

Key Stage Four

English Language Paper 1 Past papers booklet

CONTENTS		
Nov 2018: The T-Rex (<i>Sound of Thunder</i>)	Insert	2-3
	Questions 1-5	4-9
Nov 2019: Avalanche (<i>The Silent Land</i>)	Insert	10-11
	Questions 1-5	12-17
June 2024: A crash (<i>The Midwich Cuckoos</i>)	Insert	18-19
	Questions 1-5	20-25
November 2024: A house (<i>The Glass House</i>)	Insert	26-27
	Questions 1-5	28-33
June 2018: Mr Fisher (<i>Jigs and Reels</i>)	Insert	34-35
	Questions 1-5	36-41
June 2023: Hyenas (<i>The Life of Pi</i>)	Insert	42-43
	Questions 1-5	44-49
November 2021: Ugwu (<i>Half of a Yellow Sun</i>)	Insert	50-51
	Questions 1-5	52-57
November 2023: The book (<i>Possession</i>)	Insert	58-59
	Questions 1-4	60-64

Name:

Class:

Teacher:

Source A

Using a time machine, an organisation called Time Safari transports clients into the past to take part in hunting expeditions. A group that includes Mr Eckels, together with their guide, Travis, is visiting a prehistoric jungle in order to shoot a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

- 1 The jungle was high and the jungle was broad. Sounds like music and flying tents filled the sky, and those were pterodactyls soaring with huge grey wings.

'I've hunted tiger, wild boar, buffalo, elephant, but now, this is it,' said Eckels. 'I'm shaking like a kid.'

- 5 'Ah,' said Travis.

Everyone stopped.

Travis raised his hand. 'Ahead,' he whispered, 'in the mist. There he is. There's his Royal Majesty now.'

- 9 The jungle was wide and full of twitterings, rustlings, murmurs, and sighs.

- 10 Suddenly it all ceased, as if someone had shut a door.

Silence.

A sound of thunder.

Out of the mist, one hundred yards away, came Tyrannosaurus Rex.

'It,' whispered Eckels, 'it.....'

- 15 'Ssh!'

- 16 It came on great oiled, resilient, striding legs. It towered thirty feet above half of the trees, a great evil god, folding its delicate watchmaker's claws close to its oily reptilian chest. Each lower leg was a piston, a thousand pounds of white bone, sunk in thick ropes of muscle, sheathed over in a gleam of pebbled skin like the armour of a terrible warrior. Each thigh
20 was a ton of meat, ivory, and steel mesh. And from the great breathing cage of the upper body those two delicate arms dangled out front, arms with hands which might pick up and examine men like toys, while the snake neck coiled. And the head itself, a ton of sculptured stone, lifted easily upon the sky. Its mouth gaped, exposing a fence of teeth like daggers. Its eyes rolled, ostrich eggs, empty of all expression save hunger. It closed its mouth in a
25 death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing
26 damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

It ran with a gliding ballet step, far too poised and balanced for its ten tons. It moved into a sunlit area warily, its beautifully reptilian hands feeling the air.

'Why, why...,' Eckels twitched his mouth, 'it could reach up and grab the moon.'

- 30 'Ssh!' Travis jerked angrily. 'He hasn't seen us yet.'

31 'It can't be killed.' Eckels pronounced this verdict quietly, as if there could be no argument. He had weighed the evidence and this was his considered opinion. The rifle in his hands seemed like a toy gun. 'We were fools to come. This is impossible.'

'Shut up!' hissed Travis.

35 'Nightmare.'

'Turn around,' commanded Travis. 'Walk quietly to the Machine. We'll remit half your fee.'

'I didn't realize it would be this big,' said Eckels. 'I miscalculated, that's all. And now I want out.'

'It sees us!'

40 'There's the red paint on its chest.'

The Tyrant Lizard raised itself. Its armoured flesh glittered like a thousand green coins. The coins, crusted with slime, steamed. In the slime, tiny insects wriggled, so that the entire body seemed to twitch and undulate, even while the monster itself did not move. It exhaled. The stink of raw flesh blew down the wilderness.

45 'Get me out of here,' said Eckels. 'It was never like this before. I was always sure I'd come through alive. I had good guides, good safaris, and safety. This time, I figured wrong. I've met my match and admit it. This is too much for me to get hold of.'

'Don't run,' said Lesperance. 'Turn around. Hide in the Machine.'

50 'Yes.' Eckels seemed to be numb. He looked at his feet as if trying to make them move. He gave a grunt of helplessness.

