

## Use the following extracts to help practise skills for revision:

### **From *Buddy* by Nigel Hinton**

Even in the daytime number 56 Croxley Street looked sinister. It was built of dark stone that had been stained darker in places where rain had dripped down from the broken gutters. From the grey slates of the roof down to the ground there was no lightness or colour anywhere. The trees and bushes in the garden were a miserable dark green that seemed to swallow up the light. Buddy noticed that where the branches of one of the bushes leaned against the stone of the house, the leaves had died as though poisoned by its touch.

The worst thing of all was the boards on the windows. They were what made the whole place look so gloomy and lifeless, and anyone could be inside peering out through the cracks.

### **From *The Lion, The Witch and The Wardrobe* by C S Lewis**

Looking into the inside, she saw several coats hanging up—mostly long fur coats. There was nothing Lucy liked so much as the smell and feel of fur. She immediately stepped into the wardrobe and got in among the coats and rubbed her face against them, leaving the door open, of course, because she knew that it is very foolish to shut oneself into any wardrobe. Soon she went further in and found that there was a second row of coats hanging up behind the first one. It was almost quite dark in there and she kept her arms stretched out in front of her so as not to bump her face into the back of the wardrobe. She took a step further in—then two or three steps—always expecting to feel woodwork against the tips of her fingers. But she could not feel it.

"This must be a simply enormous wardrobe!" thought Lucy, going still further in and pushing the soft folds of the coats aside to make room for her. Then she noticed that there was something crunching under her feet. "I wonder is that more moth-balls?" she thought, stooping down to feel it with her hands. But instead of feeling the hard, smooth wood of the floor of the wardrobe, she felt something soft and powdery and extremely cold, "This is very strange," she said, and went on a step or two further.

Next moment she found that what was rubbing against her face and hands was no longer soft fur but something hard and rough and even prickly. "Why, it is just like branches of trees!" exclaimed Lucy. And then she saw that there was a light ahead of her; not a few inches away where the back of the wardrobe ought to have been, but a long way off. Something cold and soft was falling on her. A moment later she found that she was standing in the middle of a wood at night-time with snow under her feet and snowflakes falling through the air.