

1 This is an extract from an adventure story set in a different world. Micah, who earns money by finding things and selling them, goes to visit his 13-year-old friend, Piper.

# Music Box

Micah brought the music box to her on the night of the meteor storm. Piper never slept on these nights, when debris from other worlds fell from the sky. Restlessness kept her awake in bed, staring at the slanted ceiling of her house. She counted the widening cracks in the grey scrub-pine planks and then counted the seconds as they ticked by on the tarnished silver watch she wore around her neck. Beneath her cotton nightdress, the metal lay warm and comfortable against her skin. Micah's knock made her lose count, but the watch ticked on steadily.

She pulled on a pair of her father's old boots, slung his brown coat over her nightdress, and opened the door. Wind blew a harsh breath of snow and ice crystals into her face. Piper wiped her eyes and fixed a look of annoyance on the boy huddled in the doorway.

'I must be seeing things,' Piper said. 'This can't be Micah Howell standing at my door, dragging me out of bed in the drop dead of night. Look at me – I'm stunned stiff. I'm speechless.'

Micah snorted. 'That'll be the day, then. Let me in, Piper, will ya?' He stomped snow off his boots. 'Stinks out here, and it's so cold my teeth are cracking together.'

'That's your own fault for being out on a storm night. Most scrappers have the sense to stay inside.' He was right, though. The air already reeked of brimstone. The storm was coming. Piper moved to let him in, then shut the door behind him. He immediately ran to the cast-iron stove to warm his hands. Piper nudged him aside and adjusted the controls. 'Hand me a log before you make yourself at home,' she said. It was her habit to pretend to be bothered by her friend, even though she was happy to see him.

Micah handed her a piece of wood from the basket near the stove and reached into the bulky sack he had slung over his shoulder. 'I brought it, just like I said I would.'

'That's great, kid, but I thought you were going to bring it a few hours ago – you know, before I made a comfortable nest in the middle of my bed.' Piper tended the stove, and then she went to the window and looked out at the sky, which had begun to lighten, though it was still several hours until dawn. The moon was a sickly greenish colour, as it always was before the meteors fell, making the clouds around it look like swelling bruises on the sky.

Piper's skin itched. She had the urge to go outside and watch the fields, to see the first of the meteors streak from the sky, but it was too cold, too dangerous. And besides, she'd promised to fix Micah's toy. A musical box – Piper rolled her eyes. Machines couldn't make proper music. You needed a person for that.

She lit an extra kerosene lamp and placed it on the small kitchen table. Piston rings, bolts, and cylinders littered its surface. Piper shifted these aside, wishing she had a bigger work space, one she didn't also have to eat at. 'Let's see it, then.'

Micah set the music box between them. 'Isn't she beautiful?' he said, his fingers lingering on the lid. It was decorated with a painted figure of a woman in a white silk robe. She reclined on a strip of grass, her long black hair falling around her waist. At her back grew a tree full to bursting with pink blossoms that hung over her like a veil.

Whoever had made the music box was a skilled artist. Piper could practically smell the flowers, each one hand-painted in white, coral, and cerise. In a few places, the paint had cracked and faded, but those were hardly noticeable. Overall, it was an incredible piece. Micah had been lucky to find it.

'But she won't sing?' Piper lifted the lid to get a look at the musical components. She'd seen contraptions like these before. A series of pins arranged on a metal cylinder struck the teeth of a steel comb while the cylinder turned, making the tinkling notes of a song. She'd heard this type of music and had always thought the sound was a little annoying. 'Did you clean the inside after you dug it out of the crater?'

'Course I did.' The boy was indignant. 'You think I'm stupid?'

Piper glanced up from the box and raised an eyebrow.

'Ha-ha. You watch – the coin I get from that thing will feed my family and me for a month. She'll look smart in one of those fancy mansions in Ardra. Don't you think she will, Piper?' His excitement faltered, and he looked at her anxiously.

