

don't come out looking like that. The kouros looked like it had been dipped in the very best caffè latte from Starbucks."

6. Hoving turned to Houghton. "Have you paid for this?"
7. Houghton, Hoving remembers, looked stunned.
8. "If you have, try to get your money back," Hoving said. "If you haven't, don't."
9. The Getty was getting worried, so they convened a special symposium on the kouros in Greece. They wrapped the statue up, shipped it to Athens, and invited the country's most senior sculpture experts. This time the chorus of dismay was even louder.
10. Georgios Dontas, head of the Archaeological Society in Athens, saw the statue and immediately felt cold. "When I saw the kouros for the first time," he said, "I felt as though there was a glass between me and the work." Another expert thought it was a fake. Why? Because when he first laid eyes on it, he said, he felt a wave of "intuitive repulsion." By the time the symposium was over, the consensus among many of the attendees appeared to be that the kouros was not at all what it was supposed to be. The Getty, with its lawyers and scientists and months of painstaking investigation, had come to one conclusion, and some of the world's foremost experts in Greek sculpture — just by looking at the statue and sensing their own "intuitive repulsion" — had come to another. Who was right?
11. For a time it wasn't clear. But then, bit by bit, the Getty's case began to fall apart. The letters the Getty's lawyers used to carefully trace the kouros, turned out to be fakes. And what of the scientific analysis that said that the surface of the Getty kouros could only have aged over many hundreds or thousands of years? Well, it turns out things weren't that cut and dried. Upon further analysis, another geologist concluded that it might be possible to "age" the surface of a dolomite marble statue in a couple of months using potato mould. In the Getty's catalogue, there is a picture of the kouros, with the notation "About 530 BC, or modern forgery."
12. When Federico Zeri and Evelyn Harrison and Thomas Hoving and Georgias Dontas – and all the others – looked at the kouros and felt an "intuitive repulsion," they were absolutely right. In the first two seconds of looking — in a single glance — they were able to understand more about the essence of the statue than the team at the Getty was able to understand after fourteen months. They simply took a look at that statue and some part of their brain did a series of instant calculations, and before any kind of conscious thought took place, they *felt* something. For Thomas Hoving, it was the completely inappropriate word "fresh" that suddenly popped into his head. In the case of one expert, it was a wave of "intuitive repulsion." For Georgios Dontas, it was the feeling that there was a glass between him and the work. Did they know why they knew? Not at all. But they *knew*.
13. The part of our brain that leaps to conclusions like this is called the adaptive unconscious, and the study of this kind of decision making is one of the most important new fields in psychology.
14. Whenever we meet someone for the first time, whenever we interview someone for a job, whenever we react to a new idea, whenever we're faced with making a decision quickly and under stress, we use the adaptive unconscious. How long, for example, does it take you to decide how good your teacher is? A class? Two classes? A term? The psychologist Nalini Ambady once gave students three ten-second videotapes of a teacher — with the sound

turned off — and found they had no difficulty at all coming up with a rating of the teacher's effectiveness. Then Ambady cut the clips back to five seconds, and the ratings were the same. They were remarkably consistent even when she showed the students just *two* seconds of videotape. Then Ambady compared those snap judgements of teacher effectiveness with evaluations of those same teachers made by their students after a full term of classes, and she found that they were also essentially the same. A person watching a silent two-second video clip of a teacher he or she has never met will reach conclusions about how good that teacher is that are very similar to those of a student who has sat in the teacher's class for an entire term. That's the power of our adaptive unconscious.

15. You may have done the same thing, whether you realized it or not, when you first picked up this article. Aren't you curious about what happened in those two seconds?

Adapted from Blink by Malcom Gladwell

The Statue That Didn't Look Right Questions

Question 1

Look at Paragraph 1. What was the art dealer's aim when he approached the J Paul Getty Museum? Answer using your own words. (2)

Question 2

Look at Paragraph 2 and 3.

What details in these paragraphs suggest that the museum was cautious and thorough in its reaction to the kouros. (4)

Question 3

Look at Paragraph 3.

Why is the layer of calcite significant? Answer using your own words. (3)

Question 4

Look at Paragraph 4. Why does the writer mention the front page story in the New York Times? (3)

Question 5

Look at Paragraph 5 Federico Zeri could not '*immediately articulate*' what was wrong with the statue. Explain in your own words what this means. (2)

Question 6

Look at Paragraph 10. Analyse how the word choice in this paragraph helps the reader to understand the general feelings of the people at the symposium. (4)

Question 7

Choose one of the following images:

- i. *This time the chorus of dismay was even louder*
- ii. *I felt as though there was a glass between me and the work*
- iii. *The kuorus looked like it had been dipped in the very best caffe latte from Starbucks*

Explain what your chosen image means and analyse its effect. (4)

Question 8

Read paragraph 13 and 14.

