

TEXTS fiction

Inference is not said directly

Look for the KEY words

Answers must come from information in the story Consider writer's intent

PRACTISE**ITEM 1****GRANNY**

Granny lived in a dark house that was at least as old as she was. She had worn black for all of the thirty years since my grandfather had died.

Her wooden stick clumping slowly down the stairs told us that Granny was on her way. Then she was there: a dark, bent figure, her narrow, glinting eyes peering at us. A pointy black hat and a broomstick would have completed the picture.

Although she looked fierce, Granny was kind. She always gave me a penny - a large, heavy coin. But, before the penny, came the question: "How many pennies have you got now?" I counted out my penny collection from my right hand pocket.

I thought that if I didn't count out the correct number of coins I wouldn't get any more, so I never spent any of them. The number of pennies grew and so did the weight in my pocket. One day I found that some of my money had slipped through a hole. I dreaded the thought of Granny's usual question.

Next time I saw Granny, when she asked me how many pennies I had, I gulped and stuttered.

"How many did you have?" she inquired. "How many have you got left?"

I answered the questions correctly as quickly as they were asked.

Granny smiled. "Well, you know how to do your sums", she said as she handed me a handful of pennies.

- a. *What did the writer think his Granny looked like?*
- b. *How did the writer get a hole in his pocket?*
- c. *Did the writer look forward to seeing Granny after losing the coins? How do you know that?*
- d. *Was Granny angry? How do you know that?*

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PRACTISE**ITEM 2****THE COAT**

Jemma rushed from the classroom to the row of coats and, changing her pace only slightly, grabbed hers from the peg. Awkwardly, for she was carrying her homework books in her arms, she pulled it on.

She was late, she realised. Her older brother, who was giving her a ride home, got irritated when she was late. Talking to her friends after the last bell had gone had taken more of her time than she had thought, and she had arranged to meet Joe immediately after school.

She ran as fast as she could across the playground, clutching the books to her body, skipping over and around the puddles, and down the path to the road. She threw her bundle onto the seat of the car and, brushing back the wet strands of hair from her eyes, clambered quickly in after them.

Joe looked at her in the rear vision mirror, and said bad temperedly, "You're late!" She smiled nervously back at him, and pulled off her coat. "Sorry, Joe. But, look, before I forget, I met Andrea before school this morning and she asked me to give you this note."

Jemma fumbled in a pocket of her coat, and, not finding what she was looking for, turned it over and thrust her hand into the other pocket. Then with a small gasp of horror, she looked at the name tag on the collar of the coat. There, in bold black letters, she read DIANA KIRBY.

- a. *Had Jemma been late meeting her brother before? How do you know that?*
- b. *Did her brother normally give her a ride home from school? How do you know that??*
- c. *What was the weather like?*
- d. *Did Jemma get into the front or back of the car? How do you know that?*
- e. *Why couldn't she find the note?*