QUESTION 2  Sample 1

The City of Istanbul, bathed in the warmth of the early morning sunlight. In the streets, shopkeepers lifted grunting garage doors and people rose for their early morning prayers. The sun acted on the city as it would a reptile, increasing activity and vigour with each passing moment. Distant, strident alleys were on the cobblestone footpath of one of the city's more ornate laneways, a woman walked with the nonchalance of a child. Down the intricate alleys of the city metropolis, could be heard the racket cacophony of children's mischief, sounded, as well as the echo of the lady's high-heeled footfalls on the footpath. Yet she did not hear any of this, not the laughter, nor the echo. Not the rustle of the wind on the asphalt it raced along the cobblestones anteriorly.

This woman, was deaf.

As was her usual routine, this lady, caucasian in complexion, with dark brown curly hair, high set eyebrows and strikingly deep, black eyes, rounded the corner of the leaning onto the main road, and sat at the cafe. She had always coffee at every morning for the last few months. The same male waiter served her the same
question 2 sample 1 continued

He approached her in accustomed silence and greeted her with a silent nod. He had been here several times before, bringing his usual truggache and salmon bagel, dutifully placing them on the "chic" wooden table. Wynn smiled, a generous tip, one last nod, and the lady was left alone to gaze into space and enjoy her breakfast as she always did. Around five months ago however, the lady had not been so familiar and how now a ever calm exterior was a portrait of a disillusionment.

When she had first arrived at Constantinople, the bodyguard had, not having been scheduled for a specialist appointment. It is a little known that some of the most advanced breakthroughs in treating deafness had been achieved in Turkey for the last decade. Although unable to help her disability, Caucasian lady had fallen in love with Istanbul's architecture, a mixture of East and West, a intriguing mesh of European and Arabian influence. Looking for change, she had spontaneously bought an old apartment and moved in. Hoping for a positive change of scenery, while the writer imagined it would be quite hard if you couldn't hear anything, let alone know anyone.
He was right, Caitlin’s unfamiliarity with the predominantly Islamic country and its Westerner was a minor problem, what troubled her more was her complete inability to interact with anyone, a void in her head signals perplexing to most. She had come to this ivy-lined café on a Sunday morning, a week into her moving. Visibly frazzled and exhausted, she had planted herself down in a chair, and started to sob uncontrollably.

"Excuse me ma’am?" he spoke in tones of broken English as he had been taught to do on the few days he attended school.

"You... you... okay? you alright?" no reaction.

He had placed a gentle palm on her tear-stained shoulder, that got a reaction. She snapped her head up, furiously expectant black eyes, moist with tears, boring into the young Westerner’s soul.

He felt sympathy, "What’s matter?"

"What’s matter?" but for Caitlin, only lips moved, tongueless flexed, but no speech. In a culmination of her anxiety and frustration, she had let out an echoing, blood-curdling scream.
The young Turkish waiter had shown kindness, and comfort to Caitlyn that day, taking her inside and fixing her a huggachine and a salmon bagel, he knew all Westerner liked house-made foods. Since she was absent-minded, he continued, he was a deep runner, and about aiming to her.

Childish stories that his deaf mother had once performed to him as a child, many years before.

Since that day Caitlyn had returned every morning. Sat, ate. Dreamed. With each passing day she took on an increasingly radiant appearance, her deep black eyes softening, betraying a mind at peace. Every day the waiter wondered what it would be like in her shoes, covering his ears with his palms so that every sound was a muffled blur.

Comment
This response engages perceptively with all aspects of the question. Image 5 is subtly embedded into the story. There is a skilful and evocative exploration of the effect of place and time in creating a sense of belonging. The exchange between Caitlyn and the waiter gives the story a sense of cohesion. The dialogue is used skilfully to give the story an authenticity. The representation of Istanbul adds a further dimension to the story with its rich imagery.