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GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE FOR TEACHING FROM 2015

CPD AUTUMN 2018

COMPONENT 1

20TH CENTURY LITERARY EXTRACTS

GCSE English Language Past Paper 20th Century Extracts

The ten 20th century literary extracts collated in this booklet are from previous legacy examination papers. We hope that by collating these extracts in one easy to navigate document schools will be able to use them to help prepare candidates for Component 1 C700U10-1. Of course, as these extracts are from legacy papers, the original questions do not match the new specification criteria and haven't been included here. However, teachers can use the extracts to practise the key skills candidates need and can develop exercises/questions in response to the needs of their pupils. Below are some suggestions for ways to use these extracts in the classroom:

- ❖ Use the extracts to focus on a particular assessment objective e.g. use extract 8 to focus on AO4 (evaluation) using the character of Miss Snell.
- ❖ Ask the pupils to work in groups to create their own questions based on the extracts and assessment objectives AO1, AO2, AO4.
- ❖ 'Snip' bits of the extracts to teach certain skills e.g. explicit and implicit information.
- ❖ Practice question types e.g. What impressions? How does the writer create....? For example extract 10 could be used to look at how writers create drama and tension.
- ❖ Copy bits of the text and paste then into one of our [text tools](#) to help pupils think about the impact of individual words and phrases.
- ❖ Use the extracts to discuss what good writing looks like to help inform narrative writing which is also assessed in Component 1. For example use extracts 2 and 4 to teach effective endings, extracts 3 and 5 for first person narrative voice, extracts 6 and 7 for effective characterisation etc...
- ❖ Create a mock paper. Use one or more of the extracts to create a mock paper with 5 reading questions. Use Eduqas [past papers](#) and our [sample assessment materials](#) to help write the questions.

Useful links:

<http://resources.eduqas.co.uk/>

<http://www.eduqas.co.uk/qualifications/english-language/gcse/>

[GCSE English Language Teachers' Handbook](#)

<http://oer.eduqas.co.uk/>

Extract 1

This story is about a white boy growing up in South Africa. He regularly gets up early in the morning to go shooting animals.

The boy stretched his body full length, touching the wall at his head with his hands, and the bedfoot with his toes; then he sprung out, like a fish leaping from water. And it was cold, cold.

5 He always dressed rapidly to try and conserve his night-warmth till the sun rose two hours later; but by the time he had on his clothes his hands were numbed and he could scarcely hold his shoes. These he could not put on for fear of waking his parents, who never came to know how early he rose. He imagined them turning in their beds, and he smiled scornfully.

10 He would have to hurry. Before the light grew strong he must be four miles away, and already the air smelled of morning and the stars were dimming. He felt the dust push up between his toes and he thought: 'I could walk a hundred miles on feet like these! I could walk all day, and never tire!'

15 Soon he had left the cultivated part of the farm. Behind him the bush was low and black. Near him the grass was bent with the weight of sparkling drops of water. The first bird woke at his feet and at once a flock of them sprang into the air calling shrilly that day had come. Suddenly the bush woke into song and he could hear the guinea-fowl calling far ahead of him. That meant they would be sailing down from their trees into the thick grass, and it was for them he had come. He was too late. But he did not mind. He forgot he had come to shoot. He set his legs wide and swung his gun up and down in a kind of
20 improvised exercise.

Suddenly it all rose in him: it was unbearable. He leapt into the air, shouting wild, unrecognisable noises. Then he began to run madly, like a wild thing. He was clean crazy, yelling with the joy of living and being young. He felt his body rise into the crisp air and fall back onto sure feet. He thought briefly, not believing that such a thing could happen to
25 him, that he could break his ankle any moment. He cleared bushes like a deer, leaped over rocks and finally came to a stop on a rock where the ground fell away to the river. He looked down at the water and thought suddenly, 'I am fifteen! Fifteen!' He kept repeating the words with swelling excitement.

30 There was nothing he couldn't do, nothing. He felt his life ahead of him as a great and wonderful thing, something that was his; and he said aloud: all the great men of the world have been as I am now, and there is nothing I can't do. If I choose, I can change everything that is going to happen. It all depends on me, and what I decide now.

35 And then it seemed as if there was another voice. He listened, puzzled. There it was again. It was a kind of shortened scream, as if someone, something, had no breath to scream. His heart beating fast, because of that frightened screaming, he stepped carefully off the rock and went towards a belt of trees. There, between the trees, was a strange beast, with ragged tufts of fur standing up all over it, with patches of raw flesh beneath. The creature screamed, in small gasping screams, and leaped drunkenly from side to side, as if it were blind. Then the boy understood: it was a deer. He ran closer and was stopped by a
40 new fear. The grass was whispering and alive. The ground was black with ants, great energetic ants that hurried towards the fighting shape.

The beast fell and it came into his mind that he should shoot it and end its pain. He raised the gun, then lowered it again. The deer could no longer feel; its fighting was a protest of the nerves.

45 But it was not that which made him put down the gun. It was a feeling of rage and
misery. He thought: 'All over the bush things like this happen. This is how life goes on, by
living things dying in anguish.' He gripped the gun between his knees and felt in his own
limbs the pain of the twitching animal, saying over and over again: 'I can't stop it. I can't
stop it. There is nothing I can do. This is how things work.' He found that the tears were
50 streaming down his face and his clothes were soaked with the sweat of the creature's pain.
He strode forward, crushing ants with each step, till he stood above the skeleton of the
deer. It was picked clean, and the whole thing could not have taken more than a few
minutes.

That morning, perhaps an hour ago, this creature had been stepping proud through the
55 bush. And then - what had happened? Such a swift thing surely could not be trapped by a
swarm of ants? Then he saw that one leg was broken. Had it fallen perhaps? Impossible, a
deer was too graceful. Perhaps some Africans had thrown stones at it, trying to kill it for
meat, and had broken its leg. Yes, that must be it.

Even as he imagined the flying stones and the leaping deer, another picture came into
60 his mind. He saw himself, on any one of these bright mornings, drunk with excitement,
taking a shot at some half-seen deer. He saw himself, wondering whether he had missed or
not, and thinking that it was late, and he wanted his breakfast, and it was not worth
tracking miles after an animal that would very likely get away from him.

For a moment he was a small boy again, kicking sulkily at the skeleton and hanging his
65 head. At last he picked up his gun and walked homewards. He was telling himself
defiantly that he wanted his breakfast. He was telling himself that it was getting very hot,
much too hot to be roaming the bush. He walked heavily, not looking where he put his
feet. When he came within sight of his home, he stopped, frowning. There was something
he had to think out. The death of that animal was a thing that concerned him, and he was
70 by no means finished with it. It lay at the back of his mind uncomfortably. Soon, the very
next morning, he would get clear of everybody and go back to the bush to think about it.

from *A Sunrise on the Veld* by Doris Lessing

A Piece of Wood

This story is set in America in the future.

“Sit down, Sergeant Hollis,” said the Official.

“Thanks.” The young man sat.

“I’ve been hearing rumours about you,” the Official said pleasantly. “Oh, nothing much. Your nervousness. Your not getting on so well. Several months now I’ve heard about you, and I thought I’d call you in. Thought maybe you’d like your job changed. Like to work in some other War Area?”