Referring to these paragraphs, in your own words list the key points the writer makes about the psychology of reaching conclusions. (4)

Question 9

What is the writer's message in the final paragraph? How does he convey this? (3)

In this extract the writer, Blake Morrison, revisits the village in which he grew up and meets 12 year old Daniel Proctor.

Children of the Dales

At first glance, Daniel Proctor's bedroom looks pretty much what you'd expect. There are posters of Andy Cole and the fixture list for the football season. There are photos of the England rugby team and a gleaming red Ferrari. There's a globe on the window sill, with a switch to illuminate it. There's a model tank, and a heap of lolly sticks. There aren't many books I can see, but then twelve – year olds like Daniel are said not to read much any more. What did I think I'd find? The Famous Five?

There is no computer in Daniel's bedroom, but his big brother Thomas has one in his, an Amiga, and there's also a Game Boy in the house somewhere. Daniel's favourite computer games are football games; then what he calls beat-'em-up games, like Mortal Kombat 2, with special moves; then shooting games, like Better Archery. He doesn't have a television in his room yet, but he might when he's older, like Thomas. He doesn't mind because there's one downstairs he can watch. Saturday, he says, is the best night for television.

A few minutes ago, Daniel came home in his school uniform. Now he's wearing blue socks, Bermuda shorts and a red T-shirt that says BLOGGS/JOEBLOGGS across the chest. His trainers are downstairs, by the back door, ready and waiting for when we're done talking and he can get out on his bicycle.

But I'm lingering in his bedroom, which—now I come to look at it more closely—seems rather less stereotypical. That model tank, for instance: Daniel made it himself, not from an Airfix kit, but at school, in a design and technology class. And those lolly sticks

aren't just scattered at random, but form the roof of another model he made, of a house. There are other things Daniel has made here: clay pots, an ugly mug, and a wooden balancing toy. He's more animated talking about them than he is pointing out the sports posters – which are, on examination, oddly dated: the football fixture list is for the

1993-4 season, and that England rugby team goes back to 1991.

I ask Daniel if he reads much. Yes, he says. What sort of thing? At the moment he's reading Robert Louis Stevenson – *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped*. He used to read Roald Dahl – oh, and all the Famous Five books when he was younger. Do I know them? He asks. They're by Enid Blyton.

Daniel looks eager to be off outside. He can't show me his chicken run, he says, because it's a bit of a way off, in a small croft, but we could look at his greenhouse, which is right outside. *His* greenhouse? Yes, when he was seven he was given a growing kit: sunflower seeds, pea seeds, lettuce seeds. It gave him a taste for horticulture: seeing things shoot up like that, from nothing. So for his tenth birthday, he asked for a greenhouse. That bed of potatoes there, where his mother's roses used to be, is also his. You've got to be careful to earth potatoes, he tells me – that means building the earth up over them,

because otherwise, if they get above ground, they go green and poisonous. As for the chickens, he incubated them in the house, kept them for a week after they'd hatched under a lamp, then once they'd got a few feathers moved them outside. He feeds them each morning before going to school: he lifts the little hatch and they run out and sometimes jump up on him for bread. Then he collects the dozen or so eggs the hens have laid.

I ask if he gets a weekly comic. No. But he did used to get *Poultry News*.

I have a particular interest in Daniel, because I grew up in the same place and went to the same schools. My parents were doctors, not farmers, and our house, though a little aloof from the village, was not set in such splendid isolation as Daniel's farm. But I walked the same paths, literally – and even had one or two of the same teachers.

Looking at Daniel's upbringing and comparing it with mine, I wanted to understand some of the less obvious ways in which childhood has changed in the past thirty years – and some of the less obvious ways in which it hasn't. In particular, I wanted to test the theory that today's kids wherever and however they're raised, grow up much faster than we did – are rougher, edgier, more knowing and derisive.

Yet, there's little in the manner of Daniel, or of his brothers, to suggest this: They're bright, responsive, friendly, talkative – even, by all accounts, when not required to put on a show for a stranger like me. When I ask Daniel about his television habits, he says his favourite soaps are *Coronation Street* – “everyone watches that round here” – and *EastEnders*: otherwise game shows and films, if there's a good one on – something like *Ghostbusters 2*, *Gremlins 2*, the Indiana Jones films, *The Addams Family* and *Addams Family Values*. Nothing too different here from the diet of *Emergency Ward Ten* and *Z Cars* which I consumed at that age.

