

READING

READ THE TEXT AND CHOOSE THE CORRECT ANSWER.

There was nothing unusual about Wellington Street, or so I thought as I was growing up. The cobbled street, one of four identical streets next to each other, was calm, apart from the occasional sound of raised voices from the pub on the corner. Everybody said hello to each other, although rarely much more than that. It was the kind of street that in the past had covered the whole of the north-west of England; it used to be affordable housing for the hard workers. It was a relic, an unchanged peaceful and quiet place while the modern world went on around it.

The first time I got a sense that my childhood world was not going to remain the same forever was when a letter arrived from the local council saying that a meeting was being held locally to discuss the development of the area. I remember wondering why areas had to be developed and I asked my father. He said that people just liked changing things for the sake of it but my mum interrupted him and explained that the houses needed modernising. Even then I could see this as another move in their ongoing argument about money and location. Mum, with her keen sense of social position and willing to look good in the eyes of other people and always very aware of what the dear neighbours thought, wanted to move into a better house, which Dad took to mean a more expensive house.

The evening of the meeting came around and my dad and I went along. It had already started when we got there and one of the councilors was trying to explain the plans, although the general reaction from the audience was far from positive. I don't remember the details, but I remember some shouting, until finally one of our neighbours stood up and said that he wasn't giving his permission for any of it. I remember the councilor saying then, 'We don't need permission. We're telling you, not asking you.'

The mood when we got home was tense. Although she tried to hide it, I think Mum was secretly quite pleased so I was expecting her to say something. Dad sat and frowned at the TV for a while, before Mum brought him a cup of tea. I was surprised when it was he who broke the silence after a minute or two and said, 'There are one or two nice places up around Ladybridge.' Mum said nothing. She just sipped her tea and looked at me and smiled.

1 The writer describes the street as a place where

A everyone could afford their own house.

B people felt they were part of a community.

C people resisted the hustle and bustle of modern life.

D nothing was old-fashioned.

ENGLISH_ON_THE_GO_

2 What did the writer not understand when the letter arrived?

A why his parents were arguing

B who had organised the meeting

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C where they were going to live next

D why things had to change

3 Why did the writer's mother want to move house?

A She didn't like the neighbours.

B She liked to impress other people.

C She knew it would annoy the writer's father.

D She thought the local council would help.

4 During the meeting, most people were

A sympathetic to the councilor.

B glad because of what they learned.

C confused by the explanation.

D unhappy about the proposals.

5 What was the result of the meeting on the people of Wellington Street?

A They could stay if they got permission.

B They would have to argue at further meetings.

C They could stay if they paid some money.

D They would have no choice but to leave.

6 Why was the writer surprised by what his father said?

A He thought his mother would strike up a conersation.

B He knew that his father was watching television.

C He knew that what his father said was wrong.

D He thought that it would upset his mother.

7 What would be the most suitable title for this extract,

A An unhappy childhood

B A difficult marriage

C Changing times

D The wrong decisions

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