“I don’t think so,” said the young sergeant.

“What do you want?”

Hollis shrugged and looked at his hands. “To live in peace. To learn that during the night, somehow, the guns of the world had rusted away. That’s what I’d like.”

“That’s what we’d all like, of course,” said the Official. “Now stop all that idealistic chatter and tell me where you’d like to be sent. You have your choice - the Western or Northern War Zone.” The Official tapped a pink map on his desk.

But Hollis was talking at his hands, looking at the fingers: “What would you officers do, what would we men do, what would the *world* do if we all woke tomorrow to find the guns nothing more than powdered rust?”

The Official saw that he would have to deal carefully with the sergeant. He smiled quietly. Hollis jerked his head up.

“I can do it, you know. I could start the Rust tonight if I wanted to.”

The Official laughed. “You can’t be serious.”

“I am. I’ve been meaning to come and talk to you. I’m glad you called me in. I’ve worked on this invention for a long time. I’ve created a machine that can make metal rust away in an instant. Not *all* metal, of course. I wouldn’t want to destroy most buildings. I’d just eliminate guns and shells, tanks, planes, battleships. I can set the machine to work on copper and brass and aluminium, too. If necessary I’d just walk by all of those weapons and I’d make them rust away just by being near them.”

The Official was bending over his desk, staring at Hollis. Then he reached into his breast pocket and drew out an expensive metal ball-point pen. He flourished the pen and started filling in a form. “I want you to take this to Dr Mathews this afternoon, for a complete check-up. Not that I expect anything really bad, understand. But don’t you feel you should see a doctor?”

“You think I’m lying about my machine,” said Hollis. “I’m not. It’s so small it can be hidden in this cigarette package. The effect of it extends for nine hundred miles. I could tour this country in a few days, with the machine set to a certain type of steel. The other nations couldn’t take advantage of us because I’d rust their weapons as they approach us. Then I’d fly to Europe. By this time next month the world would be free of war forever. I’ve waited a month now, trying to think it over. But now I’ve just decided. My talk with you has helped clarify things. Nobody thought an aeroplane would ever fly, nobody thought an atom would ever explode, and nobody thinks that there can ever be Peace, but there will be.”

“Take that paper over to Dr Mathews, will you?” said the Official hastily.

Hollis got up. “You’re not going to assign me to any new Zone then?”

“Not right away, no. I’ve changed my mind. We’ll let Dr Mathews decide.”

“Thank you very much for giving me your valuable time, sir,” said Hollis. “I knew nobody would believe me.” He opened the office door and stepped out.

The door shut and the Official was alone. He stood for a moment looking at the door. He sighed. He rubbed his hands over his face. The phone rang.

“Oh, hello, Doctor. I was just going to call you.” A pause. “Yes, I was going to send him over to you. Look, is it all right for that young man to be wandering about? It is all right? If you say so, Doctor. Probably needs a rest, a good long one. Poor boy has a delusion of rather an interesting sort. Yes, yes. It’s a shame. But that’s what a long war can do to you, I suppose.”

The phone voice buzzed in reply.

The Official listened and nodded. “I’ll make a note of that. Just a second.” He reached for his

ball-point pen. "Hold on a moment. Always mislaying things." He patted his pocket. "Had my pen here a moment ago. Wait." He put down the phone and searched his desk, pulling out drawers. He checked his shirt pocket again. He stopped moving. Then his hands twitched slowly into his
55 pocket and probed down. He poked his thumb and forefinger deep and brought out a pinch of something.

He sprinkled it on his desk blotter: a small filtering powder of yellow-red rust.

He sat staring at it for a moment, then he picked up the phone. "Mathews," he shouted. "Get off the line, quick." There was a click of someone hanging up and then he dialled another call. "Hello,
60 Guard Station. Listen, there's a man coming past you any minute now. You know him, name of Sergeant Hollis. Stop him, shoot him down, kill him if necessary. Don't ask questions, kill the son of a bitch. You heard me. This is the Official talking! Yes, kill him, you hear!"

"But sir," said a bewildered voice on the other end of the line. "I can't, I just can't . . ."

"What do you mean, you can't, God damn it!"

65 "Because . . ." the voice faded away. He could hear the guard breathing into the phone a mile away.

The Official shook the phone. "Listen to me, listen, get your gun ready!"

"I can't shoot anyone," said the guard. "My gun . . . it's . . ."

The Official sank back in his chair. He sat blinking for half a minute, gasping.

70 Out there even now - he didn't have to look, no one had to tell him - the hangars were dusting down in soft red rust, and the aeroplanes were blowing away on a brown-rust wind into nothingness, and the tanks were sinking, sinking slowly into the hot asphalt roads. Trucks were blowing away in brown puffs of smoke, their drivers dumped by the road, with only the tyres left running on the highways.

75 "Sir . . ." said the guard, who was seeing all this, far away. "Oh, God."

"Listen, listen!" screamed the Official. "Go after him. Get him, choke him with your hands, beat him, use your feet, kick his ribs in, kick him to death. Do anything, but get that man. I'll be right out!" He hung up the phone.

80 By instinct he jerked open the bottom desk drawer to get his service pistol. A pile of brown rust filled the new leather holster. He swore and leaped up.

On the way out of the office he grabbed a chair. It's wood, he thought. Good old-fashioned wood, good old-fashioned maple. He hurled it against the wall twice, and it broke. Then he seized one of the legs, clenched it hard in his fist, his face bursting red, the breath snorting in his nostrils, his mouth wide. He struck the palm of his hand with the leg of the chair, testing it. "All right, God
85 damn it, come on!" he cried. He rushed out, yelling, and slammed the door.

from *A Piece of Wood* by Ray Bradbury

Extract 3

Danny Warren is a twelve-year old boy. He has been brought up by his Dad since his mother was killed in a car crash when Danny was a baby. However, Dad has just met a new girlfriend, called Helen.

I left for school that morning with my football things because I was in the team for the big one, the match against our local rivals, St Bede's High School. Dad had promised to come and watch and he always kept his promises. He'd never missed a game. But as we ran onto the pitch he wasn't among the group of parents on the halfway line. I kept looking beyond the pitch during the warm-up, searching for a man in a car, in a taxi, on a bike, racing towards us, but there was nothing. I was gutted. It wasn't the same if Dad wasn't there for the kick off. It was all her fault. She comes along and suddenly he's too busy with her, he's got no time for me. Still, he'd come in the end. I knew Dad.

We kicked off and I was soon struggling. The defenders were big, strong lads and I was getting kicked before I even received the ball. The referee never gave me a single free kick. After twenty minutes I was tired and couldn't run until I had a bit of a breather.

Then it happened. From a corner on the right the ball cannoned against the post and before the goalkeeper could drop on it I stabbed it into the net. I felt like Michael Owen, like the greatest player in the world. I ran all over the field until my team-mates jumped on me in celebration. I picked myself up, grinning like an idiot and looked around for Dad. All I could see was Elaine Kirk, Jamie's mum, jumping up and down and smiling at me. I ran over to her.

"Where's my Dad?"

"He can't come. You're coming home with me."

I was stunned. I drifted back to the centre circle. Much of the joy had gone out of me. What could ever have made him miss it? He never missed a match. Then I knew. He **was** with that woman.

