

Extract for 'Discover active reading' section pages 8-26

Once there were four children whose names were Peter, Susan, Edmund and Lucy. This story is about something that happened to them when they were sent away from London during the war because of the air-raids. They were sent to the house of an old Professor who lived in the heart of the country, ten miles from the nearest railway station and two miles from the nearest post office. He had no wife and he lived in a very large house with a housekeeper called Mrs Macready and three servants. (Their names were Ivy, Margaret and Betty, but they do not come into the story much.) He himself was a very old man with shaggy white hair which grew over most of his face as well as on his head, and they liked him almost at once; but on the first evening when he came out to meet them at the front door he was so odd-looking that Lucy (who was the youngest) was a little afraid of him, and Edmund (who was the next youngest) wanted to laugh and had to keep on pretending he was blowing his nose to hide it.

As soon as they had said good night to the Professor and gone upstairs on the first night, the boys came into the girls' room and they all talked it over.

"We've fallen on our feet and no mistake," said Peter. "This is going to be perfectly splendid. That old chap will let us do anything we like."

"I think he's an old dear," said Susan.

"Oh, come off it!" said Edmund, who was tired and pretending not to be tired, which always made him bad-tempered. "Don't go on talking like that."

"Like what?" said Susan; "and anyway, it's time you were in bed."

"Trying to talk like Mother," said Edmund. "And who are you to say when I'm to go to bed? Go to bed yourself."

"Hadn't we all better go to bed?" said Lucy. "There's sure to be a row if we're heard talking here."

"No there won't," said Peter. "I tell you this is the sort of house where no one's going to mind what we do. Anyway, they won't hear us. It's about ten minutes' walk from here down to that dining-room, and any amount of stairs and passages in between."

"What's that noise?" said Lucy suddenly. It was a far larger house than she had ever been in before and the thought of all those long passages and rows of doors leading into empty rooms was beginning to make her feel a little creepy.

"It's only a bird, silly," said Edmund.

"It's an owl," said Peter. "This is going to be a wonderful place for birds. I shall go to bed now. I say, let's go and explore tomorrow. You might find anything in a place like this. Did you see those mountains as we came along? And the woods? There might be eagles. There might be stags. There'll be hawks."

"Badgers!" said Lucy.

"Foxes!" said Edmund.

"Rabbits!" said Susan.

But when next morning came there was a steady rain falling, so thick that when you looked out of the window you could see neither the mountains nor the woods nor even the stream in the garden.

"Of course it *would* be raining!" said Edmund.

They had just finished their breakfast with the Professor and were upstairs in the room he had set apart for them – a long, low room with two windows looking out in one direction and two in another.

"Do stop grumbling, Ed," said Susan. "Ten to one it'll clear up in an hour or so. And in the meantime we're pretty well off. There's a wireless and lots of books."

"Not for me," said Peter; "I'm going to explore in the house."

Everyone agreed to this and that was how the adventures began. It was the sort of house that you never seem to come to the end of, and it was full of unexpected places. The first few doors they tried led only into spare bedrooms, as everyone had expected that they would; but soon they came to a very long room full of pictures and there they found a suit of armour; and after that was a room all hung with green, with a harp in

one corner; and then came three steps down and five steps up, and then a kind of little
upstairs hall and a door that led out on to a balcony, and then a whole series of rooms
55 that led into each other and were lined with books – most of them very old books and
some bigger than a Bible in a church. And shortly after that they looked into a room that
was quite empty except for one big wardrobe; the sort that has a looking-glass in the
door. There was nothing else in the room at all except a dead bluebottle on the window
sill.

60 “Nothing there!” said Peter, and they all trooped out again – all except Lucy. She
stayed behind because she thought it would be worth while trying the door of the
wardrobe, even though she felt almost sure that it would be locked. To her surprise it
opened quite easily, and two moth-balls dropped out.

Looking into the inside, she saw several coats hanging up – mostly long fur coats.
65 There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell and feel of fur. She immediately
stepped into the wardrobe and got in among the coats and rubbed her face against them,
leaving the door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to shut oneself
into any wardrobe. Soon she went further in and found that there was a second row of
coats hanging up behind the first one. It was almost quite dark in there and she kept
70 her arms stretched out in front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the
wardrobe. She took a step further in – then two or three steps – always expecting to feel
woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

“This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!” thought Lucy, going still further in and
pushing the soft folds of the coats aside to make room for her. Then she noticed that there
75 was something crunching under her feet. “I wonder is that more moth-balls?” she thought,
stooping down to feel it with her hand. But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of
the floor of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery and extremely cold. “This
is very queer,” she said, and went on a step or two further.

