

# **The English School**

## **Entrance Examination 2018**

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: Comprehension and Usage (50 marks): 35 minutes

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

Section C: Composition (35 marks): 25 minutes

***Good Luck!***

The following extract is the opening chapter to the novel 'A Monster Calls' by Patrick Ness, which features a thirteen-year-old boy called Conor O'Malley, who struggles to cope with the consequences of his mother's terminal cancer; he is repeatedly visited in the middle of the night by a monster who tells him stories.

## A Monster Calls



The Monster showed up just after midnight. As they do.

Conor was awake when it came.

He'd had a nightmare. Well, not *a* nightmare. *The* nightmare. The one he'd been having a lot lately. The one with the darkness and the wind and the screaming. The one with the hands slipping from his grasp, no matter how hard he tried to hold on. The one that always ended with –

“Go away,” Conor whispered into the darkness of his bedroom, trying to push the nightmare back, not let it follow him into the world of waking. “Go away now.”

He glanced over at the clock his mum had put on his bedside table. 12.07. Seven minutes past midnight. Which was late for a school night, late for a Sunday, certainly.

He'd told no one about the nightmare. Not his mum, obviously, but no one else either, not his dad in their fortnightly (or so) phone call, *definitely* not his grandma, and no one at school. Absolutely not.

What happened in the nightmare was something no one else ever needed to know.

Conor blinked groggily at his room, then he frowned. There was something he was missing. He sat up in his bed, waking a bit more. The nightmare was slipping from him, but there was something he couldn't put his finger on, something different, something –

He listened, straining against the silence, but all he could hear was the quiet house around him, the occasional tick from the empty downstairs or a rustle of bedding from his mum's room next door.

Nothing.

And then something. Something he realized was the thing that had woken him.

Someone was calling his name.

*Conor.*

He felt the rush of panic, his guts twisting. Had it followed him? Had it somehow stepped out of the nightmare and -?

"Don't be stupid," he told himself. "You're too old for monsters."

And he was. He'd turned thirteen just last month. Monsters were for babies. Monsters were for bed-wetters. Monsters were for -

*Conor.*

All tight, it wasn't the wind. It was definitely a voice, but not one that he recognized. It wasn't his mother's, that was for sure. It wasn't a woman's voice at all, and he wondered for a crazy moment if his dad had somehow made a surprise trip from America and arrived too late to phone and -

*Conor.*

No. Not his dad. This voice had a quality to it, and *monstrous* quality, wild and untamed.

Then he heard a heavy creak of wood outside, as if something gigantic was stepping across a timber floor.

He didn't want to go and look. But at the same time, a part of him wanted to look more than anything.

Wide awake now, he pushed back the covers, got out of bed, and went over to the window. In the pale half-light of the moon, he could clearly see the church tower up on the small hill behind his house, the one with the train tracks curving beside it, two hard steel lines glowing dully in the night. The moon shone, too, on the graveyard attached to the church, filled with tombstones you could hardly read any more.

Conor could also see the great yew tree that rose from the centre of the graveyard, a tree so ancient it almost seemed to be made of the same stone as the church. He only knew it was a yew because his mother had told him, first when he was little to make sure he didn't eat

the berries, which were poisonous, and again this past year, when she'd started staring out of their kitchen window with a funny look on her face saying, "That's a yew tree, you know."

And then he heard his name again.

*Conor.*

Like it was being whispered in both his ears.

"*What?*" Conor said, his hear thumping, suddenly impatient for whatever was going to happen.

A cloud moved in front of the moon, covering the whole landscape in the darkness, and a *whoosh* of wind rushed down the hill and into his room, billowing the curtains. He heard the creaking and cracking of wood again, groaning like a living thing, like the hungry stomach of the world growling for a meal.

Then the cloud passed, and the moon shone again.

On the yew tree.

Which now stood firmly in the middle of his back garden.

And here was the monster.

As Conor watched, the uppermost branches of the tree gathered themselves into a great and terrible face, shimmering into a mouth and nose and even eyes, peering back at him. Other branches twisted around one another, always creaking, always groaning, until they formed two long arms and a second leg to set down beside the main trunk. The rest of the tree gathered itself into a spine and then a torso, the thin, needle-like leaves weaving together to make a green, furry skin that moved and breathed as if there were muscles and lungs underneath.

Already taller than Conor's window, the monster grew wider as it brought itself together, filling out to a powerful shape, one that looked somehow strong, somehow *mighty*. It stared at Conor the whole time, and he could hear the loud, windy breathing from its mouth. It set its giant hands of either side of his window, lowering its head until its huge eyes filled the frame, holding Conor with its glare. Conor's house gave a little moan under its weight.

And then the monster spoke.

*Conor O'Malley*, it said, a huge gust of warm, compost-smelling breath rushing through Conor's window, blowing his hair back. Its voice rumbled low and loud, with a vibration so deep Conor could feel it in his chest.

*I have come to get you, Conor O'Malley,* the monster said, pushing against the house, shaking the pictures off Conor's wall, sending books and electronic gadgets and an old stuffed toy rhino tumbling to the floor.

A monster, Conor thought. A real, honest-to-goodness monster. In real, walking life. Not in a dream, but here, at his window.

Come to get him.

But Conor didn't run.

In fact, he found he wasn't even frightened.

All he could feel, all he *had* felt since the monster revealed itself, was a growing disappointment.

Because this wasn't the monster he was expecting.

"So come and get me then," he said.  
A strange quiet fell.

*What did you say?* the monster asked.

