

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: A VENDETTA

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

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

QUESTIONS

Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Use lines 1-7.

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

Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use lines 8-15.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use the whole source.

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

Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES

Use lines 16-40.

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

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN

Source A: The opening of a short story called 'The Terrible Old Man' by H.P. Lovecraft (1920).

1	It was the design of Angelo Ricci and Joe Czaneck and Manuel Silva to call on the Terrible Old Man. This old man dwells all alone in a very ancient house on Water Street near the sea, and is reputed to be both exceedingly rich and exceedingly feeble; which forms a situation very attractive to men of the profession of Mr. Ricci, Czaneck, and Silva, for that profession was nothing less dignified than robbery.
5	The inhabitants of Kingsport say and think many things about the Terrible Old Man. He is, in truth, a very strange person, believed to have been a captain of East India clipper ships in his day; so old that no one can remember when he was young, and so taciturn that few know his real name. Among the gnarled trees in the front yard of his aged and neglected place he maintains a strange collection of large stones, oddly grouped and painted so that they resemble the idols in some obscure Eastern
10	temple. This collection frightens away most of the small boys who love to taunt the Terrible Old Man about his long white hair and beard, or to break the small-paned windows of his dwelling with wicked missiles; but there are other things which frighten the older and more curious folk who sometimes steal up to the house to peer in through the dusty panes. These folk say that on a table in a bare room on the ground floor are many peculiar bottles, in each a small piece of lead suspended pendulum-wise
15	from a string. And they say that the Terrible Old Man talks to these bottles, addressing them by such names as Jack, Scar-Face, Long Tom, Spanish Joe, Peters, and Mate Ellis.
20	Those who have watched the tall, lean, Terrible Old Man in these peculiar conversations, do not watch him again. But Angelo Ricci and Joe Czaneck and Manuel Silva saw in the Terrible Old Man merely a tottering, almost helpless grey-beard, who could not walk without the aid of his knotted cane, and whose thin, weak hands shook pitifully. They were really quite sorry in their way for the lonely, unpopular old fellow, whom everybody shunned, and at whom all the dogs barked singularly. But business is business, and to a robber whose soul is in his profession, there is a lure and a challenge about a very old and very feeble man who has no account at the bank, and who pays for his few necessities at the village store with Spanish gold and silver minted two centuries ago.
25	Mr Ricci, Czaneck, and Silva selected the night of April 11th for their call. Mr. Ricci and Mr. Silva were to interview the poor old gentleman, whilst Mr. Czaneck waited for them and their presumable metallic burden with a covered motor-car in Ship Street, by the gate in the tall rear wall of their hosts grounds.
30	As prearranged, the three adventurers started out separately in order to prevent any evil-minded suspicions afterward. Mr Ricci and Mr Silva met in Water Street by the old man's front gate, and although they did not like the way the moon shone down upon the painted stones through the budding branches of the gnarled trees, they had more important things to think about than mere idle superstition. They feared it might be unpleasant work making the Terrible Old Man loquacious ¹ concerning his hoarded gold and silver, for aged sea-captains are notably stubborn. Still, he was very old and very feeble, and there were two visitors. Mr Ricci and Mr Silva were experienced in the art of making unwilling persons voluble ² , and the screams of a weak and exceptionally venerable ³ man can be easily muffled. So they moved up to the one lighted window and heard the Terrible Old Man talking childishly to his bottles with pendulums. Then they donned masks and knocked politely at the weather-
35	stained oaken door.
39	1 – loquacious: talkative, chatty. 2 – venerable: respected, honoured

QUESTIONS

<p>Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES</p> <p>Use lines 1-4. List four things you learn about the 'Terrible Old Man'.</p>	<p>Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES</p> <p>Use lines 17-39. A student said "Although the robbers seem like villains and the old man is the victim, it feels like something unexpected is going to happen." To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • write your own impressions about the characters • evaluate how the writer has created these impressions • support your opinions with references to the text.
<p>Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES</p> <p>Using lines 5-16. How does the writer use language to the 'Terrible Old Man' and his house?</p>	
<p>Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES</p> <p>Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: LOST HEARTS

Source A: The opening of a short story called 'Lost Hearts' by M.R.James, published in 1904.