Next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was
80 no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. “Why, it is just like
branches of trees!” exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of
her; not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a
long way off. Something cold and soft was falling on her. A moment later she found that
she was standing in the middle of a wood at night-time with snow under her feet and
85 snowflakes falling through the air.

From *The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe* by C. S. Lewis

Extract for 'Reorganise and select information' section pages 39-47

Dudley and the Industrial Revolution

Dudley was a thriving area during the Industrial Revolution. This was a period of growth following the invention of many mechanical processes and industries and signalled a major change in Britain from jobs being in rural areas to jobs being in industrial, city areas. Dudley became known as the

5 'Capital of the Black Country', owing to its importance in industry, especially steel and mining. This created many jobs, and not just for the men.

Many women and children worked in the chain-making industry because the small chain links could be made at home and the workers were paid each week by the weight of chain links they had created. Women and children also worked in the mining industry; they would sort out the coal

10 once the men had brought it from below ground. Women and children had to work in order to bring in a decent wage.

The canal system that ran throughout the Black Country was incredibly busy as boats carried freight from one area to another. Many communities grew up around the canals and the train lines because they provided not only a form of transport, but also a variety of jobs in manufacturing and processing.

15 My Black Country Roots

My family originate from Dudley, and I have found much information about them through my interest in genealogy. This is the research of family and ancestry, creating family trees that illustrate how people are related. Family research can be found through parish records in local churches and by ordering birth, marriage and death certificates from the General Records Office.

20 A lot of information is also available from the National Census that is completed every ten years. From the National Census, which can be viewed either online or in any local library, I found that my family were coal miners, steel workers, chain makers and boat makers.

Remembering the Past

The Internet is a valuable resource for genealogists. Even the National War Graves Commission has records of soldiers who were killed or wounded during wartime, and these can be found online.

25 I did not realise that some of my ancestors died in both World Wars. During the First World War, they died at Gallipoli in Turkey, the Somme in France and in Belgium at Passchendaele. In the Second World War, members of my family fought at El Alamein in North Africa, Arnhem in Holland and in France at Dunkirk.

30 Family history is very rewarding and can be emotional at times, especially when yet another death certificate tells of the children who died of disease and the results of poverty. I think genealogy is important because it helps us not only to know who we are and who we belong to, but also tells us something about how people lived and what life was really like. It makes me realise how lucky I am to be living today.

Extract for 'Apply word knowledge and grammar' section pages 47-58

Dear Editor,

I write in response to your recent article, 'Allotment v. Supermarket: the vegetable war'. Many people ask why we need allotments today. Allotments originated in the eighteenth century and were fundamental for the '*Dig for Victory!*' war effort, but rationing ended years ago. I think they are still
5 vitally important for a number of reasons.

Today we have a growing interest in the healthy benefits of fresh, organic food and the need to eat a balanced and varied diet. We all need to be aware of our carbon footprint and to reduce the amount of travel our food has before it reaches our door. It is also very important that wildlife has areas to flourish especially in the middle of our towns and cities. Allotments address all of these issues.

10 In my allotment this year I will be growing cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, leeks, parsnips and onions in the winter and sweetcorn, lettuces, beans, peas, tomatoes, carrots and marrows in the summer. In my allotment now I have a range of fruit including many berries, currants, rhubarb and apples.

As the allotment is at the bottom of my road I can walk there in a couple of minutes and bring my produce home in a wheelbarrow. No packaging, processing, advertising, shipping, canning,
15 bleaching or any other manufacturing process is necessary. Mind you, I do have to deal with a family of four fascinating and fearless foxes, who enjoy playing with my plant pots, and a hedgehog employed as my head gardener to get rid of slugs and snails. You would think that I lived in the middle of the countryside!

My allotment is a wonderful place – both relaxing and fruitful! Everyone should try it. I will
20 certainly never go back to shopping at the supermarket for fruit and veg again.

