

English Language  
Paper 1  
Practice Questions

**Paper 1, Question 2 (Language Analysis)**

**Summary – summarise the overall impression of the extract**

**1. A sentence to summarise the overall impression**

Overall, the writer has used language to	<i>ADDRESS THE Q</i>	<i>Summarise your ideas</i>
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**Point – answer the question with a quote (WHAT is the writer showing?)**

**2. The point (topic sentence)**

In the extract,  One of the ways in which,  _____ is described by,	the writer shows	<i><b>WHAT</b> is the writer showing?</i>	By	'QUOTE'
	the writer presents		Through	
	the writer as		In	

**Explanation – explain what the quote shows**

**3. Explain your quote (how does it support your point?)**

This	shows conveys evokes suggests implies conjures	<i>Give an explanation</i>
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**Zoom-in – specific words or phrases using subject terminology (language analysis) HOW?**

**4a. Commenting on a whole phrase or quotation**

The use of this...	<i>metaphor</i> <i>simile</i> <i>personification</i> <i>repetition</i>	reinforces highlights conveys suggests	<i>Analyse the language</i>
The writer's use of the...	<i>list</i> <i>hyperbole</i>	implies demonstrates	

**4b. Commenting on a specific word choice**

The verb '.....' The adjective '.....' The adverb '.....' The noun '.....' The preposition '....' The abstract noun '...'	shows conveys evokes suggests implies conjures	<i>Analyse the language</i>
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**Secondary Quote – patterns in language**

**5a. Find another quote that supports your point.**

Another way the writer shows this is, A further quote to support this is, Additionally, This is also shown in, This is reinforced by,	Give another quote that supports the same idea '.....'
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**Paper 1, Question 3 (Structure)**

**Comment on a section of the extract and what happens**

**1. Comment on the beginning of the extract and its effect**

At the beginning of the extract,	the writer focuses our attention on	<i>The main protagonist</i> <i>The setting</i> <i>The event</i> <i>The object</i> <i>The dialogue</i> <i>The situation</i> <i>WHAT is the focus on?</i>	who	<i>What can be inferred from the focus?</i>
In the middle of the extract,	The writer opens with		Which	
	The writer introduces			
At the end of the extract,	The writer shifts the focus to		Of	
	The writer ends with			

**Comment on why it happens**

This makes the reader,  As a reader, I  The reader is led to,	<i>feel concerned</i> <i>question</i> <i>curious</i> <i>wonder</i> <i>understand</i> What do you feel?	<i>Comment further on the effect of that structural feature</i>
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**One paragraph for beginning, middle and end.**

**Paper 1, Question 4 (Evaluation)**

**Introduce your evaluative point**

**1. The point (topic sentence)**

I agree	Fully	<i>With the statement</i>	That	<i>Respond to the statement / explain why</i>
	Partially	<i>With the student</i>		
	To a certain extent	<i>With the teacher</i>	Through	
		<i>With the reviewer</i>	In	

**Evidence – introduce your quotation (where you put your quote into your paragraph)**

**2. Introducing quotations**

For instance, For example, This is clear This can be seen This is shown This is evidenced	‘..QUOTE...’
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**Explanation – explain what the quote shows**

**3. Explain your quote (how does it support your point?)**

This	shows conveys evokes suggests implies conjures	<i>Refer back to the statement</i>	Because	<i>Explain your reason</i>
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**Zoom-in – specific words or phrases using subject terminology (language analysis)**

**4a. Commenting on a whole phrase or quotation**

The use of this...	<i>metaphor</i> <i>simile</i> <i>personification</i> <i>repetition</i>	reinforces highlights conveys suggests	<i>Analyse the effect of the language choices</i>
The writer’s use of the...	<i>list</i> <i>hyperbole</i>	implies demonstrates	

**4b. Commenting on a specific word choice**

The verb ‘.....’ The adjective ‘.....’ The adverb ‘.....’ The noun ‘.....’ The preposition ‘....’ The abstract noun ‘...’	shows conveys evokes suggests implies conjures	<i>Analyse the effect of the language choices</i>
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**Return to your evaluative point**

**5a. Link back to your opening sentence**

Therefore as a reader,	I agree	Fully	<i>With the statement</i>	That	<i>Refer back to the statement</i>
Consequently as a reader,		Partially	<i>With the student</i>		
And so as a reader,		To a certain extent	<i>With the teacher</i>	Through	
			<i>With the reviewer</i>		

# Paper 1 mini mock: A Vendetta

**Source A:** The opening of a short story called 'A Vendetta' by Guy de Maupassant.

1	The widow of Paolo Saverini lived alone with her son in a poor little house on the outskirts of Bonifacio. The town, built on an outjutting part of the mountain, in places even overhanging the sea, looks across the straits, full of sandbanks, towards the southernmost coast of Sardinia. Beneath it, on the other side and almost surrounding it, is a cleft in the cliff like an immense corridor which serves as a harbor, and along it the little Italian and Sardinian fishing boats come by a circuitous route between precipitous cliffs as far as the first houses, and every two weeks the old, wheezy steamer which makes the trip to Ajaccio.
5	
10	On the white mountain the houses, massed together, makes an even whiter spot. They look like the nests of wild birds, clinging to this peak, overlooking this terrible passage, where vessels rarely venture. The wind, which blows uninterruptedly, has swept bare the forbidding coast; it drives through the narrow straits and lays waste both sides. The pale streaks of foam, clinging to the black rocks, whose countless peaks rise up out of the water, look like bits of rag floating and drifting on the surface of the sea.
15	The house of widow Saverini, clinging to the very edge of the precipice, looks out, through its three windows, over this wild and desolate picture.
	She lived there alone, with her son Antonia and their dog 'Semillante,' a big, thin beast, with a long rough coat, of the sheep-dog breed. The young man took her with him when out hunting.
	One night, after some kind of a quarrel, Antoine Saverini was treacherously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who escaped the same evening to Sardinia.
20	When the old mother received the body of her child, which the neighbors had brought back to her, she did not cry, but she stayed there for a long time motionless, watching him. Then, stretching her wrinkled hand over the body, she promised him a vendetta. She did not wish anybody near her, and she shut herself up beside the body with the dog, which howled continuously, standing at the foot of the bed, her head stretched towards her master and her tail between her legs. She did not move any more than did the mother, who, now leaning over the body with a blank stare, was weeping silently and watching it.
25	
30	The young man, lying on his back, dressed in his jacket of coarse cloth, torn at the chest, seemed to be asleep. But he had blood all over him; on his shirt, which had been torn off in order to administer the first aid; on his vest, on his trousers, on his face, on his hands. Clots of blood had hardened in his beard and in his hair.
	His old mother began to talk to him. At the sound of this voice the dog quieted down.
	'Never fear, my boy, my little baby, you shall be avenged. Sleep, sleep; you shall be avenged. Do you hear? It's your mother's promise! And she always keeps her word, your mother does, you know she does.'
35	Slowly she leaned over him, pressing her cold lips to his dead ones.
	Then Semillante began to howl again with a long, monotonous, penetrating, horrible howl.
	The two of them, the woman and the dog, remained there until morning.
	Antoine Saverini was buried the next day and soon his name ceased to be mentioned in Bonifacio.
40	He had neither brothers nor cousins. No man was there to carry on the vendetta. His mother, the old woman, alone pondered over it.

