

1.

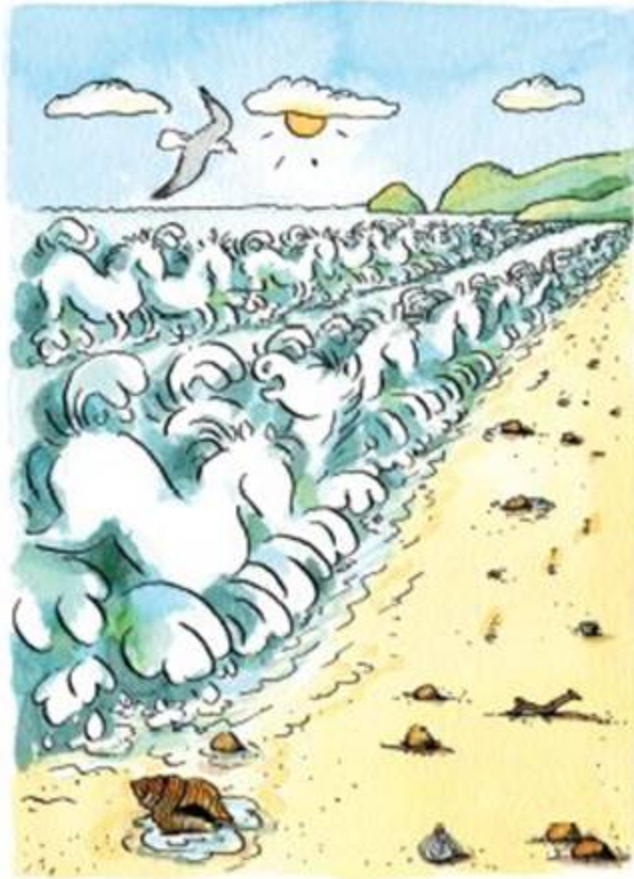
The Sand Horse

Once there was an artist who lived in St Ives. He lived with his wife and baby in a house by the sea.

Sometimes the artist worked in his studio, but on fine days in summer he went to the beach and made animals in the sand. He could make dogs and cats and seals and dolphins, but mostly he made horses, because horses, he said, were the most beautiful animals of all.

One morning the artist woke to a brisk blue day with a choppy sea and white crests on the waves.

“Look! White horses!” said his wife. When the sea is rough and the waves have white tops people call them white horses. The artist saw them: far out in the bay, plunging and galloping, tossing spray from their manes.



"Today I shall make a horse," he said. He went to the beach, put his hat down on the sand, and started work.

First he fetched water from the sea. He splashed some onto the dry sand. He patted and moulded the sand.

The horse began to appear: muscles and hooves, raised head and rippling mane.



The beach filled up with people. They stopped and admired the sand horse. They threw money, and the coins chinked in the artist's hat.

The horse grew. He was a galloping horse, galloping forever on his side.

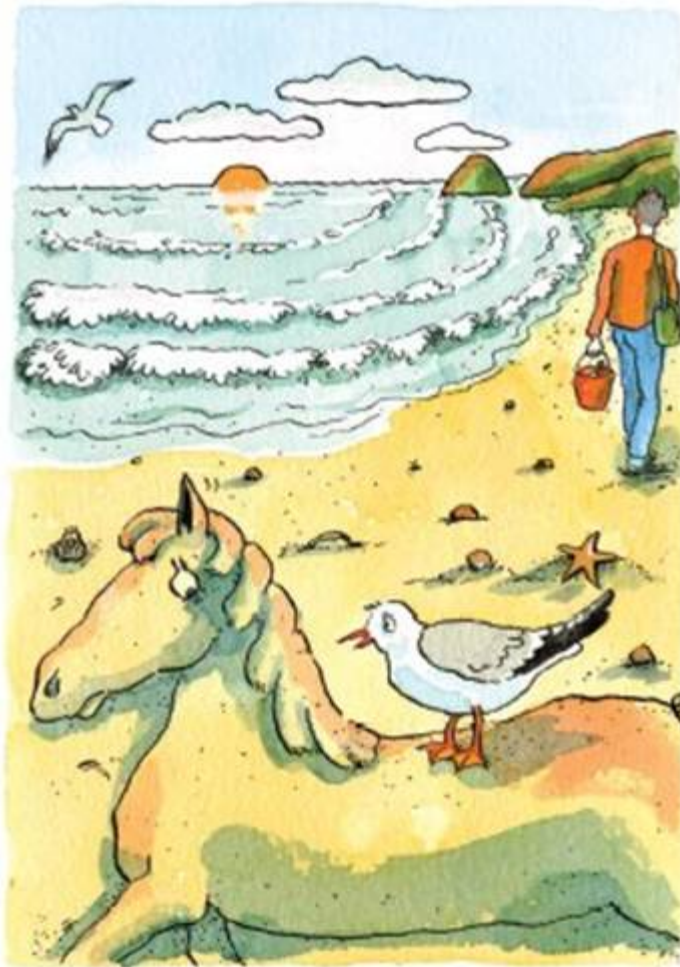
All day the artist worked on his horse, shaping the muscles of his legs and neck, twisting each curl of his mane.