'Yeah, it'll look smart. Just make sure you find a buyer with a stiff hip at the market,' Piper said. 'They're the ones who'll be looking for these kinds of pretties.' She felt the cylinder and its tiny pins. Micah had done a decent job cleaning it, but flecks of dirt still caked the comb, and something was keeping the cylinder from turning. She heard the soft, strangled notes of a song trying to play.



2

1. What has Piper been counting in the first paragraph?

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

2. She pulled on a pair of her father's old boots, **slung** his brown coat over her nightdress, and opened the door.

The word *slung* suggests that Piper put on the brown coat...

Tick **one**.

- |               |                          |
|---------------|--------------------------|
| carelessly.   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| slowly.       | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| tidily        | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| thoughtfully. | <input type="checkbox"/> |

1 mark

3. Look at page 1.

Why is the boy *huddled* in the doorway while he waits for Piper to open the door?

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1 mark

4. Look at page 2.

Why has Micah come to Piper's house on the night of the storm?

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1 mark

5. What impressions do you get of Piper’s house?

Give **two** impressions, using evidence from the text to support your answer.

Impression	Evidence
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

3 marks

6. Piper has mixed feelings about music boxes.

Complete the table below to show her thoughts.

<b>What Piper likes about the music box</b>	<hr/>
<b>What Piper dislikes about music boxes</b>	<hr/>

2 marks

7. Look at page 2.

*‘But she won’t sing?’*

What does Piper mean when she says this?

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1 mark

8. Look at page 2.

Where did Micah find the music box?

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1 mark

9. What work has Micah done to the music box before showing it to Piper?

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1 mark

10. Piper thinks Micah has *done a decent job*.

She thinks his work has been...

Tick **one**.

excellent.

☐

careful.

☐

sloppy.

☐

reasonable.

☐

1 mark

11. Look at the last paragraph, beginning: *'Yeah, it'll look smart.'*

**Find** and **copy one** word that suggests that the sound coming from Micah's music box is unpleasant.

---

1 mark

12. What impressions do you get of the relationship between Piper and Micah?

Give **two** impressions, supporting your answer with evidence from the text.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3 marks



## Caving ... what lies beneath?

Stephen Bleach is a travel writer.  
Here he tells the story of his first caving expedition.

**Imagine this:** I'm flat on my back, lying on a shelf of wet rock. Looking up, all I can see is another sheet of rock. It is ten centimetres from my face. The surface of the earth is 140 metres above me, the other side of thousands upon thousands of tons of (fairly) solid limestone. I am a tiny scrap of meat filling in a colossal rock sandwich. I am very, very scared.

We entered Giant's Hole about an hour ago. It's a swallet – a cave formed where a

stream goes underground. Tucked away in a hollow in the dale, the entrance is comfortably big, wide and tall enough for three to walk upright. But it's deceptive. Within yards, the light from the blustery day outside has evaporated and the cave becomes narrow, maze-like, mysterious. The twists and turns, ups and downs, the myriad passages that lead this way and that, are totally disorientating. Very soon, I have no idea where I am, or which way is out.



There are ten of us in the party, four (myself included) total beginners. In our gear of rubber overalls, wellies, helmets and headlamps, we splash through the stream, ducking and scrambling through narrower and narrower passages, getting farther and farther from the light and air above.

Our instructor, Andy, leads us four novices up into a hole at the side of the passage roof. We're roped together for the tricky, slippery climb (every surface is dripping wet), then crouch around him in the small chamber at the top.

"Right," he says, pointing to a small passageway to one side. "You can lead. Just turn left, then right, then left. You can't go wrong." And he starts chatting with another instructor who's come along for the ride.