The second half kicked off and I still couldn't get Dad out of my mind. It was obvious now that I was less important to him than that woman. I hated her. And I hated that horrible defender. I'd got bruises all up the back of both legs and I'd been pushed and shoved every time the ball came near me.

After ten minutes of the second half I was chasing the ball and this hulking brute of a defender was pulling my shirt and tapping my ankles as we raced for the bouncing ball. He also called me "a Mummy's boy" which I thought was a bit rich in the circumstances. The red mist came down and I let him have it. Only it was pathetic. I wanted to get free from him, so I tried to elbow him off. I made the slightest contact with his body but he went down like he'd been shot by a bullet.

The referee couldn't see anything apart from the bully rolling over and over, holding his face though I never touched him anywhere near his face. The referee came tearing over to me looking like I'd just killed Nelson Mandela.

"I saw that Warren. Off you go. Foul play."

"I never touched him."

"Then what's he doing down there?"

"He's play-acting. Just like on 'Match of the Day'."

The bully was helped to his feet. Amazingly he found he was able to continue.

The walk back to the changing room was the longest, most miserable walk in history. I knew now what David Beckham must have felt like when he got sent off in the World Cup. I was ashamed and embarrassed but also I was angry because I didn't deserve it. And then my Dad wasn't there and I had to go home with Jamie and he would spend the whole evening teasing me. I wished I had really elbowed the bully in the face but the person who I really felt like killing was Helen. If she hadn't made Dad walk out on me it wouldn't have happened. It was all Helen's fault. I know that's not entirely fair but it's the way I was feeling.

I was sorry in a way that I felt like this about Helen. I liked the way she moved and the way she spoke. She talked fast and she was American. She never talked down to me and she didn't do what lots of grown-ups do – be nice while you're alone with them then just blank you when Dad comes in. I always thought Helen enjoyed talking to me. In a way it was exciting when she was there. Her mobile was always ringing. She could talk a lot on her phone, very fast and serious and sort of threatening sometimes, then she'd switch it off and we'd pick up the conversation exactly where she'd left it.

I didn't think she was gorgeous or anything but I could see why Dad liked her. She was slim with dark, curly hair and she had a nice shape. She was quick and light on her feet, like a cat. Sometimes she kissed me good night and I could smell her perfume, the way I thought I remembered Mum's but instead of being warm and comforted as I was by the memory of Mum I was confused and sort of excited by Helen.

I couldn't talk to Dad about it. That was an odd feeling too, because we had always talked about everything till then. Dad tried to start the conversation once by explaining how he felt about Helen and how she wasn't supposed to be a Mum to me and wouldn't want to be but he liked her a lot and did I mind? Well, what could I say? The moment he started I knew what he was going to say and it made me squirm with embarrassment. If I said that everything was all right then he'd take that as meaning he had my approval. It was so difficult. I just didn't know how to behave since Helen had come into our lives and messed them up.

That was how it was when they left me to face the worst crisis of my life alone. She was as much to blame as I was for me being sent off. So I decided to make her suffer just like I was suffering.

Adapted from 'High on a Cliff' by Colin Shindler

Extract 4

This story is about three generations of the Henderson family going to see a theatre production of “Peter Pan”. (“Peter Pan” includes the characters Mr and Mrs Darling, Tinkerbell, Captain Hook, Tiger Lily and the Lost Boys, and a place called Never-Never Land.)

Two weeks before Christmas, Angela Bisson gave Mrs Henderson six tickets for the theatre. Mrs Henderson was Angela Bisson’s cleaning lady.

“I wanted to avoid giving you money,” Angela Bisson told her. “Anybody can give money. I wanted to give you a treat. Something you’ll always remember.”

5 Mrs Henderson said, “Thank you very much.” She had never, when accepting money, felt degraded. Her husband, Charles Henderson, asked her how much Angela had tipped her for Christmas.

Mrs Henderson said not much. “In fact,” she admitted, “nothing at all. Not in your actual pounds and pence. We’ve got tickets for the theatre instead.”

“What a discerning woman,” cried Charles Henderson. “It’s *just* what we’ve always needed.”

10 “Our Moira’s kiddies will like it,” protested Mrs Henderson. “It’s a pantomime. They’ve never been to a pantomime.”

Mrs Henderson’s son, Alec, said *Peter Pan* wasn’t a pantomime. At least not what his mother understood by the word. Of course, there was a fairytale element to the story, dealing as it did with Never-Never Land and lost boys, but there was more to it than that. “It’s written on several levels,” he informed her.

“I’ve been a lost boy all my life,” muttered Charles Henderson, but nobody heard him.

“And I doubt,” said Alec, “if our Moira’s kiddies will make head or tail of it. It’s full of nannies and coal fires burning in the nursery.”

“Don’t talk rot,” fumed Charles Henderson. “They’ve seen coal fires on television.”

20 “Shut up Charlie,” said Alec. His father hated being called Charlie.

“Does it have a principal boy?” Mrs Henderson asked hopefully.

“Not in the sense you mean,” said Alec. “Don’t expect any singing or smutty jokes.”

“God Almighty,” said Charles Henderson.

25 When Alec had gone out, Mrs Henderson told her husband he needn’t bother coming to the theatre. She wasn’t putting up with him and Alec having a pantomime of their own during the course of the evening and spoiling it for everyone else.

“By heck,” shouted Charles Henderson, striking his forehead with the back of his hand, “why didn’t I think of that? Perish the thought that our Alec should be the one to be excluded. I’m only the blasted bread-winner.”

30 However, he knew his wife was just mouthing words.

On the night of the outing to the theatre, a bit of a rumpus took place in the lift. It was occasioned by Moira’s lad, Wayne, jabbing at the control buttons and giving his grandmother a turn.

Alec thumped Wayne across the ear and Charles Henderson flared up. “There was no cause to do that,” he shouted, though indeed there had been. Wayne was a shocking kiddie for fiddling with things.

35 “Belt up, Charlie,” ordered Alec.

Alec drove them to the theatre in his car and, when the curtain went up, Charles Henderson was feeling the first twinges of indigestion. It wasn’t to be wondered at. All that swapping of seats because Moira had a tall bloke in front of her and the kiddies tramping back and forth to the toilet. He found the first act a bit of a mystery. He supposed they couldn’t get a real dog to play the part. Some of the scenery could do with a lick of paint. He couldn’t for the life of him make out who or what Tinkerbell was, beyond a sort of glow-worm bobbing up and down on the nursery wall. When they all flew out of the window, something must have gone wrong because one of the children never got off the ground. Wayne was yawning his head off.

45 During Acts Two and Three, Charles Henderson dozed. He was aware of loud noises and children screaming. He hoped Wayne wasn’t having one of his tantrums. Then he heard a drum beat and a voice cried out, “To die will be an awfully big adventure.” He woke up with a start. He had a pain in his arm.

“Are you enjoying it then, Charlie?” Alec asked.

“It’s a bit loud for me,” said Charles Henderson.

50 “But Wayne thinks it’s lovely,” said Moira. “He’s really engrossed.”

“I could tell,” Charles Henderson said. “They must have heard him yawning in Birkenhead.”