Does he borrow videos? Occasionally. Or see videos at friends' houses? Yes, he saw one at Laurence Edmondson's when he slept over there, which he has now done five times. Has he ever seen a 15 – certificate film? He seems a bit vague. I explain to remind him about 12s and 15s and 18s and PGs. “Yes, I think we're seeing one at school at the moment. It's called *Macbeth*, and we're reading the play by William Shakespeare. That's the only one.”

For Daniel the world of play means Amiga, Nintendo, Game Boy, Robocop. In My day, it was Dinky toys, Meccano, Scalectrix, Subbuteo and Hornby train sets. A generation or two earlier and it might have been spinning tops, wooden hoops And trolleys knocked together from old pram wheels and boxes. It's hard to see that much has been lost. In terms of intellectual stimulus, something may even have been gained.

Adapted from the essay *Children of the Dales* by Blake Morrison.

Questions on Children of the Dales

1. The writer says that the bedroom "looks pretty much what you'd expect" (line 1).
Give **two** pieces of evidence from lines 1-6 which show this. 2
2. Look again at lines 7-13.
Quote **two** expressions which suggest that having a Game Boy and his own television are not very important to Daniel. 2
3. Look again at line 14-19.
 - a) What contrast between the writer and Daniel is indicated by the word "But" (line 18)? 2
 - b) Why does the writer use the dashes in line 18? 1
4. Look again at lines 18-25.
 - a) Quote the expression which shows that perhaps Daniel's bedroom is not as conventional as the writer first thought. 1
 - b) By referring in detail to **one** example, show how the writer illustrates that His bedroom is slightly unusual for a teenage boy. 2
5. Explain what the writer is suggesting when he says that Daniel is "more animated talking about them than he is pointing out the sports posters" (lines 23-24). 2
6. What tone is created by the use of italics in *His* (line 32)? 1
7. By referring to **one** example from lines 30-42 show how the writer's **word choice** demonstrates that Daniel is knowledgeable about one of his hobbies. 2
8. Look again at lines 44-48.

Give **two** similarities and **two** differences between the writer's childhood and Daniel's childhood. 4
9. Explain, in your own words, hat "theory" the writer "wanted to test" (lines 52). 3
10. Why does the writer use the word "Yet" at the start of the paragraph (lines 55)? 1
11. Explain the writer's use of italics in lines 58-62. 1
12. How does the **structure** of the sentences in lines 64-69 help to give the reader information about Daniel? 2
13. The writer makes use of humour in this passage. With reference to one example comment on how effective you find this technique. 2
14. Explain fully how effective you consider the final paragraph to be in summing up the writer's views on childhood. 2

A Piece Of Brontosaurus

In my grandmother's dining-room, there was a glass-fronted cabinet and in the cabinet a piece of skin. It was a small piece only, but thick and leathery, with strands of coarse, reddish hair. It was stuck to a card with a rusty pin. On the card was some writing in faded black ink, but I was too young then to read.

"What's that?"

"A piece of brontosaurus."

My mother knew the names of two prehistoric animals, the brontosaurus and the mammoth. She knew it was not a mammoth. Mammoths came from Siberia.

The brontosaurus, I learned, was an animal that had drowned in the Flood, being too big for Noah to ship aboard the Ark. I pictured a shaggy lumbering creature with claws and fangs and a malicious green light in its eyes. Sometimes the brontosaurus would crash through the bedroom wall and wake me from my sleep.

This particular brontosaurus had lived in Patagonia, a country in South America, at the far end of the world. Thousands of years before, it had fallen into a glacier, travelled down a mountain in a prison of blue ice, and arrived in perfect condition at the bottom. Here my grandmother's cousin, Charley Milward the Sailor, found it.

Charley Milward was captain of a merchant ship that sank at the entrance to the Strait of Magellan. He survived the wreck and settled nearby, at Punta Arenas, where he ran a ship-repairing yard. The Charley Milward of my imagination was a god among men—tall, silent and strong, with black mutton-chop whiskers and fierce blue eyes. He wore his sailor's cap at an angle and the tops of his sea-boots turned down.

Directly he saw the brontosaurus poking out of the ice, he knew what to do. He had it jointed, salted, packed in barrels, and shipped to the Natural History Museum in South Kensington. I pictured blood and ice, flesh and salt, gangs of workmen and lines of barrels along a shore—a work of giants and all to no purpose; the brontosaurus went rotten on its voyage through the tropics and arrived in London a putrefied mess; which was why you saw brontosaurus bones in the museum, but no skin.

Fortunately cousin Charley had posted a scrap to my grandmother.

