



Cheadle Hulme School

SENIOR ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

Sample English Paper
50 Minutes

NAME IN FULL:

EXAMINATION NUMBER:

Read the following carefully:

1. You have **50 minutes** for this paper.
2. Your answers are to be written in this booklet.
3. Once you have been told to begin, you may **NOT** ask questions.
4. Work carefully and do as much as you can.

DO NOT TURN OVER UNTIL YOU ARE TOLD TO DO SO.

ENGLISH SEE PAPER JANUARY 2015

50 MINUTES

SECTION A: Reading Skills

Spend about **20 minutes** on this section.

Read carefully the passage which follows and then answer **all** the questions in the spaces provided.

It was one of those bitterly chill December days when all I wanted to do was get cosy by a roaring log fire and immerse myself in the latest popular novel, but Bonnie's repeated whimpering and plaintively upturned brown eyes were a nagging reminder that she hadn't yet been taken for a walk. Steve had noticed it too, but I suppose his whodunit was just too gripping, because all he did was call across, "Take her down the front, would you?" and settle deeper into his armchair angled comfortably towards the hearth. I felt aggrieved: she wasn't even my dog, and I had given her an outing only the previous evening, not to mention that a soft pattering against the window-pane was bound to be the precursor to another heavy shower. So it was with a discontented growl that I chucked down my book, rose, beckoned to Bonnie and strode into the hall, where I picked up her lead, fastened it to her collar and opened the front door, trying to contain the wild enthusiasm of a now madly cavorting dog whilst simultaneously struggling to throw a thick waterproof over my shoulders.

She made a bee-line for the iron gate at the end of the front path, tugging me furiously behind her. As predicted, the rain started to come on more intensively and the wind picked up momentum. Soon, I reckoned the cape to my waterproof would be blown loose and flapping against my back, while my trousers would be drenched so they stuck to my thighs like an advertising poster to a hoarding.

Nothing daunted, Bonnie led us along the wet pavement and down to the tiny park that nestled precariously in a dip in the land just prior to the stretch of marram grass skirting the beach. A couple of swings dangled sadly from the rusting cross-bar, then were set creepily rocking as a gust took them. To the left, the miniature golf course was already partly submerged; one blade on the toy windmill was missing; the drawbridge which players had to knock their ball across was half-bared by peeling paint. Bonnie ignored these faded attractions and galloped excitedly towards the sound of the breaking waves beyond the marram grass. No matter how soaking the rain, she was determined to give herself an all-over wash in the ocean, provided I was willing to release her from the lead. We seemed to be the only ones foolish enough to be braving the elements that evening, so I judged it to be safe enough to unclip her collar and let her scurry away. Little did I know...

