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Joe's account ' I hit the slope at the base of the cliff before I saw it coming. I was facing into the slope and both knees locked as I struck it. I felt a shattering blow in my knee, felt bones splitting, and screamed. The impact catapulted me over backwards and down the slope of the East Face. I slid, head-first, on my back. The rushing speed of it confused me. I thought of the drop below but felt nothing. Since we were roped together, Simon would be ripped off the mountain. He couldn't hold me. I screamed again as I jerked to a sudden violent stop. Everything was still, silent.

My thoughts raced madly. Then pain flooded down my thigh – a fierce burning fire coming down the inside of my thigh, seeming to ball in my groin, building and building until I cried out at it, and breathing came in ragged gasps. My leg! My leg! I hung, head down, on my back, left leg tangled in the rope above me and my right leg hanging slackly to one side. I lifted my head from the snow and stared, up across my chest, at a grotesque distortion in the right knee, twisting the leg into a strange zig-zag. I didn't connect it with the pain which burnt in my groin. That had nothing to do with my knee.

I kicked my left leg free of the rope and swung round until I was hanging against the snow on my chest, feet down. The pain eased. I kicked my left foot into the slope and stood up. A wave of nausea surged over me. I pressed my face into the snow, and the sharp cold seemed to calm me. Something terrible, something dark with dread occurred to me, and as I thought about it, I felt the dark thought break into panic: “ I’ve broken my leg, that’s it. I’m dead. Everyone said it ... if there’s just two of you a broken ankle could turn into a death sentence ... if it’s broken ... if ... It doesn’t hurt so much, maybe I’ve just ripped something. I kicked my right leg against the slope, feeling sure it wasn’t broken. My knee exploded. Bone grated, and the fireball rushed from groin to knee. I screamed. I looked down at the knee and could see it was broken, yet I tried not to believe what I was seeing. It wasn’t just broken, it was ruptured, twisted, crushed, and I could see the kink in the joint and knew what had happened. The impact had driven my lower leg up through the knee joint. I dug my axes into the snow, and pounded my good leg deeply into the soft slope until I felt sure it wouldn’t slip.

The effort brought back the nausea and I felt my head spin giddily to the point of fainting. I moved and a searing spasm of pain cleared away the faintness. I could see the summit of Seria Norte away to the west. I was not far below it. The sight drove home how desperately things had changed. We were above 19, 000 feet, still on the ridge, and very much alone. I looked south at the small rise I had hoped to scale quickly and it seemed to grow with every second that I stared. I would never get over it. Simon would not be able to get me up it. He would leave me. He had no choice. I held my breath, thinking about it.

Left here? Alone. For an age I felt overwhelmed at the notion of 2 Anthology
– London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code:
UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 10 20 30 40 being left; I felt like screaming,
and I felt like swearing, but stayed silent. If I said a word, I would panic. I
could feel myself teetering on the edge of it. ' Simon's account ' Joe had
disappeared behind a rise in the ridge and began moving faster than I could
go. I was glad we had put the steep section behind us at last. I felt tired and
was grateful to be able to follow Joe's tracks instead of being in front.

I rested a while when I saw that Joe had stopped moving. Obviously he had
found an obstacle and I thought I would wait until he started moving again.
When the rope moved again I trudged forward after it, slowly. 50 Suddenly
there was a sharp tug as the rope lashed out taut across the slope. I was
pulled forward several feet as I pushed my axes into the snow and braced
myself for another jerk. Nothing happened. I knew that Joe had fallen, but I
couldn't see him, so I stayed put. I waited for about ten minutes until the
tautened rope went slack on the snow and I felt sure that Joe had got his
weight off me.

I began to move along his footsteps cautiously, half expecting something
else to happen. I kept tensed up and ready to dig my axe in at the first sign
of trouble. As I crested the rise, I could see down a slope to where the rope
disappeared over the edge of a drop. I approached slowly, wondering what
had happened. When I reached the top of the drop I saw Joe below me. He
had one foot dug in and was leaning against the slope with his face buried in
the snow. I asked him what had happened and he looked at me in surprise. I
knew he was injured, but the significance didn't hit me at first.

He told me very calmly that he had broken his leg. He looked pathetic, and my immediate thought came without any emotion. You've had it, matey. You're dead ... no two ways about it! I think he knew it too. I could see it in his face. It was all totally rational. I knew where we were, I took in everything around me instantly, and knew he was dead. It never occurred to me that I might also die. I accepted without question that I could get off the mountain alone. I had no doubt about that. 60 70 Below him I could see thousands of feet of open face falling into the eastern glacier bay. I watched him quite dispassionately.

I couldn't help him, and it occurred to me that in all likelihood he would fall to his death. I wasn't disturbed by the thought. In a way I hoped he would fall. I had no idea how I might help him. I could get down. If I tried to get him down I might die with him. It didn't frighten me. It just seemed a waste. It would be pointless. I kept staring at him, expecting him to fall..... ' Joe

Simpson Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language

(4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 3 Harriet Tubman

Harriet Tubman was born into slavery in Dorchester County on the Eastern shore of Maryland.

Her parents, Benjamin Ross and Harriet Green, were enslaved Ashanti Africans who had eleven children, and saw many of the older children sold into the Deep South. At five years old, Araminta was “rented” to neighbours to do housework. She was never very good at household chores, and was beaten regularly by her owners. She was, of course, not educated to read or write. She eventually was assigned work as a field hand, which she preferred

to household work. Although she was a small woman, she was strong, and her time working in the fields probably contributed to her strength.

In 1844 or 1845, Harriet married John Tubman, a free black. She always contemplated freedom and resented her situation. In 1849, several events came together to motivate Harriet Tubman to act. She heard that two of her brothers were about to be sold in the Deep South. Her husband threatened to sell her, too. She tried to persuade her brothers to escape with her, but ended up leaving alone, making her way to Philadelphia, and freedom. The year after Harriet Tubman's arrival in the North, she decided to return to Maryland to free her sister and her sister's family.

