# Teacher Guide 2: Handout 1

Compare how being treated as an outsider at school is presented in these two extracts. You should consider:

* the situations and experiences faced by the characters
* how they react to these situations and experiences
* how the writers’ use of language and techniques creates effects.

**Extract 1 from: *Never Let Me Go* by Kazuo Ishiguro**

*Tommy has cut his elbow and the other pupils have convinced him that he has to be careful because his arm might ‘unzip’. In this extract, Kathy goes along with the lies that Tommy believes.*

‘I don’t trust any of the others,’ he said, holding up a thick ruler he wanted to use. ‘They might deliberately do it so it comes undone in the night.’

He was looking at me in complete innocence and I didn’t know what to say. A part of me wanted badly to tell him what was going on, and I suppose I knew that to do anything else would be to betray the trust we’d built up since the moment I’d reminded him about his polo shirt. And for me to strap up his arm in a splint would have meant my becoming one of the main perpetrators of the joke. I still feel ashamed I didn’t tell him then. But you’ve got to remember I was still young, and that I only had a few seconds to decide. And when someone’s asking you to do something in such a pleading way, everything goes against saying no.

I suppose the main thing was that I didn’t want to upset him. Because I could see, for all his anxiety about his elbow, Tommy was touched by all the concern he believed had been shown him. Of course, I knew he’d find out the truth sooner or later, but at that moment I just couldn’t tell him.

**Extract 2 from: *Ghostwritten* by David Mitchell**

*In this extract, Quasar wakes from a disturbing dream, which has triggered memories of a horrible time at school.*

I awoke early, not remembering where I was for the first few moments. Jigsaw pieces of my dream lay dropped around. There had been Mr Ikeda, my form room teacher from high school, and two or three of the worst bullies. I remembered that day when the bullies had got everyone in the class to pretend that I was dead. By afternoon it had spread through the whole school. Everyone pretended they couldn’t see me. When I spoke they pretended they couldn’t hear me. Mr Ikeda got to hear about it, and as a society-appointed guardian of young minds what did he take it upon himself to do? He conducted a funeral service for me during the final form room hour. He’d even lit some incense, and led the chanting and everything.

I was defenceless. I sobbed and screamed at them to stop, but nobody saw me. I was dead.