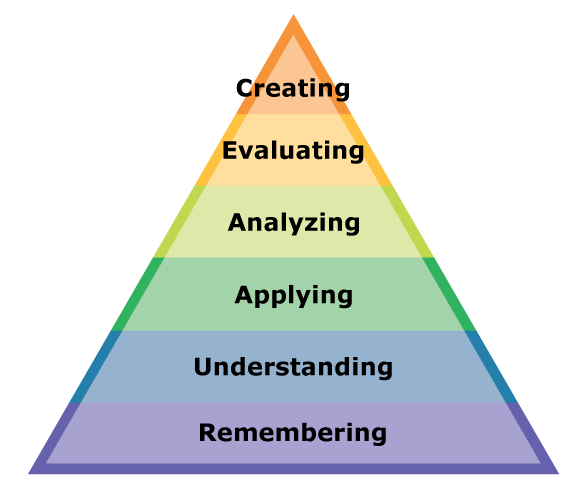
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| **ENGLISH DEPARTMENT**  **S3** Reading for Meaning  Homework Booklet |

**ST AMBROSE HIGH SCHOOL**



**THINKING SKILLS ACROSS LEARNING**

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**ACTIVE LITERACY ACROSS LEARNING**

Prior Knowledge

Metalinguistics

Visualisation

Inference

Main Ideas

Summarising and Paraphrasing

**Introduction**

The aim of this booklet is to help to develop your skills in reading for meaning. These skills are very important and are a key part of English from S1 – S6.

**What will I be asked to do?**

Reading for meaning tests how well you can read a passage.

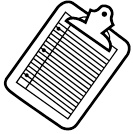
It tests that you can: **UNDERSTAND** the main ideas, **ANALYSE** how the writer portrays them and **EVALUATE** how successful the writer has been in doing so.  
It does this by asking you different types of questions about the passage.

* You will be asked to read the passage and answer questions on it.
* You should attempt all questions and not leave any out.
* If you are unsure about any questions make sure you ask your teacher.
* Do not leave the homework until the night before to complete.
* You should answer in full sentences.

**Different Types of Questions**

You will be asked different types of questions. For example:

1. To put something from the passage into your own words.
2. To pick out an expression or a phrase from the passage.
3. To pick out one word from the passage.
4. To comment on the structure of a sentence.
5. To comment on the writer’s attitude or tone.
6. To identify techniques/figures of speech the writer has used.

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| **Checklist of Questions**  In order to answer these questions you must first understand what the question requires you to do. You should refer back to this checklist to remind yourself what different questions require you to do.   1. **Answer in your own words**   In order to answer this type of question you need to go back to the passage and find the correct sentence that you have been asked to put into your own words. Identify key words from the sentence, then try to change these into your own words.   1. **Pick out an expression or a phrase**   This type of question is testing you on two things. Firstly, it is testing your understanding of what an expression is. Secondly, it is testing whether you can pick out the correct expression. An expression or a phrase is a few words taken directly from the passage.   1. **Pick out one word from the passage**   This type of question is again testing you on two things. The first thing is how carefully you have read the question and realise that it is only one word that you have to pick out. The second thing is can you pick out the correct word.   1. **Comment on the sentence structure**   This type of question is asking you to look at how a sentence has been written, not what the sentence means.  **The length of the sentences:**  Is there one big long sentence? If so, think about why it might be used. It could be used to show the size or length of something or it could show that a lot of things are happening quickly.  Are there lots of short sentences? If so, why have they been used? Sometimes short sentences can be used to create tension or suspense. Or they can be used to show that something is very short and does not take a lot of time.  **Punctuation:**  Another thing that you have to think about is the punctuation that is used.  The full stop. This is used to show that it is the end of a sentence  This is used to divide words on a list.  The comma, This is used to divide words in a list.  The exclamation mark! This is used to show that someone is speaking  loudly because they are angry, excited,   shocked or happy.  The question mark? This is used to show that a question has been  asked.  Brackets ( )  These are used to give extra information.  Direct speech marks  or quotation marks “ “  These are used to show that someone is speaking or because there is a quotation from someone.    **(5) Identify techniques the writer uses**  Sometimes you might be asked to pick out or comment on techniques that the writer has used. This type of question is testing how well you can pick out any figures of speech that the writer has used. It might also be looking for you to comment on length of sentences or punctuation.  **Figures of Speech**  **Alliteration**: This is when words in a sentence start with the same sound, for example **T**etley **t**eabags **t**ingle **t**aste buds. The repetition of the **t** sound is called alliteration. Often alliteration is used in newspaper headlines to create an eye-catching headline.  **Simile**: This is when the writer compares two things using like or as, for example **‘The night sky was as black as ink.’**  **Metaphor**: This is when the writer compares two things without using like or as. Instead they just say that the first thing is the second thing. **‘The man was a mountain.’**  **Onomatopoeia**: This is when words imitate the sound they describe, for example: **crash, smash, bang, whimper, …**  **Personification**: This is a type of metaphor that makes objects sound as if they are alive. ‘**The angry sea swept the boat towards the rocks.’**  **Repetition**: This is simply when the writer repeats a word or phrase. This is usually done to draw attention to something.  **Tone**: Sometimes you might be asked to pick out the tone of a passage or of something that someone says. When you are asked about tone, try to imagine someone speaking the lines and the tone of voice they might use: Common tones are: **happy, sad, sympathetic, hurtful,** **doubtful, fearful, sarcastic, humorous, angry, ironic, …** |

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**The Store Detective**

Sometimes on dark winter mornings he watched them before the doors were opened: pressing their hands and faces against the glass, a plague of moths wanting in to the light. But you couldn't look at them like that, as an invading swarm. To do the job — which was under threat anyway because of security guards and surveillance cameras - you had to get in among them, make yourself invisible. You had to blend in, pretend to be one of them, but you also had to observe them, you had to see the hand slipping the "Game Boy" into the sleeve. Kids wore such loose clothes nowadays, baggy jeans and jogging tops two sizes too big for them. It was the fashion, but it meant they could hide their plunder easily. You had to watch the well-dressed gentlemen as well — the Crombie coat and the briefcase could conceal a fortune in luxury items. When it came down to it, you were a spy. He was in the food hall and they were rushing around him. He picked up a wire basket and strolled through the vegetables, doing his best to look interested in a packet of Continental Salad, washed and ready to use. It was easy to stop taking anything in and let the shopping and the shoplifting happen around you, a blur, an organism, an animal called The Public. The Public was all over the shop: poking its nose into everything; trying on the clean new underwear; squirting the testers on its chin, on its wrists, behind its ears; wriggling its fingers into the gloves; squeezing its warm, damp feet into stiff, new shoes; tinkering with the computers; thumbing the avocados. He was watching a grey-haired lady dressed in a sagging blue raincoat, probably in her sixties, doing exactly that. The clear blue eyes, magnified by thick lenses, looked permanently shocked. A disappointed mouth, darkened by a plum-coloured lipstick, floundered in a tight net of wrinkles. There was something in her movements that was very tense, yet she moved slowly, as if she had been stunned by some very bad news. She put down the avocados — three of them, packaged in polythene — as if she'd just realised what they were and didn't need them. He followed her as she made her way to the express pay-point and took her place in the queue. He stacked his empty basket and waited on the other side of the cash-points, impersonating a bewildered husband waiting for the wife he'd lost sight of. He watched her counting her coins from a small black purse. The transaction seemed to fluster her, as if she might not have enough money to pay for the few things she'd bought. A tin of lentil soup. An individual chicken pie. One solitary tomato. Maybe she did need the avocados - or something else. Some shoplifters used the pay-point: it was like declaring something when you went through customs, in the hope that the real contraband would go unnoticed. An amateur tactic. It was easy to catch someone with a conscience, someone who wanted to be caught. He ambled behind her to the escalator down to Kitchen and Garden. When she came off the escalator, she waited at the bottom, as if not sure where to find what she was looking for. He moved away from her to the saucepans and busied himself opening up a three-tiered vegetable steamer, then he put the lid back on hastily to follow her to the gardening equipment. She moved past the lawn-mowers and the sprinklers until she came to a display of seed packets.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraph 1.** What **two** things were required of the store detective in order to do his job well? [2]

2a. Explain what concerns the detective had about:

(i) kids;

(ii) well-dressed gentlemen [2]

2b. Why do you think **the writer** uses "kids" and "well-dressed gentlemen" as examples? [2]

3. Explain why it is appropriate to describe the shoppers as "a plague". [2]

4. **Look at Paragraphs 2 to 5.** What did the detective do to avoid being noticed in the food hall? [2]

5. Look closely at the final sentence of Paragraph 2. Identify any **one technique** used by the writer and explain how it helps to create the impression that "The Public was all over the shop". [2]

6a*.* What was the woman doing when the detective first noticed her? [2]   
6b. Quote the **expression** which best suggests why he followed her to the pay point. [1]

7. **In your own words** describe what the detective did to avoid being noticed at the pay-point. [2]

8. In Paragraph 4, how does the writer emphasise that the woman had bought "few things"

(i) by word-choice? [2]

(ii) by sentence structure? [2]

9a. The writer compares some shoplifters’ use of the pay-point to “declaring something when you went through customs”. Explain fully why you this is a good **comparison**. [2]

9b. Quote an **expression** which shows that the store detective thought shoplifters were usually unsuccessful when they used the pay-point. [1]