He worked until the sun set and the beach grew cold. Families began leaving. They folded their deck-chairs and shook sand from their clothes. The artist scooped up the coins in his hat and went home.

The sand horse woke up.

He was alive, but he could not move. He opened his one eye, but all he saw was clouds. He listened with his one ear. He heard seagulls. He heard the boom and hiss of the sea. And faintly, in the crash of waves, he heard neighing.

A seagull landed on his back, and walked about, jabbing the air with his sharp beak. "Seagull," said the sand horse, "what's that neighing I hear?" "That's the white horses," said the seagull, "out in the bay." "What are they doing?" "They are prancing and frisking and flicking their tails." "Where are they going?" "Everywhere!" said the seagull. "I want to go with them!" cried the sand horse.



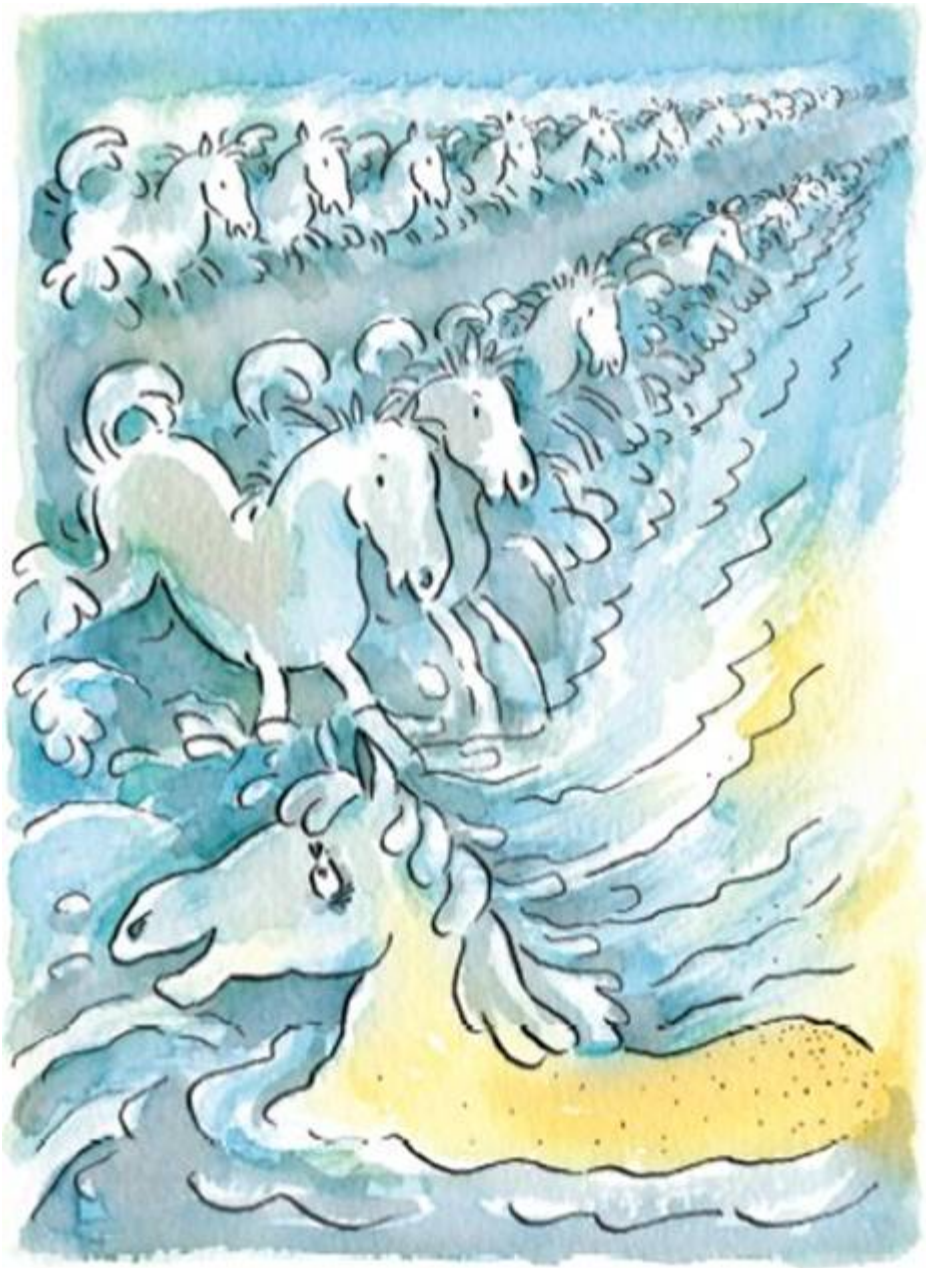
“You!” The seagull wheeled up in the air, laughing, and all his friends joined in. He swooped down again and said, “You! You are only a sand horse. You can’t go with them.”

