

# **The English School**

## **Entrance Examination 2019**

ENGLISH – *Year 1*- Native Paper

Time Allowed: **1hr 15mins**

### **General Instructions:**

1. Answer all the questions asked
2. Use your own words unless otherwise stated
3. Write neatly
4. Check your work carefully at the end

### **Time Guidance:**

Section A: Composition (35 marks): 25 minutes

Section B: Directed Writing (15 marks): 15 minutes

Section C: Comprehension and Usage (50 marks): 35 minutes

***Good Luck!***

## Section A: Composition

(35 marks)

Choose **ONE** of the following questions and write about **220-250 words**.

Remember the importance of:

- planning your response
- vocabulary and expression
- accuracy and punctuation
- paragraphing.

### EITHER

1. Write a **story** which ends with these words:

**'At last I was glad to be home and safe.'**

Make sure you include the following within your story:

- events that take place during the night
- two main characters (including the narrator).

### OR

2. **'If you want your children to turn out well, spend twice as much time with them, and half as much money.'**

- Abigail Van Buren –

**Discuss** the above quote referring to the importance of family relationships for a happy childhood.

Make sure you:

- refer to at least two reasons why family is important
- present examples from your own life.

### OR

3. Imagine you are a time traveller who has travelled from a town in 1910 to a town in 2019. **Describe** the town in 2019.

In your description, you should include:

- what you see
- what you hear
- what has impressed you the most.

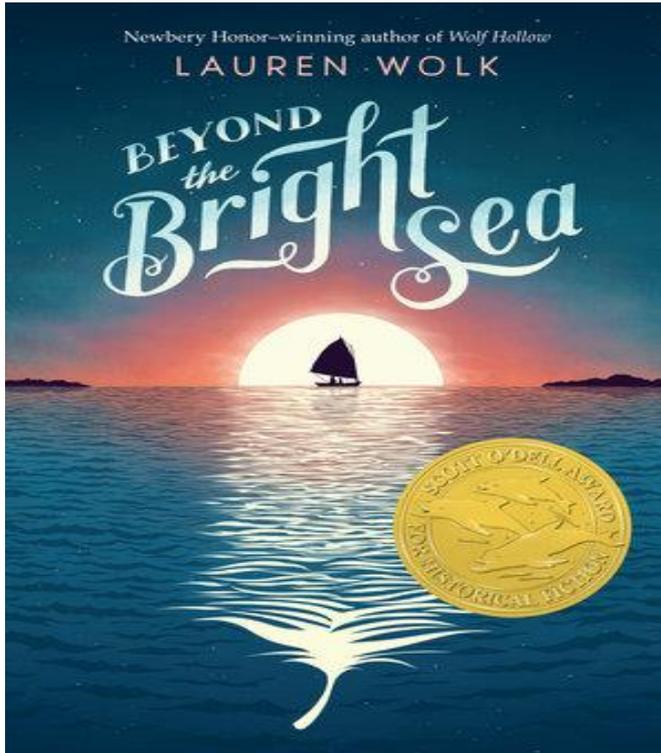




## Section A: Comprehension

(50 marks)

*The following extract is from the novel 'Beyond the Bright Sea' by Lauren Wolk, which is written from the perspective of a 12 year old girl called Crow who was pushed out to sea in a boat as a baby and washed up on a tiny island. She was rescued by Osh, who raised her. As she grows older she decides to investigate details about herself, including where she came from as well as what her name means.*



I'll never know for sure when I was born. Not exactly.

On the morning Osh found me, I was just hours old, but he had no calendar and didn't much care what day it was. So we always marked my birth on whatever midsummer day felt right.

The same was true of my other milestones: moments that had nothing to do with calendars.

Like the day Mouse showed up at our door, whisker thin, and decided the cottage was hers, too. Much as I had.

Or the first time Osh let me take the tiller of our skiff while he sat in the bow and let the sun coddle his face for a while, his back against the mast, the fine spray veiling him in rainbows. Or the ebb tide when a white-sided dolphin stranded on our shore, Osh gone somewhere, and I came back from Cuttyhunk to find her rocking and heaving, her cries babylike and afraid. I used my bare hands to scoop away the wet sand that stuck her fast. And I grabbed her crescent flukes and **tugged**, inch by inch, until the water lifted her enough so we both

slipped back suddenly into the sea.

