

Passage 1

Kamala Harris' Victory Speech

All the women who have worked to secure and protect the right to vote for over a century: 100 years ago with the 19th Amendment, 55 years ago with the Voting Rights Act, and now, in 2020, with a new generation of women in our country who cast their ballots and continued the fight for their fundamental right to vote and be heard.

Tonight, I reflect on their struggle, their determination and the strength of their vision – to see what can be unburdened by what has been – and I stand on their shoulders.

And what a testament it is to Joe's character that he had the audacity to break one of the most substantial barriers that exists in our country and select a woman as his vice president.

But while I may be the first woman in this office, I will not be the last.

Because every little girl watching tonight sees that this is a country of possibilities. And to the children of our country, regardless of your gender, our country has sent you a clear message:

Dream with ambition, lead with conviction, and see yourselves in a way that others may not, simply because they've never seen it before.

But know that we will applaud you every step of the way.

And to the American people:

No matter who you voted for, I will strive to be a vice president like Joe was to President Obama, loyal, honest, and prepared, waking up every day thinking of you and your family. Because now is when the real work begins.

The hard work. The necessary work. The good work. The essential work to save lives and beat this epidemic.

To rebuild our economy so it works for working people.

To root out systemic racism in our justice system and society.

To combat the climate crisis.

To unite our country and heal the soul of our nation.

And the road ahead will not be easy.

But America is ready. And so are Joe and I.

(334 words)

from Vice President-elect Kamala Harris' victory speech on Saturday, Nov. 7, 2020, in Wilmington, Delaware.

Passage 2

Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows

The sword clanged as Ron dropped it. He had sunk to his knees, his head in his arms. He was shaking, but not, Harry realised, from cold. Harry crammed the broken locket into his pocket, knelt down beside Ron and placed a hand, cautiously, on his shoulder. He took it as a good sign that Ron did not throw it off.

‘After you left,’ he said in a low voice, grateful for the fact that Ron’s face was hidden, ‘she [Hermione] cried for a week. Probably longer, only she didn’t want me to see. There were loads of nights when we never even spoke to each other. With you gone . . .’

He could not finish; it was only now that Ron was here again that Harry fully realised how much his absence had cost them.

‘She’s like my sister,’ he went on. ‘I love her like a sister and I reckon she feels the same way about me. It’s always been like that. I thought you knew.’

Ron did not respond, but turned his face away from Harry and wiped his nose noisily on his sleeve. Harry got to his feet again and walked to where Ron’s enormous rucksack lay, yards away, discarded as Ron had run towards the pool to save Harry from drowning. He hoisted it on to his own back and walked back to Ron, who clambered to his feet as Harry approached, eyes bloodshot but otherwise composed.

‘I’m sorry,’ he said in a thick voice. ‘I’m sorry I left. I know I was a – a –’

He looked around at the darkness, as if hoping a bad enough word would swoop down upon him and claim him.

‘You’ve sort of made up for it tonight,’ said Harry. ‘Getting the sword. Finishing off the Horcrux. Saving my life.’

‘That makes me sound a lot cooler than I was,’ Ron mumbled.

‘Stuff like that always sounds cooler than it really was,’ said Harry. ‘I’ve been trying to tell you that for years.’

(335 words)