

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 2019: Hartop (<i>The Mill</i>)	Insert	18-19
	Questions 1-5	20-25
June 2020: Stranger Child (<i>The Silk Factory</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
Specimen 3: Alex Cold (<i>City of the Beasts</i>)	Insert	42-43
	Questions 1-5	44-49
Specimen 4: Lamppost (<i>Glass, Bricks and Dust</i>)	Insert	50
	Questions 1-5	51-56

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 9**.

List **four** things about this jungle from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

- 1 _____

- 2 _____

- 3 _____

- 4 _____

4



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 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 death grin. It ran, its pelvic bones crushing aside trees and bushes, its taloned feet clawing damp earth, leaving prints six inches deep wherever it settled its weight.

You could include the writer's choice of:

- [8 marks]**

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

0 | 3

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

This text is from the middle of a short story.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

[illegible]

A student said, 'This part of the story, where the men encounter the Tyrannosaurus Rex, shows Eckels is right to panic. The Monster is terrifying!'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of Eckels' reaction to the Tyrannosaurus Rex
- evaluate how the writer describes the Monster
- support your response with references to the text.

[20 marks]

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

[illegible]

**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

Write a story about time travel as suggested by this picture:



or

Describe life as you imagine it in 200 years' time.

(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 Pyrenean resort village; across to the west, the irregular peaks of the mountain
5 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**.

List **four** things about Zoe's surroundings from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	
2	
3	
4	

4



If there are few moments in life that come as clear and as pure as ice, when the 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 in the powder snow as she waited, ready to swoop. *I am alive. I am an eagle.*

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

[illegible]

This text is from the beginning of a novel.

You could write about:

- [8 marks]**

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]



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

Write a story about a magical world as suggested by this picture:



or

Describe a place you think is beautiful.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

Turn over ►



Source A

This extract is from the beginning of a short story by H E Bates, set in the 1930s. Hartop and his wife own a van from which they sell produce to people in their local area, and their daughter, Alice, works with them.

- 1 A Ford motor-van, old and re-painted green with 'Jos. Hartop, greengrocer, rabbits'
scratched in streaky white lettering on a flattened-out biscuit tin nailed to the side,
was slowly travelling across a high, treeless stretch of country in squally November
half-darkness. Rain hailed on the windscreen and periodically swished like a sea-
5 wave on the sheaves of pink chrysanthemums* strung on the van roof.
- 6 Hartop was driving: a thin, angular man, starved-faced. He seemed to occupy
almost all the seat, sprawling awkwardly; so that his wife and their daughter Alice
sat squeezed up, the girl with her arms flat as though ironed against her side, her
thin legs pressed tight together into the size of one. The Hartops' faces seemed
10 moulded in clay and in the light from the van-lamps were a flat swede-colour. Like
the man, the two women were thin, with a screwed-up thinness that made them look
12 both hard and frightened.

- Hartop drove with great caution, grasping the wheel tightly, braking hard at the
bends, his big yellowish eyes fixed ahead, protuberantly, with vigilance. His hands,
15 visible in the faint dashboard light, were marked on the backs with dark smears of
dried rabbits' blood. The van fussed and rattled, the chrysanthemums always
swishing, rain-soaked, in the sudden high wind-squalls. And the two women sat in a
state of silent apprehension, their bodies not moving except to lurch with the van,
their clayish faces continuously intent, almost scared, in the lamp-gloom. And after
20 some time, Hartop gave a slight start, and then drew the van to the roadside and
stopped it.

'Hear anything drop?' he said. 'I thought I heard something.'

'It's the wind,' the woman said. 'I can hear it all the time.'

'No, something dropped.'

- 25 They sat listening. But the engine still ticked, and they could hear nothing beyond it
but the wind and rain squalling in the dead grass along the roadside.

'Alice, you get out,' Hartop said.

The girl began to move herself almost before he had spoken.

'Get out and see if you can see anything.'

