**EXPLORATION**

**Texts and ideas connected to exploration**



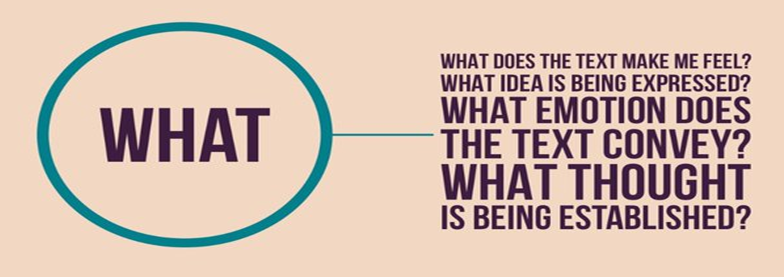
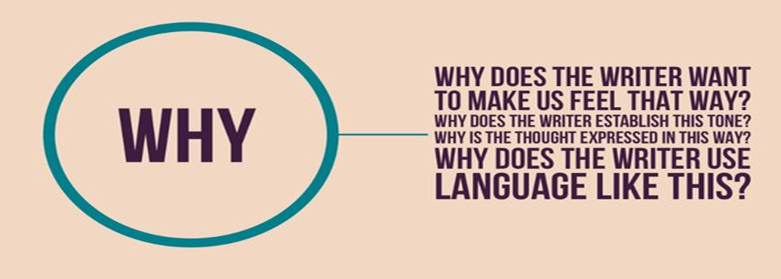
**Name: ­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**Teacher: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

*This booklet has been designed to help you read and understand the deeper meaning of texts. Work your way through the following booklet. Have a go at completing all the activities. Read the instructions carefully. Write your answers in the booklet or in your exercise book*

**KEY QUESTIONS TO ASK TEXTS**

We will be referring to these every time we look at a text in this unit. It will help you better understand why a writer has produced the text and what they might want readers to think or feel about it.



**TEXT ONE**

*In this lesson, you will be reading a short extract from a non-fiction text called ‘Around the World in Seventy-Two Days’ written in 1890 by a female journalist called Nellie Bly. Complete the activities below.*

**ACTIVITY ONE:** Consider the vocabulary below. These words all appear in the extract you are about to read. Look at the word and read the definition. Below each definition is the example of the word in a sentence. Transform each word into a small image to help you remember it. One has been done for you.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Word** | **Definition** | **Image of word** |
| **scarcest** | Occurring in small numbers or quantities; rare.  *The Indian jewel is the* ***scarcest*** *of all the precious stones in the crown.* |  |
| **vainly** | In a way which produces no result; to no avail.  *The team searched* ***vainly*** *for an equalising goal.* | No Result Svg Png Icon Free Download (#144471) - OnlineWebFonts.COM |
| **fretfully** | Feeling or expressing distress or irritation.  *From across the restaurant, she could see a customer* ***fretfully*** *shouting at one of the waiters.* |  |
| **elixir** | A magical or medicinal potion.  *She grabbed the* ***elixir*** *and drank it greedily; the silver liquid flooded her body reviving her instantly.* |  |
| **commissioned** | To produce something specially to order.  *The school* ***commissioned*** *a mosaic to decorate the reception area.* |  |
| **prophetic** | Accurately predicting what will happen in the future.  *His warnings proved prophetic.* |  |
| **Ingenuity** | The quality of being clever, original and inventive.  *Considerable ingenuity must be used when running a business.* |  |

**ACTIVITY TWO:** Look back at the list of words. Choose one that you are not confident with using and write it down in the middle of the mind map. Complete the activities around the mind map. If you are confident with using all of the words, choose one you use the least when speaking or writing.

1. Write a new definition in your own words:

2. Use the term correctly in a sentence:

**Word: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

4. Think of other words that mean the same thing (synonyms) and make a list below:

3.Write a question where the word is the answer:

**ACTIVITY THREE:** Now read the extract. The words you have been working with are underlined and highlighted in red. When you come across a highlighted word, go back and remind yourself of the definition. If there are any words you do not understand when you read, highlighted or not, write them down here:

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Extract 1**

CHAPTER I  
A PROPOSAL TO GO AROUND THE EARTH.

What gave me the idea?

It is sometimes difficult to tell exactly what gives birth to an idea. Ideas are the chief stock in trade of newspaper writers and generally they are the **scarcest** stock in market, but they do come occasionally.

This idea came to me one Sunday. I had spent a greater part of the day and half the night **vainly** trying to fasten on some idea for a newspaper article. It was my custom to think up ideas on Sunday and lay them before my editor for his approval or disapproval on Monday. But ideas did not come that day and three o'clock in the morning found me weary and with an aching head tossing about in my bed. At last tired and provoked at my slowness in finding a subject, something for the week's work, I thought **fretfully**:

"I wish I was at the other end of the earth!"

"And why not?" the thought came: "I need a vacation; why not take a trip around the world?"

It is easy to see how one thought followed another. The idea of a trip around the world pleased me and I added: "If I could do it as quickly as Phileas Fogg\* did, I should go."

Then I wondered if it were possible to do the trip in eighty days and afterwards, I went easily off to sleep with the determination to know before I saw my bed again if Phileas Fogg's record could be broken.

I went to a steamship company's office that day and made a selection of time tables. Anxiously I sat down and went over them and if I had found the **elixir** of life, I should not have felt better than I did when I conceived a hope that a tour of the world might be made in even less than eighty days.

I approached my editor rather timidly on the subject. I was afraid that he would think the idea too wild and visionary.

"Have you any ideas?" he asked, as I sat down by his desk.

"One," I answered quietly.

He sat toying with his pens, waiting for me to continue, so I blurted out:

"I want to go around the world!"

"Well?" he said, inquiringly looking up with a faint smile in his kind eyes.

"I want to go around in eighty days or less. I think I can beat Phileas Fogg's record. May I try it?"

To my dismay he told me that in the office they had thought of this same idea before and the intention was to send a man. However, he offered me the consolation that he would favour my going, and then we went to talk with the business manager about it.

"It is impossible for you to do it," was the terrible verdict. "In the first place you are a woman and would need a protector, and even if it were possible for you to travel alone you would need to carry so much baggage that it would detain you in making rapid changes. Besides you speak nothing but English, so there is no use talking about it; no one but a man can do this."

"Very well," I said angrily, "Start the man, and I'll start the same day for some other newspaper and beat him."

