

Key Stage 4

GCSE English Literature

Power & Conflict Poetry

Homework Booklet



Name:

Class:

Teacher:

The strength of nature

The extract is from the beginning of *The Silent Land* by Graham Joyce, published in 2010. A young married couple, Zoe and Jake, are on a skiing holiday in the French Pyrenean mountains.

5 It was snowing again. Gentle six-pointed flakes from a picture book were settling on her jacket sleeve. The mountain air prickled with ice and the smell of pine resin. Several hundred metres below lay the dark outline of Saint-Bernard-en-Haut, their Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain range.

10 Zoe pulled the air into her lungs, feeling the cracking cold of it before letting go. And when the mountain seemed to nod and sigh back at her, she almost thought she could die in that place, and happily.

15 If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. I am alive. I am an eagle. The sun was up now; in a few minutes there would be more skiers to break the eerie morning spell. But right now they had the snow and the morning entirely to themselves.

20 There was a whisper behind her. It was the effortless track of Jake's skis as he came over the ridge and caught up with her. 'This is perfection.' 'You ready to go?' she asked. 'Yep. Let's do it.' They'd got up early to beat the holiday-making hordes for this first run of the morning. Because this – the tranquillity, the silence, the undisturbed snow and the feeling of proximity to an eagle's flight – was what it was all about. Jake hit the west side of the steep but broad slope and she took the east, carving matching parallel tracks through the fresh snow. But at the edge of the slope, near the curtain of trees, she felt a small slab of snow slip from underneath her. It was like she'd been bucked, so she took the fall-line* to recover her balance.

25 Before she'd dropped three hundred metres, the whisper of her skis was displaced by a rumble. Zoe saw at the periphery of her vision that Jake had come to a halt at the side of the piste and was looking back up the slope. Irritated by the false start they'd made, she etched a few turns before skidding to a halt and turning to look back at her husband. The rumble became louder. There was a pillar of what looked like grey smoke unfurling in silky banners at the head of the slope, like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful. It made her smile. Then her smile iced over. Jake was speeding straight towards her. His face was rubberised and he mouthed something as he flew at her.

30 'Get to the side! To the side!' She knew now that it was an avalanche. Jake slowed, batting at her with his ski pole. 'Get into the trees! Hang on to a tree!'

35 The rumbling had become a roaring in her ears, drowning Jake's words. She pushed herself down the fall-line, scrambling for traction, trying to accelerate away from the roaring cloud breaking behind her like a tsunami at sea. Jagged black cracks appeared in the snow in front of her. She angled her skis towards the side of the slope, heading for the trees, but it was too late. She saw Jake's black suit go bundling past her as he was turned by the great mass of smoke and snow. Then

40 50 she too was punched off her feet and carried through the air, twisting, spinning, turning in the white-out. She remembered something about spreading her arms around her head. For a few moments it was like being agitated inside a washing machine, turned head over heels a few times, until at last she was dumped heavily in a rib-cracking fall. Then there came a chattering noise, like the amplified jaws of a million termites chewing on wood. The noise itself filled her ears and muffled everything, and then there was silence, and the total whiteness faded to grey, and then to black.

45 * fall-line: the most direct route downhill

TASK 1: Read the extract

TASK 2: Using lines 1-4, list four things you learn about Zoe's surroundings. *Try to give four specific details about the surroundings, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 2: How has the writer structured this text to interest the reader? Fill in the grid below, considering how the writing is sequenced and the effect of this structure/sequence on the reader. *One example is given*

Section of text	What is happening?	What is the impact of the order?
Opening	<i>The setting is established as a cold mountain range, and Zoe feels comfortable and at peace.</i>	<i>By starting in this way the reader feels a sense of peace and security in Zoe's position, which is soon disturbed.</i>
Shift to		<i>By shifting to</i>
Shift to		<i>By shifting to</i>
Ending		<i>By ending in this way</i>

TASK 3: Focus your answer on the **second half of the source**, from line 23, which begins 'But at the edge of the slope', to the end of the source.

A student said, 'In this part of the story, where Zoe and Jake are caught in the avalanche, I can't believe Zoe is so slow to react to the warning signs because, in the end, the situation sounds really dangerous.'