**The Store Detective II**

It wasn't often you had this kind of intuition about somebody, but as soon as he saw her looking at the seeds, he was certain she was going to steal them. He moved closer to her, picked up a watering can and weighed it in his hand, as if this was somehow a way of testing it, then he saw her dropping packet after packet into the bag. He followed her to the door and outside, then he put his hand on her shoulder. When she turned round he showed her his identity card. Already she was shaking visibly. Her red-veined cheeks had taken on a hectic colour and tears loomed behind her outraged blue eyes . . . "Please," she said, "arrest me. Before I do something worse." He took her back inside and they made the long journey to the top of the store in silence. For the last leg of it he took her through Fabrics - wondering if they might be taken for a couple, a sad old couple shopping together in silence - and up the back staircase so that he wouldn't have to march her through Admin. It was depressing to unlock the door of his cubby-hole, switch the light on and see the table barely big enough to hold his kettle and his tea things, the one upright chair, the barred window looking out on a fire-escape and the wall-mounted telephone. He asked her to take the packets of seeds out of her bag and put them on the table. She did so, and the sight of the packets, with their gaudy coloured photographs of flowers, made her clench her hand into a fist. He told her to take a seat while he called security, but when he turned away from her she let out a thin wail that made him recoil from the phone. She had both her temples between her hands, as if afraid her head might explode. She let out another shrill wail. It ripped out of her like something wild kept prisoner for years. It seemed to make the room shrink around them. She wailed again — a raw outpouring of anger and loss. "Look, you don't seem like a habitual shoplifter ..." She blurted out that she'd never stolen anything in her life before, but it was hard to make out the words because she was sobbing, and coughing at the same time, her meagre body shuddering as if an invisible man had taken her by the shoulders and was shaking her violently. "I'm sure it was just absent-mindedness. You intended to pay for these." He motioned with a hand to the scattered packets of seeds on the table, but she was having none of it. "No, I stole them. I don't even like gardening." The words came out in spurts between her coughs and sobs but there was no stopping her now that she'd started: "It's overgrown, weeds everywhere. It was him who did it. He was mad about hisgarden. He spent all his time, morning till night, out in all weathers." Relieved that she was talking rather than wailing, he let her talk. Her husband had been obsessed with his garden. It had been his way of getting away — from her, from everyone and everything. He'd withdrawn from the world into his flowering shrubs and geraniums. She hardly saw him, and when he'd died all there was left of him was his garden. Now the weeds were taking over. When she'd seen the seed packets, with their pictures of dahlias and pansies and rhododendrons ... It made a kind of sense. Why had she stolen them rather than pay for them? He should have known better than to ask. He got the whole story of her financial hardship now that she was on her own, including the cost of the funeral. It was an expensive business, dying. When she'd finished, she fished a small white handkerchief from her coat pocket to wipe the tears from her eyes. It was the way she did this that reminded him of his mother, the way she had to move her glasses out of the way to get the handkerchief to her eyes. "What are you going to do with me?" she said.

**Questions**

1. “It wasn’t often you had this kind of intuition…” How does the rest of paragraph 1 help to explain the meaning of “intuition”? [2]

2a. “Please,’ she said, ‘arrest me. Before I do something worse.’” **Choose one** to show which of the following best describes your reaction to this statement. [1]

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| surprised |  |
| intrigued |  |
| not surprised |  |
| sympathetic |  |

2b. **Justify your choice** by close reference to the text. [1]

3. In **your words** give two reasons which suggest the detective felt some sympathy towards the woman. [2]

4. **Look at Paragraphs 3-4.** The detective found the sight of his cubby-hole “depressing”. Explain how the writer continues this idea in paragraph 4. [2]

5. What further evidence is there in this section that the detective showed some sympathy towards this woman? [2]

6. **Look at Paragraphs 5 – 6.** Quote a **comparison** from this section which shows howemotional or upset the woman was, and explain how effectiveyou find it. [2]

7. In paragraph 6 the writer describes the woman’s wailing as a “raw outpouring of **anger** and **loss**.” Explain clearly how these emotions relate to her relationship with her husband. [2]

8. **Look at Paragraphs 9 – 1.** Explain clearly why the woman’s need for the seed packets “made a kind of sense”. [2]

9. Consider carefully all you have learned about the store detective and the woman. **Supporting your answer by detailed reference to** **the text**, explain whether you think the detective will have the woman charged or let her go. [2]

10. The story’s title, “An Invisible Man”, relates mainly to the store detective. In what other way does the writer use the idea of an invisible man in the story? [2]

**Biker Boys and Girls**

The motorbikes used for shows are Indian Scouts made in the 1920s by the Hendee Motorcycle Company of Springfield, Massachusetts, deliberately engineered for easy balance with all the controls on the left, so Chicago cops could use their right hands for drawing their revolvers and shooting at Al Capone style gangsters. This means the bikes are perfect for tricks. Take your hand off the throttle of a modern motorbike and its slips back to idling mode, thus losing the power that keeps the bike on the wall. Take your hand off the throttle of an Indian Scout, and the revs stay as they are—which means that you can zoom round and round the wall of death, arms in the air, to your heart’s content. The first wall of death is said by Graham Cripsey to have come to Britain from America in 1928 with others close on its heels. His grandfather, Walter, and father, Roy, trained lions to ride in the sidecars, as did the famous George “Tornado” Smith at Southend’s Kursaal fairground. The Cripseys also developed a technique of being towed round behind the Indian Scouts on roller skates. “If you were competing side by side in a fairground, you always had to have one stunt better than the other,” explains Graham. Smith also kept a skeleton in a sidecar which, with a flick on a control, would suddenly sit bolt upright. And Ricky Abrey, 61, who rode with him as “The Black Baron”, says Tornado perfected a ride where three riders would cut off their engines at the top of the wall and instantly re-start them again, causing the audience to gasp as 2 ft-long flashes of flame escaped the exhaust pipes.  
 Fun, then, for all the family. “People still love the wall of death,” says Ken Fox emphatically. “People like what we put on and get good value for it. If they see it once, they always want to see it again. The problem is finding the people to work on it. There are a lot of soft men around.”  
 “Wall of death” is, thankfully, a bit of a misnomer, for there have been no fatal accidents on British walls, though whether that’s due to good luck or fear-induced careful preparation is difficult to tell. “I’ve been knocked off by other riders, the engine’s stalled, I’ve had punctures and I’ve hit a safety cable,” says Ken Fox, pointing at his scars. “Everyone gets falls at some time but we try to be spot-on in our preparations. Before every show we spend a complete day trying to get the machines working perfectly.”  
 Luke Fox suffered his first bad fall last year, flicking a safety-cable bolt on one of his “dips” as he zigzagged his bike up and down. He fell 20 ft, got up and started again, even though he’d severely torn his knee. In a sense, he’s got his own good-luck charm. His Indian bike was originally ridden by no less a daredevil than Tornado Smith himself. Luke has also inherited his father’s total dedication to the trade and the Fox family wall looks set to last into the immediate future. Indeed, he and Kerri are now a partnership, sharing the long-haul driving and other things, while young Alex, the ferret-fancier, is raring for his first go at the wall.  
 Even Neil Calladine, the spieler, has shed his accountant duties and can indulge his lifelong passion for fairgrounds, though he needs to talk almost non-stop from 2 pm to 10pm each show day and consumes mountains of throat sweets. “I make sure I go back and see the missus once a month,” he says, “and of course I’m there all winter. I suppose I’m one of those fortunate people whose hobby has become his life. I love the freedom of travel, no nine-to-five, just us and the open road.”

**Questions**

1. **Look at paragraph 1. Using your own words as far as possible**, explain why the Indian Scout bikes are “perfect for tricks.” [2]

2. **Identify two techniques** used by the writer which help to involve the reader in his description of the Indian Scout motorbikes. **Quote evidence** from the paragraph to support your answers

i) Technique 1 + evidence [2]

ii) Technique 2 + evidence [2]

3. **Look at Paragraphs 2 and 3.** Why might the nicknames “Tornado” and “The Black Baron” be suitable for wall-of-death riders?

i) Tornado [2]

ii) The Black Baron [2]

4a. Write down **four** things the early wall-of-death riders included in their acts. [4]

4b. **In your own words**, give **two** reasons why such things were included in the acts. [2]

5a. **Look at Paragraphs 4 to 6.** “. . . is, thankfully, a bit of a misnomer . . .” (Paragraph 13)

Which phrase below is the best definition of “misnomer” [1]

* old-fashioned attraction
* risky venture
* successful show
* wrongly applied name

5b. Write down evidence from the passage to support your answer. [1]

6.Why is the word “dips” (Paragraph 14) in inverted commas? [1]

7.Give **three** pieces of evidence to support the writer’s statement that “the Fox family wall looks set to last into the immediate future” (Paragraph 14). [3]

**Biker Boys and Girls II**

Last year Kerri Cameron, aged 19 and a little bored with her job as a horse-riding instructor, was looking up job vacancies on the internet. Puzzled, she turned to her mother and said, “Mum, what’s a wall of death?”  
 Her mother, Denise, a health worker who has always had a horror of motorcycles, told her that walls of death were places where people rode motorbikes round the insides of a 20 ft-high wooden drum and tried not to fall off and get killed. “Gosh,” said Kerri, “that sounds fun.”  
 She picked up her mobile, phoned the number mentioned on the internet and then arranged to see Ken Fox, owner of the wall of death. Ken Fox didn’t ask about her school qualifications, only if she wanted a ride on the back of his bike around the wall. Yes, she said.   
 Ken Fox revved up the demonstration bike and spun it on to the 45-degree wooden apron that bridges the ground and the perpendicular wall and then took it three or four times around the lower bits of the wall itself just to see if she could cope. Then he went round with Kerri sitting on the handlebars. She passed that test, too. She thought it was fantastic. Unbelievable. The best!  
 A year later Kerri is doing 20 shows a day, driving a skeletal aluminium go-kart around Ken Fox’s wall of death to within six inches of the safety wire at the top—the wire that’s there to prevent the machines sailing off into the crowd. “It’s much more fun than helping kids on horses,” she says, giggling nervously and brushing a strand of blonde hair back behind her ear. “The only thing I really miss about home is flush toilets.”   
 Ken Fox and his wife Julie, their sons, Luke and Alex, and their troupe of Kerri, a new girl rider called Emma Starr, a man who prefers to be known just as Philip, and a wall-ofdeath enthusiast of an accountant named Neil Calladine, now operate the last wall of death in business in Britain. Calladine is the wall’s “spieler”, stalking the front of the attraction with a microphone, promising thrills and excitement as Ken and Luke Fox sit on their bikes, creating the roaring throttle noises of impending danger. Later, Luke and his father dip and zigzag their bikes cross each other, spinning round the drum every four seconds, as the holiday crowds peer tentatively down over the safety wire and then, in the traditional way, shower coins into the ring after being told that wall-of-death riders can never get insurance. Each show lasts 20 minutes; at one stage four riders are zipping up, down and all around.