"I believe you would," he said slowly. I would not say that this had any influence on their decision, but I do know that before we parted I was made happy by the promise that if anyone was **commissioned** to make the trip, I should be that one.

*\* Phileas Fogg was a fictional character created by Jules Verne who travelled around the world in eighty days for a bet. It was a very popular novel and has been retold many times in books and films.*

**Extract 2**

When I was told the next day that I was to go around the world I felt a **prophetic** awe steal over me. I feared that Time would win the race and that I should not make the tour in eighty days or less.

The evening before I started, I went to the office and was given £200 in English gold and Bank of England notes. The gold I carried in my pocket. The Bank of England notes were placed in a chamois-skin bag which I tied around my neck. Besides this I took some American gold and paper money to use at different ports as a test to see if American money was known outside of America.

Down in the bottom of my hand-bag was a special passport, number 247, signed by James G. Blaine, Secretary of State. Someone suggested that a revolver would be a good companion piece for the passport, but I had such a strong belief in the world's greeting me as I greeted it, that I refused to arm myself. I knew if my conduct was proper, I should always find men ready to protect me, let them be Americans, English, French, German or anything else.

It is quite possible to buy tickets in New York for the entire trip, but I thought that I might be compelled to change my route at almost any point, so the only transportation I had provided on leaving New York was my ticket to London.

I have been asked very often since my return how many changes of clothing I took in my solitary hand-bag. Some have thought I took but one; others think I carried silk which occupies but little space, and others have asked if I did not buy what I needed at the different ports.

One never knows the capacity of an ordinary hand-satchel until dire necessity compels the exercise of all one's **ingenuity** to reduce everything to the smallest possible compass. In mine I was able to pack two traveling caps, three veils, a pair of slippers, a complete outfit of toilet articles, ink-stand, pens, pencils, and copy-paper, pins, needles and thread, a dressing gown, a tennis blazer, a small flask and a drinking cup, several complete changes of underwear, a liberal supply of handkerchiefs and fresh ruchings and most bulky and uncompromising of all, a jar of cold cream to keep my face from chapping in the varied climates I should encounter.

That jar of cold cream was the bane of my existence. It seemed to take up more room than everything else in the bag and was always getting into just the place that would keep me from closing the satchel. Over my arm I carried a silk waterproof, the only provision I made against rainy weather. After-experience showed me that I had taken too much rather than too little baggage. At every port where I stopped at, I could have bought anything from a ready-made dress down, except possibly at Aden, and as I did not visit the shops there, I cannot speak from knowledge.

So much for my preparations. It will be seen that if one is traveling simply for the sake of traveling and not for the purpose of impressing one's fellow passengers, the problem of baggage becomes a very simple one. On one occasion–in Hong Kong, where I was asked to an official dinner–I regretted not having an evening dress with me, but the loss of that dinner was a very small matter when compared with the responsibilities and worries I escaped by not having a lot of trunks and boxes to look after.

**ACTIVITY FOUR:** Answer the extract specific questions below in full sentences.

1. When did ideas for articles usually come to Bly?

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1. Why did Bly take American gold and paper money on the trip?

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1. Bly refuses to arm herself (take a weapon). Why do you think she does this?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. How does the business manager react to Bly’s plan?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. What does his reaction tell you about attitudes towards women at the time?

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**ACTIVITY FIVE:** As students of English, it is our job to think about why a writer may have used certain words to describe what is happening. There are thousands of words a writer *could* have used. We have to ask ourselves: why has the writer used this *particular* word?

**Why has the writer used the following words to describe the difficulty she faces coming up with story ideas?**

Look at the words in the grid. Write down three reasons as to why you think the writer has used these words. One has been done for you as an example.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Word:** vainly  **Reason 1:** I think the writer has chosen this word because it shows how difficult it was to come up with an idea for a newspaper article.  **Reason 2:** It suggests that there was pressure on a journalist to produce articles which will be popular  **Reason 3:** She was frustrated that an idea hadn’t come to her sooner | **Word:** fretfully  **Reason 1:** I think the writer has chosen this word because…  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |
| **Word:** timidly  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** | **EXTRA CHALLENGE - Word:** visionary  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |

**ACTIVITY SIX:** Now it is time to join up our ideas! Choose a word from the grid to help you answer the following question: **How does Nellie Bly describe the difficulty she faces coming up with story ideas?**

Look at the example answer in the box below and look at how I have joined up my notes from the grid. Notice how I have added a little more detail to the reasons I wrote in the grid. I want you to do the same thing.

Nellie Bly describes ‘vainly trying to fasten on some idea’. Perhaps Bly has used the adverb ‘vainly’ to show how difficult it was for her to come up with an idea for a newspaper article. It suggests that there was pressure on a journalist to produce articles which will be popular with readers, as editors need good stories in order to sell newspapers. Bly may have felt frustrated that an idea hadn’t come to her sooner which is perhaps why she seems so relieved later on in the extract when the idea is accepted.

Now see if you can have a go! Link up your notes from one or two of the words in the grid on the previous page. Try and expand on your notes when you write them up in full sentences. If you are not sure how to begin, use the sentence starters below:

* *Bly describes how it was difficult to come by an idea for an article. She uses the word ‘­­­­\_\_\_\_\_\_\_’ to describe the experience because…*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**FINAL ACTIVITY:** Test yourselves on the vocabulary from the beginning by writing down the definitions of the words. When you have finished, look back at your vocabulary lists to check your work. Mark your answers in a different colour pen. Give yourself a tick or a cross and make any corrections you need to make.

1. Scarcest: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. Vainly: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
3. Fretfully: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
4. Elixir: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
5. Commissioned: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
6. Prophetic: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
7. Ingenuity: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

*In this lesson, you will be reading a short extract from a novel called ‘A Fine Balance’ by Rohinton Mistry. In the extract, a character called Maneck Kohlah is journeying on a train.*

**ACTIVITY ONE:** Consider the vocabulary below. These words all appear in the extract you are about to read. Look at the word and read the definition. Below each definition is the example of the word in a sentence. Transform each word into a small image to help you remember it. One has been done for you.