She looked me in the eye as she passed, as if to memorize what I was at that moment. As if to say that I should remember this, too, no matter what happened later.

None of which had anything to do with calendars.

Still, I know I'd lived on that tiny island for eight years before I began to be more than just curious about my name. The dream that woke me, wondering anew about my name, was full of stars and whales blowing and the lyrics of the sea. When I opened my eyes, I lay for a minute, watching Osh as he stood at the stove, cooking porridge in a scabby pot.

I sat up and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. "Why is my name Crow?" I asked.

When Osh stirred the porridge, the spoon made a sound like a boat being dragged across the beach. "I've told you," he said. "You were hoarse with crying when you washed up here. You cawed over and over. So I called you Crow."

That answer had always been enough before. But it didn't explain everything. And everything was what I had begun to want.

"In English?" I asked.

Osh sometimes spoke in a language I didn't know, his voice like music, especially when he prayed, but also when he painted his pictures of the islands and the sea. When I first asked Osh about it, he said that it was one of the few things he'd kept from life before the island. Before me.

Even though he did not speak it often, that other tongue flavoured his English so he sounded different from everyone else. Miss Maggie called it his accent. But I thought maybe it was everyone else who had an accent.

"No, not English at first," he said. "But people here speak English. So: Crow."

I stood and stretched the night out of my bones. My arms, in the thin morning light, looked almost nothing like wings.

But when I stepped onto a stool in front of our mirror—just big enough for a face—I could see the resemblance in the curve of my nose. The birthmark on my cheek that looked like a little feather. My hair, darker than anyone else's. My dark eyes. My skin, like Osh's after six months in the sun.

I looked down at my skinny legs, my bony feet.

Plenty of other reasons to be called Crow besides the way I had once cried.

Osh, himself, had three names. Daniel: what Miss Maggie called him. The Painter: what the summer people called him. Osh: what I had called him since the time I could make words out loud.

His real name was complicated. Difficult for a small child to say. “Osh” was all I’d been able to manage. And Osh was what I’d called him ever since.

“I wish I knew what my real name was,” I said.

For a long moment, Osh was still. “What do you mean by *real*?” he said.

“My real name. The one my parents gave me.”

Osh was again silent for a while. Then he said, “You were brand-new when you arrived here. I don’t know that you ever had a different name.” He scooped some porridge into a bowl. “And if you did, I don’t know how we’ll ever learn what it was.”

I fetched two spoons. “What it *is*, you mean.”

When Osh shrugged, the hair that lay on his shoulders rolled up like night waves. “Was. Is. Will be.” He filled a second bowl. “It doesn’t much matter, since you’re here now. And you have a name.”

The sound of the porridge *thwupping* into the crockery, the *tock* of the wooden spoon against the edge of the bowl, made me wonder who had named those things. And everything else in the world. Including me.

I could feel my curiosity strengthening, as if it were part of my bones, keeping pace with them as I grew.

But more than that—more than simple curiosity—I had a nagging need to know what I didn’t know.

I wanted to know why there were pearls tucked inside some of the Cuttyhunk oysters but not others. I wanted to know how the moon could drag the ocean in and out from such a distance, when it couldn’t stir the milk in Miss Maggie’s tea. But I *needed* to know, among other things, why so many of the Cuttyhunk Islanders stayed away from me, as if they were afraid, when I was smaller than any of them.

I wondered whether it had anything to do with where I’d come from, but that didn’t make any sense. What did *where* have to do with *what*? Or *who*?

Something, yes. But not everything.

And I needed to know all three.

Osh didn't. When I asked questions about pearls or tides, he did his best to answer them. But when I looked beyond our life on the islands, he became the moon itself, bent on tugging me back, as if I were made of sea instead of blood.

"I came a long, long way to be here," he once said when I asked him about his life before the one we shared. "As far as I could get from a place where people—where my own brothers—jumped headlong into such terrible fighting that no one could see a thing through that **bedlam**. And for what? Over what?" He shook his head. "Over nothing worth the fight. So I refused to be one of them. And here I am. And here I'll stay."

While I waited for Osh to bring our porridge to the table, I tried to think of another name that suited me well, but I came up with nothing better than Crow, which I already had.

