

Form Time Reading Booklet



A Collection of Influential Excerpts

Year 10

Influential literature: A Reading List

The more you read, the better you do! See how many books from this list you can tick off (all can be found in the school library).

Term 1: Celebrated YA and 21st Century literature

Suzanne Collins	The Hunger Games
Dave Eggers	The Circle
S.E. Hinton	The Outsiders
Angie Thomas	The Hate U Give
Philip Pullman	Northern Lights
Mark Haddon	The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time
Naomi Alderman	Power
Zadie Smith	White Teeth
Kazuo Ishiguro	Never Let Me Go
Colm Toibin	Brooklyn
Yann Martel	Life of Pi
Cormac McCarthy	The Road

Term 2: Seminal Literature you should know

F. Scott Fitzgerald	The Curious Case of Benjamin Button
Chinua Achebe	Things Fall Apart
Charles Dickens	Great Expectations
Willy Russell	Educating Rita
Joseph Heller	Catch-22
Angela Carter	The Bloody Chamber
Khaled Hosseini	The Kite Runner
John Steinbeck	Of Mice and Men
Sam Selvon	The Lonely Londoners
Gabriel Garcia Marquez	100 Years of Solitude
Philip Roth	American Pastoral

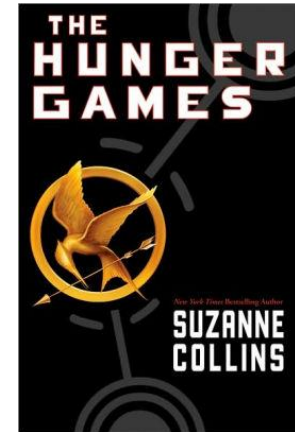
Term 3: A touch of non-fiction - classical allusions

The wars of the gods
Gods and goddesses
Hubris and punishment
Three mortals
Helen and the Trojan War
Legends and heroes

Week 1. 'The Hunger Games' by Suzanne Collins

'The Hunger Games' is the first part in the popular trilogy by Suzanne Collins. It is set in a dystopian future, where society has been split up into different districts. Inequality is rife, and the poorer districts revolve around the needs of the selfish rich who live in the Capitol. Each year, the Capitol organises a brutal fight to the death between the districts. Each district must send two Tributes to kill, or be killed. Katniss Everdeen is the chosen tribute from District 12. In this extract, the fight has just begun.

Sixty seconds. That's how long we're required to stand on our metal circles before the sound of a gong releases us. Step off before the minute is up, and land mines blow your legs off. Sixty seconds to take in the ring of tributes all **equidistant** from the Cornucopia, a giant golden horn shaped like a cone with a curved tail, the mouth of which is at least twenty feet high, spilling over with the things that will give us life here in the arena. Food, containers of water, weapons, medicine, garments, fire starters. **Strewn** around the Cornucopia are other supplies, their value decreasing the farther they are from the horn. For instance, only a few steps from my feet lies a three-foot square of plastic. Certainly it could be of some use in a downpour. But there in the mouth, I can see a tent pack that would protect from almost any sort of weather. If I had the guts to go in and fight for it against the other twenty-three tributes. Which I have been instructed not to do.



We're on a flat, open stretch of ground. A plain of hard-packed dirt. Behind the tributes across from me, I can see nothing, indicating either a steep downward slope or even a cliff. To my right lies a lake. To my left and back, **sparse** piney woods. This is where Haymitch would want me to go. Immediately.

I hear his instructions in my head. "Just clear out, put as much distance as you can between yourselves and the others, and find a source of water."

But it's tempting, so tempting, when I see the **bounty** waiting there before me. And I know that if I don't get it, someone else will. That the Career Tributes who survive the bloodbath will divide up most of these life-**sustaining** spoils. Something catches my eye. There, resting on a mound of blanket rolls, is a silver sheath of arrows and a bow, already strung, just waiting to be engaged. *That's mine*, I think. *It's meant for me*.

I'm fast. I can sprint faster than any of the girls in our school, although a couple can beat me in distance races. But this forty-yard length, this is what I am built for. I know I can get it, I know I can reach it first, but then the question is how quickly can I get out of there? By the time I've scrambled up the packs and grabbed the weapons, others will have reached the horn, and one or two I might be able to pick off, but say there's a dozen, at that close range, they could take me down with the spears and the clubs. Or their own powerful fists. Still, I won't be the only target. I'm betting many of the other tributes would pass up a smaller girl, even one who scored an eleven in training, to take out their more fierce **adversaries**.

Haymitch has never seen me run. Maybe if he had he'd tell me to go for it. Get the weapon. Since that's the very weapon that might be my salvation. And I only see one bow in that whole pile. I know the minute must be almost up and will have to decide what my strategy will be and I find myself positioning my feet to run, not away into the surrounding forests but toward the pile, toward the bow.

When suddenly I notice Peeta, he's about five tributes to my right, quite a fair distance, still I can tell he's looking at me and I think he might be shaking his head. But the sun's in my eyes, and while I'm puzzling over it the gong rings out.

And I've missed it! I've missed my chance! Because those extra couple of seconds I've lost by not being ready are enough to change my mind about going in. My feet shuffle for a moment, confused at the direction my brain wants to take and then I lunge forward, scoop up the sheet of plastic and a loaf of bread. The pickings are so small and I'm so angry with Peeta for distracting me that I sprint in twenty yards to retrieve a bright orange backpack that could hold anything because I can't stand leaving with virtually nothing.

Questions

1. Where is Katniss in the extract?
2. How is she feeling? Why?
3. What decision is she trying to make?
4. Do you think she made the right decision? Why?
5. What impression do you get of Peeta? Why?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

enemies	rewards	supporting, nourishing
thrown, scattered	of equal distance	thin, bare

Your interpretations

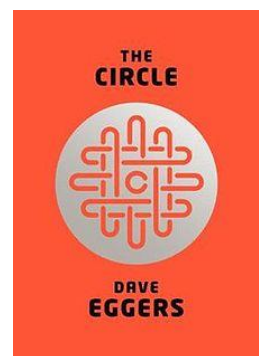
Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The author creates tension through _____

Week 2. ‘The Circle’ by Dave Eggers

Dave Eggers is an American author. In his most famous novel a new tech company called The Circle has taken over Google, Facebook and Twitter. When Mae gets a job in its Californian campus, she is thrilled – until her life becomes enveloped by the Circle. The Circle is preparing to take full control over everyone and everything...

Mae opened the inbox and began. There were thousands upon thousands of messages, but she was determined to get through all the feeds that night. There were company-wide notices about each day’s menus, each day’s weather, each day’s words of the wise – last week’s **aphorisms** were from Martin Luther King, Gandhi, Salk, Mother Teresa and Steve Jobs. There were notices about each day’s campus visits: a pet adoption agency, a state senator, the director of Médecins Sans Frontières. Mae found out, with a sting of **remorse**, that she’d missed, that very morning, a visit from the winner of the Nobel Prize. She ploughed through the messages, every one, looking for anything she would have reasonably been expected to answer personally. There were surveys, at least 50 of them, gauging the Circlers’ opinions on various company policies, on **optimal** dates for upcoming gatherings, interest groups, celebrations and holiday breaks. There were dozens of clubs **soliciting** members and notifying all of meetings: there were cat-owner groups – at least 10 – a few rabbit groups, six reptile groups, four of them **adamantly** snake-exclusive. Most of all, there were groups for dog-owners. She counted 22, but was sure that wasn’t all of them. One of the groups dedicated to the owners of very small dogs, Lucky Lapdogs, wanted to know how many people would join a weekend club for walks



and hikes and support; Mae ignored this one. Then, realising that ignoring it would only prompt a second, more urgent, message, she typed a message, explaining that she didn't have a dog. She was asked to sign a petition for more vegan options at lunch; she did. There were nine messages from various work-groups within the company, asking her to join their subgroups for more specific updates and information sharing. For now she joined the ones dedicated to crochet, soccer, and Hitchcock.

By 10pm, she'd made her way through all the messages and alerts, and now turned to her own private account. She hadn't visited it in six days, and found 118 new notices from that day alone. She decided to plough through, newest to oldest. Most recently, one of her friends from college had posted a message about having the stomach flu, and a long thread followed, with friends making suggestions about remedies, some offering sympathy, some posting photos meant to cheer her up. Mae liked two of the photos, liked three of the comments, posted her own well wishes, and sent a link to a song, "Puking Sally", that she'd found. That prompted a new thread, 54 notices, about the song and the band that wrote it. One of the friends on the thread said he knew the bassist in the band, and then looped him into the conversation. The bassist, Damien Ghilotti, was in New Zealand, was a studio engineer now, but was happy to know that "Puking Sally" was still resonating with the flu-ridden. His post thrilled all involved, and another 129 notices appeared, everyone thrilled to hear from the actual bassist from the band, and by the end of the thread, Damien Ghilotti was invited to play a wedding, if he wanted, or visit Boulder, or Bath, or Gainesville, or St Charles, Illinois, any time he happened to be passing through, and he would have a place to stay and a home-cooked meal. Upon the mention of St Charles, someone asked if anyone from there had heard about Tim Jenkins, who was fighting in Afghanistan; they'd seen some mention of a kid from Illinois being shot to death by an Afghan insurgent posing as a police officer. Sixty messages later the respondents had determined that it was a different Tim Jenkins, this one from Rantoul, Illinois, not St Charles. There was relief all around, but soon the thread had been overtaken by a multi-participant debate about the **efficacy** of that war, US foreign policy in general, and whether or not we won in Vietnam or Grenada or even WWI.

Mae could no longer keep her eyes open. Though she'd only made it through three days of her social backlog, she shut down and made for the parking lot.

Questions

1. Mae has two inboxes. List three of the items in her work inbox.

2. List three of the items in her personal inbox.

3. How do you think Mae is feeling in this extract? What's causing the feeling?

4. What might the author be warning the reader about?

5. Does social media ever make you feel in a similar way? Explain your answer.

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

ideal, perfect	asking for	confidently, without changing your mind
guilt	effectiveness, success	famous sayings or quotations

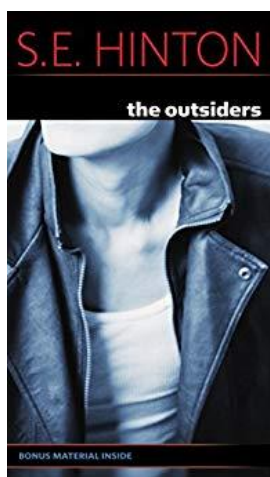
Your interpretations

This extract has lots of cultural references in it. Jot down what you know about each of these cultural references.

Martin Luther King	Médecins Sans Frontières
Gandhi	Steve Jobs
Mother Teresa	Hitchcock

Week 3. 'The Outsiders' by S.E. Hinton

'The Outsiders' is a story of two rival gangs in 1960s America. The Greasers are poor and wear their hair long. The Socs (short for Socials) are wealthy, drive nice cars and live uptown. The main character Ponyboy is a misunderstood Greaser who lives with his two brothers. Incredibly, this very popular youth novel was written by a 16 year old! In this extract, Ponyboy is getting attacked by a group of Socs.



I about decided I didn't like it so much, though, when I spotted that red **Corvair** trailing me. I was almost two blocks from home then, so I started walking a little faster. I had never been **jumped**, but I had seen Johnny after four Socs got hold of him, and it wasn't pretty. Johnny was scared of his own shadow after that. Johnny was sixteen then.

I knew it wasn't any use though—the fast walking, I mean—even before the Corvair pulled up beside me and five Socs got out. I got pretty scared—I'm kind of small for fourteen even though I have a good build, and those guys were bigger than me. I automatically hitched my thumbs in my jeans and slouched, wondering if I could get away if I made a break for it. I remembered Johnny—his face all cut up and bruised, and I remembered how he had cried when we found him, half-conscious, in the corner lot. Johnny had it awful rough at home—it took a lot to make him cry.

I was sweating something fierce, although I was cold. I could feel my palms getting clammy and the perspiration running down my back. I get like that when I'm real scared. I glanced around for a pop bottle or a stick or something—Steve Randle, Soda's best buddy, had once held off four guys with a busted pop bottle—but there was nothing. So I stood there like a bump on a log while they surrounded me. I don't use my head. They walked around slowly, silently, smiling.

"Hey, grease," one said in an over-friendly voice. "We're gonna do you a favor, greaser. We're gonna cut all that long greasy hair off."

He had on a **madrás** shirt. I can still see it. Blue madrás. One of them laughed, then cussed me out in a low voice. I couldn't think of anything to say. There just isn't a whole lot you can say while waiting to get mugged, so I kept my mouth shut.

"Need a haircut, greaser?" The medium-sized blond pulled a knife out of his back pocket and flipped the blade open.

I finally thought of something to say. "No." I was backing up, away from that knife. Of course I backed right into one of them. They had me down in a second. They had my arms and legs pinned down and one of them was sitting on my chest with his knees on my elbows, and if you don't think that hurts, you're crazy. I could smell English Leather shaving lotion and stale tobacco, and I wondered foolishly if I would suffocate before they did anything. I was scared so bad I was wishing I would. I fought to get loose, and almost did for a second; then they tightened up on me and the one on my chest **slugged** me a couple of times. So I lay still, swearing at them between gasps. A blade was held against my throat.

"How'd you like that haircut to begin just below the chin?"

It occurred to me then that they could kill me. I went wild. I started screaming for Soda, Darry, anyone. Someone put his hand over my mouth, and I bit it as hard as I could, tasting the blood running through

my teeth. I heard a muttered curse and got slugged again, and they were stuffing a handkerchief in my mouth. One of them kept saying, "Shut him up, for Pete's sake, shut him up!"

Then there were shouts and the pounding of feet, and the Socs jumped up and left me lying there, gasping.

Questions

1. What is following Ponyboy?
2. What memory does Ponyboy recount in paragraph 1 and again in paragraph 2?
3. How does this memory make Ponyboy feel?
4. What does the Soc threaten to do?
5. How does Ponyboy try to defend himself?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

punched (slang)	a checked pattern, named after an area in India	mugged (slang)	a type of car
--------------------	---	-------------------	------------------

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The author immediately creates sympathy for Ponyboy because _____

Week 4. 'The Hate U Give' by Angie Thomas

'The Hate U Give' is a young adult novel inspired by the Black Lives Matter movement in the USA. In this extract, Starr is sitting in a car with her friend Khalil. All of sudden, they are stopped by the police.

When I was twelve, my parents had two talks with me.

One was the usual birds and bees. The other talk was about what to do if a cop stopped me. Momma fussed and told Daddy I was too young for that. He argued that I wasn't too young to get arrested or shot.

"Starr-Starr, you do whatever they tell you to do," he said. "Keep your hands **visible**. Don't make any sudden moves. Only speak when they speak to you."

