



## 11+ ENGLISH SAMPLE PAPER

### INSTRUCTIONS

This paper is 45 minutes long.

Read the passage carefully. Then answer the questions that follow.

Pay close attention to how many marks are given for each answer.

Name:

Result:

Comment:

This extract comes from the final book in the best-selling 'Flambards' series by K M Peyton. The story from which this extract comes is set in 1919. The First World War is over and Christina marries Dick, who was once a servant at Flambards, a large country house. The local nobility refuse to accept the couple and look down on them.

Read the passage carefully and answer the questions that follow. Your answers should be written in full sentences. Please note that some of the harder words are explained at the end of the passage.

'We've eloped<sup>1</sup>,' Christina said to Aunt Grace. She had not meant to use the silly word, but it had got stuck in her head, and she was too befuddled with cold to catch it before it slipped out.

Aunt Grace, standing in her dressing-gown on her Battersea doorstep, was understandably astonished. She had last seen Christina five years ago, when the child had been twelve, and William when he was a baby. The Rolls-Royce, parked beside the kerb, was no less a source of wonder.

'Is that motor-car yours?' she said to William.

'I borrowed it,' William said apologetically.

'You've driven up from Flambards in it?'

'Yes.'

'You must be mad,' Aunt Grace said. 'And frozen to death. Come in, you silly children.'

It had been just past midnight when they had started out, skimming through the dark countryside, keyed up with love and excitement so that progress was like mythical flight, all fire and gold, the motor a chariot, and they immortal...but now dawn showed a streaked sky and the factory chimneys were putting out streamers of smoke, the only banners of welcome; the cobbles were grey and greasy, the brick houses dingy, pointed with soot. Christina did not want to look. Real life was taking over too fast as it was. She was so cold that the clammy,

gas-smelling embrace of Aunt Grace's hall was almost welcoming.

'The fires aren't lit yet, only in the kitchen. Go through, dear. It's nice and warm in there and I'll make you some breakfast.'

The shiny linoleum<sup>2</sup>, and the wallpaper with blue peacocks on it were completely familiar to Christina, as if she had never been away. William was right to have chosen Aunt Grace for refuge<sup>3</sup>. Although surprised, she was entirely practical. Her life was in order, her house clean and neat, her advice would be to the point. Christina had no doubt that they were going to receive much advice before they were through. She looked at William, and he smiled at her, as if he was not worried at all. He looked very odd, with a white clean patch round his eyes where the goggles had been, and the rest of his face all grimy. Christina went on looking at him, amazed by what they had done.

'Now tell me what this is all about,' Aunt Grace said. 'I hope you haven't been very silly. Sit by the fire there. Get thawed out. The kettle won't take a moment.'

She was at work already, laying cups and saucers on the scrubbed kitchen table. The kitchen was small, scrupulously tidy, and the range gave out a gorgeous warmth, burnishing the black-leading with a rosy **(50)** glow. The kettle purred over the bars. Christina curled herself over the heat, opening her coat so that the crystal beads on her ball-dress winked and glittered.

Five years ago she had lived in this house. The fire was an embrace, unlocking tiny set-pieces of memory: **(55)** crumpets in the sitting-room when she was twelve, flames lighting spark patterns on the soot of the chimney back, and herself trying to tell her own fortune in them. Ever since the age of five, when her parents had been killed, she had been anxious – understandably – as to what was to become of her, and had looked for her fortune in every teacup, and every fireback. She had received little comfort, shuttled from relative to relative,

before coming to Aunt Grace, where she would have happily stayed.

1. **Eloped:** to run away secretly to be married usually with parents' consent.
2. **Linoleum:** a hard, washable floor.
3. **Refuge:** a place where protection from danger can be found – a place of safety.

### **Questions**

1. Write three sentences describing what Aunt Grace is like. Include examples from the extract in your answer that show what you mean. **(5 marks)**
2. Why did William look odd? **(1 mark)**
3. Why was Aunt Grace's home familiar to Christina? **(2 marks)**
4. Why was William right to choose Aunt Grace's house for a refuge? **(3 marks)**
5. What impressions or feelings do you think the writer tries to create by writing:
  - a) the 'kettle purred' (line 51 – the number of the line is indicated ) **(2 marks)**
  - b) 'the fire was an embrace' (lines 54-55)? **(2 marks)**
- 6) Write a description of a place where you feel particularly at home. **(10 marks)**

**(Total marks for paper: 25 marks)**

**(Total 25 marks)**