To what extent do you agree? *Use the grid below to find evidence which allows you to agree or disagree with different elements of the statement. Use the final column to add an analysis point.*

Statement	Agree?	Evidence	Analysis of evidence
Zoe is slow to react to the warning signs	Yes	<i>"like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful"</i>	<i>simile comparing smoke to armies suggests a warning sign of what is to come AND juxtaposition between "armies" and "beautiful" hints at Zoe not seeing the danger coming, as she sees this warning as beautiful</i>
in the end the situation sounds really dangerous			

A storm by the sea

The extract is from the beginning of *Jamaica Inn* by Daphne du Maurier, published in 1936.

In this section a coach and horses, with its passengers, is making its way through Cornwall to Jamaica Inn.

5 It was a cold grey day in late November. The weather had changed overnight, when a backing wind brought a granite sky and a mizzling rain with it, and although it was now only a little after two o'clock in the afternoon the pallor of a winter evening seemed to have closed upon the hills, cloaking them in mist. It would be dark by four. The air was clammy cold, and for all the tightly closed windows it penetrated the interior of the coach. The leather seats felt damp to the hands, and there must have been a small crack in the roof, because now and again little drips of rain fell softly through, smudging the leather and leaving a dark-blue stain like a splodge of ink.

10 The wind came in gusts, at times shaking the coach as it travelled round the bend of the road, and in the exposed places on the high ground it blew with such force that the whole body of the 10 coach trembled and swayed, rocking between the high wheels like a drunken man.

15 The driver, muffled in a greatcoat to his ears, bent almost double in his seat in a faint endeavour to gain shelter from his own shoulders, while the dispirited horses plodded sullenly to his command, too broken by the wind and the rain to feel the whip that now and again cracked above their heads, while it swung between the numb fingers of the driver.

20 The wheels of the coach creaked and groaned as they sank into the ruts on the road, and sometimes they flung up the soft spattered mud against the windows, where it mingled with the constant driving rain, and whatever view there might have been of the countryside was hopelessly obscured. The few passengers huddled together for warmth, exclaiming in unison when the coach sank into a heavier rut than usual, and one old fellow, who had kept up a constant complaint ever since he had joined the coach at Truro, rose from his seat in a fury; and, fumbling with the window-sash, let the window down with a crash, bringing a shower of rain upon himself and his fellow-passengers. He thrust his head out and shouted up to the driver, cursing him in a high petulant voice for a rogue and a murderer; that they would all be dead before they reached Bodmin if he persisted in driving at breakneck speed; they had no breath left in their bodies as it was, and he for one would never travel by coach again.

25 Whether the driver heard him or not was uncertain: it seemed more likely that the stream of reproaches was carried away in the wind, for the old fellow, after waiting a moment, put up the window again, having thoroughly chilled the interior of the coach, and, settling himself once more in his corner, wrapped his blanket about his knees and muttered in his beard.

30 His nearest neighbour, a jovial, red-faced woman in a blue cloak, sighed heavily, in sympathy, and, with a wink to anyone who might be looking and a jerk of her head towards the old man, she remarked for at least the twentieth time that it was the dirtiest night she ever remembered, and she had known some; that it was proper old weather and no mistaking it for summer this time; and, burrowing into the depths of a large basket, she brought out a great hunk of cake and plunged into it with strong white teeth.

35 Mary Yellan sat in the opposite corner, where the trickle of rain oozed through the crack in the roof. Sometimes a cold drip of moisture fell upon her shoulder, which she brushed away with impatient fingers. She sat with her chin cupped in her hands, her eyes fixed on the window splashed with mud and rain, hoping with a sort of desperate interest that some ray of light would break the heavy blanket of sky, and but a momentary trace of that lost blue heaven that had mantled Helford yesterday shine for an instant as a forerunner of fortune.

40 This was a lashing, pitiless rain that stung the windows of the coach, and it soaked into a hard and barren soil. No trees here, save one or two that stretched bare branches to the four winds, bent and twisted from centuries of storm, and so black were they by time and tempest that, even if spring did breathe on such a place, no buds would dare to come to leaf for fear the late frost should kill them. It was a scrubby land, without hedgerow or meadow; a country of stones, black heather, and stunted broom.

