

# Cambridge Secondary 1 Progression Test

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Cambridge  
Secondary 1

## English Paper 2

Stage 7

V1



UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE  
International Examinations

## Section A: Reading

Read this passage from *Dragon Racer* by Margaret Bateson-Hill and then answer the questions in the question paper.

'Come on, Aaron!' Joanna Morris complained impatiently to herself as she looked up the busy high street for her older brother. 'Five o'clock on the steps of the town hall, you said, so where are you?' She threw her school bag onto the bottom step and leaned against the wall. Aaron was *always* later than they had agreed. It was alright for him; he enjoyed his after-school football club, AND he was always chosen to play in the team. Joanna wished she could find something she really liked too. She'd recently started going to basketball but the only times she ever got chosen for the team were when they were short of players. 'And I'm as good as half the girls there!' she'd told her mum.

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'Don't worry, next September, when you start secondary school, there'll be loads of new clubs for you to try,' had been her mother's rather unhelpful reply.

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Joanna looked up at the clock on the town hall to check the time. Ten past five. If Aaron didn't come in five minutes she'd go home without him. She stood staring up at the clock as if by staring she could make the giant hands move. Suddenly, a movement caught her eye; something on one of the statues near the clock.

'There's a large pigeon,' thought Joanna. She looked again, more carefully this time. It was far too big for a pigeon – *what* was it? And then all she could do was stare up at the clock-tower in utter amazement. Crawling down the wall straight towards her was a small silver dragon!

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The dragon stopped and looked at her intently with its bright eyes shining like two small bonfires. Joanna stared back. She could see herself reflected in the dark pupils, only instead of her school uniform, she seemed to be wearing a fitted leather jacket, the sort motorbike riders wear. The dragon's face was now so close she could feel its hot breath on her cheeks. She reached up to touch it. Suddenly, thoughts like small silver sparks were flickering across her mind. '*Dragon Flyer*' they cried, and were gone, only to return brighter and faster. Now her head was spinning and she had to lean against the wall of the town hall to stop herself falling. She looked up just in time to see a woman scoop the dragon up into the thick folds of a blanket. It happened so quickly that it took Joanna a couple of seconds to realise that the woman with the blanket was already disappearing through a side door. Joanna ran after her, but at the same moment she heard her brother calling her.

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'Jo! Wait,' and Aaron came running up. 'Mr Wentworth wanted to sort out the details for the match tomorrow. Guess who's captain? And then Matt and I needed to discuss tactics... Hey, Joanna, you're not listening. Are you alright, you look a bit funny?'

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'I don't know, I feel a bit strange,' replied Joanna, adding silently, 'you might too if you'd just discovered a dragon waiting for you!' Because she was sure it *had* been waiting for her...

As they walked home all Joanna could think about was the dragon's face and its round fiery eyes. But, however amazing, there was no way she was going to tell Aaron what she had seen. If she said she'd seen a dragon crawling down the wall of the town hall he would either laugh at her, or worse, want to hang around and see for himself! And she certainly didn't want *that*. This was her secret and one she needed to think about before she told *anyone*. Luckily, Aaron was still wrapped up in all the details of his football match so he wasn't paying much attention. They walked slowly up the road together...

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