THE NORTH LONDON INDEPENDENT GIRLS' SCHOOLS' CONSORTIUM

Group 2

YEAR 7
ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

ENGLISH

Friday 11 January 2013

Time allowed: 1 hour 15 minutes

First Name: .....

Surname: .....

READING RAW SCORE (out of 40)		SCALED READING		(mark out of 50)
		WRITING		(mark out of 50)
		TOTAL		%

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INSTRUCTIONS

PLEASE ANSWER BOTH PARTS OF THE PAPER

Part A: Reading (45 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 35 minutes writing your answers in this answer booklet

Part B: Writing (30 minutes)

- You will be told when 45 minutes are up, but you may start Part B when you are ready.
- Spend 30 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

After you have spent 10 minutes reading the passage, spend about 35 minutes answering these questions.

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

1. Which child is regarded as the 'good' girl of the family?

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1 mark

2. In line 4 their mother has sent the girls out for a walk. Give two reasons why they have been sent out.

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3 marks

3. Re-read line 22.

   In what ways might Mum's phone calls be 'like an addiction'?

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4 marks

4. The two girls express their views about Scotland. Use **your own words** to summarise their views.

Charlotte's views: .....

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..... **2 marks**

Eleanor's views: .....

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..... **3 marks**

5. List three of the father's hobbies.

1: .....

2: .....

3: ..... **3 marks**

What do his hobbies tell you about him? .....

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..... **2 marks**

6. What do you learn about the character of Mum in this story? Use words and phrases from the passage to support your answer.

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10 marks

7. The way the surroundings and the weather are described helps you to understand the feelings of the characters. Find and write down two examples of these descriptions, explaining what each one tells you about the characters' feelings.

First example: .....

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Second example: .....

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4 marks

8. How do we know that the father would not approve of Eleanor's suggestion that they smash the eggs?

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2 marks

9. In your opinion, why might Eleanor want to smash the eggs?

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6 marks

Total marks for Reading Paper: 40

Please turn over the page for PART B: WRITING

BLANK PAGE

PART B: WRITING

INSTRUCTIONS:

Spend about ~~30~~ 37 minutes on your writing.

Remember to leave time to check your work carefully.

Please write on the lined paper provided. Put your first name and surname at the top of each page.

Charlotte agrees to Eleanor's suggestion to smash the eggs. Continue the story from:

"I'm going to climb up there. Climb up there, get the eggs, and throw them onto the rocks and smash them. Are you coming?"

Do not introduce any new characters.

50 marks

Total marks for Writing Paper: 50

READING PASSAGE

It was Eleanor's idea, she told Mum afterwards. Not that Mum believed her. Nothing bad was ever Eleanor's idea. Nothing good was ever Charlotte's idea.

They'd been sent out to walk their argument off, at the end of a day jammed into the tiny cluttered house where they all snapped and bit at each other while the wind and the rain lay siege to the three of them. All day long Dad's boots, fishing rod and golf clubs had sat lonely and unused in the hallway, seeming to taunt them, reminding them of the phone call from his London office that had – yet again – taken him away on the first day of the holiday. Whenever Dad was away, none of them seemed to know who they were any more; it was like the splintering of a great mirror in their lives. Nobody dared mention him. It was as if he didn't exist. Instead, they cut each other with the sharp edges of his absence.

While they were out, Charlotte knew Mum would pull out her phone and jab at Dad's number. Then she would talk at him non-stop, complaining about the Scottish weather, the Scottish people, the Scottish food, and, most of all, Eleanor and Charlotte, her voice rising ever higher in rage and frustration, until Dad hung up on her, and she fractured into helpless tears. Charlotte had seen her do it, looking down on her from the top of the stairs when Mum thought both daughters were asleep. When she heard Charlotte she hung up, hid the phone under a cushion, and snatched up her magazine. These phone calls were like an addiction she would admit to no-one.

"Why do we have to come to Scotland every year?" Charlotte had asked, during a plate-slamming dinner punctuated by Eleanor's sighs and the muttered complaints Mum left inaudible like unexploded bombs.

"Because we love it here," said Mum. "It's always a part of our summer. A very special part."

"It's special when Dad's here," said Charlotte. Eleanor threw her a look that momentarily silenced her. "Anyway, I've never liked Scotland. There's nothing here but sheep and horizontal rain and one shop that sells stale bread and baked beans and the *Daily Mirror*. The woman that runs it hates us for being English. She'd push us off the cliff if she could."

"But your father is Scottish," said Mum, "and he loves it here."

"Well, why isn't he here, then?" said Charlotte, and then wished she hadn't, because Mum's lip was shaking and her eyes were like fragile glass.

"Personally, I find Scotland charming," said Eleanor. "It's such a relief to get out of London, don't you think, Mum? I always unwind when I'm here." This was an obvious lie. All week Eleanor had been like a clockwork toy that sputtered round the floor spitting out resentment and unkindness. Charlotte laughed disbelievingly at her sister. Eleanor retaliated with screeching, slashing tears, turning her head away and tossing her long whip of hair. That was when Mum had sent them out for a lovely walk by the sea to calm down. In the freezing rain and the biting wind.

The waves came and went on the beach, ignoring the girls as they

ignored each other. Eleanor strode ahead, seeming to sneer at the wind in contempt. Charlotte zigzagged behind her, doing everything she could not to follow her sister's path. They got to the end of the beach. There was nothing to do but to turn back; back to the little house clinging to the cliff, where, on happier holidays, their father would walk through the door, holding high the salmon he'd caught for their tea.

Eleanor stopped under the soaking, jagged cliff at the end of the beach. Charlotte caught her up reluctantly.

"Charlotte," she said. "Look up there. What do you see?"

"A nest. It'll have eggs in, at this time of year. Do you remember last year, when we watched the birds from the top of the cliff with Dad through his binoculars? He wouldn't let us within two hundred yards of them, because they were nesting."

"I'm going to climb up there. Climb up there, get the eggs, and throw them onto the rocks and smash them. Are you coming?"