.



Txting: The Gr8 Db8

People think that the written language seen on mobile phone screens is new and alien, but all the popular beliefs about texting are wrong. Its graphic distinctiveness is not a new phenomenon, nor is its use restricted to the young. There is increasing evidence that it helps rather than hinders literacy. And only a very tiny part of it uses a distinctive orthography. A trillion text messages sent worldwide in 2005 might seem a lot, but when we set these alongside the multi-trillion instances of standard orthography in everyday life, they appear as no more than a few ripples on the surface of the sea of language. Texting has added a new dimension to language use, but its long-term impact is negligible. It is not a disaster.

Although many texters enjoy breaking linguistic rules, they also know they need to be understood. There is no point in paying to send a message if it breaks so many rules that it ceases to be intelligible. When messages are longer, containing more information, the amount of standard orthography increases. Many texters alter just the grammatical words (such as 'you' and 'be'). As older and more conservative language users have begun to text, an even more standardized style has appeared. Some texters refuse to depart at all from traditional orthography. And conventional spelling and punctuation is the norm when institutions send out information messages, as in this university text to students: 'Weather Alert! No classes today due to snow storm', or in the texts which radio listeners are invited to send in to programmes. These institutional messages now form the majority of texts in cyberspace – and several organizations forbid the use of abbreviations, knowing that many readers will not understand them. Bad textiquette.

Research has made it clear that the early media hysteria about the novelty (and thus the dangers) of text messaging was misplaced. In one American study, less than 20% of the text messages looked at showed abbreviated forms of any kind – about three per message. And in a Norwegian study, the proportion was even lower, with just 6% using abbreviations. In my own text collection, the figure is about 10%. People seem to have swallowed whole the stories that youngsters use nothing else but abbreviations when they text, such as the reports in 2003 that a teenager had written an essay so full of textspeak that her teacher was unable to understand it. An extract was posted online, and quoted incessantly, but as no one was ever able to track down the entire essay, it was probably a hoax.



There are several distinctive features of the way texts are written that combine to give the impression of novelty, but many of them were being used in chatroom interactions that predated the arrival of mobile phones. Some can be found in pre-computer informal writing, dating back a hundred years or more. The most noticeable feature is the use of single letters, numerals, and symbols to represent words or parts of words, as with b for 'be' and 2 for 'to'. They are called rebuses, and they go back centuries. Adults who condemn a 'c u' in a young person's texting have forgotten that they once did the same thing themselves (though not on a mobile phone). When solving puzzles like this one:

YY UR YY U B I C U R YY 4 ME
(‘Too wise you are ...’)

Similarly, the use of initial letters for whole words (n for 'no', gf for 'girlfriend', cmb 'call me back') is not at all new. People have been initializing common phrases for ages. IOU is known from 1618. In texts we find such forms as msg ('message') and xlnt ('excellent'). Almost any wrd cn be abbrvtd in ths wy – though there is no consistency between texters. But this isn't new either. Eric Partridge published his Dictionary of Abbreviations in 1942. It contained dozens of SMS-looking examples, such as agn for 'again', mth for 'month', and gd for 'good' – 50 years before texting was born. English has had abbreviated words ever since it began to be written down. Words such as exam, vet, fridge, cox and bus are so familiar that they have effectively become new words. When some of these abbreviated forms first came into use, they also attracted criticism. In 1711, for example, Joseph Addison complained about the way words were being 'miserably curtailed' – he mentioned pos(itive) and incog(nito). And Jonathan Swift thought that abbreviating words was a 'barbarous custom'.

What novelty there is in texting lies chiefly in the way it takes further some of the processes used in the past. Some of its juxtapositions create forms which have little precedent, apart from in puzzles. All conceivable types of feature can be juxtaposed – sequences of shortened and full words (hldmecls ‘hold me close’), logograms and shortened words (2bctnd ‘to be continued’), logograms and nonstandard spellings (cu2nite) and so on. There are no less than four processes combined in iowan2bwu ‘I only want to be with you’ – full word + an initialism + a shortened word + two logograms + an initialism + a logogram. And some messages contain unusual processes: in iohis4u ‘I only have eyes for you’, we see the addition of a plural ending to a logogram. One characteristic runs through all these examples: the letters, symbols and words are run together, without spaces. This is certainly unusual in the history of special writing systems. But few texts string together long sequences of puzzling graphic units.