45

TASK 1: Read the extract

TASK 2: Using lines 1-7, list four things from this part of the text about the weather in Cornwall. *Try to give four specific details with full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 2: How has the writer structured this text to interest the reader? Fill in the grid below, considering how the writing is sequenced and the effect of this structure/sequence on the reader. *One example is given*

Section of text	What is happening?	What is the impact of the order?
<i>Opening</i>		<i>By starting in this way</i>
<i>Shift to</i>		<i>By shifting to</i>
<i>Shift to</i>		<i>By shifting to</i>
<i>Ending</i>		<i>By ending in this way</i>

TASK 3: Focus your answer on the **second half of the source**, from line 18, which begins ‘The few passengers’, to the end of the source.

“The writer brings the very different characters to life for the reader. It is as if you are inside the coach with them.”

To what extent do you agree? *Use the grid below to find evidence which allows you to agree or disagree with different elements of the statement. Use the final column to add an analysis point.*

Statement	Agree?	Evidence	Analysis of evidence
<i>brings the very different characters to life</i>			
<i>It is as if you are inside the coach with them</i>			

An Important Painting

The extract is from *The Marriage Portrait* by Maggie O'Farrell, published in 2023 and set in 1561. In this section Lucrezia, a 16-year-old who has married a Duke, realises her husband is planning to kill her.

5 Lucrezia is taking her seat at the long dining table, which is polished to a watery gleam and spread with dishes, inverted cups, a woven circlet of fir. Her husband is sitting down, not in his customary place at the opposite end but next to her, close enough that she could rest her head on his shoulder, should she wish; he is unfolding his napkin and straightening a knife and moving the candle towards them both when it comes to her with a peculiar clarity, as if some coloured glass has been put in front of her eyes, or perhaps removed from them, that he intends to kill her.

10 She is sixteen years old, not quite a year into her marriage. They have travelled for most of the day, using what little daylight the season offers, leaving Ferrara at dawn and riding out to what he had told her was a hunting lodge, far in the north-west of the province.

15 But this is no hunting lodge, is what Lucrezia had wanted to say when they reached their destination: a high-walled edifice of dark stone, flanked on one side by dense forest and on the other by a twisting meander of the Po river. She would have liked to turn in her saddle and ask, why have you brought me here?

20 She said nothing, however, allowing her mare to follow him along the path, through dripping trees, over the arch-backed bridge and into the courtyard of the strange, fortified, star-shaped building, which seemed, even then, to strike her as peculiarly empty of people.

25 The horses have been led away, she has removed her sodden cloak and hat, and he has watched her do this, standing with his back to the blaze in the grate, and now he is gesturing to the country servants in the hall's outer shadows to step forward and place food on their plates, to slice the bread, to pour wine into their cups, and she is suddenly recalling the words of her sister-in-law, delivered in a hoarse whisper: You will be blamed.

30 Lucrezia's fingers grip the rim of her plate. The certainty that he means her to die is like a presence beside her, as if a dark-feathered bird of prey has alighted on the arm of her chair. This is the reason for their sudden journey to such a wild and lonely place. He has brought her here, to this stone fortress, to murder her.

35 Astonishment yanks her up out of her body and she almost laughs; she is hovering by the vaulted ceiling, looking down at herself and him, sitting at the table, putting broth and salted bread into their mouths. She sees the way he leans towards her, resting his fingers on the bare skin of her wrist as he says something; she watches herself nodding at him, swallowing the food, speaking some words about their journey here and the interesting scenery through which they passed, as if nothing at all is amiss between them, as if this is a normal dinner, after which they will retire to bed.

40 In truth, she thinks, still up by the cold, sweating stone of the hall's ceiling, the ride here from court was dull, through fields stark and frozen, the sky so heavy it seemed to droop, exhausted, on the tops of bare trees. Her husband had set the pace at a trot, mile after mile of jolting up and down in the saddle, her back aching, her legs rubbed raw by wet stockings. Even inside squirrel-lined gloves, her fingers, clutching the reins, had been rigid with cold, and the horse's mane was soon cast in ice. Her husband had ridden ahead, with two guards behind. As the city had given way to countryside, Lucrezia had wanted to spur her horse, to press her heels into its flank and feel its hoofs fly over the stones and soil, to move through the flat landscape of the valley at speed, but she knew she must not, that her place was behind or next to him, if invited, never in front, so on and on they trotted.

45 At the table, facing the man she now suspects will kill her, she wishes she had done it, that she had urged her mare into a gallop. She wishes she had streaked by him, cackling with transgressive glee, her hair and cloak lashing out behind her, hoofs flinging mud. She wishes she had turned the reins towards the distant hills, where she could have lost herself among the rocky folds and peaks, so that he could never find her.

