



**11+ English Paper 5**

**Comprehension and Creative Writing**

**Total Marks: 55**

**Time Allowed: 1 hour**

## Section A - Reading

*The extract is taken from Bram Stoker's novel, Dracula, written in 1897. In this extract, Johnathan Harker records in his journal his private thoughts and feelings about Count Dracula and his castle.*

### **Paragraph 1:**

**8 May.**--I began to fear as I wrote in this book that I was writing in too much detail. But now I am glad that I went into detail from the start, for there is something so strange about this place and everything in it that I cannot help but feel uneasy. I wish I were safely out of here, or that I had never come. It may be that this strange night existence is taking its toll on me --if only that were all! If there were any one to talk to I could bear it, but there is no-one. I have only Count Dracula to speak with, and he -- I fear I am myself the only living soul within the place. Let me be plain so far as facts can be. It will help me to cope, and imagination must not run riot with me. If it does, I am lost.

### **Paragraph 2:**

I only slept a few hours when I went to bed, and feeling that I could not sleep any more, got up. I had hung my shaving mirror by the window, and was just beginning to shave. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder, and heard the Count's voice saying to me, "Good morning." I started, for it amazed me that I had not seen him, since the reflection of the mirror covered the whole room behind me. Having been startled I had cut myself slightly but I did not notice it at that moment. Having answered the Count's greeting, I turned to the mirror again to see how I had been mistaken. This time there could be no mistake, for the man was behind me, and I could see him over my shoulder. But there was no reflection of him in the mirror! The whole room behind me was displayed, but there was no sign of a man in it, except myself!

**Paragraph 3:**

This was startling, and coming on the top of so many strange things, was beginning to increase that vague feeling of uneasiness which I always feel when the Count is near. But at that moment I saw the cut had bled a little, and the blood was trickling over my chin. I put down the razor, turning as I did so half round to look for some sticking plaster. When the Count saw my face, his eyes blazed with a sort of demonic fury, and he suddenly made a grab at my throat. I pulled away and his hand touched the rosary beads which held the crucifix. It made an instant change in him, for his anger passed so quickly that I could hardly believe that it was ever there.

**Paragraph 4:**

"Take care," he said, "take care how you cut yourself. It is more dangerous than you think in this country." Then seizing the shaving mirror, he continued, "And this is the wretched thing that has done the mischief. Away with it!" And, opening the window with one wrench of his terrible hand, he flung out the mirror, which shattered into a thousand pieces on the stones of the courtyard far below. Then he left the room without a word. It is very annoying, for I do not see how I am to shave, unless in my watch-case or the bottom of the shaving pot, which is fortunately made out of metal.

**Paragraph 5:**

When I went into the dining room, breakfast was prepared, but I could not find the Count anywhere. So I ate breakfast alone. It is strange that as yet I have not seen the Count eat or drink. He must be a very peculiar man! After breakfast I did a little exploring in the castle. I went out on the stairs, and found a room looking towards the South.

**Paragraph 6:**

The view was magnificent, and from where I stood there was every opportunity of seeing it. The castle is on the very edge of a terrific cliff. A stone falling from the window would fall a thousand feet without touching anything! As far as the eye can reach is a sea of green tree tops, with occasionally a deep rift where there is a chasm. Here and there are silver threads where the rivers wind in deep gorges through the forests.

**Paragraph 7:**

But I am not able to describe beauty, for after I had seen this view I explored further. Doors, doors, doors everywhere ... and all are locked and bolted! In no place, except via the windows in the castle walls is there an available exit. The castle is a prison, and I am its prisoner!

## Questions

Read the passage carefully then answer the questions below. Remember to write your answers as full sentences. You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

1. Who is the narrator of the text?

\_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)

2. Look at paragraph 1. Why is the narrator glad that he wrote his book in detail?

\_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)

3. Look at paragraph 1. Select three words or short phrases that show that the narrator is feeling uncomfortable.

1) \_\_\_\_\_

2) \_\_\_\_\_

3) \_\_\_\_\_ (3 Marks)

4. In your own words, explain the meanings of these phrases:

a) ‘...imagination must not run riot with me. If it does, I am lost.’ (paragraph 1)

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(1 Mark)

b) ‘...his eyes blazed with a sort of demonic fury,...’ (paragraph 3)

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(1 Mark)

5. Look at paragraph 4. Explain, in your own words, why the narrator was annoyed.

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(2 Marks)

6. Look at the line: 'Here and there are silver threads...' (paragraph 6).

a) What technique does the author use here?

\_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)

b) What image does this create for the reader?

\_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)

7. Look at paragraph 7. How does the author create a sense of panic? Explain your answer, using quotations from the text.

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ (4 Marks)

8. Re-read the whole extract. Find three clues which suggest that Count Dracula is a vampire.

1. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

2. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

3. \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ (3 Marks)

9. Give a word or phrase that means the same as:

- a) Startled \_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)
- b) Wretched \_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)
- c) Wrench \_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)
- d) Chasm \_\_\_\_\_ (1 Mark)

10. Write out the following extract with the correct spelling and punctuation:

Count dracula turned towards me, his eyes glinting menecingly. "There's no point in trying to open those doors. Their locked" he growled. I tryed to run towards a window but it was to late. Count Draculas terrible hands were already gripped around my rists.

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(8 Marks)

**Total marks for reading section: 30 marks**