

# **The English School**

## **Mid-Entry Examination 2018**

English – *Year 2*

Time Allowed: **1hour 15minutes**

### **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

### **Marks Allocated:**

Section A: Comprehension (20 marks)

Section B: Directed Writing (10 marks)

Section C: Composition (20 marks)

***Good Luck!***

## Section A: Comprehension

(20 marks)

Read the extract from the novel 'Skellig' and answer the questions which follow.

*The novel, is about ten-year-old Michael and his family—consisting of his mother, father, and a newborn baby who was born very early, is now sickly and might not survive—after they move into their new home on Falconer Road.*

*A little while after moving into the new house, Michael decides to take an adventure down to the garage on the property—which he's usually not allowed to go near because it is unsafe and his parents don't want him getting hurt. There, he finds what he first thinks is a creature, but resembles a man.*

I found him in the garage on a Sunday afternoon. It was the day after we moved into Falconer Road. The winter was ending. Mum had said we'd be moving just in time for the spring. Nobody else was there. Just me. The others were inside the house with Doctor Death, worrying about the baby.

He was lying there in the darkness behind the tea chests, in the dust and dirt. It was as if he'd been there forever. He was filthy and pale and dried out and I thought he was dead. I couldn't have been more wrong. I'd soon begin to see the truth about him, that there'd never been another creature like him in the world.

We called it the garage because that's what the estate agent, Mr Stone, called it. It was more like a demolition site or a rubbish dump or like one of those ancient warehouses they keep pulling down at the quay. Stone led us down the garden, **tugged** the door open and shone his little torch into the gloom. We shoved our heads in at the doorway with him.

'You have to see it with your mind's eye,' he said. 'See it cleaned, with new doors and the roof repaired. See it as a wonderful two-car garage.'

He looked at me with a stupid grin on his face.

'Or something for you, lad – a hideaway for you and your mates. What about that, eh?'

I looked away. I didn't want anything to do with him. All the way round the house it had been the same. Just see it in your mind's eye. Just imagine what could be done. All the way round I kept thinking of the old man, Ernie Myers, that had lived here on his own for years. He'd been dead nearly a week before they found him under the table in the kitchen. That's what I saw when Stone told us about seeing with the mind's eye. He even said it when we got to the dining room and there was an old cracked toilet sitting there in the corner behind a plywood screen. I just wanted him to shut up, but he whispered that towards the end Ernie couldn't manage the stairs. His bed was brought in here and a toilet was put in so everything was easy for him. Stone looked at me like he didn't think I should know about such things. I wanted to get out, to get back to our old house again, but Mum and Dad took it all in. They went on like it was going to be some big adventure. They bought the house. They started cleaning it and scrubbing it and painting it. Then the baby came too early. And here we were.

I nearly got into the garage that Sunday morning. I took my own torch and shone it in. The outside doors to the back lane must have fallen off years ago and there were **dozens** of massive planks nailed across the entrance. The timbers holding the roof were rotten and the roof was **sagging in**. The bits of the floor you could see between the rubbish were full of cracks and holes. Heaps of water pipes and great boxes of rusty nails were scattered on the floor. Everything was covered in dust and spiders' webs.

I heard something scratching in one of the corners, and something **scuttling about**, then it all stopped and it was just dead quiet in there.

I stood daring myself to go in.

I was just going to slip inside when I heard Mum shouting at me.

'Michael! What you doing?'

She was at the back door.

'Didn't we tell you to wait till we're sure it's safe?'

I stepped back and looked at her.

'Well, didn't we?' she shouted.

'Yes,' I said.

'So keep out! All right?'

I shoved the door and it lurched half-shut on its single hinge.

'All right?' she yelled.

'All right.' I said. 'Yes. All right. All right.'

'Do you not think we've got more to worry about than stupid you getting crushed in a stupid garage?'

'Yes.'

Then I went back into the wilderness we called a garden and she went back to the flaming baby.

After a while, Mum shouted was I coming in for lunch and I said no, I was staying out in the garden. She brought me a sandwich and a can of Coke.

'It'll be great again when everything's sorted out,' she said.

I sat on a pile of bricks against the house wall. I ate the sandwich and drank the Coke. I thought of Random Road where we'd come from, and all my old mates like Leakey and Coot. They'd be up on the top field now, playing a match that'd last all day.

Then I heard the doorbell ringing, and heard Doctor Death coming in. I called him Doctor Death because his face was grey and there were black spots on his hands and he didn't know how to smile.

I finished the Coke, waited a minute, then I went down to the garage again. I didn't have time to dare myself or to stand there listening to the scratching. I switched the torch on, took a deep breath, and **tiptoed** straight inside.

Dust poured through the torch beam. Something scratched and scratched in a corner. I tiptoed further in and felt spider webs breaking on my brow. The floor was broken and crumbly. I opened a cupboard an inch, shone the torch in and saw a million woodlice scattering away. I peered down into a great stone jar and saw the bones of some little animal that had died in there. I moved so carefully. I was scared every moment that the whole thing was going to collapse. I knew they'd be yelling for me soon and I knew I'd better get out. I leaned across a heap of tea chests and shone the torch into the space behind and that's when I saw him.

I thought he was dead. He was sitting with his legs stretched out, and his head tipped back against the wall. He was covered in dust and webs like everything else and his face was thin and pale. Dead bluebottles were scattered on his hair and shoulders. I shone the torch on his white face and his black suit.

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

1. Think about the order in which each of these events happen in the text. Put 1 next to the first event which happens, then 2 etc.

