

**1 Read this extract from a novel. For questions 1–5, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.**

I'll always remember the first time I went to a concert. My friend Jerry was a year older than me and he had been to a few concerts. His mother worked in the box office of Leighton Hall and Jerry knew he could persuade her to get us tickets for my favourite group, Rocking Hard, who were coming the following Saturday. My parents weren't too pleased about the idea of me going to the concert – they said at fifteen I was too young, but promises of working hard at school and keeping my bedroom tidy finally won them over and they agreed I could go. With great happiness, I phoned Jerry and told him to ask his mum to book the tickets.

Over the next week I kept my promise – my homework was done the minute I got home and my bedroom was so clean and tidy it shone. As we got nearer to the big night of the concert, I was getting more and more excited. On Thursday, Jerry and I went shopping to find some 'cool' clothes to wear to the concert. I bought a great black T-shirt with a skeleton on it and Jerry found some wonderful jeans which looked like they were a hundred years old.

By Friday, we were at boiling point. We were so excited we could hardly sleep or eat. All our friends at school were jealous because they couldn't come with us to see Rocking Hard. That night, I went to bed thinking about only one thing – the concert the next day. When I finally fell asleep, I'm sure all my dreams were about the group.

Well, Saturday came. I woke up and realised I had another eight hours to wait before the concert started. How was I going to wait for so long? I sent a text message to Jerry, but he didn't reply. He was probably still asleep. I needed to do something to stop me thinking about the concert so I decided to take the dog, Bones, to the park.

As we walked through the park, I suddenly noticed a tall man with long hair in a black T-shirt and jeans. I stopped and looked harder. No ... it couldn't be. Yes! It was Shane, the singer from Rocking Hard. This was too good an opportunity to miss and luckily Bones made things easy. He ran up to Shane and started licking his hand. Shane laughed and turned around to see who the dog belonged to. I started to apologise, but Shane said not to worry. Then I told him that my friend and I were going to his concert that evening and Shane gave me a card inviting me and Jerry to a backstage party after the concert. I was so happy I thought I'd faint.

When I got home, I rang Jerry to tell him the news. He couldn't believe our luck. We knew that that evening we were going to the concert of a lifetime.

- 1** The writer's friend had  
**A** never been to a concert before.  
**B** a mother who could get tickets.  
**C** already booked the tickets.  
**D** persuaded his parents to let him go.
- 2** At first, the writer's parents  
**A** were worried she wasn't old enough.  
**B** wanted her to tidy the house.  
**C** said they would book the tickets.

- D said they were pleased for her.
- 3 For the week before the concert the writer  
A and her friend did lots of shopping.  
B did her homework in one minute.  
C tried very hard to be good.  
D did all the housework after school.
- 4 How did the writer and Jerry feel during the week before the concert?  
A very hot  
B very jealous  
C extremely tired  
D full of excitement
- 5 The writer's dog  
A liked bones.  
B helped to get an invitation from Shane.  
C caused a problem.  
D attacked Shane.

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