The sand horse tried to move. He was a galloping horse, but he was fixed in the sand. He could not go with them.

The sky darkened. The seagulls flew away. The boom of the sea was louder.

Much closer now, the sand horse heard the white horses neighing. “Come with us!” they called. The sea crashed on the shore, flinging spray over the sand horse. “Come with us!” The sea crashed again, and the sand horse was soaked with spray. “Come with us!” called the white horses. A wave broke and flooded the sand horse, drenching his head and mane. “I’m coming!” he called. “Wait for me!”

Another wave broke, and the sea ran foaming all around the outline of the sand horse, filling every space. The sea sucked and pulled. It was pulling him down the beach. "I'm coming! I'm coming!" he cried.



A huge wave rolled up the beach. It reared, curled over, and smashed down upon the sand horse, washing away his mane, his head, his legs, and his body. It went hissing back down to the sea, dragging the sand horse with it.

The sand horse felt waves buoying him up. Amongst the waves white horses were prancing. He neighed and tossed his mane.

His hooves struck spray from the sea. "I can move!" he cried, "I can gallop!"

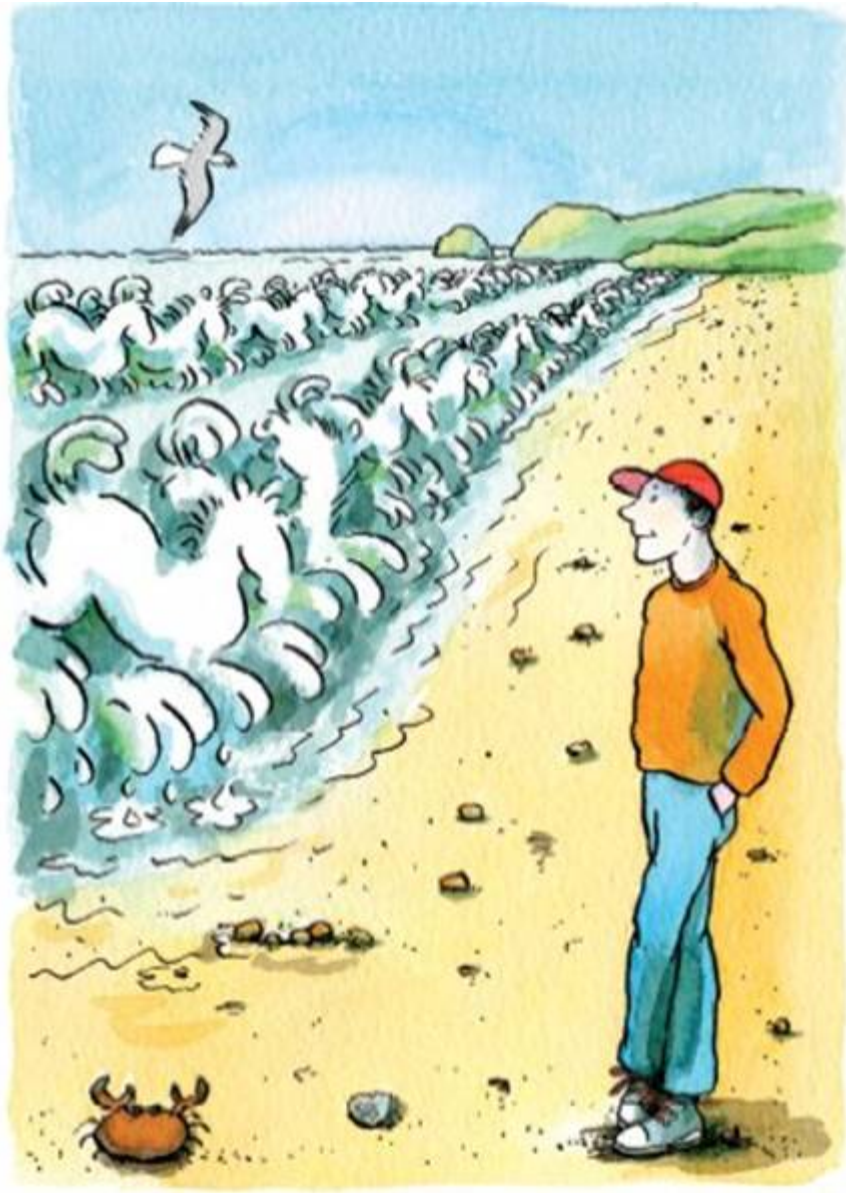
He frisked and galloped. He swished his white tail.