Duncan goes right ahead. I follow him, and Andrea and Alan follow me. We are all excited, and nervous, and painfully aware that we are in a strange, hostile environment: we follow the orders of our instructor without question. And this is where it has brought me: to the verge of panic. Ahead, Duncan is also flat on his back in the half-metre high crevice we are wriggling through. He hasn't moved for a minute, and I suspect he is stuck. Neither of us knows how long this hideous passageway will go on for. We are not sure we can get back. We don't know if we're in the right passage at all. Maybe we took a wrong turn. We are both thinking one thing: we could die here. Some stream water slips down the neck of my suit, mingling with the sweat that has broken out all over my body. I start to feel like I'm suffocating. I want to bash my fists, uselessly, on the all-too-solid rock above. I want to scream. Then two things happen.



First, a crunch of pebbles and a grunt of effort, then I hear Duncan move suddenly forward.

"Are you out?" I try to keep my voice deep and calm, but it resounds in the tiny space and comes back to me as it really is, high and cracked.

"I'm out. It's just a few more feet."

"What's it like there? Can you stand up?"

"Nearly. And it's not too narrow. It's fine."

The panic ebbs away. Though an hour ago the space I'm heading for would itself have filled me with dread, now it seems vast compared to the crack I'm in. And I know I can get there.





The passageway, of course, brought us straight back to Andy. He'd sent us on a loop and, though we didn't know it, was always in earshot and ready to leap to our assistance if needed. For the next two hours, while some opted to stay in the wider passages, I was wriggling and squirming through cracks. I sometimes felt a surge of fear rise in my throat, and I moaned a lot, but I had a great time.

And I was struck by the beauty you can only see underground. Etched on a wall, as big as my hand, are the delicate fronds of a soft coral. Further on, a long expanse of wall seems to have been covered in melted candle wax: in fact it's rock, and the surreal effect is produced by the same process that makes stalactites. Here, mineral crystals

sparkle in the light of our lamps; there, along a rock face worn glassy smooth, the swirls and backflows of millions of years of flowing water have left their intricate patterns on the solid rock.

Emerging, at last, into the fading daylight, all four of us beginners were babbling, laughing, exhilarated. We'd been challenged, and we'd come through. Sure, we'd skipped Challenge Cavern and Sardine Chamber, and the sump, where icy water flows through an airless tube and cavers hold their breath and swim against the current, in total blackness, to reach air on the other side, six metres away. Those treats could wait. We'd done plenty for one day, thanks.

4

1. The article is about a caving trip.

What is the name of the cave?

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

2. Use this piece of text to answer questions (a) – (e).

**Imagine this:** I'm flat on my back, lying on a shelf of wet rock. Looking up, all I can see is another sheet of rock. It is ten centimetres from my face. The surface of the earth is 140 metres above me, the other side of thousands upon thousands of tons of (fairly) solid limestone. I am a tiny scrap of meat filling in a colossal rock sandwich.

- (a) **Underline** the sentence that shows that the writer feels very small in the cave.

1 mark

- (b) The writer is lying on his back, looking upwards. What does he say that he can see?

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

- (c) **Find** and **copy one** word that shows that the rock is big.

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

- (d) **Find** and **copy one** word that shows he is not completely certain that the rock is firm.

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

- (e) Why does the text include so many numbers in this paragraph?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

3. What equipment was needed for this caving trip?

Tick **four** items.

hot water bottle	<input type="checkbox"/>	helmet	<input type="checkbox"/>	gloves	<input type="checkbox"/>	rubber clothes	<input type="checkbox"/>
headlamp	<input type="checkbox"/>	hat	<input type="checkbox"/>	mobile phone	<input type="checkbox"/>	wellies	<input type="checkbox"/>

1 mark

4. Why does the writer try to keep his voice:

*deep and calm?*

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1 mark

5. Look at the text underneath the picture on the second page of the text “*Caving ... what lies beneath*”.

What has happened to make the writer stop panicking?

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1 mark

6. Complete the three thought bubbles to show what the writer is thinking and feeling at three different points in the cave.

Going in

A large, cloud-shaped thought bubble with two horizontal lines inside for writing.

