

CSSE Mock Paper 1 English

10 MINUTES READING TIME

**60 MINUTES TO
COMPLETE THE TEST**

Suggested timing for candidates:

READING TIME: 10 minutes

SECTION ONE: COMPREHENSION 40 minutes

Go to the separate booklet on your desk to answer the continuous writing questions.

SECTION TWO: CONTINUOUS WRITING 20 minutes

Read the passage that starts overleaf carefully when you are told to do so. After ten minutes has ended you will have 60 minutes to complete the test. Answer the questions which are on the following pages.

The passage is from 'Treasure Island' by Robert Louis Stevenson.

To the left of each line you will see the lines have been numbered. This will help you when answering the questions.

GO TO THE NEXT PAGE

This extract is taken from *Treasure Island*, a classic adventure novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. The story follows young Jim Hawkins as he embarks on a perilous voyage in search of buried treasure, encountering pirates, treachery and the infamous Long John Silver along the way. In this extract, the *Hispaniola* has arrived at the mysterious island, and Jim observes its eerie landscape. The once exciting prospect of finding treasure is overshadowed by a sense of unease as the island's grey woods, jagged rocks and oppressive stillness create an ominous atmosphere. Meanwhile, tensions rise among the crew, hinting at the dangers that lie ahead.

1 The appearance of the island when I came on deck next morning was
2 altogether changed. Although the breeze had now utterly ceased, we had made
3 a great deal of way during the night and were now lying becalmed about half a
4 mile to the south-east of the low eastern coast. Grey-coloured woods covered a
5 large part of the surface. This even tint was indeed broken up by streaks of yellow
6 sand-break in the lower lands, and by many tall trees of the pine family, out-topping
7 the others – some singly, some in clumps; but the general colouring was uniform and
8 sad. The hills ran up clear above the vegetation in spires of naked rock. All were
9 strangely shaped, and the Spy-glass, which was by three or four hundred feet the
10 tallest on the island, was likewise the strangest in configuration, running up sheer from
11 almost every side and then suddenly cut off at the top like a pedestal to put a statue
12 on. The *Hispaniola* was rolling scuppers under in the ocean swell. The booms were
13 tearing at the blocks, the rudder was banging to and fro, and the whole ship
14 creaking, groaning, and jumping like a manufactory. I had to cling tight to the
15 backstay, and the world turned giddily before my eyes, for though I was a good
16 enough sailor when there was way on, this standing still and being rolled about like
17 a bottle was a thing I never learned to stand without a qualm or so, above all in the
18 morning, on an empty stomach.

19 Perhaps it was this – perhaps it was the look of the island, with its grey, melancholy
20 woods, and wild stone spires, and the surf that we could both see and hear foaming
21 and thundering on the steep beach – at least, although the sun shone bright and
22 hot, and the shore birds were fishing and crying all around us, and you would have
23 thought anyone would have been glad to get to land after being so long at sea, my
24 heart sank, as the saying is, into my boots; and from the first look onward, I hated the
25 very thought of *Treasure Island*.

26 We had a dreary morning's work before us, for there was no sign of any wind, and
27 the boats had to be got out and manned, and the ship warped three or four miles
28 round the corner of the island and up the narrow passage to the haven behind
29 *Skeleton Island*. I volunteered for one of the boats, where I had of course, no
30 business. The heat was sweltering, and the men grumbled fiercely over their work.
31 Anderson was in command of my boat, and instead of keeping the crew in order,
32 he grumbled as loud as the worst.

33 "Well," he said with an oath, "it's not forever."
34 I thought this was a very bad sign, for up to that day the men had gone briskly and
35 willingly about their business; but the very sight of the island had relaxed the cords of
36 discipline.
37 All the way in, Long John stood by the steersman and conned the ship. He knew the
38 passage like the palm of his hand, and though the man in the chains got
39 everywhere more water than was down in the chart, John never hesitated once.
40 "There's a strong scour with the ebb," he said, "and this here passage has been dug
41 out, in a manner of speaking, with a spade."
42 We brought up just where the anchor was in the chart, about a third of a mile from
43 each shore, the mainland on one side and Skeleton Island on the other. The bottom
44 was clean sand. The plunge of our anchor sent up clouds of birds wheeling and
45 crying over the woods, but in less than a minute they were down again and all was
46 once more silent.
47 The place was entirely land-locked, buried in woods, the trees coming right down to
48 high-water mark, the shores mostly flat, and the hilltops standing round at a distance
49 in a sort of amphitheatre, one here, one there. Two little rivers, or rather two swamps,
50 emptied out into this pond, as you might call it; and the foliage round that part of
51 the shore had a kind of poisonous brightness. From the ship we could see nothing
52 of the house or stockade, for they were quite buried among trees; and if it had not
53 been for the chart on the companion, we might have been the first that had ever
54 anchored there since the island arose out of the seas.
55 There was not a breath of air moving, nor a sound but that of the surf booming half
56 a mile away along the beaches and against the rocks outside. A peculiar stagnant
57 smell hung over the anchorage—a smell of sodden leaves and rotting tree trunks. I
58 observed the doctor sniffing and sniffing, like someone tasting a bad egg.
59 "I don't know about treasure," he said, "but I'll stake my wig there's fever here."

END OF PASSAGE