I knew it must've been serious. Daddy has the biggest mouth of anybody I know, and if he said to be quiet, I needed to be quiet. I hope somebody had the talk with Khalil. Khalil cusses under his breath, turns Tupac down, and **manoeuvres** the Impala to the side of the street. We're on Carnation where most of the houses are abandoned and half the streetlights are busted. Nobody around but us and the cop.

Khalil turns the ignition off. "Wonder what this fool wants."

The officer parks and puts his brights on. I blink to keep from being blinded. I remember something else Daddy said. If you're with somebody, you better hope they don't have nothing on them, or both of y'all going down.

"K, you don't have anything in the car, do you?" I ask.

He watches the cop in his side mirror. "Nah."

The officer approaches the driver's door and taps the window. Khalil cranks the handle to roll it down. As if we aren't blinded enough, the officer beams his flashlight in our faces.

"License, registration, and proof of insurance."

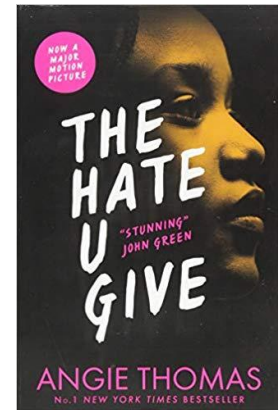
Khalil breaks a rule—he doesn't do what the cop wants. "What you pull us over for?"

"License, registration, and proof of insurance."

"I said what you pull us over for?"

"Khalil," I **plead**. "Do what he said."

Khalil groans and takes his wallet out. The officer follows his movements with the flashlight. My heart pounds loudly, but Daddy's instructions echo in my head: Get a good look at the cop's face. If you can remember his badge number, that's even better. With the flashlight following Khalil's hands, I make out the numbers on the badge—one fifteen. He's white, mid-thirties to early forties, has a brown buzz cut and a thin scar over his top lip.



Khalil hands the officer his papers and license. One-Fifteen looks over them. "Where are you two coming from tonight?"

"Nunya," Khalil says, meaning none of your business. "What you pull me over for?"

"Your taillight's broken."

"So are you gon' give me a ticket or what?" Khalil asks.

"You know what? Get out the car, smart guy."

"Man, just give me my ticket—"

"Get out the car! Hands up, where I can see them."

Khalil gets out with his hands up. One-Fifteen yanks him by his arm and pins him against the back door. I fight to find my voice. "He didn't mean—"

"Hands on the dashboard!" the officer barks at me. "Don't move!"

I do what he tells me, but my hands are shaking too much to be still. He pats Khalil down. "Okay, smart mouth, let's see what we find on you today."

"You ain't gon' find nothing," Khalil says.

One-Fifteen pats him down two more times. He turns up empty.

"Stay here," he tells Khalil. "And you," he looks in the window at me. "Don't move."

I can't even nod. The officer walks back to his patrol car. My parents haven't raised me to fear the police, just to be smart around them. They told me it's not smart to move while a cop has his back to you. Khalil does. He comes to his door. It's not smart to make a sudden move.

Khalil does. He opens the driver's door.

"You okay, Starr—"

Pow!

One. Khalil's body jerks. Blood splatters from his back. He holds onto the door to keep himself upright.

Pow!

Two. Khalil **gasps**.

Pow!

Three. Khalil looks at me, stunned.

He falls to the ground.

Questions

1. How would you describe the atmosphere between the police officer and Khalil?
2. How does Khalil respond to the officer?
3. How does Starr respond to the officer differently?
4. Whose response do you think is correct? Why?
5. What words and sentence structures does the writer use to create dramatic tension at the end of the extract?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

sudden breath in	can be seen	movement in a car	begs
---------------------	-------------	----------------------	------

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include these words in your answer: **CRITICISE, EXPOSE, WARN**

I think the author has written this extract in order to _____

Week 5. 'Northern Lights' by Philip Pullman

'Northern Lights' is the first part in a trilogy which follows the story of Lyra, who travels between worlds to discover the secrets of her family and the universe. In this passage, Lyra, a young girl, and Pan, her daemon, are captured by strangers and then rescued. Daemons are creatures which have a special bond with the human they are connected to. A daemon can change its form and appear as a variety of different animals.

Lyra tiptoed up to the hut and peeped in at the window. An old man was **laboriously** reading a picture-story paper and smoking a pipe, with his spaniel daemon curled up asleep on the table. As she looked, the man got up and brought a blackened kettle from the iron stove and poured some hot water into a cracked mug before settling back with his paper.

"Should we ask him to let us in, Pan?" she whispered, but he was distracted; he was a bat, an owl, a wildcat again; she looked all round, catching his panic, and then saw them at the same time as he did: two men running at her, one from each side, the nearer holding a throwing net.

Pan uttered a harsh scream and launched himself as a leopard at the closer man's daemon, a savage-looking fox, bowling her backward and tangling with the man's legs. The man cursed and dodged aside, and Lyra darted past him toward the open spaces of the wharf. What she mustn't do was get boxed in a corner.

Pan, an eagle now, swooped at her and cried, "Left! Left!"

She swerved that way and saw a gap between the coal-spirit barrels and the end of a corrugated iron shed, and darted for it like a bullet. But those throwing nets!

She heard a hiss in the air, and past her cheek something lashed and sharply stung, and **loathsome** tarred strings whipped across her face, her arms, her hands, and tangled and held her, and she fell, snarling and tearing and struggling in vain.

"Pan! Pan!"

But the fox daemon tore at the cat Pan, and Lyra felt the pain in her own flesh, and sobbed a great cry as she fell. One man was **swiftly** lashing cords around her, around her limbs, her throat, body, head, bundling her over and over on the wet ground. She was helpless, exactly like a fly being **trussed** by a spider. Poor hurt Pan was dragging himself toward her, with the fox daemon worrying his back, and he had no strength left to change, even.

The whole world grew still as the man tying the net saw it too.

Pan sat up and blinked, and then there was a soft thud, and the net man fell choking and gasping right across Lyra, who cried out in horror: that was blood gushing out of him!

Running feet, and someone hauled the man away and bent over him; then other hands lifted Lyra, a knife snicked and pulled and the net strings fell away one by one, and she tore them off, spitting, and hurled herself down to cuddle Pan.

Kneeling, she twisted to look up at the newcomers. Three dark men, one armed with a bow, the others with knives; and as she turned, the bowman caught his breath.

"That en't Lyra?"

A familiar voice, but she couldn't place it till he stepped forward and the nearest light fell on his face and the hawk daemon on his shoulder. Then she had it. A gyptian! A real Oxford gyptian!

Questions

1. List the different forms Lyra's daemon Pan takes.
2. How does Lyra feel as she is captured?
3. Who rescues Lyra at the end of the extract?
4. What impression do you get of Lyra in this extract? Why?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

bound, trapped	with difficulty	quickly	horrible
----------------	-----------------	---------	----------

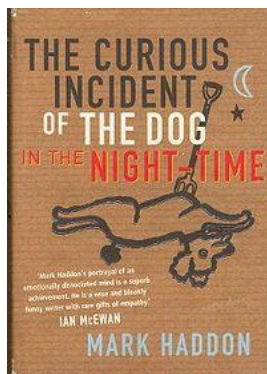
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The author creates an atmosphere of shock and confusion through _____

Week 6. 'The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Nighttime' by Mark Haddon

'The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time' is a popular novel and play. It is narrated by Christopher Boone, a character who describes himself as "a mathematician with some behaviour difficulties". Although Christopher's condition is not stated, the blurb refers to high-functioning Autism, or Asperger's Syndrome. In the novel, Christopher is investigating the murder of his neighbour's dog.



It was 7 minutes after midnight. The dog was lying on the grass in the middle of the lawn in front of Mrs Shears' house. Its eyes were closed. It looked as if it was running on its side, the way dogs run when they think they are chasing a cat in a dream. But the dog was not running or asleep. The dog was dead. There was a garden fork sticking out of the dog. The points of the fork must have gone all the way through the dog and into the ground because the fork had not fallen over. I decided that the dog was probably killed with the fork because I could not see any other wounds in the dog and I do not think you would stick a garden fork into a dog after it had died for some other reason, like a road accident. But I could not be certain about this.

I went through Mrs Shears' gate, closing it behind me. I walked onto her lawn and knelt beside the dog. I put my hand on the muzzle of the dog. It was still warm.

The dog was called Wellington. It belonged to Mrs Shears who was our friend. She lived on the opposite side of the road, two houses to the left.

Wellington was a poodle. Not one of the small poodles that have hairstyles but a big poodle. It had curly black fur, but when you got close you could see that the skin underneath the fur was a very pale yellow, like chicken.

I stroked Wellington and wondered who had killed him, and why.

My name is Christopher John Francis Boone. I know all the countries of the world and their capital cities and every **prime number** up to 7,057.

Eight years ago, when I first met Siobhan, she showed me this picture



and I knew that it meant 'sad,' which is what I felt when I found the dead dog.

Then she showed me this picture



and I knew that it meant 'happy', like when I'm reading about the Apollo space missions, or when I am still awake at 3 am or 4 am in the morning and I can walk up and down the street and pretend that I am the only person in the whole world.

Then she drew some other pictures



but I was unable to say what these meant.

I got Siobhan to draw lots of these faces and then write down next to them exactly what they meant. I kept the piece the piece of paper in my pocket and took it out when I didn't understand what someone was saying. But it was very difficult to decide which of the diagrams was most like the face they were making because people's faces move very quickly.

When I told Siobhan that I was doing this, she got out a pencil and another piece of paper and said it probably made people feel very



and then she laughed. So I tore the original piece of paper up and threw it away. And Siobhan apologised. And now if I don't know what someone is saying I ask them what they mean or I walk away.

I pulled the fork out of the dog and lifted him into my arms and hugged him. He was leaking blood from the fork-holes.

I like dogs. You always know what a dog is thinking. It has four moods. Happy, sad, cross and concentrating. Also, dogs are faithful and they do not tell lies because they cannot talk.

I had been hugging the dog for 4 minutes when I heard screaming. I looked up and saw Mrs Shears running towards me from the patio. She was wearing pyjamas and a housecoat. Her toenails were painted bright pink and she had no shoes on.

Questions

1. What does Christopher see from his window and how does he describe it?
2. Who do you think Siobhan is? How does she try to help Christopher?

3. List four talents Christopher seems to have in this extract.

4. Explain one thing Christopher finds challenging.

5. What do you think Mrs Shears is thinking when she runs towards Christopher?

Vocabulary

The author, Mark Haddon, decided to use simple, straight-forward vocabulary in this novel. Why do you think this might be?

What is a **prime number**? How many can you list?

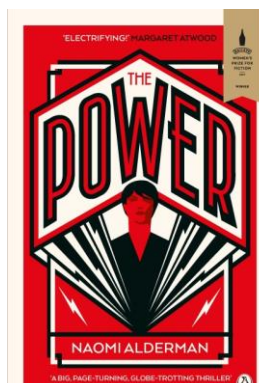
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening.

'The Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time' is an important book for Year 10 students to read because _____

Week 7. 'The Power' by Naomi Alderman

In 'The Power', females have developed the power to electrocute others. The world quickly develops into a system where women have control over men. In this extract, Margot talks to her daughter Jos about her new special abilities.



Jos frowns. 'Plenty of girls started it before I did. It was. . . it was kinda funny. . . when it started, like static electricity.'

Static electricity. What was it, you combed your hair and stuck a balloon to it? An activity for bored six-year-olds at birthday parties.

'It was this funny, crazy thing girls were doing. There were secret videos online. How to do tricks with it.'

It's this exact moment, yes, when any secret you have from your parents becomes precious. Anything you know that they've never heard of.

'How did you. . . how did you learn to do it?'

Jos says, 'I don't know. I just felt I could do it, OK . It's like a sort of... twist.'

'Why didn't you say anything? Why didn't you tell me?'

She looks through the window to the lawn. Beyond the high back fence, men and women with cameras are already gathering.

'I don't know.'

Margot remembers trying to talk to her own mother about boys or the stuff that happened at parties. About how far was too far, where a boy's hand should stop. She remembers the absolute impossibility of those conversations.

'Show me.'

Jos narrows her eyes. 'I can't. . . I'd hurt you.'

'Have you been practising? Can you control it well enough so you know you wouldn't kill me, or give me a fit?'

Jos takes a deep breath. Puffs her cheeks out. Lets the breath out slowly. 'Yes.'

Her mother nods. This is the girl she knows: **conscientious** and serious. Still Jos. 'Then show me.'

'I can't control it well enough for it not to hurt, OK?'

'How much will it hurt?'

Jos splays her fingers wide, looks at her palms. 'Mine comes and goes. Sometimes it's strong, sometimes it's nothing.'

Margot presses her lips together. 'OK.'

Jos extends her hand, then pulls it back. 'I don't want to.'

There was a time when every crevice of this child's body was Margot's to clean and care for. It is not OK with her not to know her own child's strength. 'No more secrets. Show me.'

Jos is near to tears. She places her forefinger and her middle finger on her mother's arm. Margot waits to see Jos do something; hold her breath, or wrinkle her brow, or show **exertion** in the muscles of her arm, but there's nothing. Only the pain.

From the place on her forearm where Jos is touching her, it starts as a dull bone-ache. The flu, travelling through the muscles and joints. It deepens. Something is cracking her bone, twisting it, bending it, and she wants to tell Jos to stop but she can't open her mouth. It burrows through the bone like it's splintering apart from the inside; she can't stop herself seeing a tumour, a solid, sticky lump bursting out through the **marrow** of her arm, splitting the ulna and the radius to sharp fragments. She feels sick. She wants to cry out. The pain **radiates** across her arm and, **nauseatingly**, through her body. There's not a part of her it hasn't touched now; she feels it echo in her head and down her spine, across her back, around her throat and out, spreading across her collarbone.

The collarbone. It has only been a few seconds, but the moments have **elongated**. Only pain can bring such attention to the body; this is how Margot notices the answering echo in her chest. Among the forests and mountains of pain, a chiming note along her collarbone. Like answering to like.

There is a tingling feeling in her chest and arms and hands. Like a dead arm, waking up. The pain is not gone now, but it is **irrelevant**. Something else is happening. Instinctively, she digs her hands into Jocelyn's patchwork comforter. She smells the scent of the beech trees of her childhood home, as if she were back beneath their woody protection, their musk of old timber and wet **loam**.

When she opens her eyes, there is a pattern around each of her hands. Concentric circles, light and dark, light and dark, burned into the comforter where her hands clutched it. And she knows, she felt that twist, and she remembers that maybe she has always known it and it has always belonged to her. Hers to cup in her hand. Hers to command to strike.

'Oh God,' she says. 'Oh God.'

Questions

1. What secret did Jos keep from her mother?
2. Why do you think men and women with cameras are gathering on the lawn?
3. What does Margot want her daughter to do?
4. How does Margot describe the pain?
5. What do you think might be happening to Margot at the end of the extract?

Vocabulary

emits, releases	feeling sick	getting longer	unconnected, unrelated
hard physical work	mature, thoughtful	soil, earth	core, centre

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph openings. Include short quotations in your answer.