1 It was, as far as in September of the year 1811 that a post-chaise¹ drew up before the door of
Aswarby Hall, in the heart of Lincolnshire. The little boy who was the only passenger in the chaise, and
who jumped out as soon as it had stopped, looked about him with the keenest curiosity during the
short interval that elapsed between the ringing of the bell and the opening of the hall door. He saw a
5 tall, square, red-brick house, built in the reign of Anne; a stone-pillared porch had been added in the
purer classical style of 1790; the windows of the house were many, tall and narrow, with small panes
and thick white woodwork. A pediment, pierced with a round window, crowned the front. There were
wings to right and left, connected by curious glazed galleries, supported by pillars, with the central
block. These wings plainly contained the stables and offices of the house. Each was surmounted by
10 an ornamental dome with a gilded vane.

An evening light shone on the building, making the window-panes glow like so many fires. Away
from the Hall in front stretched a flat park studded with oaks and fringed with firs, which stood out
against the sky. The clock in the church-tower, buried in trees on the edge of the park, only its golden
weather-cock catching the light, was striking six, and the sound came gently beating down the wind. It
15 was altogether a pleasant impression, though tinged with the sort of melancholy² appropriate to an
evening in early autumn, that was conveyed to the mind of the boy who was standing in the porch
waiting for the door to open to him.

The post-chaise had brought him from Warwickshire, where, some six months before, he had been
left an orphan. Now, owing to the generous offer of his elderly cousin, Mr Abney, he had come to live
20 at Aswarby.

That night he had a curious dream. At the end of the passage at the top of the house, in which his
bedroom was situated, there was an old disused bathroom. It was kept locked, but the upper half of
the door was glazed, and, since the muslin curtains which used to hang there had long been gone,
you could look in and see the lead-lined bath affixed to the wall on the right hand, with its head
25 towards the window.

On the night of which I am speaking, Stephen Elliott found himself, as he thought, looking through
the glazed door. The moon was shining through the window, and he was gazing at a figure which lay
in the bath.

His description of what he saw reminds me of what I once beheld myself in the famous vaults of St
Michan's Church in Dublin, which possesses the horrid property of preserving corpses from decay for
centuries. A figure inexpressibly thin and pathetic, of a dusty leaden colour, enveloped in a shroud-like
garment, the thin lips crooked into a faint and dreadful smile, the hands pressed tightly over the region
30 of the heart.

As he looked upon it, a distant, almost inaudible moan seemed to issue from its lips, and the arms
35 began to stir. The terror of the sight forced Stephen backwards and he awoke to the fact that he was
indeed standing on the cold boarded floor of the passage in the full light of the moon. With a courage
which I do not think can be common among boys of his age, he went to the door of the bathroom to
ascertain if the figure of his dreams were really there. It was not, and he went back to bed.

38 1 – post-chaise: a horse drawn carriage.

2 – melancholy: deep sadness, sorrow.

QUESTIONS

Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Use lines 1-10.

List four things you learn about the house the boy arrives at.

Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Using lines 11-17.

How does the writer use language to describe the setting in the evening?

Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use the whole source.

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

Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES

Use lines 21-38.

A student said "The writer creates a creepy and atmosphere at this point. He builds the tension and creates a vivid image of the dream."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: ONE SUMMER NIGHT

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

1 The fact that Henry Armstrong was buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of his senses
5 compelled him to admit. His posture -- flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation -- the strict
10 confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence impossible to controvert and he accepted it without cavil.
But dead -- no; he was only very, very ill. He had, withal, the invalid's apathy¹ and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he -- just a plain, commonplace person gifted, for the time being, with a pathological² indifference: the organ that
15 he feared consequences with was torpid³. So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate future, he fell asleep and all was peace with Henry Armstrong.
But something was going on overhead. It was a dark summer night, shot through with infrequent shimmers of lightning silently firing a cloud lying low in the west and portending⁴ a storm. These brief, stammering illuminations brought out with ghastly distinctness the monuments and headstones of the cemetery and seemed to set them dancing. It was not a night in which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a cemetery, so the three men who were there, digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong, felt reasonably secure.
20 Two of them were young students from a medical college a few miles away; the third was a gigantic man known as Jess. For many years Jess had been employed about the cemetery as a man-of-all-work and it was his favourite pleasantry that he knew 'every soul in the place.' From the nature of what he was now doing it was inferable that the place was not so populous as its register may have shown it to be. Outside the wall, at the part of the grounds farthest from the public road, were a horse and a light wagon, waiting.
25 The work of excavation was not difficult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a few hours before offered little resistance and was soon thrown out. Removal of the casket from its box was less easy, but it was taken out, for it was a perquisite⁵ of Jess, who carefully unscrewed the cover and laid it aside, exposing the body in black trousers and white shirt. At that instant the air sprang to flame, a cracking shock of thunder shook the stunned world and Henry Armstrong tranquilly sat up. With inarticulate cries the men fled in terror, each in a different direction. For nothing on earth could
30 two of them have been persuaded to return. But Jess was of another breed.
In the grey of the morning the two students, pallid and haggard from anxiety and with the terror of their adventure still beating tumultuously in their blood, met at the medical college.
'You saw it?' cried one.
'God! yes -- what are we to do?'