There are also individual differences in texting, as in any other linguistic domain. In 2002, Stuart Campbell was found guilty of the murder of his 15-year-old niece after his text message alibi was shown to be a forgery. He had claimed that certain texts sent by the girl showed he was innocent. But a detailed comparison of the vocabulary and other stylistic features of his own text messages and those of his niece showed that he had written the messages himself. The forensic possibilities have been further explored by a team at the University of Leicester. The fact that texting is not a standard mode of communication, and is prone to idiosyncrasy, turns out to be an advantage in such a context, as authorship differences are likely to be more easily detectable than in writing using standard English.

DAVID CRYSTAL

Comprehension

- 1 Explain how Crystal indicates that three popular beliefs about texting are wrong. (paragraph 1)
- 2 How does Crystal use a metaphor to make his point that a trillion text messages merely ‘seem a lot’? (paragraph 1)
- 3 Why is standard orthography used in some text messages? Give two reasons. (paragraph 2)
- 4 What is the point made by Crystal which he used statistics to illustrate? (paragraph 3)
- 5 Why does Crystal quote the rebus ‘YY U R YY U B I C U R YY 4 ME’? (paragraph 4)
- 6 Explain two points about abbreviated words which Crystal makes. (paragraph 5)
- 7 Which two elements in texting does Crystal see as novel? (paragraph 6)
- 8 How did the nature of texting convict Stuart Campbell? (paragraph 7)
- 9 Write the following in your own words:
 - a negligible (paragraph 1)
 - b hysteria (paragraph 3)
 - c conceivable (paragraph 6)
 - d idiosyncrasy (paragraph 7)
- 10 Give each of the paragraphs a summary heading. In your own words write a summary of the article *Txting: the Gr8 Db8*. Use no more than 200 words and begin your summary with these words: ‘Some people think texting is a disaster ...’

Talking points

What is the difference between cyberspace and a chatroom? Discuss these concepts in your group.

Writing a letter to the BBC

I h8 txt msgs! Texters are destroying our language, pillaging our punctuation; savaging our sentences ... Our written language may end up as a series of ridiculous emoticons and ever-changing abbreviations.

JOHN HUMPHRYS, BBC BROADCASTER, 2007

Do you agree? Write a letter to John Humphrys to express your views.

- Argue the case that clever use of texting is a highly skilled art form. What else is texting good for?
- Emoticons are textual expressions intended to convey the feelings of the writer, such as :-) for happy and :-D for laughing. Design your own emoticons for a) how John Humphrys feels about texting and b) how you feel about his opinion.

Txt poem

Several national poetry competitions have been held in the United Kingdom to find a 'txt laureate'. In a 'txt poem' words did not have to be abbreviated, but the poems, like a text message, could contain only 160 characters. The winner in 2002 was:

I left my picture on th ground
 Wher u walk
 So that somday if th sun was jst right
 & th rain didn't wash me awa
 5 U might c me out of th corner
 Of yr i and pic me up.

EMMA PASSMORE

Writing a txt poem

Now it's your turn? RUA Txt poet?

- Write about anything you choose, so long as you keep to 160 characters.
- You may use as many or few of the standard texting abbreviations as you wish.



Call dis ting English?

One reason for the increase in the number of English speakers worldwide is the plethora of localized 'lishes', such as Chinglish (Chinese English), Hinglish (a Hindi-English hybrid), Singlish and Manglish (English-based creoles of Singapore and Malaysia) and Spanglish (an English-Spanglish hybrid). These could branch so far from English that they become different tongues sharing a common root, much as Latin did in Medieval Europe.

Poem

The story below is part of a prose-poem written in Jamaican English. Brighteye is a seven-year-old girl who has been living with her grandparents since she was a baby while her mother worked in England. On her seventh birthday, just before Christmas, Brighteye's mother sends her daughter a smart dress, hat and shoes and asks for her to be sent to England to join her. Brighteye's grandmother takes the little girl to church in her new outfit.

The poet was brought up by her grandparents in Jamaica in the 1950s.

☞ The arrival of Brighteye ☜

Crass de sea, girl, yuh going crass de sea, an a likkle water
fall from Granny eye which mek er cross an she shake mi
han aff er dress where ah was holding on to make sure dat
ah don't fall down for de shoes hard to walk in on rockstone,
5 an she wipe er eye wid er kerchief.

