

Answer ALL questions.

SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

The writer is a School Inspector who visits schools to inspect standards in them.

Sunny Grove School



The name Sunny Grove School was singularly inappropriate. It was a grim, towering, blackened building surrounded by high brick walls set in a depressing inner-city environment of dirt and noise. From the high windows, shabby factory premises and derelict land could be seen by those pupils tall enough to peer through the grimy glass. Row upon row of houses surrounded the school; street after street of grey, gloomy buildings. The few houses that had been built in the last twenty

years had acquired a look of drabness and neglect. Even the air had a sooty, dusty taste. It was a depressing scene of litter-strewn roads, graffiti-covered walls – a landscape devoid of trees and empty of colour. The bright morning sunshine did little to make the scene less bleak. The previous term I had marvelled at the awesome view from Hawksrill School – the great craggy fells, steep-sided gorges, trickling silver streams, lustrous pine forests, rolling green pastures and purple moors. It was a world away.

I was directed across the school playground by a large arrow, following the instructions for all visitors to REPORT TO RECEPTION. It was just after nine o'clock and the school assembly was in full flow.

As I turned a corner, I bumped into a small, grubby-looking boy of about eleven or twelve who was creeping around the side of the school, as if trying to escape from someone. He had long, lank hair, an unhealthy pallor to his skin and was dressed in a dirty blazer and grey trousers far too big for him. The boy looked up at me with a frightened wide-eyed expression – like that of a rabbit caught in a trap.

“Hello,” I said. “Shouldn’t you be in school?” He nodded. “Well, come along then, you can show me the way to the school office.” I motioned him to go before me. Head down and dragging his feet, the boy turned reluctantly towards the school entrance.

Sunny Grove School was built in 1901. It was a substantial, three-storey edifice of red brick built around a central quadrangle. Classrooms, which formed a square around the central paved courtyard on the ground floor, had hard wooden floors and high ceilings. The windows facing the corridor extended down past waist level, enabling the headmasters of old to patrol the school each morning, cane in hand, and peer into each classroom. Invariably, they would have been hard men who would impose harsh discipline. Punctuality, silence, obedience and cleanliness would have been their



bywords. The windows facing the street were high, thus preventing any inattentive pupil from staring at the outside world and dreaming.

40 I headed for the first lesson. The teacher, a Mr Swan, was an extremely frail-looking old man with wild, wiry grey hair and a strangely flat face. He was dressed in a threadbare jacket with leather patches.

45 When the pupils had settled down to tackle a very simple and deeply uninspiring comprehension task, I moved around the class examining their books, listening to them read and testing them on their spellings and knowledge of grammar and punctuation. Mr Swan observed me, stony-faced, from behind his desk. Standards were very low indeed.

The little late-comer I had met earlier that morning sat in the corner, away from the others, looking nervous and confused. I sat down next to him.

“May I look at your book?” I asked gently.

50 “Yes, Sir,” he whispered, pushing a dog-eared exercise book in my direction. He watched me with that frightened, wide-eyed look on his face. I read from the first page an account entitled “Myself”.

55 “Sir, we had to write that for Mr Swan when we came up to this school,” he explained quietly. “It’s not very good. I’m not much good at writing, sir.” I found the description of himself immensely sad.

Im not much good at anything really I like art but am not much good. I am in the bottom set for evrything and I’ve not really got eny friends. I dont really like school,Id like a bike. When I leave school Id like to work in a bread factory. I like the smell of bread baking.

60 The teacher’s comment at the bottom read: “Untidy work. Watch your spellings. Remember full stops.” The boy was given two out of ten.



Leave blank

**You should refer closely to the passage to support your answers.
You may include brief quotations.**

1. Look again at lines 22 to 29. Choose **two** words or phrases used to describe the boy. Explain briefly why each example might make the reader feel sorry for him.

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Q1

(Total 2 marks)

2. From the information given in the passage, what impressions have you gained of school life for a pupil at Sunny Grove School in 1901?

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Q2

(Total 3 marks)



3. What do you learn, from the passage, about how the writer approaches his job as a School Inspector?

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(Total 3 marks)

Leave blank

Q3



4. How does the writer try to create atmosphere and a sense of place?

In your answer you should write about:

- descriptions of people and places throughout the passage
- particular words, phrases and techniques.

You may include **brief** quotations from the passage to support your answer.

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