**TEXT TWO**

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Word** | **Definition** | **Image of word** |
| **bloated** | Swollen or made bigger.  *After being stung by a wasp, James’ face was very* ***bloated.*** |  |
| **lurched** | An unsteady, uncontrolled series of movements that usually involves stopping and starting quickly.  *The car was having engine trouble and so* ***lurched*** *forward.* |  |
| **deception** | Hiding the truth. Being misleading.  *Sam was so good at lying that no one could see through his* ***deception****.* |  |
| **distended** | Increasing in size due to pressure from inside. Similar to bloated.  *The cat had eaten so much food that her stomach was* ***distended****.* |  |
| **perilously** | In a way that is full of danger and risk.  *The car was* ***perilously*** *hanging off the edge of the cliff.* |  |
| **slender** | Slim.  *She screamed as the* ***slender****, green snake slid up her arm.* |  |

**ACTIVITY TWO:** Look back at the list of words. Choose one that you are not confident with using and write it down in the middle of the mind map. Complete the activities around the mind map. If you are confident with using all of the words, choose one you use the least when speaking or writing.

1. Write a new definition in your own words:

2. Use the term correctly in a sentence:

**Word: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

4. Think of other words that mean the same thing (synonyms) and make a list below:

3.Write a question where the word is the answer:

**ACTIVITY THREE:** Based on the vocabulary you have been given, write down what you think the extract is about. What do you think will happen in the extract and why? Remember, the main character is journeying on a train in the extract. What do you think it will be like based on this vocabulary? Refer back to the vocabulary in your explanation. If you are stuck with how to begin, use the sentence starter below. Write no more than five sentences.

*Eg. The words ‘lurched’ and ‘perilously’ make me think the train journey is going to be … because…*

*Secondly, the word ‘…’ makes me think…*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**ACTIVITY FOUR:** Now read the extract. The words you have been working with are underlined and highlighted in red. When you come across a highlighted word, go back and remind yourself of the definition. If there are any words you do not understand when you read, highlighted or not, write them down here:

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

The morning express **bloated** with passengers slowed to a crawl, then **lurched** forward suddenly, as though to resume full speed. The train’s brief **deception** jolted its riders. The bulge of humans hanging out of the doorway **distended** **perilously**, like a soap bubble at its limit.

Inside the compartment, Maneck Kohlah held on to the overhead railing, propped up securely within the crush. He felt someone’s elbow knock his textbooks from his hand. In the seats nearby, a thin young fellow was catapulted into the arms of the man opposite him. Maneck’s textbooks fell upon them.

“Ow!” said the young fellow, as volume one slammed into his back.

Laughing, he and his uncle untangled themselves. Ishvar Darji, who had a disfigured left cheek, helped his nephew out of his lap and back onto the seat. “Everything all right, Om?”

“Apart from the dent in my back, everything is all right,” said Omprakash Darji, picking up the two books covered in brown paper. He hefted them in his **slender** hands and looked around to find who had dropped them.

Maneck acknowledged ownership. The thought of his heavy textbooks thumping that frail spine made him shudder. He remembered the sparrow he had killed with a stone, years ago; afterwards, it had made him sick.

His apology was frantic. “Very sorry, the books slipped and—”

“Not to worry,” said Ishvar. “Wasn’t your fault.” To his nephew he added, “Good thing it didn’t happen in reverse, hahn? If I fell in your lap, my weight would crack your bones.” They laughed again, Maneck too, to supplement his apology.

**ACTIVITY FIVE:** Answer the extract specific questions below in full sentences.

1. What happens to Maneck Kohlah’s textbooks?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. Who are the two characters that Maneck meets on the train and how are they related?

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1. Why does the thought of textbooks hitting a ‘frail spine’ make Maneck shudder?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. Bearing in mind the characters are on the ‘morning express’, what can we predict about why the train is so busy?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. What do we learn about the character, Ishvar Darji in the extract? List two things.

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**ACTIVITY SIX:** As students of English, it is our job to think about why a writer may have used certain words to describe what is happening. There are thousands of words a writer *could* have used. We have to ask ourselves: why has the writer used this *particular* word?

**Why has the writer used the following words to describe the train, the journey and the passengers?**

Look at the words in the grid. Write down three reasons as to why you think the writer has used these words to describe the train and the journey. One has been done for you as an example.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Word:** bloated  **Reason 1:** I think the writer uses this word to show how the train is stuffed full of passengers.  **Reason 2:** It shows how uncomfortable the train must be.  **Reason 3:** There are so many people crammed onto the train that it is almost bursting. | **Word:** lurched  **Reason 1:** I think the writer has chosen this word to describe the train’s movements because…  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |
| **Word:** crush  **Reason 1:** I think the writer has chosen this word to describe the inside of the train because…  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** | **Word: EXTRA CHALLENGE -** distended  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |

**ACTIVITY SEVEN:** Now it is time to join up our ideas! Choose a word from the grid to help you answer the following question: **How does Rohinton Mistry use language to describe the train, the journey and the passengers?**

Look at the example answer in the box below and look at how I have joined up my notes from the grid. Notice how I have added a little more detail to the reasons I wrote in the grid. I want you to do the same thing.

Rohinton Mistry describes the morning express train as ‘bloated’. Mistry may describe the train as ‘bloated’ to emphasise just how crowded and stuffed it is with passengers. It sounds like the train is close to bursting and cannot carry anyone else. As a result, travelling on the train must be very uncomfortable. It is not a pleasant journey because of the amount of people crammed into such a small space.

Now see if you can have a go! Link up your notes from one or two of the words in the grid on the previous page. Try and expand on your notes when you write them up in full sentences. If you are not sure how to begin, use the sentence starters below:

* *Rohinton Mistry describes how the train ‘lurched’. Perhaps Mistry describes the movements of the train in this way because he wants to show the reader that…*
* *The inside of the train is described as a ‘crush’. This tells the reader that…*

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**FINAL ACTIVITY:** Test yourselves on the vocabulary from the beginning by writing down the definitions of the words. When you have finished, look back at your vocabulary lists to check your work. Mark your answers in a different colour pen. Give yourself a tick or a cross and make any corrections you need to make.

4. distended: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

5. perilously: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

6. slender: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. bloated: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

2. lurched: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

3. deception: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

1. distended: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**TEXT THREE**

*In this lesson, you will be reading a short extract from a novel called ‘Americanah’ by* *Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie. In the extract, the narrator is describing the different American cities she has been to.*

**ACTIVITY ONE:** Consider the vocabulary below. These words all appear in the extract you are about to read. Look at the word and read the definition. Below each definition is the example of the word in a sentence. Transform each word into a small image to help you remember it. One has been done for you.