“He always yawns when he’s engrossed,” defended Moira. She herself was enjoying it very much, though she hadn’t understood at first what Mr Darling was doing dressed up as Captain Hook.

“I suppose it saves on wages,” said Charles Henderson.

55 Alec explained it was symbolic. The kindly Mr Darling and the brutal Captain Hook were two halves of the same man. “The point,” said Alec, “is obvious. Mr Darling longs to murder his children. Like fathers in real life. They’re always out to destroy their children.”

60 During Act Four Charles Henderson asked his wife for a peppermint. His indigestion was fearsome. Mrs Henderson told him to shush. Wayne was sitting bolt upright. Charles Henderson tried to concentrate. He heard some words but not others. The lost boys were going back to their mums. Somebody called Tiger Lily had come into it. The Indians were beating tom-toms. His heart was beating so loudly that it was a wonder Alec didn’t fly off the handle and order him to keep quiet. That Tinkerbell person was flashing about among the cloth trees. He had the curious delusion that if he stood up in his seat, he too might soar up into the gallery. It was a daft notion because when he tried to shift his legs they were as heavy as lead. Mrs Darling would be pleased to see the kiddies again. She must have gone through hell. He remembered the time Alec had come home late from Cubs – the length of those minutes, the depth of that fear. It didn’t matter what his feelings had been towards Alec for the last ten years. He had loved little Alec, now a lost boy, and that was enough.

70 Something dramatic was happening on stage. Peter Pan and Tinkerbell were having a disjointed conversation about cough mixture and poison. The tiny star that was Tinkerbell began to flicker. Charles Henderson could hear sobbing. He was astonished to see his grandson wiping at his eyes with the back of his sleeve. Fancy Wayne, a lad who last year had been caught dangling a hamster on a piece of string from the window of the flats, crying about a light going out. Peter Pan was advancing towards the audience, his arms flung wide. *Tinkerbell thinks she could get well again if children*
75 *believed in fairies. If you believe, clap your hands and Tinkerbell will live.* At first the clapping was muted, almost apologetic. Tinkerbell was reduced to a dying spark. Charles Henderson’s hands were clasped to his chest. There was a pain inside as though someone had slung a hook through his heart. The clapping increased in volume. The feeble Tinkerbell began to glow. She grew so dazzling that Charles Henderson was blinded. She blazed above him in the skies of Never-Never Land.

80 “Help me,” he said, using his last breath.

“Shut up, Charlie,” shouted Mrs Henderson, and she clapped and clapped until the palms of her hands were stinging.

from *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* by Beryl Bainbridge

This story is told by a young black American girl.

I was glad to hear that Manny had fallen off the roof and that I could come out of hiding now. My mother got the whole story out of my sister, Frankie. "It's bad enough you won't wear skirts and you hang around with boys," she said. "But to want to fight with them too! And you would pick the craziest one at that." Manny was supposed to be crazy. To say you were bad put some people off. But to say you were crazy, well, you were definitely not to be messed with. On the other hand, after what I called *him* and after saying a few choice things about *his mother*, his face did go through some strange expressions. And I did kind of wonder if maybe he was nuts. I didn't wait to find out. I got running. And then he waited for me, outside my house, all day and all night. I shouted to him out of the kitchen window.

"You got no sense of humour, that's your trouble," I told him. He looked up, but he didn't say anything. All at once I was real sorry about the whole thing. I should've settled for teasing the little girls in the schoolyard, or waited for Frankie so we could raise some kind of trouble downtown.

I don't know how Manny got on the roof. Maybe some slates lost all their cement and anyway the roof always did kind of slant downward. So Manny fell off the roof, and for the first time in days I dared to go outside again.

After that, Manny stayed indoors for a long time. I almost forgot about him. Then one night I'm walking past the Douglas Street park and there's Manny on the basketball court, perfecting his shots and talking to himself. Being me, I quite naturally walk right up and ask what he's doing playing in the dark. And he looks up and all around like the dark had crept up on him when he wasn't looking. So I knew right away that he'd been out there for a long time.

"There was two seconds to go and we were one point behind," he said, shaking his head and staring at his trainers. "And I was in the clear. It was in the bag. They passed the ball and I slid the ball up nice and easy." And then he shook his head. "I muffed the goddamn shot. Ball bounced off the rim..." He stared at his hands. "The game of the season. Last game." And then he ignored me altogether, though he wasn't really talking to me anyway. He went back to his shots, always from the same spot with his arms crooked in the same way, over and over. I must've gotten hypnotized cause I probably stood there for at least an hour watching like a fool till I couldn't even see the damn ball, much less the basket. But I stood there anyway for no reason I know of. He never missed. But he cursed himself all the time. It was torture.

Then a squad car pulled up and a short cop got out. He looked real hard at me, then at Manny.

"What are you two doing?"

"He's practising shots. I'm watching. Ain't it obvious?" I said with my smart self.

The cop just stood there and finally turned to the other one who was just getting out of the car.

"Who unlocked the park gate?" the big one snarled.

"It's always unlocked," I said. Then we three just stood there watching Manny go at it.

"Is that true?" the big guy asked, tilting his hat back with the thumb the way tough guys do in the movies. "Hey you," he said, walking over to Manny. "I'm talking to you." He finally grabbed the ball to get Manny's attention. But that didn't work. Manny just stood there with his arms out waiting for the pass. He wasn't paying no attention to the cop. So, quite naturally, when the cop slapped his head it was a surprise.

"Gimme the ball, man." Manny's face was all tightened up and ready to pop.

"Did you hear what I said, black boy?"

Now, when somebody says that word like that, I gets warm. And crazy or no crazy, Manny became like my brother at that moment and the cop became the enemy.

"You better give him back his ball," I said. "Manny don't take no mess from no cops. He ain't bothering nobody. He's gonna be Mister Basketball when he grows up. Just trying to get a little practice in."

"Look here, sister, we'll run you in too," the short cop said.

"I sure can't be your sister seeing as how I'm a black girl and you're a white cop. Boy, I sure will be glad when you run me in so I can tell everybody about that. You're just picking on us because we're black, mister."

The big guy screwed his mouth up and let out one of them hard-day sighs. “The park’s closed, little girl, so why don’t you and your boyfriend go on home.”

55 That really got me. The ‘little girl’ was bad enough but that ‘boyfriend’ was too much. I kept cool, mostly because Manny looked so pitiful waiting there for the ball. But I kept my cool mostly cause there’s no telling how frantic things can get what with a big-mouth like me, a couple of wise-guy cops, and a crazy boy too.

60 “The gates are open,” I said real quiet-like, “and this here’s a free country. So why don’t you give him back his ball?”

The big cop did another one of those sighs, and then he bounced the ball to Manny who went right into his gliding thing clear up to the backboard, damn near like he was some kind of very beautiful bird. And then he swooshed that ball in, even if there was no net, and you couldn’t really hear the swoosh. Something happened to the bones in my chest. It was something.

65 “Crazy kids anyhow,” said the short cop and turned to go. But the big guy watched Manny for a while and I guess something must’ve snapped in his head, cause all of a sudden he was hot for taking Manny to jail or court or somewhere and started yelling at him and everything, which is a bad thing to do to Manny, I can tell you, when obviously he had just done about the most beautiful thing a man can do. No cop could swoosh without a net.

