

## 'Billionaire Beach'

An iron chain fence cornered off the beach. Out on the water patrol boats circle; onboard the patrolmen armed with automatic rifles sit poised, binoculars loose around their necks. They watch a screen linked to dozens of infrared night vision cameras hidden in trees that line the beach; their silent eyes gazing mutely. Paradise was closely guarded.

- 5 On the shore, only the most privileged flip flops were permitted to tread. Hampers made up of caviar and lobster were commonplace. When you spend £30k for an hour in paradise, you don't pack a couple of sandy sandwiches and a flask of tea. Butlers wait on pampered owners; they recline on sun loungers, basking in their own wealth.

The last beach in the world.

- 10 Typical day: aristocratic families with designer beachwear; older women in unflattering swimming costumes decorated with cosmetic surgery scars; businessmen showing off to clients just how wealthy their company was. Tucked in one corner was a younger couple, totally incongruous in their poverty. Their appearance drew sneers from the security patrolman; he had not let them out of his sight since they arrived on the billionaire beach.

- 15 "Papers," the patrolman barked. It wasn't a question. The young woman didn't hesitate; a quick search for her purse and she produced her identification papers. The young man was less compliant. His face creased in contempt at the indignity of the order. Although anyone can be asked for their papers at any time, to be asked was an indication of suspected illegitimacy.

- 20 The young woman had her papers returned. Defiant and angry, the young man folded his arms. The patrolman stood casting his shadow across them. Sharp words; sharp tones. Yes, he had papers. No, he won't produce them. No, we won't leave. No. Stalemate. By now the other families had stopped what they were doing to stare. A cloud passed over the sun and the young woman pulled a cardigan over her shoulders, suddenly feeling exposed.

- 25 "I don't see why you're asking me?" The young man's voice rose in a question. The patrolman was unmoved. He disdainfully stared, and moved his hand to his holster with malevolent nonchalance.

The patrolmen in the boats had been watching in interest, but now they took action. The water churned white as they cut through the waves and headed towards the shore. From their megaphones came instructions for the couple to leave, immediately.

- 30 The woman was crimson in shame. Scrabbling in the sand for her belongings, she tried to tug on his elbow, but he was a statue. Feet planted firmly in the ground. He would not move. He had, he insisted, as much right to be there as anyone else.

A helicopter whirled overhead...for a moment he faltered, weighing up the consequences of what could happen next, and put his hands in his pockets where he kept his papers.

"Gun!"

- 35 He didn't know who shouted it, he didn't know who shot.

Fortunately, the bloody sand was cleared away before the next customers arrived.

**'Billionaire Beach' questions**

**Q1 Read lines 1 – 4**

List five things you learn about the beach.

**Q2 Read lines 5 – 14**

How does the writer use language to show that this beach was special?

**Q3 - How has the writer structured the text to interest the reader?**

**Read lines 26 - 36**

**Q4 - Use the whole extract**

A teacher having read the extract stated that they like the way tension builds through extract.