



SI Entry Test for admission into 3^{ème}

NAME: _____

CLASS: _____ ENGLISH TEACHER: _____

Time: 2 hours (1 hour for each question)

Marks: Section A (20) + Section B (20) = 40 marks

Instructions

- Use black or blue ink only
- Answer both Section A and Section B. For Section B, **you have a choice of two questions – answer the poetry OR the prose, NOT both**
- Answer the questions in the space provided – you should be able to use most of the lined space given for your longer answers, in particular.

Information

- The **quality** of your writing will be taken into account in all your responses. This includes your **clarity of expression**, the **structure and presentation** of ideas and **grammar, punctuation and spelling**.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before responding
- **Keep an eye on the time**
- Check your answers if you have time at the end
- Dictionaries may not be used in this test

SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

Waris is a young girl, living with her family in the desert in Somalia, in Africa. She decides to run away because her father arranges a marriage for her with a very old man.

Running Away



A slight sound awoke me, and when I opened my eyes, I was staring into the face of a lion. Riveted awake, my eyes stretched wide – very wide – as if to expand enough to contain the animal in front of me. I tried to stand up, but I hadn't eaten for several days, so my weak legs wobbled and folded beneath me. Collapsing, I slumped back against the tree where I had been resting, sheltered from the African desert sun that becomes so merciless at noon. I quietly leaned my head back, closed my eyes, and felt the rough bark of the tree pressing into my skull. The lion was so near I could smell his musty scent in the hot air. I spoke to God: "It's the end for me, my God. Please take me now." 5

My long journey across the desert had come to an end. I had no protection, no weapon. Nor the strength to run. I knew I couldn't beat the lion up the tree, because with their strong claws, lions are excellent climbers. By the time I got half way up – BOOM – one swipe and I'd be gone. Without any fear, I opened my eyes again and said to the lion, "Come and get me. I'm ready for you." 10

He was a beautiful male with a mane of golden hair and a long tail switching back and forth to flick the flies away. He was five or six years old, young and healthy. I knew he could crush me instantly; he was the king. All my life I'd watched those paws take down wildebeest and zebras weighing hundreds of pounds more than me. 15

The lion stared at me and slowly blinked his honey-coloured eyes. My brown eyes stared back, locked on his. "Go on. Take me now." He looked at me again, then looked away. He licked his lips and sat down on his haunches¹. Then the lion rose and paced back and forth in front of me elegantly. Finally, he turned ... 20

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This nightmare journey began because I was running away from my father. I was about thirteen at the time and living with my family in the Somalian desert, when my father announced he had arranged my marriage to an old man. While my father and the rest of the family were still sleeping, my mother woke me and said, "Go now." Immediately I was jolted awake, then flooded with the sick sensation of what I had to do. 25

I shivered and walked away from our hut with my mother. In the gloomy light I struggled to see her face, trying to memorise its features, because I wouldn't see that face again for a long time. I had planned to be strong, but instead choked on my tears and hugged her hard. "Go – go before he wakes up," she said softly into my ear. I felt her arms tighten around me. "You just be very careful. Careful!" I ran off into the black desert night. 30

By midday I'd travelled deep into the red sand, and deep into my own thoughts. Where on earth was I going? The landscape stretched on to eternity, the sand broken only by a thorn tree; I could see for miles and miles. Hungry, thirsty and tired, I slowed down and walked. What was going to happen next? 35

As I pondered this question, I thought I heard a voice: "W-A-R-I-S ... W-A-R-I-S" My father was calling me! I was not hearing things; it was my father, and he was getting closer. He'd tracked me down by following my footprints through the sand. Suddenly I looked back and saw him coming over the hill behind me. He'd spotted me too. Terrified I ran faster. And faster. It was as if we were surfing waves of sand; I flew up one hill and he glided down the one behind me. On and on we continued for hours. 40

My heart pounding, finally I stopped, hiding behind a bush, and looked around. Nothing. I listened closely. No sound. Papa, I reasoned, had turned around to try to make it back home, because now the sun was setting. He'd have to run back through the darkness, listening for the night-time sounds of our family, tracing his path by the voices of children screaming, laughing, the animal noises of the herds mooing, bleating. The wind carries sounds great distances across the desert, so these noises acted as a lighthouse when we were lost in the night. 45

I kept running until the sun set, the light was gone, and the night was so black I couldn't see. In the morning, the sun burning my face woke me. I got up and continued to run; for days I managed to keep it up. How many days? I'm not sure. All I know is that for me, there was no time; there was only hunger, thirst, fear, pain. At midday when the sun was at its hottest, I would sit under a tree and rest. 50

It was during one of these rests that I fell asleep and the lion woke me ... By this point I no longer cared about my freedom; I just wanted to go back home to Mama. 55

Glossary

¹– *haunches* – the hind parts of an animal



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1 How old is the lion in the passage?

