

## 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.
20	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.
25	One night, after some kind of a quarrel, Antoine Saverini was treacherously stabbed by Nicolas Ravolati, who escaped the same evening to Sardinia.
30	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.
35	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.
40	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." 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.

### 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?

**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



<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 5-16. How does the writer use language to the 'Terrible Old Man' and his house?</p>	<p>unexpected is going to happen.” To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

## Paper 1 mini mock: lost hearts

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

<p>1     5     10</p>	<p>It was, as far as in September of the year 1811 that a post-chaise<sup>1</sup> 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 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 an ornamental dome with a gilded vane.</p>
<p>15</p>	<p>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 was altogether a pleasant impression, though tinged with the sort of melancholy<sup>2</sup> 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.</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>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 at Aswarby.</p>
<p>25</p>	<p>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 towards the window.</p>
<p>30</p>	<p>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.</p>
<p>35</p>	<p>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 of the heart.</p>
<p>38</p>	<p>As he looked upon it, a distant, almost inaudible moan seemed to issue from its lips, and the arms 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.</p>
<p>1 – post-chaise: a horse drawn carriage.</p>	<p>2 – melancholy: deep sadness, sorrow.</p>

### Questions

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-10. List four things you learn about the</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 21-38. A student said “The writer creates a creepy and</p>
---	---

house the boy arrives at.	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: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 11-17. How does the writer use language to describe the setting in the evening?	
<b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?	

### Paper 1 mini mock: the cat

**Source A:** The opening of a short story called ‘The Cat’ by Mary E Wilkins Freeman (19<sup>th</sup> century).

1	<p>The snow was falling, and the Cat's fur was stiffly pointed with it, but he was imperturbable<sup>1</sup>. He sat crouched, ready for the death-spring, as he had sat for hours. It was night—but that made no difference—all times were as one to the Cat when he was in wait for prey. Then, too, he was under no constraint of human will, for he was living alone that winter. Nowhere in the world was any voice calling him; on no hearth was there a waiting dish. He was quite free except for his own desires. The Cat was very hungry—almost famished, in fact.</p> <p>For days the weather had been very bitter, and all the feebler wild things which were his prey had kept, for the most part, in their burrows and nests, and the Cat's long hunt had availed him nothing. But he waited with the inconceivable patience and persistency of his race; besides, he was certain.</p> <p>The Cat was a creature of absolute convictions, and his faith in his deductions never wavered. The rabbit had gone in there between those low-hung pine boughs. Now her little doorway had before it a shaggy curtain of snow, but in there she was. The Cat had seen her enter, so like a swift grey shadow that even his sharp and practised eyes had glanced back for the substance following, and then she was gone. So he sat down and waited, and he waited still in the white night, listening angrily to the north wind starting in the upper heights of the mountains with distant screams, then swelling into an awful crescendo of rage, and swooping down with furious white wings of snow like a flock of fierce eagles into the valleys and ravines.</p> <p>Above him a few feet away towered the rock ascent as steep as the wall of a cathedral. When the rabbit came out she was trapped; her little cloven feet could not scale such unbroken steeps. So the Cat waited. The place in which he was looked like a maelstrom<sup>2</sup> of the wood. The tangle of trees and bushes clinging to the mountain-side with a stern clutch of roots, the prostrate trunks and branches, the vines embracing everything with strong knots and coils of growth, had a curious effect, as of things which had whirled for ages in a current of raging water, only it was not water, but wind, which had disposed everything in circling lines of yielding to its fiercest points of onset. And now over all this whirl of wood and rock and dead trunks and branches and vines descended the snow. It blew down like smoke over the rock-crest above and the Cat cowered. It was as if ice needles pricked his skin through his beautiful thick fur, but he never faltered and never once cried. He had nothing to gain from crying, and everything to lose; the rabbit would hear him cry and know he was waiting.</p> <p>It grew darker and darker, with a strange white smother, instead of the natural blackness of night. It was a night of storm and death superadded to the night of nature. The mountains were all hidden, wrapped about, overawed, and tumultuously overborne by it, but in the midst of it waited, quite unconquered, this little, unswerving, living patience and power under a little coat of grey fur.</p> <p>A fiercer blast swept over the rock, spun on one mighty foot of whirlwind athwart the level, then was over the precipice.</p> <p>Then the Cat saw two eyes luminous with terror, frantic with the impulse of flight, he saw a little, quivering, dilating nose, he saw two pointing ears, and he kept still, with every one of his fine nerves and muscles strained like wires. Then the rabbit was out—there was one long line of incarnate flight and terror—and the Cat had her.</p> <p>Then the Cat went home, trailing his prey through the snow.</p>
5	
10	
15	
20	
25	
30	
35	
39	