**Questions**

1**.** **Look at Paragraphs 1 to 3. In your own words**, explain fully why Kerri Cameron was looking up job vacancies on the internet. [2]

2.What is surprising about Kerri’s reaction to what her mother tells her about the wall of death? [2]

3.Why do you think Ken Fox was not interested in Kerri’s school qualifications? [2]

4. **Look at Paragraphs 4 and 5.** How does the writer suggest Kerri’s enthusiasm after her test on the bike:   
  
a. by word choice? [2]

b. by sentence structure? [2]

5. **Using your own words as far as possible**, describe **two** aspects of Kerri’s performance which could be described as dangerous. [2]

6. **Look at Paragraph 6. In your own words**, explain the job of the “spieler”. [2]

7.“. . . shower coins into the ring . . .” Give **two** reasons why “shower” is an effective word to use in this context. [2]

8.Why do you think members of the audience are told that wall-of-death riders “can never get insurance”? [1]

9.Explain fully what the expression “zipping up, down and all around” suggests about the riders’ performance. [2]

**Bright Lights Big City**

Outside, Glasgow presented itself: a black city. The buildings were coated with velvet deep soot. There were charcoal-coloured statues at office doors or holding up second and third storeys of buildings. My mother hauled me by the hand down a long corridor of ash-grey walls and matching sky, my face brushing against the tweedy coats of strangers, to—my mother’s words—the fanciest shop in the world. There was a Christmas tree inside the door, a sour reek of adult perfume. The grotto, three floors up, was a room full of glittery cotton wool and animal cut-outs, with a red-suited man in a squinty beard, the elastic of which stretched too far beneath his ears. I would not sit on his knee and my mother was embarrassed. When I resisted two shoves, she lifted me by the arms and sat me there, whether he or I liked it or not. Santa looked tired, and I felt uncomfortable. My failure to respond when asked what I wanted for Christmas did not throw him. It must have happened several times that day. He gave me my gift and released me back to the wild. The gift itself was a pink manicure set with sequins on the front. It had scissors and little metal sticks that looked like miniature butcher’s tools. Whatever they were for, it was lovely. It took a moment to work out this was mine to keep. I did not need to hand it back for another little girl. The little pink cutlery set was mine. We shared a vanilla ice cream in the store’s café then stood on the stairs to see their display of lights and bells from above. “We’re like angels,” my mother said, her mouth pale now she’d eaten her lipstick off on a scone. The food apart, nothing was bought. Odd though it seems now, in an age where people take day trips to shopping centres for pleasure, we had not come for the shopping. We had come for the promised lights, which we could not, according to my sister, imagine for ourselves. She was right. I remember still the eye-watering colour strung between high buildings, the never-ending sky with no stars. But the bit that took my breath away was entirely natural. It was starlings: thousands upon thousands of starlings in George Square, a chorus of birds clinging or swooping between telegraph wires, the reckless, nerve-shredding noise of screaming. My mother had to pull me away to get the train. All the way back, I knew my sister was right. I would not have imagined any of it. But what was magic, what stayed with me and always would, was not the lights or the trees, not the manicure set from a man who was not Santa at all. My mother had to pull me away to get the train. All the way back, I knew my sister was right. I would not have imagined any of it. But what was magic, what stayed with me and always would, was not the lights or the trees, not the manicure set from a man who was not Santa at all. It was the birds. Little creatures making what life they could in the city square, singing for dear life and thriving. I’d never have imagined the courage, the grandeur of those birds. I got told off on the way home for making my gloves black, of course. I’d not get to go again. But it was worth it. In one visit and forever, the noise of a real chorus that has never lost its volume, its truth. The starlings have long gone from George Square. No matter. First thing on Christmas morning, we go out feeding birds. It seems the right thing to do.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraph 1** “. . . a black city.” How does the writer continue this idea throughout the rest of the paragraph? [2]

2. Give one piece of evidence which shows that the streets were crowded. [2]

3. Explain the use of the **dashes** in the expression “–my mother’s words–”. (Paragraph 1) [2]

4. In your **own words**, explain why the Santa costume was not convincing. [2]

5. What did the writer’s mother do to make her sit on “Santa’s” knee? [2]

6. Write down **two expressions** which show the writer’s confusion about what the gift was. [2]

7. In your **own words**, explain fully how the writer felt about receiving the gift. [2]

8. **Look at Paragraphs 2- 3.** In what way were the writer and her mother “like angels”? [2]

9. What was “odd” about the shopping trip? [2]

10. Explain fully why the starlings made such an impression on the writer when she first saw them. [2]

11. **Look at Paragraphs 4. Using your own words, give** two pieces of evidence from Paragraph 5 which show the writer really enjoyed this outing. [2]

12. “But it was worth it.” (Paragraph 6). Why was the writer in trouble and why was it “worth it”? [2]

13. The visit made a lasting impression on the writer. In what way does she show this in Paragraph 6? [2]

**Bright Lights Big City II**

Glasgow didn’t have Christmas, it was Christmas. Even I knew that. A Smalltown seasider who would never swim, a child thrilled by beauty who somehow managed to break every glass ornament she ever touched, I knew the difference between magic and cold reality. Our town had miles of seaweed and pink rock with writing through it, cows and rolling greenery. We had industrial-strength downpours of rain. Glasgow people came to us in the summer holidays, desperate for sunburn, seagulls and seafood. But sea breezes and face-filing sand counted for nothing in winter. Nothing desirable, at least. At the opposite end of the year, as the dark descended, people wanted the city; for dazzle, the warmth of crowds and snowy shop displays. The place for cheer, therefore, was at the other end of the train line. Glasgow. My sister worked there in a stockbroker’s office, typing important letters she did not understand, and claimed the city was what counted. “Our town is a dump,” she’d say, rolling her eyes. “We’ve only a daft wee tree at the War Memorial. Glasgow’s got hundreds. Lights and everything, George Square, you canny imagine it. Glasgow’s the works!” I got to see what those works were for the first time in December, 1961. I was five, and for the occasion dressed in a red Peter Pan collar coat and white nylon gloves. “You’ve got to look nice for Santa,” my mother said, scouring the side of my mouth with a spit-doused hankie till it hurt. “He lives up the stairs in the store,” she explained, checking my face for further signs of imperfection, laziness and disease. The journey, it seemed, was putting us on show. “You keep they gloves on and mind they’re new. One mark and you’re for it, lady.” Whatever “it” was, I knew to steer clear. The train was cold and the seats kitted out in dark, shiny tartan. An overhead rack hung like a hammock on a wooden frame, waiting for luggage. “Touch nothing,” my mother said. “The windows are filthy.” There was no arguing. Our view was strips of grass and passing branches, visible in glimpses through grime. Central Station, however, supplied the journey’s missing sense of space. It was big enough for trains to roll right inside and from my vantage point, some three feet from the ground, high as cliffs. The noise of our footsteps over the platform shook waves into puddles as we passed. A bouquet of pigeons with rose-pink chests opened like roses. That was the size of the place: there were pigeons indoors, a clock the size of our bathroom. I tripped over my own feet, staring.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraph 1** “Glasgow didn’t have Christmas, it was Christmas.”What do you think the writer means by this? [2]

2. Explain one of the two surprising things the writer tells us about herself. [2]

3. “. . . sunburn, seagulls and seafood.” (Paragraph 1). Identify the **technique** used here and comment on why it is effective. [2]

4. Glasgow was more popular than the seaside in the winter. Give three things Glasgow could offer in winter that the writer’s town could not. [3]

5. Write down one thing the writer’s sister did and one thing she said which showed her view of her town. [2]

6. **Look at Paragraphs 2 to 4.** Give two details which show that preparing to travel to Glasgow was not pleasant for the writer. [2]

7. “Whatever “it” was, I knew to steer clear.” (Paragraph 4). In what way does the writer make this statement stand out? [2]

8. **Look at Paragraph 5.** In your **own words**, explain what spoiled the view out of the train window on the way to Glasgow. [2]

9. “Central Station, however, supplied the journey’s missing sense of space.”  
(Paragraph 5) Give two ways in which the writer shows the “space” of Central Station. [2]