'Eckels!'

He took a few steps, blinking, shuffling.

'Not that way!'

55 The Monster, at the first motion, lunged forward with a terrible scream. It covered one hundred yards in six seconds. The rifles jerked up and blazed fire. A windstorm from the beast's mouth engulfed them in the stench of slime and old blood. The Monster roared, teeth glittering with sun.

60 The rifles cracked again, but their sound was lost in shriek and lizard thunder. The great level of the reptile's tail swung up, lashed sideways. Trees exploded in clouds of leaf and branch. The Monster twitched its jeweller's hands down to fondle at the men, to twist them in half, to crush them like berries, to cram them into its teeth and its screaming throat. Its boulder-stone eyes levelled with the men. They saw themselves mirrored. They fired at the metallic eyelids and the blazing black iris.

Like a stone idol, like a mountain avalanche, Tyrannosaurus fell.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 7**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
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What filled the sky above the jungle?

Music and flying tents

Grey-winged pterodactyls

A flock of parrots

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

How does Eckels describe himself as he prepares to hunt?

Calm and ready

Laughing nervously

Shaking like a kid

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

What action does Travis take to alert the others?

He raises his hand

He raises his rifle

He shouts a warning

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

What happens to the jungle sounds before the creature appears?

They grow louder

They suddenly stop

They turn into music

[1 mark]

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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Your local newspaper is running a creative writing competition and the best entries will be published.

Either

Describe a journey from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.



or

Write the opening of a story about meeting something powerful.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]



Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a novel by Graham Joyce. A young married couple, Zoe and Jake, are on a skiing holiday in the French Pyrenean mountains.

1 It was snowing again. Gentle six-pointed flakes from a picture book were settling on
her jacket sleeve. The mountain air prickled with ice and the smell of pine resin.
Several hundred metres below lay the dark outline of Saint-Bernard-en-Haut, their
5 Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain
range.

Zoe pulled the air into her lungs, feeling the cracking cold of it before letting go.
And when the mountain seemed to nod and sigh back at her, she almost thought
she could die in that place, and happily.

9 If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the
10 mountain breathed back at her, Zoe knew that she had trapped one such moment
and that it could never be taken away. Everywhere was snow and silence. Snow
and silence; the complete arrest of life; a rehearsal and a pre-echo of death. She
pointed her skis down the hill. They looked like weird talons of brilliant red and gold
14 in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. *I am alive. I am an eagle.*

15 The sun was up now; in a few minutes there would be more skiers to break the
eerie morning spell. But right now they had the snow and the morning entirely to
themselves.

There was a whisper behind her. It was the effortless track of Jake's skis as he
came over the ridge and caught up with her.

20 'This is perfection.'

'You ready to go?' she asked.

'Yep. Let's do it.'

They'd got up early to beat the holiday-making hordes for this first run of the
morning. Because this – the tranquillity, the silence, the undisturbed snow and the
25 feeling of proximity to an eagle's flight – was what it was all about. Jake hit the west
side of the steep but broad slope and she took the east, carving matching parallel
tracks through the fresh snow.

28 But at the edge of the slope, near the curtain of trees, she felt a small slab of snow
slip from underneath her. It was like she'd been bucked, so she took the fall-line* to
30 recover her balance. Before she'd dropped three hundred metres, the whisper of
her skis was displaced by a rumble.

Zoe saw at the periphery of her vision that Jake had come to a halt at the side of the
piste and was looking back up the slope. Irritated by the false start they'd made,
she etched a few turns before skidding to a halt and turning to look back at her

35 husband.

The rumble became louder. There was a pillar of what looked like grey smoke unfurling in silky banners at the head of the slope, like the heraldry of armies. It was beautiful. It made her smile.

40 Then her smile iced over. Jake was speeding straight towards her. His face was rubberised and he mouthed something as he flew at her.

‘Get to the side! To the side!’

She knew now that it was an avalanche. Jake slowed, batting at her with his ski pole. ‘Get into the trees! Hang on to a tree!’