The author powerfully describes the pain of her daughter's powers in _____

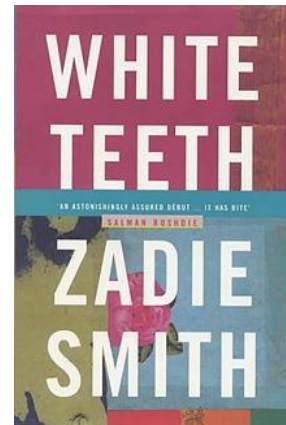
However, there is also a suggestion of excitement at the end of the extract because _____

Week 8. 'White Teeth' by Zadie Smith

'White Teeth' is set in London. Samad is from Bangladesh and Archie is from Britain, and they became friends fighting together in World War 2. Samad's son Magid is best friends with Archie's daughter Irie. In this extract, Magid and Irie are protesting while being driven to school.

...Click-slam. Click-slam. One Magid, one Irie. Samad opened his eyes and looked in the rear-view mirror. In the back seat were the two children he had been waiting for: both with their little glasses, Irie with her wilful Afro, Magid with his thick black hair slicked into an unappealing middle-parting. Magid carrying a recorder, Irie with violin.

But beyond these basic details, everything was not as it should be. Unless he was very much mistaken, something was rotten in this Mini Metro – something was *afoot*. Both children were dressed in black from head to toe. Both wore white armbands on their left arms upon which were painted **crude** renditions of baskets of vegetables. Both had pads of writing paper and a pen tied around their necks with string.



“Who did this to you?”

Silence.

“Was it Amma? And Mrs Jones?”

Silence.

“Magid! Irie! Cat got your tongues?”

More silence; children’s silence, so desperately desired by adults yet eerie when it finally occurs.

Samad twisted in his car seat to face the two dissenters. “Am I meant to ask you what this is about?”

Magid grasped his pen and, in his neat, clinical hand, printed: IF YOU WANT TO, then ripped off the piece of paper and handed it to Samad.

“A Vow of Silence. I see. You too, Irie? I would have thought you were too sensible for such nonsense.”

Irie scribbled for a moment on her pad and passed the missive forward. WE ARE PROTESTING.

“Pros-testing? What are Pros and why are you testing them? Did your mother teach you this word?”

Irie looked like she was going to burst with the sheer force of her explanation, but Magid mimed the zipping up of her mouth, snatched back the piece of paper and crossed out the first s.

“Oh, I see. *Protesting.*”

Magid and Irie nodded maniacally.

“Well, that is indeed fascinating. And I suppose your mothers engineered this whole scenario? The costumes? The notepads?”

Silence.

“You are quite the political prisoners... not giving a thing away. All right: may one ask *what it is* that you are protesting about?”

Both children pointed urgently to their armbands.

“Vegetables? You are protesting for the rights of vegetables?”

Irie held one hand over her mouth to stop herself screaming the answer, while Magid set about his writing pad in a flurry. WE ARE PROTESTING ABOUT THE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Samad growled, “I told you already. I don’t want you participating in that nonsense. It has nothing to do with us, Magid. Why are you always trying to be somebody you are not?”

There was a mutual, silent anger as each acknowledged the painful incident that was being referred to. A few months earlier, on Magid’s ninth birthday, a group of very nice-looking white boys with **meticulous** manners had turned up on the doorstep and asked for Mark Smith.

“Mark? No Mark here,” Magid’s mother Alsana had said, bending down to their level with a **genial** smile. “Only the family Iqbal in here. You have the wrong house.”

But before she had finished the sentence, Magid had dashed to the door, **ushering** his mother out of view.

“Hi, guys.”

“Hi, Mark.”

“Off to the chess club, Mum.”

“Yes, M – M – Mark,” said Alsana, close to tears at this final snub, the replacement of “Mum” for “Amma”. “Do not be late, now.”

“I GIVE YOU A GLORIOUS NAME LIKE MAGID IQBAL!” Samad had yelled after Magid when he returned home that evening and whipped up the stairs like a bullet to hide in his room. “AND YOU WANT TO BE CALLED MARK SMITH!”

But this was just a symptom of a far deeper **malaise**. Magid really wanted to be *in some other family*. And this month Magid wanted join in with the Harvest Festival like Mark Smith would. Like everybody else would.

BUT WE WANT TO DO IT. OR WE’LL GET A DETENTION. MRS OWENS SAID IT IS TRADITION.

Samad blew his top. “Whose tradition?” he bellowed, as a tearful Magid began to scribble frantically once more. “Dammit, you are a Muslim, not a wood sprite! I *told* you, Magid, I told you the condition upon which you would be allowed. You come with me on **haj**. If I am to touch that black stone before I die I will do it with my eldest son by my side.”

Magid broke the pencil halfway through his reply, scrawling the second half with blunt lead. IT’S NOT FAIR! I CAN’T GO ON HAJ. I’VE GOT TO GO TO SCHOOL. I DON’T HAVE TIME TO GO TO MECCA. IT’S NOT FAIR!

Questions

1. Who is Samad driving to school?
2. What are the children protesting about? What do they want to be able to take part in?
3. Why do you think Majid gave himself a different name?
4. Write down one comic element of this extract.
5. Write down one serious element of this extract.

Vocabulary

illness, depression	a Muslim pilgrimage to Mecca	friendly
careful, precise	steering, escorting	unpolished, basic

Your interpretations

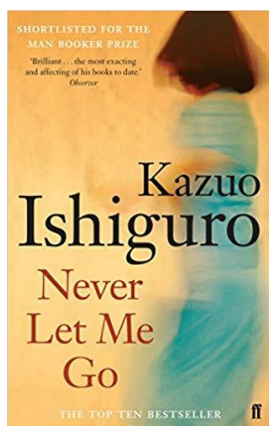
Complete the paragraph openings. Include short quotations in your answer.

On the one hand, a reader might sympathise with Majid because _____

However, a reader might also sympathise with Samad because _____

Week 9. 'Never Let Me Go' by Kazuo Ishiguro

This modern novel starts as a mystery. We are aware that there are people called 'donors' who live together in a residential home with their 'carers'. The question of what they are donating, and to whom, forms the sinister core of the story... This extract is from the opening of the novel.



My name is Kathy H. I'm thirty-one years old, and I've been a carer now for over eleven years. That sounds long enough, I know, but actually they want me to go on for another eight months, until the end of this year. That'll make it almost exactly twelve years. Now I know my being a carer so long isn't necessarily because they think I'm fantastic at what I do. There are some really good carers who've been told to stop after just two or three years. And I can think of one carer at least who went on for all of fourteen years despite being a complete waste of space. So I'm not trying to **boast**. But then I do know for a fact they've been pleased with my work, and by and large, I have too. My donors have always tended to do much better than expected. Their recovery times have been impressive, and hardly any of them have been classified as "**agitated**," even before fourth donation. Okay, maybe I am

boasting now. But it means a lot to me, being able to do my work well, especially that bit about my donors staying "calm." I've developed a kind of instinct around donors. I know when to hang around and comfort them, when to leave them to themselves; when to listen to everything they have to say, and when just to shrug and tell them to snap out of it.

Anyway, I'm not making any big claims for myself. I know carers, working now, who are just as good and don't get half the credit. If you're one of them, I can understand how you might get resentful—about my bedsit, my car, above all, the way I get to pick and choose who I look after. And I'm a Hailsham student—which is enough by itself sometimes to get people's backs up. Kathy H., they say, she gets to pick and choose, and she always chooses her own kind: people from Hailsham, or one of the other **privileged** estates. No wonder she has a great record. I've heard it said enough, so I'm sure you've heard it plenty more, and maybe there's something in it. But I'm not the first to be allowed to pick and choose, and I doubt if I'll be the last. And anyway, I've done my share of looking after donors brought up in every kind of place. By the time I finish, remember, I'll have done twelve years of this, and it's only for the last six they've let me choose.

And why shouldn't they? Carers aren't machines. You try and do your best for every donor, but in the end, it wears you down. You don't have unlimited patience and energy. So when you get a chance to choose, of course, you choose your own kind. That's natural. There's no way I could have gone on for as long as I have if I'd stopped feeling for my donors every step of the way. And anyway, if I'd never started choosing, how would I ever have got close again to Ruth and Tommy after all those years?

But these days, of course, there are fewer and fewer donors left who I remember, and so in practice, I haven't been choosing that much. As I say, the work gets a lot harder when you don't have that deeper link with the donor, and though I'll miss being a carer, it feels just about right to be finishing at last come the end of the year.

Questions

1. What is Kathy H's job?
2. What is she proud of?
3. What has she been criticised for?
4. What is difficult about her job?
5. What do you think 'donors' are? Why?

Vocabulary

worried, stressed	show off	advantaged, wealthy
-------------------	----------	---------------------

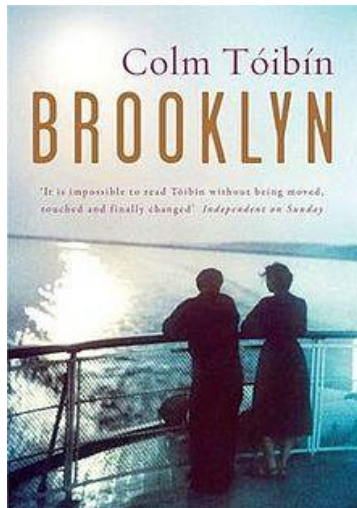
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph openings. Include short quotations in your answer.

Kathy H is presented as _____

Week 10. 'Brooklyn' by Colm Toibin

Colm Toibin is from Ireland. His novels often focus on themes of family, love and loss. In 'Brooklyn', set in the 1950s, protagonist Eilis leaves Ireland for new opportunities in Brooklyn, New York. In her new life, Eilis struggles with homesickness and personal grief. She must choose between duty and love. In this extract, she is preparing to leave the ship that has taken her from Dublin and land for the first time in the US.



On the night before they were due to **dock**, she went to the dining room with Georgina, who told her that she looked **wretched** and that if she did not take care she would be stopped at **Ellis Island** and put in **quarantine**, or at least given a thorough medical examination. Back in the cabin, Eilis showed Georgina her passport and papers to prove to her that she would not have a problem entering the United States. She told her that she would be met by Father Flood. Georgina was surprised, she said, that Eilis had a full, rather than a temporary, work permit. She did not think it was easy to get such a document any more, even with the help of a priest. She made Eilis open her suitcase and show her what clothes she had brought so that she could select suitable **attire** for her when she was disembarking and make sure that nothing she wore was too wrinkled.

"Nothing fancy," she said. "We don't want you looking like a tart."

She chose a white dress with a red floral pattern that Rose had given Eilis and a plain cardigan and a plain-coloured scarf. She looked at the three pairs of shoes that Eilis had packed and selected the plainest, insisting that the shoes would have to be polished.

"And wear your coat over your arm and look as though you know where you're going and don't wash your hair again, the water on this boat has made it stand out like a ball of steel wool. You'll need to spend a few hours brushing it to get it into any shape at all."

In the morning, between arranging to have her trunk carried on deck, Georgina began to put make-up on, getting Eilis to comb her hair out even straighter now that the brushing was done so that it could be tied back into a bun.

"Don't look too innocent," she said. "When I put some eye-liner on you and some rouge and mascara, they'll be afraid to stop you. Your suitcase is all wrong, but there's nothing we can do about that."

"What's wrong with it?"

"It's too Irish and they stop the Irish."

"Really?"

"Try not to look so frightened."

"I'm hungry."

"We're all hungry. But, darling, you don't need to look hungry. Pretend you are full."

“And I almost never wear make-up at home.”

“Well, you’re about to enter the land of the free and the brave. And I don’t know how you got that stamp on your passport. The priest must know someone. The only thing they can stop you for is if they think you have **TB**, so don’t cough whatever you do, or if they think you have some funny eye disease, I can’t remember the name of it. So keep your eyes open. Sometimes, they don’t stop you at all, except to look at your papers.”

Questions

1. What does Georgina warn Eilis at the start of the extract?
2. Who helped Eilis get a work permit for America?
3. What advice does Georgina give Eilis?
4. How is Eilis feeling as she nears the USA?
5. What hints that the USA might be a judgemental and challenging place to live?

Vocabulary

clothes	a lung disease	the island all immigrants to the USA went through
the separation of the ill from the healthy	anchor in a port	miserable

Your interpretations

Imagine you are Eilis, leaning over the edge of the ship about to start your new life in America. Describe your feelings. Use new vocabulary in your description.

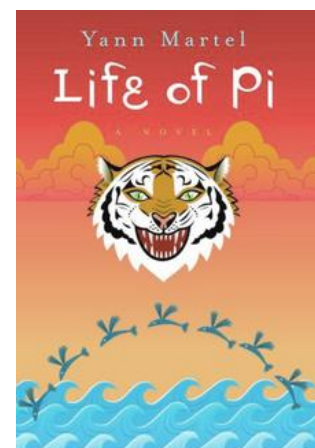
Week 11. 'Life of Pi' by Yann Martel (2001)

Yann Martel is a Spanish-born Canadian author. His most famous novel, 'Life of Pi' was an international bestseller and won the Man Booker prize. The protagonist, Indian Pi Patel, is the sole survivor of a shipwreck in which he lost his entire family. In this extract, he is stuck in a lifeboat with a tiger called Richard Parker.

I was alone and orphaned, in the middle of the Pacific, hanging on to an oar, an adult tiger in front of me, sharks beneath me, a storm raging about me. Had I considered my **prospects** in the light of reason, I surely would have given up and let go of the oar, hoping that I might drown before being eaten. But I don't recall that I had a single thought during those first minutes of relative safety. I didn't even notice daybreak. I held on to the oar, I just held on, God only knows why.

The elements allowed me to go on living. The lifeboat did not sink. Thankfully the tiger Richard Parker kept out of sight. The sharks prowled but did not lunge. The waves splashed me but did not pull me off.

I watched the ship as it disappeared with much burbling and belching. Lights flickered and went out. I looked about for my family, for survivors, for another lifeboat, for anything that might bring me hope. There was nothing. Only rain, waves of black ocean and the **flotsam** of tragedy.



The darkness melted away from the sky. The rain stopped.

I could not stay in the position I was in forever. I was cold. My neck was sore from holding up my head and from all the craning I had been doing. My back hurt from leaning against the lifebuoy. And I needed to be higher up if I were to see other lifeboats.

In the morning I could not move. I was pinned by weakness to the tarpaulin. Even thinking was exhausting. I applied myself to thinking straight. At length, as slowly as a caravan of camels crossing a desert, some thoughts came together.

I thought of **sustenance** for the first time. I had not had a drop to drink or a bite to eat or a minute of sleep in three days. Finding this obvious explanation for my weakness brought me a little strength.

