

LEARNING TO DRIVE

Read this article about learning to drive. For questions (1-6) choose the correct option (A-C)

Living in a city, I have never needed to drive. But now that I realise that eventually all non-billionaire people from London will be shuttled off into outer space, where nobody can hear us scream "innit", I figure it is time to take control of my own destiny and start devising an escape. For that, driving is crucial.

I realise it is hardly climbing Everest. Many people drive and most people can learn. But I am learning to drive in London, the Mordor of motoring. I have looked into the dark heart of congestion and I still ride. Drivers look in shock as I join a busy ring road, my little secondhand Nissan Micra pootling along with its L plates. They laugh a donkey of a car among the fast cars and the black cabs. But my little donkey goes on, humbly. We take no notice of the white van men driving up close, pushing us to drive faster, faster, faster. No: I will not break the urban speed limit of 20mph.

It is not only road users; it is the pedestrians, too. Just months ago, after persuading my licence-holding partner to supervise my evening spin, I came across a group of hooded teens resting on their BMXs in the middle of the road. Beep! I moved closer, slowly. Beep! Beep! Eventually, reluctantly, they cleared a path. It was a tight squeeze, but I crawled through. As I passed, bang went a fist on the boot of the car. "Oi, you could have hurt us," a lad said. "You shouldn't even be in the road!" I shouted back. Continuing my pootle, I drove to the end of the road – mirror, signal, turn – and, starting down a new street, noticed something in my rear-view mirror. They were chasing me: four, maybe five of them, standing up on their pedals, hurtling towards me.

It's time to become a grownup, whatever that is. Accelerating, I lost them, but a stop at the traffic lights meant they were soon coming closer. "Please don't stall, please don't stall," I begged, internally. I accelerated again, losing them once more. Have you any idea how hard it is to outrun a group of BMXers in a 20mph one-way system in an L-plated Micra? I wanted to go right, towards home, but the one-way system sent me left. It was like they knew. I turned right as soon as I could and there they were, in front of me, waiting. It was a moment of truth. We eyed each other, wondering who would move next and how, but when a car started reversing out of a drive I used it for cover and made my getaway. After all, adulthood is about taking the high road, even if you can only go along it at 20 mph.

0	The author writes about...
A	London
B	learning to drive
C	moving around London

1	The author ...
A	is planning to live elsewhere
B	wishes to move out of London
C	feels is the right time to learn how to drive

2	Which of the sentences applies to the author?
A	Driving on certain roads is a real hazard
B	Driving is much harder than she expected
C	She has got used to driving on certain roads

3	Other drivers ...
A	drive faster than allowed
B	shout abuse at her for driving an old car
C	look down on her for driving her small car

4	Which of these sentences is true?
A	She could drive unaccompanied
B	Her driving companion is authorised to drive
C	She drove around without a licensed companion

6	The driver managed to ...
A	run away
B	get the highway
C	hide somewhere

5	The group of teenagers...
A	did not let her pass
B	tried to assault her car
C	managed to catch up with her car