

Handout for Arvon Masterclass May 2021
“The Art of Hooking a Reader”
John-Paul Flintoff

<https://flintoff.org/arvonmasterclass2021>

Prince Charles paid tribute to his father last night highlighting his “remarkable, devoted service to the Queen” as details of the Duke of Edinburgh’s funeral plans emerged, including Prince Philip’s special request that his coffin be borne on a Land Rover.

Speaking at Highgrove the Prince

Boris Johnson's government is resisting growing calls to hold a special crisis summit with Dublin to address rising tensions in Northern Ireland – amid growing international anxiety about a return to sectarian violence.

A former ambassador to Uzbekistan who unlawfully published details about the identities of female witnesses from the Alex Salmond trial has vowed to fight a judge's decision to give him an eight-month prison sentence.

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2 The FTSE 100 endured its worst day in almost three months as heightened concern over inflation triggered a sell-off in global equities amid apprehension that central banks will be forced to scale back their vast economic support packages and possibly raise the cost of borrowing. **Page 35**

After last summer's fiasco the education secretary was determined to appear reassuring when he finally announced earlier this year that exams in 2021 would be cancelled. For once he sounded

Everyone has warned me not to tell you what I am going to tell you in this last book. They all say 'the ordinary reader

There is a story about a schoolboy who was asked what he thought God was like. He replied that, as far as he could make out, God was 'the sort of person who...'

I now go back to what I said at the end of the first chapter, that there were two odd things about the human race. First, that

A FEW YEARS AGO an elderly friend of mine was being examined in a British hospital for possible brain damage. A psychiatrist catechized her patronizingly. 'Can you tell me what

YOU DON'T OFTEN meet someone who has lost a million pounds. Even more rarely, someone who will mention

ON A DULL and edgily damp Saturday afternoon in mid-March, that time of year when the presumptuous prunus blossom is about to be snubbed by winter's last revengeful frost, a world-famous, Oscar-winning actress rang my doorbell and introduced herself. She was miked up, and there was a TV

I WAS ONCE WAITING for a plane at Heathrow, sitting in one of those bland pieces of space designed to turn the anxious into docile, processable units. Opposite me, an equally

IN MAY 1979, when Margaret Thatcher formed her first Cabinet, she and her ministers sat for the traditional school photo. Twenty-four men, plus one central woman, lined up beneath the dewdrop chandelier, Axminster at their feet, Gainsborough behind them. Twenty-four men trying, variously, to exude *gravitas*, to look youthfully dynamic, to dissemble serious