1 mark

A large, cloud-shaped thought bubble with two horizontal lines inside for writing.

In the cave



1 mark

Getting out



1 mark

7. Explain what makes the writer feel scared.

Use what you have read in the whole article.

Think about:

- what the writer is doing
- what he thinks might happen.

<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
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3 marks

8. Look at the text on the third page of “*Caving ... what lies beneath*”, starting from *And I was struck by the beauty ..*to the end of the article.

Explain the writer’s thoughts and feelings.

<hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
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3 marks

This is an extract from *The Lost World* by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, written in 1912. Professor Challenger has claimed that he discovered dinosaurs in a distant part of South America. He is now on an expedition to prove his story with another scientist, Professor Summerlee. Also on the expedition are Lord John, an explorer, and Malone, a journalist. In this extract, narrated by Malone, the men are about to set off into the remote area where Professor Challenger believes they will find dinosaurs...

## *The Lost World*

We slowly and cautiously set forth into the unknown. After a few hundred yards of thick forest, we entered a region where the stream widened out and formed a considerable bog. High reeds grew thickly before us, with tree-ferns scattered amongst them, all of them swaying in a brisk wind. Suddenly Lord John, who was walking first, halted.

"Look at this!" said he. "This must be the trail of the father of all birds!"

An enormous three-toed track was imprinted in the soft mud before us.

"I'll stake my good name," said Lord John, "that the track is a fresh one. See, here is the mark of a little one too!"

"But what of this?" cried Professor Summerlee, triumphantly, pointing to what looked like the huge print of a five-fingered human hand appearing among the three-toed marks. "Not a bird."

"A beast?"

"No; a reptile – a dinosaur! Nothing else could have left such a track."

Summerlee's words died away into a whisper, and we all stood in motionless amazement. Following the tracks, we passed through a screen of brushwood and trees. Beyond was an open glade, and in this were five of the most extraordinary creatures that I have ever seen. Crouching down among the bushes, we observed them at our leisure.

There were, as I say, five of them, two adults and three young ones. In size they were enormous. Even the babies were as big as elephants, while the two large ones were far beyond all creatures I have ever seen. They had slate-coloured skin, which was scaled like a lizard's and shimmered where the sun shone upon it. All five were sitting up, balancing themselves upon their broad, powerful tails and their huge three-toed hind feet, while with their small five-fingered front feet they pulled down the branches upon which they browsed. I can only bring their appearance home to you by saying that they looked like gigantic kangaroos with skins like black crocodiles.

I do not know how long we stayed gazing at this marvellous spectacle. From time to time the little ones played round their parents in unwieldy gambols, bounding into the air and falling with dull thuds upon the earth. The strength of the parents seemed to be limitless, for one of them, having some difficulty in reaching a bunch of foliage, put his forelegs round the trunk of the tree and tore it down as if it had been a sapling. Then it slowly lurched off through the wood, followed by its mate and its three enormous infants. We saw the glistening grey gleam of their skins between the tree-trunks, and their heads high above the brushwood. Then they vanished from our sight.





I looked at my comrades. The two professors were in silent ecstasy.

“What will they say in England of this?” Professor Summerlee cried at last.

“They will say that you are a liar,” said Professor Challenger, “exactly as you and others said of me.”

“In the face of photographs?”

“Faked, Summerlee! Clumsily faked!”

“Who’s to blame them? For this will seem a dream to ourselves in a month or two,” said Lord John. “What were they?”

“Iguanodons,” said Summerlee. “England was once alive with them when there was plenty of good lush green-stuff to keep them going.”

“I don’t know what anyone else thinks, but this place makes me feel very uneasy...” said Lord John.

I had the same feeling of mystery and danger around us. In the gloom of the trees there seemed a constant menace and as we looked up into their shady foliage, vague terrors crept into one’s heart. The iguanodons we had seen were lumbering, inoffensive brutes which were unlikely to hurt anyone, but what other creatures might there not be – ready to pounce upon us from their lair among the rocks or brushwood?