- 30 Alice stepped across her mother's legs, groped with blind instinct for the step, and
then got out. It was raining furiously. The darkness seemed solid with rain.

‘See anything?’ Hartop said.

‘No.’

34 Hartop leaned across his wife and shouted: ‘Go back a bit and see what it was.’ The
35 woman moved to protest, but Hartop was already speaking again. ‘Something
dropped. We’ll stop at Drake’s Turn. You’ll catch up. I know something dropped.’
He let in the clutch as he was speaking and the van began to move away.

Soon, to Alice, it seemed to be moving very rapidly. In the rain and the darkness all
she could see was the tail-light, smoothly receding. She watched it for a moment
40 and then began to walk back along the road. The wind was behind her; but
repeatedly it seemed to veer and smash her, with the rain, full in the face. She
walked without hurrying. She seemed to accept the journey as she accepted the
rain and her father’s words, quite stoically. She walked in the middle of the road,
looking directly ahead, as though she had a long journey before her. She could see
45 nothing.

And then, after a time, she stumbled against something in the road. She stooped
and picked up a bunch of pink chrysanthemums, and then she began to walk back
with them along the road. Before very long she could see the red tail-light of the van
again. It was stationary. She could also see the lights of houses, little squares of
50 yellow which the recurrent rain on her lashes transformed into sudden stars.

When she reached the van, Mrs Hartop said: ‘What was it?’

‘Only a bunch of chrysanthemums.’

Hartop himself appeared at the very moment she was speaking.

‘Only?’ he said. ‘Only? What d’ye mean by only? Eh?’

55 Alice stood mute. Then Hartop raised his voice.

‘Well, don’t stand there! Do something. Go on. Go on! Go and see who wants a
bunch o’ chrysanthemums. Move yourself!’

Alice obeyed at once. She picked up the flowers, walked away and vanished, all
without a word.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

* chrysanthemums – a type of flower



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**.

List **four** things about the motor-van from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	
2	
3	
4	

4



Hartop was driving: a thin, angular man, starved-faced. He seemed to occupy almost all the seat, sprawling awkwardly; so that his wife and their daughter Alice sat squeezed up, the girl with her arms flat as though ironed against her side, her thin legs pressed tight together into the size of one. The Hartops' faces seemed moulded in clay and in the light from the van-lamps were a flat swede-colour. Like the man, the two women were thin, with a screwed-up thinness that made them look both hard and frightened.

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[illegible]

- [20 marks]**

[illegible]

[illegible]

**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 market place as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story with the title 'Abandoned'.

(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 Judith Allnatt, published in 2015. It is set in a house that used to be part of a nineteenth-century silk factory. Rosie and her two children, Sam and Cara, now live in the house.

1 It was on their first day at the house that Rosie saw the stranger child. Standing at the sink, her hands deep in suds, Rosie was overwhelmed by the tasks that lay ahead of her. Tired after the long drive from London the evening before, she gazed vaguely at the sunlit, overgrown garden where Sam and Cara were playing.

5 The sash window had old glass that blunted the image, wavering the straightness of fence and washing line, pulling things out of shape. Sam was kneeling beside the patch of earth that Rosie had cleared for him, making hills and valleys for his matchbox cars and trucks by digging with an old tablespoon, and Cara was toddling from bush to bush with a yellow plastic watering can. Through the antique glass, Rosie watched them stretch and shrink as
10 they moved, as if she were looking through ripples. She closed her eyes, glad of a moment of calm after the trauma of the last few days. Letting go of the plate she was holding, she spread her tense fingers, allowing the warmth of the water to soothe her. When she opened her eyes, another child was there.

14 Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to
15 play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled
20 ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked
23 door.

24 A little girl was sitting back on her heels beside a clump of daisies that grew against the
25 fence. She had her back to Rosie and was holding tight to the handle of a large wicker basket that stood on the ground beside her. Cara seemed unfazed by the girl's presence and continued to move, engrossed, along the row of plants. Rosie bent forward to look through the clearest of the panes and peered closer. The child was small, maybe around eight or nine, although something in the tense hunch of her shoulders made her seem
30 older. Her hair hung down her back in a matted, dusty-looking plait and she was wearing dressing-up clothes: an ankle-length dress and pinafore in washed-out greys and tans, like a home-made Cinderella* costume.