TASK 1: Read the extract

TASK 2: Using lines 1-6, list four things you learn about Lucrezia's husband. *Try to give four specific details about the surroundings, in full clear sentences.*

1.

2.

3.

4.

TASK 2: How has the writer structured this text to interest the reader? Fill in the grid below, considering how the writing is sequenced and the effect of this structure/sequence on the reader. *One example is given*

<i>Section of text</i>	<i>What is happening?</i>	<i>What is the impact of the order?</i>
<i>Opening</i>		<i>By starting in this way</i>
<i>Shift to</i>		<i>By shifting to</i>
<i>Shift to</i>		<i>By shifting to</i>
<i>Ending</i>		<i>By ending in this way</i>

TASK 3: Focus your answer on the **second half of the source**, from line 14, which begins 'She said nothing', to the end of the source.

A student said, 'In this part of the story, was Lucrieza becomes more certain about her death and therefore more nervous towards her husband, he is presented as more sinister and controlling.'

To what extent do you agree? *Use the grid below to find evidence which allows you to agree or disagree with different elements of the statement. Use the final column to add an analysis point.*

<i>Statement</i>	<i>Agree?</i>	<i>Evidence</i>	<i>Analysis of evidence</i>
<i>Lucrieza is more certain about her death</i>			
<i>Lucrieza becomes more nervous</i>			
<i>He is presented as sinister</i>			
<i>He is presented as controlling</i>			

Wilfred Owen's Letters

The following letters were written by Wilfred Owen whilst in active service. Owen describes his experience of the weather during war, and what it was like during attacks.

4th February 1917 – To Susan Owen (his mum)

I have no mind to describe all the horrors of this last Tour. But it was almost worse than the first, because in this place my **Platoon** had no **Dug-Outs**, but had to lie in the snow under the deadly wind. By day it was impossible to stand up or even to crawl about because we were behind only a little up ridge screening us from the **Bosches'** periscope. We had 5 **Tommy** cookers between the Platoon, but they did not suffice to melt the ice in the water-cans. So we suffered cruelly from thirst.

The **marvel** is that we did not all die of cold. As a matter of fact, only one of my party actually froze to death before he got back, but I am not able to tell how may have ended in hospital. I had no real casualties from shelling, though for 10 minutes every hour **whizz-bangs** fell a few yards short of us. Showers of soil rained on us, but no fragments of shell could find us.

I had lost my gloves in a dug-out, but I found 1 mitten on the Field; I had my Trench Coat (without lining but with a Jerkin underneath). My feet ached until they could ache no more, and so they temporarily died. I was kept warm by the ardour of life within me. I forgot hunger in the hunger for Life. The intensity of your Love reached me and kept me living. I thought of you and Mary without break all the time. I cannot say I felt any fear. We were all half crazed by the buffeting of the High Explosives. I think the most unpleasant reflection that weighed on me was the impossibility of getting back any wounded, a total impossibility. All day impossible, and frightfully difficult by night.

We were **marooned** on a frozen desert. There is not a sign of life on the horizon and a thousand signs of death. Not a blade of grass, not an insect; once or twice a day the shadow of a big hawk scenting **carrion**.

I suppose I can endure cold, and fatigue, and the face to face death, as well as another; but extra for me there is the universal **pervasion** of Ugliness. Hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language, even from one's own mouth (for all are devil ridden). Everything is unnatural, broken, blasted; the distortion of the dead, whose unburiable bodes sit outside the dug-outs all day, all night, the most **execrable** sights on earth, In poetry we call them the most glorious, But to sit with them all day, all night ... and a week later to come back and find them still sitting there in motionless groups THAT is what **saps** the 'soldierly spirit.'

14th May 1917 – To Colin Owen (his brother)

Then we were caught in a Tornado of Shells. The various 'waves' were all broken up and we carried on like a crowd moving off a cricket field.

