

The English School

Mid-Entry Examination 2018

English – *Year 3*

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 B: Comprehension

(20 marks)

“The Woman in Black” is a ghost story by Susan Hill, in which Arthur Kipps relates his haunting experiences at Eel Marsh House.

In his story, a young Arthur Kipps, a junior solicitor, is sent to settle the affairs of Alice Drablow. He sees a woman dressed in black at her funeral, though apparently no one else does. At Eel Marsh House, Arthur is haunted by noises and sightings of the woman.

For the combination of the peculiar, isolated place and the sudden appearance of the woman and the dreadfulness of her expression began to fill me with fear. Indeed, I had never in my life been so possessed by it, never known my knees to tremble and my flesh to creep, and then to turn cold as stone, never known my heart to give a great **lurch**, as if it would almost leap up into my dry mouth and then begin **pounding** in my chest like a hammer on an anvil, never known myself gripped and held fast by such dread and horror and apprehension of evil. It was as though I had become paralysed. I could not bear to stay there, for fear, not had I any strength left in my body to turn and run away, and I was as certain as I had ever been of anything that at any second, I would drop dead on that wretched patch of ground.

It was the woman who moved. She slipped behind the gravestone and, keeping close to the shadow of the wall, went through one of the broken gaps and out of sight.

The very second that she had gone, my nerve and the power of speech and movement, my very sense of life itself, came flooding back through me, my head cleared and, all at once, I was angry, yes, angry with her for the emotion she had aroused in me, for causing me to experience such fear, and the anger led at once to determination, to follow her and stop her, and then to ask some questions and receive proper replies, to get to the bottom of it all.

I ran quickly and lightly over the short stretch of rough grass between the graves towards the gap in the wall, and came out almost on the edge of the estuary. At my feet, the grass gave way within a yard or two to sand, then shallow water. All around me the marshes and the flat salt dunes stretched away until they merged with the rising tide. I could see for miles. There was no sign at all of the woman in black, nor any place in which she could have concealed herself.

Who she was – or what – and how she had **vanished**, such questions I did not ask myself. I tried not to think about the matter at all but, with the very last of the energy that I could already feel draining out of me rapidly, I turned and began to run, to flee from the graveyard and the ruins and to put the woman at as great a distance behind as I possible could. I concentrated everything upon my running, hearing only the thud of my own body on the grass, the escape of my own breath. And I did not look back.

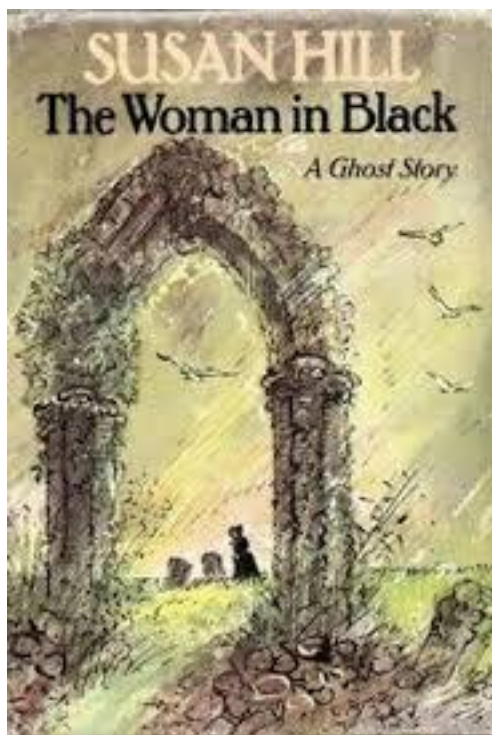
By the time I reached the house again I was in a lather of sweat, from exertion and from the extremes of my emotions, and as I **fumbled** with the key my hand shook, so that I dropped it twice upon the step before managing at last to open the front door. Once inside, I slammed it shut behind me. The noise of it **boomed** through the house but, when the last reverberation had faded away, the place seemed to settle back into itself again and there was a great, **seething** silence. For a long time, I did not move from the dark, wood-panelled hall. I wanted company, and I had none, lights and warmth and a strong drink inside me, I needed reassurance. But, more than anything else I needed an explanation. It is remarkable how powerful a force simply curiosity can be. I had never realized that before now. In spite of my intense fear and sense of shock, I was **consumed** with the desire to find out exactly who it was that I had seen, and how, I could not rest until I had settled the business, for all that, while out there, I had not dared stay and make any investigations.

