**AO2 Mastery Test - Structure**

**Write a response to the answer: how has the writer structured this text to interest you as a reader? Use the scaffold to help you.**

***This extract, taken from a short story called The Mystery of the Khaki Tunic, describes a detective being told about a case that he once solved.***

I cannot pretend to say how it all happened: I can but relate what occurred, leaving those of my friends who are versed in psychic matters to find a plausible explanation for the fact that on that horrible foggy afternoon I chanced to walk into that blameless tea-shop at that particular hour. Now I had not been inside a tea-shop for years and I had practically ceased to think of the Man in the Corner― the weird, spook-like creature with the baggy trousers, the huge horn-rimmed spectacles, and the thin claw-like hands that went on fidgeting, fidgeting, fidgeting, with a piece of string, tying it with nervy deliberation into innumerable and complicated knots.

And yet when I walked into that tea-shop and saw him sitting in the corner by the fire, I was hardly conscious of surprise; but I did not think that he would recognise me. So I sat down at the next table to him, and when I thought that he was most intent on fidgeting with his piece of string, I stole surreptitious glances at him. The last twenty years seemed to have passed him by; he was just the same; his hair was of the same colourless, lank texture and still lay plastered across his bald, pointed cranium, his pale eyes were no paler, his face no more wrinkled, his fingers were just as agile and restless as they had been when I last saw him twenty years ago.

Then all at once he spoke, just as he used to do, in the same cracked voice, with the dry, ironic chuckle.

“One of the most interesting cases it has ever been my good fortune to investigate,” he said.

I had not realised that he had seen me, and I gave such a startled jump that I spilt half a cup of tea on my frock. With a long, bony finger he was pointing to a copy of the Express Post which lay beside his plate, and, almost against my will, my eyes wandered to the flaming headline: “The Mystery of the Khaki Tunic.” Then I looked up enquiringly at my pixy-like interlocutor. His watery blue eyes contemplated me through his horn-rimmed spectacles and his thin, colourless lips smiled on me with placid benevolence. It never occurred to me to make a conventional little speech about the lapse of time since last we met; for the moment, I had the feeling as if I had seen him the day before yesterday. “You are still interested in criminology then?” I asked.

“More than ever,” he replied with a bland smile, “and this case has given me some of the most delightful moments I have ever experienced in connection with my studies. I have watched the police committing one blunder after another, and today when they are completely baffled, and the public has started to write letters to the papers about another undetected crime and another criminal at large. I am having the time of my life.”

“Of course you have made up your mind,” I retorted with what I felt was withering sarcasm.

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| The **opening** of the extract | In the extract’s opening, the writer establishes |
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| This forces us to question |
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| The **development** of the extract | As the extract develops, the focus shifts to |
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| The writer is trying to |
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| The **ending** of the extract | At the extract ends, the focus is |
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| Here, the writer is deliberately trying to |
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