An ah looking up in Granny face, ah know Granny face
good. She say is me an mi madda an grampa put all de lines
in it, an ah wondering which lines is mine, an ah tinkin how
Granny face look wen sun shine an de flowers bloom, an
10 wen rain full up de water barrel, an wen drought an de bean
tree dead, ah know Granny face but now she wipe er eye an
lock up er face tight, an ah feel someting tight lack up in my
throat, fah ah can't remember mi madda face, ah can't
remember mi madda face at all.

15 An all de time after dat, Granny finger in de silver thimble,
flashing, sewing awn de red, white an blue lace she buy at
market, sewing it awn to de church hat to mek pretty bonnet
to go wid de dress. She say ah mus put awn de whole outfit
when ah reach, so mi madda can see how ah pretty, an how



GLOSSARY

Rockstone is a West Indian word for quarried stone such as pebbles.

Talking points

Consider this Jamaican saying:

'Wanti wanti can't get it
Getti getti no want it.'

- 1 What does it mean?
- 2 Do you think it's true?
- 3 Discuss examples you know of or have heard of which shows that it is, or is not, true.

20 she tek good care of mi, an she pack de cod liver oil pill dem
in mi bag an say memba to tek one every day on de boat so
mi skin would still shine when ah reach, an when we leaving
de village in de mawning all de ole man dem singing

Brighteye, Brighteye,

25 going crass de sea

Brighteye, Brighteye

yuh gwine remember we?

an de children, playing ring game an clapping

Row, row, row your boat

30 gently down the stream

merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily

life is but a dream

an de bus to town, an Granny crying, an de boat, an de
woman dat Granny put mi in de charge of, an day an night,

35 day an night, an it getting cole, all de way, in a dream, to
Englan.

JEAN 'BINTA' BREEZE

Comprehension

- 1 How do you know that Granny is upset by Brighteye's imminent journey to England?
- 2 What is happening to Granny's emotions when she 'lock up er face tight', and to Brighteye's emotions when 'someting tight lack up' in her 'troat'?
- 3 Why does Granny want Brighteye to be well dressed for her journey?
- 4 Why does the children's song seem appropriate for what is happening to Brighteye?
- 5 What kind of experience do you think awaits Brighteye in England?

Compiling a Jamaican English dictionary

Read the extract carefully and see if you have any difficulties understanding it.

Now fill in the chart below with further examples of the features in the left-hand column.

Feature	Jamaican English	British English
'd' for 'th'	De	the
non-standard verbs in singular present tense	fall	falls
non-indication of the possessive in nouns	Granny	Granny's
spelling indicating non-standard vowel sounds	awn	on
non-standard spelling for pronouns and possessive adjectives	ah	I
omission of final consonant	ole	old
non-standard verb forms	ah tinkin	I'm thinking

Poem

You do not need to go outside the United Kingdom to find some very different forms of English. And that's not counting separate languages such as Welsh and Gaelic! Some accents and dialects within the United Kingdom may be unintelligible to speakers from another part of the country.

The poem below recounts a young boy's move from London, south of the River Thames, to Yorkshire in the north of England where he encountered another 'language'.

∞ South to North; 1965 ∞

I was born South of the river
down in the delta, beyond the bayou
lived in the swamps just off the High Street
London alligators snapping my ankles.
5 It was Bromley, Beckenham, Penge, Crystal Palace
where the kids said *wotcha*, ate bits of *cike*,
the land my father walked as a boy
the land his father walked before him.

I was rooted there, stuck in the clay
10 until we drove North, moved to Yorkshire
a land of cobbles, coal pits and coke works
forges and steel, fires in the sky.

Where you walked through fields around your village
didn't need three bus-rides to see a farm.
15 It was Mexbrough, Barnsley, Sprotborough, Goldthorpe
I was deafened by words, my tongue struck dumb
gobsmacked by a language I couldn't speak in.

*Ayop sithee, it's semmers nowt
What's tha got in thi snap, chaze else paze?
20 Who does tha supoort, Owls else Blades?
Dun't thee tha me, thee tha thi sen
Tha's a rate un thee, giz a spice?*

Cheese and peas, sweets and football
I rolled in a richness of newfound vowels
25 words that dazed, dazzled and danced
out loud in my head until it all made sense
In this different country, far away
from where I was born, South of the river.

DAVID HARMER

GLOSSARY

Wotcha means Hi! Hiya!, the same as 'Ayop!' or 'Heyup!' in Yorkshire.