Richard Parker was still on board. In fact, he was directly beneath me. Incredible that such a thing should need consent to be true, but it was only after much **deliberation**, upon assessing various mental items and points of view, that I concluded that it was not a dream or a delusion or a misplaced memory or a fancy or any other such falsity, but a solid, true thing witnessed while in a weakened, highly agitated state. The truth of it would be confirmed as soon as I felt well enough to investigate.

How I had failed to notice for two and a half days a 450-pound Bengal tiger in a lifeboat twenty-six feet long was a **conundrum** I would have to try to crack later, when I had more energy. The feat surely made Richard Parker the largest stowaway, proportionally speaking, in the history of navigation. From tip of nose to tip of tail he took up over a third of the length of the ship he was on.

You might think I lost all hope at that point. I did. And as a result I perked up and felt much better. We see that in sports all the time, don't we? The tennis challenger starts strong but soon loses confidence in his playing. The champion racks up the games. But in the final set, when the challenger has nothing left to lose, he becomes relaxed again, **insouciant**, daring. Suddenly he's playing like the devil and the champion must work hard to get those last points. So it was with me. To cope with a hyena seemed remotely possible, but I was so obviously outmatched by Richard Parker that it wasn't even worth worrying about. With a tiger aboard, my life was over. That being settled, why not do something about my parched throat?

I believe it was this that saved my life that morning, that I was quite literally dying of thirst. Now that the word had popped into my head I couldn't think of anything else, as if the word itself were salty and the more I thought of it, the worse the effect. I have heard that the hunger for air exceeds as a compelling sensation the thirst for water. Only for a few minutes, I say. After a few minutes you die and the discomfort of **asphyxiation** goes away. Whereas thirst is a drawn-out affair. Look: Christ on the Cross died of suffocation, but His only complaint was of thirst. If thirst can be so taxing that even God Incarnate complains about it, imagine the effect on a regular human. It was enough to make me go raving mad. I have never known a worse physical hell than this **putrid** taste and pasty feeling in the mouth, this unbearable pressure at the back of the throat, this sensation that my blood was turning to a thick syrup that barely flowed. Truly, by comparison, a tiger was nothing.

Questions

1. Give two dangers Pi faces at the start of the extract.
2. How does Pi feel in the morning, when the rain clears? Give two feelings.
3. What makes Pi feel a bit better in the middle of the extract?
4. At the end of the extract, what threat seems more important than the tiger?
5. What impression do you get of Pi in this extract? Choose three words.

Vocabulary

untroubled, relaxed	suffocation	debate, thought
rotten, disgusting	puzzle	food, nourishment
debris, floating material	possibilities, future predictions	prowling, dangerous

Your interpretations

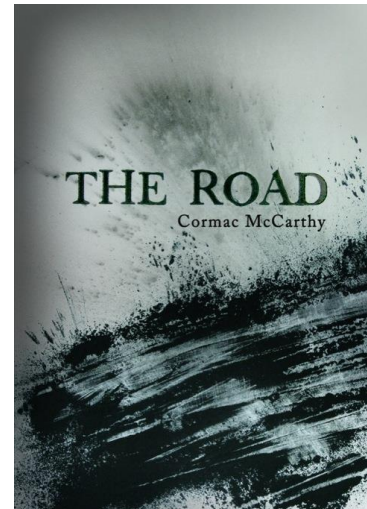
Complete the paragraph. Use short embedded quotations in your answer.

Pi's seems right to panic because _____

Week 12. 'The Road' by Cormac McCarthy

'The Road' is a 2006 novel by American writer Cormac McCarthy. It is about a journey a father and his young son make over a period of several months. They travel across a landscape destroyed by an unspecified event that has killed most of civilization and, in the intervening years, almost all life on Earth. This extract is taken from the opening of the novel.

When he woke in the woods in the dark and the cold of the night he'd reach out to touch the child sleeping beside him. Nights dark beyond darkness and the days more grey each one than what had gone before. Like the onset of some cold glaucoma dimming away the world. His hand rose and fell softly with each precious breath. He pushed away the plastic tarpaulin and raised himself in the stinking robes and blankets and looked toward the east for any light but there was none. In the dream from which he'd wakened he had wandered in a cave where the child led him by the hand. Their light playing over the wet flowstone walls. Like **pilgrims** in a **fable** swallowed up and lost among the inward parts of some granitic beast. Deep stone pipes where the water dripped and sang. Tolling in the silence the minutes of the earth and the hours and the days of it and the years without **cease**. Until they stood in a great stone room where lay a black and ancient lake. And on the far shore a creature that raised its dripping mouth from the rimstone pool and stared into the light with eyes dead white and sightless as the eggs of spiders. It swung its head low over the water as if to take the scent of what it could not see. Crouching there pale and naked and **translucent**, its **alabaster** bones cast up in shadow on the rocks behind it. Its bowels, its beating heart. The brain that pulsed in a dull glass bell. It swung its head from side to side and then gave out a low moan and turned and lurched away and loped soundlessly into the dark.



With the first grey light he rose and left the boy sleeping and walked out to the road and squatted and studied the country to the south. Barren, silent, godless. He thought the month was October but he wasn't sure. He hadn't kept a calendar for years. They were moving south. There'd be no surviving another winter here.

When it was light enough to use the binoculars he glassed the valley below. Everything paling away into the murk. The soft ash blowing in loose swirls over the blacktop. He studied what he could see. The segments of road down there among the dead trees. Looking for anything of colour. Any movement. Any trace of standing smoke. He lowered the glasses and pulled down the cotton mask from his face and wiped his nose on the back of his wrist and then glassed the country again. Then he just sat there holding the binoculars and watching the ashen daylight congeal over the land. He knew only that the child was his **warrant**. He said: If he is not the word of God God never spoke.

Questions

1. Describe the setting at the start of the extract.
2. What had the man dreamt about?
3. Where is the man and his son travelling to? Why?
4. How do you think the man feels about his son at the end of the extract? Why?
5. The author uses very little punctuation in this novel. What effect do you think this has?

Vocabulary

permit, licence, security	transparent and luminous	a story with a moral
a white mineral or rock	ending	people who travel for religious purposes

Your interpretations

- **The Apocalypse: the destruction of the earth**
- **Apocalyptic: an adjective describing the destruction of the earth**
- **Post-apocalyptic: an adjective describing what might happen after the destruction of the earth**

What makes this extract seem post-apocalyptic? Think of three reasons and explain them.

Week 13: Review of term 1

List the extracts that are written in the first person.

List the extracts that centre on a mystery or secret.

Which extract you have read do you think is the most interesting? Why?

Go through the key vocabulary and memorise as much as possible. Use the read – cover – write – check – repeat technique. Write the words you can remember in this box.

Use this vocabulary to write the opening to a story set in a crowded city.

Week 14. 'Benjamin Button' by F. Scott Fitzgerald

This short story follows the magical life of Benjamin Button, who is born as an old man and gets younger and younger as he grows up. In this extract, Benjamin's father arrives at the hospital where is he born.

"I want to see my child," said Mr. Button.

The nurse gave a little scream. "Oh--of course!" she cried hysterically. "Upstairs. Right upstairs. Go--up!"

She pointed the direction, and Mr. Button, bathed in cool perspiration, turned **falteringly**, and began to mount to the second floor. In the upper hall he addressed another nurse who approached him, basin in hand. "I'm Mr. Button," he managed to articulate. "I want to see my----"

Clank! The basin clattered to the floor and rolled in the direction of the stairs. Clank! Clank! I began a methodical **decent** as if sharing in the general terror which this gentleman provoked.

"I want to see my child!" Mr. Button almost shrieked. He was on the verge of collapse. Clank! The basin reached the first floor. The nurse regained control of herself, and threw Mr. Button a look of hearty **contempt**.

"All *right*, Mr. Button," she agreed in a hushed voice. "Very *well!* But if you *knew* what a state it's put us all in this morning! It's perfectly outrageous! The hospital will never have a ghost of a reputation after----"

"Hurry!" he cried hoarsely. "I can't stand this!"

"Come this way, then, Mr. Button."

He dragged himself after her. At the end of a long hall they reached a room from which proceeded a variety of howls--indeed, a room which, in later **parlance**, would have been known as the "crying-room." They entered.

"Well," gasped Mr. Button, "which is mine?"

"There!" said the nurse.

Mr. Button's eyes followed her pointing finger, and this is what he saw. Wrapped in a **voluminous** white blanket, and partly crammed into one of the cribs, there sat an old man apparently about seventy years of age. His sparse hair was almost white, and from his chin dripped a long smoke-coloured beard, which waved **absurdly** back and forth, fanned by the breeze coming in at the window. He looked up at Mr. Button with dim, faded eyes in which lurked a puzzled question.



Questions

1. How does the first nurse respond to Mr Button's request?
2. How does the second nurse respond to Mr Button's request?
3. How is Mr Button feeling as he waits to see his child?
4. Why do you think the room is called the "crying room"?
5. Describe what Mr Button sees at the end of the extract.

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

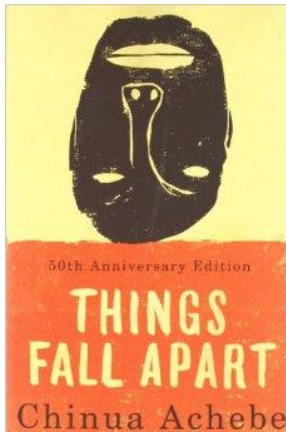
dislike, hatred	speech, phrasing	big
downwards movement	ridiculously, strangely	stopping and starting

Your interpretations

Imagine you are Mr Button, seeing your son for the first time. Describe your feelings. Use new vocabulary in your description.

Week 15. 'Things Fall Apart' by Chinua Achebe

'Things Fall Apart' is about a fictional Nigerian village and its destructive contact with British colonizers in the late 19th century. It has since become the world's most widely read African novel. The novel follows the story of a traditional culture torn apart by outside invasion. This extract comes from chapter 18, when Europeans have arrived in the area and have founded a church which follows a new religion, Christianity.



The young church in Mbanta had a few crises early in its life. At first the clan had assumed that it would not survive. But it had gone on living and gradually becoming stronger. The clan was worried, but not overmuch. If a gang of outsiders decided to live in the Evil Forest it was their own affair. When one came to think of it, the Evil Forest was a fit home for such undesirable people. It was true they were rescuing twins from the bush, but they never brought them into the village. As far as the villagers were concerned, the twins still remained where they had been thrown away. Surely the earth goddess would not visit the sins of the **missionaries** on the innocent villagers?

But on one occasion the missionaries had tried to over step the bounds. Three **converts** had gone into the village and boasted openly that all the gods were dead and **impotent** and that they were prepared to **defy** them by burning all their shrines. The men were seized and beaten until they streamed with blood. After that nothing happened for a long time between the church and the clan.

But stories were already gaining ground that the white man had not only brought a religion but also a government. It was said that they had built a place of judgment in Umuofia to protect the followers of their religion. It was even said that they had hanged one man who killed a missionary.

Although such stories were now often told they looked like fairy tales in Mbanta and did not as yet affect the relationship between the new church and the clan. There was no question of killing a missionary here, for Mr. Kiaga, despite his madness, was quite harmless. As for his converts, no one could kill them without having to flee from the clan, for in spite of their worthlessness they still belonged to the clan. And so nobody gave serious thought to the stories about the white man's government or the consequences of killing the Christians. If they became more troublesome than they already were they would simply be driven out of the clan.

And the little church was at that moment too deeply absorbed in its own troubles to annoy the clan. It all began over the question of admitting **outcasts**.

These outcasts, or osu, seeing that the new religion welcomed twins and such **abominations**, thought that it was possible that they would also be received. And so one Sunday two of them went into the church. There was an immediate stir, but so great was the work the new religion had done among the converts that they did not immediately leave the church when the outcasts came in. Those who found themselves nearest to them merely moved to another seat. It was a miracle. But it only lasted till the end of the service. The whole church raised a protest and was about to drive these people out, when Mr. Kiaga stopped them and began to explain.

Questions

1. Where did the new European church set itself up?
2. How did the new church offend the local people?
3. What do the local people think of Mr Kiaga, the leader of the new church?
4. What kinds of people were not accepted in the community?
5. How does the writer suggest that the changes in society could trigger violence?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

To openly refuse to obey.	People rejected by a community.	A thing that causes disgust and hatred.
People who change from one religion to another.	A person sent on a religious mission.	Powerless.

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

Already in this extract, we can see that the title of the novel 'Things Fall Apart' is appropriate because _____

Week 16. 'Great Expectations' by Charles Dickens

'Great Expectations' is one of the most important novels of the Victorian era. In it, an orphan named Pip is determined to make his fortune and make something of his life. One of the most famous characters in this novel is Miss Havisham, a very old and bitter woman. Since she was left on her wedding day many years before, she refuses to take off her wedding dress or put away the items from the wedding. She has sworn to get her revenge on all men, including the boy Pip...



In an arm-chair, with an elbow resting on the table and her head leaning on that hand, sat the strangest lady I have ever seen, or shall ever see.

She was dressed in rich materials - satins, and lace, and silks - all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck and on her hands, and some other jewels lay sparkling on the table. Dresses, less splendid than the dress she wore, and half-packed trunks, were scattered about. She had not quite finished dressing, for she had but one shoe on - the other was on the table near her hand - her veil was but half arranged, her watch and chain were not put on, and some lace for her bosom lay with those trinkets,

and with her handkerchief, and gloves, and some flowers, and a prayer-book, all confusedly heaped about the dressing table mirror.

I saw that everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its brightness, and was faded and yellow. I saw that the bride within the bridal dress had **withered** like the dress she wore, and like the flowers, and had no brightness left but the brightness of her sunken eyes. I saw that the dress had been put upon the rounded figure of a young woman, and that the figure upon which it now hung loose, had shrunk to skin and bone. Once, I had been taken to one of our old marsh churches to see a skeleton in the ashes of a rich dress, that had been dug out of a **vault** under the church pavement. Now, that skeleton seemed to have dark eyes that moved and looked at me. I should have cried out, if I could.

"Who is it?" asked the lady at the table.

"Pip, ma'am."

"Pip?"

"Mr. Pumblechook's boy, ma'am. Come - to play."

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close."

It was when I stood before her, avoiding her eyes, that I took note of the surrounding objects in detail, and saw that her watch had stopped at twenty minutes to nine, and that a clock in the room had also stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

"Look at me," said Miss Havisham. "You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

I regret to state that I was not afraid of telling the enormous lie **comprehended** in the answer "No."

"Do you know what I touch here?" she said, laying her hands, one upon the other, on her left side.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What do I touch?"

"Your heart."

"Broken!"

She uttered the word with an eager look, and with strong emphasis, and with a weird smile that had a kind of boast in it. Afterwards, she kept her hands there for a little while, and slowly took them away as if they were heavy.