In the next 16 years, she returned 18 or 19 more times, bringing a total of over 200 slaves out of slavery. When Tubman first arrived in Philadelphia, she was, under the law of the time, a free woman. But the next year, with the passage of the Fugitive Slave Act, her status changed: she became instead, a fugitive slave, and all citizens were obligated under the law to aid in her recapture and return. So she had to operate as quietly as possible, but nevertheless she was soon known throughout abolitionist circles and the freedmen's communities.

As the impact of the Fugitive Slave Act became clear, Tubman began guiding her "passengers" on the "underground" railway all the way to Canada, where they would be truly free. From 1851 through 1857, she herself lived part of the year in St. Catherines, Canada, as well as spending some time in the area of Auburn, New York, where many of the citizens were anti-slavery. Among those she brought out of slavery were members of her own family.

She freed three of her brothers in 1854, bringing them to St. Catherines. In 1857, on one of her trips to Maryland, Harriet Tubman was able to bring both of her parents to freedom.

She first established them in Canada, but they could not take the climate, and so she settled them on land she bought in Auburn with the aid of abolitionist supporters. Her trips were largely financed by her own funds, earned as a cook and laundress. But she did get other support from many of the leading figures of New England, and many key abolitionists. After the Civil War broke out, Harriet Tubman went South to assist and work with “contrabands” – escaped slaves who were attached to the Union Army. She also briefly went to Florida on a similar mission. 10 20 30 40 4

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Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 50 60 70 In July of 1863, Tubman led troops under the command of Colonel James Montgomery in the Combahee River expedition, disrupting Southern supply lines by destroying bridges and railroads. The mission also freed more than 750 slaves. Harriet Tubman is credited not only with significant leadership responsibilities for the mission itself, but with singing to calm the slaves and keep the situation in hand. Tubman came under Confederate fire on this mission.

General Saxton, who reported the raid to Secretary of War Stanton, said, “This is the only military command in American history wherein a woman, black or white, led the raid and under whose inspiration it was originated and conducted.” Tubman believed that she was in the employ of the U. S. Army. When she received her first pay check, she spent it to build a place where

freed black women could earn a living doing laundry for the soldiers. But then she wasn't paid regularly again, and wasn't given the military rations she believed she was entitled to.

She was paid only a total of \$200 in three years of service. She supported herself and her work by selling baked goods and root beer which she worked on after her work duties were complete. In the immediate aftermath of the Civil War, Harriet Tubman worked to establish schools for freedmen in South Carolina. While she never learned to read and write, she appreciated the value of education for the future of freedom. In 1896, in a touching link to the next generation of African American women activists, Harriet Tubman spoke at the first meeting of the National Association of Coloured Women.

Thinking of the future and continuing her support for aged and poor African Americans, Tubman established a home, incorporated in 1903 and opened in 1908, initially called the John Brown Home for Aged and Indigent Coloured People, and later named after her instead. The home, to which she moved in 1911, continued for several years after her death on March 10, 1913, of pneumonia. She was buried with full military honours. Jone Johnson Lewis

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Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 5 I Never Thought I could be this Lucky

Like any bride, Karen Darke was determined she'd have a wedding to remember. She spent months with her fiance, Suresh Paul, planning their day. They decided to keep it fun – she wore trousers and a camisole top and 400 guests joined them for a barbecue on the beach of a Scottish loch¹. “ It

was the perfect day,” says Karen, a geologist. “ Absolutely brilliant. ” It was especially poignant for Karen, 31, from Aberdeen, Scotland, because for 10 years she’d believed her love life was over. “ When I lost the use of my legs, I couldn’t imagine ever falling in love and getting married.

But then I met Suresh and everything changed,” she says. 10 Karen was a Geology student at Aberdeen University when the accident happened. She was an experienced rock-climber and had gone climbing with three friends when she lost her footing and fell backwards, plunging 30 feet down the rock face. She lay there, barely conscious, while two of them ran to the nearest house – a mile away – to raise the alarm. Karen was then taken by helicopter to the Aberdeen Royal Infirmary, where she slipped into a coma. Karen’s parents kept a vigil by her bedside and after three days she came round. I opened my eyes and could see tears of relief on my mum’s cheeks. My family gave me the will to fight,” she recalls, “ But I couldn’t feel my legs. It was terrifying. I knew I was paralysed, but I was sure it was temporary,” she says. Later that day, her doctor dropped a bombshell and told her that she’d broken her neck and back so badly she’d never walk again. “ It was too much to take in,” says Karen. “ The idea of not being able to use my legs was horrific. ” She’d also fractured her skull, broken her arms and punctured her lung. “ I was ruined emotionally as well,” she admits.

After a month in intensive care, Karen underwent gruelling physiotherapy and learnt how to use a wheelchair. When she left hospital in September 1993 she went back to university, where she had to get used to looking after herself in a specially adapted flat. “ Living alone was hard. I’d lost a lot of feeling, so I had to be extra careful doing things like cooking. But my friends

were really supportive. ” 20 30 Eighteen months later, Karen moved into an adapted flat with friends and completed her degree. “ By then I was having fun again. I was used to being disabled and could cope,” she says.

Slowly, Karen regained her love of sport and began taking part in adapted outdoor activities. In 1997 she became the first woman ever to hand-cycle across the Himalayas, and now competes in wheelchair marathons. “ Physically, my disability became irrelevant as I pushed myself to the limit,” she says. In 1998, Karen started a job as a geologist for Shell and gradually began to rebuild her life. But she still found it impossible to have successful relationships. “ My self-confidence had taken a battering,” she says. “ I didn’t want to be a burden to anyone, so I put romance to the back of my mind. But in 2000 Karen met Suresh, now 32, from London, at a conference about expeditions for the disabled. They clicked immediately. But Suresh, who designs equipment for the 40 6 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 disabled, had a girlfriend – so they kept in touch as friends, meeting up occasionally and chatting on the phone. “ Because Suresh wasn’t available I didn’t let myself think of him romantically,” says Karen. But when his relationship ended a year later, Karen was hopeful. When she went on holiday, Suresh drove her to the airport. I just had to say something, so I mumbled that I liked him,” says Karen. “ Suresh changed the subject. I was sure I had blown it and was heartbroken. ” But a week later, Karen received an e-mail from Suresh saying, “ I want to be with you. I love you. ” He picked Karen up from the airport and, just five weeks later, he proposed. Suresh moved from London to Aberdeen to be with Karen, and their relationship

gave her a huge confidence boost. “ My disability wasn’t an issue for him,” she says. Suresh agrees. “ Karen’s the most beautiful woman in the world, inside and out. I couldn’t be happier. They planned their wedding and managed to incorporate Karen’s love of outdoor sports into the plans. And earlier this year they both canoed on to the beach for the ceremony. Now, having recently returned from their honeymoon, the couple are thinking about having children. “ Knowing Suresh sees me as I am, not as a woman in a wheelchair, gives me enormous confidence,” says Karen. “ I know we can do anything together. ” Lisa Laws Woman magazine, 11 November 2002 1 50 60 Loch: lake Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 7