## Questions

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 1-7.

List four things you learn about the location the story is set in.

**Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use lines 8-15.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

**Q3 – 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 16-40.

A student said 'The mother is presented as both upset and angry at the death, and the writer creates sympathy for her in this ending'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.







Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

## **Paper 1 mini mock: One Summer Night**

**Source A:** A short story titled 'One Summer Night' by Ambrose Bierce written in 1893.

1 The fact that Henry Armstrong was buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of his senses compelled him to admit. His posture -- flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation -- the strict confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence impossible to controvert and he accepted it without cavil.

5 But dead -- no; he was only very, very ill. He had, withal, the invalid's apathy<sup>1</sup> and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he -- just a plain, commonplace person gifted, for the time being, with a pathological<sup>2</sup> indifference: the organ that he feared consequences with was torpid<sup>3</sup>. So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate future, he fell asleep and all was peace with Henry Armstrong.

10 But something was going on overhead. It was a dark summer night, shot through with infrequent shimmers of lightning silently firing a cloud lying low in the west and portending<sup>4</sup> a storm. These brief, stammering illuminations brought out with ghastly distinctness the monuments and headstones of the cemetery and seemed to set them dancing. It was not a night in which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a cemetery, so the three men who were there, digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong, felt reasonably secure.

15 Two of them were young students from a medical college a few miles away; the third was a gigantic man known as Jess. For many years Jess had been employed about the cemetery as a man-of-all-work and it was his favourite pleasantry that he knew 'every soul in the place.' From the nature of what he was now doing it was inferable that the place was not so populous as its register may have shown it to be. Outside the wall, at the part of the grounds farthest from the public road, were a horse and a light wagon, waiting.

20 The work of excavation was not difficult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a few hours before offered little resistance and was soon thrown out. Removal of the casket from its box was less easy, but it was taken out, for it was a perquisite<sup>5</sup> of Jess, who carefully unscrewed the cover and laid it aside, exposing the body in black trousers and white shirt. At that instant the air sprang to flame, a cracking shock of thunder shook the stunned world and Henry Armstrong tranquilly sat up. With inarticulate cries the men fled in terror, each in a different direction. For nothing on earth could two of them have been persuaded to return. But Jess was of another breed.

25 In the grey of the morning the two students, pallid and haggard from anxiety and with the terror of their adventure still beating tumultuously in their blood, met at the medical college.

'You saw it?' cried one.

'God! yes -- what are we to do?'

30 They went around to the rear of the building, where they saw a horse, attached to a light wagon, hitched to a gatepost near the door of the dissecting-room. Mechanically they entered the room. On a bench in the obscurity sat Jess. He rose, grinning, all eyes and teeth. 'I'm waiting for my pay,' he said.

35 Stretched naked on a long table lay the body of Henry Armstrong, the head defiled with blood and clay from a blow with a spade.

1 apathy: indifference, boredom.

2 pathological: illogical, obsessive

3 torpid: inactive, lifeless

4 portending: foretelling, signalling

5 perquisite: benefit, strong point

### **Questions**

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-7.

List four things you learn about Henry.

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 17-39.

A student said 'Although we are scared of the creepy and tense atmosphere, I think the ending is actually very unexpected'

To what extent do you agree?

<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 12-17. How does the writer use language to describe the setting?</p>	<p>In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