Questions

1. Describe Miss Havisham's appearance.
2. Name three other items in the room and what they tell us about Miss Havisham.
3. List the words connected to death in paragraph 3.
4. How does Pip feel in this extract?
5. What makes Miss Havisham seem threatening in the last paragraph?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

cellar or tomb	shrunk, dying.	understood
----------------	----------------	------------

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

Dickens makes Miss Havisham seem sinister through _____

Week 17. 'Educating Rita' by Willy Russell

'Educating Rita' is a play by Willy Russell, who also wrote 'Blood Brothers'. Rita is a working class hairdresser from Liverpool who decides to study at the Open University in order to improve her life. Her tutor is a man called Frank, who is middle class and leads an unhappy life. Both characters learn and change as a result of the other. In this extract Rita is meeting Frank for the first time. The conversation takes place in Frank's office.

FRANK stares at RITA who stands by a desk.

FRANK: You are?

RITA: What am I?

FRANK: Pardon?

RITA: What?

FRANK (looking for the admission papers): Now you are?

RITA: I'm a what?

FRANK looks up and then returns to the papers as RITA goes to hang her coat on the door hooks.

RITA (noticing a picture on the wall. It is a piece of art featuring a nude statue): That's a nice picture, isn't it? (She goes up to it.)

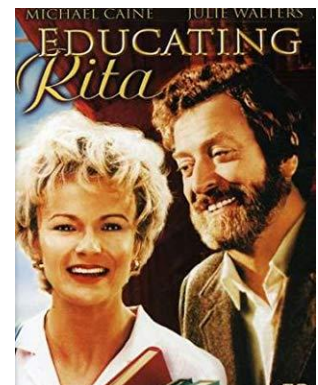
FRANK: Erm...yes. I suppose it is...nice.

RITA (studying the picture): It's very **erotic**.

FRANK (looking up): Actually I don't think I've looked at it for about ten years, but yes, I suppose it is.

RITA: There's no suppose about it. Look at it!

FRANK coughs and goes back to looking for the admission paper.



RITA: Is it supposed to be erotic? I mean when he painted it do y'think he wanted to turn people on?

FRANK: Erm...probably.

RITA: I'll bet he did y'know. Y'don't paint pictures like that just so that people can admire the brush strokes do y'?

FRANK (giving a short laugh): No...no ... you're probably right.

RITA: This was the pornography of its day, wasn't it? It's sort of like Men Only isn't it? But in those days they had to pretend it wasn't erotic so they made it religious, didn't they? Do you think it's erotic?

FRANK (taking a look): I think it's very beautiful.

RITA: I didn't ask y' if it was beautiful.

FRANK: But the term 'beautiful' covers the many feelings I have about that picture, including the feeling that, yes, it is erotic.

RITA (coming back to the desk): D'y'get a lot like me?

FRANK: Pardon?

RITA: Do you get a lot of students like me?

FRANK: Not exactly, no...

RITA: I was dead surprised when they took me. I don't suppose they would have done if it'd been a proper university. The Open University's different though, isn't it?

FRANK: I've...erm...not had much more experience of it than you. This is the first O.U. work I've done.

RITA: D'y'need the money?

FRANK: I do as a matter of fact.

RITA: It's terrible these days, the money, isn't it? With the **inflation** an' that. You work for the ordinary university, don't y'? With the real students. The Open University's different isn't it?

FRANK: It's supposed to embrace a more **comprehensive** studentship, yes.

RITA (inspecting a bookcase): Degrees for dishwashers.

FRANK: Would you...erm...like to sit down?

RITA: No! Can I smoke? (She goes to her bag and rummages in it.)

FRANK: Tobacco?

RITA: Yeh. (She half laughs.) Was that a joke? (She takes out a packet of cigarettes and a lighter.) Here - d'y'want one? (She takes out two cigarettes and dumps the packet on the desk.)

FRANK (after a pause): Ah...I'd love one.

RITA: Well, have one.

FRANK (after a pause): I...don't smoke. I made a promise not to smoke.

RITA: Well, I won't tell anyone.

FRANK: Promise?

Questions

1. How do the two characters seem different at the start of the extract?
2. How are they different at the end of the extract?
3. What impression do you get of Rita?
4. What clues are there that Frank is unhappy?
5. What might Willy Russell be teaching the audience about the class system?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

inclusive, full, broad	sexy, provocative	a rise in the cost of things
------------------------	-------------------	------------------------------

Your interpretations

Imagine you are Frank, meeting Rita for the first time. Describe the scene from your perspective. Use advanced vocabulary in your work.

Week 18 'Catch-22' by Joseph Heller

*In 'Catch-22' Heller uses black humour to highlight the **futility** of life. The novel is set in World War II. It follows Captain Yossarian and his airmen who serve on bombing missions. Ignoring **patriotism**, Yossarian is furious his life is at risk and tries to avoid his missions by faking illness. However, he is in a 'Catch-22' situation as the only way he can avoid fighting is by claiming insanity, but the very act of claiming madness through the correct procedure proves his sanity, so he must continue to fly. In this section, Yossarian remembers a conversation with his intellectual but foolish friend Clevinger.*

In a way the man was pretty lucky, because outside the hospital the war was still going on. Men went mad and were rewarded with medals. All over the world, boys on every side of the bomb line were laying down their lives for what they had been told was their country, and no one seemed to mind, least of all the boys who were laying down their young lives. There was no end in sight. The only end in sight was Yossarian's own, and he might have remained in the hospital until **doomsday** had it not been for that **patriotic** man called Clevinger with his lumpy, indestructible smile cracked forever across the front of his face. He wanted everybody in the ward to be happy. He was really very sick.

But Yossarian couldn't be happy because outside the hospital there was still nothing funny going on. The only thing going on was a war, and no one seemed to notice but Yossarian. And when Yossarian tried to remind people, they drew away from him and thought he was crazy. Even Clevinger, who should have known better but didn't, had told him he was crazy the last time they had seen each other, which was just before Yossarian had fled into the hospital.

Clevinger had stared at him with **apoplectic** rage and **indignation** and, clawing the table with both hands, had shouted, 'You're crazy!'

'Clevinger, what do you want from people?' Dunbar had replied wearily above the noises of the officers' club.

'I'm not joking,' Clevinger persisted.

'They're trying to kill me,' Yossarian told him calmly.

'No one's trying to kill you,' Clevinger cried.

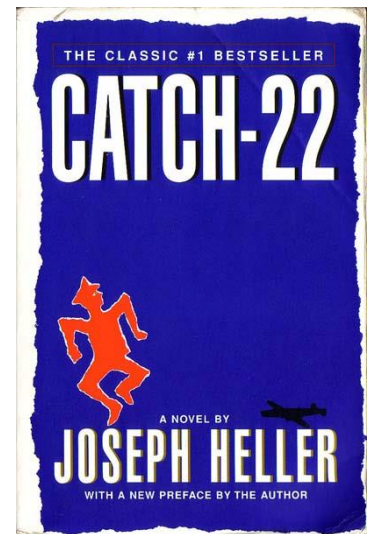
'Then why are they shooting at me?' Yossarian asked.

'They're shooting at everyone,' Clevinger answered.

'They're trying to kill everyone.'

'And what difference does that make?'

Clevinger was already on the way, half out of his chair with emotion, his eyes moist and his lips quivering and pale. As always occurred when he quarrelled over principles in which he believed passionately, he would end up gasping furiously for air and blinking back bitter tears of conviction. There were many principles in which Clevinger believed passionately. He was crazy.



'Who's they?' he wanted to know. 'Who, specifically, do you think is trying to murder you?'

'Every one of them,' Yossarian told him.

'Every one of whom?'

'Every one of whom do you think?'

'I haven't any idea.'

'Then how do you know they aren't?'

'Because...!' Clevinger sputtered, and turned speechless with frustration. Clevinger really thought he was right, but Yossarian had proof, because strangers he didn't know shot at him with cannons every time he flew up into the air to drop bombs on them, and it wasn't funny at all. And if that wasn't funny, there were lots of things that weren't even funnier.

Questions

1. Where is this extract set?
2. Why is Yossarian there? What is he trying to avoid?
3. What does Clevinger want Yossarian to do?
4. What impression do you get of Clevinger?
5. Who do you sympathise more with, Yossarian or Clevinger? Why?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

Anger or annoyance.	Extreme rage and fury.
The last day of the world.	Being devoted to your country.

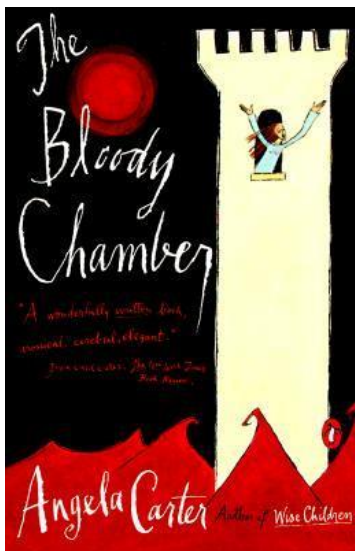
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The writer criticises war through _____

Week 19. ‘The Bloody Chamber’ by Angela Carter

Angela Carter is an English novelist, short-story writer and journalist known for her feminism and use of magic realism. In ‘The Bloody Chamber’, Carter rewrites fairy tales from a female perspective. This extract is taken from a short story entitled ‘The Tiger’s Bride’. The narrator’s father is addicted to gambling, and is about the bet the only thing he has left: his daughter.



My father lost me to The Beast at cards.

There’s a special madness strikes travellers from the North when they reach the lovely land where the lemon trees grow. We come from countries of cold weather; at home, we are at one with nature but here, ah! You think you’ve come to the blessed spot where the lion lies down with the lamb. Everything flowers; no harsh wind stirs the **voluptuous** air. The sun spills fruit for you. And the deathly, sensual **lethargy** of the sweet South infects the starved brain; it gasps: ‘Luxury! more luxury!’ But then the snow comes, you cannot escape it, it followed us from Russia as if it ran behind our carriage, and in this dark, bitter city has caught up with us at last, flocking against the windowpanes to **mock** my father’s expectations of **perpetual** pleasure as the veins in his forehead stand out and throb, his hands shake as he deals the Devil’s picture books.

The candles dropped hot, **acrid** goutts of wax on my bare shoulders. I watched with the furious **cynicism** peculiar to women whom circumstances force mutely to witness folly, while my father, fired in his desperation by more and yet more draughts of the firewater they call ‘grappa’, rids himself of the last scraps of my **inheritance**.

When we left Russia, we owned black earth, blue forest with bear and wild boar, cornfields, farmyards, my beloved horses, white nights of cool summer, the fireworks of the northern lights. What a burden all those possessions must have been to him, because he laughs as if with glee as he beggars himself; he is in such a passion to donate all to The Beast.

Everyone who comes to this city must play a hand of cards with the ruler; few come. They did not warn us at Milan, or, if they did, we did not understand them - my limping Italian, the **bewildering** dialect of the region. Indeed, I myself spoke up in favour of this remote, **provincial** place, out of fashion two hundred years, because, oh irony, it boasted no casino. I did not know that the price of a stay in its Decembral solitude was a game with the lord.

The hour was late. The chill damp of this place creeps into the stones, into your bones, into the spongy pith of the lungs; it **insinuated** itself with a shiver into our parlour, where Milord came to play in the privacy essential to him. Who could refuse the invitation his **valet** brought to our lodging? Not my **profligate** father, certainly; the mirror above the table gave me back his frenzy, my **impassivity**, the withering candles, the emptying bottles, the coloured tide of the cards as they rose and fell, the still mask that **concealed** all the features of The Beast but for the yellow eyes that strayed, now and then, from his **unfurled** hand towards myself.

Questions

1. What do you think the first sentence means?
2. Where are the narrator and her father from?
3. Why have they travelled south?
4. What impression do you get of the lord of the area? What is his nickname? What might this suggest about him?
5. Which paragraph includes a flashback? What does it tell the reader?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

Ridicule, laugh at	Hidden	A servant
Opened	To slide into position	Confusing, puzzling
The money passed on when somebody dies	Extravagant, wasteful	Having no emotions or opinions
A region of a country, usually outside the capital	Unpleasantly bitter	Relating to luxury and pleasure
Lack of energy or enthusiasm	Never-ending or changing	Doubt and distrust

Your interpretations

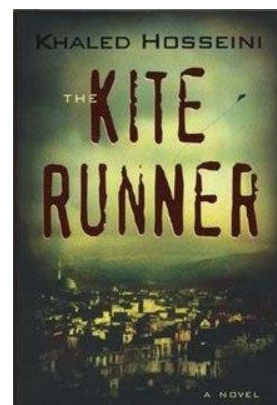
Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The writer conveys a sense of danger and threat through _____

Week 20. 'The Kite Runner' by Khaled Hosseini

*'The Kite Runner' is the first novel by Afghan-American author Khaled Hosseini. It tells the story of Amir, a young boy from Kabul, whose closest friend is Hassan. The story is set against a backdrop of **tumultuous** events, from the fall of Afghanistan's monarchy through the Soviet military intervention, the **exodus** of refugees to Pakistan and the United States, and the rise of the Taliban regime.*

When we were children, Hassan and I used to climb the poplar trees in the driveway of my father's house and annoy our neighbours by reflecting sunlight into their homes with a shard of mirror. We would sit across from each other on a pair of high branches, our naked feet dangling, our trouser pockets filled with dried mulberries and walnuts. We took turns with the mirror as we ate mulberries, pelted each other with them, giggling, laughing. I can still see Hassan up on that tree, sunlight flickering through the leaves on his almost perfectly round face, a face like a Chinese doll **chiselled** from hardwood: his flat, broad nose and slanting, narrow eyes like bamboo leaves, eyes that looked, depending on the light, gold, green, even sapphire. I can still see his tiny low-set ears and that pointed stub of a chin, a meaty **appendage** that looked like it was added as a mere afterthought. And the cleft lip, just left of midline, where the Chinese doll maker's instrument may have slipped, or perhaps he had simply grown tired and careless.



Sometimes, up in those trees, I talked Hassan into firing walnuts with his slingshot at the neighbour's one-eyed German shepherd. Hassan never wanted to, but if I asked, really asked, he wouldn't deny me. Hassan never denied me anything. And he was deadly with his slingshot. Hassan's father, Ali, used to catch us and get mad, or as mad as someone as gentle as Ali could ever get. He would wag his finger and wave us down from the tree. He would take the mirror and tell us what his mother had told him, that the devil shone mirrors too, shone them to distract Muslims during prayer. "And he laughs while he does it," he always added, scowling at his son.

"Yes, Father," Hassan would mumble, looking down at his feet. But he never told on me. Never told that the mirror, like shooting walnuts at the neighbor's dog, was always my idea.

The poplar trees lined the redbrick driveway, which led to a pair of wrought-iron gates. They in turn opened into an extension of the driveway into my father's estate. The house sat on the left side of the brick path, the backyard at the end of it. Everyone agreed that my father, my Baba, had built the most beautiful house in the Wazir Akbar Khan district, a new and **affluent** neighbourhood in the northern part of Kabul. Some thought it was the prettiest house in all of Kabul. A broad entryway flanked by rosebushes led to the sprawling house of marble floors and wide windows. Intricate mosaic tiles, handpicked by Baba in Isfahan, covered the floors of the four bathrooms. Gold-stitched tapestries, which Baba had bought in Calcutta, lined the walls; a crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling.

