

SEVENOAKS SCHOOL



YEAR 7 (11+) ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

January 2024

for entry in September 2024

ENGLISH

Name: _____

School: _____

Time allowed: 5 minutes reading time, then 1 hour exam.

You are advised to spend approximately 35 minutes on Section A
and 25 minutes on section B.

Equipment needed: Pen and lined paper

Information for candidates:

1. Dictionaries are NOT allowed.
2. Write your name and school on this page.
3. You may NOT make notes on this exam paper during the 5 minutes of reading time. After the first 5 minutes of reading time you may write on this paper.
4. Write your answers on the separate paper provided. Please put your name on all the sheets of paper you use. Answer both Section A and Section B.
5. You should write in full sentences and pay attention to both spelling and punctuation.
6. The paper will be marked out of 30. The marks for each question are indicated in the square brackets [].

SECTION A

[Total marks available for this section are 15]

Read the extract below, taken from the novel “The Kite Runner” by Khaled Hussein and answer ALL the questions that follow.

During the school year, we had a daily routine. By the time I dragged myself out of bed and lumbered to the bathroom, Hassan had already washed up, prayed the morning namaz with Ali, and prepared my breakfast: hot black tea with three sugar cubes and a slice of toasted naan topped with my favorite sour cherry marmalade, all neatly placed on the dining table. While I ate and complained about homework, Hassan made my bed, polished my shoes, ironed my outfit for the day, packed my books and pencils. I'd hear him singing to himself in the foyer as he ironed, singing old Hazara songs in his nasal voice. Then, Baba and I drove off in his black Ford Mustang. Hassan stayed home and helped Ali with the day's chores: hand-washing dirty clothes and hanging them to dry in the yard, sweeping the floors, buying fresh naan from the bazaar, marinating meat for dinner, watering the lawn.

After school, Hassan and I met up, grabbed a book, and trotted up a bowl-shaped hill just north of my father's property. There was an old, abandoned cemetery atop the hill with rows of unmarked headstones and tangles of brushwood clogging the aisles. Seasons of rain and snow had turned the iron gate rusty and left the cemetery's low white stone walls in decay. There was a pomegranate tree near the entrance to the cemetery. One summer day, I used one of Ali's kitchen knives to carve our names on it: "Amir and Hassan, the sultans of Kabul." Those words made it formal: the tree was ours. After school, Hassan and I climbed its branches and snatched its blood-red pomegranates. After we'd eaten the fruit and wiped our hands on the grass, I would read to Hassan.

Sitting cross-legged, sunlight and shadows of pomegranate leaves dancing on his face, Hassan absently plucked blades of grass from the ground as I read him stories he couldn't read for himself. That Hassan would grow up illiterate like Ali and most Hazaras had been decided the minute he had been born - after all, what use did a servant have for the written word? But despite his illiteracy, or maybe because of it, Hassan was drawn to the mystery of words, seduced by a secret world forbidden to him. I read him poems and stories, sometimes riddles - though I stopped reading those when I saw he was far better at solving them than I was. So I read him unchallenging things, like the misadventures of the bumbling Mullah Nasruddin and his donkey. We sat for hours under that tree, sat there until the sun faded in the west, and still Hassan insisted we had enough daylight for one more story, one more chapter.

My favourite part of reading to Hassan was when we came across a big word that he didn't know. I'd tease him, expose his ignorance. One time, I was reading him a Mullah Nasruddin story and he stopped me. "What does that word mean?"

"Which one?"

"Imbecile."

40 "You don't know what it means?" I said, grinning.

"No"

"But it's such a common word!"

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"Still, I don't know it." If he felt the sting of my tease, his smiling face didn't show it.

"Well, everyone in my school knows what it means," I said. "Let's see. 'Imbecile.' It means smart, intelligent. I'll use it in a sentence for you. 'When it comes to words, Hassan is an imbecile.'"

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"Aaah," he said, nodding.

I would always feel guilty about it later. So I'd try to make up for it by giving him one of my old shirts or a broken toy. I would tell myself that was amends enough for a harmless prank.

Glossary:

Hazaras are historically the most discriminated against ethnic minority group in Afghanistan and have long faced violence and discrimination.

Imbecile - a stupid person

Questions:

1. What impression does the reader get of Hassan's personality in this extract? [2 marks]
2. How does the writer contrast the lives of Amir and Hassan? [4 marks]
3. How would you describe the relationship between the two boys? [4 marks]
4. How do you think the narrator, Amir, feels about the way he treated Hassan when both boys were young? You can use short phrases or words to make your point but do not copy out long sentences. [5 marks]

continued...

PLEASE WRITE YOUR ANSWER TO SECTION B ON A SEPARATE SHEET OF PAPER

SECTION B

[Total marks available for this section are 15 marks]

Answer **ONE** of the questions below.

1. Write a story about childhood friendship.

Or

2. Write a descriptive passage entitled 'A Magical Place.'