I do not remember much about my grandmother except her size. I would clamber over her wide bosom or watch, slyly, to see if she'd be able to rise from the chair, but always I pestered her, "Please can I have the piece of brontosaurus?"

Never in my life have I wanted anything as I wanted that piece of skin. My grandmother said I should have it one day, perhaps. And when she died I said: "Now I *can* have the piece of brontosaurus," but my mother said: "Oh, that thing! I'm afraid we threw it away."

At school they laughed at the story of the brontosaurus. The science master said I'd mixed it up with the Siberian mammoth. He told the class how Russian

scientists had dined off deep-frozen mammoth and told me not to tell lies. Besides, he said, brontosaurus were reptiles. They had no hair, but scaly armoured hide. And he showed us an artist's impression of the beast—so different from that of my imagination—grey-green, with a tiny head and a gigantic switchback of vertebrae, placidly eating weed in a lake. I was ashamed of my hairy brontosaurus, but I knew it was not a mammoth.

It took some years to sort the story out. Charley Milward's animal was not a brontosaurus, but the mylodon or Giant Sloth. He never found a whole specimen, or even a whole skeleton, but some skin and bones, preserved by the cold, dryness and salt, in a cave on Last Hope Sound in Chilean Patagonia. He sent the collection to England and sold it to the British Museum. This version was less romantic but had the merit of being true.

Adapted from *In Patagonia* by Bruce Chatwin

QUESTIONS

1. Look again at lines 1–12.

(a) What **fact** presented in this section suggests that the writer's grandmother thought the "piece of brontosaurus" was special?

(b) The writer's mother claimed the piece of skin came from a brontosaurus. What are we told about her that suggests she could be wrong?

2. (a) Write down the sentence that tells you what the writer thought the brontosaurus looked like.

(b) What effect did this image of the brontosaurus have on him?

(c) Show how the writer's choice of words makes lines 9–12 particularly effective.

3. Look again at lines 13–28.

(a) The story of where the piece of skin came from, given in lines 13–16, is described later as more "romantic" than true.

Explain **in some detail** why this story could be said to be more imaginative than factual.

(b) What expression from lines 17–21 makes it clear that the writer's picture of Charley Milward may not be accurate either?

(c) What expression used in lines 22–27 helps you to understand the meaning of the word "putrefied" (line 26)?

(d) Sad Comic Ironic

Which of these words best describes the tone of lines 22–27? Give reasons for your choice.

(e) What aspects of its **structure** or its **content** make line 28 effective?

4. In what ways does the writer make it clear that the "piece of brontosaurus skin" meant much more to him than it did to his mother?

5. "At school they laughed at the story of the brontosaurus." (line 36)

(a) What did the writer learn at school that confirmed the piece of skin was not from a brontosaurus?

(b) Which **word** in the description of the artist's impression of a brontosaurus (lines 40–42) underlines the contrast between a "real" brontosaurus and the one the writer had pictured earlier? How does it do so?

(c) How did the writer react to being mocked by his classmates?

6. "This version was less romantic but had the merit of being true." (lines 48–49)

How does **what is said** in the last paragraph, OR **how the writer says it**, emphasise the lack of romance in the true version of Charley Milward's discovery?

7. Throughout the passage, in what ways does the writer suggest that Charley Milward was regarded as a bit of a celebrity by his family?

8. Most of us can remember a time in our childhood when we were fascinated by something.

By referring to any **two** of:

ideas,

word choice/imagery, or

sentence structure,

explain how successful you think this writer has been in recreating childhood experience.

MRS. MOONFACE

In this extract from a novel set in a secondary school, the narrator, John, is sitting in his Maths class. Gloria (nicknamed Glory Hallelujah) is another pupil in the same class.