Impact alert – asteroids Asteroid facts • an asteroid is an irregularly shaped lump of rock, measuring between 10m and 10km across. • if you collected together all known asteroids, they would weigh less than the Moon. • being composed of minerals and metals, asteroids are potentially worth a fortune. • it is estimated that 30, 000 asteroid fragments – meteorites – fall on the Earth every year. The vast majority land in deserts or in the seas, which between them make up most of the surface area of the Earth, and so they are not recovered. What’s the probability of Earth being hit by an asteroid in the near future?

Our being hit by a large asteroid in the future is a certainty. The question is when, and that is what astronomers are trying to find out now. How much warning time do you think we might have? We should be able to get 80 or 100 years’ notice. What’s the best way to deflect a hazardous asteroid? There is no best way because all asteroids are different. What to expect if

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one hits Looking at the eyewitness reports from the 1908 Tunguska comet-impact, in Siberia, tells us what to expect if an asteroid hits the Earth.

Amazingly, no people were killed but over a thousand reindeer were burnt to a cinder.

As the shock wave smashed through the forest, it felled trees and stripped them of branches, leaving them looking like telegraph poles. Hunters, further away, were knocked unconscious and thrown to the ground by the blast. Everyone within 1, 000 km of the impact saw the great flash in the sky from the explosion. The devastation covers an area approximately the size of Greater London. Should such an impact occur over any city, the human death toll would be measured in millions. Tunguska was caused by an object no bigger than 100m in diameter, and you can expect impacts of that type every century or so.

Of course, most will take place over one or other of the vast majority of unpopulated areas. In the case of a repeat of the dinosaur-killing impact of 65 million years ago, the proposed scenario is almost unthinkable. When a 10km-sized asteroid hits the ground, it will throw so much dust into the air that the planet will be bathed in a fiery meteor storm. Bill Napier, an astronomer from Armagh Observatory, says: “ Global destruction occurs largely through the ejection of hot ash, causing huge numbers of shooting stars that just incinerate everything.

Then there would be a massive destruction of the atmosphere. ” The chemicals released by the impact are likely to destroy the ozone layer and create enormous quantities of acid rain. The dust that does not fall back as

meteorites becomes suspended in the atmosphere, blocking out the sunlight.

10 20 30 40 8 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language

(4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 Seismic waves from

the Tunguska impact were registered around the world. After a ‘ dinosaur-

killer’, the entire planet would be wracked with earthquakes. I think

conservatively, you are talking about Richter 9 quakes,” says Napier. Would

life survive a big one? Throughout Earth’s history there have been at least

five mass extinctions. The last one was of the dinosaurs. Every time, life

survived and built up once again. So although life in some form would

continue, predicting what would live and what might die is difficult. Without

sunlight for photosynthesis, because of the Earth’s dusty shroud, the

collapse of food chains on land and in the upper layers of the oceans seems

inevitable. Perhaps seeds will survive to start again when the dust settles.

Small scavengers such as rats and cockroaches might be able to adapt to

the new regime. Life very deep on the ocean floor, around hot water vents,

would probably be unaffected. Worst Case Scenario So, which should we

worry about: global catastrophe dinosaur-killer size, or smaller city-

smashers? Napier says: “ I think the biggest danger is a Tunguska – or super-

Tunguska-sized object. Especially if it lands on water, the Atlantic, say. The

tsunami caused by this would be disastrous for cities around the Atlantic rim.

” Between the 100m class and the 10km class is a size range of objects that

also causes concern.

They are the asteroids measuring about 1km across. These would not cause

global devastation but could have global consequences, with massive

damage in every country on Earth. It is estimated that such an impact would

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cause the death of about a third of the world's population: billions of lives. So although the human race would survive, the biggest question is: could civilisation? 50 60 Adapted from an article by Stuart Clark in Focus magazine (January 2003) Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 9

Shopping for Romanian babies There are few more depressing assignments for a journalist than the Eastern European “ orphanage beat”. In Russia, you can find thousands of children who have been forcibly removed from parents deemed to be inadequate, through alcoholism, drug abuse or political inclination. The accepted belief is that the State is the best possible parent. In Romania you can find as many children who have been dumped in state institutions by parents who simply cannot afford to feed them. I walked into a “ Cassia dei Copii”, a “ house of children”, in northern Romania.

The smell of urine, the cold and dim lighting are familiar. A sea of expectant young faces looks up at me. Within seconds, two small fists are thrust into my hands. Others dig under their mattresses for childish drawings – no-one has a locker in which to keep personal belongings – which are then frantically held up to me for approval. The children are desperate to give these offerings to someone. Anyone. They call out, “ What is your name? What is your name? ” I am too choked to answer. Give me a war zone any day, but spare me the emotional trauma of 100 children searching for a mother.

It takes some time to locate any adult carer, hardly surprising since there are only three on duty for the 100 or so children. I ask whether it is true that, in some orphanages, only 1% are what we would describe as genuine orphans;

the rest have been left for economic reasons. “ I don’t know,” the director says, looking around at all the children apparently without identities. “ The papers have been lost. But most of them haven’t been visited for six months,” she adds helpfully, which means that under Romanian law they are now the official property of the state.