## **Paper 1 mini mock: The Splendid Cannibals**

**Source A:** The opening of a short story titled ‘The Splendid Cannibals’ by Ransom Riggs written in 2016.

1	The peculiars in the village of Swampmuck lived very modestly. They were farmers, and though they didn’t own fancy things and lived in flimsy houses made of reeds, they were healthy and joyful and wanted for little. Food grew bountifully in their gardens, clean water ran in the streams, and even their humble homes seemed like luxuries because the weather in Swampmuck was so fair, and the villagers
5	were so devoted to their work that many, after a long day of mucking, would simply lie down and sleep in their swamps.
10	Harvest was their favourite time of year. Working round the clock, they gathered the best weeds that had grown in the swamp that season, bundled them onto donkey carts, and drove their bounty to the market town of Chipping Whippet, a five days’ ride, to sell what they could. It was difficult work. The swampweed was rough and tore their hands. The donkeys were ill-tempered and liked to bite. The road to market was pitted with holes and plagued by thieves. There were often grievous accidents, such as when Farmer Pullman, in a fit of overzealous harvesting, accidentally scythed off his neighbor’s leg. The neighbor, Farmer Hayworth, was understandably upset, but the villagers were such agreeable people that all was soon forgiven.
15	That very year, just after the festival had ended and the villagers were about to return to their toil in the swamps, three visitors arrived. Swampmuck rarely had visitors of any kind, as it was not the sort of place people wanted to visit, and it had certainly never had visitors like these: two men and a lady dressed head to toe in lush brocaded silk, riding on the backs of three fine Arabian horses. But though the visitors were obviously rich, they looked emaciated and swayed weakly in their bejeweled saddles.
20	The villagers gathered around them curiously, marveling at their beautiful clothes and horses. ‘We’re on a journey to the coast of Meek,’ explained one of the visitors, a man who seemed to be the only one strong enough to speak. ‘We were accosted by bandits some weeks ago, and, though we were able to outrun them, we got badly lost. We’ve been turning circles ever since.’
25	‘You’re nowhere near the Roman Road,’ said Farmer Sally. ‘Or the coast of Meek,’ ‘We’ll never make it,’ the man said darkly. At that, the silk-robed lady slumped in her saddle and fell to the ground. The villagers, moved to compassion despite their concerns about disease, brought the fallen lady and her companions into the nearest house.
30	‘Give them space!’ said Farmer Pullman. ‘They’re exhausted; they need rest!’ ‘No, they need a doctor!’ said Farmer Sally.
35	‘We aren’t sick,’ the man said. ‘We’re hungry. Our supplies ran out over a week ago, and we haven’t had a bite to eat since then.’ Farmer Sally wondered why such wealthy people hadn’t simply bought food from fellow travellers on the road, but she was too polite to ask. Instead, she ordered some village boys to run and fetch bowls— but when it was laid before the visitors, they turned the food away. ‘I don’t mean to be rude,’ said the man, ‘but we can’t eat this.’
	‘I know it’s a humble spread,’ said Farmer Sally, ‘but it’s all we have.’ ‘It isn’t that,’ the man said. ‘Grains, vegetables, animal meat — our bodies simply can’t process them. And if we force ourselves to eat, it will only make us weaker.’ The villagers were confused. ‘If you can’t eat grains, vegetables, or animals,’ asked Farmer Pullman, ‘then what can you eat?’ ‘People,’ the man replied.

### **Questions**

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about the villagers.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 16-40.</p>
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<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about Drew's journey.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 12-40. A student said, 'I like how the writer creates a vivid picture of the place, not only describing what we can see in detail but using the other senses too.' To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 6-11. How does the writer use language to describe the slaves?</p>	
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

## **Paper 1 mini mock: The Whispers**

**Source A:** The opening of a novel called 'The Whispers' by Greg Howard, published in 2019

1	There once was a boy who heard the Whispers.
5	He heard them late in the day as the lazy sun dipped below the treetops and the woods behind his house came alive with the magic of twilight. The voices came to him so gently he thought it might be the wind, or the first trickle of summer rain. But as time passed, the voices grew louder and the boy was sure they were calling his name. So he followed them.
10	The Whispers led the boy to a clearing deep in the woods where a rotted old tree stump sat in the centre and fallen leaves covered the ground like crunchy brown carpet. The boy stood next to the stump, waited, and listened. He couldn't see the Whispers, but he knew they were there. Their wispy voices surrounded him, ticking the rims of his ears and filling every darkened shadow of the forest.
15	After waiting patiently for quite some time, the Whispers' garbled words finally began to make sense to the boy, and they told him things. The Whispers knew everything – all the secrets of the universe. They told the boy what colour the moon was up so close and how many miles of ocean covered the Earth. They even told him how long he would live – 26, 332 days. The boy was pleased, because that sounded like a good long time to him. But as they continued to whisper knowledge into his ear, they never showed themselves to the boy. He only caught glimpses from the corner of his eye of their faint bluish glow fading in and out around him. He so badly wanted to see them, to know what kind of creatures they were. How big were they? Or how tiny? Were they thin, fat, or hairy? Were they made of skin and bones like him, or of dark tree bark, or leaves, or dirt? Or something else entirely?
20	The Whispers told the boy that if he brought them tributes, they would give him his heart's desires. The boy wasn't sure what a tribute was and he didn't want very much anyway. He could hardly call them heart's desires. Maybe a new pair of sneakers so the kids at school wouldn't tease him about his raggedy old ones. Maybe a better job for his father so he wouldn't worry so much about money. And he would love to see his mother worry so much about money. And he would love to see his mother smile again, something she rarely did anymore. But he guessed what he really wanted was to see the Whispers with his very own eyes.
25	One day, as the boy's mother made a batch of her special blackberry jam, he asked her what a tribute was. She thought about it a moment and finally told him that a tribute was like a gift to show respect. The boy eyed his mother's handiwork spread over the kitchen table. Everyone loved her jam. When she took it to the local farmers market, she always sold out. And her blackberry jam was his personal favourite. He was sure it would make an excellent tribute for the Whispers. When his mother left the room, the boy took one of the jars from the same and hid it under his bed.
30	The following afternoon, as the sun was setting, he went back to the clearing in the woods with the jam tucked under his arms. He left it sitting on the rotted old tree stump for the Whispers. Satisfied with his tribute, the boy poked his heart's desires aloud and then hurried home as not to scare the Whispers away.
35	When the boy's father got home from work that evening, his mood was lighter than usual and the lines of worry had completely vanished from his face. He told the family that he's received a promotion at work and tomorrow the boy's mother could take him shopping to buy him new clothes and shoes for school. This news made his mother smile. The boy was amazed that he'd received three of his heart's desires with only one jar of jam.
40	

## Questions

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 1-5.

List four things you learn about the Whispers

**Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use lines 6-10.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

**Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 11-40.

A student said 'The writer makes us feel intrigued, like the boy, as to what the Whispers are, but we are also worried and uneasy about them.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

