

1 Just past eight o'clock on the last morning of November, the mountain began to shake. Feyiz froze, breath catching in
his throat as he put his hands out to steady himself, waiting for the tremor to end. Instead it worsened. His client
shouted at him in German, a language he did not speak. One of the men panicked and began to scream and the others
5 as if the devil himself were burrowing up through the heart of the mountain to reach them. They stood on the summit,
vivid blue sky rolling out forever before them, the frigid air crisp and pure. An idyllic morning on Mount Ararat, if the
world had not begun to tear itself apart.

"Down!" Feyiz shouted. "Get down!" He dropped his trekking poles and sank to his knees on the icy snowpack. Grabbing
the pick that hung at his hip, he sank it into the ice and wondered if the six men and three women in this group could
even hear him over the throaty roar of the rumbling mountain. The Germans mimicked his actions.

10 On his knees, holding on and hoping the snowpack did not give way, Feyiz tried not to count the seconds. The Germans
shouted at one another. One woman wore a wide grin, her eyes alight with a manic glee as she revelled in terror of the
moment.

15 A man grabbed his arm. Thin face, prominent cheekbones, eyes like the sky. "How long will it last?" he demanded in his
thick accent. As if this sort of thing happened all the time. As if a mountain guide could live to be thirty-two years old
on a mountain that shook itself apart with predictable regularity. Feyiz only stared at him, then pressed his eyes closed
and prayed, not only for his wife and their four sons down in the village of the Hakob, but for anyone waiting in Camp
Two. Here at the summit, all was snow and ice, but the terrain at Camp Two was nothing but piles of massive volcanic
rock, and he did not want to think what might happen if a slide began.

"Twenty seconds!" one woman shouted in English, staring at Feyiz. "How much longer?"

20 He held his breath as the mountain bucked beneath them, the roar filling the sky. Eyes open now, he stared at the peak
of Little Ararat in the distance. His heart thumped inside his chest as if it were suffering aquake of its own.

The ice popped, and a massive fissure opened, the sound like a cannon. One of the Germans began to pray loudly, as if
God needed him to shout to hear him over the thunder of the quake.

Q1 Read again lines 1 - 6

List four things that you learn about the character of Feyiz

Q2 Look in detail at lines 20 - 24

Explore how the writer uses language to describe the disaster?

Q3 - How has the writer used structure to interest you as the reader?

Q4 - A student having read lines 10 to the end stated 'I felt fear for the characters in the
extract' To what extent do you agree with the statement?