

READING PASSAGE

This passage is set in Nazi-occupied Holland in 1944, towards the end of World War II, a time of great hunger. Dart and Tamar are two Dutch soldiers staying in a farm owned by grandmother Oma (who is unable to speak) and her granddaughter Marijke. Britain and Holland fought on the same side in this war.

The chicken stew contained chunks of carrot and potato and translucent segments of onion; the meat was slightly fibrous but good. They sucked it from the bones and wiped their plates clean with bread that Marijke had made with the British flour. Oma sat back and sighed with pleasure, or perhaps exhaustion, when she had eaten half of what was on her plate.

After a silent and contented interval, Tamar lifted the Christmas pudding from the pan. He made a comedy of unwrapping it from the hot cloth, dancing about and blowing on his fingertips. He finally got it onto a warm plate and brought it to the table; it was dark chocolatey brown and glistened stickily. Oma and Marijke peered at it with deep suspicion.

Marijke said, "If it's disgusting we can have baked apples instead."

"Of course it won't be disgusting," Tamar said. "It'll be delicious. It was probably made from the finest ingredients by the head chef of the Ritz Hotel in London. Do you think the RAF would send one of their planes through hellfire to deliver a nasty pudding? Now then, pass me the brandy." He filled a serving spoon and heated it in the flame of a candle. "Here we go."

A lick of flame ran over the surface of the liquid. Tamar emptied the spoon onto the hot pudding and, for just a few seconds, it wore a transparent cloak of flickering blue fire. Marijke laughed and applauded. Oma, alarmed and wide-eyed, put her hands to her chest as if she had witnessed one of the devil's prettier tricks.

Tamar served thick wedges of the pudding into gold-edged bowls. He stared at Marijke, smiling, waiting for her to try it first. She made a comical face, then, like someone doing something brave and possibly suicidal, slid a spoonful into her mouth. The others watched and waited. Dart saw the tip of her tongue lick traces of taste from her lips. Her eyes closed and her mouth moved thoughtfully. Then she swallowed, and carefully put the spoon down.

"Well," Tamar said, "what do you think?"

Marijke waggled her hand beside her face like someone who had been told an outrageous piece of gossip. "It is a scandal," she said, very seriously, "to have so many things in one pudding." Then she smiled delightedly. "It is incredible. Have some; have some!"

They ate, making little groans of pleasure.

"Raisins," Tamar said. "And almonds, are they?" He lifted a plump little chunk of something red from his dish. "What is this, Marijke?"

"Some sort of preserved cherry, I think. I can taste things I thought I'd never taste again."

40 “Nutmeg,” Dart said. “Mmm . . . figs, too. Amazing. Where did they get all this stuff? I never saw any of it in England.”

 “It would be wonderful with cream,” Marijke sighed. “Can you imagine?”

45 Oma, chewing busily, waved her hand in a dismissive gesture: what they had in their dishes was sinful enough without cream.

 Dart made a startled sound and the others looked at him. Frowning, he took something small and flat from his mouth.

 “What have you got there?”

50 Dart held the object nearer the candle. “It’s a coin. British, but I’ve never seen one like it before.” He peered at it. “It’s old. The date is eighteen something.”

 “Ah, I know what this is. You’re lucky tonight, my friend.”

 “Damn right. I could have choked on it.”

55 Tamar laughed. “True. This is one of those crazy English customs. They put a little silver coin in the Christmas pudding, and the person who finds it gets to make a wish. Guaranteed to come true. Never fails.”

 “What a nice idea,” Marijke said. “So go on, Dart. What are you going to wish for?”

60 Tamar laid a hand on her wrist. “No, no. Dart mustn’t tell us. It has to be a secret wish, or it won’t work.”

 They all watched Dart, smiling and expectant.

