

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box . If you change your mind, put a line through the box  and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number: Question 5  Question 6

Write your answer to Section B here:

In those <sup>later</sup> years of childhood, about twelve or thirteen, when one is on the cusp of a new chapter in their life, we need someone who will have our back and face ~~new~~ new challenges with us. For me, that was my friend Isaac. What made us gravitate towards one another was the fact that we had come from such different backgrounds but were so alike in spirit. I come from an ~~an~~ Indian family, ~~kids~~ and he from an English family that was English through and through. He relished coming to my house on those cold ~~these~~ winter Tuesdays, after football practice so he could step inside the incense infused atmosphere, browns and yellows and golds furnishing the house. He'd always take a long whiff upon entering and jokingly say 'ahh! Little India!' Indeed! It was a little India. My mum would always make us a curry after football, and Isaac would always ask for a re-fill on his milk, for his small English tongue <sup>was</sup> always unprepared for the spices. ~~My mum~~ This one winter he asked what I was doing for Christmas, and I told him I'd never celebrated it because I was a Muslim. I could tell by the astonished look on his face that I would be spending



every December 25<sup>th</sup> for the rest of our friendship at his house. My first Christmas dinner was one of the happiest days of my life, because I had spent it with a person which I knew was always helping me grow, and I too would help him grow.

We spent long hours in the Summer retreated in the woods, a dozen packs of Doritos being the days meals. We'd sit opposite each other, looking through the flickering heat of a campfire, and talk about anything and everything. We told each other our dreams; deepest secrets; who we had crushes on; our greatest fears; ~~as~~ at our young age we even talked about religion and whether God existed. When ~~the~~<sup>a</sup> day's ~~began to end~~ long day of philosophising came to an end and the sun's light that beamed through the leaves was now weaker than the flame of the fire, we knew we had to leave. Isaac was afraid of the dark.

One day, however, I'd devised a plan to rid him of his fear. In my backpack was a long and old cloth I had drenched in nail polish remover. ~~Once~~ when it began to get dark, and Isaac indicated he wanted to leave, I insisted he stay. I took the cloth out of my bag, cut it in two and wrapped each around it's own ~~or~~ thick and dry log. I could see that Isaac was increasingly aware of the



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ever imminent darkness. I gave him one of the small logs with their tips now wrapped up, and told him to hold it to the flame. To his amazement the wrapped side lit up into a torch.

'Wow!' he screamed, 'Is this what your dad learnt in India?'

'No, you numpity!' I snapped back in humorous fashion, 'I learnt it from YouTube!'

I insisted that we now go for a stroll in the woods whilst it was dark. His crippling fear of the darkness had seemed to at once vanish, and he was now more eager than I. I remember that night vividly, us both wandering through the dark forest with our handmade torches. We felt like cavemen, warriors, hunters - although our constant ~~was~~ crunching of Doritos Cool Original would always remind us that we were just pre-teens poking about after their curfew.

When we left the forest that night, and were walking down the road home, Isaac casually asked me, 'did you make those torches so ~~was~~ you could help me not be afraid of the dark?'

I was taken a back. 'No... I just thought it'd be a cool idea... y'know.'



He looked me straight in the eyes, and nodded. It came time that we part ways. Before he took a left down his road, he gave me a huge bear hug - as opposed to the ~~usual~~ usual handshake.

'Goodnight, pal' he said, and he went home.

He knew why I made those torches, and he knew that I knew that he knew why I'd made them. He told me his fear, and I helped him get over it. He'd done it for me countless times (I could barely talk to girls before he pushed me into my crush and made me talk to her!). I guess, in a way, that is what friends are for: to complete us.



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Splash! The wave dribbled up onto the beach as I flicked up. To this day my favourite holidays, were beach holidays, when the sun shined like a flashlight. The gently breeze swept my hair as I excitedly ran back and forth into the calm, blue, beautiful water. What would I do for an experience like this again? Anything. The water sweeping back the sand. Others enjoying the times they never knew would come. As I ~~turn around~~ after <sup>ran</sup> running back into the water, I turn to see all the families around me with smiles as big as a giraffes neck. It was the best feeling anyone could ask for. // I ~~see~~ saw a little boy about 15 years younger than me, he was making, what looked like a kingdom however a mean wave came to crash it down, ~~it came~~ the kingdom came crumbling down like a biscuit. I couldn't not help him. ~~I picked~~ The boy was livid. I picked up his bucket and ~~said~~ thought to myself, I never want to grow old. I suggested



to the boy,  
"Why don't we make a bigger castle?"  
The boys face lit up like the sun and his  
smile ~~an~~ came back to life. We made the  
biggest castle.

I thought this day could not get any better.

Suddenly music came on, I looked around,  
everyone was up on their feet dancing. The  
feel of how excited I was ~~was~~ just un-  
describable. Speechless, I was speechless.

~~I thought~~ It was only 1pm, what else  
could happen?

The music faded and I felt relaxed. Lying there,  
on a sunbed, there's no place I'd rather  
be. I thought: I'd take a little nap.

"Amy!" I kept hearing my name.

"Amy, Amy, Amy"

I felt a sudden shock.



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They'd come to see me, my friends. What a dream.

Ibiza was looking up for me.

That evening we all gossiped and looked gorgeous as we got ready to go out together and make the day perfect.

Beep! The taxi was here and ready to take us to the club. I felt nervous yet so excited, this was my first night out, and what a night it became to be.

At the club the music was booming; every space was filled; all faces had smiles. What more could you ask for? No one had a shy spot that night, we all let our hair down. We partied the night away, as they say. Everyone was laughing like as if we was watching the funniest comedian on earth.

Next thing we knew a horse and carriage was waiting outside for us. We hopped in without having a care in the world.



I couldn't ask for better friends ; a better day ; a better night ; better people around that day. It was just perfect.

All I thought the holiday was going to be, a lonely, relaxed, quiet few days away. In the end it turned out to be a relaxing couple of days and a full on perfect day.

I woke up, in my hotel room. Thankfully!  
With my girls and before we left that evening, we took a walk up a hill to watch the rise. It was the most enchanting, speechless, beautiful thing you could ever see.

We couldn't leave without a peaceful day, catching the last bit of that sun that shined like a flashlight. The music that came on at 1pm, and watched everyone gup on their feet while we all waved our hands around that a flag.

We got ready to go the airport and my experience was like no other. The time I had was unforgettable and I shall cherish it like a man cherishes his money.



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home, however the sun came out of hiding and ~~made~~ made  
~~even~~ the blackest black glider white.

John was not just excited because it was the weekend, however  
because he was doing the gold monkey food race ~~for~~  
~~series~~ series that evening. It was a relief from daily life  
and the only thing to look forward too after a school week  
of monotony.

~~John~~ John got home in blistering time and leped up  
upstairs to get changed. ~~Before~~ he drank some water, went  
to the toilet, threw down some food. Got out his bike from the garage  
set off to ride to the race. This was something he adored  
doing. ~~As he set off to get to the race he~~ John  
loved the horse and was enjoying his ~~the~~ wonderful ride in the  
sun wore the birds sang and the trees waves hello in the gentle  
breeze. ~~So~~ Something did not feel quite right he felt the  
road had ~~got~~ hardened and then he realised he had got a  
puncture. And with nothing to repair it with he had to run  
2 miles to the race.

When he arrived ~~the~~ sign on door the event was  
closed and ~~over~~ the one thing he had ~~the~~ wanted to do  
all week he couldn't do!!! This was awful. However  
saw his best friend, with black hair and a tall stature help  
him fix it. After this he did the race and won. This was



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a very exciting time for John! <sup>to</sup>

