BROMSGROVE SCHOOL

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION PAPERS

YEAR 9

ENGLISH

Student’s Name: ________________________________

BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE

Date Test Taken: ________________________________

Students Date of Birth: _________________________

June 2013
SECTION A

Not a day’s tramp from Ballarat, set well back from a dusty track that started nowhere in particular and had no destination worth mentioning, stood the Shamrock Hotel. It was a low, rambling, disjointed structure, and bore strong evidence of having been designed by an amateur artist in a moment of drunken frenzy. It reached out in several well-defined angles, and had a lean-to building stuck on here and there; numerous outhouses were dropped down about it at random; its walls were propped up in places with logs, and its moss-coloured shingle roof, bowed down with the weight of years and a great accumulation of stones, hoop-iron, jam-tins, broken glassware, and dried possum skins, bulged threateningly on the verge of utter collapse. The Shamrock was built of sun-dried bricks, of an unhealthy, bilious tint. Its dirty, shattered windows were plugged in places with old hats and discarded female apparel, and draped with green blinds, many of which had broken their moorings, and hung despondently by one corner. Groups of ungainly fowl chased succulent grasshoppers before the bar door; a moody, distempered goat rubbed her ribs against a shattered trough roughly hewn from the butt of a tree, and a matronly old bitch of spare proportions wallowed complacently in the dust of the road, surrounded by her yelping brood. Landlord Doyle was of Irish extraction; his stock was so old that everyone had forgotten where and when it originated; but Mickey assumed no unnecessary style, and his personal appearance would not have led you to infer that there had been a king in his family, and that an ancestor of his had once killed a landlord. Micky was a small, scraggy man, with a mop of grizzled hair and a little, red, humorous face, ever bristling with auburn stubble. His trousers were the most striking thing about him; they were built on the premises, and always contained enough stuff to make him a full suit and a winter overcoat. Mrs Doyle manufactured those pants after plans and specifications of her own designing, and was mighty proud when Michael would yank them up into his armpits, and amble around, peering about discontentedly over the waistband. ‘They were a great saving in waistcoats,’ she said.

a) Replace the following words and phrases with a word or phrase of your own:

- rambling (line 3)
- bilious (line 11)
- apparel (line 12)
- despondently (line 13)
- succulent (line 14)
- distempered (line 15)
- complacently (line 17)
- his stock was so old (line 18)
- assumed no unnecessary style (line 19-20)
- infer (line 20)
b) Write two paragraphs about this passage saying whether you think it is effective or not, and explaining why you hold this opinion. Look very closely at the language of the extract in your answer. You should quote examples from the text to support your arguments.

SECTION B

Spend about twenty minutes on ONE of the following:

a) Think of a book you have read in which the author creates a different world. Write about how the author has created this world and what makes it so believable.

b) Imagine you could go back in time to a particular historical event. Describe that event from the point of view of someone who was there. Your character can be made up but the event must be real.