1. I am sitting in school, in maths, with a piece of paper in my hand. No, it is not my algebra homework. It is not a quiz that I have finished and am waiting to hand in to Mrs Moonface. The piece of paper in my hand has nothing at all to do with mathematics. Nor does it have to do with any school subject. Nor is it really a piece of paper at all.
2. It is really my fate, masquerading as paper.
3. I am sitting next to Glory Hallelujah and I am waiting for a break in the action. Mrs Moonface is at the front of the room, going on about integers. I am not hearing a single thing that she is saying. She could stop lecturing about integers and start doing a cancan kick or sing a rap song and I would not notice.
4. She could call on me and ask me any question on earth, and I would not be able to answer.
5. But luckily, she does not call on me. She has a piece of chalk in her right hand. She is waving it around like a dagger as she spews algebra gibberish at a hundred miles a minute.
6. I hear nothing. Algebra does not have the power to penetrate my feverish isolation.
7. You see, I am preparing to ask Glory Hallelujah out on a date.
8. I am on an island, even though I am sitting at my desk surrounded by my classmates. I am on Torture Island.
9. There are no trees on Torture Island - no huts, no hills, no beaches. There is only doubt.
10. Gloria will laugh at me. That thought is my lonely and tormenting company here on Torture Island. The exact timing and nature of her laughter are open to endless speculation.
11. She may not take me seriously. Her response may be "Oh, John, do you exist? Are you here on earth with me? I wasn't aware we were sharing the same universe."
12. Or she may be even more sarcastic. "John, I would love to go on a date with you, but I'm afraid I have to change my cat's litter box that night."
13. So, as you can see, Torture Island is not exactly a beach resort. I am not having much fun here. I am ready to seize my moment and leave Torture Island forever.
14. In registration, I ripped a piece of paper from my yellow notepad. My black ball-point pen shook slightly in my trembling right hand as I wrote out the fateful question: "Gloria, will you go out with me this Friday?" Beneath that monumental question, I drew two boxes. One box was conspicuously large. I labelled it the YES box. The second box was tiny. I labelled it the NO box.

15. And that is the yellow piece of paper I have folded up into a square and am holding in my damp hand as I wait here on Torture Island for Mrs Moonface to turn towards the blackboard and give me the opportunity I need.
16. I cannot approach Glory Hallelujah after class because she is always surrounded by her friends. I cannot wait and pass the note to her later in the week because she may make plans to go out with one of her girlfriends. No, it is very evident to me that today is the day, and that I must pass the note before this period ends or forever live a coward.
17. There are only ten minutes left in maths and Mrs Moonface seems to have no intention of recording her algebraic observations for posterity. Perhaps the piece of yellow chalk in her hand is just a prop. It is possible that the previous night she hurt her wrist in an arm-wrestling competition and can no longer write. It is also possible that she has forgotten all about her pupils and believes that she is playing a part in a Hollywood movie.
18. There are only seven minutes left in maths. I attempt to turn Mrs Moonface towards the blackboard by telekinesis. The atoms of her body prove remarkably resistant to my telepathic powers.
19. There are six minutes left. Now there are five.
20. Mrs Moonface, for Pete's sake, write something on the blackboard! That is what mathematics teachers do! Write down axioms, simplify equations, draw rectangles, measure angles, even, if you must, sketch the sneering razor-toothed face of algebra itself. Write anything!
21. Suddenly Mrs Moonface stops lecturing.
22. Her right hand, holding the chalk, rises.
23. Then her hips begin to pivot.
24. This all unfolds in very slow motion. The sheer importance of the moment slows the action way, way down.
25. The pivoting of Mrs. Moonface's hips causes a corresponding rotation in the plane of her shoulders and upper torso.
26. Her neck follows her shoulders, as day follows night.
27. Eventually, the lunar surface of her face is pulled towards the blackboard.
28. She begins to write. I have no idea what she is writing. It could be hieroglyphics and I would not notice. It could be a map to Blackbeard's treasure and I would not care.
29. I am now primed. My heart is thumping against my ribs, one by one, like a hammer pounding out a musical scale on a metal keyboard. Bing. Bang. Bong. Bam. I am breathing so quickly that I cannot breathe, if that makes any sense.
30. I am aware of every single one of my classmates in maths.

31. Everyone in maths is now preoccupied. There are only four minutes left in the period. Mrs Moonface is filling up blackboard space at an unprecedented speed, no doubt trying to scrape every last kernel of mathematical knowledge from the corncob of her brain before the bell. My classmates are racing to keep up with her. All around me pens are moving across notebooks at such a rate that ink can barely leak out and affix itself to paper.
32. My moment is at hand! The great clapper in the bell of fate clangs for me! *Ka-wang! Ka-wang!*
33. My right hand rises and begins to move sideways, very slowly, like a submarine, travelling at sub-desk depth to avoid teacher radar.
34. My right index finger makes contact with the sacred warm left wrist of Glory Hallelujah!
35. She looks down to see who is touching her at sub-desk depth. Spots my hand, with its precious yellow note.
36. Gloria understands instantly.
37. The exchange of the covert note is completed in a nanoinstant. Mrs Moonface and the rest of our maths class have no idea that anything momentous has taken place.
38. I reverse the speed and direction of my right hand, and it returns safely to port.
39. Gloria has transferred my note to her lap and has moved her right elbow to block anyone on that side of her from seeing. The desk itself provides added shielding.
40. In the clever safe haven that she has created, she unfolds my note. Reads it.
41. She does not need to speak. She does not need to check the yes or no boxes on my note. If she merely blinks, I will understand. If she wrinkles her nose, the import of her nose wrinkle will not be lost on me. In fact, so total is my concentration in that moment of grand suspense I am absolutely positive that there is nothing that glory hallelujah can do, no reaction that she can give off, that I will not immediately and fully understand.
42. I would stake my life on it.
43. But what she does do is this. She folds my note back up. Without looking at me - without even an eye blink or a nose wrinkle - she raises it to her lips. For one wild instant I think that she is going to kiss it.
44. Her pearly teeth part.
45. She eats my note.