And this is not a trip down memory lane to those pictures of half-starved neglected children, the babies rocking in their cots, when journalists were first allowed access to Romania after the revolution 10 years ago. Then we found 150, 000 children abandoned to the state. Since then the situation has improved slightly – there are now 140, 000. 30 10 20 ‘ Vested interest’ In the thankfully clean-smelling, warm offices of the European Union in the capital Bucharest, the head of Mission holds his head in his hands.

Last year, the discovery of thousands of malnourished children, in an investigation sponsored by Brussels, prompted an emergency-feeding programme. But attempts to persuade the authorities to do something fundamental, he says, meet with a blank wall of vested interest. “ Thousands of jobs are involved in running these state institutions,” he explains. “ We are dealing with an industry of children. ” Posing as a wealthy, would-be parent of a Romanian orphan, I discover that if you are prepared to pay, then you can shop for a baby, as I did in a town some three hours drive north of Bucharest. 40 10

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Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 Local gossip says the orphanage director is making a fortune from the trade. She has powerful

friends and the police are not allowed to investigate. She shows me 60 babies she has in her baby shop that week. They all look clean but are still prone to the rocking motion of babies suffering from neglect. She gives me three to choose from – Andrei, Nico, or Liviu. The impoverished parents of these babies will readily give their permission. “ I can forge their signatures if necessary,” she says.

The sum of \$20, 000 is mentioned, and she says she can get the baby delivered, all papers intact (her daughter is a lawyer) to my home in north London. Baby trade In the surrounding villages, I find the network which feeds the trade. Wherever I stop, villagers come up to me asking, “ Are you here to buy a baby? ” I am told of one couple who lost two of their children to the orphanage down the road. “ We took them there for the winter,” explains the father, “ because we couldn’t afford to feed them. And when we came to collect them, we were told they had gone. The tears roll down his cheeks. The four-year-old boy who remains at home is holding on tightly to his father as he speaks, with some anxiety. 60 50 I then went to meet a woman who produces for the baby shop. “ I have given six children to the orphanage and kept two,” she says. “ I don’t mean to keep this latest one. ” She places a nine-month-old baby on my lap. “ You can have him if you like,” she says. “ For \$11, 000,” the father adds quickly. I hand back the seventh baby I have been offered in as many days in Romania, make my excuses and leave. By Sue Lloyd Roberts in Romania

Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355)

Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 11 Explorers, or boys

messing about? Either way, taxpayer gets rescue bill Helicopter duo plucked

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from life-raft after Antarctic crash Their last expedition ended in farce when the Russians threatened to send in military planes to intercept them as they tried to cross into Siberia via the icebound Bering Strait. Yesterday a new adventure undertaken by British explorers Steve Brooks and Quentin Smith almost led to tragedy when their helicopter plunged into the sea off Antarctica.

The men were plucked from the icy waters by a Chilean naval ship after a nine-hour rescue which began when Mr Brooks contacted his wife, Jo Vestey, on his satellite phone asking for assistance. The rescue involved the Royal Navy, the RAF and British Coastguards. Last night there was resentment in some quarters that the men's adventure had cost the taxpayers of Britain and Chile tens of thousands of pounds. Experts questioned the wisdom of taking a small helicopter – the four-seater Robinson R44 has a single engine – into such a hostile environment.

There was also confusion about what exactly the men were trying to achieve. A website set up to promote the Bering Strait expedition claims the team were trying to fly from North to South Pole in their “ trusty helicopter”. But Ms Vestey claimed she did not know what the pair were up to, describing them as “ boys messing around with a helicopter”. The drama began at around 1am British time when Mr Brooks, 42, and 40-year-old Mr Smith, also known as Q, ditched into the sea 100 miles off Antarctica, about 36 miles off Smith Island, and scrambled into their life-raft. Mr Brooks called his wife in London on his satellite phone.

She said: “ He said they were both in the life-raft but were okay and could I call the emergency people. ” Meanwhile, distress signals were being beamed from the ditched helicopter and from Mr Brooks’ Breitling emergency watch, a wedding present. The signals from the aircraft were deciphered by Falmouth coastguard in England and passed on to the rescue co-ordination centre at RAF Kinloss in Scotland. The Royal Navy’s ice patrol ship, HMS Endurance, which was 180 miles away surveying uncharted waters, began steaming towards the scene and dispatched its two Lynx helicopters.

One was driven back because of poor visibility but the second was on its way when the men were picked up by a Chilean naval vessel at about 10. 20am British time. Though the pair wore survival suits and the weather at the spot where they ditched was clear, one Antarctic explorer told Mr Brooks’ wife it was “ nothing short of a miracle” that they had survived. Both men are experienced adventurers. Mr Brooks, a property developer from London, has taken part in expeditions to 70 countries in 15 years. He has trekked solo to Everest base camp and walked barefoot for three days in the Himalayas.

He has negotiated the white water rapids of the Zambezi river by kayak and survived a 10 20 30 40 12 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 50 60 70 charge by a silver back gorilla in the Congo. He is also a qualified mechanical engineer and pilot. He and his wife spent their honeymoon flying the helicopter from Alaska to Chile. The 16, 000-mile trip took three months. Mr Smith, also from London, claims to have been flying since the age of five. He has twice flown a helicopter around the globe and won the world freestyle helicopter flying championship.

Despite their experience, it is not for the first time they have hit the headlines for the wrong reasons. In April, Mr Brooks and another explorer, Graham Stratford, were poised to become the first to complete a crossing of the 56-mile wide frozen Bering Strait between the US and Russia in an amphibious vehicle, Snowbird VI, which could carve its way through ice floes and float in the water in between. But they were forced to call a halt after the Russian authorities told them they would scramble military helicopters to lift them off the ice if they crossed the border.

Ironically, one of the aims of the expedition, for which Mr Smith provided air backup, was to demonstrate how good relations between east and west had become. The wisdom of the team's latest adventure was questioned by, among others, Gunter Endres, editor of Jane's Helicopter Markets and Systems, who said: "I'm surprised they used the R44. I wouldn't use a helicopter like that to go so far over the sea. It sounds like they were pushing it to the maximum". A spokesman for the pair said it was not known what had gone wrong. The flying conditions had been "excellent".