Yours

Ollie of Oxfordshire

Extract for 'Find, deduce and infer information' section pages 58-64

How safe are our roads?

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Road safety is incredibly important today when the roads are busier than ever. Some school clothing manufacturers now have 'Be Safe, Be Seen' fluorescent patches on shoes, bags and clothes. Many schools run a bicycle proficiency course where pupils can take in their bicycles and have lessons in how to ride them better and learn how to become responsible cyclists. Some schools have a crocodile walking system, where pupils are collected from their homes and create a walking chain, all holding hands for safety.

10



Even those pupils who are taken to school by car are encouraged to arrive and leave safely. Yellow lines are usually painted on the road outside a school entrance to stop parents parking there, and many schools have a crossing patrol person who will lead them safely across the road or to a car park where parents can wait in a safe place.

15



Television adverts reinforce the message that car drivers are less likely to cause a death if they hit a child at 30 miles per hour than if they drive at 40 miles per hour. Speed cameras and speed signs are also used to prompt drivers to slow down and to take care when driving. Ultimately we need to teach our children to always be aware and to take great care near roads. Drivers must be reminded that they have a responsibility to look after children by watching their speed, especially in residential areas where accidents are prevalent.

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Extract for 'Prepare a knowledge-based response' section pages 65-69

Why is music so important in my life? Well, put simply, it is one of my greatest passions. In particular, I love listening to grand musical feasts such as operas. I guess we have the Italians to thank for this wonderful form of musical drama, owing to the fact that opera originated in Italy during the late 16th century.

Naturally, it didn't take long for their neighbours to pick up on the trend. Germany, for example, opened its first public opera house in Hamburg in 1678 and at around the same time a British composer, Henry Purcell, was starting to introduce London to musical theatre. He really took up the baton for instrumental and vocal music here and his opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, premiered in 1689. I often wish I had been around during this period, as it must have been a tremendously exciting time for music lovers!

The magic of musical dramas, such as operas, would of course be lost without the talents of an accomplished orchestra. As I'm sure your listeners know, an orchestra is usually made up of instruments belonging to four families: the strings, the woodwind, brass and percussion. An instrument is classed as a string instrument if it makes its sound through being bowed or plucked, like a violin, cello or double bass. Woodwind instruments are usually made of wood and make sounds by being blown; the clarinet, flute and bassoon are popular instruments in this group. The other family that is blown is the brass – but they are all made of metal and control sound through valves, slides and buttons. The trumpet, trombone and horns are all commonly known members of this set. Lastly, there are the percussion instruments. These need to be hit to create sounds, like the tambourine, xylophone and pianoforte.

I often find that the best way to explain my love of orchestral music to someone is by letting them experience it first-hand. So, I have prepared a short compilation CD that should be cued up and ready to play. I'll be interested to hear what your listeners think ...

Extract for 'Introduce personal opinion' section pages 69-77

1 The Dreadful Thing

The audience began a torrent of applause and Mrs Portman peered at Solomon over the top of her gold-rimmed glasses. Solomon, however, hardly noticed. He was wondering how he could possibly need the toilet again after having been three times already. His hands were clammy and sticky and his thick, black fringe was now stuck to his damp forehead. With butterflies in his stomach and feeling dizzy with fear, he knew that he had to stand up and walk over to the stage. But he couldn't. His legs refused to move and his feet were stuck fast.

The applause was dying down and Solomon could hear his own heartbeat thumping above it all. "This is it," he thought. Drawing on all the strength he had, Solomon stood up and shuffled reluctantly over to the microphone. As he turned to face the audience he remembered his teacher's final words, "If you feel a bit jittery, don't look at the audience. Just look over their heads to the clock on the back wall. Then tell yourself that nobody else is in the room but you and that clock. Then begin, reading loudly and slowly so that the clock can hear you. Remember to smile at the clock before you start and after you have finished."

Solomon locked onto the clock. "Don't look away from the clock," he told himself as he opened his book to the right page. Feeling very wobbly Solomon cleared his throat, smiled at the clock and then ...