Where on earth had she come from? She must be a neighbour's child but how had she got in? The wooden fences that separated the gardens between each of the houses in the
35 terrace were high – surely too high for a child to climb.

The child glanced over her shoulder, back towards the houses, a quick, furtive movement as if she were scanning the upper windows of the row, afraid of being overlooked. Rosie caught a glimpse of her face, pale and drawn with anxiety, before the girl turned back and reached forward to quickly tuck a piece of trailing white cloth into the basket. Almost
40 unconsciously, Rosie registered that the girl was left-handed like herself, and that there was something animal-like in her movements: quick, like the darting of a mouse or the flit of a sparrow, some small dun creature that moves fast to blend into the background.



Something wasn't right here. She had seen distress in those eyes.

45 Rosie turned away, dried her hands hurriedly and slipped on her flip-flops. She would go gently, raise no challenge about her being in the garden but say hello and try to find out what was the matter. Maybe if she pointed out that her mother would be worrying where she was, she could persuade the girl to let her take her home.

But when she stepped outside, the child was gone.

END OF SOURCE

Glossary

*Cinderella – a poor girl from a fairy tale



Do not write
outside the
box

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**.

List **four** things about Rosie from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	
2	
3	
4	

4



2

Look in detail at this extract, from **lines 14 to 23** of the source:

Rosie had made a quick check of the unfamiliar garden before letting the children go out to play. The bottom half of the garden was an overgrown mess, a muddle of trees and shrubs. An ancient mulberry tree stood at the centre. Its massive twisted branches drooped to the ground in places, its knuckles in the earth like a gigantic malformed hand. The wintry sun hung low in the sky and the gnarled growth threw long twisted shadows across the undergrowth within its cage. The trunk of the tree was snarled with the tangled ivy that grew up through the broken bricks and chunks of cement, choking it. The path that led down towards the fence at the bottom, which marked the garden off from an orchard beyond, disappeared into a mass of nettles and brambles before it reached the padlocked door.

How does the writer use language here to describe the garden?

You could include the writer's choice of:

- words and phrases
- language features and techniques
- sentence forms.

[8 marks]

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

Turn over ►



This text is from the beginning of a novel.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

You could write about:

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning of the source
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

[illegible]

**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 library is running a creative writing competition. The best entries will be published in a booklet of creative writing.

Either

Write a description of a mysterious place, as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about an event that cannot be explained.

(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
4 after school. Even so, there were usually two or three stacks of books and papers to take
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



Do not write
outside the
box

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 4**.

List **four** things about Mr Fisher from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1	
2	
3	
4	

4



Mr Fisher remembered a time – surely, not so long ago – when books were golden, when 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 films were in black and white, and good always triumphed in the end.

You could include the writer's choice of:

- [8 marks]**

[illegible]

[8 marks]

[illegible]

A student said, 'This part of the story, where Mr Fisher is marking homework, shows Tippet's story is better than Mr Fisher expected, and his reaction is extreme.'

In your response, you could:

- consider your own impressions of what Mr Fisher expected Tibbet's homework to be like
- evaluate how the writer conveys Mr Fisher's reaction to what he discovers
- support your response with references to the text.

This image shows a blank sheet of white paper with horizontal ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.



[illegible]

**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

Write a description of an old person as suggested by this picture:



or

Write a story about a time when things turned out unexpectedly.

(24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]





Source A

Alex Cold lives with his parents and two younger sisters, Andrea and Nicole, in a small American town, but when his mother becomes ill, family life changes beyond recognition.