The Ministry of Defence said the taxpayer would pick up the bill, as was normal in rescues in the UK and abroad. The spokesperson said it was "highly unlikely" that it would recover any of the money. Last night the men were on their way to the Chilean naval base where HMS Endurance was to pick them up. Ms Vestey said: "They have been checked and appear to be well. I don't know what will happen to them once they have been picked up by HMS Endurance – they'll probably have their bottoms kicked and be sent home the long way". Steven Morris From The Guardian, 28/01/2003

Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355)

Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 13 From Chinese Cinderella

Growing up in a wealthy family in 1950s Hong Kong, Adeline Yen Mah should have had an enviable childhood, but she was rejected by her dominating stepmother and despised by her brothers and sisters. She was sent to a boarding school and left there. In this extract from her autobiography she relates one of the few occasions when she went home. 10 20 30 40 Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term...in my case perhaps the end of school forever.

Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache. ‘ Adeline! ’ Ma-mien Valentino was calling. ‘ You can’t go now,’ Mary protested. ‘ For once I’m winning. One, two, three, four. Good! You’ve landed on my property. Thirty-five dollars, please. Oh, good afternoon, Mother Valentino! ’ We all stood up and greeted her. ‘ Adeline, didn’t you hear me call you?

Hurry up downstairs! Your chauffeur is waiting to take you home! ’ Full of foreboding, I ran downstairs as in a nightmare, wondering who had died this time. Father’s chauffeur assured me everyone was healthy. ‘ Then why are you taking me home? ’ I asked. ‘ How should I know? ’ he answered defensively, shrugging his shoulders. ‘ Your guess is as good as mine. They give me the orders and I carry them out. ’ During the short drive home, my heart was full of dread and I wondered what I had done wrong. Our car

stopped at an elegant villa at mid-level, halfway up the hill between the peak and the harbour. 'Where are we? I asked foolishly. 'Don't you know anything?' the chauffeur replied rudely. 'This is your new home. Your parents moved here a few months ago.' 'I had forgotten,' I said as I got out. Ah Gum opened the door. Inside it was quiet and cool. 'Where is everyone?' 'Your mother is out playing bridge. Your two brothers and Little sister are sunbathing by the swimming-pool. Your father is in his room and wants to see you as soon as you get home.' 'See me in his room?' I was overwhelmed by the thought that I had been summoned by father to enter the Holy of Holies – a place to which I had never been invited. Why?

Timidly, I knocked on the door. Father was alone, looking relaxed in his slippers and bathrobe, reading a newspaper. He smiled as I entered and I saw he was in a happy mood. I breathed a small sigh of relief at first but became uneasy when I wondered why he was being so nice, thinking, Is this a giant ruse on his part to trick me? Dare I let my guard down? 'Sit down! Sit down!' He pointed to a chair. 'Don't look so scared. Here, take a look at this! They're writing about someone we both know, I think.'

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He handed me the day's newspaper and there, in one corner, I saw my name ADELIN YEN in capital letters prominently displayed. 'It was announced today that 14-year old ADELIN JUN-LING YEN of Sacred Heart Canossian School, Caine Road, Hong Kong, has won first prize in the international Play-writing Competition held in London, England, for the 1951-52 school year. It is the first time that any local Chinese student from Hong Kong has won such

a prestigious event. Besides a medal, the prize comes with a cash reward of FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS. Our sincere congratulations, ADELINE YEN, for bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you’.

Is it possible? Am I dreaming? Me, the winner? ‘ I was going up the lift this morning with my friend C. Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked me, “ Is the winner Adeline Jun-Ling Yen related to you? The two of you have the same uncommon last name. ” Now C. Y. himself has a few children about your age but so far none of them has won an international literary prize, as far as I know. So I was quite pleased to tell him that you are my daughter. Well done! ’ He looked radiant. For once, he was proud of me. In front of his revered colleague, C. Y. Tung, a prominent fellow businessman also from Shanghai, I had given him face.

I thought, Is this the big moment I have been waiting for? My whole being vibrated with all the joy in the world. I only had to stretch out my hand to reach the stars. ‘ Tell me, how did you do it? ’ he continued. ‘ How come you won? ’ ‘ Well, the rules and regulations were so very complicated. One really has to be dedicated just to understand what they really want. Perhaps I was the only one determined enough to enter and there were no other competitors! ’ He laughed approvingly. ‘ I doubt it very much but that’s a good answer. ’ ‘ Please, Father,’ I asked boldly, thinking it was now or never. May I go to university in England too, just like my brothers? ’ ‘ I do believe you have potential. Tell me, what would you study? ’ My heart gave a giant lurch as it dawned on me that he was agreeing to let me go. How marvellous it was simply to be alive! Study? I thought. Going to England is like entering heaven. Does it matter what you do after you go to heaven? But Father was

expecting an answer. What about creative writing? After all, I had just won first prize in an international writing competition! ' I plan to study literature. I'll be a writer. ' ' Writer! ' he scoffed. ' You are going to starve!

What language are you going to write in and who is going to read your writing? Though you may think you're an expert in both Chinese and English, your Chinese is actually rather elementary. As for your English, don't you think the native English speakers can write better than you? ' I waited in silence. I did not wish to contradict him. ' You will go to England with Third Brother this summer and you will go to medical school. After you graduate, you will specialise in obstetrics. Women will always be having babies. Women patients prefer women doctors. You will learn to deliver their babies. That's a foolproof profession for you.

Don't you agree? ' Agree? Of course I agreed. Apparently, he had it all planned out. As long as he let me go to university in England, I would study anything he wished. How did that line go in Wordsworth's poem? Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive. ' Father I shall go to medical school in England and become a doctor. Thank you very, very much. ' Adeline Yen Mah Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 15 From Taking on the World Ellen MacArthur became famous in 2001 when she competed in the Vendee Globe solo round-the-world yacht race.

She was the youngest (24 years old) and probably the shortest (just 5ft 2in!) competitor. She came second, despite appalling weather, exhaustion and, as she describes here, problems with her boat. I climbed the mast on Christmas

Eve, and though I had time to get ready, it was the hardest climb to date. I had worked through the night preparing for it, making sure I had all the tools, mouse lines and bits I might need, and had agonised for hours over how I should prepare the halyard¹ so that it would stream out easily below me and would not get caught as I climbed. When it got light I decided that the time was right.