And then it happened. Solomon's eyes dipped and, catching sight of the sea of faces, he began desperately searching for his mum and dad. But there were just too many of them. Blonde hair, red hair, brown hair, black hair, women, men, boys, girls, babies, grannies, granddads, teachers, pupils, tall people, short people, old people, young people, smiling faces, bored faces, expectant faces, excited faces ... The multitude seemed never-ending, but there was still no sign of his parents.

Extracts for 'Compare texts' section pages 77-84

A

Liverpool Lime Street	Crewe	London Euston
6:30	7:00	8:00
7:30	8:00	9:00
8:30	9:00	10:00
9:30	10:00	11:00
10:30	11:00	12:00
11:30	12:00	13:00

B Commuter joy for new express

Commuters were delighted last night as details of the new express from Liverpool Lime Street to London Euston were released.

The new express service will take passengers from Liverpool to London in an hour and a half with all of the luxury of first class made available for everyone. All seats have an inbuilt music and cinema system, there

is wireless hi-fi for everyone and there are computer workstations in every carriage.

The buffet car includes a variety of delicious meals and fine wines with complimentary hot beverages served throughout the day.

The need for improved public transport has been created by increasing petrol prices, car emissions, road congestion and urban house prices. A spokesperson from

Network North Rail said, "This service will mirror our Manchester to London express service, which has been tremendously popular. We might be a new company but our reputation is growing all the time. We have invested heavily in the new train stock but each engine is state-of-the-art and available for all. Our latest plan involves a cross-country express route, so expect an announcement in early 2009."

C Chicken, chicken, truth or dare

"You chicken or what?" sneered Ben. His group of five all flapped their arms and clucked loudly.

Jason could feel the anger bubble up inside of him. This time something snapped. He would show them that he wasn't stupid, that he wasn't chicken. He pushed his hands deep into his pockets and crossed the yellow warning line. All he had to do was cross to the other side. How difficult could that be?

The light was green and everything was quiet. He jumped down onto the line, making sure he avoided anything live. He checked his watch; he had less than three minutes to cross to the other side. "That's plenty of time," he thought. He had just placed his right foot over the next rail when he heard a faint rumbling in the distance. It couldn't be, could it?

His hands felt wet and clammy and he started to panic. Ben's group heard it too. The 3 o'clock was early! They started to back away from the track and Jason tried to follow as fast as he could. He moved his left foot quickly. A little too quickly ...

Extract for 'Assess your own answers' section pages 86-96

The Silver Unicorn

Once upon a time there existed the wild woods that covered the country with tall, towering trees. In those days, there were not many people, and those who existed lived in small settlements. They needed the forests for their survival. They would
5 hunt for animals and birds and pick fruit and berries from the trees.

Sylvac and his sister Vishnie lived in the Northern settlement and would often play in the woods trying to find animal footprints or birds' nests high up in the trees. They had heard that a beautiful unicorn lived in the woods, but they had never seen it. They had seen deer, wild boar, bears and wolves, but no unicorns.

10 One frosty winter morning, Sylvac and Vishnie set off into the woods as usual, when they heard an eerie sound. A woodpecker often made tapping noises on the tree trunks and stags could be heard ripping the velvet from their fierce antlers, but this was a very different noise. This was tip-tap-tip; far deeper than a woodpecker and duller than a stag. What on earth was it? Sylvac and Vishnie
15 moved quietly through the undergrowth, taking care to avoid standing on the newly fallen, rustling leaves and dry branches. Suddenly Vishnie stopped. Putting her finger up to her lips she signalled Sylvac to stand still and look ahead.

Just ahead of them the two children could see a body unlike anything else they had ever seen. A bent neck hid the head of the beast but then up it snapped, and
20 Sylvac and Vishnie saw a most astonishing sight. Upon its horse's head glowed a silver horn. Like some ghostly phantom, the creature was a pale, lunar white. The silver unicorn! The creature had not heard the two children and continued as before, making the strangest of noises. Putting its head down, the creature began head-butting a tree, trying hard to splinter off strips of bark. What was it trying to do?

25 Sylvac moved forward slowly with Vishnie tentatively following. Eventually they could see that the creature was feeding. By tearing the bark, it was exposing the sticky, yellow tree sap, which it lapped up slowly. Every time the creature licked the tree the children heard it whimper a little; Vishnie could tell that something was wrong. At that moment, Sylvac edged closer. Crack! He had stood
30 on a dry branch that went off like a gunshot.