

Talking Turkeys!!

Benjamin Zephaniah is a British Jamaican who was born in Birmingham in 1958. He is well known for his dub poetry — a type of performance poetry where poems are recited over reggae rhythms. Benjamin is a vegan and he supports several animal rights' charities.

8 Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas
 Cos turkeys just wanna hav fun
 Turkeys are cool, an turkeys are wicked
 An every turkey has a Mum.
 5 Be nice to yu turkeys dis christmas,
 Don't eat it, keep it alive,
 It could be yu mate an not on yu plate
 Say, Yo! Turkey I'm on your side.

I got lots of friends who are turkeys
 10 An all of dem fear christmas time,
 Dey say 'Benj man, eh, I wanna enjoy it,
 But dose humans destroyed it
 An humans are out of dere mind,
 Yeah, I got lots of friends who are turkeys
 15 Dey all hav a right to a life,
 Not to be caged up an genetically made up
 By any farmer an his wife.

Turkeys jus wanna play reggae
 Turkeys jus wanna hip-hop
 20 Havey you ever seen a nice young turkey saying,
 'I cannot wait for de chop?'
 Turkeys like getting presents, dey wanna watch christmas TV,
 Turkeys hav brains an turkeys feel pain
 In many ways like yu an me.

25 I once knew a turkey His name was Turkey
 He said 'Benji explain to me please,
 Who put de turkey in christmas
 An what happens to christmas trees?'
 I said, 'I am not too sure Turkey
 30 But it's nothing to do wid Christ Mass
 Humans get greedy and waste more dan need be
 An business men mek loadsa cash.'

So, be nice to yu turkey dis christmas
 Invite dem indoors fe sum greens
 35 Let dem eat cake an let dem partake
 In a plate of organic grown beans,
 Be nice to yu turkey dis christmas
 An spare dem de cut of de knife,
 Join Turkeys United an dey'll be delighted
 40 An yu will mek new friends 'FOR LIFE'.

Benjamin Zephaniah



1 In your own words, summarise the meaning of lines 15-16.

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.....

1 mark

2 What is the rhyming pattern of verse 3?

- a. ABABCDC b. AABBCCD c. ABCABCD d. ABCBDED

1 mark

3 What do you notice about the way Benjamin has spelt some words? Why do you think he chose to do this?

.....
.....

2 marks

4 a. In lines 26-28 the turkey talks to Benjamin. This is an example of (circle one):

- a. metaphor b. simile c. alliteration d. personification

1 mark

b. Why do you think Benjamin chose to use this technique?

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.....

1 mark

5 How does Benjamin feel about Christmas? How can you tell?

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.....

2 marks

6 Has this poem changed how you feel about eating turkeys? Explain your answer.

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.....
.....

2 marks

Total
out of 10

Pig Heart Boy

Malorie Blackman is a very successful British writer. Her novel, *Pig Heart Boy*, focuses on thirteen-year-old Cam Kelsey. After a serious infection damaged his heart, Cam is in urgent need of a heart transplant. In this extract, Cam's parents argue about a radical alternative solution...

As I turned the key in the front door, I could hear at once that Mum and Dad were at it again. 'Now there's a surprise!' I mouthed silently, adding, 'I wonder what they're arguing about today.'

As if I didn't know!

5 Shutting the door quietly behind me, I tiptoed through the hall to the living-room door.

'No, I won't allow it!' Mum raged.

I recognized that tone of voice. It burnt like a laser. I winced, aware of how my dad would react to it. I wasn't wrong.

10 'Don't talk to me like that. I have some say in this too. And I've weighed up all the consequences. I've listed all the pros and cons. We don't have any other choice—'

'We? This has nothing to do with us. You went ahead and did this all on your own — as usual.' Mum's voice was lemon-bitter. [...]

'It's for Cameron's own good. It's for the good of this whole family,' said Dad.

15 'Because you say so?' Mum scoffed. 'From where I'm standing it looks as if what you want to do is deform your own son...'

'What d'you mean "deform"?' Now it was Dad's turn to hit the roof and pass right through it. 'How dare you say that? You wouldn't say that if this was a human heart—'

'But that's the whole point. It's not, is it? You want to make our son a pig-heart boy.'

A pig-heart boy? What on earth was Mum talking about? I frowned as I leaned in closer.

20 'Better a pig's heart that works than a human heart that doesn't,' Dad argued. 'Better that than no heart at all.' [...]

'Stop it! Stop it, both of you!' I shouted.

I couldn't bear to listen to any more. I turned and raced up the stairs, stomping down with my feet as hard as I could as I ran. I only got halfway up the stairs before I started
25 hurting, so I slowed down, but I didn't stop.

'Cam? Cam, wait,' Mum called out.

