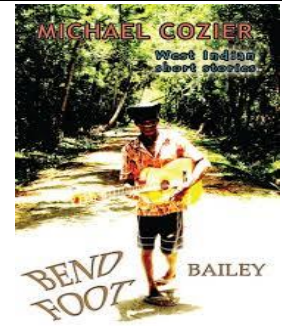


**“The Strong Angel” – ‘Bendfoot Bailey’ by Michael Cozier**

Earliest memories of my parents were ones of overflowing love. Obedience, good manners and virtuous things were taught to me gently, never by harsh words or the use of a whip. I grew into a confident teenager because of their immense love and guidance. At sixteen years of age I would still leave my room in the middle of the night, diving between the two of them and having a cozy sleep until daybreak. Sometimes in the rainy season, when tropical thunderstorms would obliterate midnight’s silence and lightning would turn the black of night into day, they would come into my room and cover me with a blanket and each would lie on either side of me and spend the night. Me a big, sixteen-year-old boy, pretending to be asleep, but wide awake, basking in the love of these two beautiful people. We were inseparable, the three of us.

**Excerpt taken from ‘The strong angel’ by Michael Cozier**

**“The Strong Angel” – ‘Bendfoot Bailey’ by Michael Cozier**



**Instructions: Please choose one (1) word from the options given and fill in the blanks.**

Earliest \_\_\_\_\_ of my parents were ones of overflowing love. Obedience, good manners and  
**(tragedies, memories)**

\_\_\_\_\_ things were taught to me gently, never by harsh \_\_\_\_\_ or the use of a whip. I grew  
**(negative, virtuous) (attitudes, words)**

into a \_\_\_\_\_ teenager because of their immense love and guidance. At sixteen years of age  
**(confident, timid)**

I would still leave my \_\_\_\_\_ in the middle of the night, diving between the two of them and  
**(apartment, room)**

having a \_\_\_\_\_ sleep until daybreak. Sometimes in the \_\_\_\_\_ season, when tropical  
**(cozy, troubling) (dry, rainy)**

\_\_\_\_\_ would obliterate midnight’s silence and lightning would turn the black of \_\_\_\_\_  
**(thunderstorms, waves) (day, night)**

into day, they would \_\_\_\_\_ into my room and cover me with a \_\_\_\_\_ and each would lie on  
**(leave, come) (towel, blanket)**

either side of me and spend the night. Me a big, sixteen-year-old boy, pretending to be \_\_\_\_\_,  
**(alert, asleep)**

but wide \_\_\_\_\_, basking in the love of these two \_\_\_\_\_ people. We were \_\_\_\_\_, the  
**(awake, asleep) (cruel, beautiful) (inseparable, broken)**

three of us.

**Excerpt taken from ‘The strong angel’ by Michael Cozier**