Cike [kike] means 'cake'.

Bromley, Beckenham, Penge, Crystal Palace are areas of South London.

Mexborough, Barnsley, Sprotborough, Goldthorpe are Yorkshire towns.

Coke is a derivative of coal.

Gobsmacked literally means 'smacked in the mouth', colloquial for 'astounded' or 'struck dumb'.

Word origins

Bayou is a Creole word of Louisiana French and Native-American Choctaw origin. *Bayuk* in Choctaw means a small stream.

Comprehension

- 1 Why do you think David Harmer mentioned the 'delta', 'bayou', 'swamps' and 'alligators' in the first verse?
- 2 How well do you think David Harmer conveys his feelings about moving from the south to the north of England?
- 3 How well can you identify with his feelings?
- 4 How do you think the boy David felt when faced with children speaking to him in such strange English? The lines have been translated for you below!

Ayop sithee, it's semmers nowt

Hiya good to see you, it's (literally 'it's the same as nothing')

What's tha got in thi snap, chaze else paze?

What have you got in your snack, cheese or peas?

Who does tha supoort, Owls else Blades?

Who do you support, Owls or Blades? (Yorkshire football teams of Sheffield)

Dun't thee tha me, thee tha thi sen

You don't know me well enough to call me 'thee' – call yourself 'thee'

Tha's a rate un thee, giz a spice?

You're a right one, you, give us (me) a sweet

- 5 How do you think the boy David will feel in six months' time?



Journal

Write about an occasion when you were confused by language.

Extension reading

From *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell

The following extract is from *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, the novel written by George Orwell in 1948. In his novel, Orwell presents a dystopian vision of England in the future where socialism has been taken to its extreme and turned the country into a totalitarian state. At its head is Big Brother whose face appears on television screens in every home and whose freedom-denying edicts have to be obeyed.

In this part of the story the main character, Winston, meets a friend for lunch in the canteen. Winston's work in the Ministry of Truth is to rewrite news reports in Newspeak, the newly created and now obligatory language. His friend, Syme, is working on the new Dictionary. He has swallowed the Party line entirely and is hugely enthusiastic about the work he is doing in exercising control over the people through language.

Wordpool

canteen (title)
definitive (line 7)
obsolete (15)
pedant (18)
animated (19)
unorthodox (line 84)
to divine (85)
contradictory (92)
abolished (95)
vaporized (101)



☞ Lunch in the Canteen ☜

'How is the Dictionary getting on?' said Winston, raising his voice to overcome the noise.

'Slowly,' said Syme. 'I'm on the adjectives. It's fascinating.' He pushed his pannikin aside, took up his hunk of bread in one
5 delicate hand and his cheese in the other, and leaned across the table so as to be able to speak without shouting.

'The Eleventh Edition is the definitive edition,' he said. 'We're getting the language into its final shape – the shape it's going to have when nobody speaks anything else. When we've
10 finished with it, people like you will have to learn it all over again. You think, I dare say, that our chief job is inventing new words. But not a bit of it! We're destroying words – scores of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're cutting the language down to the bone. The Eleventh Edition won't
15 contain a single word that will become obsolete before the year 2050.'

He bit hungrily into his bread and swallowed a couple of mouthfuls, then continued speaking, with a sort of pedant's passion. His thin dark face had become animated, his eyes
20 had lost their mocking expression, and grown almost dreamy.

GLOSSARY

A **pannikin** is a utilitarian metal or earthenware bowl on which food is served.

Big Brother is the public face of the regime. His dark features imply that he may be modelled on Joseph Stalin, leader of the Soviet Union 1922–53.

Ingsoc is short for English Socialism in Newspeak.

Proles is short for the proletariat (collective noun) or proletarian person, who is a member of the working classes. In Orwell's novel, they are distinguished from the civil servants who work directly for the Party.

‘It’s a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course the great wastage is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid of as well. It isn’t only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all, what justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? A word contains its opposite in itself. Take “good” for instance. If you have a word like “good”, what need is there for a word like “bad”? “Ungood” will do just as well – better because it’s an exact opposite, which the other is not. Or again, if you want a stronger version of “good”, what sense is there in having a whole string of vague, useless words like “excellent” and “splendid” and all the rest of them? “Plusgood” covers the meaning; or “doubleplusgood” if you want something stronger still. Of course we use those forms already, but in the final version of Newspeak there’ll be nothing else. In the end the whole notion of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words – in reality, only one word. Don’t you see the beauty of that, Winston? It was Big Brother’s idea originally, of course,’ he added as an afterthought.