10. “A bouquet of pigeons with rose-pink chests opened like roses.” (Paragraph 5)

a. Identify **two techniques** used here. [2]

b. Explain why both are effective. [4]

**Chimps Go Ape In Zoo**

Ricky is munching slowly on the yellow of a hardboiled egg, staring at the funny-looking fellow-primate on the other side of the glass. The 47-year-old chimpanzee once travelled the high seas on a merchant navy ship. Today he looks content, if slightly tired by the adventures of his youth. Crouching to introduce myself, I feel the urge to make small talk. “Hello Ricky . . . erm . . . enjoying your lunch?” He pauses, lifts an eyebrow in a recognisably snooty gesture, before turning to the more pressing business of scooping out the white of the egg from its cracked shell.   
 Ricky and the 10 other chimps at Edinburgh Zoo have every reason to feel a little superior. They have just moved into a state-of-the-art, air-conditioned, £5·6 m luxury pad. Budongo Trail, which opens officially this weekend, is the largest chimpanzee enclosure in the world, and offers Ricky and his friends a higher standard of living than most humans will ever enjoy.  
 The complex is made up of three huge interconnected pods which open up into a gardened forest zone, complete with the longest, most intricate climbing frame ever built for apes. There’s even a moat, which stops the water-shy chimps venturing too far, as well as adding to the sense of baronial splendour. Although the chimps are under observation, the place looks like too much fun to merit any comparison with the Big Brother house. It’s more like a Crystal Maze set or the glamorous island hideaway of a James Bond baddie “They’ve moved from an ordinary house to a millionaire’s mansion,” beams Stephen Woollard, as he shows me round the place, justifiably proud of the structure he helped design. The education manager from the Royal Zoological Society of Scotland says the idea of a network that allowed scientists to study chimps in something like their natural environment was first proposed in the 1960s. He seems delighted this has finally been realised so spectacularly.  
 “Zoos have moved on from the old idea of looking at things lined up in cages, but we wanted to move it on further and set a whole new standard,” he says. “It was something of a leap of faith, but the reaction has been tremendous. Everyone who sees the place says, ‘Oh this is fantastic.’”  
 As we walk through the interactive exhibits, Woollard stops to explain how a cartoon game called Eddie Says, which lets children learn chimp gestures, was based on physical movements of none other than the zoologist himself. “Yes, they copied me, so I had to do all this sort of thing . . .” In an instant, Woollard becomes the perfect chimp, scrambling and hopping noisily around on the floor. “You see, it shouldn’t be like a museum, where everything is hands-off. The kids will be running around, touching everything, as they should,” he says.  
 Although the place appears to be one giant playground, the long glass frames of the enclosure pods also allow for serious study of animal behaviour. The project is linked to the conservation work of the Budongo Forest in north-west Uganda, where a team of researchers are gaining a better understanding of the threats faced by the forest’s 600 or so chimpanzees. The population is falling because of habitat destruction and traps set for bush meat. The Royal Zoological Society of Scotland has been the primary sponsor of the African field station for the last three years, and many at Edinburgh Zoo have travelled there to gain further insight into chimp-life in the wild.

**Questions**

**1. Look at Paragraphs 1 and 2.** Where exactly is the writer at the start of the passage? [2]

**2.** In Paragraph 1, the writer makes Ricky the chimp seem human. Give **two** examples from Paragraph 1 of Ricky’s “human” behaviour. [2]

**3.** In Paragraph 1, the writer introduces himself to Ricky. Describe Ricky’s reaction when the writer speaks to him. [2]

**4.** Give **three** reasons why, according to the writer, the chimps have “every reason to feel a little superior”. (Paragraph 2) [3]

**5. Look at Paragraphs 3 to 5.** Explain how the design of the “forest zone” (Paragraph 3) helps the chimps keep **both** active **and** safe. [2]

**6.** Write down **two** expressions from Paragraph 4 which show the contrast between the chimps’ new enclosure and their old home. [2]

**7.** Explain fully why the new enclosure is useful to scientists. [2]

**8.** Stephen Woollard, the zoo’s education manager, is both “proud” and “delighted” about the new enclosure. (Paragraph 4) **In your own words**, explain why he is **both** “proud” **and** “delighted”. [2]

**9. Look at Paragraphs 6 and 7.** “. . . we walk through the interactive exhibits.” (Paragraph 6) Show how the idea of “interactive exhibits” is continued in this paragraph. [2]

**10.** Which of the following expressions best sums up Stephen Woollard’s attitude to the interactive exhibits? Give a reason from the passage to support your answer. [2]

a) Rather uninterested

b) Very enthusiastic

c) Slightly critical

**11**. What evidence is there that the enclosure is part of a serious, international “study of animal behaviour”? (Paragraph 7) [1]

**12. In your own words**, explain why the chimp population in Uganda is falling. [2]

**Chimps Go Ape In Zoo II**

Laura McHugh is one lucky zoo-keeping researcher. The 23-year-old used a trip to Uganda to learn how to differentiate between chimps. “It was amazing to see how the guys over there recognised each of the chimps, knew their date of birth, and who was related to whom,” she enthuses. When McHugh came back to Scotland, it didn’t take long to identify the zoo’s residents. “You begin to recognise broad shoulders, say, or a slight beard. Now, to me, they have the characteristics of people.”  
 The team at Budongo Trail cottoned on to the idea of giving the chimps’ celebrity status. There’s Kindia, the boy-crazy teenager, and Lucy, the greedy guts of the gang. Visitors can even buy a glossy monthly magazine called 'Ape Vine!’ packed full of the latest Budongo gossip. It’s a good gimmick, but the personalities are far from manufactured. As we stare down into pod three, Quarzeh, the boisterous alpha male, is teaching nine-year-old Liberius how to tear up an egg carton. “It’s too early to tell, but Liberius is potentially a future dominant male,” McHugh explains. “He’s still quite skinny though, so it’s mostly just play fights with his friend Kindia at the moment.”  
 Ricky is also proving true to form as the loner with a shady past, eating lunch up on the glass window ledge, interacting with us rather than his hairy housemates. “Possibly because he was at sea, he does like being near humans,” says McHugh. “But since coming to the Budongo Trail, he does engage in grooming a bit more.” Professor Woollard concurs: “Yes, he’s had a bad start in life, and picked up some bad habits, but he’s become more at ease.”

**Chimp Culture**

Staff says the apes at Edinburgh Zoo are happier than ever before. The ceilings are four times as high as the zoo’s previous enclosure, and even the soil is altered to copy the changing smells and textures of the wild. The sheer size of the place allows them freedom to separate in groups, spend time alone, or come together again to communicate “They do have the basics of language, and we’re trying to discover what kind of level of language they have,” Woollard explains. “It is possible there are many different dialects, since the dialect here in Edinburgh is different from chimps in Chester, or in Uganda. Do chimps have culture? We don’t have all the answers.” Chimp life reveals fresh marvels on a daily basis. Woollard believes visitors can help build a more complete behavioural picture by noting the quirks of the Budongo 11 as they go about their business. So, if you see Ricky when you visit Edinburgh Zoo, do say hello. The pleasantries might well have a purpose.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 and 2.** “. . . differentiate between chimps.” Which phrase below is closest in meaning to the word “differentiate” [1]

* To study closely
* To help
* To relate to
* To tell apart

2.The chimps have been given “celebrity status”. (Paragraph 2)

(a) In what **two** ways are the chimps like human celebrities? [2]

(b) Why do you think the team decided to give the chimps “celebrity status”? [2]

3.“. . . greedy guts of the gang.” “. . . good gimmick.” (Paragraph 2). Identify the technique used in these expressions. [1]

4. **In your own words**, explain what we learn about Liberius’ place in the chimp group. [2]

5.Ricky’s “bad start in life” had led to “some bad habits”. (Paragraph 3)

(a) Give **one** example of Ricky’s “bad habits”. [2]   
(b) How do we know that he is now “more at ease” with the other chimps? [2]

6. **Look at Paragraphs 3 and 4.**“… the apes are happier than ever before.” (Paragraph 4) Give **three** reasons for this. [2]

7.In Paragraph 12, Professor Woollard discusses the language of the chimps. **In your own words**, explain what he means by “different dialects”. [2]

8.“Chimp life reveals fresh marvels on a daily basis.” (Paragraph 5) Explain **in your own words** what the writer means by this. [2]

9.How can visitors to the zoo help the scientists? [2]

10. **Think about the passage as a whole .** “CHIMPS GO APE IN ZOO” Give **two** reasons why this is a suitable headline for this article. [2]

**Ghoul Vibrations**

EVER had the feeling that someone just walked over your grave? Ever sensed an eerie presence nearby that made the hairs on the back of your neck stand up? Don't worry, if you live in the capital these experiences are easily explained - for Edinburgh is perhaps the most haunted city in the world, its past blacker than murkiest black. How could you fail to feel a shiver down your spine when around every dark corner in the Old Town there's an old hanging, witch ducking or plague site? And, thanks to the likes of body-snatching double act Burke and Hare, there's now a cottage industry of tours specially designed to give you the heebie-jeebies.  
 If you're a fan of this kind of thing, Edinburgh Ghost Fest, the city's ultimate celebration of the ghoulish and spooky, is for you. This annual event - this year, taking place from 11 to 20 May - has been growing since its first incarnation in 2004, steadily adding venues and events.  
 "It will be the biggest festival yet. We've got partners like Mercat Tours and Black Hart, who run the City of the Dead tours, and more events than ever before," says Emma Johnson, of the Real Mary King's Close tour company. "The festival has been growing each year and, this time round, people have lots to choose from as it's running for more than ten days."  
 Why did they pick the cheerful, sunny month of May to celebrate Edinburgh's ghostly denizens, and not a date nearer Halloween or the bleak mid-winter? "The dates were decided so that the first festival would open on Friday the 13th, and we have to wait another seven years for that to happen again," Johnson explains. "It's worked out well, though, as it's a great pre-Edinburgh International Festival event."

