The North London Independent Girls' Schools' Consortium

YEAR 7 ENTRANCE

January 2010

ENGLISH

Time: 1 hour 15 minutes

The reading passage is printed on a separate piece of paper

First Name	
Last Name	

Total Marks: Part A		**Total Marks: Part B**		**Total Marks: Part A & B**	

INSTRUCTIONS

PLEASE ANSWER BOTH PARTS OF THE PAPER

Part A: Reading (45 minutes)

- Spend 10 minutes reading the story and the questions which follow.
- You may mark the story 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 the answer booklet

Part B: Writing (30 minutes)

- You will be told when 45 minutes is up, but you may start section B when you are ready.
- Spend 30 minutes writing on the piece of paper provided.
- Make sure you put your name at the top of the paper.

YOU MAY WRITE IN EITHER INK OR PENCIL

BLANK PAGE

Please turn over for the questions

PART A: READING

Spend 35 minutes on answering these questions.

Questions on the passage.

1) Look at lines 1 – 4. List f**ive** things that you learn about The Dark Walk.

(5 marks)

5 marks

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2) Look at lines 5—9. Julia has mixed feelings as she goes through The Dark Walk. **In your own words**, explain what these mixed feelings are. (4 marks)

4 marks

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3) Look at lines 11—12. Why was the experience of The Dark Walk more frightening for Stephen?

(4 marks)

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4 marks

4) Look at lines 13—30. What four things do you learn about Julia's character from these lines? Support your answer with quotations and explain what they show about her character.

(8 marks)

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8 marks

5) Look again at lines 24—30. What does Julia notice about the well?

(4 marks)

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4 marks

6) Look at lines 39—43. Write down four words or phrases that show Julia felt sorry for the fish. (4 marks)

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4 marks

7) Look at lines 58—73. Explain how the writer makes this part of the story exciting. Refer to words and phrases to support your ideas.

(10 marks)

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10 marks

8) Look at lines 74—78. In your own words, explain how Julia feels now that she has rescued the fish. Refer to words and phrases to support your ideas. (8 marks)

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8marks

9) Choose your own title for the story and explain your choice. (3 marks)

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3 marks

PART B: WRITING

INSTRUCTIONS:

Spend 30 minutes on your writing.

Remember to leave time to check your work carefully.

TASK:

Julia and her brother are on holiday in the Irish countryside.

Write a story in which you describe their experiences of the next day.

(50 marks)

50 marks

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ENGLISH Supplementary Paper

Time: 1 hour 15 minutes

The reading passage is printed on a separate piece of paper

First Name	
Last Name	

Total Marks: Part A		Total Marks: Part B		Total Marks: Part A & B	

PART B: WRITING

INSTRUCTIONS:

Spend 30 minutes on your writing.

Remember to leave time to check your work carefully.

TASK:

Write a story in which you describe what happens when a brother and sister discover something interesting in a wood.

50 marks

50 marks

THE TROUT

One of the first places Julia always ran to when they arrived on holiday was The Dark Walk. It is a laurel walk, very old; almost gone wild; a lofty midnight tunnel of smooth, sinewy branches. Underfoot the tough brown leaves are never dry enough to crackle: there is always a suggestion of damp and cool trickle.

She raced right into it. For the first few yards she always had the memory of the sun behind her, then she felt the dusk closing swiftly down on her so that she screamed with pleasure and raced on to reach the light at the far end; and it was always just a little too long in coming so that she emerged gasping, clasping her hands, laughing, drinking in the sun. When she was filled with the heat and glare she would turn and consider the ordeal again.

This year she had the extra joy of showing it to her small brother, and of terrifying him as well as herself. And for him the fear lasted longer because his legs were so short and she had gone out at the far end while he was still screaming and racing.

When they had done this many times they came back to the house to tell everybody that they had done it. He boasted. She mocked. They squabbled.

"Cry baby!"

"You were afraid yourself, so there!"

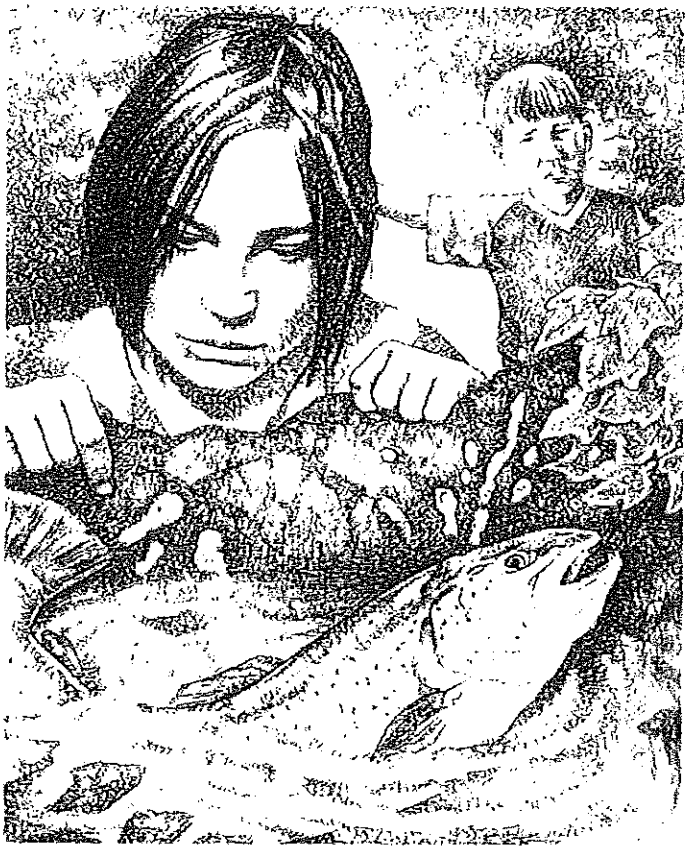
"I won't take you anymore."