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| **Word** | **Definition** | **Image of word** |
| **tranquil** | Calm and peaceful.  *As I wandered down the forest’s path, I took in the* ***tranquil*** *sight.* |  |
| **stately** | Impressive or grand in size and appearance.  *Sometimes,* ***stately*** *homes are opened to the public for tours.* |  |
| **abiding** | Lasting a long time. Continuing.  *She had an* ***abiding*** *love of History when she was at school.* |  |
| **neglect** | Fail to care for properly.  *The park was overgrown and littered from years of* ***neglect****.* |  |
| **effusive** | An expression of great emotion or enthusiasm.  *Sally was* ***effusive*** *in her praise of the judges who awarded her the trophy.* |  |
| **affluent** | Having a great deal of money; wealthy.  *They moved to a more* ***affluent*** *area.* |  |

**ACTIVITY TWO:** Look back at the list of words. Choose one that you are not confident with using and write it down in the middle of the mind map. Complete the activities around the mind map. If you are confident with using all of the words, choose one you use the least when speaking or writing.

1. Write a new definition in your own words:

2. Use the term correctly in a sentence:

**Word: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

4. Think of other words that mean the same thing (synonyms) and make a list below:

3.Write a question where the word is the answer:

**ACTIVITY THREE:** Based on the vocabulary you have been given, write down what you think the extract is about. What do you think will happen in the extract and why? Remember, the narrator is describing American cities. What do you think the cities are like based on the vocabulary? Refer back to the words in your explanation. If you are stuck with how to begin, use the sentence starter below. Write no more than five sentences.

*Eg. The words ‘tranquil’ and ‘affluent’ suggest to me that American cities are… because…*

*However, the word ‘neglect’ makes me think cities can also be… because…*

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**ACTIVITY FOUR:** Now read the extract. The words you have been working with are underlined and highlighted in red. When you come across a highlighted word, go back and remind yourself of the definition. If there are any words you do not understand when you read, highlighted or not, write them down here:

1. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 3. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ 4. \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Princeton, in the summer, smelled of nothing, and although Ifemelu liked the **tranquil** greenness of the many trees, the clean streets and **stately** homes, the delicately overpriced shops, and the quiet, **abiding** air of earned grace, it was this, the lack of a smell, that most appealed to her, perhaps because the other American cities she knew well had all smelled distinctly. Philadelphia had the musty scent of history. New Haven smelled of **neglect**. Baltimore smelled of brine, and Brooklyn of sun-warmed garbage. But Princeton had no smell. She liked taking deep breaths here. She liked watching the locals who drove with pointed courtesy and parked their latest-model cars outside the organic grocery store on Nassau Street or outside the sushi restaurants or outside the ice cream shop that had fifty different flavours including red pepper or outside the post office where **effusive** staff bounded out to greet them at the entrance. She liked the campus, grave with knowledge, the Gothic buildings with their vine-laced walls, and the way everything transformed, in the half-light of night, into a ghostly scene. She liked, most of all, that in this place of **affluent** ease, she could pretend to be someone else, someone specially admitted into a hallowed American club, someone adorned with certainty.

**ACTIVITY FIVE:** Answer the extract specific questions below in full sentences.

1) What appeals to Ifemelu the most about Princeton?

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2) Ifemelu says that New Haven smells of ‘neglect’. What do you think she means?

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3) What are the locals in Princeton like?

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4) Philadelphia is described as having the ‘musty scent of history’. What do we learn about the city from this quotation?

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5) What evidence is there in the text that Princeton is an affluent area?

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**ACTIVITY SIX:** As students of English, it is our job to think about why a writer may have used certain words to describe what is happening. There are thousands of words a writer *could* have used. We have to ask ourselves: why has the writer used this *particular* word?

**Why has the writer used the following words to describe Princeton?**

Look at the words in the grid. Write down three reasons as to why you think the writer has used these words to describe Princeton. There are no examples for this extract. If you are stuck, have a look at this task in previous lessons to help you understand what you need to do.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **Word:** tranquil  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** | **Word:** stately  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |
| **Word:** overpriced  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** | **Word:** affluent  **Reason 1:**  **Reason 2:**  **Reason 3:** |

**ACTIVITY SEVEN:** Now it is time to join up our ideas! Choose a word from the grid to help you answer the following question: **How does Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie use language to describe Princeton?**

Link up your notes from one or two of the words in the box above. Try and expand on your notes when you write them up in full sentences. If you are not sure how to begin, use the sentence starters below:

* *When describing Princeton, Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie has Ifemelu notice how ‘tranquil’ the place is. Perhaps Adichie uses the word ‘tranquil’ to emphasise…*
* *Princeton, we are told, is an ‘affluent’ area, suggesting…*

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**FINAL ACTIVITY:** Test yourselves on the vocabulary from the beginning by writing down the definitions of the words. When you have finished, look back at your vocabulary lists to check your work. Mark your answers in a different colour pen. Give yourself a tick or a cross and make any corrections you need to make.

1. tranquil: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

2. stately: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

3. abiding: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

4. neglect: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

5. effusive \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

6. affluent: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**‘My City’ by George the Poet**

My City has a lot of faces  
Some can be found in forgotten places  
Comfortably sound with a lot of graces  
The Sun could be down on his hungry town but in London he found him a shot at greatness  
My City has a lot of faces  
  
Some can tell you what a "loss of faith" is  
Be-Fore we hated people we were all created equal then we  
Learnt to despise the strife and  
Forgot that variety's the spice of life – look around you  
  
Constantly standing on the brink of history

*The writer may have used a one line stanza to*

*This metaphor suggests*

Watching Newsreaders linking mysteries  
Even though a few reporters taught us to be cautious 'cause they  
Stink of this disease called inconsistency  
See my city has a lot of faces  
  
Four of them belonging to Big Ben  
The rest of them hidden behind big business and Big Brother  
Ensures all of them are monitored with them  
Under social tensions you can see London languishes:  
30% minorities, 300 languages  
Differences – race and class, it's all enormous  
But the common ground we found surpasses all the borders  
If you meet a rich man, ass-kiss all his daughters,  
Or his sons. We all live once  
And who among us wouldn't want all of his funds?  
That's rhetorical but I don't need call and response  
To know that's how Londoners are from time to time  
Only got the time to grind and whine

*This metaphor suggests*

*This word means*

*‘London languishes’ suggests*

Technically I'm from an elegant city but I'm not the kind to wine and dine  
I grew up around lots of crime, the violent kind  
You might have heard about the rocks, the grime, the hype and shine  
It's not just Cockney rhyming slang, we've got block-beef, violent gangs  
Awkward interactions which most don't force  
Children navigating through postcode wars  
In estates with the least funding, look at the state of East London  
That's a paradox:  
Witness economy blooming for the have-a-lots:  
Business is gonna be booming  
But there's a difference between having a front row seat and watching from the sidelines  
  