70 “Look out, man,” was all Manny said, but it was the way he pushed the cop that started the real yelling and threats. And then this dude was pulling Manny’s clothes and I thought to myself, Oh God, now Manny gonna get run in or shot by these guys. I could see it all, and I’m practically crying too.

75 I wished Manny had fallen off the damn roof and died right then and there and saved me all this aggravation and him being killed by these bad-guy cops. But it didn’t happen. They just took the ball, and Manny followed them real quiet-like out of the park, then into the squad car with his head dropping. And I went on home cause what the hell am I going to do on a basketball court and it getting to be nearly midnight?

from ‘The Hammer Boy’ by Toni Cade Bambara

Extract 6

This extract is about a young boy called Bertie who lives in Edinburgh. Irene is his mother.

‘Hurry up now, Bertie,’ said Irene. ‘It’s almost ten o’clock, and if we don’t get there in time you may not get your audition. Now, you wouldn’t want that, would you?’

Bertie sighed. To miss the audition was exactly what he would want, but he realised that it was fruitless to protest. Once his mother had seen a notice about the Edinburgh Teenage Orchestra, she had immediately put his name down for an audition.

‘Do you realise how exciting this is?’ she said to Bertie. ‘This orchestra is planning to do a concert in Paris in a couple of weeks. Wouldn’t you just love that?’

Bertie frowned. The name of the orchestra suggested that it was for teenagers and he was barely six. ‘Couldn’t I just audition in seven years’ time?’ he asked his mother. ‘I’ll be a teenager then.’

‘If you’re worried about being the youngest one there,’ said Irene reassuringly, ‘then you shouldn’t! The fact that it’s called the Edinburgh Teenage Orchestra is neither here nor there. The word teenage is just to indicate what standard is required.’

‘But I’m not a teenager,’ protested Bertie helplessly. ‘They’ll all be teenagers. I promise you. I’ll be the only one in dungarees.’

‘There may well be others in dungarees,’ said Irene. ‘And anyway, once you’re sitting down behind your music stand, nobody will notice what you’re wearing.’

Bertie was silent. It was no use; he would be forced to go, just as she had forced him to go to yoga and to all the rest of it. There was no use protesting. If he was unable to persuade his mother not to subject him to the humiliation of being the youngest member, by far, of an orchestra, then he would have to find some other means to ensure he did not get in.

He thought for a moment and then realised that there was an obvious solution. Irene saw Bertie’s face break into a broad grin. He must have realised, she thought, what fun it would be to go to Paris. ‘Why are you smiling?’ she asked. ‘Thinking of Paris? We’ll have such fun in Paris.’ Bertie, who had been smiling over the prospect of escape, now became grave. ‘We? Had his mother said *we’ll* have such fun in Paris?’

His voice was tiny when he asked the question. ‘Are you coming too, Mummy? Are you coming to Paris, too?’

Irene laughed. ‘But of course, Bertie. Remember you’re only six. Mummy will come to look after you.’

‘But the teenagers won’t have their mothers with them. I’ll be the only one.’

And it would be worse, he thought. The humiliation would be doubled by the fact that Irene was visibly pregnant. This would mean the other boys would know what she had been doing. It was just too embarrassing. The journey to Queen’s Hall passed mostly in silence, at least on Bertie’s part, although Irene had various bits of advice for him.

‘Don’t feel nervous,’ she said. ‘Remind yourself that there are not only strangers there. I’ll be there too. Keep that in mind.’

Bertie reeled under the fresh blow. He had been hoping that his mother would wait outside. Now she was coming in! That would make his plan much more difficult to put into effect.

The Queen’s Hall was thronged with a large crowd of ambitious parents and children. Irene cast her eye about the room like a combatant assessing the field before joining the fray. Bertie observed her determined expression with dismay.

‘You can sit here, Bertie,’ she said. ‘I shall go and get some coffee. But I won’t get you a cup. We don’t want you rushing off to the little boys’ room in the middle of the audition, do we?’ Bertie felt his heart stop with embarrassment. It was bad enough for his mother to say such things in any circumstances, but for her to say it here, in the middle of the Queen’s Hall, with the eyes of the world upon him, was horror itself. His face burning red, he looked about him quickly. A girl at a neighbouring table had clearly heard, and was giggling. On the other side of the table was a boy who had also heard and was now staring at him.

The boy, who looked barely thirteen, turned to face Bertie. ‘Is that your mother?’ he asked.

Bertie shook his head. ‘No,’ he said. ‘No, she’s nothing to do with me.’

‘Who is she then?’ asked the boy.

‘She’s just someone I met on the bus,’ he said. ‘I talked to her and she followed me in.’

The boy looked surprised. ‘You have to be careful about talking to strangers.’

Bertie nodded. ‘I know,’ he said. He racked his brains for a credible story and then continued, ‘She’s just been let out of an asylum, you see. She had nobody to talk to her. So I did.’

'Do you think she's dangerous?' asked the boy.

'Not really,' said Bertie. 'But she's very strange. She's pretending to be my mother. It's really sad.'

'Look out, here she comes. I'm off. See you.'

60 Bertie looked at the ground in despair. 'Mummy,' he said. 'Please take me home. That's all I'm asking you.'

Irene said, 'I'll take you home after the audition. And that's a promise.'

65 There were at least one hundred young musicians assembled for the audition. They ranged from thirteen to eighteen, although there were one or two nineteen-year-olds and Bertie, of course, who was six. To his horror, Bertie found that his mother insisted on sitting next to him. Bertie sank down in his seat, trying to persuade himself that not only was she not there, but that neither was he.

At a signal from the woman who was helping the conductor, a small group of musicians made their way to the front. 'You get up now, Bertie,' said Irene.

70 Bertie did nothing. His mother was giving him no alternative. He did not want to put his plan into effect but she really left him no choice.

'Come on,' said Irene, pulling Bertie up by the straps of his dungarees. 'I'll come with you.'

'Please, Mummy,' pleaded Bertie. 'Please...' Virtually frogmarched to the front, Bertie approached the conductor.

'Tenor saxophone,' said Irene, pushing Bertie forward. 'Bertie Pollock.'

75 The conductor exchanged a glance with the woman beside him, who was smiling. Irene shot the woman a warning glance. 'He's a bit young, isn't he?' ventured the woman. 'This is the Edinburgh Teenage Orchestra, after all.'

80 Irene's eyes flashed. 'That, if I may say so, is a somewhat unhelpful remark,' she said coldly. 'Do you really want to stifle talent by discriminating against younger musicians?' The conductor looked at the woman, as if seeking moral support. She shrugged.

'Oh, very well then,' said the conductor wearily. 'Just play us this piece.'

85 Bertie looked at the music. It was not at all difficult. It would be easy to play that piece. But no, he would now have to put his plan into operation. He would not play what was before him. Instead, he would play something quite different, something defiant. That would surely lead to his rejection. He closed his eyes and was soon into a fine rendition of 'As Time Goes By' from *Casablanca*. A fine rendition, perhaps, but a disobedient one, and one which would be bound to annoy the conductor. When he came to the end of the piece, he glanced quickly at his mother. She would be angry with him, he knew, but it would be better to face her anger than to be forced into a teenage orchestra. The conductor was silent for a moment. Then, rising to his feet, he clapped his hands together.