I kitted up in my middle layer clothes as I didn't want to wear so much that I wouldn't be able to move freely up there. The most dangerous thing apart from falling off is to be thrown against the mast, and though I would be wearing a helmet it would not be difficult to break bones up there. I laid out the new halyard on deck, flaking it neatly so there were no twists. As I took the mast in my hands and began to climb I felt almost as if I was stepping out on to the moon - a world over which I had no control. You can't ease the sheets² or take a reef³, nor can you alter the settings for the autopilot.

If something goes wrong you are not there to attend to it. You are a passive observer looking down at your boat some 90 feet below you. After climbing just a couple of metres I realised how hard it was going to be, I couldn't feel my fingers - I'd need gloves, despite the loss of dexterity. I climbed down, getting soaked as we ploughed into a wave - the decks around my feet were awash. I unclipped my jumar⁴ from the halyard and put on a pair of sailing gloves. There would be no second climb on this one - I knew that I would not have the energy.

As I climbed my hands were more comfortable, and initially progress was positive. But it got harder and harder as I was not only pulling my own

weight up as I climbed but also the increasingly heavy halyard – nearly 200 feet of rope by the time I made it to the top. The physical drain came far less from the climbing than from the clinging on. The hardest thing is just to hang on as the mast slices erratically through the air. There would be the odd massive wave which I could feel us surf down, knowing we would pile into the wave in front. I would wrap my arms around the mast and press my face against its cold and lippery carbon surface, waiting for the shuddering slowdown. Eyes closed and teeth gritted, I hung on tight, wrists clenched together, and hoped. Occasionally on the smaller waves I would be thrown before I could hold on tight, and my body and the tools I carried were thrown away from the mast; I'd be hanging on by just one arm, trying to stop myself from smacking back into the rig. By the third spreader⁵ I was exhausted; the halyard was heavier and the motion more violent. I held on to her spreader base and hung there, holding tight to breathe more deeply and conjure up more energy.

But I realised that the halyard was tight and that it had caught on something. I knew that if I went down to free it I would not have the energy to climb up once again. I tugged and tugged on the rope – the frustration was unreal. It had to come, quite simply the rope had to 10 20 30 40 16 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 come free. Luckily with all the pulling I managed to create enough slack to make it to the top, but now I was even more exhausted.

I squinted at the grey sky above me and watched the mast-head whip across the clouds. The wind whistled past us, made visible by the snow that had

began to fall. Below the sea stretched out for ever, the size and length of the waves emphasised by this new aerial view. This is what it must look like to the albatross. I rallied once more and left the safety of the final spreader for my last hike to the top. The motion was worse than ever, and as I climbed I thought to myself, not far now, kiddo, come on, just keep moving... As the mast-head came within reach there was a short moment of relief; at least there was no giving up now I had made it – whatever happened now I had the whole mast to climb down. I fumbled at the top of the rig, feeding in the halyard and connecting the other end to the top of Kingfisher's mast. The job only took half an hour – then I began my descent. This was by far the most dangerous part and I had my heart in my mouth – no time for complacency now, I thought, not till you reach the deck, kiddo, it's far from over... It was almost four hours before I called Mark back and I shook with exhaustion as we spoke.

We had been surfing at well over 20 knots while I was up there. My limbs were bruised and my head was spinning, but I felt like a million dollars as I spoke on the phone. Santa had called on Kingfisher early and we had the best present ever – a new halyard. 50 60 Ellen MacArthur 1 2 halyard: a rope used for raising and lowering sails sheet: a line to control the sails 3 reef: reduces area of sails 4 jumar: a climbing device that grips the rope so that it can be climbed 5 spreader: a bar attached to a yacht's mast Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 7 From A Foreign Field At the very beginning of the First World War, Robert Digby and three other young British soldiers found themselves trapped behind enemy lines. They were hidden and helped

by French villagers. Robert met and fell in love with Claire Dessene, the nineteen year old daughter of Eugenie Dessene and the granddaughter of Marie Coulette. Claire gave birth to Robert's daughter. Then someone betrayed them to the occupying German army. Robert was arrested, tried as a spy and sentenced to death. Pasteur Chemine, ashen and distressed, reappeared at Digby's cell, prayed silently and then departed.

Digby picked up the pen again. As dusk approached, he wrote three letters. The first was to his mother, the strait-laced Ellen Digby, after whom he had named his child. For nearly two years, Digby had existed entirely without military discipline: he had lived like an animal in the woods, ditched his uniform and gun, found love and fathered a child. The errant romantic in Digby had always tussled with the obedient soldier-son; had he obeyed his training and the dictates of duty he would not have fallen in love, and would perhaps not now be facing death.

Digby's heart had brought him to the condemned cell, but this last letter to his mother reflected his other, conventional side: it is a stoic's statement, precisely tracing the expected cadences of patriotism, martial martyrdom, and mother-love. The English officer who would later pass the letter on to Ellen Digby found its sentiments ' brave and noble', but the suppression of emotion is agonising. 10 Dear Mother, Sad news for you. I surrendered to the German authorities on the 22nd of May, 1916. I have been hiding since the 2nd September, 1914, in the village of Villeret.

Lost my army on the 27th August, 1914, after having been wounded in the left forearm at Villers, not far from here. I went to the hospital to have it

attended to and in the meantime my army retired. I have just received my verdict and am not disappointed, as it is what I expected from them.

Condemned to death to be shot at 10. 05 p. m. this evening. Be brave and do not let this trouble you too much, as I die happy for King and Country.

Give a farewell kiss to my brother Thomas and my darling sister Flo.

Goodbye. God bless you, and render you happy in your old days.

The last dying wish of your son, Robert Digby 20 30 Misfortunate; sad news: I have a rendezvous with Death. His words have an echo of Alan Seeger's lofty embrace of martyrdom. ' If it must be, let it come,' the American foreign legionnaire had written home just a few months earlier. ' Why flinch? It is by far the noblest form in which death can come. It is in a sense almost a privilege...'