TFL knows the world is your Oyster as long as you can afford it  
Even though you might need to re-mortgage just to get from Aldwych to Shoreditch  
Inconvenient if you're poor, which  
Could be expected in a tax system where the more rich get more rich  
273 times the wealth of the poorest yet your door is next door to the extra poor

*A paradox is*

*It suggests*

We look on the bright side but we're vexed for sure  
Like all we have to ourselves is sex and war  
And a lot of diversity, so what could I personally Hate a complexion for?  
I see different coloured hands outstretched for more  
  
Feel free to come to London and still see the London Dungeon  
Experience a tube of mad claustrophobic's  
Where food and bad posture don't mix  
And join us in moving along to the groove of the song  
What a sight to see, we could swap a nicety  
Some of us feel you've forgotten my city  
But hopefully you'll be proving us wrong  
If you can take the rough with the smooth then it's on

*This image suggests*

**TASKS**

Write down all the references to London that you can spot in the poem.

* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_
* \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

Why does George the Poet use the extended metaphor of ‘faces’ in his poem?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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Why might the poet have used rhyme in the poem to get across his message?

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George the Poet presents his city through the contrasting images or ideas. Find one of these contrasts in the poem and **draw a symbol for each with their quotes**.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **The quote:** | **The quote:** |

What do you consider to be the most powerful line in the poem and why?

\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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**CHALLENGE**

The last stanza seems to have a change of tone. What is the poet suggesting here and how?

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**SUPER CHALLENGE**

Annotate the poem by completing the red sentence starters.

**Two Scavengers in a Truck**

**Two Beautiful People in a Mercedes**

At the stoplight waiting for the light

nine a.m. downtown San Francisco

a bright yellow garbage truck

with two garbagemen in red plastic blazers

standing on the back stoop

one on each side hanging on

and looking down into

an elegant open Mercedes

with an elegant couple in it

The man

In a hip three-piece linen suit

with shoulder-length blond hair and sunglasses

The young blond woman so casually coifed

with a short skirt and coloured stockings

on the way to his architect’s office

And the two scavengers up since four a.m.

grungy from their route

on the way home

The older of the two with grey iron hair

and hunched back

looking down like some

Gargoyle Quasimodo

And the younger of the two

also with sunglasses and long hair

about the same age as the Mercedes driver

And both scavengers gazing down

As from a great distance

At the cool couple

as if they were watching some odourless TV ad

in which everything is always possible

And the very red light for an instant

holding all four close together

as if anything at all were possible

Between them

Across that small gulf

in the high seas

of this democracy

Annotation Practice – Two students discuss the poem

ALIX: Two Scavengers in a Truck, Two Beautiful People in a Mercedes is an unusual poem, but that doesn’t make it a difficult one. It’s about two pairs of people meeting for a moment in a busy city at nine o’clock in the morning. They are strangers and never speak to each other. In fact they are only near each other because they are waiting for the traffic lights to change.

ELIOT: The first pair are dustmen. They are finishing their working day and going back to the depot. They are hanging off the back of the dustbin lorry and looking down at a couple in a Mercedes sports car.

ALIX: These people in the Mercedes seem the very opposite of the dustbin men. They are starting their day and seem rich, successful and fashionable. And the poem seems to be about two things. It makes lots of contrasts between the two pairs. And it seems to criticise the society which makes the differences between people so large.

ELIOT: When the poet’s describing the dustbin men, it is often negative, dirty and cheap. For instance, their jackets are plastic, they are grungy (or mucky and grimy), and he calls them ‘scavengers’. We usually think of scavengers as animals that live off whatever others leave behind, like vultures. And in a way that’s what they are – they are paid to take away what others don’t want. But they do an important job and we couldn’t live without them.

ALIX: The poet describes the couple in the Mercedes in a very positive way. He wears a suit and her hair is nicely done, or as he says it’s ‘casually coifed’. They look cool, and their car shows just how rich they must be.

ELIOT: But at the same time the poet also seems to criticise this couple. He says it’s like watching an ‘odorless TV’ advert, so they don’t look like real people and they sound too good to be true.

ALIX: The poet then shows us how two of the men are similar. They are the same age, wear sunglasses and have long hair. And of course they live in the same city – they should be equal.

ELIOT: This idea is made very clear at the end. The four people are next to each other, but there is a ‘gulf’ between them - they are living in different worlds.

ALIX: One of the unusual things about the poem is that it doesn’t have clear sentences, full stops or commas. Even the lines don’t all start in the same place – some lines start on the left, some on the right and some in the middle.

ELIOT: This is done on purpose. The four people are together for a few seconds and the poet quickly notes down some differences. It also means that when you read it, you stop at different places, and this might make you think about different ideas in the poem, and what you think of modern life.

ALIX: Two Scavengers in a Truck is about the differences between people. It is set in America, but it could be about almost any modern city. The poet shows how differently people are treated – some people do horrible jobs with difficult hours and earn very little; others seem to work far less but have lots of money.

**A Sound of Thunder -- Ray Bradbury**

The sign on the wall seemed to quaver under a film of sliding warm water. Eckels felt his eyelids blink over his stare, and the sign burned in this momentary darkness:

TIME SAFARI, INC.

SAFARIS TO ANY YEAR IN THE PAST.

YOU NAME THE ANIMAL.

WE TAKE YOU THERE.

YOU SHOOT IT.

Warm phlegm gathered in Eckels' throat; he swallowed and pushed it down. The muscles around his mouth formed a smile as he put his hand slowly out upon the air, and in that hand waved a check for ten thousand dollars to the man behind the desk.

"Does this safari guarantee I come back alive?"

"We guarantee nothing," said the official, "except the dinosaurs." He turned. "This is Mr. Travis, your Safari Guide in the Past. He'll tell you what and where to shoot. If he says no shooting, no shooting. If you disobey instructions, there's a stiff penalty of another ten thousand dollars, plus possible government action, on your return."

Eckels glanced across the vast office at a mass and tangle, a snaking and humming of wires and steel boxes, at an aurora that flickered now orange, now silver, now blue. There was a sound like a gigantic bonfire burning all of Time, all the years and all the parchment calendars, all the hours piled high and set aflame.