- 1 Alexander Cold awakened at dawn, startled by a nightmare. He had been dreaming that an enormous black bird had crashed against the window with a clatter of shattered glass, flown into the house, and carried off his mother. In the dream, he had watched helplessly as it clasped her clothing in its yellow claws, flew out the same broken window, and disappeared into a sky heavy
5 with dark clouds.
- 6 What had awakened him was the noise from the storm: wind lashing the trees, rain on the rooftop, and thunder. He turned on the light with a sensation of being adrift in a boat, and pushed closer to the bulk of the large dog sleeping beside him. He pictured the roaring Pacific Ocean a few blocks from his house, spilling in furious waves against the rocks. He lay listening to the
10 storm and thinking about the black bird and about his mother, waiting for the pounding in his
11 chest to die down. He was still tangled in the images of his bad dream.

Alexander looked at the clock: 6.30, time to get up. Outside, it was beginning to get light. He decided that this was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad. There had been a lot of days like that since his
15 mother got sick; sometimes the air in the house felt heavy, like being at the bottom of the sea.

16 At breakfast Alex was not in the mood to applaud his father's efforts at making pancakes. His father was not exactly a good cook; the only thing he knew how to do was pancakes, and they always turned out like rubber-tyre tortillas. His children didn't want to hurt his feelings, so they pretended to eat them, but any time he wasn't looking, they spit them out.

20 'When's Momma going to get better?' Nicole asked, trying to spear a rubbery pancake with her fork.

'Shut up, Nicole,' Alex replied.

'Momma's going to die,' Andrea added.

'Liar! She's not going to die!' shrieked Nicole.

25 'You two are just kids. You don't know what you're talking about!' Alex exclaimed.

'Here, girls. Quiet now. Momma is going to get better,' his father interrupted, without much conviction.

Alex was angry with his father, his sisters, life in general – even with his mother for getting sick. He rushed out of the kitchen, ready to leave without breakfast.

30 Except for his father's pancakes and an occasional tuna-and-mayonnaise sandwich, no one in the family had cooked for months. There was nothing in the refrigerator but orange juice, milk and ice cream; at night they ordered in pizza or Chinese food. At first it was almost like a party, because each of them ate whenever and whatever they pleased, mainly sweets, but by now everyone missed the balanced diet of normal times.



- 35 Alex had realised during those months how enormous their mother's presence had been and how painful her absence was now. He missed her easy laughter and her affection, even her discipline. She was stricter than his father, and sharper. It was impossible to fool her; she could see the unseeable. He missed her music, her flowers, the once-familiar fragrance of fresh-baked cookies, and the smell of paint. It used to be that his mother could work several hours in her
- 40 studio, keep the house immaculate, and still welcome her children after school with cookies. Now she barely got out of bed to walk through the rooms with a confused air, as if she didn't recognise anything; she was too thin, and her sunken eyes were circled with shadows. Her canvases, which once were explosions of colour, sat forgotten on their easels, and her oil paints dried in their tubes. His mother seemed to have shrunk; she was little more than a silent ghost.

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 5**.

List **four** things about the bird in Alex's nightmare from this part of the source.

[4 marks]

1 _____

2 _____

3 _____

4 _____

Look in detail at this extract from **lines 6 to 11** of the source:

[illegible]

You now need to think about the **whole** of the source.

How is the text structured to interest you as a reader?

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[8 marks]

Turn over ►

[illegible]





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 page.

Either:

Write a description of a stormy sea as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story that begins with the sentence: 'This was going to be a terrible day, one of those days when it's best to stay in bed because everything is going to turn out bad.'

(24 marks for content and organisation)

16 marks for technical accuracy)

[40 marks]

The main character in this short story is a boy, though we don't get to know his name or age. At this mid-point in the story, he is playing amongst some rubble on the site of a demolished building. Everything seems normal to begin with, however....