## ***Paper 1 mini mock: A Polaroid of Peggy***

**Source A:** The opening of a novel, 'A Polaroid of Peggy', published in 2015.

1	Peggy and I wandered back down Fifth Avenue with the rest of the crowd dribbling out of the Robert Palmer concert that had just reached its exhausted finale in Central Park. It was part of the annual Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival and whatever Robert Palmer may have thought, I, for one, was extremely grateful for their sponsorship, because it was one of those unbearable summer
5	nights in Manhattan – very late summer, it was already September – when the humidity is a thousand per cent and even the most refined of ladies glistens buckets. We grabbed the ice-cold cans that were being handed out as we left the arena and not just because they were free. On a night like that, an ice-cold anything is a lifeline. With my de rigueur denim jacket slung over my shoulder – don't know why I'd bought it, far too hot to wear, but once a fashionista always a fashionista, I suppose – I tossed
10	back my head and drained the lot.
	'You like this stuff?' asked Peggy. 'Actually, I've never had it before. We don't get it in England.' 'We don't get it here either,' said Peggy. 'I mean, we do, but I don't know anyone who ever, like, gets it.'
	'Somebody must,' I said. 'Yup. Somebody must. I guess somebody must.'
15	Yes, you're right. An utterly unremarkable, nothingy, so-what exchange and yet, for me, intoxicating. It was the rhythm of Peggy's voice that I swooned over. The little staccato bursts, the subtlest of inflections, the bone dry delivery. It was pure essence of New York. Not the On the Waterfront, Hell's Kitchen, Hey-Youse-Gimme-A-Cawfee Noo Yawk. But something else; sharp, smart, sassy, seductive. Yes, all those clichés that, when put together, beget another whole alliterating string of them: Manhattan, Martinis, Madison Avenue. It was all there in Peggy's voice, every time she spoke.
20	So maybe you're thinking it was the idea of Peggy that I was so infatuated with. That any pretty uptown girl might have done just as well. It's a legitimate debating point, and I will admit that maybe there's the tiniest scintilla of truth that I was, indeed, in love with the idea of a girl like Peggy. After all, I was, with one or two minor caveats, in love with everything 'New York'. But inside Peggy's New York wrapper was someone who rang so many bells for me, I would have become every bit as besotted
25	with her if she'd come from Nanking or Narnia.
	I had the not very original idea – still do – that love is a wavelength thing. It's just a question of finding someone who is on the same one as you. Nobody that I have ever met – not before nor since – received my signal and sent back hers so clearly, with so little interference, as Peggy. No moody dropout. No emotional static. It was, for those few short months, such an unburdening relief to find
30	someone to whom I could get through and who came through to me. As I had had so little real hope of finding someone like that – never got remotely close to it before so why should I ever? – I was simply amazed. And even more amazing was Peggy's often given and never solicited – well, only very rarely solicited – assurance that the feeling was entirely mutual. There was Peggy in this relationship, there was me, and for the first, and perhaps only, time in my life, there was a real, almost tangible 'us', the
35	sum that was greater than the parts.
38	So, given all this, how on earth had we managed to get ourselves into a situation where tonight would be our last?

### Questions

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 1-4.

List four things you learn about the setting.

**Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Using lines 11-20. How does the writer use language to describe the narrator's view of Peggy's speech?

**Q3 – 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 21-38.

A student said 'The writer wants us to realise how in love the narrator is, so that it is unexpected and upsetting that the relationship does not last.'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

## **Paper 1 mini mock: The Golden Day**

**Source A:** The opening of a novel called 'The Golden Day' by Ursula Dubosarsky, published in 2013

1	The year began with the hanging of one man and ended with the drowning of another. But every year people die and their ghosts roam in the public gardens, hiding behind the gray, dark statues like wild cats, their tiny footsteps and secret breathing muffled by the sound of falling water in the fountains and the quiet ponds.
5	‘Today, girls,’ said Miss Renshaw, ‘we shall go out into the beautiful garden and think about death.’ The little girls sat in rows as the bell for morning classes tolled. Their teacher paused gravely. They gazed up at her, their striped ties neat around their necks, their hair combed. ‘I have to tell you that something barbaric has happened today,’ said Miss Renshaw in a low, intent voice. ‘At eight o’clock this morning, a man was hanged.’
10	Hanged! Miss Renshaw had a folded newspaper in her hand. She hit it against the blackboard. The dust rose, and the little girls jumped in their seats. ‘In Melbourne!’
15	In Melbourne! They did not really even know where Melbourne was. Melbourne was like a far-off Italian city to them; it was Florence or Venice, a southern city of gold and flowers. But now they knew that it was cruel and shadowy, filled with murderers and criminals and state assassins. In Melbourne there was a prison with a high wall, and behind it in a courtyard stood a gallows, and a man named Ronald Ryan had been hanged at eight o’clock that morning.
20	Hanged . . . Who knew what else went on in Melbourne? That’s what Cubby said. But Icara, who had been to Melbourne with her father on a train that took all night, shook her head. ‘It’s not like that,’ she said. ‘It’s just like here, only there aren’t so many palm trees.’
25	Trust Icara to notice something peculiar like palm trees when people are being cut down on the street and carried away and hanged, thought Cubby. Miss Renshaw beckoned at the little girls to leave their seats and come forward. They gathered around her, their long white socks pulled up to their knees.
30	‘What did he do, Miss Renshaw?’ asked Bethany, the smallest girl in the class. She had small legs and small hands and a very small head. But her eyes were luminously large. ‘The man who was hanged?’ ‘We won’t worry about that now,’ said Miss Renshaw, avoiding Bethany’s alarming stare. ‘Whatever he did, I ask you, is it right to take a man and hang him, coldly, at eight o’clock in the morning?’
35	It did seem a particularly wicked thing to do, the little girls agreed, especially in the morning, on such a warm and lovely day, when everything in it was so alive. Better to hang a person at night, when it was already sad and dark. Miss Renshaw banged the newspaper again, on the desk this time. The little girls huddled backward.
39	‘So today, girls, we will go outside into the beautiful garden and think about death.’ Miss Renshaw was nuts — that’s what Cubby’s mother said. ‘Still, you’ve got to do what she says, Cubby. Remember, she’s the teacher.’

## Questions

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 7-13.

List four things you learn about the girls.

**Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Using lines 14-20. How does the writer use language to describe the children’s view of Melbourne?

**Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 21-38.

A student said ‘The writer presents the group of girls as naïve and young at this point, which makes the teacher’s anger seem really strange.’

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

**Source A: The opening of a novel called 'Rooftoppers' by Katherine Rundell, written in 2013**

1 ON THE MORNING OF ITS FIRST BIRTHDAY, a baby was found floating in a cello case in the middle of the English Channel.

5 It was the only living thing for miles. Just the baby, and some dining room chairs, and the tip of a ship disappearing into the ocean. There had been music in the dining hall, and it was music so loud and so good that nobody had noticed the water flooding in over the carpet. The violins went on sawing for some time after the screaming had begun. Sometimes the shriek of a passenger would duet with a high C.