I did not believe in ghosts. Or rather, until this day, I had not done so, and whatever stories I had heard of them I had, like most rational, sensible young men, dismissed as nothing more than stories indeed. That certain people claimed to have a stronger than normal intuition of such things and that certain old places were said to be haunted, of course I was aware, but I would have been loathed to admit that there could possibly be anything in it, even if presented with any evidence. And I had never had any evidence. It was remarkable, I had always thought, that ghostly apparitions and similar strange occurrences always seemed to be experienced at several removes, by someone who had known someone who had heard of it from someone they knew!

But out on the marshes just now, in the peculiar, fading light and desolation of that burial ground, I had seen a woman whose form was quite substantial and yet in some essential respect also, I had no doubt, ghostly. She had a ghostly pallor and a dreadful expression, she wore clothes that were out of keeping with the styles of the present-day; she had kept her distance from me and she had not spoken. Something emanating from her still, silent presence, in each case by a grave, had communicated itself to me so strongly that I had felt indescribable repulsion and fear. And she had appeared and then vanished in a way that surely no real, living, fleshly human being could possibly manage to do. And yet...she had not looked in any way – as I imagined the traditional ‘ghost’ was supposed to do – transparent or vaporous, she had been real, she had been there, I had seen her quite clearly, I was certain that I could have gone up to her, addressed her, touched her.

I do not believe in ghosts.

What other explanation was there?



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

1. Use one word of your own, to describe the way the narrator feels in the opening paragraph of the extract.

(1 mark)

2. Identify the technique used in the quote: ‘...never known my knees to tremble and my flesh to creep, and then to turn cold as stone...’ (line 3):

(1 mark)

Explain why the writer has used this technique and its effect on the reader:

(2 marks)

3. “...as I fumbled with the key my hand shook, so that I dropped it twice upon the step...” (line 32)

What is the effect of the word ‘fumbled’ in this quote? What does it tell us about the way the narrator is feeling?

(2 marks)

4. Re-read the paragraph beginning “But now on the marshes...” (line 52-61). In your own words explain what the woman looks like.

(3 marks)

5. Re-read the sentence beginning “And yet... she had not looked –” (line 58-61). What do you observe about the syntax (sentence structure) here? What does this tell us about Kipps’ state of mind at this point in the extract?

(3 marks)

6. What is the impact of the rhetorical question at the end of this passage (line 65)?

(1 mark)

7. Match the following words (in bold in the extract) to the synonyms provided.

lurch	roared
pounding	disappeared
vanished	beating
boomed	move uncontrollably
consumed	take over
fumbled	bubbling
seething	rummaged

(7 marks)

Section B: Directed Writing

(10 marks)

Imagine you are Arthur Kripps. Write your thoughts and feelings as you see the woman in black.

- describe her and what you notice
- describe how you feel about the whole situation

A large rectangular area with a thin black border, containing 25 evenly spaced horizontal lines for writing.

Section C: Composition

(20 marks)

Choose **ONE** of the following questions and write about 300-350 words. Remember the importance of vocabulary, expression, accuracy, linking words, punctuation, paragraphing, planning and content.

EITHER

Narrative

1. Write an extract from a ghost story in which the protagonist (main character) encounters a ghost or an unusual presence.

- Use narrative techniques to develop the story
- Use a wide range of vocabulary and sentence types
- Develop your narrative towards a suitable ending

OR

Descriptive

2. Imagine you are about to enter an abandoned building. Describe the place, remembering to provide your reader with detail. You should NOT write a story.

- Give a vivid description of your experience
- Use a wide range of descriptive language-adjectives, adverbs, imagery
- Refer to the senses for detail (e.g. sound, smell, touch etc.)