1 One evening, the boy was crouched on top of the mound making a new town out of a heap of broken glass. He liked this time of day best – after tea, before bed. The air seemed to get grainy as its colour changed from vinegary yellow to candyfloss blue. He could rub it between his fingers like dust and slow time down. At the top of the mound he was in charge and he didn't want to go
5 home to bed. He collected green glass shards¹ and broken brown bottle necks. He tumbled fragments of old window in his hands like shattered marbles. He pushed the glass into the mound, making houses, balancing roofs on them, building towers. The last of the sunlight caught and glinted in the tiny glass walls.

10 More of the black birds than he'd ever seen before rushed overhead and gathered on the lamppost. The orange light hadn't yet switched on but the shadows were growing. He heard nine chimes of the town hall clock. For a moment, the lamppost looked like a tall thin man wearing a large black hat. When the man turned towards him, he looked like a lamppost. The man had a greyish-green coat speckled with rust and a black hat that quivered with beaks and feathers. The man didn't need to climb the mound; he was face to face with the boy with his feet still planted in
15 the pavement.

16 'What are you making?' asked the man.
The boy didn't answer.

'Every child is always making something. Shake them out and they're full of dust and dreams.'
The boy stood up, ready to run, but then he remembered that at the top of the mound he was
20 king. He dug his heels into the rubble.

'I'm making a new town, better than this one. The sun can shine in through the walls. The buildings look grander. It'll be a great glass city.'

'All it needs is people,' said the man.

'Yes, it needs people,' said the boy. And when he looked down, tiny creatures were scuttling
25 beneath the glass roofs. They looked like ants or spiders, but the sky was darkening and the creatures were moving too fast to be sure. He looked to the man but there was only the lamppost and as its orange light snapped on, the birds launched into the sky.

The boy plunged down the mound and ran, hoping he wouldn't get told off for being late home. Before he reached the end of the street he knew something was wrong. The world was too quiet.
30 Where were the sounds of cars? Of footballs being kicked against walls? There were no shouts from parents calling everyone in.

'Mum?' He pushed open their front door. The house was in darkness but the telly was switched on. His mum wasn't in any of the rooms. A half-drunk cup of tea had been left on the arm of the settee.

35 The boy thundered back along the silent streets. He stood in the orange light beneath the lamppost. 'Give them back,' he shouted.
Nothing happened, although he could hear the rustle of feathers coming from the darkness above the light.

The boy ran to the top of the mound. 'Give them back!'

40 'But I haven't got them,' The man's face glowed. 'You have.'

In the gloom, it was hard to make out the tiny creatures beneath the glass roofs. They were no longer moving. The boy couldn't be sure what was a particle of rubble and what was a person sleeping in their broken-glass house. 'How do I get them back?' he asked.

But the man was a lamppost again.

Glossary

¹shards - sharp pieces or fragments

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, **lines 1 to 7**.

List **four** things from this part of the source about the boy.

[4 marks]

1

2

3

4

Look in detail at this extract **from lines 5 to 15** of the source:

More of the black birds than he'd ever seen before rushed overhead and gathered on the lamppost. The orange light hadn't yet switched on but the shadows were growing. He heard nine chimes of the town hall clock. For a moment, the lamppost looked like a tall thin man wearing a large black hat. When the man turned towards him, he looked like a lamppost. The man had a greyish-green coat speckled with rust and a black hat that quivered with beaks and feathers. The man didn't need to climb the mound; he was face to face with the boy with his feet still planted in the pavement.

You could include the writer's choice of:

- [8 marks]**

[illegible]

You now need to think about the **whole** of the **source**.

How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader?

- what the writer focuses your attention on at the beginning
- how and why the writer changes this focus as the source develops
- any other structural features that interest you.

[illegible]

Focus this part of your answer on the second part of the source from **line 16 to the end**.

To what extent do you agree?

- consider your own impressions of the boy's game
- evaluate how the writer creates a dark and chilling tone
- support your response with references to the text.

[illegible]



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

You have been invited to produce a piece of creative writing about how children play imaginatively.

Either:

Write a story set on a dark night as suggested by this picture:



Or:

Write a story about a game that goes badly wrong.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