All around him the white horses plunged and jumped the waves.

They galloped away, and the sand horse went with them.

Next morning, when the artist came down to the beach, people looked at the smooth sand and said, "It's a shame. All that work washed away."

But the artist smiled. He knew where his sand horse had gone.



2.

Circle the correct option to complete each sentence below.

(a) This story is about an artist who lived

by a river.

by the sea.

on a hill.

in a city.

1 mark

- (b) One day he went down to the beach and started to make a horse out of sand. He worked until

sunrise.

sunset.

midnight.

midday.

1 mark

- (c) The artist went home and the sand horse

fell asleep.

moved away.

went home.

woke up.

1 mark

- (d) The sand horse could not

listen.

eat.

move.

speak.

1 mark

- (e) The sand horse could hear neighing. He found out that it was the white horses

**out in
the bay.**

**on the
beach.**

**in the
sand.**

**up in
the sky.**

1 mark

- (f) The sand horse wanted

**to go back
home.**

**to go straight
to sleep.**

**to go with the
white horses.**

**to go to the
artist's house.**

1 mark

2. His wish came true. The next morning the people said that it was a shame that the horse had gone, but the artist just

laughed.

cried.

shouted.

smiled.

1 mark

3. Which animals did the artist make?

Tick **one**.

cats

☐

whales

☐

horses

☐

seals

☐

rabbits

☐

fish

☐

1 mark

4. The artist woke on a *brisk blue* day.

What do these words tell you about the weather on that day?

1 mark

5. Why did the artist decide to make a horse that day?

1 mark

6. Why did people give the artist money?

1 mark

7. Why did the sand horse want to go with the white horses?

1 mark

8. In the text words like *prancing*, *plunging* and *galloping* are used to describe the waves.

What does this tell you about them?

2 marks

9. How did the sand horse finally get into the sea?

1 mark

10. Put the following events in the order that they happen in the story.
The first one has been done for you.

The sand horse wakes up and hears
neighing.

The artist returns to the beach and the sand
horse has gone.

The tide comes in and the sand horse joins
the white horses.

The artist makes a sand horse.

The seagull tells the sand horse about the
white horses.

2 marks

11. At the end of the story, in what ways was the sand horse like the white horses?

1 mark

12. Explain why the artist smiled when he saw that his sand horse had gone.

2 marks

13. *It's a shame.*

In this sentence, the word *shame* is closest in meaning to:

Tick **one**.

well-known

☐

embarrassed

☐

pity

☐

small

☐

1 mark

The Boy from Far Away

Joe's mum sent him to wash his hands before dinner. Joe stomped out of the tent and ran across the muddy site. It was still raining, as it had been for the past four days. Camping holiday weather, Dad called it.

There was nobody else in the shower block. Joe turned the tap on. Then he heard a noise.

'Pssst!' said a voice.

Joe turned round. He couldn't see anybody.

The noise came again. 'Pssst!'

Then Joe noticed a pair of eyes looking at him from above one of the shower curtains.

'Help me! I'm stuck!' said the voice.

Joe pulled open the curtain and blinked. Hard.