Upstairs was my bedroom, Baba's room, and his study, also known as "the smoking room," which **perpetually** smelled of tobacco and cinnamon. Baba and his friends reclined on black leather chairs there after Ali had served dinner. They stuffed their pipes—except Baba always called it "fattening the pipe"—and discussed their favourite three topics: politics, business, soccer. Sometimes I asked Baba if I could sit with them, but Baba would stand in the doorway. "Go on, now," he'd say. "This is grown-ups' time. Why don't you go read one of those books of yours?" He'd close the door, leave me to

wonder why it was always grown-ups' time with him. I'd sit by the door, knees drawn to my chest. Sometimes I sat there for an hour, sometimes two, listening to their laughter, their chatter.

A large sliding glass door opened into a semicircular terrace that overlooked two acres of backyard and rows of cherry trees. Baba and Ali had planted a small vegetable garden along the eastern wall: tomatoes, mint, peppers, and a row of corn that never really took. Hassan and I used to call it "the Wall of Ailing Corn."

On the south end of the garden, in the shadows of a loquat tree, was the servants' home, a modest little mud hut where Hassan lived with his father.

It was there, in that little shack, that Hassan was born in the winter of 1964, just one year after my mother died giving birth to me.

Questions

1. What gives you the impression the boys are mischievous in the opening of the extract?
2. Which boy is more mischievous in paragraph 2? Why?
3. What does Hassan look like?
4. Describe the narrator's house.
5. How is Hassan's house different? What does this tell you about the two boys?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

carved, shaped from a chisel	wild, chaotic	mass evacuation of many people
attachment	always, forever	rich

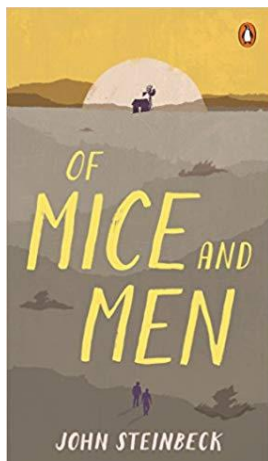
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The writer shows the narrator’s admiration for Hassan through _____

Week 21. ‘Of Mice and Men’ by John Steinbeck

John Steinbeck’s classic novella explores life in during the American Depression of the 1930s. George and his vulnerable friend Lennie find work on a farm and try to stay out of danger.



“Look, Lennie, if you get in any kind of trouble, you remember what I told you to do?”

Lennie raised up on his elbow. His face contorted with thought. Then his eyes moved sadly to George's face. "If I get in any trouble, you ain't gonna let me tend the rabbits."

"That's not what I meant. You remember where we slep' last night? Down by the river?"

"Yeah. I remember. Oh, sure I remember! I go there an' hide in the brush."
"Hide till I come for you. Don't let nobody see you. Hide in the brush by the river. Say that over."

"Hide in the brush by the river, down in the brush by the river."

"If you get in trouble."

"If I get in trouble."

A brake screeched outside. A call came, "Stable- buck. Oh! Sta-able buck."

George said, "Say it over to yourself, Lennie, so you won't forget it."

Both men glanced up, for the rectangle of sunshine in the doorway was cut off. A girl was standing there looking in. She had full, **rouged** lips and wide-spaced eyes, heavily made up. Her fingernails were red. Her hair hung in little rolled clusters, like sausages. She wore a cotton house dress and red mules,

on the insteps of which were little bouquets of red ostrich feathers. "I'm lookin' for Curley," she said. Her voice had a nasal, **brittle** quality.

George looked away from her and then back. "He was in here a minute ago, but he went."

"Oh!" She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the door frame so that her body was thrown forward. "You're the new fellas that just come, ain't ya?"

"Yeah."

Lennie's eyes moved down over her body, and though she did not seem to be looking at Lennie she bridled a little. She looked at her fingernails.

"Sometimes Curley's in here," she explained.

George said **brusquely**. "Well he ain't now."

"If he ain't, I guess I better look some place else," she said playfully. Lennie watched her, fascinated.

George said, "If I see him, I'll pass the word you was looking for him."

She smiled archly and twitched her body. "Nobody can't blame a person for lookin'," she said. There were footsteps behind her, going by. She turned her head. "Hi, Slim," she said.

Slim's voice came through the door. "Hi, Good-lookin'."

"I'm tryin' to find Curley, Slim."

"Well, you ain't tryin' very hard. I seen him goin' in your house." She was suddenly **apprehensive**.

"Bye, boys," she called into the bunkhouse, and she hurried away.

Questions

1. What does George tell Lennie to do if he gets in trouble?
2. Who appears in the doorway directly after this?
3. What colour is associated with this character? What might this suggest about her?
4. Why might someone describe this character as attention-seeking and provocative?
5. Why might someone describe this character as vulnerable?

Vocabulary

hard but breakable	roughly	worried	made red
--------------------	---------	---------	----------

Your interpretations

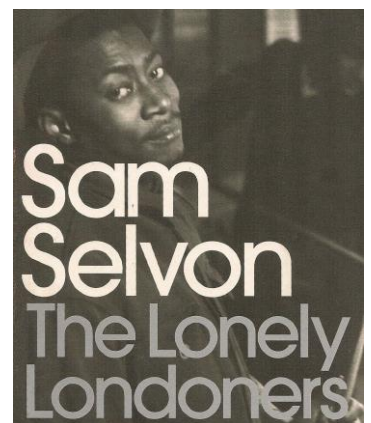
Complete the paragraph openings. Include short quotations in your answer.

Steinbeck hints that life for women in 1930s America was challenging because _____

Week 22. 'The Lonely Londoners' by Sam Selvon (1956)

'The Lonely Londoners' was the first novel to portray the chilly welcome given to the early Caribbean immigrants to the city. It is a narrative of surprising warmth in a story of race, exile and survival, following the experiences of Moses who has newly arrived in London from Trinidad. Selvon was a pioneer in the use of dialect in his novels.

The place where Tolroy and the family living was off the Harrow Road, and the people in that area call the Working Class. Wherever in London that it have Working Class, there you will find a lot of spades. This is the real world, where men know what it is to hustle a pound to pay the rent when Friday come. The houses around here old and grey and **weatherbeaten**, the walls cracking like the last days of **Pompeii**, it ain't have no hot water, and in the whole street that Tolroy and them living in, none of the houses have bath. You had was to buy one of them big galvanise bath and boil the water and full it up, or else go to the public bath. Some of the houses still had gas light, which is to tell you how old they was. All the houses in a row in the street, on both sides, they build like one long house with walls separating them in parts, so your house jam up between two neighbours: is so most of the



houses is in London The street does be always dirty except if rain fall. Sometimes a truck does come with a kind of revolving broom and some pipes letting out water, and the driver drive near the pavement, and water come out the pipes and the broom revolve, and so they sweep the road. It always have little children playing in the road, because they ain't have no other place to play...

It have people living in London who don't know what happening in the room next to them, far more the street, or how other people living. London is a place like that. It divide up in little worlds, and you stay in the world you belong to and you don't know anything about what happening in the other ones except what you read in the papers. Them rich people who does live in Belgravia and Knightsbridge and up in Hampstead and them other plush places, they would never believe what it like in a grim place like Harrow Road or Notting Hill. Them people who have car, who going to theatre and ballet in the West End, who attending premiere with the royal family, they don't know nothing about hustling two pound of Brussel sprout and half-pound potato, or queuing up for fish and chips in the **smog**. People don't talk about things like that again, they come to kind of accept that is so the world is, that it bound to have rich and poor, it bound to have some live by the **Grace** and other who have plenty. That is all about it, nobody does go into detail. A poor man, a rich man. To stop one of them rich tests when they are going to a show in **Leicester Square** and ask them for a bob, they might give you, but if you want to talk about the conditions under which you living, they haven't time for that. They know all about that already. People get tired after a time with who poor and who rich and who well off, they don't care any more.

It have a kind of **communal** feeling with the Working Class and the spades, because when you poor things does level out, it don't have much up and down. A lot of the men get kill in war and leave widow behind, and it have bags of these old geezers who does be pottering about the Harrow Road like if they lost, a look in their eye as if the war happen unexpected and they can't realise what happen to the old Brit'n.

Questions

1. What do you learn about Tolroy's area?
2. How does the writer criticise the class system in paragraph 2?
3. Why do you think the writer chose to write in dialect? What does it suggest about the narrator?
4. How has World War 1 changed the area (paragraph 3).

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

An ancient city in the Roman empire that was destroyed by a volcanic eruption.	Collective, shared by those in a community	A famous area of theatres in London.
A virtue coming from God.	Damaged or worn.	A thick fog.

Your interpretations

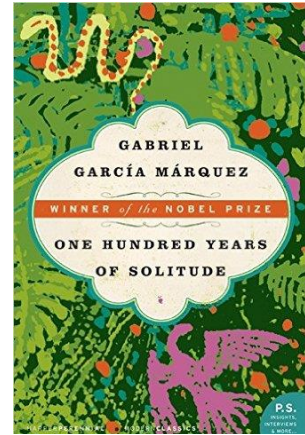
Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

The writer presents London as a highly divided place in this extract through _____

Week 23. 'One Hundred Years of Solitude' by Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Colombian Gabriel Garcia Marquez's 'One Hundred Years of Solitude' brings together Bible stories, ancient myths, and South American traditions of magic. The story spans one century and seven generations of a single family, the Buendias, living in an isolated town called Macondo. In this section, Meme has become pregnant outside of marriage. The father was shot, and Meme is forced to leave her home and live in a convent for the rest of her life.

She gave no explanation. Meme, for her part, did not expect or want any. She not only did not know where they were going, but it would have been the same to her if they had been taking her to the **slaughterhouse**. She had not spoken again nor would she do so for the rest of her life. When her mother ordered her out of the bedroom she did not comb her hair or wash her face and she got into the train as if she were walking in her sleep, not even noticing the yellow butterflies that were still accompanying her.



Her mother never found out, nor did she take the trouble to, whether that stony silence was a determination of her will or whether she had become **mute** because of the impact of the tragedy. Meme barely took notice of the journey through the formerly enchanted region. She did not see the shady, endless banana groves on both sides of the tracks. She did not see the white houses of the gringos or their gardens, dried out by dust and heat, or the women in shorts and blue-striped shirts playing cards on the terraces. She did not see the oxcarts on the dusty roads loaded down with bunches of bananas. She did not see the girls diving into the transparent rivers like **tarpons**, or the miserable huts of the workers all huddled together where those yellow butterflies still fluttered about, and in the doorways of which there were green and **squalid** children sitting on their pots, and pregnant women who shouted insults at the train. That fleeting vision, which had been a celebration for her when she came home from school, passed through Meme's heart without a quiver. She did not look out of the window, not even when the burning dampness of the groves ended and the train went through a poppy-laden plain where the carbonized skeleton of the Spanish galleon still sat and then came out into the clear air alongside the frothy, dirty sea.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, when they had come to the last station in the swamp, she got out of the train because her mother made her. They got into a small carriage that looked like an enormous bat, drawn by an asthmatic horse, and they went through the **desolate** city in the endless streets of which, split by saltiness, there was the sound of a piano lesson just like the one that she had heard during the siestas of her adolescence. They went on board a riverboat, the wooden wheel of which had a sound of fire, and whose rusted metal plates **reverberated** like the mouth of an oven. Meme shut herself up in her cabin.

Questions

1. How is Meme feeling in this extract? How do you know?
2. List three things Meme passes on her journey.
3. What impression do you get of rural Columbia in this extract?
4. The writer mixes realism with fantasy. What magical thing happens during the extract?
5. Why does the writer repeat "she did not see..."? What does this suggest about Meme?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

Filthy, dirty	echoed	Burned out
Miserable	silent	A place where animals are killed for meat

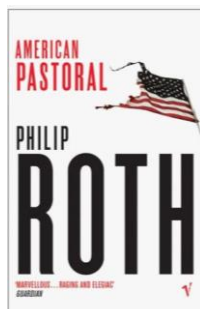
Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

Meme is presented as _____

Week 24. ‘American Pastoral’ by Philip Roth

*Roth is an American writer whose work often gives provocative explorations of Jewish-American identity. ‘American Pastoral’ charts three generations of a New Jersey family, showing their evolution from struggling immigrants, successful business owners in the booming post-war period, to **anti-establishment** political terrorism. This is a novel propelled by sorrow, rage and a deep **compassion** for its characters. In this extract, the narrator Nathan Zuckerman recalls the changing landscape of America since the end of World War Two.*



Let’s remember the energy. Americans were governing not only themselves but some two hundred million people in Italy, Austria, Germany, and Japan. The war-crimes trials were cleansing the earth of its devils once and for all. Atomic power was ours alone. Rationing was ending, price controls were being lifted; in an explosion of self-assertion, auto workers, coal workers, transit workers, maritime workers, steel workers – **laborers** by the millions demanded more and went on strike for it. And playing Sunday morning softball on the Chancellor Avenue field and pickup basketball on the asphalt courts behind the school

were all the boys who had come back alive, neighbours, cousins, older brothers, their pockets full of separation pay, the GI Bill inviting them to break out in ways they could not have imagined before the war. Our class started high school six months after the unconditional surrender of the Japanese, during the greatest moment of collective **inebriation** in American history. And the upsurge of energy was contagious. Around us nothing was lifeless. Sacrifice and constraint were over. The Depression had disappeared. Everything was in motion. The lid was off. Americans were to start over again, en masse, everyone in it together.

If that wasn't sufficiently inspiring – the miraculous conclusion of this towering event, the clock of history reset and a whole people's aims limited no longer by the past – there was the neighbourhood, the communal determination that we, the children, should escape poverty, ignorance, disease, social injury and intimidation – escape, above all, insignificance. You must not come to nothing! *Make something of yourselves!*

Despite the undercurrent of anxiety – a sense communication daily that hardship was a **persistent** menace that only persistent **diligence** could hope to keep at bay; despite a generalized mistrust of the **Gentile** world: despite the fear of being battered that clung to many families because of the Depression – ours was not a neighbourhood steeped in darkness. The place was bright with **industriousness**. There was a big belief in life and we were steered relentlessly in the direction of success: a better existence was going to be ours. The goal was to *have* goals, the aim to *have* aims. This edict came entangled often in **hysteria**, the embattled hysteria of those whom experience had taught how little **antagonism** it takes to wreck a life beyond repair. Yet it was this **edict** – emotionally overloaded as it was by the uncertainty in our elders, by their awareness of all that was in league against them – that made the neighbourhood a **cohesive** place. A whole community perpetually **imploring** us not to be immoderate and screw up, imploring us to grasp opportunity, exploit our advantages, remember *what matters*.

