

Edmund Hooper has recently moved in to the family home where his father Joseph Hooper had been brought up as a child. Edmund's grandfather had been a serious collector of butterflies and moths which were kept in the Red Room.

'You had better not go into the Red Room without asking me. I shall keep the key in here.'

'I wouldn't do any harm there, why can't I go?'

5 'Well - there are a good many valuable things. That is all. Really.' Joseph Hooper sighed, sitting at his desk, in the room facing the long lawn. 'And - I cannot think that it will be a room to interest you much.'

For the time being, the house was to be kept as it was, until he could decide which of the furniture to be rid of, which of their own to bring.

10 He moved his hands uneasily about over the papers on his desk, oppressed by them, uncertain where he should begin.

'Can I have the key now, then?'

'May...'

'O.K.'

'The key for the Red Room?'

15 'Yes.'

'Well...'

20 Mr Joseph Hooper moved his hand towards the small, left side drawer in the desk. But then, said, 'No. No, you had really much better be playing cricket in the sun, Edmund. You have been shown everything there is in the Red Room.'

'There's nobody to play cricket with.'

'Ah, well now, I shall soon be doing something about that, you shall have your friend.'

'Anyway, I don't like cricket.'

25 'Edmund, you will not be difficult please, I have a good deal to do, I cannot waste time in foolish arguments.'

Edmund went out, wishing he had said nothing. He wanted nothing to be done, nobody should come here.

But he knew where to find the key.

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The house, which was called Warings, had been built by Edmund's great-grandfather.

35 Warings was ugly. It was entirely graceless, rather tall and badly angled, built of dark red brick. At the front, and on both sides, there was the



lawn, sloping downwards to a gravelled drive. At the back of the house, bunched between the yew trees, were the great bushes of rhododendron. The yew trees had stood here before the house, Warings, had been built around them, for Grandfather Hooper had admired their solidity and  
 40 denseness, the fact that they grew so slowly and were the longest lived of all trees.

Inside the house, everything was predictable, the high-ceilinged rooms, with heavy, sashed windows, the oak wall panelling and the oak doors, and  
 45 the oak staircase, the massive furniture. Little had been changed since the beginning.

Joseph Hooper had spent that part of his childhood before school, and between terms, in this house, and he did not like it, he had unhappy  
 50 memories of Warings. Yet now, at the age of fifty one, he admitted that he was a Hooper, his father's son, and so he had come to admire the solidity and the gloom. He thought, it is a prepossessing house.

55 Edmund's room, high up at the back of the house, overlooked a copse<sup>1</sup>. He had chosen it. His father had said, "But look at all the others, so much larger and brighter. You had much better take the old playroom and have that to yourself."

When he woke, now, there was an enormous moon, so that at first, he  
 60 thought it was already dawn. He got out of bed. The moonlight, penetrating a thin space between two trees, caught the stream that ran through its centre, so that, now and then, as the branches stirred, there was a gleam of water. Edmund Hooper looked down. The night was very warm.

65 Outside, on his landing, there was no moonlight, and he felt his way in the dark, first on the carpeted upper staircase, and then, on the last two flights, on the bare, polished oak. He went forward quite deliberately, being sure of his way, and unafraid. There was no sound from the room where his father slept. The housekeeper came here during the day. She  
 70 did not like Warings. It is too dark, she said, it smells un-lived in, of old things, like a museum.

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<sup>1</sup> Small group of trees

Edmund crossed the wide hall, and here too, because it was the front of the house, no moonlight came. Behind him, the wood of the staircase settled back upon itself, after he had trodden it.

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At first, he could not decide which key it might be. There were three together in the left hand drawer. But one was longer, with a smudge of red paint across the rim. Red paint for the Red Room. Edmund stepped inside.

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It had been designed as a library, and there were still the glass cases, reaching from floor to ceiling, all around the room, filled with books. But nobody ever read, here. It was Grandfather Hooper who had started to make use of the Red Room. He had been a lepidopterist; he had filled it with glass showcases of moths and butterflies.

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'Grandfather Hooper was one of the most important collectors of his day,' Edmund's father had said, showing Edmund around. 'He was known and respected the world over. This collection is worth a great deal of money.'

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Though what use is it? Edmund's father thought. He hated it violently. He had been brought in here, afternoon upon afternoon, during the summers of his boyhood, led all about the room from cabinet to cabinet, he was lectured and instructed, he had been forced to watch as the insects were removed from their poison-fume bottles with tweezers, spread out and then down through their horny bodies on to the card.

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'This will all belong to you,' his father had said, 'you must learn the value of what you are to inherit.'

Joseph Hooper had not dared to rebel, he had gone back into the Red Room every holiday, feigning interest, acquiring knowledge, disguising his fear. Until, at last, he had grown older and found excuses for spending all of his holidays away from the house.

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He tried to salvage a little conscience by teaching his own boy. 'It is a splendid thing for a man to become world famous in that way,' he said.

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Edmund Hooper had gone about the Red Room, looking closely, saying nothing.