When I looked back and saw the ground all crawling and wormy with wounded bodies, I felt no horror at all but only an immense **exultation** at having got through the Barrage. We were more than an hour moving over the open and by the time we came to the German Trench every **Bosche** had fled. But a party of them had remained lying low in a wood close behind us, and they gave us a very bad time for the next four hours

Platoon: (n) group, squad
Dug-out: (n) trench, shelter

Bosche:(n)German soldiers
Tommy:(n)English soldiers

marvel: (n)wonder, miracle

whizz-bands: (n) shells

marooned: (v) abandoned

carrion: (n) rotting flesh

pervasion: (n) is present everywhere, diffusion

execrable: (adj) extremely bad, horrible, horrifying

saps: (v) drains away

exultation: (n) triumph, joy
Barrage: (n) attack, bombardment

TASK 1: Read the letters

Pay attention to what you learn about the soldier's experience of World War One.



TASK 2: Using lines 1-15, list four things you learn about the weather at war. Try to give four specific details about the weather, in full clear sentences.



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TASK 2: How does Owen use language to describe the landscape of war? Read the extract below, annotating valuable quotations.



We were marooned on a frozen desert. There is not a sign of life on the horizon and a thousand signs of death. Not a blade of grass, not an insect; once or twice a day the shadow of a big hawk scenting carrion.

I suppose I can endure cold, and fatigue, and the face to face death, as well as another; but extra for me there is the universal pervasion of Ugliness. Hideous landscapes, vile noises, foul language, even from one's own mouth (for all are devil ridden). Everything is unnatural, broken, blasted; the distortion of the dead

TASK 3: Finish the following sentence three times, using the examples



Owen presents the landscape of war as...

a horrific sight.

an abandoned, empty place

TASK 4: Choose one quotation to write a paragraph answering the question.

This is an analysis question – ensure you zoom in on methods and discuss the meanings created.



Blank writing area for task 4.

The Battle of Balaclava

The following extracts are taken from William Howard Russell's reports in *The Times*, published on 13 and 14 November 1854. He was the war correspondent for the newspaper at the time.

<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p> <p>35</p> <p>40</p> <p>45</p> <p>50</p>	<p>Lord Lucan with reluctance gave the order to Lord Cardigan to advance upon the guns, conceiving that his orders compelled him to do so. The noble Earl...also saw the fearful odds against him.</p> <p>At ten past eleven our Light Cavalry Brigade rushed to the front....The whole brigade scarcely made one effective regiment, according to the numbers of continental armies; and yet it was more than we could spare. As they passed towards the front, the Russians opened on them from the guns in the redoubts on the right, with volleys of musketry and rifles.</p> <p>They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses! Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! it was too true – their desperate valour knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so called better part – discretion. They advanced in two lines, quickening their pace as they closed towards the enemy. A more fearful spectacle was never witnessed than by those who, without the power to aid, beheld their heroic countrymen rushing to the arms of death. At the distance of 1200 yards the whole line of the enemy belched forth, from thirty iron mouths, a flood of smoke and flame, through which hissed the deadly balls. Their flight was marked by instant gaps in our ranks, by dead men and horses, by steeds flying wounded or riderless across the plain. The first line was broken – it was joined by the second, they never halted or checked their speed an instant. With diminished ranks, thinned by those thirty guns, which the Russians had laid with the most deadly accuracy, with a halo of flashing steel above their heads, and with a cheer which was many a noble fellow's death cry, they flew into the smoke of the batteries; but ere they were lost from view, the plain was strewed with their bodies and with the carcasses of horses. They were exposed to an oblique fire from the batteries on the hills on both sides, as well as to a direct fire of musketry.</p> <p>Through the clouds of smoke we could see their sabres flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. The blaze of their steel, as an officer standing near me said, was 'like the turn of a shoal of mackerel'. We saw them riding through the guns, as I have said; to our delight we saw them returning, after breaking through a column of Russian infantry, and scattering them like chaff, when the flank fire of the battery on the hill swept them down, scattered and broken as they were. Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale – demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.</p> <p>At the very moment when they were about to retreat, an enormous mass of lancers was hurled upon their flank...With courage too great almost for credence, they were breaking their way through the columns which enveloped them, when there took place an act of atrocitiy without parallel in the modern warfare of civilized nations. The Russian gunners, when the storm of cavalry passed, returned to their guns. They saw their own cavalry mingled with the troopers who had just ridden over them, and to the eternal disgrace of the Russian name the miscreants poured a murderous volley of grape and canister on the mass of struggling men and horses, mingling friend and foe in one common ruin...At twenty five to twelve not a British soldier, except the dead and dying, was left in front of these bloody Muscovite guns. Our loss, as far as it could be ascertained in killed, wounded and missing at two o'clock today, was as follows:</p> <p>Went into action: 607</p> <p>Returned from action: 198 Loss: 409</p>	<p>reluctance: (n) feelings of doubt, hesitation</p> <p>conceiving: (v) grasping</p> <p>compelled: (v) forced</p> <p>scarcely: (adv) hardly</p> <p>musketry: (n) guns</p> <p>splendour: (n) beauty</p> <p>valour: (n) bravery</p> <p>discretion: (n) caution</p> <p>beheld: (v) saw/looked</p> <p>steeds: (n) horses</p> <p>diminished: (v) reduced</p> <p>batteries: (g) guns</p> <p>strewed: (v) scattered</p> <p>oblique: (adj) indirect</p> <p>sabres: (n) swords</p> <p>shoal: (n) group of fish</p> <p>chaff: (n) the shell part which covers a seed, often thrown away</p> <p>flank: (n) side</p> <p>lancers: (n) a soldier on a horse with a lance (a long weapon)</p> <p>credence: (n) belief</p> <p>atrocitiy: (n) evil event</p> <p>mingled: (v) mixed</p> <p>miscreants (n) bad people</p> <p>foe: (n) enemy</p> <p>ascertained: (v) clarified</p>
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Modern war veterans