Questions

1. List three positive things happening in America after World War 2.
2. What kind of sentence structures are used at the end of paragraph 1 to show happiness and confidence?
3. What expectation is there of people in paragraph 2?
4. List three negative things happening mentioned in the last paragraph.
5. Do you think this extract is more optimistic (hopeful) or pessimistic (negative) about America's future? Why?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

announcement	dislike, opposition	panic
non-Jewish people	hard work	unified
kindness	begging	continued, ongoing
workers	drunkenness	anti-government

Your interpretations

Imitate Roth's style by writing a similar piece about how Britain feels in 2020. Use Roth's sentence structures and lots of advanced vocabulary.

Week 25: Review of term 2

List the extracts that explore differences between parts of society.

List the extracts that warn the reader about something.

Which extract you have read do you think is the most interesting? Why?

Go through the key vocabulary and memorise as much as possible. Use the read – cover – write – check – repeat technique.

Use this vocabulary to write the a description of an empty classroom.

Week 26: Classical mythology - The Wars of the Gods

The rise and fall of the Titans

Cronus, the King of the Titans, married Rhea. But it was **prophesied** by Mother Earth that one of his own sons would kill him and steal his throne. Every year, therefore, he swallowed the children whom Rhea bore him: first Hestia, then Demeter and Hera, then Hades, then Poseidon.

Rhea was **enraged**. She bore Zeus, her sixth child, at dead of night on Mount Lycaeum in Arcadia, where no creature casts a shadow and, having bathed him in the River Neda, gave him to Mother Earth; by whom he was carried to Crete and hidden in a cave on the Aegean Hill. Mother Earth left him there to be nursed by three nymphs. His food was honey, and he drank milk. Zeus was grateful to these three nymphs for their kindness and, when he became Lord of the Universe, he set their images in the constellation of Capricorn.

Around the infant Zeus's golden cradle, which was hung upon a tree (so that Cronus might find him neither in heaven, not on earth, not in the sea) stood the armed Curetes, Rhea's sons, to protect him. They clashed their spears against their shields, and shouted to drown the noise of the wailing, lest Cronus might hear it from far off. For Rhea had wrapped a stone in swaddling clothes, which she gave to Cronus, pretending it was her son. Cronus swallowed it, believing he was swallowing the infant Zeus.

Zeus grew to manhood among the shepherds of Ida, occupying another cave; then sought out Metis the Titaness who lived beside the Ocean stream. He asked her how he can best get revenge against his father Cronus. On her advice he visited his mother Rhea, and asked to be made Cronus' cup-bearer. Rhea readily assisted him in his task of **vengeance**; she provided the potion which Zeus was to mix with Cronus' honeyed drink. Cronus, having drunk deep, vomited up first the stone, and then Zeus' elder brothers and sisters. They sprang out unhurt, and in **gratitude**, asked Zeus to lead them in a war against the Titans. Zeus was to be leader of the Olympians while the Titans chose the gigantic Atlas as their leader.

The war lasted ten long years but, at last, Mother Earth prophesied victory to her grandson Zeus. Zeus was given three gifts to help him in his final battle. The Cyclopes gave him a thunderbolt as a weapon; Hades gave him a helmet of darkness; Poseidon gave him a **trident**. Then, when all the Titans were sleeping, the Olympians crept up and started the final attack. After many hours of fighting, the Olympians were victorious. Cronus, and all the defeated Titans were **banished** to the dungeons of Tartarus.



The Fall of the Titans, Rubens 1577 - 1640

Questions

1. Why did Cronus swallow his own children?
2. How did Rhea trick Cronus?
3. How did Zeus take revenge?
4. Who won the war?
5. How were the Titans punished?

Vocabulary

sent away	predicted	feeling grateful and pleased
very angry	a three-pronged stick	the act of revenge

Your interpretations

Who do you think should have won the war? Why?

Week 27: Classical mythology – Gods and Goddesses

Apollo

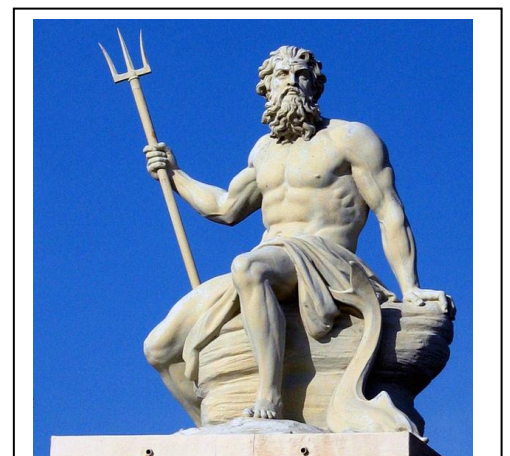
Apollo is Zeus' son. He was brought up on **nectar** and **ambrosia** and learned to shoot a bow and arrow at a young age. Although Apollo is the God of music, he is also responsible for poetry, art, oracles, archery, medicine, the sun and knowledge. Apollo believed himself the greatest musician in the world. One day, he heard that people gossiping that Marsyas played beautiful music, music even more beautiful than Apollo's. This, of course, provoked Apollo's anger. He invited him to a contest, Marsyas playing the flute and Apollo playing the **lyre**. After many hours of playing, both were found to be equal. Apollo then cried out to Marsyas, 'I challenge you to do with your instrument as much as I can do with mine. Turn it upside down, and both play and sing at the same time.' This, with a flute, was completely impossible, and Marsyas failed to meet the challenge. But Apollo reversed his lyre and sang such delightful hymns in honour of the Olympian gods. As the winner of the competition, Apollo took a most cruel revenge on Marsyas, whipping him on the banks of a river.

Athene

Athene (named Minerva by the Romans) invented the flute, the trumpet, the plough, the chariot and the ship. She first taught the science of numbers and all domestic arts such as cooking, weaving and spinning. Although a goddess of war, she gets no pleasure from battle, as Ares does, but rather from settling **disputes** and upholding the law peacefully. Although she is a peace-loving Goddess, she showed one instance of **petulant** jealousy. Arachne, a princess, was so skilled in the art of weaving that Athene could not compete with her. She became very jealous. Shown an example of Arachne's beautiful fabric, Athene could not find a fault and tore it up in a cold, vengeful rage. When the terrified Arachne hanged herself from a rafter, Athene turned her into a spider, the insect she hates most, and the rope into a cobweb, up which Arachne climbed to safety.

Poseidon

Poseidon (named Neptune by the Romans) was the god of the sea. After the Olympians won the war against the Titans, the Olympians needed to decide who was to rule the Earth. To decide they drew lots: Zeus won the sky, Hades the underworld and Poseidon the sea. Poseidon, who is equal to his brother Zeus in dignity, at once set about building his under-water palace. In its spacious stables he keeps white chariot horses with brazen hooves and golden manes, and a beautiful golden chariot. Amazingly, when Poseidon rides this chariot, magical sea creatures follow it in its wake. Poseidon is greedy of earthly kingdoms and has fought many battles to gain more land. He once claimed possession of Athens by thrusting his trident into the **acropolis**, where a well of sea-water immediately gushed out and it still to be seen.



Statue of Poseidon, Copenhagen,
Denmark

Questions

1. Which god/goddess does not enjoy fighting?
2. Which god/goddess rules the oceans?
3. Which god/goddess won a contest?
4. Who was Arachne and which animal does she relate to?
5. List the strengths and flaws of Athene.

Vocabulary

sulky, ill-tempered	arguments	the food of the gods
a string instrument	sweet liquid which comes from plants	an ancient building in Athens

Your interpretations

Choose either Apollo, Athene or Poseidon. Imagine what they might look like. Write a detailed description of their appearance, including advanced vocabulary in your paragraph.

Week 28: Classical mythology – Gods and Goddesses

Hades

Hades (named Pluto by the Romans) is the God of the Underworld. When somebody dies, they are buried with a gold coin laid under the tongue of the corpse. When they descend to the Underworld, otherwise known as Tartarus, they are therefore able to pay Charon, the man who ferries the dead in a boat across the river of the dead, called the Styx. A three-headed dog then guards the opposite shore, ready to **devour** living intruders. Hades, the ruler of this land, is a fierce god. He **seldom** visits the upper air. One day, however, he saw a young woman called Persephone and fell in love with her. He wanted to marry her, but Persephone's father refused to let his only daughter descent to the Underworld. As a result, Hades abducted the girl while she was picking flowers in a meadow. Zeus become involved, and ordered the Persephone would be Hades' wife in the Underworld, but only for three months of the year. These three months that Persephone is away causes winter to abound on the land.

Artemis

Artemis (known as Diana in Ancient Rome), Apollo's sister, goes armed with bow and arrows. She has the power both to send **plagues** or sudden death among mortals, and to heal them. Artemis' responsibilities are to protect little children and animals, but she is also the goddess of hunting, especially the hunting of stags. The stags' antlers are collected by the Greeks.

One day, when she was still a three-year-old child, on whose knees she was sitting, asked her what presents she would like. Artemis answered at once: 'Pray give me eternal independence; as many names as my brother Apollo; a bow and arrows like his; the office of bringing light; a saffron hunting tunic with a red hem reading to my knees; twenty river nymphs to be my servants; all the mountains in the world; and lastly, any city you care to choose for me. She stretched up for Zeus beard, and he smiled proudly, saying 'You'll have all this, and more besides. You will have not one, but thirty cities, and a share in many others.' Artemis couldn't stop thanking him, sprang from his knee and went to one of her many mountains to live.



The goddess Artemis

Aphrodite

Aphrodite (named Venus by the Romans) was the goddess of desire. She rose naked from the foam of the sea and, riding on a scallop shell, stepped ashore and took up residence in Cyprus. Grass and flowers sprang from the soil wherever she trod. She owned a magic girdle (belt) which made everyone fall in love with her. Zeus had given her in marriage to Hephaestus, the **smith**-god. But Aphrodite had many affairs and the father of her children was Ares, the quarrelsome God of War. When Hephaestus found out of the **deception**, he angrily returned to his **forge** and hammered out a bronze hunting-net, fine yet unbreakable. He attached this net to all sides of his marriage bed. He told Aphrodite that he was going to take a short holiday. When he had left, Aphrodite sent hurriedly for Ares, who soon arrived. The two went merrily to bed but, at dawn, found themselves entangled in the net, naked and unable to escape. Hephaestus, turning back from his journey, surprised them there, and summoned all the gods to witness their dishonour.

Questions

1. Which god/goddess is adulterous?
2. Which god/goddess was approved of by Zeus?
3. Which god/goddess kidnapped a girl?
4. What is Tartarus?

5. According to the myth, what causes winter?

Vocabulary

someone who works with metal	a place where people mould metal in tools and weapons	trickery
consume, destroy	an outbreak of disease	rarely

Your interpretations

Do you think the classical gods and goddesses are benevolent (kind) or malevolent (evil)? Why? Use the word 'However' in your answer.

Week 29: Classical mythology – Hubris and punishment

Tantalus

Tantalus was a **mortal** who was the **intimate** friend of Zeus. Zeus invited him to Olympian banquets of nectar and ambrosia until, good fortune turning his head, he betrayed Zeus' secrets and stole the divine food to share among his mortal friends. Before this crime could be discovered, he committed a worse error. Having invited many friends to a banquet, he found that he didn't have enough food to feed his guests. He decided, therefore, to cut up his son and added the pieces to the stew.

For these two crimes Tantalus was punished with the ruin of his kingdom and his own death. Zeus then punished him with eternal torment; to hang from the bough of a fruit tree which overhung a lake. He was **perpetually** consumed by **insatiable** thirst and hunger. The waves would lap against his waist, and sometimes reach his neck, yet whenever he bends down to drink, the water slips away. The tree is laden with pears, shining apples, sweet figs, ripe olives and pomegranates, which dangle against his shoulders; but whenever he reaches for the **luscious** fruit, a gust of wind whirls them out of his reach.

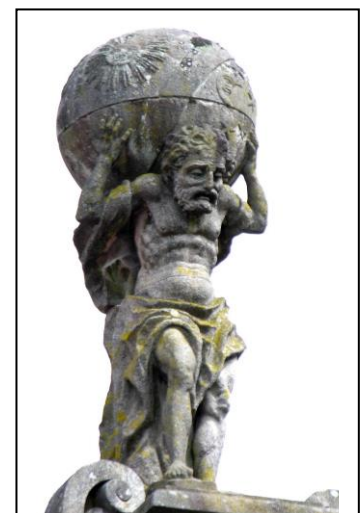
Atlas

Gigantic Atlas was the Titan who led the war against the Olympians. He knew all the depths of the sea and rules over a kingdom larger than Africa and Asia put together. Atlas joined Cronus in his unsuccessful war against the Olympian gods. When the Olympians won, Zeus punished Atlas cruelly for his part in challenging his authority: he was ordered to carry the sky and the heavens on his shoulders for all eternity.

Prometheus

Zeus asked Prometheus to create mankind out of mud and water. This he did, and he grew to love the men and women he created. He taught them architecture, astronomy and medicine. Zeus was suspicious of the new race of humans and didn't want them to grow too powerful. He therefore declared that mankind was not allowed to understand the secrets of fire. But Prometheus defied Zeus and stole fire from heaven to bring to earth, so that his human race could live more comfortably and know more power.

As punishment for his disobedience, Prometheus was bound to a rock and every day a giant eagle ate his liver, which was **miraculously** renewed every night.



Statue of Atlas in Santiago de Compostela, Spain

Questions

1. How did Tantalus betray Zeus?
2. What was Tantalus' punishment?
3. Why was Atlas punished?
4. How did Prometheus anger Zeus?
5. Why is Prometheus seen as a hero for humanity?

Vocabulary

juicy, delicious	unbelievably	unquenchable, limitless
always continuing	human; someone who will die	close, special

Your interpretations

All of these figures were punished for hubris. Based on the myths, what do you think hubris means? Can you think of any other figures (either real or fictional) that show hubris?

Week 29: Classical mythology – stories of the mortals

Daedalus and Icarus

Daedalus was a wonderful inventor. He was instructed in his art by Athene herself, and there was nothing he couldn't create and build. He lived with his son Icarus on the island of Crete, where King Minos delighted to welcome so skilled a craftsman. He lived there for some time, at peace and in high favour, until King Minos wrongly **accused** Daedalus of helping his enemies. Daedalus and Icarus had to leave the island, and quickly.

It was not easy, however, to escape from Crete, since Minos kept all his ships under military guard, and now offered a large reward for anyone who could catch Daedalus. So Daedalus made a pair of wings for himself, and another for Icarus. The quill feathers of these wings were threaded together, but the smaller ones held in place by wax. Having tied on Icarus's pair for him, he said with tears in his eyes: 'My son, be warned! Neither soar too high, lest the sun melt the wax; nor swoop too low, **lest** the features be wetted by the sea.' Then he slopped his arms into his own pair of wings and they flew off. 'Follow me closely,' he cried, 'do not set your own course!'

As they sped away from the island in a north-easterly direction, flapping their wings, the fishermen, shepherds, and ploughmen who gazed upwards mistook them for gods.

