
ENGLISH

1111/02

April 2017

Paper 2 INSERT

1 hour plus 10 minutes' reading time



This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Section A: Reading

Read this extract from 'Griffin's Castle' by Jenny Nimmo.

Dinah has recently arrived in a new neighbourhood, and has just started school.

Dinah enjoyed her walk to school, down the avenue of evergreens. Each one seemed to be laced with silvery cobwebs. Anglesey Road seemed like the secret passage to a lost world, with its tall trees and wild, neglected gardens.

Behind her in class sat Jacob Rose, the boy who had surprised her in Castle Arcade. He grinned sheepishly when he saw her. Dinah noticed that he never asked questions, or answered them.

There was another boy, small and dark, with round, wire-framed spectacles, who always seemed to be watching Dinah. Once she gave the boy the worst scowl that she could muster, but afterwards, when she saw him standing alone by the school wall, he looked so utterly forlorn that she felt sorry for the look she had given him, and found herself walking over.

His name was Barry Hughes and his father taught history in a school on the other side of town. His mother had been a school teacher too, but now she worked part-time so that her boys would have home cooking and clean football socks every day. Barry's brothers were both great footballers but Barry had never developed the right muscles for sport.

All this Dinah learned in the fifteen minutes they took to walk around the playground together. She was good at finding out about people's families. Perhaps it was because she was truly interested.

What Barry didn't tell her was that he had always been top in every subject, until Dinah came. He began to hate Dinah for taking his place away. He dreamed that something would happen to her; that she would have to go to hospital or be called back to wherever she had come from. That one day she wouldn't come to school and everyone would forget that she existed. But after Dinah talked to him, he found it impossible to feel this way again.

At home, Barry found himself telling his mother about Dinah Jones. 'She gets everything right,' he said. 'All the time. There's nothing she doesn't know. And everyone's a bit afraid of her because she's got this look, like she wouldn't be afraid of anything. She talked to me today for a long time.'

'So where does she live?'

'I don't know.' Barry realised that Dinah was still a mystery. He felt aggrieved that she'd learned so much about him without giving anything away. And he resolved to put this right the next day.

He didn't realise how difficult this would be.

In English, they were asked to invent a legend. Barry had an idea in his head but he couldn't put it down. He kept gazing at Dinah's writing. Words that he had hardly heard of streamed across her page, as though they had been formed by some knowledgeable angel. She was writing about a griffin, a castle and a hoard of gold. Barry knew that Dinah's legend would be a miracle. He felt that it was no use writing anything at all. The idea that had seemed so good was useless.

When he gave his work in, Mrs Price glanced at his half-filled sheet and then up at him. 'What's the matter, Barry?' she asked.

He flushed and said, 'I couldn't think of anything.'

After school, he should have gone in the opposite direction. But he followed Dinah, discreetly. He stopped, occasionally, to tie a shoelace or look into his bag. She marched straight ahead, never looking round. She turned down Anglesey Road, a street Barry had glanced into but never explored. The houses were older than any other houses in the area. They looked unsafe, somehow, with their loose tiles, crumbling chimneys and cracked, moss-covered steps. Some were boarded up. Due for demolition, Barry thought.

Ahead of him, Dinah reached a gate and turned through it. Barry ran and came to a crumbling stone wall, just in time to see the door close in the strangest house of all. Though it wasn't the house so much as the garden that was odd. Rows of fir and cypress trees pressed about it with a sinister sort of determination. Everywhere else, golden leaves were falling, letting in the autumn sky, but this garden was cold, dark and mysterious. Barry could almost picture wild beasts lurking behind the dense, heavy branches. Hanging on the gate was a rough wooden sign with the words 'Griffin's Castle'.

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Now answer the questions in the answer booklet.

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