35 They went around to the rear of the building, where they saw a horse, attached to a light wagon, hitched to a gatepost near the door of the dissecting-room. Mechanically they entered the room. On a bench in the obscurity sat Jess. He rose, grinning, all eyes and teeth. 'I'm waiting for my pay,' he said.
Stretched naked on a long table lay the body of Henry Armstrong, the head defiled with blood and clay from a blow with a spade.
39

1 apathy: indifference, boredom. 2 pathological: illogical, obsessive 3 torpid: inactive, lifeless
4 portending: foretelling, signalling 5 perquisite: benefit, strong point

QUESTIONS

Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Use lines 1-7.
List four things you learn about Henry.

Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Using lines 12-17.
How does the writer use language to describe the setting?

Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use the whole source.
How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?

Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES

Use lines 17-39.
A student said "Although we are scared of the creepy and tense atmosphere, I think the ending is actually very unexpected"
To what extent do you agree?
In your response, you could:

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

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: THE SPLENDID CANNIBALS

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

1 The peculiars in the village of Swampmuck lived very modestly. They were farmers, and though they didn't own fancy things and lived in flimsy houses made of reeds, they were healthy and joyful and wanted for little. Food grew bountifully in their gardens, clean water ran in the streams, and even their humble homes seemed like luxuries because the weather in Swampmuck was so fair, and the

5 villagers were so devoted to their work that many, after a long day of mucking, would simply lie down and sleep in their swamps.

Harvest was their favourite time of year. Working round the clock, they gathered the best weeds that had grown in the swamp that season, bundled them onto donkey carts, and drove their bounty to the market town of Chipping Whippet, a five days' ride, to sell what they could. It was difficult work. The

10 swampweed was rough and tore their hands. The donkeys were ill-tempered and liked to bite. The road to market was pitted with holes and plagued by thieves. There were often grievous accidents, such as when Farmer Pullman, in a fit of overzealous harvesting, accidentally scythed off his neighbor's leg. The neighbor, Farmer Hayworth, was understandably upset, but the villagers were such agreeable people that all was soon forgiven.

15 That very year, just after the festival had ended and the villagers were about to return to their toil in the swamps, three visitors arrived. Swampmuck rarely had visitors of any kind, as it was not the sort of place people wanted to visit, and it had certainly never had visitors like these: two men and a lady dressed head to toe in lush brocaded silk, riding on the backs of three fine Arabian horses. But though the visitors were obviously rich, they looked emaciated and swayed weakly in their bejeweled saddles.

20 The villagers gathered around them curiously, marveling at their beautiful clothes and horses. "We're on a journey to the coast of Meek," explained one of the visitors, a man who seemed to be the only one strong enough to speak. "We were accosted by bandits some weeks ago, and, though we were able to outrun them, we got badly lost. We've been turning circles ever since."

25 "You're nowhere near the Roman Road," said Farmer Sally. "Or the coast of Meek," "We'll never make it," the man said darkly. At that, the silk-robed lady slumped in her saddle and fell to the ground. The villagers, moved to compassion despite their concerns about disease, brought the fallen lady and her companions into the nearest house.

"Give them space!" said Farmer Pullman. "They're exhausted; they need rest!"

"No, they need a doctor!" said Farmer Sally.

30 "We aren't sick," the man said. "We're hungry. Our supplies ran out over a week ago, and we haven't had a bite to eat since then." Farmer Sally wondered why such wealthy people hadn't simply bought food from fellow travellers on the road, but she was too polite to ask. Instead, she ordered some village boys to run and fetch bowls—but when it was laid before the visitors, they turned the food away. "I don't mean to be rude," said the man, "but we can't eat this."

35 "I know it's a humble spread," said Farmer Sally, "but it's all we have."