They had left Crete far behind them when Icarus disobeyed his father's instructions and began soaring towards the sun, rejoiced by the lift of his great sweeping wings. Presently, when Daedalus looked over his shoulder, he could no longer see Icarus; but scattered feathers floated on the waves below. The heat of the sun had melted his wax, and Icarus had fallen into the sea and drowned. Daedalus circled around, until the corpse rose to the surface, and then carried it to the near-by island now called Icaria, where he buried it.



Bruegel's Landscape with the Fall of Icarus, 1558

Midas

Midas was a pleasure-loving King of Macedonia. In his **infancy**, a procession of ants was observed carrying grains of wheat up the side of his cradle and placing them between his lips as he slept. The great **soothsayers** of the time said this was an **omen** of the great wealth that would **accrue** to him.

Midas was from a very young age entranced by wealth. One day, he prayed to the god Dionysus, god of wine and fertility, to grant him one wish. 'Pray grant that all I touch be turned into gold,' he said. However, not only stones, flowers, and the furnishings of his house turned to gold but, when he sat down to the table, so did the food he ate and the water he drank. In one version, Midas found that when he touched his daughter, she turned to gold as well. Now, Midas hated the gift he had **coveted**. He prayed to Dionysus, begging to be delivered from starvation. Dionysus heard his prayer, and consented; telling Midas to wash in the river Pactolus. Then, whatever he put into the water would be reversed of the touch. He obeyed, and was at once freed from the golden touch, but the sands of the river Pactolus are bright with gold to this day.

Pandora

Pandora was the first woman made by the gods. Zeus ordered Hephaestus to mould her out of earth and all the gods joined in giving her gifts to celebrate her beauty. However, Zeus had made her as foolish, mischievous and **idle** as she was beautiful.

Presently, she came across a jar which she was warned never to open. Pandora's curiosity got the better of her: she opened the jar and all the evils of humanity were released upon the world. Old age, labour, sickness, insanity, **vice** and passion flew like a swarm out of the jar. They would ever afterwards plague mankind. Only one item remained behind in the box: hope. This was a single blessing to aid mankind in their suffering.



John William Waterhouse, Pandora,
1896

Questions

1. What is Daedalus' job and how did he learn it?
2. What happened to Icarus?
3. What do you think the moral of the Icarus myth might be?
4. What do you think the moral of the Midas myth might be?
5. In the myth of Pandora, how does she change the mortal world forever?

Vocabulary

lazy	gain, accumulate	evil, sins
someone who makes prophecies about the future	desired, wanted	a sign of warning
early childhood	in case	blamed

Your interpretations

Which of these figures do you think is most foolish? Why?

Week 30. Greek mythology: Helen of Troy

The Ancient Greeks were great thinkers, warriors, writers, actors, athletes, artists, architects and politicians. The stories that came out of their civilisation have shaped literature throughout the world. Here is the famous story of Helen of Troy, the beautiful woman who sparked a war. This story has been retold many times, most famously in Homer's Iliad and The Odyssey.

Helen, the most beautiful woman in all Greece, grew up in Sparta. When she grew to womanhood, all the princes of Greece came with rich gifts as her **suitors**. The chosen husband was to be Prince Menelaus, the richest man of the land.

Meanwhile, a young man named Paris was growing up in the countryside near Troy. He soon gained a reputation for his outstanding beauty, intelligence and strength. Paris' brothers urged him to take a wife, but Paris told them that he trusted the goddess Aphrodite to choose on for him. Aphrodite chose Helen for him, and Paris sailed for Sparta.

Paris soon reached Sparta, where he attended one of Menelaus' famous banquets, where they feasted for nine days. At the banquet, Paris presented Helen with the gifts that he had brought from Troy: his shameless glances, loud sighs and bold signals caused Helen self-consciousness. Once she found the words 'I love you, Helen!' traced in wine on the table top. She grew terrified Menelaus might suspect her of encouraging Paris's passion, but, being an unobservant man, he cheerfully sailed off to Crete, leaving her to entertain the guests and rule the kingdom during his absence. Helen **eloped** with Paris that very night. They sailed together for Troy, and the Trojans welcomed her, entranced by such divine beauty. All of Troy, not only Paris, fell in love with her.

When Menelaus discovered Helen's actions, he grew red with rage. He declared an immediate war against Troy and vowed never to give in until Helen was returned to him. He employed Achilles to lead his vast armies, collected from all of Greece. They quickly sailed for Troy. Upon arrival, the city had closed itself behind its thick walls and no one could gain entrance. The Greek army **besieged** the city for ten years, but the city would not fall.

Achilles led many raids against the Trojans and their allies and left many dead. All feared him, for legend said that when he was a child his mother dipped him in the river of **immortality**, clutching him by his heel. It was only when Paris shot an arrow which hit Achilles' **vulnerable** heel was he finally killed.

Achilles was dead, and the Greeks had begun to despair. The Goddess Athene inspired the Trojans of a way to win the war: they were to build a giant wooden horse, hollow with a trap door underneath. At night, most Greeks crept inside the horse and lay in wait. The others burnt their camp and sailed away, leaving the Trojans to rejoice at their supposed victory. Upon seeing the beautiful giant horse, they opened gates and pulled the horse inside the city. That night, exhausted with feasting and celebrating, the Trojans slept soundly, and not even the bark of a dog broke the stillness. At midnight, just before the full moon rose, the massacre began. The Greeks **plundered** and burned Troy, divided the spoils, razed the walls, and sacrificed men and women to their gods. Paris was killed in the slaughter.



What happened to Helen remains ambiguous. Some say she was happy to be saved by the Greeks and reunited with her husband Menelaus. Others say she was lonely and desperate when Troy was burning around her. Either way, she was taken back to Sparta with Menelaus, to await an uncertain fate.

Questions

1. Who did Helen marry?
2. Why did she go to Troy?
3. How did the war start?
4. How did Achilles die?
5. Who won the war?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

robbed, stole	living forever	run away to get married
defenceless, weak	surrounded, attacked	people romantically interested in someone

Your interpretations

Complete the paragraph opening. Include short embedded quotations in your answer.

In my opinion, the blame for the Trojan War lies with _____

Week 31. Greek mythology: Narcissus

Narcissus was the son of a river god father and a nymph mother, and he was the most beautiful boy in the land. One soothsayer warned that Narcissus would live to a ripe old age, provided that he never knows himself. Anyone might **excusably** have fallen in love with Narcissus, even as a child, and when he reached the age of sixteen, his path was strewn with heartlessly rejected lovers of both sexes, for he had a stubborn pride in his own beauty.

Among these lovers was the nymph Echo, who could no longer use her voice, except in foolish repetition of another's words. One day when Narcissus went out to hunt stags, Echo **stealthily** followed him through the pathless forest, longing to address him, but unable to speak first. At last Narcissus, finding that he had strayed from his companions, shouted: 'Is anyone here?'

'Here!' Echo answered, which surprised Narcissus, since no one was in sight.

'Come!'

Come!'

'Why do you avoid me?'

'Why do you avoid me?'

'Let us come together here!'

'Let us come together here!' repeated Echo, and joyfully rushed from her hiding place to embrace Narcissus. Yet he shook her off roughly, and ran away. 'I will die before you ever lie with me!' he cried.

'Lie with me!' Echo pleaded.

But Narcissus had gone, and she spent the rest of her life in lonely glens, pining away for love, until only her voice remained.

One day, after rejecting countless lovers, the goddess Artemis decided to punish Narcissus. She made him fall in love without true satisfaction. Narcissus quickly came upon a stream, clear as silver, and never disturbed by cattle, birds, wild beasts, or even by branches dropping off the trees that shaded it. As he sat himself down, exhausted, on the grassy verge to drink, he fell in love with his reflection. At first he tried to embrace and kiss the beautiful boy who confronted him, but presently recognised himself, and lay gazing **enraptured** into the pool, hour after hour. How could he endure such suffering? Grief was destroying him, yet he rejoiced in his misery.

Echo, although she had not forgiven Narcissus, grieved with him and sympathetically echoed 'Alas! Alas!' as he plunged his dagger in his breast. His blood soaked the earth, and up sprang the white narcissus flower with its red outline.



The narcissus flower, named after the mythological figure.

Questions

1. What is Narcissus' main vice?
2. How did Echo get her name?
3. Why did Artemis decide to punish Narcissus?
4. Who did Narcissus finally fall in love with?
5. How do 'echoes' get their name?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

secretly, slyly	captivated, enchanted	understandably
-----------------	---------------------------------	----------------

Your interpretations

Invent a modern day narcissistic character. Describe them with high-level vocabulary here.

Week 32. Greek mythology: Perseus

Perseus is known as one of the greatest Greek heroes, and he is famous for going on many quests.

When Perseus was a young man, King Polydectes was due to marry, and he demanded a wedding present from everyone in the kingdom. However, Perseus, being poor, had not brought anything, and the King was furious. Terrified, Perseus said he would bring him anything the king would ask, so Polydectes asked for the head of the Gorgon Medusa.

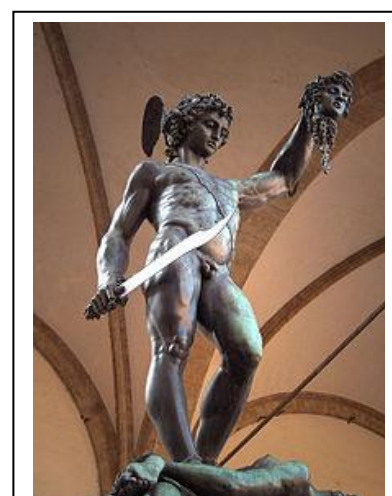
Perseus set forth on his adventure; he wandered for days, searching for the Gorgon's **lair**. One night, in an unknown country he realized how hopeless things were. Medusa was a horrible creature, who had snakes growing out of her head instead of hair, and a terrifying gaze that turned to stone anyone who would look into her eyes. In his despair, a tall woman and a young man with winged sandals appeared and introduced themselves as goddess Athena and god Hermes. Hermes said that they were all siblings as Perseus was in fact the son of Zeus, so they would help him in his quest; so Hermes offered him his winged sandals and a **sickle**; while Athena gave him her shield, so that Perseus would not have to look straight into Medusa's eyes. They also gave him further information on how to find the lair of Medusa.

So Perseus went to the cave of the Graeae, who would lead him further in his adventure. The Graeae were three women who shared a single eye among them. So, when one of them was about to give the eye to one of the others, Perseus grabbed it and blackmailed them to aid him. So, the Graeae informed him that he should find the Nymphs of the North to get the Cap of Darkness which would make him invisible, as well as a magic bag.

After getting these two items, Perseus eventually went to the lair of Medusa and her sisters, whom he found sleeping. He wore the Cap of Darkness, and unseen managed to kill Medusa using the sickle; he then used the shield to carry the head and place it into the magic bag, for even though it was dead, the head still has the potential to turn someone into stone. Medusa's sisters woke up and attacked Perseus, but he flew away using his winged sandals.

On his way back home, he had many adventures; in one of them, he came across the Titan Atlas, who was condemned to carry the heavens on his shoulders. To release him of his pain, Perseus turned him into stone using Medusa's head, so that he would no longer feel the heavy weight of the world.

After many adventures, Perseus finally arrived home, where he discovered that King Polydectes had cruelly mistreated his mother. Perseus stormed to the palace, walked in and said, "Let all who are my friends shield their eyes!" So saying he raised Medusa's head and Polydectes and his courtiers were immediately turned to stone. Perseus lived happily for many years and their descendants became great kings, the greatest of them all being Heracles, the strongest man in the world.



Perseus with the head of Medusa, Benvenuto Cellini, 1554

Questions

1. Why did Perseus want to kill Medusa?
2. What does Medusa look like?
3. What five objects did Perseus need to help him with his quest?
4. How did Perseus help Atlas?
5. How did Perseus get revenge on the king?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

secretly, slyly	captivated, enchanted	understandably
-----------------	---------------------------------	----------------

Your interpretations

'Perseus shows no real bravery: he would be nothing without the help and support of the gods'. To what extent do you agree?

Week 33. Greek mythology: Pygmalion

Pygmalion saw so much to blame in women that he came at last to **abhor** the sex, and resolved to live unmarried. He was a sculptor, and had made with wonderful skill a statue of ivory, so beautiful that no living woman could be compared to it in beauty. It was indeed the perfect **semblance** of a maiden that seemed to be alive, and only prevented from moving by modesty. His art was so perfect that it concealed itself, and its product looked like the workmanship of nature.

Pygmalion admired his own work so much that he at last fell in love with the creation. He often laid his hand upon it, as if to assure himself whether it were living or not, and could not even then believe that it was only ivory. He caressed it, and gave it presents such as young girls love, bright shells and polished stones, little birds and flowers of various hues, beads and amber. He put clothes on its limbs, and jewels on its fingers, and a necklace about its neck. He called her his wife, and put her head upon a pillow of the softest feathers, as if she could enjoy their softness.

The festival of Venus was at hand, a festival celebrated with great **pomp** at Cyprus. Victims were offered, the altars smoked, and the odour of incense filled the air. When Pygmalion had performed his part in the solemnities, he stood before the altar and timidly said, "Ye gods, who can do all things, give me, I pray you, for my wife" he dared not say "my ivory lady," but said instead "one like my ivory lady." Venus, who was present at the festival, heard him and knew the thought he would have uttered; and, as an omen of her favour, caused the flame on the altar to shoot up three times in a fiery point into the air. When he returned home, he went to see his statue, and, leaning over the couch, gave a kiss to the mouth. It seemed to be warm. He pressed its lips again, he laid his hand upon the limbs; the ivory felt soft to his touch, and yielded to his fingers like wax. While he stands astonished and glad, though doubting, and fears he may be mistaken, again and again with a lover's ardour he touches the object of his hopes. It was indeed alive! The veins when pressed yielded to the finger and then resumed their roundness. Then at last the votary of Venus found words to thank the goddess, and pressed his lips upon lips as real as his own. The statue felt the kisses and blushed, and, opening her timid eyes to the light, fixed them at the same moment on her lover.

The myth of Pygmalion has been reinvented many times, most famously by George Bernard Shaw. In his play, Henry Higgins is a pompous man who decides to transform Eliza, a working-class flower girl, into someone who could pass for a princess. Eliza finds the transformation causes huge difficulties as she is made to let go of her past life. The play was modernised again in the famous musical and film 'My Fair Lady'.



Pygmalion, by Jean-Baptiste Regnault, 1786

Questions

1. Who was Pygmalion?
2. Where did he live?
3. What did he create?
4. How did the story end? Do you think this is a good or bad outcome? Why?

5. How has the story been modernised throughout time?

Vocabulary

Match a word in bold to each of the definitions. Memorise the words.

appearance	hate	splendour and celebration
------------	-------------	---------------------------

Your interpretations

Retell the Pygmalion myth from the perspective of the statue. Use advanced vocabulary in your answer.