45 The rumbling had become a roaring in her ears, drowning Jake’s words. She pushed herself down the fall-line, scrambling for traction, trying to accelerate away from the roaring cloud breaking behind her like a tsunami at sea. Jagged black cracks appeared in the snow in front of her. She angled her skis towards the side of the slope, heading for the trees, but it was too late. She saw Jake’s black suit go bundling past her as he was turned by the great mass of smoke and snow. Then
50 she too was punched off her feet and carried through the air, twisting, spinning, turning in the white-out. She remembered something about spreading her arms around her head. For a few moments it was like being agitated inside a washing machine, turned head over heels a few times, until at last she was dumped heavily in a rib-cracking fall. Then there came a chattering noise, like the amplified jaws of
55 a million termites chewing on wood. The noise itself filled her ears and muffled everything, and then there was silence, and the total whiteness faded to grey, and then to black.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

* fall-line – the most direct route downhill

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 5**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
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What was falling at the start of the extract?

Heavy sleet

Hailstones

Gentle snowflakes

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

What is described as prickling in the mountain air?

The smell of woodsmoke

The chill of ice

The warmth of the sun

[1 mark]

0	1	3
---	---	---

What lay several hundred metres below?

A resort village

A frozen river

A dense forest

[1 mark]

0	1	4
---	---	---

What could be seen across to the west?

A row of chalets

The mountain range

A lake of ice

[1 mark]

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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Your school or college is asking students to contribute some creative writing for its website.

Either

Describe a winter event from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.



or

Write the opening of a story where there is a natural disaster.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Turn over ►



Source A

This extract is taken from near the beginning of a novel by John Wyndham. The story begins on the night of 26th September in the quiet village of Midwich.

1 From 10.17 that night, information about Midwich became episodic. Its telephones
remained dead. The bus that should have passed through it failed to reach its destination,
and a truck that went to look for the bus did not return. Someone in Opley reported a
5 house on fire in Midwich, with, apparently, nothing being done about it. The Trayne fire
engine turned out – and thereafter failed to make any reports. The Trayne police station
despatched a car to find out what had happened to the fire engine, and that, too, vanished
into silence. Constable Gobby was sent off on his bicycle to Midwich; and no more was
8 heard of him, either...

9 The early morning of the 27th was an affair of slatternly* rags soaking in a dishwater sky,
10 with a grey light weakly filtering through. Nevertheless, in Opley cocks crowed and
other birds welcomed the dawn more melodiously. In Midwich, however, no birds sang.
In Opley, as in other places, hands were soon reaching out to silence alarm clocks, but
in Midwich the clocks rattled on until they ran down. For Midwich lay entranced.

15 While the rest of the world began to fill the morning with clamour, Midwich slept on. Its
men and women, its horses, cows and sheep; its pigs, its poultry, its larks, moles and
mice all lay still. There was a pocket of silence in Midwich, broken only by the rustling of
the leaves, the chiming of the church clock, and the gurgle of the River Ople as it slid
18 over the weir beside the mill.

19 And while the dawn was still a poor, weak thing, an olive-green van, with the words 'Post
20 Office Telephones' just discernible on it, set out from Trayne with the object of putting the
rest of the world in touch with Midwich again.

22 In Stouch it paused at the village phone box to enquire whether Midwich had yet shown any
signs of life. Midwich had not; it was still as deeply incommunicado as it had been since
10.17 the previous night. The van restarted and rattled on through the uncertainly
25 gathering daylight.

A little out of Stouch the van swung sharply to the right and bounced along the byroad to
Midwich for half a mile or so. Then it rounded a corner to encounter a situation which
called for all of the driver's presence of mind.

30 He had a sudden view of a fire engine, half keeled over, with its nearside wheels in the
ditch, and a black saloon car which had climbed halfway up the bank on the other side a
few yards further on, with a man and a bicycle lying half in the ditch behind it. He pulled
hard over, attempting an S-turn which would avoid both vehicles. But before he could
complete it his own van ran on to the narrow verge, bumped along for a few more yards,
then ploughed to a stop, with its side in the hedge.

35 Half an hour later, the first bus of the day rattled round the same corner to jam itself neatly
into the gap between the fire engine and the van and block the road completely.

40 The mail van was the first vehicle to stop without becoming involved. One of its occupants got out and walked forward to investigate the disorder. He was just approaching the rear of the stationary bus when, without any warning, he quietly folded up and dropped to the ground. The driver's jaw fell open and he stared. Then, looking beyond his fallen companion, he saw the heads of some of the bus passengers, all quite motionless. He reversed hastily, turned and made for Opley and the nearest telephone.

* slatternly – adjective meaning dirty or untidy

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 7**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
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What unusual event is first noticed in the village?

All the clocks have stopped

Everyone has fallen unconscious

The animals have vanished

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

How is the village described at the start?

Busy with people in the streets

Silent and deserted

Filled with the sound of church bells

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

Who first realises something is wrong?

