Independent Schools Examinations Board

COMMON ENTRANCE EXAMINATION AT 13+

ENGLISH

LEVEL 1

PAPER 1: READING

Monday 28 January 2013

Please read this information before the examination starts.

- You have 1 hour 10 minutes which includes reading and note-making time.
- The paper is divided into two sections.
- Answer **all** the questions.
- Remember to write **Level 1** at the top of your answer paper.
- Vocabulary, spelling, grammar, punctuation and presentation are important and will be taken into account.

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LEVEL 1

SECTION A: NON-FICTION

***Read the passage on the insert taken from Emma Kennedy's* The Tent, the Bucket and Me.**

Then answer all the questions below, using complete sentences.

The marks at the end of each question are a guide as to how much you should write in your answers.

1. In the first sentence, what is the market compared to and why? (2)

2. Look at lines 1–10.

   In this first paragraph the narrator describes the market as a very bright and lively place filled with lots of colour and exciting smells and tastes.

   (a) Write down three short quotations which describe the market particularly well. (3)

   (b) Explain your choices. (3)

3. Look at lines 11–18.

   (a) Write down a quotation to show that the mother is pleased with her choice of outfit. (1)

   (b) Write down a quotation which suggests the narrator is not so pleased with her mother's choice. (1)

   (c) Explain your choices of quotations. (4)

4. Look at lines 19–26.

   In your own words, explain fully what happens to the mother at the market and why the father finds 'the whole thing hilarious'. (5)

5. Do you think you would have enjoyed a visit to this market with this family?

   Give three reasons why/why not. (6)

The passage is from *The Tent, the Bucket and Me: My Family's Disastrous Attempts to go Camping in the 70s* by Emma Kennedy, published by Ebury Press. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd ©.

LEVEL 1

SECTION B: POETRY

Read the poem* Slow Reader *by Vicki Feaver on the insert.

Then answer all the questions below, using complete sentences.

The marks at the end of each question are a guide as to how much you should write in your answers.

1. Using your own words, suggest what lines 1–4 tell you about the boy. (2)

2. When the boy is shown a book, we are told (lines 8–12):

   he gazes into the air,
   sighing and shaking his head
   like an old man
   who knows the mountains
   are impassable.

   (a) What do these lines tell you about the boy's ability to read?
   Use two short quotations from lines 8–12 to support your answer. (4)

   (b) The poet compares the young boy's actions to those of '*an old man*'.
   What is the name of this poetic technique? (1)

3. In stanza two, lines 20–21, the poet uses a metaphor describing the young boy as '*a white-eyed colt – shying/from the bit –*'
   Does this picture affect your feelings towards the boy? Explain how. (4)

4. The image of the little boy as a '*white-eyed colt*' continues in lines 21–25, where the colt is unwilling to accept '*the bit*' into its mouth.

   (a) What is the boy actually fighting against? (3)

   (b) What is he frightened of losing? (3)

5. From your reading of this poem, **explain in your own words** the feelings the speaker has towards the young boy. (4)

6. The poet, Vicki Feaver, has called her poem '*Slow Reader.*'
   Choose a new title for this poem and explain your reasons. (4)

(Total marks: 50)

LEVEL 1

SECTION A: NON-FICTION

The Tent, the Bucket and Me

The writer and her family visit a market in France.

Aix market was a fairground of treats. A maze of stalls was spread wide, striped canopies rippling in the breeze, and each one was packed, not only with fresh fish, ripe produce, but with things I had never seen before: huge, purple-veined bulbs of garlic hanging on the stem, bunches of bound dried flowers heavy with scent, barrels of exotic nuts and fruits, peaches the size of a boxer's fists, cheeses in their whole state with plates of free samples to taste, iced-fish stalls with fish I'd never even heard of, heaped and sizzling sausages that gave off the most wonderful deep bouquet and, best of all, an extraordinary mobile rotisserie that had at least a hundred birds, chickens, geese, duck, guinea fowl, partridge – all slowly turning as they roasted and, again, giving off the most delicious aroma that filled the air so thickly, you could taste it.

Mum was in her element, wafting about in a floor-length white cotton Laura Ashley skirt with huge milkmaid pockets. 'I feel well posh in this,' she had said, putting it on in the cramped confines of the tent. As far as my mother was concerned, the trip to the market was a treat on a par with a night out at the theatre and, ever mindful that French women were in a permanent state of immaculate presentation, she was keen to blend in. Her appearance, however, rather than melting her into the crowd, was having the opposite effect. She was drawing attention. She had clearly overdone it and, as we walked, it was noticeable how many heads were turning.

Over to the left of the market there was a small gathering of people, circled around something that, as yet, we were unable to see. A swarthy* man, dressed in a Romany*-style waistcoat and trousers, had peeled out from the crowd and, spotting my mother, made a beeline for her and grabbed her by the arm. He was dancing on the spot, like a jester, and had a parrot on one shoulder that kept bobbing up and down and squawking, *'Bonjour! Bonjour!'* My father, not believing what he was hearing, found the whole thing hilarious.

'The parrot is speaking in FRENCH!' he yelled, shaking his head.

*swarthy (line 20): *dark-skinned*
*Romany (line 21): *Gypsy*

LEVEL 1

SECTION B: POETRY

Slow Reader

He can make sculptures
and fabulous machines,
invent games, tell jokes,
give solemn, adult advice –
but he is slow to read.
When I take him on my knee
with his *Ladybird* book
he gazes into the air,
sighing and shaking his head
like an old man
who knows the mountains
are impassable.

He toys with words,
letting them go cold
as gristly meat,
until I relent
and let him wriggle free:
a fish returning
to its element,
or a white-eyed colt* – shying
from the bit – who sees
that if he takes it
in his mouth
he'll never run
quite free again.

*colt = a young male horse

Vicki Feaver

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