Adapted from the novel *You Don't Know Me* by David Klass

MRS. MOONFACE

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

Look at Paragraphs 1 - 4

1. Briefly summarise the problem John is trying to deal with in this passage. 1
2. "It really is my fate, masquerading as a paper." (Paragraph 2) 1
Why does the writer place this sentence in a paragraph of its own?
3. "Mrs Moonface is at the front of the room, going on about integers." (Paragraph 3) 1
What does the expression "going on" suggest about John's attitude to what Mrs Moonface is saying?

Look at Paragraphs 5 - 10

4. How does the writer make Mrs Moonface's behaviour seem threatening? 2
5. "... spews algebra gibberish at a hundred miles a minute..." (Paragraph 5)
In your own words explain what the writer's **word choice** in this expression suggests about what John thinks of:
what Mrs Moonface is saying and **how** Mrs Moonface is saying it. 2
6. "I am on Torture Island." (Paragraph 9)
(a) **Explain fully in your own words** what the narrator means by this. 2
(b) Referring to Paragraph 10, explain two ways in which the writer describes what "Torture Island" is like. 4
7. Referring to Paragraphs 11-14, **write down an example** of the writer's use of humour in these paragraphs. Go on to explain why your chosen example is funny. 3
8. (a) Referring closely to Paragraphs 15-16, explain clearly how the writer's **word-choice** indicates John's nervousness at this point in the story. 2
(b) "One box was conspicuously large... The second box was tiny." (Paragraph 14) 2
Why do you think John makes the boxes different sizes?
9. (a) Referring closely to Paragraphs 22-33, identify **one** technique in which the language used by the writer suggests John's growing excitement. 1
(b) Explain clearly how your chosen example shows John's growing excitement. 2
10. Explain, with reference to the passage as a whole, why the final paragraph provides an effective ending. 2

11. (a) Who would be likely to read this story? Think about: 1
- ◆ Age **and/or**
 - ◆ Gender **and/or**
 - ◆ Interests **and/or**
 - ◆ Nationality **and/or**
 - ◆ Another audience you can identify
- (b) Referring to evidence from the passage, explain how you reached this conclusion. 2
12. How effectively do you think the writer creates a realistic classroom situation in this passage? Explain your answer. 2

Total (30)

ALICE

In the following passage, Alice, the main character, is spending the summer working in France.

1. Alice notices a fly on the underside of her arm.
2. Insects are an occupational hazard at a dig, and for some reason there are more flies higher up the mountain where she is working than at the main excavation site lower down.
3. Her concentration broken, Alice stands up and stretches. She unscrews the top of her water bottle. It's warm, but she's too thirsty to care and drinks it down in great gulps. Below, the heat haze shimmers above the dented tarmac of the road. Above her, the sky is an endless blue.
4. It's her first time in the Pyrenees, although she feels very much at home. In the main camp on the lower slopes, Alice can see her colleagues standing under the big canvas awning. She's surprised they've stopped already. It's early in the day to be taking a break, but then the whole team is a bit demoralised. It's hard work: the digging, scraping, cataloguing, recording, and so far they've turned up little to justify their efforts. They've come across only a few fragments of early medieval pots and bowls, and a couple of arrowheads.
5. Alice is tempted to go down and join her colleagues. Her calves are already aching from squatting. The muscles in her shoulders are tense. But she knows that if she stops now, she'll lose her momentum.
6. Hopefully, her luck's about to change. Earlier, she'd noticed something glinting beneath a large boulder, propped against the side of the mountain, almost as if it had been placed there by a giant hand. Although she can't make out what the object is, even how big it is, she's been digging all morning and she doesn't think it will be much longer before she can reach it.
7. She knows she should fetch someone. Alice is not a trained archaeologist, just a volunteer. But it's her last day on site and she wants to prove herself. If she goes back down to the main camp now and admits she's on to something, everybody will want to be involved, and it will no longer be her discovery.
8. In the days and weeks to come, Alice will look back to this moment. She will wonder at how different things might have been had she made the choice to go and not to stay. If she had played by the rules. She drains the last drop of water from the bottle and tosses it into her rucksack.
9. For the next hour or so, as the sun climbs higher in the sky and the temperature rises, Alice carries on working. The only sounds are the scrape of metal on rock, the whine of insects and the occasional buzz of a light aircraft in the distance.
10. Alice kneels down on the ground and leans her cheek and shoulder against the rock for support. Then, with a flutter of excitement, she pushes her fingers deep into the dark earth. Straight away, she knows she's got something worth finding. It is smooth to the touch, metal

not stone. Grasping it firmly and telling herself not to expect too much, slowly, slowly she eases the object out into the light.