'I have seen you catching butterflies in jam jars and so on,' Joseph Hooper said, 'I daresay that is a sign of interest, I daresay that you will follow in his footsteps more than I ever did.'

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'The butterflies were just a craze last term. We caught larvae and watched them hatch. Nobody's interested now.'

He walked to the window and looked out onto the copse, swept by the first heavy rain of summer. He did not say whether the stiff moths, inside their glass cases, interested him or not.

115 'Why didn't you bring me here before?'  
'You came - you were brought here as a baby.'  
'That's years ago.'  
'Well - yes.'

120 'I suppose you quarrelled with grandfather then.'  
Joseph Hooper sighed. 'That is not the sort of thing to say, it is not something we need to be concerned with now.'  
But he understood, looking at Edmund, a little of how it had been with his own father, he felt the need to make some kind of reparation.

125 The small key that fitted all the glass cases was kept inside a Bible on one of the lower shelves.  
At first, Edmund walked up and down the room softly, looking at all the moths, laid out on white card, and at the labels beneath them. The names pleased him - Hawk Moths, Footmen Moths, Lutestring Moths. He read some of them out to himself, in a low voice. Moonlight came through the window, coldly, onto the glass.

130 Edmund stopped in front of a case at the far end of the room, beside the uncurtained window. He looked down at the flat, fragile shapes. He was fascinated by them, excited. He inserted the small key and lifted up the glass lid. It was very heavy and stiff from disuse. A puff of old, stale-smelling air came into his face.

135 The largest moth of all was in the centre of the case - 'Acheroptia atropos' - though he could only just make out the writing on the card, the ink had faded to a dark yellow in the sun. 'Death's Head Hawk Moth.'

140 He stretched out his hand, put his finger under the head of the pin and slid it up, out of the thick, striped body. At once, the whole moth, already years dead, disintegrated, collapsing into a soft, formless heap of dark dust.

DAME ALICE OWEN'S SCHOOL  
ENGLISH ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Time allowed: 1 Hour

Surname .....  
First Name(s) .....  
Registration No. ....

Read these instructions before you start:

1. Read the passage very carefully before you answer any of the questions.
2. It is up to you how long you spend on each section. However, we **suggest** you spend about **forty minutes** on reading the passage and answering the questions in Section A, and about **twenty minutes** on the imaginative writing in Section B.
3. A time check will be given 5 minutes before the end of the test.
4. Write clearly and accurately.
5. Dictionaries are NOT allowed.
6. You may use a pen or pencil for this paper.

Mark	Percentage

SECTION A

You will be assessed on the quality of your response to the reading in this section. Clear expression in your answers will be rewarded.

Answer ALL the questions

1. What is the name of the house?

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(1 mark)

2. Give 2 reasons that Joseph Hooper gives his son for not allowing him to go into the Red Room?

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(1 mark)

3. What line suggests that Edmund will be disobedient?

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(1 mark)

4. What do the following words mean as used in the passage?

Oppressed (line 10)

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Graceless (line 34)

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Prepossessing (line 52)

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Feigning (line 100)

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Reparation (line 124)

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(5 marks)

5. The writer says that Joseph Hooper had admired the "solidity and denseness" of the yew trees.

i. Explain what the writer means by this.

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ii. What is the importance of the yew trees in relation to the house and the family?

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(4 marks)

6. Choose 3 details which show Joseph Hooper's feelings about Warings. Explain what your choice of quotations reveals.

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(3 marks)

7. Look again at the line:

'He had chosen it' (line 55-56).

The writer has used a simple sentence. How does this show Edmund's character?

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(1 marks)

8. The housekeeper describes Warings in the following way:

"...it smells unlive d in, of old things like a museum,"

Explain what she is trying to say about the house?

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(1 mark)

9. Look at lines 86-103. How does the writer use language (words and sentences) to show Joseph Hooper's thoughts and feelings towards his father?

Use quotations to help you answer to the question.

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(4 marks)

10. Find two quotations where the writer describes the moonlight to create atmosphere. Explain the effect of the description.

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(2 marks)

11. Read the following sentence:

"At once, the whole moth, already dead, disintegrated, collapsing into a soft, formless heap of dark dust." (lines 141-143)

How has the writer used the moths and the Red Room to convey the family relationships? Use the sentence above and other quotations from the passage to help you to answer the question.

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(4 marks)

12. Give 3 quotations from any part of the passage which reveal Edmund's relationship with his father Joseph Hooper. Use the details you have chosen to explain their relationship.

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(3 marks)

(Total: 30 marks)

PLEASE CONTINUE TO SECTION B

SECTION B

Write about a special place that has had an impact on you. You might wish to write about:

- Positive memories of this place
- An important event that occurred there
- How you associate it with a particular person

You will be assessed on the quality of your writing in this section. Marks will be awarded for:

- A variety of sentences and punctuation
- Imaginative use of language and interesting vocabulary
- Accuracy in punctuation, spelling and use of paragraphs

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