

Part 1

For questions 1-8, read the text below and decide which answer (**A**, **B**, **C** or **D**) best fits each gap.

There is an example at the beginning **(0)**.

0 A shaded B tinted C hues D tinged

0	A	B	C	D
	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

Penny for a Tune?

The morning air was crisp, **(0)** with the faint aroma of coffee and exhaust as I slung my guitar over my shoulder and made my way to the usual spot—a sun-dappled corner near the bustling market square. The city **(1)** to life around me. Solitary figures walked with purpose to train stations and bus stops. Soon they would be clusters; later, uninterrupted streams. I laid out my open case, its velvet lining worn thin, sprinkled with a few coins from yesterday to **(2)** the more generous into action.

I always start with the same song and today was no different. After a finger-wiggle and a gentle cough to clear the throat, I **(3)** a few introductory chords on the guitar and embarked on the first song of the day. Some faces passed without a glance, lost in their own worlds, but others paused, their eyes catching on the notes like leaves snagged in a breeze. A child **(4)** at her mother's hand, swaying shyly to the beat. A man in a suit nodded, dropping a coin with a soft clink, his briefcase tapping against his leg in rhythm.

As the day **(5)** on, the sun shifted, casting long shadows. My voice grew raw, but the music never faltered—it was my anchor, my language when words felt too heavy. Each song carried a piece of me: joy, heartbreak, hope. In **(6)**, the city gave fragments back—a smile, a coin, a nod of appreciation.

By dusk, the crowd **(7)**, leaving the echo of footsteps and the faint warmth of fleeting connections. I packed up slowly, fingers stiff from the cold but heart full. The day's earnings were modest, but the real treasure was **(8)** in memory—the way music bridged the space between strangers, if only for a moment. As I walked home, the city's pulse still thrummed in my chest, a silent song that belonged to us all.

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|-----------------------|-------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| 1 A awoke | B stirred | C started | D roused |
| 2 B inspire | B call | C knock | D nudge |
| 3 A thumbed | B strummed | C hummed | D picked |
| 4 A tugged | B buffeted | C jerked | D jostled |
| 5 A wore | B passed | C pushed | D brought |
| 6 A vain | B return | C essence | D effect |
| 7 A contracted | B withered | C thinned | D melted |
| 8 A etched | B cut | C scratched | D grafted |

Answers

1 B 2 D 3 B 4 D 5 A 6 B 7 D 8