THE NORTH LONDON INDEPENDENT GIRLS' SCHOOLS' CONSORTIUM

Group 1

YEAR 7
ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

ENGLISH

Friday 20 January 2012

Time allowed: 1 hour 15 minutes

First Name: .....

Surname: .....

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INSTRUCTIONS

PLEASE ANSWER BOTH PARTS OF THE PAPER

Part A: Reading (45 minutes)

- Spend 10 minutes reading the passage and the questions which follow.
- 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.

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Please turn over for the questions.

PART A: READING

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

Questions on the passage

1. The seagull is daring Connie to play a game. Look at lines 3–7 and list four details which suggest that Connie is afraid to do the dare.

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..... **4 marks**

2. Look at lines 9–10. Write down two unusual facts about Connie.

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..... **2 marks**

3. Look at lines 18–23. What are the rules of the game which Connie plays with Scark?

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4 marks

4. Has Connie played this game before? Give brief evidence for your answer.

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2 marks

5. Look at lines 19–21. Write down two short phrases which indicate that this is a proper competition, giving a reason for choosing each one.

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4 marks

6. Look at lines 27–31. Write down four of Connie's reactions to the flock of seagulls. Support your answer with brief quotations.

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8 marks

7. The writer uses effective comparisons in this passage. What do you think is meant by:

"as if she were a conductor and they her orchestra" (lines 32–33)

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..... **2 marks**

"She swirled them around her like a vast cloak" (line 34)

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..... **2 marks**

"The seagulls zoomed upwards like Spitfires in a dogfight" (line 45)

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..... **2 marks**

8. In line 35, Connie and her feelings seem to change. How does the writer show this? Refer to words and phrases from lines 35–42 to support your ideas.

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8 marks

9. Give this passage an interesting title.

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2 marks

10. How does the writer show that Connie and Scark understand each other well? Use words and phrases from the whole passage to support your answer.

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10 marks

Total marks for Reading Paper: 50

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PART B: WRITING

INSTRUCTIONS

Spend about 30 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.

Connie lives at the seaside. Write about her next extraordinary adventure there.

50 marks

Total marks for Writing Paper: 50

READING PASSAGE

A girl called Connie is with a seagull she names Scark.

"Go on, I dare you." The beady eye of the seagull twinkled at Connie from on top of the lifebuoy.

"But Scark, I can't!" Connie whispered back, scuffing her trainers on a coil of rope on the quayside. "What if someone sees?"

Scark cocked his head and opened his beak in silent mockery of her cowardice. Connie glanced over her shoulder. She really wanted to do it. No-one was watching her. She was just another young girl spending her days hanging out by the marina. There was no-one close enough to see that she was set apart from the others by her mismatched eyes, one green, one brown, and by the fact that she talked to seagulls. The fishermen were too busy washing down their decks to notice the girl with ripped jeans and a mop of black hair. The parties of tourists by the coach park had eyes only for the straw hats and seashell mementoes in the gift shops. Nobody seemed to care that something extraordinary was about to happen a stone's throw away.

"Okay, I'll do it!" Connie said, giving in to her desire. "Bet I'll beat you this time."

Taking a crust from her pocket, she threw a few crumbs into the air as practice runs. Scark flapped from his perch and caught them easily. Play begun, other gulls circled out of the sky and landed on the harbour wall, a row of eager spectators.

"Here goes!" called Connie to them. "It's me against you lot. If one crumb falls to the ground, I win."

The seagulls screamed their approval and flapped into the sky. Connie threw a handful of crusts high. Birds mobbed them from all sides, effortlessly plucking them from the air. Scark gave an ear-splitting mew.

"So I can't catch you out that easily?" laughed Connie. She threw the bread faster and faster, spinning on her heels in an attempt to confuse her opponents. Gulls darted nimbly left and right, splitting their flock, spinning on the wing, diving, anticipating every feint, every low trick she could devise to outwit them. The billowing cloud of birds swarmed around her, responding to the movements of her body as if she were a conductor and they her orchestra, becoming an extension of her mood and music. She swirled them around her like a vast cloak, wrapping herself in their delight in showing off their skill on the wing. A power flowed from her to the birds: it seemed to them almost as if she had shed her human skin and become flight itself, the heart of the flock. The seagulls shrieked with joy, urging her to fly with them out to sea and join them in their raucous colonies on the ledges of cliffs and rock stacks. The mass of birds formed into the shape of two vast wings extending from her fingertips. She felt that, if she just tried a little harder, she too would lift from the earth and

fly, but her feet could not quite leave the ground. Taking the last piece of crust in her fist, Connie threw it high into the sky.

"Catch!" she cried.

The seagulls zoomed upwards like Spitfires in a dogfight*, vying with each other for the prize. With a beat of his broad grey wings, Scark snatched the morsel from under the beak of a small white female and returned to the lifebuoy, ack-acking triumphantly.

"Hey, that wasn't very polite of you," Connie scolded him affectionately, "stealing it from her like that! Whatever am I teaching you?"

Scark bobbed his head in indignation, telling her with a puff of his wings that a mere chick – for so he considered her – could teach him nothing.

*dogfight = a fight between aeroplanes