The person – it was impossible to say whether it was a boy or a man – was standing on the wall. His feet, encased in butter-yellow boots, were planted firmly on the tiles.

'Wow! How did you get up there?' asked Joe.

'I thought it was the ground,' said the person.

Joe frowned. 'But what's holding you up there? Why aren't you falling down?'

'It's my boots,' whispered the person.

'Your boots!' exclaimed Joe.

‘Sssshh!’ The person peered round the edge of the cubicle to make sure nobody was listening. ‘Please do not speak about the boots. They are secret.’

Slowly, the person lifted one foot and began to walk down the wall. When he reached the ground he righted himself and grinned up at Joe. He was very short – at least six inches shorter than Joe – and he had a young-looking face. But his hair was sparse and wispy and his hand was wrinkly like an old man’s hand.

‘Thank you. You are my best friend! I am Oran,’ said the person.



‘That’s okay. I’m Joe. But how ... ?’

‘Is this Holiday?’ whispered Oran, looking round the shower block.

‘No!’ laughed Joe. ‘A holiday isn’t a room! It’s like ... a break.’

Oran frowned. ‘A break? Snap?’

‘Not that sort of break. A rest sort of break. When you go somewhere to enjoy yourself.’

Oran nodded. ‘Rest sort of break. Enjoy yourself.’ He dipped his thin wrinkly hand into the pocket of his shorts and pulled out a notebook and pencil. He wrote something down.

‘Only it’s better when it’s not raining,’ said Joe.

‘Good! So now I am in the right place. And the right way up! I will have Holiday with you!’

‘Hmmm, maybe,’ said Joe, cautiously. ‘How come you haven’t heard of a holiday before?’

‘We don’t have them where I come from,’ said Oran.

‘Where’s that?’ asked Joe. He thought everybody had heard of holidays.

‘Oh – far away,’ said Oran, waving his skinny arm.

Joe had never heard of Faraway.

‘Where’s that?’

Oran suddenly looked sad. ‘It is a very long way and I do not want to talk about it.’

Joe thought Oran must be homesick. He would have to try to be friendly and not mention Faraway again.



‘Why do you want to know about holidays?’ asked Joe.

‘It is my homework,’ said Oran. ‘Tell me more.’

Joe tried to explain. ‘Holiday is when you have fun and games and you don’t have to go to school or work. You can go on the beach. The beach is brilliant – sun and sea and tons of sand to play on.’

‘I would like to see Beach,’ said Oran. He stood up and put the notebook away. ‘I must go now. There is much work to do. It will be sunny tomorrow and we will go to Beach.’

Joe didn’t believe him.

But it was sunny the next day. Suddenly the camp site came to life. Bags full of grass mats and beach balls appeared outside each tent. Picnics were packed and swimsuits put on.

Joe was hardly surprised at all when he tripped over a small figure bending down to tie his bootlaces. It was Oran, of course.

‘Hello, friend!’ said Oran. ‘Is this to Beach?’

‘Yes,’ said Joe. ‘Look! There it is!’

He pointed down at the bright sand and dazzling sea.

‘Oh!’ gasped Oran. ‘But the sea is wet? You didn’t like the wet!’

‘I didn’t like the wet when it was coming down as rain. It’s different when it’s the sea.’

Oran didn’t look convinced.

Oran stood on the sand and made notes while his friend swam. This water was interesting. It wasn’t flat. It had hills and ridges, and it moved.

Oran noticed that every so often the water came nearer, and he kept having to walk a bit further up the beach. The water was growing!

As they walked back up the beach, Oran confided, ‘I don’t wish to alarm you, Joe, but the sea is growing. I think it may overflow.’

‘The sea can’t overflow,’ said Joe. ‘It just moves up and down a bit – it’s called the tide. It’s something to do with the moon’s gravity.’

‘Ah! I know about gravity,’ said Oran, jumping with both feet and landing – THUMP! – on the sand.



Joe looked down at Oran’s boots. They might be great for walking up walls, but were they any good for playing football in? Oran had never heard of football, so Joe fetched his ball and showed Oran how to kick.

‘Now you try,’ said Joe. Oran pulled back his butter-yellow boot and then he kicked – hard. The ball flew into the air, growing smaller and smaller until it was just a tiny speck in the sky.



‘Wow!’ said Joe. Maybe Oran’s boots were all-round magic boots. It was a stunning kick for somebody who hadn’t even heard of football. And where on Earth had nobody heard of football?