A touch of the hand and this burning would, on the instant, beautifully reverse itself. Eckels remembered the wording in the advertisements to the letter. Out of chars and ashes, out of dust and coals, like golden salamanders, the old years, the green years, might leap; roses sweeten the air, white hair turn Irish-black, wrinkles vanish; all, everything fly back to seed, flee death, rush down to their beginnings, suns rise in western skies and set in glorious easts, moons eat themselves opposite to the custom, all and everything cupping one in another like Chinese boxes, rabbits into hats, all and everything returning to the fresh death, the seed death, the green death, to the time before the beginning. A touch of a hand might do it, the merest touch of a hand.

"Unbelievable." Eckels breathed, the light of the Machine on his thin face. "A real Time Machine." He shook his head. "Makes you think, If the election had gone badly yesterday, I might be here now running away from the results. Thank God Keith won. He'll make a fine President of the United States."

"Yes," said the man behind the desk. "We're lucky. If Deutscher had gotten in, we'd have the worst kind of dictatorship. There's an anti everything man for you, a militarist, anti-Christ, antihuman, anti-intellectual. People called us up, you know, joking but not joking. Said if Deutscher became President they wanted to go live in 1492. Of course it's not our business to conduct Escapes, but to form Safaris. Anyway, Keith's President now. All you got to worry about is-"

"Shooting my dinosaur," Eckels finished it for him.

"A Tyrannosaurus Rex. The Tyrant Lizard, the most incredible monster in history. Sign this release. Anything happens to you, we're not responsible. Those dinosaurs are hungry."

Eckels flushed angrily. "Trying to scare me!"

"Frankly, yes. We don't want anyone going who'll panic at the first shot. Six Safari leaders were killed last year, and a dozen hunters. We're here to give you the severest thrill a real hunter ever asked for. Traveling you back sixty million years to bag the biggest game in all of Time. Your personal check's still there. Tear it up.

"Mr. Eckels looked at the check. His fingers twitched.

"Good luck," said the man behind the desk. "Mr. Travis, he's all yours."

They moved silently across the room, taking their guns with them, toward the Machine, toward the silver metal and the roaring light.

First a day and then a night and then a day and then a night, then it was day-night-day-night. A week, a month, a year, a decade! A.D. 2055. A.D. 2019. 1999! 1957! Gone! The Machine roared.

They put on their oxygen helmets and tested the intercoms.

Eckels swayed on the padded seat, his face pale, his jaw stiff. He felt the trembling in his arms and he looked down and found his hands tight on the new rifle. There were four other men in the Machine. Travis, the Safari Leader, his assistant, Lesperance, and two other hunters, Billings and Kramer. They sat looking at each other, and the years blazed around them.

"Can these guns get a dinosaur cold?" Eckels felt his mouth saying.

"If you hit them right," said Travis on the helmet radio. "Some dinosaurs have two brains, one in the head, another far down the spinal column. We stay away from those. That's stretching luck. Put your first two shots into the eyes, if you can, blind them, and go back into the brain."

The Machine howled. Time was a film run backward. Suns fled and ten million moons fled after them. "Think," said Eckels. "Every hunter that ever lived would envy us today. This makes Africa seem like Illinois."

The Machine slowed; its scream fell to a murmur. The Machine stopped.

The sun stopped in the sky.

The fog that had enveloped the Machine blew away and they were in an old time, a very old time indeed, three hunters and two Safari Heads with their blue metal guns across their knees.

"Christ isn't born yet," said Travis, "Moses has not gone to the mountains to talk with God. The Pyramids are still in the earth, waiting to be cut out and put up. Remember that. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler-none of them exists." The man nodded.

"That" - Mr. Travis pointed - "is the jungle of sixty million two thousand and fifty-five years before President Keith."

He indicated a metal path that struck off into green wilderness, over streaming swamp, among giant ferns and palms.

"And that," he said, "is the Path, laid by Time Safari for your use.

It floats six inches above the earth. Doesn't touch so much as one grass blade, flower, or tree. It's an anti-gravity metal. Its purpose is to keep you from touching this world of the past in any way. Stay on the Path. Don't go off it. I repeat. Don't go off. For any reason! If you fall off, there's a penalty. And don't shoot any animal we don't okay."

"Why?" asked Eckels.

They sat in the ancient wilderness. Far birds' cries blew on a wind, and the smell of tar and an old salt sea, moist grasses, and flowers the colour of blood.

"We don't want to change the Future. We don't belong here in the Past. The government doesn't like us here. We have to pay big graft to keep our franchise. A Time Machine is finicky business. Not knowing it, we might kill an important animal, a small bird, a roach, a flower even, thus destroying an important link in a growing species."

"That's not clear," said Eckels.

"All right," Travis continued, "say we accidentally kill one mouse here. That means all the future families of this one particular mouse are destroyed, right?"

"Right"

"And all the families of the families of the families of that one mouse! With a stamp of your foot, you annihilate first one, then a dozen, then a thousand, a million, a billion possible mice!"

"So they're dead," said Eckels. "So what?"

"So what?" Travis snorted quietly. "Well, what about the foxes that'll need those mice to survive? For want of ten mice, a fox dies. For want of ten foxes a lion starves. For want of a lion, all manner of insects, vultures, infinite billions of life forms are thrown into chaos and destruction. Eventually it all boils down to this: fifty-nine million years later, a caveman, one of a dozen on the entire world, goes hunting wild boar or sabre-toothed tiger for food. But you, friend, have stepped on all the tigers in that region. By stepping on one single mouse. So the caveman starves. And the caveman, please note, is not just any expendable man, no! He is an entire future nation. From his loins would have sprung ten sons. From their loins one hundred sons, and thus onward to a civilization. Destroy this one man, and you destroy a race, a people, an entire history of life. It is comparable to slaying some of Adam's grandchildren. The stomp of your foot, on one mouse, could start an earthquake, the effects of which could shake our earth and destinies down through Time, to their very foundations. With the death of that one caveman, a billion others yet unborn are throttled in the womb. Perhaps Rome never rises on its seven hills. Perhaps Europe is forever a dark forest, and only Asia waxes healthy and teeming. Step on a mouse and you crush the Pyramids. Step on a mouse and you leave your print, like a Grand Canyon, across Eternity. Queen Elizabeth might never be born, Washington might not cross the Delaware, there might never be a United States at all. So be careful. Stay on the Path. Never step off!"

"I see," said Eckels. "Then it wouldn't pay for us even to touch the grass?"