11. The rich, cloying smell of wet soil fills her nose and throat, although she barely notices. She is already lost in the past, captivated by the piece of history she cradles in the palms of her hands. It is a heavy, round buckle, speckled black and green with age and from its long burial.
12. Alice is so absorbed that she doesn't notice the boulder shifting on its base. Then something makes her look up. For a split second, the world seems to hang suspended, out of space, out of time. She is mesmerised by the ancient slab of stone as it sways and tilts, and then gracefully begins to fall towards her. At the very last moment, the light fractures. The spell is broken. Alice throws herself out of the way, half tumbling, half slithering sideways, just in time to avoid being crushed. The boulder hits the ground with a dull thud, sending up a cloud of pale brown dust, then rolls over and over, as if in slow motion, until it comes to rest further down the mountain.
13. Alice clutches desperately at the bushes and scrub to stop herself slipping any further. For a moment she lies sprawled in the dirt, dizzy and disorientated. As it sinks in how very close she came to being crushed, she turns cold. Takes a deep breath. Waits for the world to stop spinning.
14. Gradually, the pounding in her head dies away. The sickness in her stomach settles and everything starts to return to normal, enough for her to sit up and take stock.
15. Her knees are grazed and streaked with blood and she's knocked her wrist where she landed awkwardly, still clutching the buckle in her hand to protect it, but basically she's escaped with no more than a few cuts and bruises.
16. She gets to her feet and dusts herself down. She raises her hand, is about to call out to attract someone's attention when she notices that there's a narrow opening visible in the side of the mountain where the boulder had been standing. Like a doorway cut into the rock. She hesitates. Alice knows she should get somebody to come with her. It is stupid, possibly even dangerous, to go in on her own without any sort of back-up. She knows all the things that can go wrong. But something is drawing her in. It feels personal.
17. It's her discovery.
18. She climbs back up. There is a dip in the ground at the mouth of the cave, where the stone had stood guard. The damp earth is alive with the frantic writhing of worms and beetles exposed suddenly to the light and heat after so long. Her cap lies on the ground where it fell. Her trowel is there too, just where she left it.
19. Alice peers into the darkness. The opening is no more than five feet high and about three feet wide and the edges are irregular and rough. It seems to be natural rather than man-made.
20. Slowly, her eyes become accustomed to the gloom. Velvet black gives way to charcoal grey and she sees that she is looking into a long, narrow tunnel.
21. Squeezing the buckle tightly in her hand, she takes a deep breath and steps forward into the passageway. Straight away, the smell of long-hidden, underground air surrounds her, filling

her mouth and throat and lungs. It's cool and damp, not the dry, poisonous gases of a sealed cave she's been warned about, so she guesses there must be some source of fresh air. Feeling nervous and slightly guilty, Alice wraps the buckle in a handkerchief and pushes it into her pocket, then cautiously steps forward.

22. As she moves further in, she feels the chill air curl around her bare legs and arms like a cat. She is walking downhill. She can feel the ground sloping away beneath her feet, uneven and gritty. The scrunch of the stones and gravel is loud in the confined, hushed space. She is aware of the daylight getting fainter and fainter at her back, the further and deeper she goes.
23. Abruptly, she does not want to go on.

Adapted from the novel *Labyrinth* by Kate Mosse

ALICE

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

1. (a) Explain briefly what Alice has been involved in doing. 1
 (b) Give **three** pieces of evidence from Paragraph 3 which show that the weather is making it difficult for her. 2

2. "It's hard work." (Paragraph 4)
 Referring to paragraphs 4-5, show how the writer emphasises this by
 (a) sentence structure 2
 (b) word choice 2

3. When Alice makes a discovery, she does not tell anyone. Using your own words as far as possible, explain clearly why this is. 2

4. In paragraphs 10-11, Alice tries to learn more about her discovery.
 (a) Explain clearly her **thoughts** and **feelings** at this point. 2
 (b) Write down **two** examples of the writer's **word-choice** which suggests that Alice is being very careful with the object she has found. 2
 (c) Explain clearly why **one** of your chosen examples is effective. 2