The sun shone the rest of the week.

Soon it was the last evening of the holiday. Then Oran told Joe his news.

‘I have finished my homework. Tonight, I have to go back.’

Joe fiddled with a few blades of grass. He didn’t want Oran to go home. His holiday had been much more fun with him around. And much sunnier.

‘Perhaps we could write to each other,’ said Joe.

‘I’m afraid we don’t have a very good postal service where I come from,’ said Oran. ‘But please give me your address. You have been a good friend to me. I would like to send you a present. What would you like?’

‘What I would like most of all is – a special pair of boots like yours,’ said Joe.

Oran looked down and wriggled his toes. ‘This is difficult,’ he said.

‘These boots were specially made for me and my ... circumstances.

They might not suit you. But I will send you some boots specially made for you and your ... circumstances.’

‘Thanks!’ said Joe.

‘Now I must go,’ said Oran. He shook Joe’s hand and stood up.

‘Goodbye, friend.’

When Joe woke up the next day it was raining again.

It rained all the way home. When they got back there was a parcel waiting on the doorstep. There was an envelope taped on top.

He opened the letter.

‘Dear Joe,’ it said.

‘Thank you for helping me with my homework. I have explained to my fellows about holidays, and fun and games, and the sea and beach.

Here are the special boots I promised you. They aren’t exactly like mine.

Now that I am not there with you, there may be rather a lot of rain for a while so I have made your boots waterproof. Also, you said that you didn’t like yellow very much, so yours are a different colour. I hope you will like these. Remember to be sensible with them. Wall-walking can be very dangerous.

Your friend,

Oran.’

Joe ripped open the box. Inside was ... a very special pair of boots.

Joe lifted them out. They were glossy navy-blue and lined with some kind of short black fur and they had a pattern of stars on the soles. So these were Joe's special boots – made for him and his circumstances. Glossy blue, fur-lined, star-soled, wall-walking ... wellington boots!



4.
1.

Circle the correct option to complete each sentence below.

(a) This story is about two boys who

go sailing
together.

do not get
on.

learn to play
football.

meet by the
seaside.

1 mark

(b) Joe thinks that Oran is a bit strange but we realise that he

is really an
old man.

has come from
another world.

does not like
the rain.

is Joe's best
friend.

1 mark

(c) The boys have fun together although Oran has really come to

collect
information.

have a
holiday.

find a new
friend.

learn to use
his boots.

1 mark

2. What did Joe's Dad mean when he said:

Camping holiday weather?

2 marks

3. On page 2, Oran introduces himself to Joe in the following way:

'Thank you. You are my best friend! I am Oran.'

Why might Joe have found this introduction surprising?

2 marks

4. What clues are there in the story that Oran was not an ordinary boy?

Find **three**.

- ---
- ---
- ---
- ---

2 marks

5. Look at page 2. Oran asks '*A break? Snap?*'

Explain why Oran asks this.

2 marks

6. "Hmmm, maybe," said Joe, cautiously ... (page 2)

Which word most closely matches the meaning of the word *cautiously*?

Tick **one**.

happily

☐

slowly

☐

quietly

☐

carefully

☐

1 mark

7. Why is Oran surprised that Joe likes swimming?

1 mark

8. Look at the fourth page of *The Boy from Far Away*. It says

This water was interesting. It wasn't flat. It had hills and ridges, and it moved.

Why do you think the sea is described in this way?

2 marks

9. At the end of the holiday, Joe was sad about Oran leaving. Does this surprise you?

Explain fully, referring to the text in your answer.

3 marks

CATALOGUE CATS



"Would you boys like to plant gardens?" my father said.

"Yes," we said.

"Good!" said my father. "I'll order a catalogue."

So it was settled. But afterwards, Huey said to me, "What's a catalogue?"

"A catalogue," I said, "is where cats come from. It's a big book full of pictures of hundreds and hundreds of cats.

And when you open it up, all the cats jump out and start running around."

"I don't believe you," Huey said.

"It's true," I said. "You open the catalogue, and the cats jump out. Then they run outside and work in the garden. White cats dig up the ground with their claws. Black cats brush the ground smooth with their tails. Yellow and brown cats roll on the seeds and push them underground so they can grow."

"I don't believe you," Huey said. "Cats don't act like that."

"Of course," I said, "ordinary cats don't act like that. That's why you have to get them specially - catalogue cats."