A passing motorist

A farmer

A policeman

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

What happens to those who enter the village boundary?

They collapse

They become violently ill

They immediately turn back

[1 mark]

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5**Either**

Describe a village from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.

**or**

Write the opening of a story where technology stops.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]



Source A

This extract is taken from the beginning of a novel by Eve Chase. Rita has a job as a nanny, looking after the children of Walter and Jeannie Harrington. She is driving Jeannie Harrington and the children away from their London home to another house, Foxcote Manor, in the Forest of Dean.

- 1 The forest looks like it'll eat them alive, thinks Rita. The light's gone a weird green and
 4 branches are thrashing against the car's windows. She tightens her grip on the steering
 wheel. The lane narrows further. Wondering if she's missed the turning to the house or if
 it's around the next corner, she takes a bend too fast, and slams her foot on the brake.
- 5 Rita sucks in her breath, her eyes widening behind the Morris Minor's insect-spattered
 windscreen. She's not sure what she was expecting. Something smarter. More
 'Harrington'. Not *this*.
- 8 Behind a tall, rusting gate, Foxcote Manor erupts from the undergrowth, as if a geological
 heave has lifted it from the woodland floor. A wrecked beauty, the old house's windows
 10 blink drunkenly in the evening sunlight. Colossal trees overhang a sweep of red-tiled roof
 that sags in the middle, like a snapped spine, so the chimneys tilt at odd angles. Ivy
 suckers up the timber and brick-gabled façade, dense, bristling, alive with dozens of tiny
 14 darting birds, a billowing veil of bees. It's as far from the Harringtons' elegant London
 townhouse as Rita could possibly imagine.
- 15 For a moment no one in the car speaks. Unseen, in the trees, a woodpecker drums its
 territorial tattoo. Sweat trickles down the back of Rita's left knee. Only now does she
 register her hands are shaking.
- 18 Although she's done her best to disguise it from Jeannie and the children, she's been
 panicking ever since they turned on to the forest road, almost five hours after leaving
 20 London. It's not just the worry she'll kill her precious passengers. Every so often her
 vision has actually shuddered, disoriented by all the soaring trees, the lack of sky and the
 knowledge of quite how hard a tree trunk is when hit at fifty miles an hour. Now they've
 survived the journey, she covers her mouth with her hand. Everything's still going too fast.
 How on earth has she ended up *here*? A forest. Of all places. She hates forests.
- 25 It was meant to be a London nannying job.
- Fourteen months ago, Rita had never been to London. But she dreamed of it longingly,
 the Rita she might be there, far away from Torquay, everything that had happened. And
 the metropolitan family – just like the Darlings in *Peter Pan** – who'd embrace her as their
 own. They'd live in a tall, warm house that didn't have a coin-gobbling electricity meter,
 30 like Nan's bungalow did. She'd get a bedroom of her own, with a desk and a shelf,
 perhaps a view of the churning, thrilling city. And the mother she worked for would be...
 well, perfect. Someone delicate and kind and soft. Cultured. With tiny earlobes and
 fluttery birdlike hands. Like her own mother, whom Rita hazily remembered. Everything
 she'd lost in the accident. And a bit of her kept searching for.
- 35 On the morning of the interview, she'd gazed up at the house's sugar-white walls and
 cascading wisteria, and immediately known this was it. Her new home. Her new family.
 She could feel a tingling sensation, like the first fizz of pins and needles, as she'd knocked
 on the smart front door, her heart scudding beneath her best blouse that didn't look best in

40 London. Now, it's her second-best blouse, packed in the boot along with any other clothes she could salvage after the fire that tore through that London house last weekend. Even after the long cycle at the launderette, her clothes still whiff of smoke.

45 Rita glances across at Jeannie in the passenger seat. She's defiantly dressed for London, clutching a black patent handbag, as if for dear life. She looks fragile, upset. Her recent weight loss is painfully obvious in that cream crepe skirt, tightly belted, another hole in, a powder-blue cashmere twinset, and a white silk scarf, wound like a bandage around her stem-like neck. And she's wearing those sunglasses again, the tortoiseshell ones, with lenses big as jam-jar lids, she always puts on after a night of crying.

Jeannie hadn't wanted to come here. Peering up at Foxcote Manor now, Rita can't help but wonder if Jeannie was right.

* the Darlings in *Peter Pan* – a family from a well-known children's story

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 6**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
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What was unusual about the building?

