

Chunking Drill 2

Extract from the 'Grapes of Wrath'
By John Steinbeck

The family huddled on the platforms, silent and fretful.
The water was six inches deep in the car before the flood
spread evenly over the embankment and moved into the
cotton-field on the other side. During that day and night
the men slept soddenly, side by side on the box-car floor.

And Ma lay close to Rose of Sharon. Ma whispered to her
and sometimes sat up quietly, her face brooding.
Under the blanket she hoarded the remains of the bread store.

The rain had become intermittent now, little wet squalls and quiet times.
On the morning of the second day Pa splashed through the camp
and came back with ten potatoes in his pockets. Ma watched him,
sullenly, while he chopped out part of the inner wall of the car,
built a fire, and scooped water into a pan.

The family ate the steaming boiled potatoes with their fingers.
And when this last food was gone, they stared at the grey water,
and in the night they did not lie down for a long time.
When the morning came they awakened nervously. Rose of Sharon
whispered to Ma. Ma nodded her head. 'Yes,' she said. 'It's time for it.'

Record your time here:

First time seconds
Second time seconds
Third time seconds
Fourth time seconds