"Really?" Huey said. "Really," I said.

"I wonder when the catalogue will come."

"Soon," I said.



The next morning Huey woke me up. "I dreamed about the catalogue cats!" he said. "Only in my dream the yellow and brown ones were washing the windows and painting the house! You don't suppose they could do that, do you?"

"No, they can't do that, Huey," I said. "They don't have a way to hold rags and paintbrushes."

"I suppose not," Huey said.

Every day Huey asked my father if the catalogue had come.

"Not yet," my father kept saying. He was very pleased that Huey was so interested in the garden.

Two weeks went by.

"Well, Huey and Julian," my father said, "today is the big day. The catalogue is here."

"The catalogue is here! The catalogue is here! The catalogue is here!" Huey said. He was dancing and twirling around.



I was thinking about going somewhere else.

"What's the matter, Julian?" my father said. "Don't you want to see the catalogue?"

"Oh, yes, I - want to see it," I said. "Open it!" Huey said.

My father opened the catalogue.

Inside were bright pictures of flowers and vegetables.

The catalogue company would send you the seeds, and you could grow the flowers and vegetables.

Huey started turning the pages faster and faster. "Where are the cats? Where are the cats?" he kept saying.

"What cats?" my father said. Huey started to cry.

My father looked at me. "Julian," he said, "please tell me what is going on."



"Huey thought catalogues were books with cats in them. Catalogue cats," I said.

Huey sobbed. "Julian told me! Special cats - cats that work in gardens!"

"Julian!" said my father.

"Yes," I said. When my father's voice gets loud, mine gets so small I can only whisper.

"Julian," my father said, "didn't you tell Huey that the catalogue cats are invisible?"

"No," I said.

"Julian told me they jump out of catalogues! He said they jump out and work in gardens. As soon as you get the catalogue, they go to work."

"Well," said my father, "that's very ignorant. Julian has never had a garden before in his life. I wouldn't trust a person who has never had a garden in his life to tell me about catalogue cats. Would you?"

"No," Huey said slowly. He was still crying a little. "Now, listen to me," my father said.

Huey blew his nose and sat up straight on the couch. I sat back and tried to be as small as I could.



"First of all," said my father, "a lot of people have wasted a lot of time trying to see catalogue cats. It's a waste of time because catalogue cats are the fastest animals alive."



"Catalogue cats love gardens, and they love to work in gardens."

However, they will only do half the work. If they are in the garden where people don't do any work, the catalogue cats will not do any work either. But if they are in a garden where people work hard, all the work will go twice as fast because of the catalogue cats."

6.

Circle the correct option to complete the sentence.

(a) Julian and Hey were asked if they would like to

plant a garden

order a catalogue

buy a cat

paint the house

1 mark

(b) Finally, the catalogue arrived. When Huey could not find the cats he

danced
and twirled

began
to cry

whispered
to Julian

sat up
straight

1 mark

(c) whilst Julian, on the other hand, felt rather

pleased

worried

glad

angry

1 mark

(d) Their father realised that Julian had

hit

tricked

shouted at

whispered to

his brother Huey.

1 mark

(e) When his father's voice got louder, Julian's voice got

louder

deeper

higher

quieter

1 mark

(f) Their father told Huey that catalogue cats

are hard to see

do all the work

are easy to see

do little work

because they are the fastest animals alive.

1 mark

(g) However, catalogue cats only work in gardens when the work is

easy

fast

hard

shared

1 mark

2. Why did Julian's father order a catalogue?

1 mark

3. What did Julian tell Huey a catalogue is?

1 mark

4. What did Julian tell Huey about the catalogue cats?
Join the boxes to complete the sentences.

White cats	roll on the seeds and push them underground.
Black cats	brush the ground smooth with their tails.
Yellow and brown cats	dig up the ground with their claws.

1 mark

5. Huey was very excited when the catalogue arrived.
Find and copy the words which tell you what he did to show his excitement.

1 mark

6. Why do you think Julian told Huey that there were catalogue cats?

3 marks

7. *'Huey... sat up straight on the couch. I sat back and tried to be as small as I could.'*

Explain why Julian tried to make himself small.

3 marks

8. Why do you think their father said that catalogue cats only do half the work in the garden?

2 marks

9. What sort of people do you think would like this story?

Tick **one**.

people who like cats

☐

people who like jokes

☐

people who like gardens

☐

Explain your answer using parts of the story to help you.

1 mark