

### Extract 1: My Name is Mina, David Almon

Something brushed against her leg. She leapt away and screamed in horror and looked down and it was a black cat, weaving its way around her legs.

“A cat!” she gasped. “A cat!”

She couldn't stop shuddering as she leaned down to it. She stroked its dense dark fur and felt the heat of its body and she began

to be soothed and calmed.

“My name is Mina,” she whispered and the cat mewed and purred in reply, and Mina knew she'd found a friend down here in the dark.

She moved on with the cat at her side. In places the walls of the tunnel had broken. Stones and bricks lay in untidy heaps. She imagined the world above, and the thickening layer of earth, stones, soil, bones, roots between herself and it. She imagined the whole tunnel collapsing on to her, as the tunnels could collapse on to pitmen long ago.

### Extract 2: Shadow of the Minotaur, Alan Gibbons

passageway. The blackness clung to him, trying to crawl inside his skin. The maze of tunnels was everything he'd been expecting – and more. They had the mystery of night, the terror of loneliness. They lay deep beneath the earth, where the sun never shone and the fresh wind never blew, and the silence there was heavy. The air was clogged with a choking animal musk. The walls of the tunnel by the entrance were smooth and regular, built from huge blocks of stone. But as he penetrated deeper into the gloom, he noticed a change. The walls were worn and they were slippery with something thick

and slimy. Blood maybe. He flinched then walked on, his feet thudding dully in the cold, still air. Those echoing footsteps shook the close, uncomfortable blackness that clutched at him like a hand. No more than fifty paces from the door the tunnel branched in half a dozen different directions.

### Extract 3: The Invention of Hugo Cabret, Brian Selznick

Above the ceiling of the main waiting area was a cluster of secret apartments that had been built for the people who ran the train station years ago. Most of them had long been abandoned. Only one was still in use.

Some sunlight filtered through the dirty skylight. Hugo looked at the rows and rows of jars, filled with pieces from all the toys he had stolen from the toy booth over the past few months. The jars sat on shelves made from scavenged planks he had found inside the walls of the station. Under his rickety bed lay a pile of Hugo's drawings. His deck of cards rested on a dusty trunk in the middle of the room. Nearby, on a small table, was a stack of envelopes – his uncle's uncashed paycheques, accumulating week by week.

### Extract 4: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe, C S Lewis

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.