***Hello year 9!***

***Please submit today’s work on the Microsoft Forms link:*** [***https://forms.office.com/Pages/ResponsePage.aspx?id=zz3XjXy17EC3-HVbUS2fe6uGt9we-LRDj0OSeP01ozZUNktFQkdEU0E1WUtENzlUUFFRSDdCUlYzWi4u***](https://forms.office.com/Pages/ResponsePage.aspx?id=zz3XjXy17EC3-HVbUS2fe6uGt9we-LRDj0OSeP01ozZUNktFQkdEU0E1WUtENzlUUFFRSDdCUlYzWi4u)

***Think back to your last piece of work- what kind of car would the American soldier win if he won the bet? Do you think it’s worth it?***

*We followed him into the annex and up one flight of stairs. He unlocked his door and we all trooped into what was a large pleasant double bedroom. There was a woman's dressing gown lying across the bottom of one of the beds.*

*"First," he said, "we'ave a little Martini."*

*The drinks were on a small table in the far corner, all ready to be mixed, and there was a shaker and ice and plenty of glasses. He began to make the Martini, but meanwhile he'd rung the bell and now there was a knock on the door and a colored maid came in.*

*"Ah!" he said, putting down the bottle of gin, taking a wallet from his pocket and pulling out a pound note. "You will do something for me now, pleess." He gave the maid the pound.*

*"You keep dat," he said. "And now we are going to play a little game in here and I want you to go off and find for me two-no three tings. I want some nails; I want a hammer, and I want a chopping knife, a butcher's chopping knife which you can borrow from de kitchen. You can get, yes?"*

*"A chopping knife!" The maid opened her eyes wide and clasped her hands in front of her. "You mean a real chopping knife?"*

*"Yes, yes, of course. Come on now, pleess. You can find dose tings surely for me."*

*"Yes, sir, I'll try, sir. Surely I'll try to get them." And she went.*

*The little man handed round the Martinis. We stood there and sipped them, the boy with the long freckled face and the pointed nose, bare-bodied except for a pair of faded brown bathing shorts; the English girl, a large-boned, fair-haired girl wearing a pale blue bathing suit, who watched the boy over the top of her glass all the time; the little man with the colorless eyes standing there in his immaculate white suit drinking his Martini and looking at the girl in her pale blue bathing dress. I didn't know what to make of it all. The man seemed serious about the bet and he seemed serious about the business of cutting off the finger. But hell, what if the boy lost? Then we'd have to rush him to the hospital in the Cadillac that he hadn't won. That would be a fine thing. Now wouldn't that be a really fine thing? It would be a damn silly unnecessary thing so far as I could see.*

*"Don't you think this is rather a silly bet?" I said.*

*"I think it's a fine bet," the boy answered. He had already downed one large Martini.*

*"I think it's a stupid, ridiculous bet," the girl said. "What'll happen if you lose?"*