### Questions

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about the cat.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 16-40. A student said “The writer makes us admire and respect the cat in these harsh conditions. When the rabbit appears, we want the cat to catch it.” To what extent do you agree? In your response, you could:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 7-17. How does the writer use language to describe the cat’s actions/behaviour?</p>	
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

**Paper 1 mini mock: one summer night**

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

<p>1  5</p>	<p>The fact that Henry Armstrong was buried did not seem to him to prove that he was dead: he had always been a hard man to convince. That he really was buried, the testimony of his senses compelled him to admit. His posture -- flat upon his back, with his hands crossed upon his stomach and tied with something that he easily broke without profitably altering the situation -- the strict confinement of his entire person, the black darkness and profound silence, made a body of evidence impossible to controvert and he accepted it without cavil.</p>
<p>10</p>	<p>But dead -- no; he was only very, very ill. He had, withal, the invalid's apathy<sup>1</sup> and did not greatly concern himself about the uncommon fate that had been allotted to him. No philosopher was he -- just a plain, commonplace person gifted, for the time being, with a pathological<sup>2</sup> indifference: the organ that he feared consequences with was torpid<sup>3</sup>. So, with no particular apprehension for his immediate future, he fell asleep and all was peace with Henry Armstrong.</p>
<p>15</p>	<p>But something was going on overhead. It was a dark summer night, shot through with infrequent shimmers of lightning silently firing a cloud lying low in the west and portending<sup>4</sup> a storm. These brief, stammering illuminations brought out with ghastly distinctness the monuments and headstones of the cemetery and seemed to set them dancing. It was not a night in which any credible witness was likely to be straying about a cemetery, so the three men who were there, digging into the grave of Henry Armstrong, felt reasonably secure.</p>
<p>20</p>	<p>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.</p>
<p>25</p>	<p>The work of excavation was not difficult: the earth with which the grave had been loosely filled a few hours before offered little resistance and was soon thrown out. Removal of the casket from its box was less easy, but it was taken out, for it was a perquisite<sup>5</sup> of Jess, who carefully unscrewed the cover and laid it aside, exposing the body in black trousers and white shirt. At that instant the air sprang to flame, a cracking shock of thunder shook the stunned world and Henry Armstrong tranquilly sat up. With inarticulate cries the men fled in terror, each in a different direction. For nothing on earth could</p>
<p>30</p>	<p>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?'</p>
<p>35</p>	<p>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</p>
<p>39</p>	<p>clay from a blow with a spade. 1 apathy: indifference, boredom.      2 pathological: illogical, obsessive      3 torpid: inactive, lifeless 4 portending: foretelling, signalling      5 perquisite: benefit, strong point</p>

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

### Questions

<p><b>Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes</b> Use lines 1-6. List four things you learn about the villagers.</p>	<p><b>Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes</b> Use lines 16-40. 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:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>• write your own impressions about the characters</li> <li>• evaluate how the writer has created these impressions</li> <li>• support your opinions with references to the text.</li> </ul>
<p><b>Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Using lines 7-14. How does the writer use language to describe the villager's work?</p>	
<p><b>Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes</b> Use the whole source. How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader?</p>	

## Paper 1 mini mock: wereworld

**Source A:** The opening of a book titled 'Wereworld: the





