

Sixième Entry Test

Wednesday 14th March 2018

Time 1 hour 30 minutes

You must complete sections A, B and C. You should spend **40 minutes** on Section A, **15 minutes** on Section B and **35 minutes** on section C. Make sure that you write clearly and neatly.

Section A: Comprehension (20 marks)

Read the extract from 'Whale Boy' and answer the following questions. You should write your answers in complete sentences using your own words. Pay careful attention to punctuation, spelling and grammar.

You should spend **40 minutes** on this section

1. What does Michael see close to his boat? (1 mark)
2. Where are the dolphins going to and why? (2 marks)
3. What amazes Michael about the dolphins? (1 mark)
4. What does the description of the dolphins 'slicing the water' tell you about how they move? (2 marks)
5. Who does Michael miss when he sees the dolphins and why? (2 marks)
6. What does Michael want the people on the bus to think he is and why do you think this might be? (2 marks)
7. What do you imagine the evening to be like when it is described as 'the sweetness of dusk'? (2 marks)
8. Explain why Michael makes slow progress on his boat. (1 mark)
9. Describe the changes to the sea throughout Michael's day. (2 marks)
10. Match the words on the left with their meanings on the right. Remember to copy your answers onto your answer paper. (5 points)

Sag	Took great pleasure or delight
Bow	Looked briefly or glanced
Apprentice	The forward part of the hull of boat
Revelled	Sink, subside, or bulge downwards under weight or pressure
Glimpsed	A person who works for another in order to learn a trade

Section B: Spelling, grammar and punctuation (20 marks)

Read the extract below. There are more than 20 spelling, grammar or punctuation mistakes underlined in the extract. You should find 20 of the mistakes and write the correction in the space under the line. You will be awarded 1 point for each correction which you make.

You should spend about **15 minutes** on this section.

It was exiting to bait his own hooks and haul they in, heavy and wriggling with fish. carrying his catch from the Louisa May give him the deepest sence of pleasure. Selling them proved easier than hed imagined because from the first time he returned to the jetty with fish it was clear that the construction workers would bye all he can catch. They never left the site and seemed verry pleased to have a redy supplie of fresh fishes. They spoke only spanish, but the sign language bargaining worked very well. They agreed that evry night he'd put the fish in the big fridge in the unfinished kitchen, and they would leave his money in a biscuit tin under top. This was also were Michael had to leave his weekly report of dolphin sightings for Spargo, and where spargo left his wages. At the end of the first week the repayment of Michaels boat money had also been in the tin. He'd returned to town with more cash in his pocket than he'd ever seen in her life.

Section C: Creative Writing (20 marks)

You should aim to spend **35 minutes** on this section.

'...they [the dolphins] were heading out to sea ready for a night's hunting in deeper waters, and they disappeared like a dream.'

Imagine that you are a dolphin setting off on a night's hunting in the deep waters. Write a story about your night and the adventures that you have. What do you see and where do you go?

Remember:

- To write in the first person (I).
- To write in paragraphs.
- To include plenty of description and create a sense of atmosphere.
- To make your account interesting.
- To write as accurately as you can. Leave **5 minutes** at the end of the test to check through your work.
- You should write about 200 words (over half a side of A4).

Extract from 'Whale Boy' by Nicola Davies

As the sun began to sag towards the west, Michael headed home. A school of dolphins surfaced fifty metres from his bow. The low light on the calm water caught the vapour of their spouts, turning them to little puffs of gold. Their round foreheads broke the surface, and the sharp sickle curve of their dorsal fins followed, slicing the water into slivers of light. They were too small to be bottle-nosed dolphins and too big to be spinners. Michael counted ten, twelve, sixteen; there might be twice as many under the surface each time he saw them blow. They swam closer, and he saw the spots freckling their skins, confirming that they were spotted dolphins. He speeded up in the hope that they might bow-ride, but they were heading out to sea, ready for a night's hunting in deeper waters, and they disappeared like a dream. A few moments later he glimpsed their fins cutting the surface far off; it was always amazing to see how fast dolphins could swim.

It was the first time since his dad left that Michael had been so close to dolphins. A bubble of longing to share this moment with Samuel rose up, but he pushed it down; this was business now. He took a bearing – on Pointe Maron, Soulant Head, and a third on the needle-like summit of Morne Matin, to be extra sure – and wrote it down with the date and time next to SPOTTED DOLPHIN in the log book Spargo had given him. It was a fine first day's work.

Inside a week Michael had established a new routine for himself. He had decided for the time being to keep the boat moored at Golden Cove. That way it was easy to say that the boat wasn't his, or not to mention it at all. He could still get back into town at the end of the day in time to visit Gran.

He Left Rose Town before dawn on the first minibus running up the coast towards Northport. That early, there were no school kids around, and nobody else he knew to ask awkward questions. He wore an old checked shirt of his father's and pulled a baseball cap down low on his forehead. That was enough for the other passengers to assume he was an apprentice working on one of the building sites that dotted the coast. He got off at the rise in the road before Golden Cove and walked the rest of the way, down the mile of dirt track to the half-built hotel. He was aboard the Louisa May and casting off just as it got light, before the construction workers had wiped the sleep out of their eyes.

Her two outboards were small engines and her hull was broad and homely. She was a steady fishing platform, but no speedboat, making his progress slow. Each day he surveyed a different bit of coast, looking out for dolphins and leaving time for fishing in the best spots his father had showed him.

Michael revelled in the new rhythm of his days and the moods of the ocean: the dawn coming up from the far side of the island and the dreamy stillness of the water close to the shore; the hot mid-days, two miles out, with the breeze picking up and the water choppy and deep blue; and the sweetness of dusk, coming back to land, and the green smell of trees.