

Read carefully the following passage and then answer the question below.

Stranded on Vanuatu

Cash Peters is a British journalist living in America. Here he is on a remote South Sea Island making a TV programme.

Despite the hotel being a mere few feet from the water's edge, where you'd think there'd be a breeze, there isn't. The air in the main bar-lounge is unbearably hot and sticky, another harbinger, I suppose, of what lies ahead. Seriously, you could steam broccoli in here. And of course, that makes the place a magnet to flies. Bluebottles especially. Big chubby ones carve a zigzag path between tables, coming in to land like ghastly winged tumours in my hair and on my bare arms to get at my sweat.

Settling down in a chair on the deck, I watch the sun slide dramatically into the ocean in a tantrum of citrus hues, before finally throwing itself over the horizon. In its wake a dense, hostile darkness descends, the likes of which I've never encountered before.

Once the light fades in Vanuatu, you're as good as blind. It's coal-shaft black out there. Ghoulishly, back-of-your-closet black. Convulsing flames in small kerosene lamps distributed among tables in the restaurant do their best to provide occasional golden pockets of reassurance, but it's not enough to make the slightest dent on the monolithic emptiness of the world beyond this one.

At my feet, a lazy surf gurgles and eddies into rocky inlets barely visible through the gauze of night. After that, several yards out and just below the surface, lies a ring of coral one hundred metres deep. Then nothing. You don't touch land again for another four thousand miles - four thousand! - not until you hit the Great Barrier Reef. That fact alone has me totally creeped out.

With the onset of night, I feel a slight chill skitter across the back of my neck. A fleeting, barely perceptible breath, like the icy touch of winter.

A warning? Telling me I've committed to something I shouldn't have.

'You idiot, signing that goddamned contract! You know you didn't want to. Now look at the mess you're in.'

Suddenly, the world I'm used to and feel comfortable in - of leafy suburbs, of food stores open around the clock, movie theatres, Starbucks on every corner, my beautiful home - feels like it's in a different galaxy.

Once, when I was a little kid in England, I lost my parents in a department store. They walked off in one direction and I got side-tracked and ran off in another. Before I realised I couldn't see them anymore, it was already too late; they'd gone and I was lost.

Every child has moments like that. Most, by the time they get to be adults, have assimilated them and moved on. For some reason, I never did. That sense of abject

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abandonment, the helplessness, the distress I felt sitting in the rug department crying my eyes out that day, has stayed with me all these years: the dread of going unmissed, the fear that nobody knows I'm here, nobody cares, and nobody's coming back for me. And that same thumbprint of anxiety returns to haunt me once again now, as I look out from the deck of the hotel at... well, nothing.

Question

How does the author show that he feels unhappy while stranded on Vanuatu?

Support your answer with reference to the language used.