10 The baby was found wrapped for warmth in the musical score of a Beethoven symphony. It had drifted almost a mile from the ship, and was the last to be rescued. The man who lifted it into the rescue boat was a fellow passenger, and a scholar. It is a scholar's job to notice things. He noticed that it was a girl, with hair the color of lightning, and the smile of a shy person.

15 Think of nighttime with a speaking voice. Or think how moonlight might talk, or think of ink, if ink had vocal cords. Give those things a narrow aristocratic face with hooked eyebrows, and long arms and legs, and that is what the baby saw as she was lifted out of her cello case and up into safety. His name was Charles Maxim, and he determined, as he held her in his large hands—at arm's length, as he would a leaky flowerpot—that he would keep her.

20 The baby was almost certainly one year old. They knew this because of the red rosette pinned to her front, which read, 1!  
'Or rather,' said Charles Maxim, 'the child is either one year old or she has come first in a competition. I believe babies are rarely keen participants in competitive sport. Shall we therefore assume it is the former?' The girl held on to his earlobe with a grubby finger and thumb. 'Happy birthday, my child,' he said.

25 Charles did not only give the baby a birthday. He also gave her a name. He chose Sophie, on that first day, on the grounds that nobody could possibly object to it. 'Your day has been dramatic and extraordinary enough, child,' he said. 'It might be best to have the most ordinary name available. You can be Mary, or Betty, or Sophie. Or, at a stretch, Mildred. Your choice.' Sophie had smiled when he'd said 'Sophie,' so Sophie it was. Then he fetched his coat, and folded her up in it, and took her home in a carriage. It rained a little, but it did not worry either of them. Charles did not generally notice the weather, and Sophie had already survived a lot of water that day.

30 Charles had never really known a child before. He told Sophie as much on the way home: 'I do, I'm afraid, understand books far more readily than I understand people. Books are so easy to get along with.' The carriage ride took four hours; Charles held Sophie on the very edge of his knee and told her about himself, as though she were an acquaintance at a tea party. He was thirty-six years old, and six foot three. He spoke English to people and French to cats, and Latin to the birds. He had once nearly

35 killed himself trying to read and ride a horse at the same time. 'But I will be more careful,' he said, 'now that there is you, little cello child.' Charles's home was beautiful, but it was not safe; it was all staircases and slippery floorboards and sharp corners. 'I'll buy some smaller chairs,' he said. 'And we'll have thick red carpets! Although— how does one go about acquiring carpets? I don't suppose you know, Sophie?'

40 Unsurprisingly, Sophie did not answer. She was too young to talk, and she was asleep.

**Questions**

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 1-9.

List four things you learn about the baby.

**Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Using lines 10-22.

How does the writer use language to describe Charles Maxim?

**Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 23-40.

A student said 'Although the character of Charles seems unusual and an unlikely person to take in a young child, the writer makes him seem kind and caring'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

## Paper 1 mini mock: A Greyhound of a Girl

**Source A:** The opening of a novel 'A Greyhound of a Girl' written by Roddy Doyle and published in 2012.

1	Mary O'Hara was walking up her street, to the house she lived in with her parents and her brothers. The street was long, straight, and quite steep, and there were huge old chestnut trees growing all along both sides. It was raining, but Mary wasn't getting very wet, because the leaves and branches were like a roof above her. Anyway, rain and getting wet were things that worried adults, but not Mary -
5	or anyone else under the age of twenty-one. Mary was twelve. She'd be twelve for another eight months. Then she'd be what she already felt she was - a teenager.
	She came home at the same time most days, and she usually came home with her best friend, Ava. But today was different, because Ava wasn't with Mary. Ava had moved to another part of Dublin the day before, with her family.
10	As the car moved slowly up the street, they'd seen Mary wave, and run into her house. They might have heard the front door slam. They might have heard Mary's feet charging up the stairs, and the springs under Mary's mattress groan when she fell facedown on the bed. They probably didn't hear her crying, and they definitely didn't hear the softer sound of the bedsprings a little later when Mary realized that, although she was heartbroken, she was also starving. So she got up and went
15	downstairs to the kitchen and ate until her face was stiff.
	Today, Mary walked alone, up the hill. She was nearly home. There were just a few houses left before she got to hers. There was a gap between the trees for a while, so the raindrops fell on her. But she didn't notice them, or care.
20	Someone had once told her that people who'd had their leg cut off still felt the leg, even a long time after they'd lost it. They felt an itch and went to scratch, and remembered that there was no leg there. That was how Mary felt. She felt Ava walking beside her. She knew she wasn't, but she looked anyway - and that made it worse.
	Mary knew: Ava was somewhere else in Dublin, only seven kilometers away. But if she'd been acting in a film or a play and she was told she had to cry, she'd have thought of Ava and crying would have been easy. Feeling angry and looking angry would have been easy too. Mary couldn't
25	understand why people moved house. It was stupid. And she couldn't understand why parents - Ava's parents - said no when two friends - Mary and Ava - asked if it was okay if one of them - Ava - didn't move but, instead, lived with the other friend - Mary.
	'You won't have to feed her if she lives with us,' Mary had told Ava's mother the day before they'd
30	moved. 'It'll, like, save you a fortune.'
	'No.'
	'Especially with the recession and that.'
	'No.'
	'Why not?' Ava asked.
35	'Because you're our daughter and we love you.'
	'Then do the noble thing and let her stay,' said Mary.
	'If you, like, really, really love her. It's not funny.'
	'I know,' said Ava's mother. 'It's just so sweet.'
	Which was exactly the sort of stupid thing that adults said. They saw two best friends clinging to
40	each other, wanting to die rather than be separated - and they said it was sweet.
	'I suppose you think war and starvation are sweet too, like, do you?' said Mary.
	'You're being a little bit rude, Mary,' said Ava's mother. 'Whatever,' said Mary.
	She stood at Ava's front door. Then she tried to slam it. But she couldn't. There was a thick rug in the hall, and it seemed to grab the bottom of the door. So she'd shouted it instead.

Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes

Use lines 1-9. List four things you learn about Mary O'Hara.

Q2 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Using lines 10-22. How does the writer use language to describe Mary's reaction to her friend leaving?

Q3 – 8 marks – 10 minutes

Use the whole source.