90 'Brilliant!' he exclaimed loudly. 'What a brilliant performance, young man! You're in!'

Alexander McCall Smith

Extract 7

The day Laurie started infant school he refused to wear his shorts and began wearing blue jeans with a belt; I watched him go off the first morning with the older girl next door, seeing clearly that part of my life was ended, my sweet-voiced nursery-school tot replaced by a long-trousered, cocky character who forgot to stop at the corner and wave goodbye to me.

5 He came home the same way, the front door slamming open, his cap on the floor, and the voice suddenly became aggressive. He shouted, "Isn't anybody *here*?"

At tea he spoke rudely to his father and spilled the baby's milk.

"How was school today?" I asked, trying not to cause an argument.

10 "All right. The teacher sent a boy out, though," Laurie said. "For being cheeky," he added with his mouth full.

"What did he do?" I asked. "Who was it?"

Laurie thought. "It was Charles," he said. "He was cheeky. The teacher sent him out and then made him sit on his own. He was awfully cheeky."

15 "What did he do?" I asked again, but Laurie slid off his chair, took a biscuit, and left, while his father was still saying, "Don't just leave the table."

The next day Laurie remarked at tea, as soon as he sat down, "Well, Charles was bad again today." He grinned enormously and said, "Today Charles hit the teacher."

"Good heavens," I said. "I suppose he got sent out again?"

"He sure did," Laurie said.

20 "Why did Charles hit the teacher?" I asked quickly.

"Because she tried to make him colour with red crayons," Laurie said, chuckling. "Charles wanted to colour with green crayons so he hit the teacher and she sent him out and said nobody play with Charles but everybody did."

25 The third day – it was Wednesday of the first week – Charles bounced a seesaw onto the head of a little girl and made her bleed and the teacher made him stay inside all during playtime. Thursday Charles had to stand in a corner during storytime because he kept banging his feet on the floor. Friday Charles was again sent out because he threw chalk.

30 On Saturday I remarked anxiously to my husband, "Do you think infant school is too unsettling for Laurie? All this toughness and bad behaviour, and this Charles boy sounds like such a bad influence."

"It'll be all right," my husband said reassuringly. "Bound to be people like Charles in the world. Laurie might as well meet them now as later."

35 On Monday Laurie came home late, full of news. "Charles," he shouted as he came up the hill; I was waiting anxiously on the front steps. "Charles," Laurie yelled all the way up the hill, "Charles was bad again. You know what Charles did?" he demanded, following me through the door. "Charles yelled in school so they sent a boy in from another class to tell the teacher she had to make Charles keep quiet, and so Charles had to stay after school. And so all the children stayed to watch him."

"What did he do?" I asked.

40 "He just sat there," Laurie said, climbing into his chair at the table. "Hi Dad, y'old dust mop."

"Charles had to stay after school today," I told my husband. "Everyone stayed with him."

"What does this Charles look like?" my husband asked Laurie. "What's his other name?"

"He's bigger than me," Laurie said. "And he doesn't ever wear a jacket."

"What are they going to do about Charles, do you suppose?" Laurie's father asked him.

45 Laurie shrugged. "Throw him out of school, I guess," he said.

Wednesday and Thursday were routine; Charles yelled during story hour and hit a boy in the stomach and made him cry. On Friday Charles stayed after school again and so did all the other children.

50 During the third and fourth weeks there seemed to be a change in Charles; Laurie reported at lunch on Thursday of the third week, "Charles was so good today the teacher gave him an apple."

"What?" I said, and my husband added warily, "You mean Charles?"

"Charles," Laurie said. "He gave the crayons around and he picked up the books afterwards and the teacher said he was her helper."

"What happened?" I asked in disbelief.

55 “He was her helper, that’s all,” Laurie said, and shrugged.
 “Can this be true, about Charles?” I asked my husband that night. “Can something like this happen?”
 “Wait and see,” my husband said doubtfully. “When you’ve got Charles to deal with, this may mean he’s only plotting.”

60 He seemed to be wrong. For over a week Charles was the teacher’s helper; each day he handed things out and he picked things up; no one had to stay after school.
 “The Parent-Teacher meeting’s next week,” I told my husband one evening. “I’m going to find Charles’s mother there.”

65 He came to the door with me that evening as I set out for the Parent-Teacher meeting. “Invite her over for a cup of tea after the meeting,” he said. “I want to get a look at her, poor woman.”
 “If she’s there,” I said, thinking how hard her life must be.
 “She’ll be there,” my husband said. “I don’t see how they could hold a Parent-Teacher meeting without Charles’s mother.”

70 At the meeting I sat restlessly, scanning each face, trying to determine which one hid the secret of Charles. None of them looked to me strained enough. No one stood up in the meeting and apologized for the way her son had been acting. No one mentioned Charles.

 After the main meeting I went to see Laurie’s class teacher. I approached her cautiously and smiled.

75 “I’ve been so keen to meet you,” I said. “I’m Laurie’s mother.”
 “We’re all *so* interested in Laurie,” she said, but she said it in a curious way.
 “Well, he certainly likes infant school,” I said. “He talks about it all the time.”
 “He had a little trouble adjusting, the first week or two,” she said, “but now he’s a fine little helper. With lapses, of course.”

80 “Laurie usually adjusts very quickly,” I said. “I suppose this time it’s Charles’s influence.”
 “Charles?”
 “Yes,” I said, laughing, “you must have your hands full in that class, with Charles.”
 “Charles?” she said. “We don’t have anyone called Charles in the class.”

from *Charles* by Shirley Jackson

Fun with a Stranger

All that summer the children who were due to start junior school in Miss Snell's class had been warned about her. "Boy, you're gonna get it," the older children would say. "You're really gonna get it. Mrs Cleary's all right," (Mrs Cleary taught the other, luckier class of new pupils) "she's fine, but boy, that Snell – you better watch out." So it happened that the anxiety level of Miss Snell's class was high even before school began in September, and she did little in the first few weeks to improve it.

She was probably sixty, a woman with a man's face and clothes that seemed to smell of pencil shavings and chalk dust. She was strict and humourless, determined to stop the things she thought intolerable: mumbling, daydreaming, frequent trips to the toilets, and, the worst of all, "coming to school without proper supplies." Her small eyes were sharp, and when somebody sent out a stealthy alarm of whispers and nudges to try to borrow a pencil from somebody else, it almost never worked. "What's the trouble back there?" she would snap. "I mean you, John Gerhardt." And John Gerhardt, or Howard White, or whoever it happened to be, could only turn red and say, "Nothing."

"Don't mumble. Is it a pencil? Have you come to school without a pencil again? Stand up when you're spoken to." There would follow a long lecture on Proper Supplies that ended only after the offender had come forward to receive a pencil from the small hoard on her desk and to promise that he wouldn't chew it or break its point.

She seemed to have no favourites; once she even picked on Alice Johnson, who did nearly everything right. Alice was mumbling while reading aloud, and Miss Snell went over and took her book away and lectured her for several minutes running. Alice looked stunned at first, then burst into tears.

