

Cambridge Secondary 1 Progression Test

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Cambridge
Secondary 1

English Paper 2

Stage 8

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UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE
International Examinations

Section A: Reading

Read this passage from *A Wish for Wings* by Robert Swindells and then answer the questions in the question paper.

'Lo Grandad.'

'Oh it's you, Jenna. Come on in then.' The old man turned and shuffled along the dim hallway.

Jenna shut the door in the sun's face and followed, wondering how soon she could leave without seeming rude. The house had a smell she'd never noticed when Grandma was alive. 'Now then.' His smile was watery as he nodded towards a rumpled armchair. 'Sit down while I put the kettle on. You'll have a cup of tea, won't you?' 5

Jenna nodded. 'Yes, thanks, Grandad.' She didn't want tea, she wanted to be out of this sad house, but a cup and saucer would give her hands something to do while she told him about Nerja.

While Grandad rattled and clinked in the kitchen, she gazed around the room. It had all the same things in it that it had had before Grandma died but it was different in a number of ways. The cushions weren't plumped for one thing. There were bits all over the rug and dust lay thickly in a splash of sunlight on the sideboard*, which had a beaker on it with streaks where coffee had dribbled down. Grandma would've had a fit if she'd found a beaker on her teak sideboard. 10 15

'Here we are then.' He stooped stiffly to put the tray on the low coffee table. 'Milk and sugar isn't it?'

'Milk,' said Jenna, 'no sugar, thanks.'

'Right.' He poured tea, gave her hers, and sat down with his. 'Nice holiday?' His tone suggested an effort to be polite, rather than genuine interest. 20

Jenna nodded. 'Terrific, thanks. Nine days of sunshine, not a cloud in the sky.'

'Very nice. What was the name of the place again?'

'Nerja.'

'Oh, yes. Costa del Sol, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

He nodded, sipped his tea and lapsed into the silence she'd dreaded, staring at the rug. 25

'We went on an excursion, Grandad. To Granada.'

'Huh?' He looked up, frowning. 'Oh, Granada, you say. Famous, that. Old song about it.' For a ghastly moment she thought he was going to sing, but he resumed his rug gazing.

‘One night this giant creepy-crawly flew through our window. A cicada, size of a sparrow.’ 30

‘Hmmm.’ Without looking up, the old man nodded. ‘We’d things like that in Palestine, Jenna. Lads used to put them on bits of string, fly them like kites.’

‘Talking of flying, Grandad, I want to fly.’

‘Eh?’ His head came up. ‘How d’you mean, fly?’

‘I mean, be a pilot. Airline captain.’ 35

‘Ah.’ He lifted his cup and drank, studying her over the rim. ‘What brought this on, Jenna?’

She shrugged. ‘I’ve always wanted to fly, Grandad, but it was listening to the captain on the flight home that put airliners into my head.’

‘I see. Told your mum, have you?’

‘Yes.’ 40

‘And?’

Jenna pulled a face. ‘A passing fancy, she calls it. Dad thinks so too, and as for Ned...’

Grandad arched his brow. ‘What about Ned?’

‘Oh, you know what Ned’s like, Grandad. Says nobody’d fly with a captain admiring herself in the mirror instead of keeping a lookout – stuff like that.’ 45

‘Ha!’ The old man set down his cup hard enough to slop tea in his saucer. ‘I bet he’s never heard of Amy Johnson then.’

Jenna looked at him. For the first time in months there was a light in her grandfather’s eyes. For the first time in months he seemed to be interested in what she was saying. She pressed on. ‘I’ve never heard of her either, Grandad. Who is she?’ 50

‘Was,’ the old man corrected. ‘Who was she? More tea, lovey?’

‘No thanks. Amy Johnson?’

‘Yes. Amy Johnson was a pilot, Jenna, back in the thirties when flying was still a bit of a novelty. I was younger than you are now, and Amy was my hero. Heroine, I suppose I should say. D’you know what a biplane is?’ 55

‘No.’

‘No, well you don’t see ‘em much now. A biplane’s got two sets of wings, one above the other, with struts between.’

'Oh, yes.' Jenna nodded. 'I know what you mean. I've seen 'em in movies, they had them in World War One, right?'

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'That's right, Jenna. They were flimsy, all wood and canvas, and in 1930 Amy Johnson flew one all the way to Australia. She was the first woman to make that flight solo and the papers were full of her for weeks. I went to the pictures and saw her on a newsreel, landing at Darwin.'

Jenna heard the break in her Grandfather's voice and saw tears in his eyes, but it wasn't like last time. She'd read about people crying with happiness and it seemed daft to her, but something like that was happening to Grandad as he talked about his heroine.

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Glossary

*sideboard – a piece of dining room furniture with drawers and shelves

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