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**ENGLISH**

**0844/02**

Paper 2 SPECIMEN INSERT

**For Examination from 2014**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet

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This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Read this extract from 'The Scarecrow and His Servant' by Philip Pullman and then answer the questions.

Mr Pandolfo put together a fine-looking scarecrow, dressed him in an old tweed suit, and stuffed him with straw. The scarecrow stood in a field, where Mr Pandolfo could admire him, and he stayed there.

But one night there was a thunderstorm. It was very violent, and everyone in the district shivered and trembled as the thunder went off like cannon-fire and the lightning lashed down like whips. The scarecrow stood there in the wind and rain, taking no notice.

And so he might have stayed; but there came one of those million-to-one chances that are like winning the lottery. All his molecules and atoms and elementary particles and whatnot were lined up in exactly the right way to switch on when the lightning struck him, which it did at two in the morning, fizzing its way through his turnip and down his broomstick into the mud.

On the same night, a small boy called Jack happened to be sheltering in a barn close by. By the morning the storm had cleared away, and Jack woke up colder than ever.

Then he heard a voice calling from across the fields. Jack was curious, so, standing up he shaded his eyes to look. The shouts came from a scarecrow who was waving his arms wildly, yelling at the top of his voice and leaning over at a crazy angle.

'Help!' he was shouting. 'Come and help me!'

'I think I'm going mad,' said Jack to himself. 'Still, look at that poor old thing – I'll go and help him anyway. He looks madder than I feel.'

To tell the truth, Jack felt a little nervous. It isn't every day you find a scarecrow talking to you.

'Now tell me your name, young man,' said the scarecrow, when Jack was close enough to hear.

His voice was rich and sonorous. Mr Pandolfo would undoubtedly have been impressed. His head was made of a great knobby turnip, with a broad crack for a mouth, a long thin sprout for a nose and two bright stones for eyes. He had a tattered straw hat, now badly singed, a soggy woollen scarf and an old tweed jacket full of holes. His rake-handle arms had gloves stuffed with straw on the end of them, one glove leather and the other wool. Jack scratched his head and looked up.

'Jack,' he said.

'Now, Jack, I want to move on,' said the scarecrow, 'but I need another leg. If you go and find me a leg, I shall be very obliged. Just like this one, only the opposite,' he added, and lifted his trouser leg daintily to show a stout stick set firmly in the earth.

The end of the stick that Jack brought was splintered and wasn't easy to push up the soggy trouser leg, but Jack finally got it all the way up, and then jumped as he felt it twitch in his hand.

The scarecrow tried to move but the harder he struggled, the deeper he sank into the mud. Finally, he stopped, and looked at Jack. It was astonishing how much expression he could manage with his gash-mouth and stone-eyes.

**Glossary**

*scarecrow* – a model of a person put in a field to scare away birds

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