**Questions**

1. **Look at paragraphs 1 -2. Suggest** a reason for the writer beginning the article with a few questions. [2]

2. **In your own words explain** what claim the author makes for the city of Edinburgh in the opening paragraph. [2]

3. Pick out an **expression** that emphasises how sinister Edinburgh’s past is. [1]

4. Comment on the use of **parenthesis** in paragraph 2. [2]

5. **Explain, in your own words**, what the writer means when he writes that the Edinburgh Ghost Fest *“has been growing since its first incarnation in 2004”*. [2]

6. Look at paragraphs 3 – 4. Which **one** word in paragraph 4 refers to the residents of Edinburgh? [2]

7. Why does the writer ask the question in paragraph 4? [2]

8. Explain in your **own words** why they chose to start the festival in May. [2]

**Ghoul Vibrations II**

The programme promises a mix of blood-curdling day and evening activities, from horror film screenings to paranormal science - the serious study of "ghostly" phenomena. One of the festival's main players is clinical psychologist and star of Living TV's popular Most Haunted series, Dr Ciaran O'Keefe, who could be described as a bit of a sceptic. Dr O'Keefe and parascience expert Steve Parsons will be conducting a few experiments in Mary King's Close to try to determine if low-level infrasound is responsible for many of the sensations experienced in the underground street - such as temperature drops and tingling, when people report what they think is paranormal activity. Another experiment will be conducted using Electronic Voice Phenomena (EVP). At the event last year, Johnson felt genuinely spooked by what she experienced. "If you've seen the film White Noise you'll understand what EVP is. An audio recording is made in a haunted area in an attempt to capture ghost voices and then we play it back. Last year the results were incredible, really very scary. Although some of the tape just sounded like background noise, some of the other sounds are very clear. We recorded in Mary King's Close and we could quite clearly hear someone saying, 'Get out!'" Although we're not guaranteed that ghosts will be in the mood for chatting, this year  
EVP events are taking place at a number of sites, so you could be in with a good chance of hearing a voice from beyond the grave. At the lair of the infamous Mackenzie poltergeist at the Covenanters' Prison, members of the EVP team will ask a series of questions in an attempt to elicit information from any spirits present. If nerves or high blood pressure mean such experiences could finish you off, however, there are more gentle cultural activities on the agenda. A series of events called "Writers with Bite!" will feature readings, walking tours, book signings and talks by authors who have been influenced by Edinburgh's dark side. Participants include detective-fiction writer Alanna Wright, fantasy writer Debbie Miller and Gavin Inglis, author of the irreverent short-story collection Crap Ghosts, all of whom will be giving relaxed talks. The literary Jekyll and Hyde city tour will be led by author Anna Burkey. Alternatively, if you prefer to keep the macabre at arm's length, the Cameo cinema will be showing classic horror films, including Poltergeist, The Innocents and The Curse of the Cat People. (You may need to take a friend and grasp their hand tightly.) Finally, there's a chance to display your mastery of supernatural trivia with a ghostly pub quiz at Frankenstein's on George IV Bridge. See, not so scary after all. Just a fun festival, quite suitable for those with a weak heart or nervous disposi... Wait a minute, what's that behind you?

**Questions**

1. **Look at paragraphs 1- 2.** What does it mean when the writer describes Dr Ciaran O’Keefe as a “sceptic”? [2]

2. In your **own words**, explain what sensations are experienced by people when they report “paranormal activity”. [2]

3. Why has the writer included the word “genuinely” in paragraph 2? [1]

4. In your **own words**, explain what happens when Electronic Voice Phenomena is used. [2]

5. Quote **one expression** which suggests that using EVP was considered a success. [1]

6. What is suggested to you by the use of the word “lair” when the writer refers to the “Mackenzie poltergeist”? [2]

7. Write down at least **three examples** of the “gentle cultural activities” the writer is referring to. [3]

8. **Look at paragraphs 6 – 7.** Explain the writer’s use of **parenthesis** in paragraph 6. [2]

9. What does the writer mean when he refers to the “supernatural trivia” to be found in “a ghostly pub quiz”? [2]

**In The Driving Seat**

Think of long-distance lorry driving and the images that spring to mind are of burger stands in lay-bys, Yorkie bars and hairy male drivers. But next time you are on the motorway, take a second look at who is behind the wheel of that juggernaut in the slowlane. You may be surprised. Once a rare sight on British roads, women lorry drivers are increasing in number. Better technology has made the driving easier and, along with female-friendly policies fromcompanies, is helping to erode what was once the sole preserve of men. According to industry experts, demand for qualified driverscurrently outstrips supplyand there is a deficit of up to 80,000. Although drivers say that the recession means there is less work, attracting more women to the job could solve a potential long-term recruitment problem. And more professional women are finding the prospect of life on the road appealing. Kaz Horrocks is a long-distance lorry driver. “I was bored in my old job,” she says, “and I enjoy the solitude of driving. Every day is different—sometimes I see amazing sunsets and lambs playing in the fields. I love it when you see the year’s first hawthorn blossom and know that spring is near.” Neither hawthorn nor lambs are in evidence when I meet Kaz at six o’clock one dismal June morning in a lorry park. About 100 lorries have overnighted here. They are in lines, slumbering giants on the asphalt, their cab curtains drawn tightly as the drivers sleep inside. As much as 99 per cent of Britain’s freight is delivered by road, so next time you are stuck behind a lorry remember that without this workforce there would be no food on the table. This morning Kaz is taking me to deliver frozen meat. Inside her 40-tonne lorry, the cab is almost militarily neat with bunk beds, lots of ingenious storage and a kettle. We sail around the M25 with a mighty view for miles ahead. “Chelsea tractors” have nothing on us—the windscreen is almost cinematic in its scope. Radio 2 is burbling in the background as we glide along. I am just a tourist, of course—for full-time female truckers the reality of work has its downsides, too. Until recently many truck stops had only male loos, and sleeping overnight in the cab alone would deter many women. “I’ve never felt unsafe, though,” says Kaz. “There is a certain amount of curiosity from the men about why I’m driving a truck instead of working at a desk but, apart from the occasional snide remark, most of the guys are really friendly.”

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 – 3.** Explain in your **own words** as far as possible why we “may be surprised” nowadays when on a motorway. [2]

2. Look at lines 8–12, and then explain fully in your **own words** what the “recruitment problem” (line 11) is. [2]

3. **Look at Paragraphs 4 – 6.** Explain why what Kaz says helps to make clear why she prefers lorry-driving to her old job. [2]

4. Look at the sentence that begins **“As much as 99 per cent of Britain’s freight is delivered by road…”** and then explain how any feature of this sentence helps to get across the writer’s argument.

Your answer may concentrate on content or on any other feature such as **word choice**, **structure** or **tone**. [2]

5. Comment on the effectiveness of the expression “militarily neat” (line 24) as an image or metaphor. [2]

6a. **Look at Paragraphs 7 -8**. Explain the writer’s use of **inverted commas** round the expression “Chelsea tractors” [2]

6b. Explain the appropriateness of “burbling”. [2]

6c. Explain why the writer calls herself “just a tourist”. [2]

7. In Paragraph 8 Kaz Horrocks says that she has “never felt unsafe”. Explain in your **own words** why this is the case. [2]

8. Pick out an **expression** that describes how she views most of the men she works with. [1]

**In The Driving Seat II**

The lifestyle is solitary by nature, but even more so for women. “There is a male camaraderie that I am excluded from,” Kaz says. “It takes a particular kind of woman to drive a truck. It isn’t something that a supermodel is going to do—you have to be a tough cookie.” Personally, I enjoy the open road. I feel free when I’m alone in the car, driving far away with nothing for company but my CD collection and talk radio. The journey appeals more than the destination: no bickering children or phone calls, nothing that must be dealt with. And how much more glorious that detachment would feel if you were 6 ft above other road users . . . The only way to test this happy vision against the other realities that Kaz describes—traffic jams, tight deadlines, aggressive drivers and machismo—is to hit the road myself, although as someone who failed her driving test four times years ago I approach the challenge of HGV training with no little trepidation. The HGV training normally takes five days, but my instructor has just a morning to show me the rudiments. I climb the ladder into a shiny 17-tonne lorry and feel a shiver as I turn on the ignition. The roar as its engine awakens sends vibrations through my whole body. The lorry is 27 ft (8.2 m) long and 12 ft 6 in (3.8 m) high. My little car would fit quite comfortably in its cabin—possibly twice over. It has 350 horsepower (I am not really sure what this means but it certainly sounds impressive). There are eight gears and no dual control, which does not seem to worry my instructor in the slightest, even when I reveal my chequered driving-test record. I thrust the giant gearstick into first and ease my foot tentatively off the clutch. In principle it is just like in a car, but in practice the difficulty of everything required—effort, concentration, even aim—has been multiplied many times. I start moving and, for the first time in 20 years, remember why I never go on rollercoasters. The excitement is tremendous but so is the fear of something so powerful. I am not only in the grip of a monster but, supposedly, in control of it. Within 30 minutes I am soaring around the training ground, doing nifty turns and even managing to reverse into a tight parking space. “Despite all the jokes, women are far better drivers than men,” my instructor says. “That’s why they are cheaper to insure. It’s because they can multi-task. I know it’s a cliché but it’s true. They are better pupils, too—they don’t think they know it all as soon as they sit behind the wheel.” The national pass rate for the HGV test is 34 per cent, and although there are no gender specific statistics available he reckons that the pass rate for women is more like 70 per cent. Improved technology, in particular power steering, has made it easier for women to drive such large vehicles. Yet the driving itself is only one battle in the war to win female hearts and minds—and the easiest. The industry has been male-dominated for so long that life on the road can still be difficult for women, even though equal opportunities.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 – 3.** We read that “The lifestyle is solitary by nature, but even more so forwomen”. Explain in your **own words** why this is so. [2]

