THE NORTH LONDON INDEPENDENT GIRLS' SCHOOLS' CONSORTIUM

Group 1

YEAR 7
ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

ENGLISH

Friday 18 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. Why is Anoushka inspecting her clothes in the first paragraph?

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2 marks

2. Which toy does she pack to take with her?

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1 mark

3. How old do you think Anoushka is? Support your answer with three short pieces of evidence.

   Anoushka is ..... years old.

   Evidence 1: .....

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   Evidence 2: .....

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   Evidence 3: .....

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6 marks

4. Dad and Rakesh are in agreement on one particular topic. Find and write down a sentence for each of them where they say the same thing in different words.

Rakesh's sentence: .....

Dad's sentence: .....

..... **2 marks**

5. Write down four things you learn about Sarah.

1: .....

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2: .....

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3: .....

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4: .....

..... **4 marks**

6. What do you learn about the character of Rakesh in this story? Make five comments, quoting words or phrases from the passage to support your answer.

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10 marks

7. Comment on the language used about the taxi in lines 79–81.

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4 marks

8. Use your own words to express the differences between the area where Anoushka lives and the area where Rakesh lives.

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4 marks

9. Do you think that the mother has strong opinions? Quote from the passage to support your views.

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7 marks

Total marks for Reading Paper: 40

Please turn over the page for PART B: WRITING

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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.

The person in the front room is Rakesh's mother. Continue the story.

50 marks

Total marks for Writing Paper: 50

READING PASSAGE

Anoushka had started getting ready two hours before her cousin Rakesh was due. She'd taken all her dresses out of the wardrobe and laid them on her bed, then walked up and down inspecting them as if they were soldiers on parade. This one was too fluffy; that one was too fussy; that other one was, well, just too red. At last, she selected the blue dress Auntie Meera had given her for her last birthday, even though she'd rather die than be seen in what Auntie Meera normally wore.

She walked up and down in her dress in front of the mirror sixteen times by her count, considering herself this way and that. She unpacked and repacked her bag, threatening her teddy bear with replacement by an owl until the bear's eyes pleaded with her and persuaded her to change her mind. Then there was nothing to do but go downstairs and watch *Doctor Who* and fidget until Rakesh came.

"Rakesh will be late," said Mum, as some aliens with eyes like long molten mirrors and skin like Brillo pads danced triumphantly on the top of Buckingham Palace.

"Rakesh is a good boy," said Dad.

"Not so good," said Mum. "When will he be getting married, I would like to know? He is twenty-five. Soon enough."

"I was twenty-nine," said Dad.

"And you left it too late. You were lucky I would have you," said Mum.

"Lucky indeed," said Dad. "You were the only woman left in the world who was not married. One day Rakesh will be rich, you mark my words. Rich enough to buy us all out."

"Maybe then he can buy himself a watch," said Mum.

Rakesh was late. Anoushka was pacing up and down in the hall, talking to herself, when she heard him bounding up the steps. He leant on the doorbell and made it ring without stopping. Anoushka opened the door and saw him crouched down, arms open, eyes and mouth wide, ready to catch her. As she always did, she walked slowly backwards down the hall, then ran towards him and leapt into his arms. He half toppled, then recovered his balance and seized her under the arms, spinning her round and round until the family photos and the coat rack and Dad's briefcase all swirled into a giddy blur of colours.

"Noushy!" cried Rakesh. "The most beautiful girl in the world!"

And he was the best cousin in the world. Even if he was late.

"What time are you calling this, Rakesh?" said Mum.

"Sorry, Auntie," said Rakesh. "I had stuff to finish off."

"On a Saturday night?"

"Money never sleeps," said Rakesh.

"Rakesh is right," said Dad. "The markets wait for no man."

"Well, just you make sure she brushes her teeth and her hair. And don't forget her puffer. Her asthma is fully on the march now it is November. Dinner in a proper restaurant. You can afford it now. That cheesecake in Pizza Hut is nothing more than cardboard with cream on top."

"OK, Auntie," said Rakesh. "The Ritz it is, then."

"And in the morning, no more of this Coco Pops nonsense, do you hear me, Rakesh? Don't think I didn't hear about last time. I don't want a gap-toothed daughter."

"Yes, Auntie," said Rakesh.

"How will you get to the theatre at this time, I would like to know? Have you brought a magic carpet?"

"No, Auntie," said Rakesh. "Just a taxi."

"A taxi! Are they paying you in bars of gold?"

Rakesh snatched up Anoushka's bag. "Come on, Noush," he said. "Let's not be late."

Mum reluctantly accepted a hug, Dad kissed her briskly, and then Rakesh seized her by the hand and ran with her down the steps, almost making her trip. Everything with Rakesh was like this: breathless, urgent, frantic and so exciting it made you want to dance and shout. Rakesh jumped into the chugging taxi, sprawled himself across the back seat and heaved Anoushka inside.

"Back to your place, is it then, mate?" said the driver.

"That's right," said Rakesh.

"What about the theatre?" asked Anoushka.

"We've got someone to pick up first. Sarah's coming too. She's a sucker for *Les Mis*."

"Who's Sarah?"

"My girlfriend."

"Why didn't you bring her with you?"

"Your Mum wouldn't approve of her. And she'd be straight on the phone to my Mum. I don't need that. Life's too short. You'll love her, though."

"What's she like?"

"She's ... the second most beautiful girl in the world."

Anoushka squirmed with a pleasure so intense it almost hurt. When Rakesh fixed his smile on her, the rest of the world seemed to shrink to nothing.

"Great dress, Noush. Makes you look all grown up."

She didn't care even if they were late for the theatre.

The taxi nudged and nosed its way through the Saturday night traffic, sneaking past red lights when they weren't looking, easing buses aside with a persuasive charm. Gradually the stolid, comfortable homes and trim front lawns of Anoushka's suburb gave way to big houses with peeling white paint that looked like old ladies who'd been left out in the rain. The taxi stopped outside one of the houses. The light was on in the ground floor flat. Anoushka saw Rakesh's enormous sofa and bigger telly.

"You wait here, Noush. I left Sarah putting her make-up on three hours ago, so she might even be ready."

He ducked down and opened the door. Then he froze, and scrambled back into the taxi. He looked scared. Rakesh never looked scared. Rakesh was afraid of nobody and nothing.

"Noush."

"What?"

"Someone's just walked into the front room."

"Sarah?"

"No. Not Sarah. Someone else."