Independent Schools Examinations Board

COMMON ENTRANCE EXAMINATION AT 13+

ENGLISH

LEVEL 1

PAPER 1: READING

Monday 5 November 2012

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 Amy Tan's* The Joy Luck Club.**

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. Look at lines 1–5.

   What do we learn about the mother's work? (2)

2. Look at lines 6–14.

   (a) Write down one short quotation to show that Amy does not know much about the world. (1)

   (b) Write down one short quotation to show that her mother does not know much about the world either. (1)

   Explain your choices. (4)

3. Look at lines 10–20.

   To help her succeed, Amy's mother tests her daughter.

   Amy says the 'tests got harder' (line 15).

   (a) List three of the tests Amy has to do. (3)

   (b) Which do you think is the easiest of all the tests and why? (2)

   (c) Which do you think is the hardest of all the tests and why? (2)

4. (a) Look at lines 21–26.

   Describe in your own words three of Amy's feelings as she looks in the mirror for the first time. (3)

   (b) Look at lines 27–31.

   Describe three ways in which her feelings begin to change as she looks at herself a second time. (3)

5. Do you think Amy's mother was right to test Amy in this way, or not?

   Give two reasons for your answer. (4)

LEVEL 1

SECTION B: POETRY

Read the poem* Hedgehog *on the insert.

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. Looking at lines 1–4, at what time of the day is the hedgehog at his busiest? (2)

2. Using two quotations from lines 5–8, explain what you learn about the hedgehog's methods of surviving in the wild. (4)

3. In lines 9–12, the poet describes a hedgehog's life in town.
   Find two short phrases which suggest that moving around is difficult for this hedgehog. (4)

4. Read again lines 13–16.
   Explain in your own words:
   (a) what you learn about the hedgehog's sight and hearing (2)
   (b) the hedgehog's attitude to humans. (4)

5. The poet refers to the hedgehog's '*stiff seriousness*' (line 4) and calls him a '*country creature*' (line 17).
   What is the name we give to this technique of using the same letter at the beginning of words placed together? (2)

6. Using a short quotation from lines 17–20, explain how the poet suggests that the hedgehog has lots of patience. (3)

7. Look at lines 9–20.
   Explain in your own words the feelings they produce in you towards this hedgehog. (4)

(Total marks: 50)

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Hedgehog by Anthony Thwaite is reproduced from *Collected Poems* (2007) with kind permission of Enitharmon Press.

LEVEL 1

SECTION A: NON-FICTION

The Joy Luck Club

Amy Tan is a young Chinese-American girl growing up in California. Her mother is poor and wants her daughter to be successful in their new country.

Every night after dinner, my mother and I would sit at the kitchen table. She would present new tests, taking her examples from stories of amazing children she had read in magazines she kept in a pile in our bathroom. My mother got these magazines from people whose houses she cleaned. And since she cleaned many houses each week, we had a great assortment.

The first night she brought out a story about a three-year-old boy who knew the capitals of all the states and even most of the European countries. A teacher was quoted as saying the little boy could also pronounce the names of the foreign cities correctly.

'What's the capital of Finland?' my mother asked me, looking at the magazine story.

All I knew was the capital of California where we lived, because Sacramento was the name of the street we lived on in Chinatown. 'Nairobi!' I guessed, saying the most foreign word I could think of. She checked to see if that was one possible way to pronounce 'Helsinki' before showing me the answer.

The tests got harder – multiplying numbers in my head, finding the queen of hearts in a deck of cards, trying to stand on my head without using my hands, predicting the daily temperatures in Los Angeles, New York and London.

One night I had to look at a page from the Bible for three minutes and then report everything I could remember. 'Now Jehoshaphat had riches and honour in abundance and ... that's all I remember, Ma,' I said.

And seeing my mother's disappointed face once again, something inside me began to die. I hated the tests, the raised hopes and failed expectations. Before going to bed that night, I looked in the mirror above the bathroom sink and when I saw only my face staring back – and that it would always be this ordinary face – I began to cry. Such a sad, ugly girl. I made high-pitched noises like a crazed animal, trying to scratch out the face in the mirror.

And then I saw what seemed to be another side of me – because I had never seen that face before. I looked at my reflection, blinking so I could see her more clearly. The girl staring back at me was angry, powerful. The girl and I were the same. I had new thoughts, wilful thoughts, or rather thoughts filled with lots of 'won'ts'. I won't let her change me, I promised myself. I won't be what I'm not.

LEVEL 1

SECTION B: POETRY

Hedgehog

Twitching the leaves just where the drainpipe clogs
In ivy leaves and mud, a purposeful
Creature at night about its business. Dogs
Fear his stiff seriousness. He chews away

At beetles, worms, slugs, frogs. Can kill a hen
With one snap of his jaws, can taunt a snake
To death on muscled spines. Old countrymen
Tell tales of hedgehogs sucking a cow dry.

But this one, cramped by houses, fences, walls,
Must have slept here all winter in that heap
Of compost, or have inched by intervals
Through tidy gardens to this ivy bed.

And here, dim-eyed, but ears so sensitive
A voice within the house can make him freeze,
He scuffs the edge of danger; yet can live
Happily in our nights and absences.

A country creature, wary, quiet and shrewd,
He takes the milk we give him, when we're gone.
At night, our slamming voices must seem crude
To one who sits and waits for silences.

Anthony Thwaite