I didn't answer. I couldn't. But I wanted to let both of them know that I was here. They were talking about me as if I didn't have a mind of my own, as if I couldn't make my own decisions. How could they? *How dare they?* It was my body. My heart.

An abridged extract from *Pig Heart Boy* by Malorie Blackman.

1 Find and copy an example of sarcasm from lines 1-5.

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1 mark

2 Find and copy one simile from lines 1-10.

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1 mark

3 Why are the words "We" and "us" written in italics in line 11?

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2 marks

4 Why do you think the author has used so much direct speech in this extract?

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2 marks

5 How do you think Cam feels at the end of the extract? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

6 Do you think Cam should have the pig heart transplant? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

Total out of 10

The Story of My Life

Helen Keller was born in America in 1880. When she was 19 months old, Helen contracted an illness which left her permanently blind and deaf. In this extract from her autobiography, Helen explains how she tried to communicate with the people around her when she was a young girl.

I cannot recall what happened during the first months after my illness. I only know that I sat in my mother's lap or clung to her dress as she went about her household duties. My hands felt every object and observed every motion, and in this way I learned to know many things. Soon I felt the need of some communication with others and began to make crude signs. A shake of the head meant "No" and a nod, "Yes," a pull meant "Come" and a push, "Go." Was it bread that I wanted? Then I would imitate the acts of cutting the slices and buttering them. If I wanted my mother to make ice-cream for dinner I made the sign for working the freezer and shivered, indicating cold. My mother, moreover, succeeded in making me understand a good deal. I always knew when she wished me to bring her something, and I would run upstairs or anywhere else she indicated. Indeed, I owe to her loving wisdom all that was bright and good in my long night.

I understood a good deal of what was going on about me. At five I learned to fold and put away the clean clothes when they were brought in from the laundry, and I distinguished* my own from the rest. I knew by the way my mother and aunt dressed when they were going out, and I invariably begged to go with them. I was always sent for when there was company, and when the guests took their leave, I waved my hand to them, I think with a vague remembrance of the meaning of the gesture. [...]

I do not remember when I first realized that I was different from other people; but I knew it before my teacher came to me. I had noticed that my mother and my friends did not use signs as I did when they wanted anything done, but talked with their mouths. Sometimes I stood between two persons who were conversing and touched their lips. I could not understand, and was vexed. I moved my lips and gesticulated* frantically without result. This made me so angry at times that I kicked and screamed until I was exhausted.

I think I knew when I was naughty, for I knew that it hurt Ella, my nurse, to kick her, and when my fit of temper was over I had a feeling akin to regret. But I cannot remember any instance in which this feeling prevented me from repeating the naughtiness when I failed to get what I wanted.

In those days a little girl, Martha Washington, the child of our cook, and Belle, an old setter, and a great hunter in her day, were my constant companions. Martha Washington understood my signs, and I seldom had any difficulty in making her do just as I wished. It pleased me to domineer over* her, and she generally submitted to my tyranny* rather than risk a hand-to-hand encounter. I was strong, active, indifferent* to consequences. I knew my own mind well enough and always had my own way, even if I had to fight tooth and nail for it.

An abridged extract from *The Story of My Life* by Helen Keller.

Glossary

distinguished — recognised

gesticulated — made gestures

domineer over — bully

tyranny — cruelty

indifferent — not caring

1 Identify two features of the text which show it is an autobiography.

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2 marks

2 What do you think the phrase "my long night" (lines 10-11) means?

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1 mark

3 How did Helen know that she should wave goodbye to guests?

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1 mark

4 Why do you think Helen kicked her nurse, even though she knew it was wrong?

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2 marks

5 How do you think Martha Washington felt towards Helen? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

6 How do you think your life would change if you were blind and deaf? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

Total
out of 10

The Lost Diary of Snow White

The Lost Diary of Snow White is a novel by Boyd Brent, written in the form of a diary. It is a retelling of the classic fairy tale, *Snow White*, with some unexpected twists. In this extract, Snow White explains that her life isn't quite as perfect as the fairy tale would have you believe.

Strictly speaking, I'm not supposed to keep a diary. No fairytale characters are. It's the unwritten rule of the land. And now I know why: because life here is so unlike anything people in the real world have been led to believe. Once it's finished, I'll have to find a hiding place for it. But if you're holding it now, it means it's been found, and the truth about my life can *finally* be revealed...

5 Monday.

"Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?"

"You are Snow White," replied the mirror. I've never much cared for this mirror. It's not even supposed to have an opinion — not according to the fairy tale upon which my life is based. It's only my evil stepmother's mirror that's supposed to say what an unrivalled beaut I am. Well, it simply isn't true. I mean, there's pale and then there's PALE. And I'm the kind of PALE that makes me visible from space most nights.