5. **Look at Paragraphs 12 – 14.**
 Summarise what happened to Alice in these paragraphs. 2

6. The writer makes effective use of a variety of **language techniques** in paragraphs 12-14. Give an example of **two** different techniques and explain why they are effective.
 You might refer to:
 - unusual word choice
 - sentence structure
 - alliteration4

7. **Look at Paragraphs 15-23.**
 "She hesitates." (Paragraph 16)
 (a) Explain **two contrasting** reasons why Alice does this. 2
 (b) Explain why the final paragraph is an effective conclusion to the passage. 1

8. (a) Who would be likely to read this extract? Consider one of the following:
 - age
 - gender
 - interests
 - nationality
 - background1
 (b) Explain how you reached this conclusion. 2

9. What do you think is the writer's purpose in this extract? Choose **one** of the following and justify your decision from your reading of the passage as a whole:
 - to entertain the reader
 - to create suspense and tension
 - to inform the reader about archaeology
 - to show that digs can be dangerous3

Total (30)

THE FIGHT

The Weavers Lane was a good venue for a fight. Not far from the entrance it changed direction sharply, and twenty yards on it veered again before turning to the exit. Whatever went on between the zig and the zag couldn't be seen from either end. To make it still more suitable the centre stretch had a recess of stony soil where some dockens and dandelions maintained a squalid existence.

On one side of the lane: the black walls of Kennedy's soap factory, McLaren's garage, and Donaldson's paint-works. On the other: the palisade of the railway embankment.

But the fight was a flop. Gerry saw at once where he had gone wrong. He had matched a warmonger with a pacifist. In a minute it was no contest. McKay hit Duthie at once, an uppercut wildly off target. Duthie reeled against the spectators. They shoved him back into the ring. He stumbled forward a couple of steps and stopped with his head down and his hands across his face, patiently waiting the next blow. Disgusted at the lack of style in his opponent McKay pushed rather than punched him and Duthie fell down. He lay there. He seemed to think he had done his bit and that the show was over. Gerry was annoyed.

"Get up and fight!" he shouted. "You're yellow!"

To encourage Duthie to rise he kicked him three or four times in the ribs. He made it clear he had a great contempt for Duthie. But Duthie gave no sign of caring about anybody's opinion. He sprawled in defeat and croaked upon an ugly docken. The happy boys and girls, four deep all the way round, jeered at his abjection.

Gerry sighed.

Duthie lay still, waiting and willing for death or the end of the world to come and release him from his agony. Neither event occurred at that particular moment, but his salvation came along in the shape of Granny Lyons, famous locally for the health and vigour of her old age.

From 'Mr Alfred, MA' by George Friel

QUESTIONS – ‘THE FIGHT’

1. Read lines 1 – 5.
 - a) What TWO reasons made Weavers Lane a good place to have a fight? (2)
 - b) Quote THREE single words that tell you about the shape of the lane. (3)

2. Explain how the sentence structure in lines 6 – 7 helps you to see clearly the surroundings of the fight venue. (2)

- 3a) Who was the organiser of the fight? (1)
- b) What pair of contrasting words tells you what his mistake was? (2)

4. Read lines 10 – 12 from ‘*Duthie reeled*’ to ‘*the next blow*’.
 How does the word choice used to describe Duthie’s actions help to explain why the fight was a flop? Quote TWO single words or expressions to back up your answer. (3)

5. Read lines 12 – 13 from ‘*Disgusted at the*’ to ‘*Duthie fell down*’.
 How does the word order in this sentence emphasise McKay’s feelings? (2)

6. Read lines 16 – 20.
 - a) What TWO methods does Gerry use to try to get Duthie to fight on? (2)
 - b) ‘*He sprawled in defeat and croaked upon an ugly docken*’ (line 19).
 What does this sentence tell you about the state Duthie was in?
 Quote ONE word that makes his state clear and say how it does this. (3)
 - c) In your own words describe the mood and behaviour of the boys and the girls. (lines 19 – 20) (2)

7. Why do you think the sentence ‘*Gerry sighed*’ (line 21) is given a whole paragraph to itself? (2)

8. Read lines 22 – 25.
 - a) How does the writer use exaggeration to show the reader how Duthie feels? (2)
 - b) Why do you think Granny Lyons saved the situation for him? (1)

9. Which of the characters in the extract do you feel most sympathy with – Gerry, McKay or Duthie?
 Give an explanation of your answer. (3)

TOTAL MARKS - 30