Digby knew his audience, and Ellen Digby did not like a fuss. 18

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The condemned man's words in his next letter were equally carefully chosen. Eugenie Desenne, Claire's mother, had disapproved of Digby from the outset. She had done her best to scupper the affair and made no secret of her view that the Englishmen had plunged her village and family into mortal danger. Digby had every reason to dislike and distrust Eugenie, but after his death Claire would need her mother's support. It was time to call a truce, and Digby addressed his old adversary as the grandmother of his child. My dear Grand-mere, Tomorrow morning, when you wake up, think of poor Robert who is dead.

I will have been shot at 10. 05 (German time) against the walls of the chateau. I will die happy and contented for my country and the King, and also for France. One thing makes me happy, which is to know that you have not suffered the same fate as I. Poor Claire and my child will now be left behind without me, but never think ill of her or of my little one. Look after her well, and tell your family to do the same. I want her to have a good grandmother in her life. 50 Midway through the letter, Digby suddenly switched tone and began speaking to Claire and Marie Coulette, his most forthright defenders.

Although the letter was addressed to Eugenie Dessenne, it was intended to be understood by her mother and daughter. His self-control wavered. 60 Claire, I know you will read this letter to your grandmother. I wish I had never stayed in Villeret to bring such misery into your lives. Look after yourselves always, and reflect that your husband died bravely for a just cause.

Remember me to Florency and Marie-Therese and tell the child not to weep for me, for I have brought her into a world of such unhappiness. Remember me to all in Villeret.

I have asked the pasteur of Nauroy (who has been with me for the last four hours) if he will place my body in the graveyard after the war. That is my wish. Goodbye, and thank you. Your friend, Robert 70 The tone of this letter, written in French, was distinctly strange. Addressing Eugenie, Digby appeared contrite and remorseful, but this was also a letter of instruction, leaving its recipient in no doubt that her duty lay in protecting the daughter and granddaughter he was leaving behind. It was past eight o'clock and the cell was growing murky when Robert began to write to Claire Dessenne.

This was the shortest of the three letters, and the saddest. He wrote quickly, again in French, for time was running short. In two years he had become what no one who knew him before 1914 could have anticipated: a Frenchman, with a French family in a tiny French village. Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 19 My darling Claire, This is the last letter of my life. I am condemned to die by firing squad at five past ten tonight. Farewell, and never forget Robert, who dies happy and satisfied for France and for my own country.

I kiss you. Embrace my baby girl and later, when she is grown, tell her the truth about her father, who has died contented. Send the letter I have already written for my mother. I have given another letter for my family to the pasteur, because the Germans have intercepted the letters of my comrades. Farewell, Your loving Robert 80 90 100 The letter ended abruptly, for the execution squad had assembled in the street outside the jail. Pasteur Chemine, ‘sick with horror’, entered the cell to administer a final blessing.

Whereas his comrades had been carried to their deaths on a wagon, Digby marched in his standard army-issue English boots. The villagers once more peered silently from behind shutters. ‘All you could hear was the tramp of the boots on the cobbles,’ remembered little Henriette Lege. Digby had no companion with whom he could sing fortifying songs, and he had much to occupy his mind. Lambert was waiting, and this time he had been unable to hide the coffin. If Digby saw it, his oddly serene expression did not change. ‘He was very calm, and allowed himself to be strapped to the post without a word’, wrote Ernest Lambert.

The old war-scarred fortress was, and remains, a serene place at twilight when, as one local writer noted in the years just before the war, ‘ birds from all over the countryside gather under the great trees and bushes covering the ramparts to sing a most delightful chorus: the warbler, the chaffinch, the goldcrest, the nightingale and the blackbird. If a sound breaks the solitude here, it is not the fanfare of war, the crackling of the fusillade, and the cries of the wounded, but birdsong, sweet and harmonious. ’ It was late, but the chorus was still in full flow when eight German soldiers stepped forward, took aim, and killed Robert Digby.

Ben McIntyre 20 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 Section B Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 21 22 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 Dulce et Decorum Est Bent double, like old beggars under sacks, Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge, Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs, And towards our distant rest began to trudge.

Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots, But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame, all blind; Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots Of gas-shells dropping softly behind. Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling, Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time, But someone still was yelling out and stumbling And floundering like a man in fire or lime – Dim through the misty panes and thick green light, As under a green sea, I saw

him drowning. In all my dreams before my helpless sight He plunges at me,
guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace Behind the wagon that we
flung him in, And watch the white eyes writhing in his face, His hanging face,
like a devil's sick of sin; If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood Come
gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs, Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues – My friend, you would not tell
with such high zest To children ardent for some desperate glory, The old Lie:
Dulce et decorum est Pro patria mori. 1 5 10 15 20 25 Wilfred Owen 1 It is a
sweet and fitting thing to die for one's country (Latin)

Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355)

Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 23 The Road Not Taken Two
roads diverged in a yellow wood, And sorry I could not travel both And be
one traveller, long I stood And looked down one as far as I could To where it
bent in the undergrowth; Then took the other, as just as fair, And having
perhaps the better claim, Because it was grassy and wanted wear; Though
as for that the passing there Had worn them really about the same. And both
that morning equally lay In leaves no step had trodden black.

Oh, I kept the first for another day! Yet knowing how way leads on to way, I
doubted if I should ever come back. I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence; Two roads diverged in a wood, and I – I
took the one less travelled by, And that has made all the difference. 5 10 15
20 Robert Frost 24 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English

Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 Refugee

Blues Say this city has ten million souls, Some are living in mansions, some are living in holes: Yet there's no place for us, my dear, yet there's no place for us.

Once we had a country and we thought it fair, Look in the atlas and you'll find it there: We cannot go there now, my dear, we cannot go there now. In the village churchyard there grows an old yew, Every spring it blossoms anew: Old passports can't do that, my dear, old passports can't do that. 10 5 The consul banged the table and said, " If you've got no passport you're officially dead": But we are still alive, my dear, but we are still alive. Went to a committee; they offered me a chair; Asked me politely to return next year: But where shall we go to-day, my dear, where shall we go to-day?