"It isn't that," the man said. "Grains, vegetables, animal meat — our bodies simply can't process them. And if we force ourselves to eat, it will only make us weaker."

The villagers were confused. "If you can't eat grains, vegetables, or animals," asked Farmer Pullman, "then what can you eat?"

"People," the man replied.

QUESTIONS

Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Use lines 1-6.

List four things you learn about the villagers.

Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Using lines 7-14.

How does the writer use language to describe the villager's work?

Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use the whole source.

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

Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES

Use lines 16-40.

A student said "The arrival of the visitors seems exciting and unusual for the villagers, but the writer makes us think that something strange is going to happen"

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

PAPER 1 MINI MOCK: WEREWORLD

Source A: The opening of a book titled 'Wereworld: the Shadow of the Hawk' by Curtis Jobling (2012)

1	The drivers cracked their whips, urging the procession of wagons and horses onwards and away from the curving cliff edge. The wagon wheels found their way into the ancient ruts worn into the dark rock road by centuries of traffic. To the people of the island the circling road was known as the Black Staircase, running all the way from the harbour below, through the city, around the mountainous island.
5	Drew pushed his face against the bamboo bars, looking down the cliff as the wagon he travelled in drove ever higher. There were six of them in the jail wagon, each equally miserable. No doubt Drew's fellow slaves had been picked up by Kessler on his travels, and each bore the scars of the journey. Battered and beaten, the men were weary with exhaustion and the long time spent in the hold of the slave ship. The Goatlord Kessler travelled at the front of the procession in a sumptuous ¹ caravan, his ill-gotten gains of blood, flesh and bone following miserably behind.
10	The Black Staircase had risen from the docks through the strange city, past bazaars and merchants' stalls, before winding through the town houses higher up. Far below in the harbour Drew spied the Banshee, bobbing lazily in the crystal clear water, her cargo delivered.
15	At the highest point of the Black Staircase there was no sign of vegetation, the slopes of the mountain were covered with rocks and boulders as dark as jet. The road levelled out briefly as they reached the summit, turning in toward the mountain's centre. Here the wagons passed through a tall, white gatehouse. Lightly armoured guards stood to either side, inspecting the carts and their slaves as they trundled past. The people of the island reminded Drew of Djogo, Kessler's captain, tall and rangy with dark, leathery skin. Perhaps this is where the brute hails from?
20	The wagons were moving downhill now into a bowl-shaped valley that marked the mountain's summit, a palace sitting at its centre. An outer wall curved round the grand palace structure, echoing the concentric circles of the Black Staircase. Terracotta rooftops dipped in towards its centre, the courtyard beyond not yet visible on the approach. Towers thrust up from the outer wall towards the clouds, their brickwork an ornate tapestry of black and white banded marble. The heat was oppressive ² ; Drew felt it roll over him in waves. Occasional jets of steam broke through fissures in the ground on either side of the road, and hot gases belched violently from the earth. He held his hand to his mouth, gagging at a familiar scent in the air.
25	"Brimstone," he said, as much to himself as to anyone who might listen.
30	"That's right," said another slave, leaning against the bars on the opposite side of the wagon. "Sulphur. What else would you expect from a volcano?"
35	If the heat outdoors was stifling, inside the palace it was unbearable. Guards had led the shackled slaves into the colossal building, past crowds of onlookers into a huge, circular hall. Stone tables ringed the room, littered with food from the previous night's feasting. Flies buzzed over discarded pieces of meat, adding to the grim atmosphere. Torches burned along the wall, while a large metal grille covered the centre of the chamber, riveted in place to the polished basalt floor. A steady flow of steam emerged through the grating, turning the chamber into a sauna. A metal brazier, stacked with red-hot coals, stood beside the grille, long-handled brands buried deep within the glowing embers. Drew winced as he spied it, imagining what they might be used for.
40	1 sumptuous: luxurious, expensive 2 oppressive: overpowering, unbearable

QUESTIONS

Q1 - 4 MARKS - 5 MINUTES

Use lines 1-6.

List four things you learn about Drew's journey.

Q2- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Using lines 6-11.

How does the writer use language to describe the slaves?

Q3- 8 MARKS - 10 MINUTES

Use the whole source.

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

Q4 - 20 MARKS - 25 MINUTES

Use lines 12-40.

A student said, "I like how the writer creates a vivid picture of the place, not only describing what we can see in detail but using the other senses too."

To what extent do you agree?

In your response, you could:

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