6

1. Circle the correct option to complete each sentence below.

(a) The story is told from the perspective of...

**Professor  
Summerlee.**

**Lord John.**

**Malone.**

**Professor  
Challenger.**

1 mark

(b) At the start of the extract the men entered the forest...

**carefully.**

**quickly.**

**fearfully.**

**noisily.**

1 mark

(c) There, they came to a patch where the stream was...

**smaller.**

**bigger.**

**faster.**

**slower.**

1 mark

(d) The ferns here were spaced...

**regularly.**

**randomly.**

**carefully.**

**equally.**

1 mark

2. How far into the forest did the stream become a considerable bog?

---

1 mark

3. How does the first paragraph suggest that the characters are in a 'lost world'?

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1 mark

4. In the paragraph beginning, *There were, as I say ...* Malone compares the iguanodons to different animals.

How do these comparisons help the reader understand what the iguanodons look like?

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1 mark

5. The iguanodons are described as *inoffensive brutes ...*

Look at the paragraph beginning: *I do not know how long ...*

Explain how the descriptions of the iguanodons in this paragraph support the idea that they were both *inoffensive* and *brutes*.

Use evidence from the text to support your answer.

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3 marks

6. Look at the paragraph beginning: *I do not know how long ...*

The word *unwieldy* in this paragraph is closest in meaning to...

Tick **one**.

fast.

☐

violent.

☐

clumsy.

☐

gentle.

☐

1 mark

7. **Find** and **copy** one word that suggests Malone feels part of the team of explorers.

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

8. How can you tell that Professor Summerlee is an expert on dinosaurs?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

9. Look at the paragraph beginning: *I had the same feeling of mystery and danger around us.*

**Find** and **copy four different** words from the rest of the paragraph that suggest danger.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

4. \_\_\_\_\_

2 marks

10. Using information from the text, tick one box in each row to show whether each statement is **true** or **false**.

	True	False
Lord John saw the dinosaur tracks first.		
Professor Summerlee has faked the evidence.		
Professor Challenger worries that people won't believe them.		
They are all frightened of the iguanodons.		

1 mark

11. The mood of the characters changes throughout the extract.

- (a) **Find** and **copy** the group of words on page 2 where Lord John's mood changes.

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

- (b) How does Lord John's mood change?

\_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

12. Based on what you have read, what does the last paragraph suggest might happen to the explorers next?

Use evidence from this paragraph to support your prediction.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2 marks

In this text, Edward describes a strange incident that happened to him in an old farmhouse owned and inhabited by his Uncle Jack.

## Albion's Dream



There were rooms in the old farmhouse which I never saw used and which smelt of a past that held extraordinary fascination for me: little windows where unknown ancestors had sat on autumn evenings; old leather-lined bookcases with books that no one had handled for fifty years; dust that no one had bothered to remove; piles of candle wax in unlikely corners; huge chamber pots and cracked basins, and everywhere a great generosity of space.

Outside there was a big lawn hardly walked on, flowerbeds hardly looked at, a vegetable garden which always produced too much, a vast horse chestnut with enough conkers to satisfy the needs of a whole village of boys, a second lawn that nobody ever sat on, and the poignant smells of animals and harvests of a bygone age.

There also lived with Jack an elderly spinster called Em Sharp who was the true guardian of the place and of the memories of the family. The farmhouse never got any cleaner under her care, but it never got any dirtier either. In fact, she was determined that nothing should change, and nothing did.

There were times, as I grew older, when I went to stay with Jack on my own. I followed him on his work around the farm, or explored the empty rooms of the farmhouse. One day – I was twelve years old – it was raining and Jack had taken the car on business. Left to my own devices, I visited the dogs and young chicks, watched Em Sharp for a while as she prepared lunch, then made my way upstairs into the largest and most remote of the empty rooms, where one of the big bookcases had attracted my curiosity.