And it pleased me that I was named for a bird that was smarter than most. Smarter, even, than some people. So different from the gulls and fish hawks that wheeled and dipped over the islands that I felt a certain kinship with the big, black birds that drifted over from the mainland like lost kites, tipping to and fro in the wind before settling noisily in Miss Maggie's hornbeam tree. They didn't seem to belong on the islands. And sometimes I felt like I didn't, either. But we were islanders, nonetheless, no matter what anyone else might think.

Osh called me other animal names from time to time. Cub. Kit. Mule when I was stubborn. Wren when I was good.

Now and then, he called me a mooncusser, too, because I liked to **scour** the shore at night for whatever the tide had brought in, but I did not **lure** the ships that wrecked off Cuttyhunk, and I was no thief afraid of being moonlit as I searched for lost treasure. I had never **cussed** the moon.

But for the most part, we didn't rely on names. If we were apart, we were far apart, beyond calling. If we were together, we talked the way people talk when there's no one else. Names didn't matter much.

Answer all the questions that follow using your own words, unless otherwise stated.

1. a) What time of day is the extract set in?

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(1 mark)

b) Using a quote from the text, provide evidence for this.

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(1 mark)

2. a) Identify the technique used in the quote, '...the fine spray veiling him in rainbows'.

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(1 mark)

b) Describe the image the writer is trying to create in this moment.

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(2 marks)

3. Re-read the description of the rescue of the dolphin in the paragraph which begins, 'Or the first time Osh let me...'

a) Select two **adjectives** from the paragraph which suggest the dolphin was in a state of distress.

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(2 marks)

b) Which two **verbs** from this paragraph suggest that the rescue was a difficult one for Crow?

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(2 marks)

4. Look at the paragraph, 'None of which had anything to do with calendars.'

a) What is the effect of this single line paragraph?

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(1 mark)

b) Why are calendars not important to the narrator and Osh's life?

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(2 marks)

5. Re-read the paragraph which begins, 'Still, I know I'd lived...'. What does her dream reveal about the kind of life the narrator leads? Give more than one detail.

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(2 marks)

6. In your own words explain why Osh chose the name Crow for the narrator.

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(2 marks)

7. Re-read the paragraph, 'That answer had always been enough before...'.

a) Which word is repeated in this paragraph?

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(1 mark)

b) Explain the effect of this repetition.

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(2 marks)

8. Select two **images** from the passage that describe the sound of Osh's language.

a) \_\_\_\_\_

b) \_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

9. Select 4 details from the passage that compare Crow's appearance to that of an actual crow.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(4 marks)

10. Apart from their appearance, how does Crow relate to actual crows? Use evidence from the text to explain your answer.

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\_\_\_\_\_

(4 marks)

11. What technique is being used in the sentence: 'The sound of the porridge *thwupping* into the crockery, the *tock* of the wooden spoon against the edge of the bowl, made me wonder who had named those things.'

\_\_\_\_\_

(1 mark)

12. a) What technique is being used in the sentence, 'I could feel my curiosity strengthening, as if it were part of my bones, keeping pace with them as I grew.'

\_\_\_\_\_

(1 mark)

b) Explain why the writer has used this technique here, explain the effect on the reader.

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\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

13. How did the other islanders feel towards Crow? Provide evidence from the passage to explain your answer.

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(2 marks)

14. What 3 things did Crow need to know?

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(3 marks)

15. Match the **synonyms** to the words as they are used in the passage. They have been underlined in the extract above.

scour	tempt
lure	search
cussed	swore
scabby	chaos
tugged	scruffy
bedlam	yanked

(6 marks)

16. Add one **comma** to the sentence below to make it clear that Osh has 3 names.

Osh was sometimes known as The Painter Daniel and Osh.

(1 mark)

17. Which option completes the sentence in the **past perfect**?

When Crow \_\_\_\_\_ the question, Osh answered.

had asked  
asking  
asks

(1 mark)

18. Which **word class** is the underlined word in the sentence below?

I sat up and rubbed sleep from my eyes.

adverb

verb

noun

pronoun

(1 mark)

19. Tick one box in each row to show whether the underlined noun is **singular** or **plural**.

Sentence	Singular	Plural
<u>Osh's</u> breakfast was porridge.		
<u>Crow's</u> features were different.		
Crow hardly ever visited the other <u>Islanders'</u> homes.		

(3 marks)





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**This is the End of the Examination**