

(2)

My education was left to the street. The street taught me to swear, smoke, spit elegantly through my teeth and to keep my fists at the ready – a habit which I have to this day.

The street taught me not to be afraid of anything or anyone – this is another habit I have kept. I realised that what mattered in the struggle for life was to overcome my fear of those who were stronger.

The ruler of our street was a boy of about sixteen who was nicknamed Red. Red was big and broad-shouldered beyond his years. Red walked masterfully up and down our street, legs wide with a slightly rolling gait, like seaman on his deck. From under his cap, its peak always at the back of his head, the forelock, tumbled down in a fiery cascade, and, out of his round pock-marked face, green eyes, like a cat's sparkled with scorn for everything and everyone. Two or three lieutenants in peaked caps back to front like Red's, tripped at his heels.

(3)

Red could stop any boy and speak impressively the one word 'money'. His lieutenants would turn out the boy's pockets, and if he resisted they beat his up hard.

Everyone was afraid of Red. So was I. I knew he carried a heavy metal knuckle-duster in his pocket.

- (a) Is the narrator a child or an adult while narrating his childhood experience? 1
- (b) "My education was left to the street." Explain in one sentence. 1
- (c) What were the two habits that remained with him all his life? 1
- (d) What made Red look older than he really was? 2
- (e) Did Red intentionally dress and walk in the manner described? 2
- (f) Narrate the childhood experience of the writer in your own words. 3