"You're a big pig."

"I hate you."

Tears were threatening, so somebody said, "Did you see the well?" She opened her eyes at that and held up her long lovely neck suspiciously and decided to be incredulous. She was twelve and at that age little girls are beginning to suspect most stories. How could there be a well! In The Dark Walk? That she had visited year after year? Haughtily she said, "Nonsense."

But she went back, pretending to be going somewhere else, and she found a hole scooped in the rock at the side of the walk, choked with damp leaves, so shrouded by ferns that she uncovered it only after much searching. At the back of this little cavern there was about a quart of water. In the water she suddenly perceived a panting trout. She rushed for Stephen and dragged him to see, and they were both so excited that they were no longer afraid of the darkness as they hunched down and peered in at the fish in his tiny prison, his silver stomach going up and down like an engine.



Nobody knew how the trout got there.

Her mother suggested that a bird carried the spawn. Her father thought that in winter a small streamlet might have carried it down there as a baby, and it had been safe until the summer came and the water began to dry up. She said, "I see," and went back to look again and consider the matter in private. Her brother remained behind, wanting to hear the whole story of the trout, not really interested in the actual trout but much interested in the story which his mummy began to make up for him on the lines of, "So one day Daddy Trout and Mummy Trout..." When he retailed it to her she said "Pooh."

It troubled her that the trout was always in the same position: he had no room to turn. All the time the silver belly went up and down; otherwise he was motionless. Hunched over him she thought how all the winter, while she was at school, he had been there. All the winter, in The Dark Walk, all night, floating around alone. She drew the leaf of her hat down around her ears and chin and stared. She was still thinking of it as she lay in bed.

It was late June, the longest days of the year. The sun had sat still for a week, burning up the world. Although it was after ten o' clock it was still bright and still hot. She lay on her back under a single sheet, with her long legs spread, trying to keep cool. She could see the D of the moon through the fir tree – they slept on the ground floor. Before they went to bed her mummy had told Stephen the story of the trout again, and she, in her bed, had resolutely presented her back to them and read her book. But she had kept one ear cocked.

"And so, in the end, this naughty fish who could not stay at home got bigger and bigger, and the water got smaller and smaller..."

Passionately she had whirled and cried, "Mummy, don't make it a horrible old moral story!" Her mummy had brought in a fairy godmother then, who sent lots of rain, and filled the well, and a stream poured out and the trout floated away down to the river below. Staring at the moon she knew that there are not such things as fairy godmothers and that the trout, down in The Dark Walk, was panting like an engine. She heard somebody unwind a fishing reel. Would the beasts fish him out!

She sat up. Stephen was a hot lump of sleep, lazy thing. The Dark Walk would be full of little scraps of moon. She leaped up and looked out of the window. Quietly she lifted the large jug of water and climbed out of the window and scuttled along the cool but cruel gravel down to the opening of the tunnel. Her pyjamas were very short so that when she splashed water it wet her ankles. She peered into the tunnel. Something alive rustled inside there. She raced in, and up and down she raced, and flurried, and cried aloud, "Oh, gosh, I can't find it," and then at last she did. Kneeling down in the damp, she put her hand into the slimy hole. When the body lashed they were both mad with fright. But she gripped him and shoved him into the jug and raced, with her teeth ground, out to the other end of the tunnel and down the steep paths to the river's edge.

All the time she could feel him lashing his tail against the side of the jug. She was afraid he would just jump right out. The gravel cut into her soles until she came to the cool ooze of the river's bank. She poured out, watching until he plopped. For a second he was visible in the water. She hoped he was not dizzy. Then all she saw was the glimmer of the moon in the silent-flowing river, the dark firs, the dim mountains, and the radiant pointed face laughing down at her out of the empty sky.

She scuttled up the hill, in the window, plonked down the jug, and flew through the air like a bird into bed. She hugged herself and giggled. Like a river of joy her holiday spread before her.

In the morning Stephen rushed to her, shouting that "he" was gone and asking "where" and "how". Lifting her nose in the air she said superciliously, "Fairy godmother, I suppose?" and strolled away patting the palms of her hands.