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**ENGLISH**

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Paper 2 INSERT

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This document consists of **2** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

Read this extract from 'The Iron Woman' by Ted Hughes.

### Lucy's Nightmare

In Lucy's attic bedroom it was still pitch black. But if she had been awake, she would have heard a strange sound – a skylark singing high in the darkness above the house. And if she had been standing in the garden, and looking up into the dark sky through binoculars, she might have seen the glowing, flickering body of the lark, far up there, catching the first rays of the sun, that peered at the bird from behind the world.

The lark's song showered down over the dark, dewy fields, over the roofs of the houses, and over the still, wet gardens. But in Lucy's bedroom it mingled with an even stranger sound, a strange, gasping whimper.

Lucy was having a nightmare. In her nightmare, somebody was climbing the creaky attic stairs towards her. Then, a hand tried the latch. It was a stiff latch. To open the door, you had to pull the door towards you before you pressed the latch. If you didn't know the trick, it was almost impossible to open the door. The hand in Lucy's nightmare did not seem to know the trick. The latch on the door clicked and rattled but stayed shut.

Then the latch gave a loud clack, and the door swung wide. On her pillow, Lucy became silent. She seemed to have stopped breathing.

For long seconds the bedroom was very dark, and completely silent, except for the faint singing of the skylark.

Then, in her dream, a hand was laid on Lucy's shoulder. She twisted her head and there, in her dream, saw a dreadful thing bending over her. At first, she thought it was a seal, staring at her with black, shining eyes. But how could it be a seal? It looked like a seal covered with black, shiny oil. A seal that had swum through an oil slick and climbed into her attic bedroom and now held her shoulder with its flipper.

But then she saw, on her shoulder, not a flipper but a human hand. And the hand, too, was slimed with black oil. Then Lucy suddenly knew this was not a seal but a girl, like herself, maybe a little bit younger. And the hand began to shake her, and the girl's face began to cry: 'Wake up! Oh, wake up! Oh, please wake up!'

She cried those words so loud it was almost a scream, and Lucy did wake up.

She sat up in bed, panting. What a horrible, peculiar dream. She pulled the bedclothes around her, and stared into the darkness towards the door. Was it open? She knew the door had been closed, as every night. But if the door was now open...

Now answer the questions in the answer booklet.

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