The following interview took place in 2019. Two American war veterans, Fidel GomezTorres, and Isiah James, explain how the war impacted them one they returned home.

On leaving the military and PTSD symptoms that followed

5 Isiah James: "I was **deployed** to Iraq two times and Afghanistan one time. My job in the Army was an 11 Bravo which is an **infantryman**. My first deployment was 15 months from October '06 to January '08. My second deployment was December '08 to December 2009. And my final deployment was June 2010 to May 2011. I was wounded in service. I loved being in the Army but not for the reasons you would think. I loved the **kinship** and the **camaraderie** and the brotherhood that it provided. And once I got hurt, I couldn't do it anymore. The Army medically retired me. So at 10 27 years old, I was literally a retiree. I didn't really deal with [PTSD] while I was in [the Army] because you're surrounded by ... like everybody is going through the same things. So you don't really want to **manifest** your problems on anybody else. But it's when you get outside the military, and the **civilian** world is a lot different, and you're on your own and you don't really have that support network there."

15 Fidel GomezTorres: "I joined in 2008. I had one deployment to Afghanistan. I spent 10 months in Kandahar. The deployment included a leg before and after, so total deployment time was 15 months. I was a builder so I was attached to a construction **battalion**. Much of the work that we were doing in Kandahar was expanding the airfield, building some facilities [and] expanding the facilities there. And I came back in 2011. I absolutely enjoyed my time deployed. I enjoyed my time in the Navy.

20 "In terms of when my PTSD started manifesting itself, it took me a really long time to give it a name. And I think that for me, I was just having a hard time [adjusting] when I returned. I was living in New York City at the time. New York City can be a very overwhelming city. I felt overly stimulated by everything that was going on and I started to realize that I carried a lot of anger. It would really bother me when 25 people would complain about how hot the subway was because I would always reference it back to where I just came from. So everything was always connected to where I had just came from. And in my head at that time, no one had any reason to complain about anything. But of course that's not the case. You know, sometimes we have bad days and people complain about it. So for me, I started noticing it in terms of my **temperament**, my anger. I was very quick to get upset and annoyed. It wasn't until last year when I actually started seeking treatment, so almost an eight-year journey to finally figuring out this is what it is. It's OK. This is what I need to do in order to make it better."

On feeling overwhelmed while readjusting to civilian life and PTSD

35 IJ: "I do have to remember that I am in the civilian world now because one thing, my wife, my lovely, lovely wife, we'll go outside and she'll be like, 'It's hot.' And I can remember back to the days of my first deployment, literally it was 130 degrees outside and we were going on eight-hour foot patrols. I always call, you know, our problems 'first world problems.' But yes, New York City can be a very 40 overstimulating place and I speak to the fact that I do my therapy at the VA near my house and it's helped me get over being in New York City a lot and spending time my wife is probably my main **therapeutic** thing."

