THE NORTH LONDON INDEPENDENT GIRLS' SCHOOLS' CONSORTIUM

Group 1

YEAR 7
ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

ENGLISH

Friday 15 January 2016

Time allowed: 1 hour 20 minutes

First Name: .....

Surname: .....

READING RAW SCORE (out of 35) [ ] → SCALED READING → [ ] (mark out of 50)

WRITING CONTENT RAW SCORE (out of 40) [ ]

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TECHNICAL ACCURACY RAW SCORE (out of 10) [ ]

→ TOTAL WRITING → [ ] (mark out of 50)

TOTAL [ ] **%**

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INSTRUCTIONS

PLEASE ANSWER BOTH PARTS OF THE PAPER

Part A: Reading (40 minutes)

- Spend 10 minutes reading the passage on the insert and the questions in this booklet.
- You may mark the passage by underlining words and phrases.
- Do not write anything in your booklet during this time.
- You will be told when the 10 minutes are over.

Spend 30 minutes writing your answers in this answer booklet.

- You will be told when 40 minutes are up, but you may start Part B, the Writing Section, when you are ready.

Part B: Writing (40 minutes)

- Spend 40 minutes writing on the lined paper provided.
- Put your first name and surname at the top of each page.
- If you have time, you may go back to Part A.

YOU MAY WRITE IN EITHER INK OR PENCIL

You will be told when you have 5 minutes left.

PLEASE TURN THE PAGE TO READ THE QUESTIONS

PART A: READING (40 minutes)

After you have spent about 10 minutes reading the passage, spend about 30 minutes answering the questions.

The mark at the end of each question is an indication of how much you should write for each answer.

1. Lines 6–10.

   Write down two words or phrases which show the father finds the headmaster's wife impressive.

(i) .....

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(ii) .....

..... **2 marks**

2. Lines 14–18.

   (a) Why do the adults think that Charles looks so pale?

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..... **2 marks**

   (b) What do they think would make him look healthy?

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..... **1 mark**

3. Lines 20–29.

Explain in your own words the meaning of the following phrases:

(a) …his friendliness untainted by the least condescension (line 22);

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..... **2 marks**

(b) …his large hand … quite extinguishing the thin, dark hair. (lines 25–26)

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..... **2 marks**

4. Lines 30–34.

(a) To what does the writer compare Charles in the image in these lines?

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..... **2 marks**

(b) How do the similes help us understand Charles' feelings?

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..... **2 marks**

5. Lines 34–46.

What evidence can you find that the boys like the headmaster's wife? Find four pieces of evidence that show this.

(i) .....

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(ii) .....

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(iii) .....

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(iv) .....

..... **4 marks**

6. Lines 50–51.

What does this suggest about the way the boys treat Charles?

…They help themselves to his name, his age, his school

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..... **3 marks**

7. Lines 47–60.

How does the writer help us to understand Charles' sense of helplessness and fear?

Discuss four techniques, such as word-choice, imagery, sound and sentence structure, which show his feelings.

(i) .....

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(ii) .....

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(iii) .....

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(iv) .....

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8 marks

8. Line 62.

‘Next term we’ll mash you. We always mash new boys.’ What does the boy mean?

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..... **2 marks**

9. Look at the whole passage. Do you think the boys are kind or cruel in this story? Give your opinion.

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..... **5 marks**

Total marks for Reading Section: 35 marks

Please turn over the page for Part B: WRITING

PART B: WRITING (40 minutes)

There are two tasks in this section. You must attempt both of them. Spend 20 minutes on each. The quality of your writing is more important than the length. Aim to write about 1 side.

1. In September, Charles is driven to his new boarding school by his parents. Describe the journey, concentrating on his thoughts as he faces his first day and arrives at his new school.

20 marks

2. What makes a good school? Give your opinion, making clear points backed up by examples.

20 marks

For Markers only:

Content and Style

40 marks

Taking the two writing pieces together, award an overall mark for Technical Accuracy

10 marks

Total marks for Writing Section: 50 marks

READING PASSAGE

A boy and his parents are welcomed to a prospective new school by the headmaster and his wife.

The headmaster's wife said, 'And this is Charles? My dear, we've been forgetting about you! In a minute I'm going to borrow Charles and take him off to meet some of the boys because after all you're choosing a school for him, aren't you, and not for you, so he ought to know what he might be letting himself in for and it shows we've got nothing to hide.'

The parents laughed. The father, sherry warming his guts, thought that this was an amusing woman. Not attractive, of course, a bit homespun, but impressive all the same. Partly the voice, of course; it takes a jolly expensive education to produce a voice like that. And other things, of course, background and all that stuff.

"I think I can hear the thud of the Fourth Form coming in from games, which means my husband is on his way, and then I shall leave you with him while I take Charles off to the common room,"

For a moment the three adults centred on the child, looking, judging. The mother said, "He looks so hideously pale, compared to those boys we saw outside."

"My dear, that's London, isn't it? You just have to get them out, to get some colour into them. Ah, here's James. James – Mr and Mrs Manders. You remember, one of our parents was mentioning at Sports Day."

The headmaster reflected his wife's style, like paired cards in Happy Families. His clothes were mature rather than old, his skin well-scrubbed, his shoes clean, his friendliness untainted by the least condescension. He was genuinely sorry to have kept them waiting, but in this business one lurches from one minor crisis to the next... "And this is Charles? Hello, there, Charles." His large hand rested for a moment on the child's head, quite extinguishing the thin, dark hair. It was as though he had but to clench his fingers to crush the skull, but he took his hand away and moved the parents to the window, to observe the broken window of the cricket pavilion, with indulgent laughter.

And the child is borne away by the headmaster's wife. She never touches him or tells him to come, but simply bears him away like some relentless tide, down corridors and through swinging glass doors, towing him like a frail craft, not bothering to look back to see if he is following, confident in the strength of magnetism, or obedience. And delivers him to a room where boys are scattered among inky tables and rungless chairs, and sprawled on a mangy carpet. There is a scampering and a rising, and a silence falling as she opens the door.

"Now, this is the Lower Third, Charles, who you'd be with if you come to us in September. Boys, this is Charles Manders, and I want you to tell him all about things and answer any questions he wants to ask. You can believe about half of what they say, Charles, and they will tell you the most fearful lies about the food, which is excellent."

The boys laugh and groan; amiable, exaggerated groans. They must like the headmaster's wife: there is licensed joking. They look at her with bright eyes in open, eager faces. Someone leaps to hold the door for her, and close it behind her. She is gone.

The child stands in the centre of the room, and it draws in around him. The circle of children contracts, faces are only a yard or so from him, strange faces, looking, assessing.

Asking questions. They help themselves to his name, his age, his school. Over their heads he sees beyond the window an inaccessible world of shivering trees and high racing clouds and his voice which has floated like a feather in the dusty schoolroom air dies altogether and he becomes mute, and he stands in the middle of them with shoulders humped, staring down at feet: grubby plimsolls and kicked brown sandals. There is a noise in his ears like rushing water, a torrential din out of which voices boom, blotting each other out so that he cannot always hear the words.

Do you? they say, and Have you? and What's your? and the faces, if he looks up, swing into one another in kaleidoscopic patterns and the floor under his feet is unsteady, lifting and falling.

And out of the noises comes one voice that is complete, that he can hear. "Next term we'll mash you," it says. "We always mash new boys."