How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes

Use lines 23-39.

A student said 'The writer makes us feel sorry for Mary, and her anger and frustration seems justified to the reader'

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions
- support your opinions with references to the text.

# Paper 1 mini mock: Splendors and Glooms

**Source A:** The opening of a novel titled ‘Splendors and Glooms’ by Laura A Schlitz, first published in 2012,

1 Clara came awake in an instant. She sat up in bed, tingling with the knowledge that it was her birthday. On this very day, the puppet master Grisini would perform at her birthday party. If all went well, she would have tea with Grisini’s children.

5 The room was dim. The curtains were drawn tight against the November chill. Clara gazed at them intently. If it was very foggy, Professor Grisini might not come. Everything would be ruined; her twelfth birthday would be like all the others, with a trip to Kensal Green in the morning and presents in the afternoon. Clara loved presents, but she dreaded the ceremony of opening them. It was ill- bred to show too much excitement, but if she wasn’t grateful enough, she ran the risk of hurting her mother’s feelings. Clara thrust the thought aside. This year she would do everything exactly right.

10 She flung back the coverlet and tiptoed across the nursery floor, noiseless as a thief. If anyone came in, she would be scolded for walking barefoot.

15 She reached the window and slipped her hand between the curtains. There were two sets between herself and the outside world: claret-colored velvet on top, frilled muslin next to the glass. The muslin was sooty from the London fogs; though the windows fit tightly, the fog always found its way in. Clara leaned forward and peered through the peephole she had made. Her face lit up.

20 The view that greeted her was dismal enough. The trees in the square had shed their leaves, and the city was dark with grime. But the sky was white, not gray; there was even a wisp of blue sky between two clouds. It was a rare clear day. Professor Grisini would surely come.

25 Clara let the curtains fall back together and turned her back to the window. She padded past her sisters’ dollhouse and her brother’s rocking horse, which she was not supposed to touch. Close to the toy cupboard hung her birthday dress. It was covered with an old sheet so that it would stay clean, but she could see the shape of it, with its puffed sleeves and billowing skirt. It was a beautiful dress, but childish; next year, when she was thirteen, she would wear longer skirts and a whalebone corset. Clara wasn’t looking forward to that. Her present clothes were constrictive enough.

30 Footsteps were coming up the back stair. It was Agnes, the housemaid. In an instant Clara was back in bed. She hoisted the blankets to her shoulder and shut her eyes.

35 The door opened. Agnes set a pitcher of hot water on the washstand and went to stir the fire. ‘Wake up, Miss Clara.’

40 Clara sat up, blinking. She could not have said why she felt she needed to hide the fact that she was awake. Her secrecy was chronic and instinctive. She put her hand over her mouth as if to stifle a yawn. ‘Good morning, Agnes.’

‘Good morning, miss.’

‘Agnes, I’m twelve.’ The words came out in a joyful rush. ‘I’m twelve years old today.’

Agnes knew it. No one in the Wintermute household had been allowed to forget that November the sixth was Clara’s birthday. The servants had cleaned the house from top to bottom and decorated the dining room with white ribbons and evergreen boughs. Seventeen children had been invited to Clara’s party, and their mothers would come with them. There was to be a lavish tea: sandwiches and ices and a four-layer cake.

‘Many happy returns, miss.’ Agnes twitched the corner of the counterpane. ‘Now, get up. None of this lying about in bed.’ Clara had no intention of lying about. She wanted the day to begin.

## Questions

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**

Use lines 1-9.

List four things you learn about Clara

**Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Using lines 10-20.

How does the writer use language to describe Clara’s movements?

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**

Use lines 21-40.

A student said ‘The writer presents the character’s excitement in this part, but we as readers find her annoying and her lifestyle seems over the top ‘

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

- write your own impressions about the characters
- evaluate how the writer has created these impressions

**Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes**  
 Use the whole source.  
 How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

- support your opinions with references to the text.

**Paper 1 mini mock: The Mostly True Story of Jack**

**Source A:** From the third chapter of ‘The Mostly True Story of Jack’ written by Kelly Barnhill published in 2011

1 Jack sat in the backseat of a rental car, his sketch book open on his knees, drawing pictures of bells. His mother hadn’t spoken to him in the last four hours, not that it mattered. What was there to say, really? He’d already argued and cried and reasoned, but the result was the same: His parents, after years of fighting, were finally calling it quits. Jack was to spend an entire summer in Iowa with relatives he did not know. He couldn’t believe it.

5 Jack watched the passing farmland as it rippled and swelled like a green ocean stretching from the pavement to the sky. A darkened smudge appeared at the very end of the long, straight road. Jack squinted, trying to get a better look. There was something familiar about that, he thought, as the smudge slowly grew into the shape of a hill, though for the life of him he couldn’t remember where - or whether - he’d ever seen it.

10 Jack closed his sketchbook with a firm slap and bound it tightly with a rubber band before slipping it into his duffel bag. He let his hand linger in the bag for a moment to run his fingers along the sandpapery surface of the skateboard hiding at the bottom. If his mother knew, he’d never be allowed to keep it. Still, as it was a gift from his older brother - and an unexpected one at that - it was the only thing that had even a remote possibility of making his time in Iowa bearable, and Jack wasn’t going to give it up. Not without a fight anyway. He zipped up the bag and looked outside.

15 ‘Is that where we’re going?’ he asked, pointing to the hill ahead, but his mother was on her cell phone with her boss, and didn’t hear him. Jack decided not to mind. Nothing new there, he thought. His mother often didn’t notice him. Or hear him. Or even see him half the time. Same with his father. Not that he blamed either of them. They were, after all, very busy. His mother ran the communications department for the mayor of San Francisco, and his father was an architect - a famous architect, Jack liked to tell people, though no one ever listened or cared.

20 It wasn’t so bad being invisible. Sometimes invisibility had its uses, though Jack couldn’t help but feel that since the announcement of the divorce, he was growing more invisible than usual. Or that the world around him had shifted just enough that he didn’t quite belong to it anymore. He worried he might disappear from their thoughts altogether. And though these worries troubled him, he tried to shrug them off. Why worry about what you can’t fix?