.....

(Total for Question 1 = 1 mark)

2 Look again at lines 1 to 21.

Give **three** words or phrases that the writer uses to show how dangerous the lion could be.

1

.....

2

.....

3

.....

(Total for Question 2 = 3 marks)



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3 In your own words, explain what we learn about the writer's mother.

Ruled writing area for question 3.

(Total for Question 3 = 4 marks)



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4 How does the writer try to create tension in this passage?

In your answer you should write about:

- the descriptions of the desert
- the writer's own thoughts and feelings
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

(12)

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(Total for Question 4 = 12 marks)

TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



SECTION B

Answer EITHER Question 1 OR Question 2.

1 Read the following poem.

One Art

The art of losing isn't hard to master;
so many things seem filled with the intent
to be lost that their loss is no disaster.

Lose something every day. Accept the fluster
of lost door keys, the hour badly spent.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

Then practice* losing farther, losing faster:
places, and names, and where it was you meant
to travel. None of these will bring disaster.

I lost my mother's watch. And look! my last, or
next-to-last, of three loved houses went.
The art of losing isn't hard to master.

I lost two cities, lovely ones. And, vaster,
some realms I owned, two rivers, a continent.
I miss them, but it wasn't a disaster.

– Even losing you (the joking voice, a gesture
I love) I shan't have lied. It's evident
the art of losing's not too hard to master
though it may look like (*Write it!*) like disaster.

Elizabeth Bishop

**practice* – Please note the American spelling. English spelling: *practise*

How does the writer deal with the subject of loss in this poem?

In your answer you should consider:

- the poet's descriptive skills
- the poet's choice of language
- the poet's use of structure and form.

Support your answer with examples from the poem.

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

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OR

2 Read the following extract from *A Kestrel for a Knave* by Barry Hines.

In this extract, Billy has lost his pet bird of prey, a kestrel called Kes. Billy is out at night and in the woods, desperately trying to find the bird.

He [Billy] blundered on, shouting into the darkness, stumbling and falling on all fours, resting a moment with head down like a tired animal, then scrambling up and on again. He came out of the undergrowth into the heart of the wood, where there was more space between the trees, and each space was as damp and dark as a cellar. The leaf mould gave beneath his tread, and where the leaves had been gathered in hollows and at the bottom of slopes by the Autumn winds, his feet disappeared completely; sinking, high stepping, slow motion skating when his legs got tired, and stopping when the drifts reached up to his knees. When he stopped he called, and waited, but the only sounds were the echo of his voice and the rain.

The rain, millions of drops per second, some falling between the branches, some hitting the branches, where they fused and gathered underneath as heavier drops, until their weight parted them from the branches – splash – into the rotting mould. To be replaced by identical pendant drops. All over the woods, from millions of branches, millions of drops per second, pat pat pat against the background hiss of the rain falling straight through.

“Kes! Kes! Kes!”

The one syllable of the call was echoed in the pat of the drops: a whisper all through the woods as Billy progressed. Dying under each fresh call, but picking it up immediately, more subtle, more insistent than the call itself. He brushed against an oak sapling, still thick with dead leaves. They rattled like snakes, making him veer away, anywhere, running, calling, tripping and falling over stumps and branches clogged down under matted grass. He hit the path again, crossed into the other side of the wood and back-tracked, coming out at the stile where he had first entered.

Barry Hines

Explain how the writer shows Billy’s desperate search for Kes in this extract.

In your answer you should consider:

- the writer’s descriptive skills
- the writer’s choice of language
- the writer’s use of structure and form.

Support your answer with examples from the extract.

(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)



Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number: **Question 1** **Question 2**

Ruled writing area consisting of 20 horizontal lines for providing answers.

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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(Section A continued)

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS

