

*A Child of the Jago* – Arthur Morrison (1896)

Chapter 1 – Kiddo Cook and Beveridge see a coshing prepared:

A woman, gripping a shawl about her shoulders, came furtively along from the posts, with a man walking in her tracks – a little unsteadily. He was not of the Jago, but a decent young workman, by his dress. The sight took Kiddo Cook's idle eye, and when the couple had passed, he said meditatively: 'There's Billy Leary in luck ag'in: 'is missis do pick 'em up, s'elp me. I'd carry the cosh meself if I'd got a woman like 'er.'

*Brick Lane* – Monica Ali (2003)

Chapter 12 – Shopping in Brick Lane:

Nazneen walked a step behind her husband down Brick Lane. The bright green and red pendants that fluttered from the lamp-posts advertised the Bangla colours and basmati rice. In the restaurant windows were clippings from newspapers and magazines with the name of the restaurant highlighted in yellow or pink. There were smart places with starched white tablecloths and multitudes of shining silver cutlery. In these places the newspaper clippings were framed.

[...]

In between the Bangladeshi restaurants were little shops that sold clothes and bags and trinkets. Their customers were young men in sawn-off trousers and sandals and girls in T-shirts that strained across their chests and exposed their belly buttons. Chanu stopped and looked in a shop window. 'Seventy-five pounds for that little bag. You couldn't even fit one book in it.'

Outside a café he paused again. 'Two pounds ninety for large coffee with whipped cream.'

A girl at a wooden table on the pavement bent the screen of a laptop computer back and forth to angle it away from the sun. Nazneen thought of Chanu's computer, gathering dust.

*King Dido* – Alexander Baron (1969)

Chapter 28 – Dido Peach fights Inspector Bill Merry:

Merry had thrown away coat and jacket. His shirt was torn and blood from his face stained it. He dodged to and fro as Dido above him moved to smash him down, and after a feint leaped the last steps on to the platform, pinned at once to the fence by Dido's assault.

The two men strained together, thumping short punches into each other, their bodies bending like those of two locked dancers. Dido's weight bent Merry back, back, in a pressure that would either break his spine or throw him down on to the railway lines.

Merry butted head to head and Dido's grip weakened for a moment, his face a mess of blood beneath glaring eyes and in the moment Merry wrenched free. They lurched to and fro, punching. People from Jenner Street were running towards the foot of the steps to gather, staring, in a clamour of talk. The two men knew nothing of them.

In a scutter of small steps Merry was driven back towards the far edge of the platform. At the last moment he swung aside, put out his left foot and drove a punch to Dido's face. Dido went over his leg and crashed head down on the steps. Half-stunned he tried to raise himself but Merry was on him and a kick sent him rolling down; and another. He rolled down into the alley like a weighted sack and sprawled on the pavement.

'The Dog and the Dish' *Lights Out for the Territory* – Iain Sinclair (1997)

3 'The Biggest Street Party since the Death of Churchill':

Ronny Kray had been laid out in the back room of W. English's establishment at 464 Bethnal Green Road; painted, primped, pressed. The event, the procession, the crowds (many of whom didn't know who was being buried or what he stood for), took on the nature of a self-fulfilling prophecy. It meant something because the journalists said it did. [...] A chance to recall better times; safe to go out at night, singalong pubs, coppers on the beat. Messrs. English were quietly ecstatic, soberly smashed by a rare chance to show what they could *really* do. [...] Even their trade name fell in with the mood: English as the lettering in a stick of Margate rock.

*Learning About Community* – Peter Kuenstler (2004)

Chapter 4 – The Air Raid Shelter:

There appeared to be no way in which people could be dissuaded from coming, although the danger was repeatedly pointed out. The reply was that because the House, as distinct from their homes, was large and strong, they wanted to be together, the older ones among them remembered that they had taken shelter there from the Zeppelin raids in the First World War, and above all there had always been good men in the Oxford House and therefore it would not get hit!

[...]

The bedrooms on the top floors of the House were left empty. When the bombing was particularly severe, some of us slept in the kitchen, the only room in the lower floor of the House which was not occupied by shelterers. On occasions I slept on the kitchen table and someone else under it. The story was that I could reach out and get the tin of flea powder which I kept next to me and sprinkle it on myself without waking up. Like most people we slept in our day time clothes and health and hygiene became a problem, more especially when, as a result of particularly heavy bombing the local water supply was cut.

*Clink* – George Orwell (1932)

The cell at Bethnal Green Police Station:

[The cell] was made of white porcelain bricks, and was furnished with a W.C., a hot water pipe, a plank bed, a horsehair pillow and two blankets. There was a tiny barred window high up near the roof, and an electric bulb behind a guard of thick glass was kept burning all night. The door was steel, with the usual spy-hole [...]

*Nineteen Eighty-Four* – George Orwell (1949)

Part 3, 1 – Winston Smith's solitary cell at Miniluv:

He was in a high-ceilinged windowless cell with walls of glittering white porcelain. Concealed lamps flooded it with cold light, [...] A bench, or shelf, just wide enough to sit on ran around the wall, broken only by the door and, at the end opposite the door, a lavatory pan with no wooden seat. There were four telescreens, one in each wall.