25 The town rose up behind a tangle of gnarled trees on a gentle hump of land - the only hill for miles, as far as Jack could tell. A wooden sign stood at the side of the road, leaning slightly to the left. Welcome to Hazelwood, it said in large black letters, though the paint was faded and chipped in places, exposing the graying wood underneath like tiny bites.

30 ‘Hello?’ Jack’s mother raised her voice at the phone. ‘Hello? You’ve gone out on me, sir.’ ‘No service around here, Mom?’ Jack said.

35 ‘There’s no service around here,’ his mother repeated, waving her phone as if she could catch signals like butterflies. She acted as though Jack hadn’t spoken.

‘Isn’t that what I just -’

‘And always in the middle of something important.’ She clicked off the phone and sighed. ‘Typical.’ It was clear that his mother wasn’t in the mood to chat, so Jack turned toward the window, examining the signal-free town.

40 The town was clean and quiet. Completely quiet. No cars moved, no buses groaned, no people jostled one another on the street. There weren’t even any barking dogs. Instead, a quiet block of perfectly mowed yards, where each green square of lawn fitted snugly against the one next to it, with a thin border of geraniums or gravel in between. Neat white house followed neat white house with porches and weeded gardens and sometimes a swing set. Although Jack usually liked things neat and orderly and predictable, the sameness in the town unnerved him. It was as if each house wanted desperately to be pink or orange or electric green but couldn’t.

**Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes**  
 Use lines 1-5.  
 List four things you learn about Jack.

**Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes**  
 Use lines 12-40.  
 A student said, ‘The writer wants us to feel sorry for Jack and dislike his mother, especially when she seems to be leaving him somewhere strange and isolated.’

**Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes**

Using lines 6-10. How does the writer use language to describe what is Jack sees through the window?	To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?	

## **Paper 1 mini mock: Wonderstruck**

**Source A:** The opening of a novel titled ‘Wonderstruck’ written by Brian Selznick and published in 2011

1	A sudden streak of light interrupted Ben’s memory. Wide-eyed, he watched from the ledge of Robby’s window as a shooting star blazed between the clouds and disappeared. He made a wish about his mom, one that he knew could never come true.
5	Ben hadn’t realized how tightly he’d been gripping the seashell turtle until he felt it digging into his skin. He almost cried out, but he caught himself, not wanting to wake up Robby again. That’s when Ben noticed something very strange. In the black silhouette of his house, eighty-three steps away, a light had come on. The curtains in his mom’s room glowed a bright yellow. Ben stared in disbelief.
10	Feeling dizzy, he placed the turtle in the box, locked it, and tucked it back under the cot. His heart was pounding as he put on an old tank top and slid into his sneakers without bothering to lace them up. He grabbed the red flashlight and slipped silently out of his cousins’ house.
15	Water lapped at the dock, and the boats clacked against one another. A loon called across the night, and the stones of Gunflint Lake glittered faintly in the darkness. The woods at night were always spooky, and the weak beam of the flashlight didn’t stretch very far. Ben kept moving toward his house, where the one glowing window beckoned, staring back through the darkness like an unblinking eye. Under a vault of shaking black branches, he ran.
20	The doors to his house, like nearly all the doors along the lake, were unlocked. Ben quietly entered through the back, into the kitchen. He moved his small beam of light around the room. The flowers and food from the funeral had been cleared out, but the owl-shaped cookie jar sat on the counter with its head off, the way it always had. The junk drawer remained closed crookedly. The refrigerator was still covered with his mom’s favorite quotes. It was like entering a museum of his old life.
25	Ben realized that he could hear music playing softly in the distance. He turned his head to hear it more clearly and a chill went down his spine. <i>‘This is Major Tom to ground control; I’m stepping thro’ the door, And I’m floating in a most peculiar way. And the stars look very different today For here am I sitting in a tin can far above the world ....’</i>
30	Ben heard footsteps. He turned his good ear toward the direction he thought the sound was coming from ... somewhere near his mother’s room, he guessed. Ben had never really believed in ghosts, although some of the stories his mom had read to him when he was younger had kept him up at night. He tiptoed slowly down the hall to his mom’s room, the blood pounding in his head. A faint smell of cigarette smoke grew stronger as he got closer.
35	Ben paused in the hallway, dizzy with fear. ‘You shouldn’t be such a turtle.’ He inched closer until he was right outside her door. He turned off the flashlight and put it in his back pocket.
39	The door was open a crack, and he could see the framed Van Gogh print — a big black tree and a swirling night sky with golden stars. A shadow moved across the room. Ben thought about the shooting star and the impossible wish he’d made. With a trembling hand, he slowly pushed open the door.

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-11. List four things you learn that Ben is doing in this part of the text.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 16-40. A student said ‘The arrival of the visitors seems exciting and unusual for the villagers, but the writer makes us think that something strange is going to happen’ To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> </ul> </p>
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<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 11-16. How does the writer use language to describe the setting?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

## **Paper 1 mini mock: Bird Lake Moon**

**Source A:** The opening of a novel titled ‘Bird Lake Moon’ by Kevin Henkes and published in 2008

1 Mitch Sinclair was slowly taking over the house, staking his claim. He had just finished carving his initials into the underside of the wooden porch railing, which was his boldest move so far. The other things he had done had required much less courage. He had swept the front stoop with his grandmother’s broom. He had cleaned the decaying leaves and the puddle of murky water out of the  
5 birdbath in the side yard and filled it with fresh water. He had spat on the huge rotting tree stump at the corner of the lot each day for the past week, marking the territory as his. And he had taken to crawling under the screened back porch during the hot afternoons; he’d lean against the brick foundation in the cool shade, imagining a different life, if, as his mother had said, their old life was over. Forever. Although he’d seen the house many times while visiting his grandparents, Mitch had never paid much  
10 attention to it before. The house was vacant. It was old and plain—white clapboard with dark green trim—and had been neglected for quite a while, so that all its lines, angles, and corners were softened like the edges on a well-used bar of soap. The windows were curtained, keeping the interior hidden. However, the curtains covering the small oval window on the back door were parted slightly, offering a glimpse of a sparsely furnished, shadowy corner of a room. That’s all. With some hesitancy, Mitch had tried to open the door, turning the loose knob gently at first, then rattling it harder and harder. The door  
15 wouldn’t budge. The front door was locked as well. Mitch’s grandparents’ house stood a short distance from the vacant one. The two yards were separated by a row of scraggly lilac bushes and clumps of seashells that reminded Mitch of crushed bones. Both yards sloped down to Bird Lake. Mitch went swimming nearly every day; he lived in his bathing  
20 suit. There were more people around because it was summer, and yet it was quiet. A sleepy, sleepy place, Mitch’s grandfather called it. When Mitch made a casual observation at dinner one night—breaking the dreadful silence—about the lack of potential friends, his grandmother said crisply that she liked having as few children around as possible. She quickly added that she didn’t mean him, of course. But Mitch hadn’t been so sure.