"Correct. Crushing certain plants could add up infinitesimally. A little error here would multiply in sixty million years, all out of proportion. Of course maybe our theory is wrong. Maybe Time can't be changed by us. Or maybe it can be changed only in little subtle ways. A dead mouse here makes an insect imbalance there, a population disproportion later, a bad harvest further on, a depression, mass starvation, and finally, a change in social temperament in far-flung countries. Something much more subtle, like that. Perhaps only a soft breath, a whisper, a hair, pollen on the air, such a slight, slight change that unless you looked close you wouldn't see it. Who knows? Who really can say he knows? We don't know. We're guessing. But until we do know for certain whether our messing around in Time can make a big roar or a little rustle in history, we're being careful. This Machine, this Path, your clothing and bodies, were sterilized, as you know, before the journey. We wear these oxygen helmets so we can't introduce our bacteria into an ancient atmosphere."

"How do we know which animals to shoot?"

"They're marked with red paint," said Travis. "Today, before our journey, we sent Lesperance here back with the Machine. He came to this particular era and followed certain animals."

"Studying them?"

"Right," said Lesperance. "I track them through their entire existence, noting which of them lives longest. Very few. How many times they mate. Not often. Life's short, When I find one that's going to die when a tree falls on him, or one that drowns in a tar pit, I note the exact hour, minute, and second. I shoot a paint bomb. It leaves a red patch on his side. We can't miss it. Then I correlate our arrival in the Past so that we meet the Monster not more than two minutes before he would have died anyway. This way, we kill only animals with no future, that are never going to mate again. You see how careful we are?"

"But if you come back this morning in Time," said Eckels eagerly, you must've bumped into us, our Safari! How did it turn out? Was it successful? Did all of us get through-alive?"

Travis and Lesperance gave each other a look.

"That'd be a paradox," said the latter. "Time doesn't permit that sort of mess-a man meeting himself. When such occasions threaten, Time steps aside. Like an airplane hitting an air pocket. You felt the Machine jump just before we stopped? That was us passing ourselves on the way back to the Future. We saw nothing. There's no way of telling if this expedition was a success, if we got our monster, or whether all of us - meaning you, Mr. Eckels - got out alive."

Eckels smiled palely.

"Cut that," said Travis sharply. "Everyone on his feet!"

They were ready to leave the Machine.

The jungle was high and the jungle was broad and the jungle was the entire world forever and forever. Sounds like music and sounds like flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with cavernous grey wings, gigantic bats of delirium and night fever.

Eckels, balanced on the narrow Path, aimed his rifle playfully.

"Stop that!" said Travis. "Don't even aim for fun, blast you! If your guns should go off - - "

Eckels flushed. "Where's our Tyrannosaurus?"

Lesperance checked his wristwatch. "Up ahead, We'll bisect his trail in sixty seconds. Look for the red paint! Don't shoot till we give the word. Stay on the Path. Stay on the Path!"

They moved forward in the wind of morning.

"Strange," murmured Eckels. "Up ahead, sixty million years, Election Day over. Keith made President. Everyone celebrating. And here we are, a million years lost, and they don't exist. The things we worried about for months, a lifetime, not even born or thought of yet."

"Safety catches off, everyone!" ordered Travis. "You, first shot, Eckels. Second, Billings, Third, Kramer."

"I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it," said Eckels. "I'm shaking like a kid."

"Ah," said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. "Ahead," he whispered. "In the mist. There he is. There's His Royal Majesty now."

The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

"It," whispered Eckels. "It......

"Sh!"

It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the mail of a terrible warrior. Each thigh was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight. It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

"Why, why," Eckels twitched his mouth. "It could reach up and grab the moon."

"Sh!" Travis jerked angrily. "He hasn't seen us yet."

"It can't be killed," Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed a cap gun. "We were fools to come. This is impossible."

"Shut up!" hissed Travis.

"Nightmare."

"Turn around," commanded Travis. "Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee."

"I didn't realize it would be this big," said Eckels. "I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out."

"It sees us!"

"There's the red paint on its chest!"

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armoured flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

"Get me out of here," said Eckels. "It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of."

"Don't run," said Lesperance. "Turn around. Hide in the Machine."

"Yes." Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

"Eckels!"

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

"Not that way!"

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

The rifles cracked again, their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

Thundering, it clutched trees, pulled them with it. It wrenched and tore the metal Path. The men flung themselves back and away. The body hit, ten tons of cold flesh and stone. The guns fired. The Monster lashed its armoured tail, twitched its snake jaws, and lay still. A fount of blood spurted from its throat. Somewhere inside, a sac of fluids burst. Sickening gushes drenched the hunters. They stood, red and glistening.

The thunder faded.

The jungle was silent. After the avalanche, a green peace. After the nightmare, morning.

Billings and Kramer sat on the pathway and threw up. Travis and Lesperance stood with smoking rifles, cursing steadily. In the Time Machine, on his face, Eckels lay shivering. He had found his way back to the Path, climbed into the Machine.

Travis came walking, glanced at Eckels, took cotton gauze from a metal box, and returned to the others, who were sitting on the Path.

"Clean up."

They wiped the blood from their helmets. They began to curse too. The Monster lay, a hill of solid flesh. Within, you could hear the sighs and murmurs as the furthest chambers of it died, the organs malfunctioning, liquids running a final instant from pocket to sac to spleen, everything shutting off, closing up forever. It was like standing by a wrecked locomotive or a steam shovel at quitting time, all valves being released or levered tight. Bones cracked; the tonnage of its own flesh, off balance, dead weight, snapped the delicate forearms, caught underneath. The meat settled, quivering.

Another cracking sound. Overhead, a gigantic tree branch broke from its heavy mooring, fell. It crashed upon the dead beast with finality.

"There." Lesperance checked his watch. "Right on time. That's the giant tree that was scheduled to fall and kill this animal originally." He glanced at the two hunters. "You want the trophy picture?"

"What?"

"We can't take a trophy back to the Future. The body has to stay right here where it would have died originally, so the insects, birds, and bacteria can get at it, as they were intended to. Everything in balance. The body stays. But we can take a picture of you standing near it."

The two men tried to think, but gave up, shaking their heads.

They let themselves be led along the metal Path. They sank wearily into the Machine cushions. They gazed back at the ruined Monster, the stagnating mound, where already strange reptilian birds and golden insects were busy at the steaming armour. A sound on the floor of the Time Machine stiffened them. Eckels sat there, shivering.

"I'm sorry," he said at last.

"Get up!" cried Travis.

Eckels got up.