I can't tell you what a relief it is to share this secret: you can't believe everything you read in fairy tales. The truth is that all the mirrors in the land (not to mention all the reflective surfaces) are wrong about my fairest-of-them-all status. I caught my reflection in Not Particularly Hopeful's eyes the other day, and his eyes said (you heard me correctly, welcome to my fairytale paradise), "You are without doubt the fairest of them all Snow White." At this point, you may be wondering who Not Particularly Hopeful is. You know there are seven dwarves, and even though you can't name them all, you're pretty certain that none of them are called Not Particularly Hopeful. Yet another misunderstanding about my life. There are five dwarves, and contrary to popular belief, none are even remotely Happy. How could they be, with names like Not Particularly Hopeful, Insecure, Meddlesome, Inconsolable and Awkward? According to the little lamb that skips past my kitchen window every morning, the dwarves represent facets of my own personality. Cripes. That's deep. Particularly for a constantly-on-the-go lamb of such tiny proportions.

Then there's Prince Charming. He wasn't supposed to arrive until *after* my stepmother poisons me, and I've been in a coma for a hundred years. As the story goes, that's when he wakes me with a kiss, and after that we live happily ever after. No pressure, then. But the other day, when the little lamb hopped, skipped and jumped past my kitchen window, it bleated something about a hunky prince on a white stallion coming into my life. "Really?" I replied. "Stop the press. We're talking in a hundred years' time, once I'm fully rested and up to the challenge of living happily ever after."

30 "No," replied the little lamb. "His arrival is imminent."

An extract from *The Lost Diary of Snow White* by Boyd Brent.

1 Give two features of the text that show it is a diary.

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2 marks

2 Why do you think the word "PALE" is written in capital letters in line 10?

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1 mark

3 Look up the word 'irony' in a dictionary. Find and copy an example of irony from lines 12-15.

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1 mark

4 What do lines 19-22 tell you about Snow White's personality?

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2 marks

5 How is the language in this extract different to the language used in traditional fairy tales?

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2 marks

6 Do you think Snow White is looking forward to living happily ever after? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

Total
out of 10

The Yellow Train

The Yellow Train runs through the Pyrenees, a mountain range on the border between France and Spain. It travels through dramatic scenery to reach the highest railway station in France. This extract from a travel article in *The Telegraph* newspaper describes a trip on the Yellow Train.

Through the Pyrenees on the Little Yellow Train

5 The Little Yellow Train of the eastern Pyrenees is a magical trip through time and space that has been defying both with daring engineering and merry toot-toots of its whistle for more than a century. [...]

10 The train I board has a choice of four closed and two open-air carriages, all painted bright yellow, and as the sun is beaming from clear blue skies I opt for one of the latter. With a shrill whistle we are off, quickly reaching our cruising speed of about 15mph, as we rock and roll past Vauban's battlements*.

15 This is the way to travel through tumultuous scenery, at a gentle pace with time to gaze on fast flowing streams, deep forests, and dizzying gorges. Mountain villages are etched on the skyline, clinging to impossible slopes, their church towers like rockets poised to take off for the heavens.

20 The eyes are constantly drawn upwards to forests in the sky, and convoluted valleys snaking up to barren peaks, a grand, sweeping



25 symphony of nature. At times the railway seems to defy gravity, and when we halt there is no rumbling of diesel engines, only silence broken by the rushing of a river below.

30 Sitting on the wooden benches of an open-air carriage, there is a sense of being on a toy train. For those of a certain age, it conjures memories of Noddy and Big Ears. Then we clatter through dark tunnels, and we are on a fairground ghost train. [...]

35 After rattling over France's only railway suspension bridge we climb to Bolquère-Eyne, the country's highest station at 5,226 feet. We have now emerged in Mackintosh's* fairyland, a plateau of green fields and meadows framed by distant mountains that seems like the roof of the world.

An abridged extract from www.telegraph.co.uk

Glossary

Vauban's battlements — the walls and towers built by the French military engineer, Vauban

Mackintosh — Charles Rennie Mackintosh, an artist

1 Why does the author describe the train journey as a "trip through time" (line 2)?

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1 mark

2 Look up the word 'symphony' in a dictionary.
Why do you think the author chose the phrase "symphony of nature" (line 23)?

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.....

2 marks

3 "we are on a fairground ghost train" (lines 31-32). This is an example of (circle one):

- a. onomatopoeia b. a metaphor c. personification d. alliteration

1 mark

4 a. Which of the following describes the purpose of the text? Circle one.

- a. to argue b. to instruct c. to inform d. to discuss

1 mark

b. Explain your answer to part a.

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1 mark

5 Is this article similar or different to other newspaper articles you have read?
Explain your answer.

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2 marks

6 Did this article make you want to ride on the Yellow Train? Explain your answer.

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2 marks

Total
out of 10