25 Mitch ran his finger over his initials. M.S. His father’s initials were W.S. Wade Sinclair. Turn an M upside down and you get a W, thought Mitch. We’re the same. It was an idle thought, but it caused a burning knot to form in his stomach. ‘We’re not the same at all,’ Mitch whispered. And we never will be. At the moment, Mitch hated his father, hated him and yet longed to see him so badly tears pricked his eyes. He thought he could destroy this empty little house right now with his bare hands, he was that  
30 upset. But he wanted this house. He wanted it for himself and for his mother. To live in. Mitch rubbed his finger over his initials again. ‘Ouch,’ he said. A splinter. A big one. But not big enough to pick out without a tweezers or a needle. He retreated to his spot under the porch and settled in. He hadn’t asked his grandparents yet what they knew about the house, because he didn’t want an answer that would disappoint him. Maybe he’d ask today. He dozed off in the still, hazy afternoon, blaming his  
35 father for everything wrong in the world, including his aching finger. Sometimes he wished his father had simply vanished. That would have been easier to deal with. Then he could make up any story he wanted to explain his father’s absence. Or he could honestly say that he didn’t know where his father was or why he had disappeared. And if he had vanished, there would be the possibility that, at any moment, he’d return. There he’d be, suddenly—hunched at the sink, humming, scrubbing a frying pan, a dish towel slung over his shoulder. A familiar pose. Everything  
40 back in its proper place, the way it was meant to be.

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things Mitch Sinclair does in this section of the text.0</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 19-41.</p>
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<p>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes Using lines 9-18. How does the writer use language to describe the house and the surrounding area?</p>	<p>A student said ‘The writer makes Mitch seem both angry and upset about his father, which leaves us wondering what has happened to him.’ To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p>
<p>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>● write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>● evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>● support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>

## ***Paper 1 mini mock: Savvy***

**Source A:** An extract from a novel called ‘Savvy’ written by Ingrid Law, published in 2008

1	When my brother Fish turned thirteen, we moved to the deepest part of inland because of the hurricane and, of course, the fact that he’d caused it. I had liked living down south on the edge of land, next to the pushing-pulling waves. I had liked it with a mighty kind of liking, so moving had been hard—hard like the pavement the first time I fell off my pink two-wheeler and my palms burned like fire
5	from all of the hurt just under the skin. But it was plain that fish could live nowhere near or nearby or next to or close to or on or around any largish bodies of water. Water had a way of triggering my brother and making ordinary, everyday weather take a frightening turn for the worse.
10	Unlike any normal hurricane, fish’s birthday storm had started without warning. One minute, my brother was tearing paper from presents in our backyard near the beach; the next minute, both fish and the afternoon sky went a funny and fearsome shade of gray. My brother gripped the edge of the picnic table as the wind kicked up around him, gaining momentum and ripping the wrapping paper out of his hands, sailing it high up into the sky with all of the balloons and streamers roiling together and disintegrating like a birthday party in a blender. Groaning and cracking, trees shuddered and bent over double, uprooting and falling as easily as sticks in wet sand. Rain pelted us like gravel thrown by a playground bully as windows shattered and shingles ripped off the roof. As the storm surged and the ocean waves tossed and churned, spilling raging water and debris farther and farther up the beach, Momma and Poppa grabbed hold of fish and held on tight, while the rest of us ran for cover. Momma and Poppa knew what was happening. They had been expecting something like this and knew that they had to keep my brother calm and help him ride out his storm.
15	That hurricane had been the shortest on record, but to keep the coastal towns safe from our fish, our family had packed up and moved deep inland, plunging into the very heart of the land and stopping as close to the center of the country as we could get. There, without big water to fuel big storms, fish could make it blow and rain without so much heartache and ruin.
20	Settling directly between Nebraska and Kansas in a little place all our own, just off Highway 81, we were well beyond hollering distance from the nearest neighbor, which was the best place to be for a family like ours. The closest town was merely a far-off blur across the highway, and was not even big enough to have its own school or store, or gas station or mayor.
25	Monday through Wednesday, we called our thin stretch of land Kansaska. Thursday through Saturday, we called it Nebransas. On Sundays, since that was the Lord’s Day, we called it nothing at all, out of respect for His creating our world without the lines already drawn on its face like all my grandpa’s wrinkles.
30	If it weren’t for old Grandpa Bomba, Kansaska- Nebransas wouldn’t even have existed for us to live there. When Grandpa wasn’t a grandpa and was just instead a small-fry, hobbledehoy boy blowing out thirteen dripping candles on a lopsided cake, his savvy hit him hard and sudden—just like it did to fish that day of the backyard birthday party and the hurricane—and the entire state of Idaho got made. At least, that’s the way Grandpa Bomba always told the story.
35	‘Before I turned thirteen,’ he’d say, ‘Montana bumped dead straight into Washington, and Wyoming and Oregon shared a cozy border.’ The tale of Grandpa’s thirteenth birthday had grown over the years just like the land he could move and stretch, and Momma just shook her head and smiled every time he’d start talking tall. But in truth, that young boy who grew up and grew old like wine and dirt, had been making new places whenever and wherever he pleased. That was Grandpa’s savvy.
40	

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about the narrator.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 20-41. A student said 'The writer intrigues us with what happened to Fish by telling us about the Grandpa, who seems like a strange person with interesting stories' To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"><li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li><li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li><li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li></ul>
<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 7-19. How does the writer use language to describe the hurricane?</p>	
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	