It stood by a large, popular city

It was shaped like a tower

It was made almost entirely of glass

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

How did the narrator feel on first seeing it?

Concerned

Afraid

Amazed

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

What detail is mentioned about the setting around the house?

A river ran beside it

The trees pressed close against the walls

A road led straight up to the door

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

Why did the narrator stop outside?

Because someone called out

Because the door was locked

To take in the strange sight

[1 mark]

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

A magazine is asking for entries for a creative writing competition.

Either

Describe a night time event from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.

**or**

Write the opening of a story about travelling into the unknown.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Turn over ►

Source A

Source A is taken from the beginning of a short story written by Joanne Harris. Mr Fisher, a teacher of English for forty years, works at St Oswald's Grammar School for Boys.

1 Mr Fisher lived alone in a small terraced house in the centre of town. He did not own a car,
and therefore preferred to do as much as he could of his weekend marking in the form room
after school. Even so, there were usually two or three stacks of books and papers to take
4 home on the bus.

5 It had been a disappointing term at St Oswald's. For most of the boys in 3F, creative
writing was on a par with country dancing and food technology. Oh, he'd tried to engage
their interest. But books just didn't seem to kindle the same enthusiasm as they had in the
old days.

9 Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when
10 imaginations soared, when the world was filled with stories which ran like gazelles and
pounced like tigers and exploded like rockets, illuminating minds and hearts. He had seen
it happen; had seen whole classes swept away in the fever. In those days, there were
heroes; there were dragons and dinosaurs; there were space adventurers and soldiers of
fortune and giant apes. In those days, thought Mr Fisher, we dreamed in colour, though
15 films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

Now everything was in black and white, and though Mr Fisher continued to teach with as
much devotion to duty as he had forty years before, he was secretly aware that his voice
had begun to lack conviction. To these boys, these sullen boys with their gelled hair and
perfect teeth, everything was boring. Shakespeare was boring. Dickens was boring.
20 There didn't seem to be a single story left in the world that they hadn't heard before. And
over the years, though he had tried to stop it, a terrible disillusionment had crept over Mr
Fisher, who had once dreamed so fiercely of writing stories of his own. They had come to
the end of the seam, he understood. There were no more stories to be written. The magic
had run out.

25 This was an uncharacteristically gloomy train of thought, and Mr Fisher pushed it away.
Not all his boys lacked imagination. Alistair Tibbet, for instance, even though he had
obviously done part of his homework on the bus. An amiable boy, this Tibbet. Not a
brilliant scholar by any means, but there was a spark in him which deserved attention.

Mr Fisher took a deep breath and looked down at Tibbet's exercise book, trying not to think
30 of the snow outside and the five o'clock bus he was now almost certain to miss. Four
books to go, he told himself; and then home; dinner; bed; the comforting small routine of a
winter weekend.

But, gradually sitting there in the warm classroom with the smell of chalk and floor polish in
his nostrils, Mr Fisher began to experience a very strange sensation. It began as a
35 tightening in his diaphragm, as if a long unused muscle had been brought into action. His
breathing quickened, stopped, quickened again. He began to sweat. And when he
reached the end of the story, Mr Fisher put down his red pen and went back to the
beginning, re-reading every word very slowly and with meticulous care.



40 This must be what a prospector feels when, discouraged and bankrupt and ready to go home, he takes off his boot and shakes out a nugget of gold the size of his fist. He read it again, critically this time, marking off the paragraphs with notes in red. A hope, which at first Mr Fisher had hardly dared to formulate, swelled in him and grew strong. He found himself beginning to smile.

45 If anyone had asked him what Tibbet's story was about, Mr Fisher might have been hard put to reply. There were themes he recognised, elements of plot which were vaguely familiar: an adventure – a quest, a child, a man. But to explain Tibbet's story in these terms was as meaningless as trying to describe a loved one's face in terms of nose, eyes, mouth. This was something new. Something entirely original.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 4**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
---	---	---	---

Where did Mr Fisher live?

In a terraced house in town

In a flat above a shop

In a countryside cottage

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

What did Mr Fisher not own?

A television

A car

A bicycle

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

Why did he prefer to do some of his marking at school?

He liked the quiet there

He didn't have a car to carry everything

He had no desk at home

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

How did he usually get his books home?

By bus

By walking

By train

[1 mark]

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
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A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing section.

Either

Describe an elderly character from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.



or

Write the opening of a story about a time someone surprised you.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]



Source A

This extract is from the middle of a novel. The narrator, a teenage boy called Pi, is in a large lifeboat in the Pacific Ocean. There are no people with him in the lifeboat but there are several animals, including an orang-utan, a zebra and a hyena.

