

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 1-6, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

1 From the first paragraph, we learn that the letter Jo's father gave her

- A informed the family of a decision already made.
- B contained news that the family had been expecting.
- C was replying to a question that the family had asked.
- D was giving the family the chance to give their opinion.

2 What concerns Jo most about the proposed housing development?

- A how it would change her family's garden
- B how the building work would be carried out
- C the effect it would have on the local wildlife
- D the type of buildings that would be constructed

3 The word '**that**' refers to Jo's

- A attitude towards her neighbours.
- B failure to protest against the plans.
- C dream about the proposed buildings.
- D lateness in getting reading for school.

4 In the fourth paragraph, we discover that Jo's father usually

- A spends most of his day working alone.
- B works for a company that makes computers.
- C gets home from work at a regular time each day.
- D welcomes interruptions during his working day.

5 Jo realised that her father was having a difficult day because of

- A the look on his face.
- B the way he was sitting.
- C the way he was dressed.
- D the fact he stopped to talk to her.

6 How does Jo's father feel about the proposed building development?

- A resigned to its going ahead
- B angry not to be able to prevent it
- C sure that they'd soon get used to it
- D worried about the council's attitude towards it

'This came today, Jo. I forgot to tell you', Dad said, an opened brown envelope in his hand. He took out a letter, saying as he handed it to me, 'The big house at the back of ours has been bought by a property developer. The letter's from the City Council, asking if we object. They've applied for permission to pull down the house and put up an apartment block instead, plus eight three-storey houses on the garden.' This came as such a shock that I didn't say anything about it at all at first.

Dad had been right when he'd said that whoever bought the big house would probably really be buying the garden. What neither of us had realised, though, was that it wouldn't be the garden itself they'd be after. I couldn't imagine it with a big block of flats and houses standing on it, the earth covered over and suffocated; my greatest fear was that there would be nowhere for the butterflies and bees to come any more. Some might move into our little gardens, but there wouldn't be much room.

That night I had a dream about bulldozers and I woke up in the morning with a terrible jump. I supposed that everyone else in our street would have had the same letter as us. I wondered why they weren't all out there, talking over their garden walls - painting banners, tying themselves to trees - protesting. Come to think of it, why wasn't I? Before I had time to feel guilty about **that**, though, the scramble to get to school began and I stopped thinking about it for a while. I often go into Dad's study after school. He always pretends he wants to be left till about six, but he's on his own all day and I think he must need a

bit of company by four-ish, to see him through. That day he was crying to finish designing a book called *Home Maintenance*. He'd scanned a lot of pictures and diagrams into the computer and he was busy numbering them, muttering that the text was too long as always.

'Everyone will have had that letter we had, won't they?' I said, leaning against his work table to watch him. Dad said they would. I noticed he was wearing his chewed-up grey sweater, the one he puts on when he's expecting a job to be challenging. 'Well, will they do anything?'

'Like what?' He wasn't paying attention. He was sliding a diagram about on the screen, and trying to fit some text in beside it. It wasn't going to be easy.

'Well, will they do something to stop it happening?'

'Shouldn't think so,' he said. 'It's not going to be stopped by anything we say.'

I felt sure he was missing the point. Even though he was making a big thing about looking at me and not looking at his screen, I knew what his mind was really on. 'The developers have asked for permission,' I said, in the same annoyingly patient voice he'd been using. 'If you ask for *permission* that means someone could refuse. The Council must be able to.'

'They could,' said Dad, speaking even more 'patiently'. 'Our not wanting it isn't a good enough reason, Jo. We've got our own houses and gardens, nobody's taking those away.'

'We could try,' I said, but Dad shook his head.