A mild eagerness flitted across Winston’s face at the mention of Big Brother. Nevertheless, Syme immediately detected a certain lack of enthusiasm.

‘You haven’t a real appreciation of Newspeak, Winston,’ he said almost sadly. ‘Even when you write it you’re still thinking in Oldspeak. I’ve read some of those pieces that you write in *The Times* occasionally. They’re good enough, but they’re translations. In your heart you’d prefer to stick to Oldspeak, with all its vagueness and its useless shades of meaning. You don’t grasp the beauty of the destruction of words. Do you know that Newspeak is the only language in the world whose vocabulary gets smaller every year?’

Winston did know that, of course. He smiled, sympathetically he hoped, not trusting himself to speak. Syme bit off another fragment of the dark-coloured bread, chewed it briefly, and went on:



A film still from the 1955 film of *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

60 'Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to
narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make a
thoughtcrime literally impossible, because there will be no
words in which to express it. Every concept that can ever
65 be needed, will be expressed by exactly one word, with
its meaning rigidly defined and all its other meanings
rubbed out and forgotten. Already, in the Eleventh
Edition, we're not far from that point. But the process will
still be continuing long after you and I are dead. Every year
70 fewer and fewer words, and the range of consciousness
always a little smaller. Even now, of course, there's no reason
or excuse for committing thoughtcrime. It's merely a
question of self-discipline, reality-control. But in the end
there won't be any need even for that. The Revolution will be
75 complete when the language is perfect. Newspeak is Ingsoc
and Ingsoc is Newspeak,' he added with a sort of mystical
satisfaction. 'Has it ever occurred to you, Winston, that by
the year 2050, at the very latest, not a single human being
will be alive who could understand such a conversation such
80 as we are having now?'

'Except –' began Winston doubtfully, and then stopped.

It had been on the tip of his tongue to say 'Except the proles,'
but he checked himself, not feeling fully certain that this
remark was not in some way unorthodox. Syme, however,
85 had divined what he was about to say.

'The proles are not human beings,' he said carelessly. 'By
2050 – earlier, probably – all real knowledge of Oldspeak
will have disappeared. The whole literature of the past will
have been destroyed. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron –
90 they'll exist only in Newspeak versions, not merely changed
into something different, but actually changed into
something contradictory of what they used to be. Even the
literature of the party will change. Even the slogans will
change. How could you have a slogan like "freedom is
95 slavery" when the concept of freedom has been abolished?
The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact, there
will be no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy



CCTV (closed-circuit television) on the Houses of Parliament at Westminster in London). Many people consider such surveillance to be a sign that Orwell's 'Big Brother' is watching us today.

means not thinking – not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness.'

- 100 One of these days, thought Winston with sudden deep conviction, Syme will be vaporized. He is too intelligent. He sees too clearly and speaks too plainly. The Party does not like such people. One day he will disappear. It is written in his face.

GEORGE ORWELL

Comprehension

- 1 How does the writer convey Syme's enthusiasm for his task? (lines 17–21)
- 2 Why does the destruction of words seem 'beautiful' to Syme? (lines 22–43)
- 3 Syme thinks that Winston does not have a 'real appreciation of Newspeak'. (line 47) What are his reasons?
- 4 What is Winston thinking in lines 56–7?
- 5 What are the aims of Newspeak? What will be its effects? (lines 60–80)
- 6 What does Winston think will become of Syme? Why? (lines 100–104)

Talking points

- 1 Orwell envisions a time when Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton and Byron will have been destroyed. Do you think these things matter?
- 2 What do you think changes language? Do you think these changes are a positive or a negative force?

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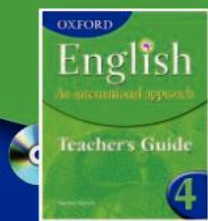
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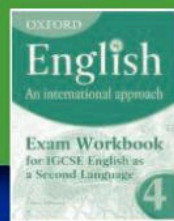
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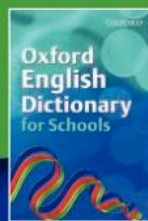
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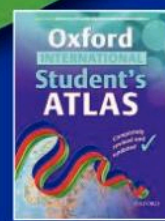
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