1 It was the hyena that worried me. I had not forgotten Father's words. Hyenas
attack in packs whatever animal can be run down. They go for zebras, gnus and
water buffaloes, and not only the old or the infirm in a herd but full-grown members
too. They are hardy attackers, rising up from buttings and kickings immediately,
5 never giving up for simple lack of will. And they are clever; anything that can be
6 distracted from its mother is good.

I could hear the hyena whining. I clung to the hope that a zebra, a familiar prey,
and an orang-utan, an unfamiliar one, would distract it from thoughts of me. I kept
one eye on the horizon, one eye on the other end of the lifeboat.

10 I am not one to hold a prejudice against any animal, but it is a plain fact that the
spotted hyena is not well served by its appearance. It is ugly beyond redemption.
Its shaggy, coarse coat is a bungled mix of colours, with the spots having none of
the classy ostentation of a leopard's, they look rather like the symptoms of a skin
disease. The head is broad and too massive, with a high forehead, like that of a
15 bear, but suffering from a receding hairline, and with ears that look ridiculously
mouse-like, large and round, when they haven't been torn off in battle. The mouth
is forever open and panting. The nostrils are too big. The tail is scraggly and
unwagging. All the parts put together look doglike, but like no dog anyone would
19 want as a pet.

20 I was hoping the hyena would stay under the tarpaulin. I was disappointed. Nearly
immediately it leapt over the zebra and onto the stern bench. There it turned on
itself a few times, whimpering and hesitating. I wondered what it was going to do
next. The answer came quickly: it brought its head low and ran around the zebra in
a circle, transforming the stern bench, the side benches and the cross bench just
25 beyond the tarpaulin into a twenty-five-foot indoor track. It did one lap-two-three-
four-five-and onwards, non-stop, till I lost count. And the whole time, lap after lap, it
went yip yip yip yip yip in a high-pitched way.

30 My reaction, once again, was very slow. I was seized by fear and could only watch.
The beast was going at a good clip, and it was no small animal. The beating of its
legs against the benches made the whole boat shake, and its claws were loudly
clicking on their surface. Each time it came from the stern I tensed. It was hair-
raising enough to see the thing racing my way; worse still was the fear that it would
keep going straight.

35 After a number of laps it stopped short at the stern bench and crouched, directing
its gaze downwards, to the space below the tarpaulin. It lifted its eyes and rested
them upon me. The look was nearly the typical look of a hyena – blank and frank,
jaw hanging open, big ears sticking up rigidly, eyes bright and black. I prepared for
my end. For nothing. It started running in circles again.

40 When an animal decides to do something, it can do it for a very long time. All morning the hyena ran in circles going yip yip yip yip yip. Every time the hyena paused at the stern bench, my heart jumped. And as much as I wanted to direct my attention to the horizon, to where my salvation lay, it kept straying back to this maniacal beast.

45 Things ended in typical hyena fashion. It stopped at the stern and started producing deep groans interrupted by fits of heavy panting. I pushed myself away on the oar till only the tips of my feet were holding on to the boat. The animal hacked and coughed. Abruptly it vomited. A gush landed behind the zebra. The hyena dropped into what it had just produced. It stayed there, shaking and whining and turning around on itself, exploring the furthest confines of animal anguish.
50 It did not move from the restricted space for the rest of the day.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 9**.

Answer **all** parts of this question.

Choose **one** answer for each question.

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of **one** answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0 1 . **1** What worries Pi about the hyena?

Its appearance

Remembering what his father told him about hyenas

The noise it is making

[1 mark]

0 1 . **2** How do hyenas usually attack?

On their own

In a pair

As a group

[1 mark]

Do not write
outside the
box

0 1 . 3 What sort of attackers are hyenas?

Tough

Vulnerable

Reluctant

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4 What does Pi hope will distract the hyena away from him?

Its mother

The other animals on the boat

The horizon

[1 mark]

4

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5

A wildlife magazine is running a creative writing competition.

Choose **one** of the options below for your entry.

Either

Write a description of a zoo or wildlife park from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas.



or

Write the opening of a story about a human meeting an animal.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Source A

This extract is taken from the opening of Chimamanda Adichie's novel *Half of a Yellow Sun*, set in Nigeria in 1960. Ugwu, a thirteen-year-old boy, is starting work as a cleaner for a university professor in the city.