Michael had a sandwich and a can of coke in the garden.		Michael's mum and dad bought the new house.	
Michael thought about his old friends.		Michael explored the garage, but his mum told him to get out of it.	
Mr Stone shows Michael and his parents around the house.		Michael discovered someone in the garage.	
Michael's mum had another baby.		We find out that Ernie Myers had lived in the house before.	

(4 marks)

2. List four things you learn about the new house from this extract:

A \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

B \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

C \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

D \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(4 marks)

3. Why is the doctor referred to as Doctor Death?

\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

4. 'He was filthy and pale and dried out and...'

Why does the author repeat the word 'and'? What is the effect of this?

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(2 marks)

5. Match the words/phrases from the passage (on the left) with their meaning (on the right), as they are used in the passage. The words are in bold in the text.

Tugged	bending
dozens	crept
sagging in	rushing
scuttling about	lots
tiptoed	pulled

(5 marks)

6. Describe the garage using your own words. Make sure you include at least three details in your description.

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(3 marks)





## Section C: Composition

(20 marks)

Choose **ONE** of the following questions and write about 250-350 words. Remember the importance of vocabulary, expression, accuracy, linking words, punctuation, paragraphing, planning and content.

EITHER

Narrative

1. Write a story where there is an encounter (meeting) between a child and a mysterious creature.

- Use narrative techniques to develop the story
- Use a wide range of vocabulary and sentence types

OR

Descriptive

2. Imagine you have just moved into a house and decide to explore the attic (roof space). Describe the space.

- Use a wide range of descriptive language-adjectives, adverbs, imagery
- Refer to the senses for detail (e.g. sounds/sights/smells)



Question Number:

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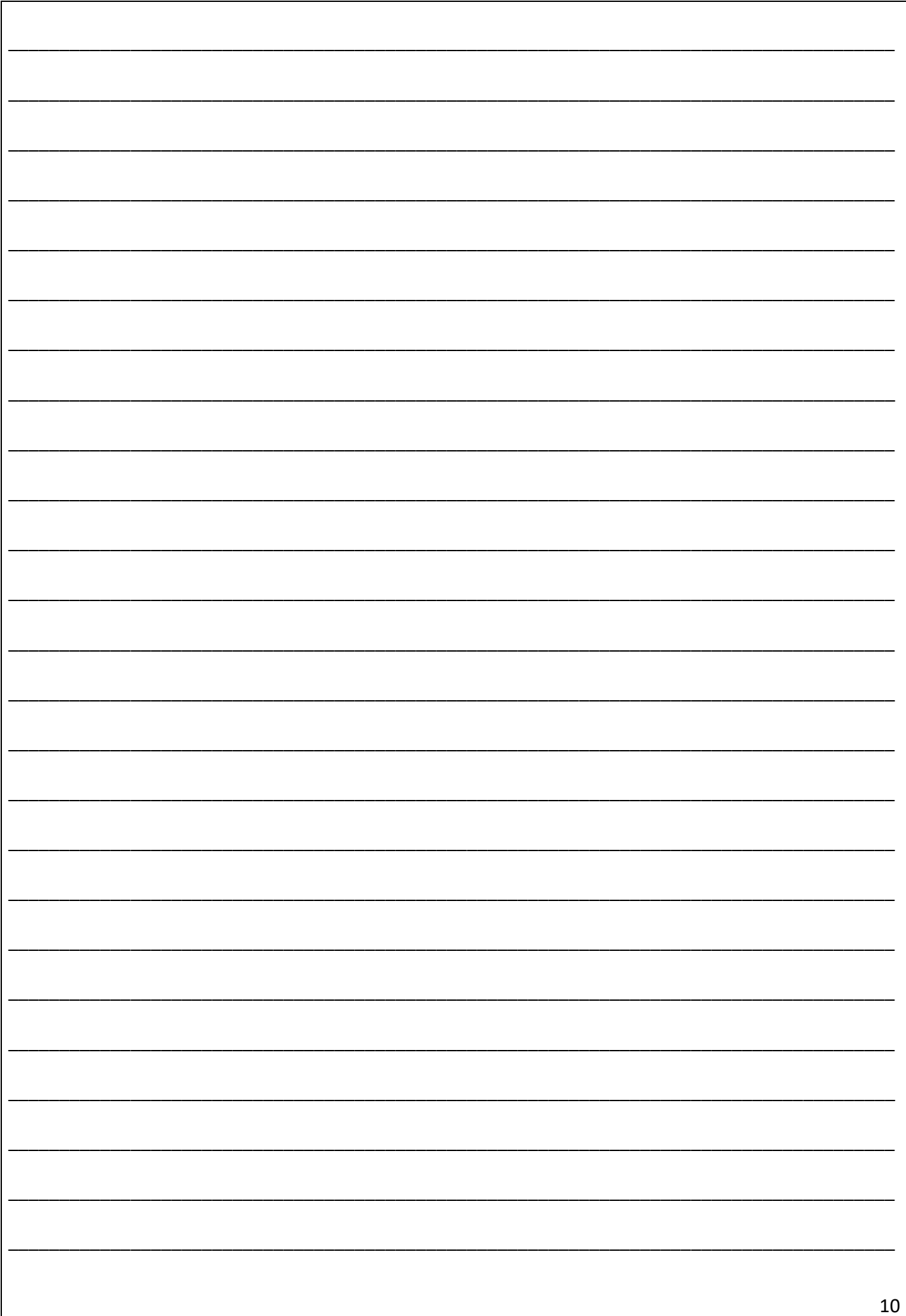
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- *This is the end of the Examination* -