2. The writer tells us that she feels “free” on the open road. Write down the **expression** from later in the paragraph that sums up her feeling about the experience of driving. [1]   
3. Why does the writer use **dashes** in lines in paragraph 3? [2]

4. **Look paragraph 4**. Explain what the writer means when she refers to her “chequered driving-test record”. [2]

5. Comment on the use of **parenthesis** in Paragraph 4. [2]

6. Identify the **contrasting emotions** the writer experiences in Paragraph 5. [1]

7. Pick out **one word** from Paragraph 5 that suggests that the writer is uncomfortable when they first try driving the lorry. [1]

8. Look at Paragraph 6. Show how one example of the **writer’s word choice** illustrates a point about how her driving improved. [2]

9. The driving instructor claims that women “are better pupils” (Paragraph 6) what piece of evidence in the next paragraph helps to prove his point? [1]

10. **Think about the passage as a whole.** Explain with reference to the text which of these you think is the main purpose of this article:

(a) to entertain and inform;

(b) to argue or persuade. [2]

**Labyrinth**

Alice notices a fly on the underside of her arm. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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. 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.

**1. Look at Paragraphs 1 and 2.** What activity is Alice involved in? [1]

**2.** “Insects are an occupational hazard . . . ” (Paragraph 2)explain **in your own words** what this means. [2]

**3. Look at Paragraphs 3 to 5.** Write down **three** things the writer tells us in Paragraph 3 which show that it is a hot day. [3]

**4.** How does the writer emphasise that “It’s hard work”? (Paragraph 4)

(a) By sentence structure [2]

(b) By word choice [2]

**5.** Write down an expression from the passage which suggests the hard work has not been worth it so far. [2]

**6.** “Alice is tempted to go down and join her colleagues.” (Paragraph 5)

Give **two** reasons why she is tempted to do this. [2]

**7. Look at Paragraph 7.** Read the statements below about Alice and decide whether they are ***True***, ***False*** or ***Cannot Tell***.

a) She wants to show that she can do the job herself.

b) She does not like her colleagues.

c) She wants to share her discovery. [3]

**8.** In Paragraph 10, the writer shows Alice’s **feelings** and **thoughts** as she pushes her hand into the soil.

(a) **Write down one** expression which shows her **feelings** at this point. [1]

(b) **Write down one** expression which shows her **thoughts** at this point. [1]

**9.** Why does the writer repeat the word “slowly” in Paragraph 10? [2]

**Labyrinth II**

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.  
 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.  
 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.  
 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. 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.  
 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. It’s her discovery.  
 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.  
 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.  
 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.  
 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.  
 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.  
 Abruptly, she does not want to go on.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 and 2.** Alice is “captivated” by the buckle she has found. Write down **one** other word from the next paragraph which **also** shows how interested she is in the buckle. [1]

2.Give **two** reasons why Alice does not move out of the way of the boulder until the last moment. [2]

3.Explain carefully what is surprising about the word “gracefully” in Paragraph 2. [1]

4. **Look at Paragraphs 3 to 6.** “ . . . dirt, dizzy and disorientated.” Identify the **technique** used here. [1]

5. **In your own words**, explain why Alice “turns cold”. [2]

6.Why do you think Alice does **not** “call out to attract someone’s attention”? [2]

7. **Look at Paragraphs 7 to 9.** “. . . the stone had stood guard.” Give **two** reasons why this expression is appropriate. [2]

8.“Slowly, her eyes become accustomed to the gloom.” Explain how the writer develops this idea in the next sentence. [2]

9. **Look at Paragraph 11 to the end of the passage.** As Alice steps into the tunnel, she experiences **two** feelings. **In your own words**, explain what these **two** feelings are. [2]

10.“Abruptly, she does not want to go on.” (Paragraph 13) Give **two** reasons why this is an effective ending to the passage. [2]

**Surfing**

It was the stickers that gave it away. Turning left on the A9 at Latheron in Caithness, you were suddenly faced with a sign that looked as though it had been defaced by advertising executives from surfing companies. Like a cairn on a mountain path, the big green board declaring Thurso to be 23 miles away told travelling bands of surfers that they’d taken the right turn-off and were nearly at their destination. Slapping another sticker on the sign was like laying another stone on the pile.   
 Thurso is about to enter surfing’s big league.  
 It’s hard to reconcile the popular tropical imagery of surfing with the town, a raw, exposed kind of place that enjoys little escape from the worst excesses of the Scottish climate. The Caithness coastline is peppered with surfing spots, but the jewel in the crown and the target for dedicated wave riders lies within spitting distance of Thurso town centre at a reef break called Thurso East. In the right conditions, the swell there rears up over kelp-covered slabs into a fast-moving, barrelling monster of a wave considered world class by those in the know.  
 Now Thurso East is the focus of a huge professional surfing tour. The week-long Highland Open marks the first time a World Qualifying Series (WQS) surfing competition has been held in Scotland. It will also be the furthest north a WQS tour has ever travelled, anywhere in the world.  
 Professional competitive surfing has two tours: the WQS and the World Championship Tour (WCT). The WCT is the premier division, with the WQS being used as a platform for professionals to move up into the big time. Around 160 up-and-coming wave riders are expected to take part in the Thurso event. Prize money of $100,000 (£57,000) is up for grabs, along with vital tour points.  
 “Travelling and exploring new places is part of the whole surfing culture,” says Bernhard Ritzer, the Highland Open event manager. “We’ve had so much feedback from surfers from Australia and Brazil who want to go. They see it as an adventure and as something new. We did a photo trip there last year with some of our team riders and they were impressed. They’re excited about it—although it will still be a shock because I don’t think they know how cold and harsh it can be.”   
 “Thurso is one of the best waves in Europe, if not the world,” he says. “Most people don’t even know it, and it’s just so good. It doesn’t always have to be sunny, warm and tropical. It can also be cold, rough and hard.  
 “The idea is to have a contrast to the summer events in the tropical islands. We also have something in the north to show that this is part of surfing. Very often on the WQS tour the waves aren’t that good, but here they are expecting big reef break waves and they like to surf those.”

1a. **Look at Paragraphs 1 to 3.** What had been added to the road sign in Caithness? [1]

1b. Write down **two** things the surfers would know when they saw this road sign. [2]

2.“Thurso is about to enter surfing’s big league.” (Paragraph 2). How does the writer make this statement stand out? [2]

3.Thurso is different from the popular image of a surfing location.

(a) **In your own words**, describe the popular image of a surfing location. [2]

(b) **Write down an expression** showing how Thurso is different. [1]

4.What do the words “jewel in the crown” (Paragraph 3) suggest about Thurso East? [2]

5.“. . . a fast-moving, barrelling monster . . .” (Paragraph 3) Explain fully why this is an effective description of the wave. [2]

6. **Look at Paragraphs 4 and 5.** What is unique about the Highland Open? [2]

7. **In your own words**, explain the difference between the two professional surfing tours. [2]

8.Which **two** benefits will the winner of the competition gain? [2]

9. **Look at Paragraphs 6 to 8.** Give **three** reasons why, according to Bernhard Ritzer, surfers will want to visit Thurso. [3]

10.According to Ritzer, what will surprise the surfers? [2]

11.Thurso can offer something which many other surfing locations cannot. What is this? [2]

