ST ALBANS SCHOOL

13+ Examination 2016

ENGLISH

(90 minutes)

Surname	First Name

Date of Birth

Score Total

St Albans School English Department

13+ Entrance Examination 2016

One hour thirty minutes

This examination consists of two sections, each of which carries an equal number of marks. Divide your time equally between the two sections.

WRITE YOUR ANSWERS TO EACH SECTION ON A SEPARATE PIECE OF PAPER CLEARLY HEADED WITH THE TITLE OF THE PAPER AND YOUR FULL NAME.

SECTION A: READING (from Haruki Murakami, *The Second Bakery Attack*)

Read carefully the passage from the short story printed below and answer the questions that follow. Provide full sentence answers and quotations from the text where required. In this extract the narrator, who has been married 2 weeks, describes the events after his new wife decides that they should rob a bakery.

We got into my old Corolla and started drifting around the streets of Tokyo at 2:30 a.m., looking for a bakery. There we were, me clutching the steering wheel, she in the navigator's seat, the two of us scanning the street like hungry eagles in search of prey. Stretched out on the backseat, long and stiff as a dead fish, was a Remington automatic shotgun. Its shells rustled dryly in the pocket of my wife's windbreaker. We had two black ski masks in the glove compartment. Why my wife owned a shotgun, I had no idea. Or ski masks. Neither of us had ever skied. But she didn't explain and I didn't ask. Married life is weird, I felt.

Impeccably equipped, we were nevertheless unable to find an all-night bakery. I drove through the empty streets, from Yoyogi to Shinjuku, on to Yosuya and Akasaka, Aoyama, Hiroo, Roppongi, Daikanyama, and Shibuya. Late-night Tokyo had all kinds of people and shops, but no bakeries.

Twice we encountered patrol cars. One was huddled at the side of the road, trying to look inconspicuous. The other slowly overtook us and crept past, finally moving off into the distance. Both times I grew damp under the arms, but my wife's concentration never faltered. She was looking for that bakery. Every time she shifted the angle of her body, the shotgun shells in her pocket rustled like buckwheat husks in an old-fashioned pillow.

"Let's forget it," I said. "There aren't any bakeries open at this time of night. You've got to plan for this kind of thing or else--"

"Stop the car!"

I slammed on the brakes.

"This is the place," she said.

The shops along the street had their shutters rolled down, forming dark, silent walls on either side. A barbershop sign hung in the dark like a twisted, chilling glass eye. There was a bright McDonald's hamburger sign some two hundred yards ahead, but nothing else.

"I don't see any bakery," I said.

Without a word, she opened the glove compartment and pulled out a roll of cloth-backed tape. Holding this, she stepped out of the car. I got out on my side. Kneeling at the front end, she tore off a length of tape and covered the numbers on the license plate. Then she went around to the back and did the same. There was a practiced efficiency to her movements. I stood on the curb staring at her.

"We're going to take that McDonald's," she said, as coolly as if she were announcing what we would have for dinner.

"McDonald's is not a bakery," I pointed out to her.

"It's like a bakery," she said. "Sometimes you have to compromise. Let's go."

I drove to the McDonald's and parked in the lot. She handed me the blanket-wrapped shotgun.

"I've never fired a gun in my life," I protested.

"You don't have to fire it. Just hold it. Okay? Do as I say. We walk right in, and as soon as they say, 'Welcome to McDonald's,' we slip on our masks. Got that?"

"Sure, but--"

"Then you shove the gun in their faces and make all the workers and customers get together. Fast. I'll do the rest."

"But--"

"How many hamburgers do you think we'll need? Thirty?"

"I guess so." With a sigh, I took the shotgun and rolled back the blanket a little. The thing was as heavy as a sandbag and as black as a dark night.

"Do we really have to do this?" I asked, half to her and half to myself.

"Of course we do."

1) In the first paragraph, how does the writer create a sense of menace and unease? Refer to the author's language in your answer.

(5 marks)

2) In lines 15-19, how does the author reveal the narrator's growing anxiety?

(5 marks)

3) What are the signs that the narrator's wife has done this kind of thing before? Explain your answer.

(5 marks)

4) How does the author use setting to develop the threatening mood?

(5 marks)

5) How does the dialogue make clear who is in charge of the situation?

(5 marks)

SECTION B: WRITING

BEGIN THIS SECTION ON A FRESH PIECE OF PAPER. MAKE SURE YOU WRITE YOUR NAME ON IT.

*Write an essay – argumentative, descriptive or creative – suggested by **one** of the following titles*:

1) Driving at night.

2) Should pupils be allowed to bring mobile phones into school? Are they an essential part of a pupil's school life or simply an unnecessary distraction? Discuss.

3) An event which you will never forget.

4) A surprising decision.

5) 'The *first* bakery attack'