Still, they could not hate Miss Snell because she was sometimes nice in an awkward way of her own. "Do you know," she said, "when school began this year you were all strangers to me, but I wanted very much to learn your names and remember your faces, and so I made the effort. It was confusing at first, but before long I'd made friends with all of you. Because you can't very well have fun with a stranger, can you?" She gave them a homely, shy smile. When she said something like that it was more embarrassing than anything else, but it did leave the children with a certain vague sense of responsibility towards her, and often prompted them into defending her when children from other classes demanded to know how bad she really was. "Well, not too bad," they would say uncomfortably, and try to change the subject.

John Gerhardt and Howard White usually walked home from school together, and often they were joined by two of the children from Mrs. Cleary's class who lived on their street – Freddy Taylor and his twin sister Grace.

"Guess what we're gonna do next week," Freddy said in his chirping voice one afternoon. "Our whole class, I mean. Guess. Come on, guess."

But Freddy didn't wait long for an answer. "Mrs. Cleary says we're gonna take a field trip for our class project on transport," Freddy said. "Later on, we're gonna go to the Museum of Natural History and a whole lotta other places. Too bad you're not in Mrs Cleary's class."

"Doesn't bother me," John Gerhardt said. "I can go to those places any day, if I feel like it, and I don't need any Mrs Cleary to take me." Then he came up with a direct quotation from his father that seemed appropriate: "Anyway. I don't go to school to fool around. I go to school to work. Come on, Howard."

Towards the end of autumn, the long preparations for Christmas began. Every day the halls and classrooms became more thickly decorated with Christmas trimmings, but Miss Snell's class felt anxious because her room was unchanged. They noticed there was no decoration except for the grubby red letters spelling "Merry Christmas" over the blackboard.

Finally, it was the last week before the Christmas holiday and still there was no sign of a party.

"You gonna have a party in your class?" Freddy Taylor inquired one day.

"Sure, prob'ly," John Gerhardt said, though in fact he wasn't sure at all. Miss Snell had said or hinted nothing whatever about a Christmas party.

“Miss Snell tell ya you’re gonna have one, or what?” Grace asked.

55 “Well, she didn’t exactly *tell* us,” John Gerhardt said nervously. Howard White walked along without a word, looking at the ground and scuffing his shoes in embarrassment.

“Mrs. Cleary didn’t tell us either,” Grace said, “because it’s supposed to be a surprise, but we know we’re gonna have one. Some of the kids who had her last year said so. They said she always has this big party on the last day, with a tree and things to eat. You gonna have all that?”

60 “Oh, I don’t know,” John Gerhardt said, trying to sound convincing. “Sure, prob’ly.” But later, when the twins were gone, he got a little worried. “Hey, Howard,” he said, “you think she is gonna have a party, or what?”

“Search me,” Howard White said, with a careful shrug. But he was uneasy about it too, and so was the rest of the class. As the end of term drew nearer, it seemed less and less likely to them that Miss Snell was planning a party of any kind.

65 It rained on the last day of school. The morning went by like any other morning, and after lunch, like any other rainy day, the corridors were packed with chattering children in raincoats, milling around and waiting for the afternoon classes to begin.

70 Miss Snell’s class pressed self-consciously against the corridor wall, mostly silent, hands in their pockets. A second later, Miss Snell’s door opened, and the first thing they saw was that on her desk lay a neat little pile of red-and-white-wrapped packages. The gifts were all wrapped alike, in white tissue paper with red ribbon, and the few whose individual shapes John Gerhardt could make out looked like they might be toy soldiers. Maybe it would be toy soldiers for the boys, he thought, and little miniature dolls for the girls. But that would be good enough – something to prove that she was human after all, to pull out of a pocket and casually display to the Taylor twins, saying, “She gave us all these little presents. Look.”

75 The little pile of gifts made everything all right. The children had only to look at them to know that there was nothing to be embarrassed about, after all. Miss Snell had turned out all right in the end.

from *Fun with a Stranger* from *THE COLLECTED STORIES* by Richard Yates

Extract 9

The passage printed below is an extract from 'Catch-22' in which the author, Joseph Heller, wrote about the madness of war. The main character, Yossarian, is an officer in the American air force in World War 2.

Yossarian was determined to stay in the hospital forever rather than fly one more mission. He could relax in the hospital, since no one there expected him to do anything. All he was expected to do in the hospital was die or get better, and since he was perfectly all right, getting better was easy.

Being in the hospital was better than being shot at over Italy or France.

5 There were usually not nearly as many sick people inside the hospital as Yossarian saw outside the hospital. There was a much lower death rate inside the hospital than outside the hospital. Few people died unnecessarily. People knew a lot more about dying inside the hospital and made a neater, more orderly job of it. They couldn't dominate Death inside the hospital but they certainly made her behave. They had taught her manners. There was none of that crude, ugly dying that was so common outside
10 the hospital. They did not blow up in mid-air like Kraft, or freeze to death the way Snowden had frozen to death in the back of the plane. They didn't drown or get struck by lightning. They didn't get shot or stabbed. There were no famines or floods. Nobody choked to death. People bled to death like gentlemen in an operating room or expired without comment in an oxygen tent. There was none of that 'now-you-see-me-now-you-don't' business which was so much in fashion outside the hospital.

15 All things considered, Yossarian often preferred the hospital, even though it had its faults. The staff tended to be bossy and the rules were restrictive. Since sick people were apt to be present, he could not always depend on a lively young crowd in the same ward as him, and the entertainment was not always good. He was forced to admit that the hospitals had altered for the worse as the war continued. The decline in the quality of the guests was most marked in the combat zone where the effects of war were
20 likely to make themselves conspicuous immediately. People got sicker and sicker the deeper he moved into combat, until finally in the hospital that last time there had been the soldier in white, who could not have been any sicker without being dead, and he soon was.

The soldier in white was constructed entirely of gauze, plaster and a thermometer, and the thermometer was merely an adornment left balanced in the empty dark hole in the bandages over his
25 mouth each morning and afternoon by Nurse Cramer, right up to the afternoon Nurse Cramer read the thermometer and discovered he was dead. Now that Yossarian looked back, it seemed that Nurse Cramer had murdered the soldier in white. If she had not read the thermometer and reported what she had found, the soldier in white might still be lying there alive exactly as he had been lying there all along, encased from head to toe in plaster. Lying there that way might not have been much of a life,
30 but it was all the life he had, and the decision to end it, Yossarian felt, should hardly have been Nurse Cramer's.

The soldier in white was like an unrolled bandage with a hole in it and no sound at all came from him all the time he was there. Yossarian resented the soldier in white for reminding him of a nauseating truth.

35 Nurse Cramer kept him spick-and-span. She brushed his bandages and scrubbed his plaster casts. She wiped the dust every day from the black rubber tubes leading in and out of him to the large jars hanging on a post by his bed. She was proud of her housework. Nurse Cramer had a cute nose and a radiant complexion dotted with adorable freckles that Yossarian detested. Her virtuous, blue eyes flooded with tears on unexpected occasions and made Yossarian mad.

40 'How the hell do you know he's even in there?' he asked her.

'Don't you dare talk to me that way!' she replied indignantly.

'Well, how do you? You don't even know if it's really him.'

'Who?'

'Whoever's supposed to be in all those bandages. How do you know he's even alive?'