45 IJ: "Mine was really severe. Mine was really, really bad. I would snap on anybody for any little thing and I'm a big guy. I'm 6 feet, 8 inches. I'm 300 pounds so I'm a very large individual. I would literally sit at home at night and just sit up all night, staring into the darkness, waiting for somebody to come through a door that wasn't coming through a door. When I knew I needed help was when I was younger and I was sitting in my bathroom on the floor with a giant bottle of scotch and a bottle of sleeping pills and just crying uncontrollably, not wanting to be here anymore, not wanting to live with this anymore because I have seen so much pain and so much 50 death and destruction throughout my deployments."

PTSD: Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, a disorder that develops in people who have witnessed traumatic events.

deployed: (v) moved into position, stationed

infantryman: (n) a foot soldier

kinship: (n) family

camaraderie: (n) friendship

manifest: (v) show

civilian: (adj) non-military

battalion: (n) military unit

temperament: (n) personality

therapeutic: (adj) medically helpful

A historical figure

The extract is from autobiography of Mary Seacole. Mary Seacole was a black nurse who asked the British War Office to be sent to the Crimean War to support the doctors. She was refused, so funded her own trip to Crimea and set up the British Hospital with Thomas Day. The soldiers called her 'Mother Seacole'.

5 I HOPE the reader will give me credit for the assertion that I am about to make, that I enter upon the particulars of this chapter with great reluctance; but I cannot omit them, for the simple reason that they strengthen my one and only claim to interest the public, viz., my services to the brave British army in the Crimea. But fortunately, I can follow a course which will not only render it unnecessary for me to sound my own trumpet, but will be more satisfactory to the reader. I can put on record the written opinions of those had ample means of judging and ascertaining how I fulfilled the great object which I had in view in leaving England for the Crimea; and before I do so, I must solicit my readers' attention to the position I held in the camp as doctress, nurse, and "mother."

10 I have never been long in any place before I have found my practical experience in the science of medicine useful. Even in London I have found it of service to others. And in the Crimea, where the doctors were so overworked, and sickness was so prevalent, I could not be long idle; for I never forgot that my intention in seeking the army was to help the kind-hearted doctors, to be useful to whom I have ever looked upon and still regard as so high a privilege.

15 But before very long I found myself surrounded with patients of my own, and this for two simple reasons. In the first place, the men (I am speaking of the "ranks" now) had a very serious objection to going into hospital for any but urgent reasons, and the regimental doctors were rather fond of sending them there; and, in the second place, they could and did get at my store sick-comforts and nourishing food, which the heads of the medical staff would sometimes find it difficult to procure. These reasons, with the additional one that I was very familiar with the diseases which they suffered most from, and

20 successful in their treatment (I say this in no spirit of vanity), were quite sufficient to account for the numbers who came daily to the British Hotel for medical treatment.

That the officers were glad of me as a doctress and nurse may be easily understood. When a poor fellow lay sickening in his cheerless hut and sent down to me, he knew very well that I should not ride up in answer to his message empty-handed. When we lie ill at home surrounded with

25 comfort, we never think of feeling any special gratitude for the sick-room delicacies which we accept as a consequence of our illness; but the poor officer lying ill and weary in his crazy hut, dependent for the merest necessities of existence upon a clumsy, ignorant soldier-cook, who would almost prefer eating his meat raw to having the trouble of cooking it.

Don't you think, reader, if you were lying, with parched lips and fading appetite, thousands of miles from mother, wife, or sister, loathing the rough food by your side, and thinking regretfully of that English home where nothing that could minister to your great need would be left untried - don't you think that you would welcome the familiar figure of the stout lady whose bony horse has just pulled up at the door of your hut, and whose panniers contain some cooling drink, a little broth, some homely cake, or a dish of jelly or blanc-mange.

35 I tell you, reader, I have seen many a bold fellow's eyes moisten at such a season, when a woman's voice and a woman's care have brought to their minds recollections of those happy English homes which some of them never saw again; but many did, who will remember their woman-comrade upon the bleak and barren heights before Sebastopol (a city in Crimea).

Then their calling me "mother" was not, I think, altogether unmeaning. I used to fancy that there was something homely in the word; and, reader, you cannot think how dear to them was the smallest thing that reminded them of home.

40 Some of my Crimean patients, who were glad of me as nurse and doctress, bore names familiar to all England, and perhaps, did I ask them, they would allow me to publish those names.

I have a book filled with hundreds of the names of those who came to me for medicines and other

45 aids; and never a train of sick or wounded men from the front passed the British Hotel but its hostess was awaiting them to offer comforts to the poor fellows, for whose suffering her heart bled.