"Go out on that Path alone," said Travis. He had his rifle pointed, "You're not coming back in the Machine. We're leaving you here!"

Lesperance seized Travis's arm. "Wait-"

"Stay out of this!" Travis shook his hand away. "This fool nearly killed us. But it isn't that so much, no. It's his shoes! Look at them! He ran off the Path. That ruins us! We'll forfeit! Thousands of dollars of insurance! We guarantee no one leaves the Path. He left it. Oh, the fool! I'll have to report to the government. They might revoke our license to travel. Who knows what he's done to Time, to History!"

"Take it easy, all he did was kick up some dirt."

"How do we know?" cried Travis. "We don't know anything! It's all a mystery! Get out of here, Eckels!"

Eckels fumbled his shirt. "I'll pay anything. A hundred thousand dollars!"

Travis glared at Eckels' chequebook and spat. "Go out there. The Monster's next to the Path. Stick your arms up to your elbows in his mouth. Then you can come back with us."

"That's unreasonable!"

"The Monster's dead, you idiot. The bullets! The bullets can't be left behind. They don't belong in the Past; they might change anything. Here's my knife. Dig them out!"

The jungle was alive again, full of the old tremorings and bird cries. Eckels turned slowly to regard the primeval garbage dump, that hill of nightmares and terror. After a long time, like a sleepwalker he shuffled out along the Path.

He returned, shuddering, five minutes later, his arms soaked and red to the elbows. He held out his hands. Each held a number of steel bullets. Then he fell. He lay where he fell, not moving.

"You didn't have to make him do that," said Lesperance.

"Didn't I? It's too early to tell." Travis nudged the still body. "He'll live. Next time he won't go hunting game like this. Okay." He jerked his thumb wearily at Lesperance. "Switch on. Let's go home."

1492. 1776. 1812.

They cleaned their hands and faces. They changed their caking shirts and pants. Eckels was up and around again, not speaking. Travis glared at him for a full ten minutes.

"Don't look at me," cried Eckels. "I haven't done anything."

"Who can tell?"

"Just ran off the Path, that's all, a little mud on my shoes-what do you want me to do-get down and pray?" "We might need it.

I'm warning you, Eckels, I might kill you yet. I've got my gun ready."

"I'm innocent. I've done nothing!"

1999.2000.2055.

The Machine stopped.

"Get out," said Travis.

The room was there as they had left it. But not the same as they had left it. The same man sat behind the same desk. But the same man did not quite sit behind the same desk. Travis looked around swiftly. "Everything okay here?" he snapped.

"Fine. Welcome home!"

Travis did not relax. He seemed to be looking through the one high window.

"Okay, Eckels, get out. Don't ever come back." Eckels could not move.

"You heard me," said Travis. "What're you staring at?"

Eckels stood smelling of the air, and there was a thing to the air, a chemical taint so subtle, so slight, that only a faint cry of his subliminal senses warned him it was there. The colours, white, grey, blue, orange, in the wall, in the furniture, in the sky beyond the window, were . . . were . . . . And there was a feel. His flesh twitched. His hands twitched. He stood drinking the oddness with the pores of his body. Somewhere, someone must have been screaming one of those whistles that only a dog can hear. His body screamed silence in return. Beyond this room, beyond this wall, beyond this man who was not quite the same man seated at this desk that was not quite the same desk . . . lay an entire world of streets and people. What sort of world it was now, there was no telling. He could feel them moving there, beyond the walls, almost, like so many chess pieces blown in a dry wind ....

But the immediate thing was the sign painted on the office wall, the same sign he had read earlier today on first entering. Somehow, the sign had changed:

TYME SEFARI INC.

SEFARIS TU ANY YEER EN THE PAST.

YU NAIM THE ANIMALL.

WEE TAEK YU THAIR.

YU SHOOT ITT.

Eckels felt himself fall into a chair. He fumbled crazily at the thick slime on his boots. He held up a clod of dirt, trembling, "No, it can't be. Not a little thing like that. No!"

Embedded in the mud, glistening green and gold and black, was a butterfly, very beautiful and very dead.

"Not a little thing like that! Not a butterfly!" cried Eckels.

It fell to the floor, an exquisite thing, a small thing that could upset balances and knock down a line of small dominoes and then big dominoes and then gigantic dominoes, all down the years across Time. Eckels' mind whirled. It couldn't change things. Killing one butterfly couldn't be that important! Could it?

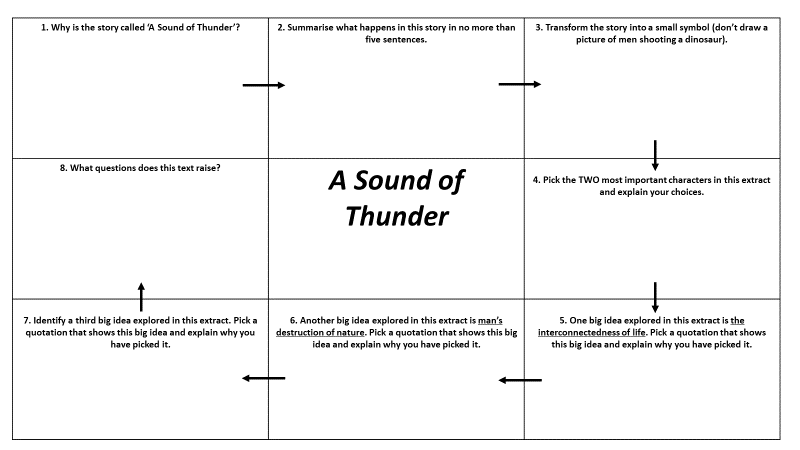
His face was cold. His mouth trembled, asking: "Who - who won the presidential election yesterday?"

The man behind the desk laughed. "You joking? You know very well. Deutscher, of course! Who else? Not that fool weakling Keith. We got an iron man now, a man with guts!" The official stopped. "What's wrong?"

Eckels moaned. He dropped to his knees. He scrabbled at the golden butterfly with shaking fingers. "Can't we," he pleaded to the world, to himself, to the officials, to the Machine, "can't we take it back, can't we make it alive again? Can't we start over? Can't we-"

He did not move. Eyes shut, he waited, shivering. He heard Travis breathe loud in the room; he heard Travis shift his rifle, click the safety catch, and raise the weapon.

There was a sound of thunder.



**What does this moment sound like?**

**Summarise Bradbury’s purpose**

**What does this moment smell like?**

**What does this moment look like?**

The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

The rifles cracked again, their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

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