

Read the following extract carefully and then answer the questions which follow. The extract (in edited form) is taken from *The Pupil* by Caro Fraser.

Background to the extract:

Anthony Cross has a holiday job as a porter in Spitalfields market in London.

Wednesday was not going well for Anthony Cross. His day had begun at 4 a.m., and it was now nearly nine. It had been drizzling steadily since the first grey shadows of dawn had crept over the city, and the lanes and alleyways around Spitalfields market were glistening with rain and vegetable refuse. The great steel barn of the fruit market echoed with the shouts of porters, the whinings of forklift trucks, the crashing of crates and the tramp of feet.

While Anthony hauled crates and tallied sacks of onions, Mr Mant, his boss, would emerge regularly from the cracked wooden den that he called his office and shuffle across to the café with his little stainless steel teapot. There it would be filled, and Mr Mant, small and dark and bent and unwashed, would make his way back to the office with his tea and doughnut. He never offered to share his tea with Anthony.

It was the mere fact of the steady rain that made Anthony's life so miserable. Wheeling the heavy handcart, with its iron-rimmed wheels, in and out of the market, he had become drenched. There was nothing waterproof he could wear without sweating horribly, and now he could feel the damp seeping in under his jersey, through his shirt and into his skin, blotting and chilling him. The rain made the cobbles slippery, and a treacherous film of muck and rotten vegetable matter lay everywhere. Anthony's working gloves had become sodden and unmanageably heavy, forcing him to discard them, and now his hands were chafed from tiny splinters on the sides of the raw wooden pallet. Anthony pondered the dreadful possibility of spending one's entire life as a market porter. With a sigh, he turned to his final distasteful task of the morning, the disposal of five rotten bags of potatoes.

Suddenly he heard the voice of his friend Len in the distance. " 'Allo, Tone," Len said nonchalantly. "Fancy some grub?"

Anthony's mouth watered at the thought of a mushroom omelette and fried bread, washed down by a large cup of hot, sweet coffee. He nodded and they set off through the rain to the café. Len's great ambition in life, ever since he had first come to work at the market at the age of sixteen, had been to drive a forklift truck. He regarded Anthony with a mix of admiration (for his obvious intelligence) and pity (for his inability to appreciate the finer things in life, such as Millwall Football Club). Their discussions were normally limited to cars and television programmes.

Len was watching Anthony speculatively as he mopped up the last of his mushroom omelette. "'Ow long more are you working 'ere, then, Tone?" Anthony looked up. "I don't know. Not much longer. Until I finish my apprenticeship for becoming a barrister." Len's interest slipped away from Anthony and his career, and moved on to more immediate interests. "You fancy coming to a disco in Hackney tonight?" Anthony shook his head; he had never yet accepted one of Len's invitations, but he was touched that Len continued to issue them. "I can't. I've got to go to see my father," he said. And then sighed, thinking of his father and wishing that he could go to Hackney, after all.

Read the extract above and answer this question.

How does the writer show that Anthony dislikes his holiday job in the market so much?

Support your answer by reference to the language used.