**\*You will receive the extract the morning of the test along with the section A reading questions 1-2.**

**Extract from *Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal*? By Jeanette Winterson (literary non-fiction, 2012)**

*Jeanette Winterson wrote a semi-autobiographical novel called Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit. Here, in her autobiography, Winterson recalls the argument she had with her mother about the book she wrote*

For most of my life I’ve been a bare-knuckle fighter. The one who wins is the one who hits the hardest. I learned early never to cry. If l was locked out overnight I sat on the doorstep till the milkman came, drank both pints, left the empty bottles to enrage my mother, and walked to school.

We always walked. We had no car and no bus money. For me, the average was five miles a day: two miles for the round trip to school; three miles for the round trip to church.

Church was every night except Thursdays.

I wrote about some of these things in Oranges, and when it was published, my mother sent me a furious note in her immaculate copperplate handwriting demanding a phone call.

We hadn‘t seen each other for several years. I had left Oxford, was scraping together a life, and had written Oranges young — I was twenty-five when it was published.

I went to a phone box — I had no phone. She went to a phone box — she had no phone.

I dialled the Accrington code and number as instructed, and there she was — who needs Skype? I could see her through her voice, her form solidifying in front of me as she talked.

She was a big woman, tallish and weighing around twenty stone. Surgical stockings, flat sandals, a Crimplene dress and a nylon headscarf. She would have done her face powder (keep yourself nice), but not lipstick (fast and loose).

She filled the phone box. She was out of scale, larger than life. She was like a fairy story where size is approximate and unstable. She loomed up. She expanded. Only later, much later, too late, did I understand how small she was to herself. The baby nobody picked up.

But that day she was borne up on the shoulders of her own outrage. She said. ‘It’s the first time I’ve had to order a book in a false name.’

I tried to explain what I had hoped to do. I am an ambitious writer.

Mrs Winterson was having none of it. She knew full well that writers were sex-crazed bohemians who broke the rules and didn‘t go out to work. Books had been forbidden in our house and so for me to have written one, and had it published, and had it win a prize …

The pips — more money in the slot — and I’m thinking, as her voice goes in and out like the sea, ‘Why aren’t you proud of me?’

**Winterson. J, Why Be Happy When You Could Be Normal?, (2012), Vintage, Random House, London, pp.2-4.**