**Surfing II**

Surfers generally guard their local breaks jealously. It’s considered essential to keep your mouth shut about your “secret spot”, in case you find it overrun with visitors. So, economic benefits to Thurso aside, some local surfers were a little concerned about an event on this scale descending on their area. WQS representatives met with these surfers to address their concerns and feel that they’ve pretty much got everyone on board. WQS is also paying for improvements to the car parking area near the Thurso East break.  
 “We’re concerned to get the locals involved,” says Ritzer. “We want to keep them happy and don’t want to look too commercial, coming in with a big event machine. We need them to help organise local stuff. You always have some individuals who will boycott everything, but we understand that most of them are positive.”  
 Andy Bain probably knows the break at Thurso East better than anyone, although he’ll be watching the competition from the shoreline. Bain, who runs Thurso Surf, has been surfing the reef there for 17 years and is eagerly anticipating the arrival of the Highland Open. He’s aware of the concerns and the possible exposure of his home break, but doesn’t anticipate a negative impact.   
 “From the surf school side of things it’s good because it’ll generate business for us,” says Bain, 33. “As a local surfer, it’s kind of like closure for me to have this competition. To say the world has now recognised Thurso as a top surfing destination makes me feel proud. A lot of people say it’s going to get crowded and exposed, but with it being a cold destination I don’t think it’s going to be that bad.”   
 For professional surfer Adam Robertson from Victoria, Australia, the trip to Thurso will be something of a journey into the unknown. “This will be the first time I’ve ever been to Scotland,” says Robertson, who has competed on the WQS tour for the past three years. “We’re all a bit worried about how cold it’s going to be. Apart from that we’re pretty excited because it’s a place we’ve never been.”   
 Robertson, 23, who has been surfing since he was four, crisscrosses the globe with his fellow WQS competitors in pursuit of the best waves and a place on the coveted WCT tour. He may as well be going to surf on the moon for all he knows about Thurso East, but that’s part of the appeal.   
 “We follow the surf around all year and go to a lot of different places, but Scotland’s somewhere probably none of us have been to,” he says. “That for me was a big part of wanting to go, to see the place. As a professional surfer, you’ve got to live out of your bag a lot, travelling around with long stints away from home, but when you perform well in the event or get some really good waves, it makes it all worth it.   
 “I feel pretty good and I’m hoping to do well,” he adds. “Everyone who does the tour is feeling good too, so it should be a great event. It’ll be interesting to see what the waves are like.”  
 Competitors will be scored by a team of eight international judges on the length of their ride, the difficulty of moves and how they connect it all together. Waves are scored on a one to ten scale, with ten a perfect ride, and the final scores are based on each surfer’s two highest-scoring waves.   
 “These events raise the profile of locations, create investment in areas and hopefully provide opportunities for young surfers coming through to grow and compete at world-class levels,” says Dave Reed, contest director for the WQS event. “It’s a great way to say we’ve got some of the best waves in the world.”

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 and 2.** “Surfers generally guard their local breaks ...” In*your own words,* explain why surfers do this. [1]

2**.** What **style** of language is used in the expression “keep your mouth shut”? [1]

3.Which **two key** things have WQS representatives done to gain support? [2]

4.The WQS representatives feel that “they’ve pretty much got everyone on board.” (Paragraph 1) **Write down an expression** from Paragraph 2 which continues this idea. [1]

5. **Write down a single word** from this section meaning “refuse to support or take part”. [1]

6a**. Look at Paragraphs 3 to 10.** How does local surfer Andy Bain feel about the competition? [2]

6b. **Write down an expression** to support your chosen answer. [1]

7.“He may as well be going to surf on the moon . . . ” (Paragraph 6) What does this comparison suggest about Thurso? [1]

8.In Paragraph 7, Australian Adam Robertson describes his life as a professional surfer. **In your own words***,* sum up the *negative*and *positive*aspects of his life.

(a) *Negative* [2](b) *Positive:* [2]

9.What **three** elements of the surfers’ performance are judged? [3]

**Think about the passage as a whole.**

10a. What do you think is the main purpose of this passage?

1. to tell the reader some amusing stories about surfing
2. to inform the reader about a surfing competition in Scotland
3. to argue against holding a surfing competition in Scotland [1]

10b. Give a reason to support your answer. [2]

**The Application**   
 The kettle switched itself off the boil with a sharp click. The young man filled theteapot with the steaming water and dropped in a teabag to add to the one already there. He sat the full pot on the formica-topped breakfast bar and made a silly face at his five-year-old daughter who was perched on a stool slowly getting through a bowl of milky porridge. Hearing his wife coming down the stairs from the bathroom he began to refill her mug but instead of entering the bright warm kitchen she lingered in the hall. He could hear her pulling on her heavy coat. She came in saying she had no time, she'd be late for her lift, her heels clattering on the tiled floor. She kissed goodbye to daughter and husband then was off in a whirl of newly-applied perfume and the swish of her clothes and the front door slamming.  
 He sat down on his stool and poured himself another mug of tea. He asked the child how she was doing, was the porridge too hot? She told him gravely that it was OK and went on making a show of blowing on each hot spoonful as she had been shown.  
 He picked up the newspaper that was lying folded open at the Situations Vacant pages. One advert was targeted in a ring of red felt-tip pen. The introduction was in big bold italics: "This time last year I was made redundant. Now I own a£150,000 house, drive a BMW and holiday in Bali. If you ..." He opened out the paper and refolded it to the front page to check the headlines. The date he knew already but there it was: exactly one year he had been out of work.  
 Father and daughter chatted brightly as they strolled hand in hand down Allison Street heading for school. She was a talkative child and he would egg her on in her prattle for his own amusement. It was now well into the rush hour: traffic gushed by or fretted at red lights and urgent pedestrians commanded the pavements and crossings. It was bitter cold. He looked down at the girl to reassure himself that she was warmly enough dressed, but there was no need; he was well used to getting her ready. Her round reddened face was the only prey to the cold air and she beamed up at him, quite content. At the last corner before the school's street they both halted in an accustomed way and he squatted down to give her a kiss. She didn't mind the ritual but not outside the gates: her pals might see and that would be too embarrassing. He tugged her knitted hat a little further down her forehead and tucked in a couple of strands of her long reddish hair. They could hear the kids' voices laughing and shouting from the playground. They waved cheerio at the gate and he stood watching until she was inside and with her friends, then he turned away. He was vaguely aware of one or two mothers doing likewise and one or two car doors slamming. With both gloveless hands shoved into the pockets of his cream-coloured raincoat he made for home. Behind him the bell began to sound above and through the high excited voices.

**Questions**

1. **Look at Paragraphs 1 – 3.** Why did the young man have time to make breakfast for his wife and daughter? [2]

2. From the last sentence in Paragraph 1, write down **two separate** **words** which suggest his wife was in a hurry. [2]

3a. In Paragraph 1 why is “perched” a particularly suitable word to describe how the five-year-old girl sat on her stool? [2]

3b. Give **two pieces of evidence** to show that the daughter treated the business of eating her breakfast seriously. [2]  
  
4 Why do you think one advert in the newspaper was “targeted in a ring of red felt-tip pen”. (Paragraph 3) [2]

5. **Look at Paragraphs 4 – 5.** What did the young man enjoy about the walk to school with his daughter? Answer in your **own words.** [2]

6. The writer uses a **colon (:)** in Paragraph 4 after “rush hour” and in Paragraph 5 after “outside the gates”. Which do you think is the correct reason for its use in each case? [2]

|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
|  | Paragraph 4 | Paragraph 5 |
| To introduce a quotation |  |  |
| To elaborate on an idea |  |  |
| To introduce an explanation |  |  |

7. Write two examples of **separate words** the writer has used to convey the idea of “rush hour”. [2]

8. “It was bitter cold.” (Paragraph 4). **Explain clearly** how later in the Paragraph 4 the writer makes the cold air seem alive. [2]

9. “…but no outside the gates…” (Paragraph 5). Using your **own words** as far as possible, explain why the daughter made this condition. [2]

**The Application II**

He finished writing the letter and signed his name with a brisk underline, printing it in brackets below, just in case. Picking up the CV from the coffee table he glanced over the familiar details of his education and career. It looked good, he thought, organised, business like. His wife had managed to get a couple of dozen of them run off on her word processor at the office. It was the contents that struck him as pointless. What use was it to anyone to know what he had done at school? It was the grown man, someone with work experience, who was on offer, not the schoolboy. Not the kid who’d scuffed along, neither brilliant nor stupid, not the football-daft apprentice smoker who’d put his name to those long-forgotten exam papers then sauntered out carefree into the world. Well, maybe not carefree: he could still remember some of the burdens and terrors of adolescence that he'd laugh at now. Then there was his five years of selling for the one firm. No problem there; those were good years. Their fruits were holidays abroad, marriage, the house, the baby. Plain sailing until the company had gone bust. Now he was no longer young and upwardly mobile. Not even horizontally mobile: stopped, stuck.Referees. He always wanted to write the name of a football referee but didn't. What did people expect to hear from the names he always supplied—"Don't touch this character, he's a definite no-user"? It was just wee games, this form-filling. He believed it was the interview that would count, if only he could land one.He arranged the letter and CV together, tapping sides and tails until there was no overlap, then folded them in half and in half again. The envelope was ready, briskly typed by his wife on the old manual machine she used for home typing jobs. As he made ready to lick the stamp he stopped suddenly. He'd done it again, folding the sheets in half twice. That was clumsy, unprofessional-looking. The way she'd shown him was much better: folding one third then another so that you only had two folds instead of three. Gingerly, he tried to reopen the envelope but it was stuck fast and the flap ripped jaggedly. He'd have to type another one himself in his laborioustwo-fingered style. His first go had two mistakes and so he typed another one, slowly, making sure he got everything right.

He kept walking, on past the pillar-box at the corner of their street. That one was definitely unlucky: nothing he had ever posted there had brought good fortune. No, he would carry on to Victoria Road whose offices and air of industry made it feel a more hopeful point of departure. As he reached the main thoroughfare he saw a mail van pull up at the postbox he was heading for and he quickened his pace. He watched the grey-uniformed driver jump down and unlock the red door; he broke into a run. The pillar-box yielded a bulky flow of mail to the driver's hand combing it into his big shapeless bag. The young man handed over his letter with a half-smile although his heart had sunk. One letter in all that flow of paper. And how many were job applications piled randomly, meaninglessly on top of one another? His own would soon be lost in that anonymous crowd. It seemed to him now more than ever like buying a raffle ticket, like doing the football coupon every week. What chance had you got? But it was easy standing here to recall the bustle of business life. It came to him how much he wanted it, that activity. It was more than just something you did to make money: it was the only life he knew and he was missing out on it, standing on the side-lines like a face in the crowd at a football game. If it wasn't for the child, he thought, he wouldn't have the will to keep on trying. He checked his watch: the kids would soon be coming out.