45 'What a terrible thing to say!' Nurse Cramer exclaimed. 'Now you get right into bed and stop making jokes.'

'I'm not making jokes. Anybody might be in there.'

'What are you talking about?' Nurse Cramer pleaded with him in a quavering voice.

'Maybe that's where the dead man is.'

50 'What dead man?'

'I've got a dead man in my tent that nobody can throw out.'

Nurse Cramer turned to Dunbar desperately for help. 'Make him stop saying things like that,' she begged.

55 'Maybe there's no one inside,' Dunbar suggested helpfully. 'Maybe they just sent the bandages here for a joke.'

She stepped away from Dunbar in alarm. 'You're crazy,' she cried, glancing about imploringly. 'You're both crazy.'

Nurse Cramer read her thermometer and discovered to her horror that the soldier in white was dead.

60 'I wonder what he did to deserve it,' the fighter pilot with the golden moustache lamented.

'He went to war,' Dunbar replied.

'We all went to war,' Yossarian countered.

65 Yossarian was determined to stay in the hospital forever, because outside the hospital the war was still going on. Men went mad and were rewarded with medals. All over the world, boys 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, 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 except Yossarian and Dunbar. And when Yossarian tried to remind people, they drew away from him and thought he was crazy. Even Clevinger, who should have known better, had told him he was crazy the last time they had seen each other. Clevinger had stared at him and, clawing the table in rage and indignation, had shouted, 'You're crazy!'

'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.

75 'They're shooting at *everyone*,' Clevinger answered. 'They're trying to kill everyone.'

'And what difference does that make?'

Clevinger was already halfway out of his chair, his lips quivering with emotion.

When he argued over principles in which he believed passionately, he would end up gasping furiously for air. There were many principles in which Clevinger believed passionately. He was crazy.

80 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.

The Forgotten Enemy

The thick furs thudded softly to the ground as Professor Millward sat upright on the narrow bed. This time, he was sure, it had been no dream. The freezing air that rasped against his lungs seemed to echo with the sound that had come crashing out of the night.

5 All was quiet again. The world was utterly still. Even in the old days the city would have been silent on such a night, and it was doubly silent now. Professor Millward shuffled out of bed and made his way to the nearest window, pausing now and then to rest his hand lovingly on the books he had guarded all these years. He shielded his eyes from the brilliant moonlight and peered out into the night. The sky was cloudless: the sound had not been thunder, whatever it might have been. It had come from the north, and even as he waited it came again. Distance and the bulk of the hills that lay beyond London had softened it. It was like no natural sound that he had ever heard, and for a moment he dared to hope again. Only Man, he was sure, could have made such a sound. Perhaps the dream that had kept him here for more than twenty years would soon be a dream no longer. Men were returning to England, blasting their way through the ice and snow with the weapons science had given them before the coming of the Dust. It was strange that they should come by land, and from the north, but he thrust aside any thoughts that would quench his flame of hope.

10 Twenty years ago he had watched the last helicopters climbing heavily out of Hyde Park in the ceaselessly falling snow. Even then, when the silence had closed around him, he could not bring himself to believe that England had been abandoned forever. Yet already he had waited a whole generation among the books, the treasures of civilisation to which he had dedicated his life.

20 Now that the dome of St Paul's had collapsed beneath the weight of snow, only Battersea Power Station, its tall stacks glimmering like ghosts against the night sky, challenged the supremacy of the University building in which Professor Millward lived. He left the University building only through sheer necessity. Over the past twenty years he had collected everything he needed from the shops in the area, for in the final exodus vast supplies of stock had been left behind.

25 The sun was blazing from a cloudless sky as he shouldered his rucksack and unlocked the massive gates. Even ten years ago, packs of starving dogs had hunted in this area, and though he had seen none for years, he was still cautious and always carried a revolver when he went into the open.

30 The sunlight was so brilliant that the reflected glare hurt his eyes; but it was almost wholly lacking in heat. The latest snowdrifts had packed hard and Professor Millward had little difficulty making the journey to Oxford Street. Sometimes it had taken him hours of floundering through snow, and one year he had been trapped in the University building for nine months.

35 He kept away from the houses with their dangerous burdens of snow and their dagger-like icicles and went north until he came to the shop he was seeking. The words above the shattered windows were still bright: 'Jenkins and Sons. Electrical.' Some snow had drifted through a broken section of roofing, but the little upstairs room had not altered since his last visit. The radio still stood on the table, and the empty tins on the floor reminded him of the lonely hours he had spent here before all hope died. He wondered if he must go through the same ordeal again. Slowly, with infinite patience, Professor Millward began to traverse the radio bands. As he listened, the faint hope that he had dared to cherish began to fade. The radio was as silent as the city. Soon after midnight the batteries faded out. He got what consolation he could from the thought that if he had not proved his theory, he had not disproved it either.

45 As he began the journey home, the silence was broken by a distant rumble of thunder and little avalanches of snow went swishing into the wide street. Professor Millward stood motionless, considering, analysing. Perhaps it was an atomic bomb, burning and blasting away the snow. His hopes revived and his disappointments of the night began to fade.

50 That momentary pause almost cost him his life. Out of a side street something huge and white
moved suddenly into his field of vision. For a moment his mind refused to accept the reality of
what he saw. Then the paralysis left him and he fumbled desperately for his futile revolver.
Padding towards him, swinging its head from side to side, was a huge polar bear. He dropped his
belongings and ran, floundering over the snow towards the nearest building. The entrance to an
55 Underground station was only a few feet away. The temptation to look back was intolerable, for he
could hear nothing to tell him how near his pursuer was. For one frightful moment the steel gates
resisted his numbed fingers. Then they yielded reluctantly and he forced his way through a narrow
gap. The monstrous shape reared in baffled fury against the gates but the metal did not yield. Then
the bear dropped to the ground, grunted softly and padded away. It slashed once or twice at the
60 fallen rucksack, scattering a few tins of food into the snow, and vanished as silently as it had
come.

A very shaken Professor Millward reached the University three hours later, after moving in
short bounds from one refuge to the next.

By the end of the week he knew that the animals of the North were on the move. He saw a
reindeer being pursued by a pack of silent wolves, and sometimes in the night there were sounds
65 of deadly conflict. Something was driving them south. It could only be Man.

The strain of waiting was beginning to affect the Professor and he dreamed of rescue and the
way in which men might be returning to England. Whatever was approaching from the north was
nearer, and several times a day that strange roar would thunder over the city. At times it was like
70 listening to the clash of mighty armies, and a mad but dreadful thought came into his mind. He
would wake in the night and imagine he heard the sound of mountains moving into the sea. Every
morning he would climb to the top of the building and scan the horizon, but all he ever saw was
the stubborn snow above Hampstead.

His ordeal ended one morning as he raised his binoculars to the northern sky. In that moment,
Professor Millward knew the truth. Overnight, the enemy he had forgotten had conquered the last
75 defences and was preparing for the final onslaught. As he saw the deadly glitter along the crest of
the doomed hills, Professor Millward understood at last the sound he had heard advancing for so
many months.

Out of the North, their ancient home, returning in triumph to the lands they had once possessed,
the glaciers had come again.

from *The Forgotten Enemy* by Arthur C. Clarke