I pulled out some of the books, glancing idly at the contents, and then, as I went to return one of them to its place, my eye was caught by something in the dark recesses of the shelf. I reached in and drew it out. It was a large red dice, but like no other dice I had ever seen.

I took it to the window to inspect it. Each face had a symbol: a tower, a sword, a broken circle, something that looked like a pillar of stone. It was obvious that the dice had been fashioned by hand, for I could even make out the tiny blade marks, and none of the faces was precisely even.

As I sat and puzzled over the symbols, it dawned on me that the dice ought to belong to a game of some kind. So I returned to the bookcase to make a thorough search.

I looked behind every book and even used my hand to sweep out the shallow gap under the bottom shelf. There must have been ten years' worth of assorted debris under there. Finally I began to edge the entire bookcase away from the wall. It was extremely heavy and it took me some time to get it out far enough to look behind. There was a thick network of cobwebs and dust. I thought for a moment and plunged my hand in the gap.

There was something there, a flat box. It was covered with grime and falling apart. Opening it, I found a board, counters, cards, and a number of little figures. I wiped away the dirt from the lid and made out the title. *Albion's Dream* it said.

At that moment I heard Em Sharp's voice coming up the stairs.

“Edward. EDWARD!” she called. “What on Earth are you up to in there?”

The door opened.

It took her a few seconds to work out what I was doing; then she leapt towards me.



“Give me that immediately, Edward.” I drew back cautiously. “That box is mine. It’s nothing to do with you. It belongs to me.” She came forward with frightening intensity, her hand reaching out for the box. I hesitated. If it really was hers, I had no right... But a stronger sense of justice broke out in me. I had found it by my own efforts. For the time being, at least, it should be mine.

8

1. Look at the first paragraph.

What suggests that the inside of the old farmhouse was not very well looked after?

Give **two** things.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

2. Look at the first two paragraphs.

Which sentence below **best** describes the farmhouse?

Tick **one**.

It had always been a lifeless place.

☐

No one ever went there by choice.

☐

It seemed stuck in the past.

☐

The outside was better looked after than the inside.

☐

1 mark

3. Look at page 2.

**Find** and **copy one** word which shows that Em Sharp was in charge of the house.

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1 mark

4. Look at the second paragraph on page 2.

*Left to my own devices...*

This means that Edward...

Tick **one**.

had lost something.

☐

was confident with equipment.

☐

had a good imagination.

☐

was free to do what he wanted.

☐

1 mark



5. When Edward was exploring the bookcase, he noticed *something in the dark **recesses** of the shelf*.

Which of the following words is closest in meaning to recesses?

Tick **one**.

- |          |                          |
|----------|--------------------------|
| wood     | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| spaces   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| contents | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| design   | <input type="checkbox"/> |

1 mark

6. ...***dawned on me** that the dice ought to belong to a game...*

Which of the following is closest in meaning to *dawned on me* as it is used here?

Tick **one**.

- |                     |                          |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| began to worry me   | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| became clear to me  | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| made me feel better | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| puzzled me          | <input type="checkbox"/> |

1 mark

7. How do you know that the bookcase had not been moved for a long time?

Give **two** ways.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

1 mark

8. How can you tell that Edward was determined to find the game?

Give **one** piece of evidence that shows his determination.

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1 mark

9. Look at page 3.

What impressions do you get of Em Sharp at this point in the extract?

Give **two** impressions, using evidence from the text to support your answer.

Impression	Evidence
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>
<hr/>	<hr/> <hr/> <hr/>

3 marks

10. In the last paragraph, Edward does not want to give the game to Em Sharp.

Give **two** reasons why he does **not** want to part with it.

1. 

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2. 

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2 marks

11. Edward found a game. How can you tell that there was something strange about the game?

Explain **two** ways, using evidence from the text to support your answer.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3 marks