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| Paper 1 mini mock: a vendetta | | |
| **Source A**: The opening of a short story called ‘A Vendetta’ by Guy de Maupassant. | | |
| 1  5  10  15  20  25  30  35  40 | 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.  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.  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.  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.  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."  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. | | 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. |
| 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? | |
| 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  5  10  15  20  25  30  35  39 | It was the design of Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek 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, Czanek, and Silva, for that profession was nothing less dignified than robbery.  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 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 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.  Those who have watched the tall, lean, Terrible Old Man in these peculiar conversations, do not watch him again. But Angelo Ricci and Joe Czanek 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.  Mr Ricci, Czanek, 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. Czanek 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.  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 loquacious1 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 voluble2, and the screams of a weak and exceptionally venerable3 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-stained oaken door.  1 – loquacious: talkative, chatty. 2 – venerable: respected, honoured | |
| Questions | | |
| Q1 – 4 marks – 5 minutes  Use lines 1-4.  List four things you learn about the ‘Terrible Old Man’. | | Q4 – 20 marks – 25 minutes  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:   * write your own impressions about the characters * evaluate how the writer has created these impressions * support your opinions with references to the text. |
| Q2– 8 marks – 10 minutes  Using lines 5-16.  How does the writer use language to the ‘Terrible Old Man’ and his house? | |
| Q3– 8 marks – 10 minutes  Use the whole source.  How does the writer structure the text to interest you as a reader? | |
| 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  5  10  15  20  25  30  35  38 | 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 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.  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 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 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 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 of the heart.  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.  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. | | 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. |
| 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? | |