

## Extract from 'The Apple Tree' by Daphne du Maurier

Once more he struggled to release his foot, swearing and sobbing as he did so. It was no use. (He could not move.) Exhausted, he laid his head upon his arms, and wept. He sank deeper, ever deeper into the snow, and when a stray piece of brushwood, cold and wet, touched his lips, it was like a hand, hesitant and timid feeling its way towards him in the darkness.

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