Came to a public meeting; the speaker got up and said: " If we let them in, they will steal our daily bread": He was talking of you and me, my dear, he was talking of you and me. Thought I heard the thunder rumbling in the sky; It was Hitler over Europe, saying, " They must die": O we were in his mind, my dear, O we were in his mind. Saw a poodle in a jacket fastened with a pin, Saw a door opened and a cat let in: But they weren't German Jews, my dear, but they weren't German Jews. 15 20 25 Went down the harbour and stood upon the quay, Saw the fish swimming as if they were free: Only ten feet away, my dear, only ten feet away.

Walked through a wood, saw the birds in the trees; They had no politicians and sang at their ease: They weren't the human race, my dear, they weren't the human race. Dreamed I saw a building with a thousand floors, A thousand windows and a thousand doors: Not one of them was ours, my

dear, not one of them was ours. Stood on a great plain in the falling snow;
Ten thousand soldiers marched to and fro: Looking for you and me, my dear,
looking for you and me. W. H. Auden 30 35 Anthology - London Examinations
IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April
2003 5 The Country at my Shoulder There's a country at my shoulder,
growing larger? soon it will burst, rivers will spill out, run down my chest. My
cousin Azam wants visitors to play ludo with him all the time. He learns
English in a class of seventy. And I must stand to attention with the country
at my shoulder. There's an execution in the square ? 10 5 The women's
dupattas are wet with tears. The offices have closed for the white-hot
afternoon. But the women stone-breakers chip away at boulders, dirt on their
bright hems. They await the men and their trucks.

I try to shake the dust from the country, smooth it with my hands. I watch
Indian films ? Everyone is very unhappy, or very happy, dancing garlanded
through parks. I hear of bribery, family quarrels, travellers' tales ? the stars
are so low you think you can touch them. 15 20 25 Uncle Aqbar drives down
the mountain to arrange his daughter's marriage. She's studying Christina
Rossetti. When the country bursts, we'll meet. Uncle Kamil shot a tiger, it
hung over the wardrobe, its jaws Fixed in a roar ? I wanted to hide its head in
a towel. The country has become my body ?

I can't break bits off. The men go home in loose cotton clothes. In the square
there are those who beg ? 30 35 26 Anthology - London Examinations IGCSE
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And those who beg for mercy. Azam passes the sweetshop, names the sugar
monuments Taj Mahal. 40 I water the country with English rain, cover it with
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English words. Soon it will burst, or fall like a meteor. Moniza Alvi Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003

7 Electricity Comes to Cocoa Bottom Then all the children of Cocoa Bottom went to see Mr. Samuel’s electric lights. They camped on the grass bank outside his house, their lamps filled with oil, waiting for sunset, watching the sky turn yellow, orange. Grannie Patterson across the road peeped through the crack in her porch door. The cable was drawn like a pencil line across the sun. The fireflies waited in the shadows, their lanterns off. The kling-klings¹ swooped in from the hills, congregating in the orange trees.

A breeze coming home from sea held its breath; bamboo lining the dirt road stopped its swaying, and evening came as soft as chiffon curtains: Closing. Closing. Light! Mr. Samuel smiling on the verandah – a silhouette against the yellow shimmer behind him – and there arising such a gasp, such a fluttering of wings, tweet-a-whit, such a swaying, swaying. Light! Marvellous light! And then the breeze rose up from above the trees, swelling and swelling into a wind such that the long grass bent forward stretching across the bank like so many bowed heads.

And a voice in the wind whispered: Is there one among us to record this moment? But there was none – no one (except for a few warm rocks hidden among mongoose ferns) even heard a sound. Already the children of Cocoa Bottom had lit their lamps for the dark journey home, and it was too late – the moment had passed. Marcia Douglas 1 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 Kling-klings: birds 28 Anthology – London Examinations IGCSE in English Language (4355) Publication Code: UG013433 Issue 1, April 2003 The Last Night (from

Charlotte Gray) Andre and his brother Jacob are two orphaned boys in France in the 1940s.

They are waiting to be taken to a concentration camp. Andre was lying on the floor when a Jewish orderly came with postcards on which the deportees might write a final message. He advised them to leave them at the station or throw them from the train as camp orders forbade access to the post. Two or three pencils that had survived the barracks search were passed round among the people in the room. Some wrote with sobbing passion, some with punctilious care, as though their safety, or at least the way in which they were remembered, depended upon their choice of words.

A woman came with a sandwich for each child to take on the journey. She also had a pail of water, round which they clustered, holding out sardine cans they passed from one to another. One of the older boys embraced her in his gratitude, but the bucket was soon empty. When she was gone, there were only the small hours of the night to go through. Andre was lying on the straw, the soft bloom of his cheek laid, uncaring, in the dung. Jacob's limbs were intertwined with his for warmth. The adults in the room sat slumped against the walls, wakeful and talking in lowered voices.

Somehow, the children were spared the last hours of the wait by their ability to fall asleep where they lay, to dream of other places. It was still the low part of the night when two men came into the room with coffee. Many of the adults refused to drink because they knew it meant breakfast, and therefore the departure. The children were at the deepest moments of their sleep. Then there went through the room a sudden ripple, a quickening of muscle

and nerve as a sound came to them from below: it was the noise of an engine – a familiar sound to many of them, the homely thudding of a Parisian bus.

Five white-and-green municipal buses had come in through the main entrance, and now stood trembling in the wired-off corner of the yard. At a long table, the commandant of the camp himself sat with a list of names that another policeman was calling out in alphabetical order. In the place where its suburban destination was normally signalled, each bus carried the number of a wagon on the eastbound train. Many of the children were too deeply asleep to be roused, and those who were awake refused to come down when the gendarmes were sent up to fetch them.

In the filthy straw they dug in their heels and screamed. Andre heard his name and moved with Jacob towards the bus. From the other side of the courtyard, from windows open on the dawn, a shower of food was thrown towards them by women wailing and calling out their names, though none of the scraps reached as far as the enclosure. Andre looked up, and in a chance angle of light he saw a woman's face in which the eyes were fixed with terrible ferocity on a child beside him. Why did she stare as though she hated him?

Then it came to Andre that she was not looking