

Read this text and complete the questions. Remember to listen to the presentation on zoom first.

Carnival

My first memory of carnival was not a nice one though. A bizarre, towering monster costume came dancing up to me. I stopped. I froze. I didn't know what to do. Finally, gathering all my strength, I sprinted away from the vulgar sight. Violent reds and frightening blues flashed past me as I weaved in and out of the huge variety of costumes. I ran into the house, and hid under the bed.

A few minutes earlier and it had all been so different. Stuffing my mouth with the creamy, spicy sensation of one of Trinidad's favourite dishes: calaloo, I had a smile on my face and Sandra's hand in mine. "That's deh best!" the chef had grinned as he poured the gloopy goodness onto my plate. I paused and breathed it all in: the colourful, carnival extravaganza. In front of me, a steel band entertained the crowd, the locals nodding their heads and jumping up in time to the music. Grinning, Sandra had looked me in the eye and started to sway her hips. "Come on," she'd said, "let's go check out the costumes".

That's when it happened. The disgusting terror had waltzed up to me, pouring its disgusting face into mine. It had taken years before I ever went to carnival again.