Conor crossed his arms. "I said, come and get me then."

The monster paused for a moment, and then with a *roar* it pounded two fists against the house. Conor's ceiling buckled under the blows and huge cracks appeared in the walls. Wind filled the room, the air thundering with the monster's angry bellows.

"Should all you want," Conor shrugged, barely raising his voice. "I've seen worse."

The monster roared even louder and smashed an arm through Conor's window, shattering glass and wood and brick. A huge, twisted, branch-wound hand grabbed Conor around the middle and lifted him off the floor. It swung him out of his room and into the night, high above his back garden, holding him up against the circle of the moon, its fingers clenching so hard against Conor's ribs he could barely breathe. Conor could see raggedy teeth made of hard knotted wood in the monster's open mouth, and he felt warm breath rushing up towards him.

Then the monster paused again.

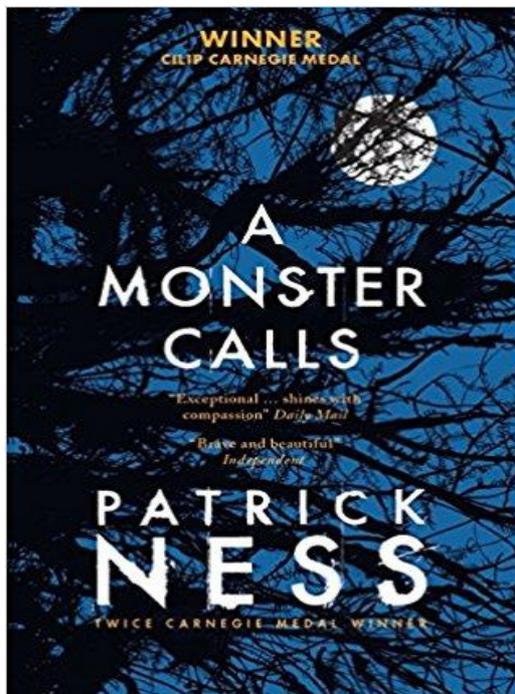
*You really aren't afraid, are you?*

"No," Conor said. "Not of you, anyway."

The monster narrowed its eyes.

*You will be, it said. Before the end.*

And the last thing Conor remembered was the monster's mouth roaring open to eat him alive.



**Section A: Comprehension and Usage**

**(50 marks)**

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

1. What time of night is the extract set in?

\_\_\_\_\_

**(1 mark)**

2. What atmosphere does this time of night create?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**(1 mark)**

3. Reread the paragraph beginning *'He'd had a nightmare...'*

a) Which word/noun is repeated a number of times?

\_\_\_\_\_

**(1 mark)**

b) What is the effect of this repetition?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**(2 marks)**

4. What punctuation mark at the end of this paragraph withholds information from the reader?

\_\_\_\_\_

**(1 mark)**

5. What does the quote *'Whatever happened in the nightmare was something no one else ever needed to know.'* tell us about Conor?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**(2 marks)**

6. Using a quote from the text, describe the kind of relationship Conor has with:

a) his mother

Quote:

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**(1 mark)**

Relationship:

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**(2 marks)**

b) his father

Quote:

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**(1 mark)**

Relationship:

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**(2 marks)**

c) his grandmother

Quote:

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**(1 mark)**

Relationship:

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**(2 marks)**

7. Match the definition, on the left, with the correct term, on the right.

An action word e.g. Conor *ran* home

adverb

A word to describe a noun e.g. The *tall* house.

adjective

A word to describe a verb e.g. Conor ran *quickly*.

verb

**(3 marks)**

8. Underline **two verbs** the writer uses to convey a sense of Conor's panic from these sentences (one in each sentence):

*'He felt a rush of panic, his guts twisting.'*

*'There it was again. Conor swallowed.'*

(4 marks)

10. Which of the **five senses** is being used when the narrator describes the 'curtains shushing each other' and 'a heavy creak of wood outside'?

\_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

13. Quote an example of **personification** from the paragraph beginning '*A cloud...*' and explain its effect.

Quote

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

Explanation

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(3 marks)

14. What effect does the **repetition** of *Conor*, throughout the extract, have on the reader?

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

(2 marks)

15. Describe the monster in a couple of sentences (using your own words).

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(5 marks)

16. What two details make you think Conor is not scared of the monster?

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(4 marks)

17. How does the monster feel about Conor not being scared of him? Use a quote from the text in your explanation.

Quote

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(1 mark)

Explanation

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(2 marks)

18. Circle five of the adjectives below to describe the atmosphere created in the opening of this novel.

fearsome    chilling    disturbing    serene    still    warm  
                  perturbing                    candescent                    heavy    monstrous

(5 marks)

**Section B: Directed Writing**

**(15 marks)**

Imagine you are the monster. Write your thoughts after you visit Conor for the first time.

In your response, you should consider:

- how Conor reacted to you
- what reaction you were expecting from him
- what you will do next time you meet him in order to make sure you get the reaction you want from him.

There are **10 marks** available for the **ideas** in your answer and **5 marks** available for your writing.

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## Section C: 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 begins:

**'Standing on bank of the river, the dark clouds gathering above me, I could see something shining on the surface of the water...'**

**OR**

2. **Discuss** the topic below considering a variety of arguments, making sure you develop your ideas in a clear and logical manner.

**'Teamwork makes us better.'**



**OR**

3. Imagine you step off a bus and find yourself on a different planet. **Describe** what you see, making sure you focus on providing as much descriptive detail as possible.