- 1 Master was a little crazy; he had spent too many years reading books overseas, talked to himself in his office, did not always return greetings, and had too much hair. Ugwu's aunty said this in a low voice as they walked on the path. 'But he is a good man,' she added.
- 4 'And as long as you work well, you will eat well. You will even eat meat every day.'
- 5 Ugwu did not believe that anybody, not even this master he was going to live with, ate meat *every day*. He did not disagree with his aunty, though, because he was too choked with expectation, too busy imagining his new life away from the village. They had been walking for a while now, since they got off the lorry at the motor park, and the afternoon sun burned the back of his neck. But he did not mind. He was prepared to walk hours more in even
- 10 hotter sun. He had never seen anything like the streets that appeared after they went past the university gates, streets so smooth and tarred that he itched to lay his cheek down on them. He would never be able to describe to his sister Anulika how the bungalows here were painted the colour of the sky and sat side by side like polite well-dressed men, how the hedges separating them were trimmed so flat on top that they looked like tables
- 15 wrapped with leaves.

His aunty walked faster, her slippers making *slap-slap* sounds that echoed in the silent street. Ugwu wondered if she, too, could feel the coal tar getting hotter underneath, through her thin soles. They went past a sign, ODIM STREET, and Ugwu mouthed *street*, as he did whenever he saw an English word that was not too long.

- 20 He smelt something sweet, heady, as they walked into a compound, and was sure it came from the white flowers clustered on the bushes at the entrance. The bushes were shaped like slender hills. The lawn glistened. Butterflies hovered overhead.

- 'I told Master you will learn everything very fast' his aunty said. Ugwu nodded attentively although she had already told him the story of how his good fortune came about: while she
- 25 was sweeping the corridor in the Mathematics Department a week ago, she heard Master say that he needed a houseboy to do his cleaning, and she immediately said she could help, speaking before his typist or office messenger could offer to bring someone.

'I will learn fast, Aunty,' Ugwu said. He was staring at the car in the garage; a strip of metal ran around its blue body like a necklace.

- 30 'Remember, what you will answer whenever he calls you is *Yes, sah!*'

'Yes, sah!' Ugwu repeated.

- They were standing before the glass door. Ugwu held back from reaching out to touch the cement wall, to see how different it would feel from the mud walls of his mother's hut that still bore the faint patterns of moulding fingers. For a brief moment, he wished he were
- 35 back there now, in his mother's hut, under the dim coolness of the thatch roof; or in his aunty's hut, the only one in the village with a corrugated-iron roof.

His aunty tapped on the glass. Ugwu could see the white curtains behind the door. A voice said, in English, 'Yes? Come in.'

40 They took off their slippers before walking in. Ugwu had never seen a room so wide. Despite the brown sofas arranged in a semi-circle, the side tables between them, the shelves crammed with books, and the centre table with a vase of red and white plastic flowers, the room still seemed to have too much space. Master sat in an armchair, wearing a vest and a pair of shorts. He was not sitting upright but slanted, a book covering his face, as though oblivious that he had just asked people in.

45 'Good afternoon, sah! This is the child,' Ugwu's aunty said.

Master looked up. He pulled off his glasses. 'The child?'

'The houseboy, sah. He will work hard,' his aunty said. 'He is a very good boy. Thank, sah!'

50 Master grunted in response, watching Ugwu and his aunty with a faintly distracted expression, as if their presence made it difficult for him to remember something important. Ugwu's aunty patted Ugwu's shoulder, whispered that he should do well, and turned to the door.

Ugwu stood by the door, waiting.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0	1
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Read again the first part of the source, from **lines 1 to 4**.

Answer **all** parts of this question.

Choose **one** answer for each question.

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of **one** answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0	1	.	1
---	---	---	---

What does Auntie believe Master was doing while he was overseas?

Going mad

Reading books

Spending too much

[1 mark]

0	1	.	2
---	---	---	---

Why does Auntie think Master was a bit crazy?

He did not always say hello back to people

He had lost all his hair

He talked too much to people

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

What does Aunty think of Master overall?

He is a good person

He is mean

He is well-dressed

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

What does Aunty believe Ugwu will get in return for working well?

He will become a professor at the university

He will become a rich and famous man

He will eat well, including meat everyday

[1 mark]

4

Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Write in full sentences.

You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.

You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0	5
---	---

A magazine has asked for contributions for their creative writing section.

Choose **one** of the options below for your entry.

Either

Describe a place at sunset from your imagination. You may choose to use the picture provided for ideas:



or

Write the opening of a story about a new beginning.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

Source A

This extract is taken from the beginning of a novel by A.S. Byatt. Roland is a university research assistant to Professor Blackadder, an expert on Victorian poet Randolph Ash.

1 The London Library was Roland's favourite place. It was ten in the morning, one day in
September 1986. Roland had the small single table he liked best, behind a square pillar,
with the clock over the fireplace nevertheless in full view. To his right was a high sunny
5 window, through which he could see the high green leaves of St James's Square. Roland
was looking for old copies of Ash's poetry.

6 The librarian handed the book to Roland. It was immediately clear that the book had been
undisturbed for a very long time, perhaps even since it had been laid to rest. It had been
exhumed from the library safe where it usually stood. The book was thick and black and
covered with dust, a black, thick, tenacious Victorian dust composed of smoke and fog
10 particles. Its spine was missing, or, rather, protruded from amongst the leaves. Its covers
were bowed and creaking; it had been maltreated in its own time. It was bandaged about
and about with dirty white tape, tied in a neat bow. Roland undid the bindings. The book
sprang apart, like a box, disgorging leaf after leaf of faded paper, blue, cream, grey,
14 covered with rusty writing, the brown scratches of a steel nib.

15 Roland recognised Ash's handwriting with a shock of excitement. It appeared to be notes,
written on the backs of bills and letters. The librarian commented that it didn't look as
though they had been touched before.

18 Roland asked if he had permission to study these jottings. He was research assistant to
Professor Blackadder, who had been editing Ash's *Complete Works* since 1951. The
20 librarian tiptoed away to telephone. Whilst he was gone, the dead leaves continued a kind
of rustling and shifting, enlivened by their release. Ash had put them there. The librarian
came back and said 'yes', he had permission. The librarian would be glad to know of any
important discoveries Roland might make.

25 All this was over by ten-thirty. For the next half-hour Roland worked haphazardly, moving
backwards and forwards in the book, half looking at the poems, half reading Ash's notes,
which was not easy, since they were written in various languages.

At eleven, he found what he thought was the relevant passage. Roland copied parts onto
an index card. He had two boxes of these, tomato-red and an intense grassy green, with
springy plastic hinges that popped in the library silence.

30 That was eleven-fifteen. The clock ticked, specks of dust danced in sunlight, Roland
meditated on the tiresome and bewitching endlessness of the quest for knowledge. Here
he sat, recuperating a dead man's reading, timing his exploration by the library clock and
the faint constriction of his belly. (Food is not to be had in the London Library.) He would
have to show all this new treasure-trove to Professor Blackadder but he was reluctant to
35 tell him. He enjoyed possessing this knowledge on his own.

The poem he was looking for was between pages 288 and 289. Under page 300 lay two
folded complete sheets of writing paper. Roland opened these delicately. They were both
letters in Ash's flowing handwriting, both headed with his Great Russell Street address and
dated, June 21st. No year. Both began 'Dear Madam,' and both were unsigned. One
40 was considerably shorter than the other.

As he read these letters, Roland was first profoundly shocked by these writings, and then, in his scholarly capacity, thrilled.

He read the letters again. Had a final draft been posted? Or had the impulse died, or been rejected? Roland was seized by a strange and uncharacteristic impulse of his own.

45 It was suddenly quite impossible to put these living words back into page 300 and return them to the library safe. He looked about him: no one was looking: he slipped the letters between the leaves of his own copy of Ash's poems, which he was never without. Then he returned to the annotations, transferring the most interesting methodically to his card index, until the clanging bell descended the stairwell, signifying the end of study. He had
50 forgotten about his lunch.

END OF SOURCE

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0

1

Read again the first part of the Source from lines **1 to 5**.

Answer all parts of this question.

Choose one answer for each question

- Shade the **circle** in the box of the one that you think is **correct**.
- Choose a maximum of one answer for each question.
- If you make an error cross out the whole box.
- If you change your mind and require an answer that has been crossed out, then draw a circle around the box.

0

1

. 1

Where is the scene set at the start of the extract?

In a churchyard

In a library

In a school classroom

[1 mark]

0

1

. 2

What is the main character doing at the beginning?

Writing letters

Researching old books

Talking with a friend

[1 mark]

0 1 . 3

How are the books described?

Dusty and forgotten

Brightly illustrated

Locked in glass cases

[1 mark]

0 1 . 4

What sense does the opening create?

Fear

Confusion

Discovery

[1 mark]