He waited at their corner, hands deep in pockets, his shoulder to the dirty grey sandstone wall. The bell was ringing and he could hear the children streaming out into the playground. When she spotted him she broke into a trot and he retreated round the corner a little to swoop suddenly with a mock roar, bearing her laughing wildly up into his arms. As he set her down he asked quite formally what kind of morning she'd had. She began to speak, and her enthusiasm breathed upwards into his smiling face and beyond in the chill air.

**Questions**  
1a. **Look at Paragraphs 1 – 3.** What did the man think “looked good” about his CV? [2]

1b. What two things about “this form filling” did he think were “pointless”? In each case explain why he thought so. [2]

2. Why did the man not put the stamp on the envelope? [2]

3. “Gingerly, he tried to reopen…flap ripped jaggedly.” How does the **structure of this sentence** emphasise the man’s care in reopening the envelope? [2]

4. Write down the **two expressions** the writer uses in paragraph three to show the contrast between the man’s typing and his wife’s. [2]

5. **Look at Paragraphs 4 – 5.** Explain clearly why the man chose to post his letter in  
Victoria Road. [2]

6. Explain clearly why “his heart sank” (Paragraph 9) when he handed over his letter. [2]

7. “…standing on the sidelines like a face in the crowd at a football game.” Explain how effective you find this **simile**. [2]

8. **Look at Paragraph 6.** Throughout the passage, the man is shown to be thoughtful and caring about his daughter. **In your own words,** what evidence is there of this:

(a) in Paragraph 6? [2]

(b) elsewhere in the passage [2]

9. Overall do you feel the story conveys a sense of hope, or despair? **Justify your choice by** detailed reference to the text. [3]

**Sherlock Holmes – The Red-Headed League**

I had called upon my friend, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, one day in the autumn of last year, and found him in deep conversation with a very stout, florid-faced elderly gentleman, with fiery red hair. With an apology for my intrusion, I was about to withdraw, when Holmes pulled me abruptly into the room and closed the door behind me. "You could not possibly have come at a better time, my dear Watson," he said, cordially. "I was afraid that you were engaged." "So I am. Very much so.” "Then I can wait in the next room." "Not at all. This gentleman, Mr. Wilson, has been my partner and helper in many of my most successful cases, and I have no doubt that he will be of the utmost use to me in yours also." The stout gentleman half rose from his chair and gave a bob of greeting, with a quick little questioning glance from his small, fat-encircled eyes. "Try the settee," said Holmes, relapsing into his armchair, and putting his fingertips together, as was his custom when in judicial moods. "I know, my dear Watson, that you share my love of all that is bizarre and outside the conventions and humdrum routine of everyday life. You have shown your relish for it by the enthusiasm which has prompted you to chronicle, and, if you will excuse my saying so, somewhat to embellish so many of my own little adventures.” "Your cases have indeed been of the greatest interest to me," I observed. "You will remember that I remarked the other day, just before we went into the very simple problem presented by Miss Mary Sutherland, that for strange effects and extraordinary combinations we must go to life itself, which is always far more daring than any effort of the imagination.” "A proposition which I took the liberty of doubting."  
   "You did, doctor, but none the less you must come round to my view, for otherwise I shall keep on piling fact upon fact on you, until your reason breaks down under them and acknowledge me to be right. Now, Mr. Jabez Wilson here has been good enough to call upon me this morning, and to begin a narrative which promises to be one of the most singular which I have listened to for some time. You have heard me remark that the strangest and most unique things are very often connected not with the larger but with the smaller crimes, and occasionally, indeed, where there is room for doubt whether any positive crime has been committed. As far as I have heard, it is impossible for me to say whether the present case is an instance of crime or not, but the course of events is certainly among the most singular that I have ever listened to. Perhaps, Mr. Wilson, you would have the great kindness to recommence your narrative. I ask you, not merely because my friend, Dr. Watson, has not heard the opening part, but also because the peculiar nature of the story makes me anxious to have every possible detail from your lips. As a rule, when I have heard some slight indication of the course of events I am able to guide myself by the thousands of other similar cases which occur to my memory. In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique." The portly client puffed out his chest with an appearance of some little pride, and pulled a dirty and wrinkled newspaper from the inside pocket of his greatcoat. As he glanced down the advertisement column, with his head thrust forward, and the paper flattened out upon his knee, I took a good look at the man, and endeavoured, after the fashion of my companion, to read the indications which might be presented by his dress or appearance. I did not gain very much, however, by my inspection. Our visitor bore every mark of being an average commonplace British tradesman, obese, pompous, and slow. He wore rather baggy gray shepherd's check trousers, a not over-clean black frock coat, unbuttoned in the front, and a drab waistcoat with a heavy brassy Albert chain, and a square pierced bit of metal dangling down as an ornament. A frayed top hat and a faded brown overcoat with a wrinkled velvet collar lay upon a chair beside him. Altogether, look as I would, there was nothing remarkable about the man save his blazing red head and the expression of extreme chagrin and discontent upon his features.

**Questions**

1a. **Look at paragraph 1**. **In your own words**, describe what Mr Holmes was doing when Doctor Watson went to visit him. [2]

1b. **Using your own words**, describe the man that Mr Holmes was talking to. [3]

2. In what way did Mr Holmes pull Doctor Watson into the room? Which **word** from the passage helps you to understand this? [2]

3. Using the **passage to help you**, identify the meaning of the word ‘humdrum’. [1]

4. **Look at paragraph 3**. “In the present instance I am forced to admit that the facts are, to the best of my belief, unique." What, according to Mr Holmes, is different about Mr Wilson’s case? [2]

5a. What **technique** is used in the opening sentence of paragraph 4? [1]

5b. Why is it effective? [2]

6. **Look at paragraph 5**. Based on Doctor Watson’s observations in the second sentence, describe Mr Wilson **using your own words**. [3]

7a. What **technique** is used to describe the colour of Mr Wilson’s hair? [1]

7b. Why is it effective? [2]

**Sherlock Holmes – The Red-Headed League II**

"Well,' said he, showing me the advertisement, 'you can see for yourself that the League has a vacancy, and there is the address where you should apply for particulars. As far as I can make out, the League was founded by an American millionaire, Ezekiah Hopkins, who was very peculiar in his ways. He was himself red-headed, and he had a great sympathy for all red-headed men; so, when he died, it was found that he had left his enormous fortune in the hands of trustees, with instructions of providing to men whose hair is of that colour. From all I hear it is splendid pay, and very little to do.” "'But,' said I, 'there would be millions of red-headed men who would apply.” "Not so many as you might think,” he answered. “You see it is really confined to Londoners, and to grown men. This American had started from London when he was young, and he wanted to do the old town a good turn. Then, again, I have heard it is of no use your applying if your hair is light red, or dark red, or anything but real, bright, blazing, fiery red. Now, if you cared to apply, Mr. Wilson, you would just walk in; but perhaps it would hardly be worth your while to put yourself out of the way for the sake of a few hundred pounds.” "Now it is a fact, gentlemen, as you may see for yourselves that my hair is of a very full and rich tint, so that it seemed to me that, if there was to be any competition in the matter, I stood as good a chance as any man that I had ever met. Vincent Spaulding seemed to know so much about it that I thought he might prove useful, so I just ordered him to put up the shutters for the day, and to come right away with me. He was very willing to have a holiday, so we shut the business up, and started off for the address that was given us in the advertisement. I never hope to see such a sight as that again, Mr. Holmes. From north, south, east, and west every man who had a shade of red in his hair had tramped into the City to answer the advertisement. Fleet Street was choked with red-headed folk, and Pope's Court looked like a coster's orange barrow. I should not have thought there were so many in the whole country as were brought together by that single advertisement. Every shade of color they were - straw, lemon, orange, brick, Irish setter, liver, clay; but, as Spaulding said, there were not many who had the real vivid flame-colored tint. When I saw how many were waiting, I would have given it up in despair; but Spaulding would not hear of it. How he did it I could not imagine, but he pushed and pulled and butted until he got me through the crowd, and right up to the steps which led to the office. There was a double stream upon the stair, some going up in hope, and some coming back dejected; but we wedged in as well as we could, and soon found ourselves in the office." "Your experience has been a most entertaining one," remarked Holmes, as his client paused and refreshed his memory with a huge pinch of snuff. "Pray continue your very interesting statement." "There was nothing in the office but a couple of wooden chairs and a deal table, behind which sat a small man, with a head that was even redder than mine. He said a few words to each candidate as he came up, and then he always managed to find some fault in them which would disqualify them. Getting a vacancy did not seem to be such a very easy matter after all. However, when our turn came, the little man was much more favourable to me than to any of the others, and he closed the door as we entered, so that he might have a private word with us. "'This is Mr. Jabez Wilson,' said my assistant, 'and he is willing to fill a vacancy in the League.”

**Questions**

1. **Look at paragraph 1.** Who founded the League? [1]

2. What was the purpose of the League? [2]

3a. What colour of red must your hair be in order to apply for the league? [1]

3b. Choose one word used to describe the different shades of red and discuss its effect. [2]

4. **Look at paragraph 3.** Why did Mr Wilson think he had a good chance? [2]

5a. **Look at paragraph 4**. What technique is uses to describe how busy the street was? [1]

5b. Why is it effective? [2]

6. **Using your own words,** describe how Mr Wilson’s opinion changed when he saw the crowds? [2]

7. **Look at paragraph 6.** **Using your own words**, describe the office. [3]