

# ENGLISH 11+



Name:.....

Candidate Number.....

Seat Number.....

You have 40 minutes to complete this paper.

Work as quickly and as accurately as possible, making sure you have enough time for the comprehensions.

Section 1 has 20 marks.

Section 2 has 20 marks.

Section 3 has 10 marks.

Make sure you answer in full sentences, when required.

Read the questions carefully.

Cross out or erase any wrong answers.

## Section 1.

Read this poem carefully and then answer the questions that follow. Each question will be worth 2 points. You will get one mark for the correct answer and one mark for using a full sentence. Use quotations from the poem, when appropriate, to support your answer.

### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands,  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

1. What is the main point that the poet makes about the blacksmith in the first verse?

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2. What do you think “His brow is wet with honest sweat” means?

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3. How do we know that the blacksmith works long hours?

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4. Give an example of alliteration from the poem and explain why it is effective.

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5. Explain, in your own words, why children like to look in through the open forge door.

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6. How do we know that the blacksmith has more than one child?

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7. What is it that makes the blacksmith's "heart rejoice"?

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8. What is it that makes the blacksmith feel sad?

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9. What is another word for “repose”? (verse 7)

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10. How do we know that the poet admires the blacksmith?

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Now go on to Section 2.

## **Section 2.**

**Read the following extract carefully and then answer the questions that follow. Each question will be worth 2 points. You will get one mark for the correct answer and one mark for using a full sentence. Use quotations from the extract, when appropriate, to support your answer.**

Ted Turner lived at Freeman's Falls, a sleepy little town on the bank of a small New Hampshire river. There were cotton mills in the town; in fact, had there not been, probably no town would have existed. The mills had not been attracted to the town; the town had arisen because of the mills. The river was responsible for the whole thing, for its swift current and foaming cascades had brought the mills, and the mills in turn had brought the village.

Ted's father was a shipping clerk in one of the factories and his two older sisters were employed there also. Some day Ted himself expected to enter the great brick buildings, as the boys of the town usually did, and work his way up. Perhaps in time he might become a superintendent or even one of the firm. Who could tell? Such miracles did happen. Not that Ted Turner preferred a life in the cotton mills to any other career. Not at all. Deep down in his soul he detested the humming, panting, noisy place with its clatter of wheels, its monotonous piecework, and its limited horizon. But what choice had he? The mills were there and the only alternative before him. It was the mills or nothing for people seldom came to live at Freeman's Falls if they did not intend to enter the factories of Fernald and Company. It was Fernald and Company that had led his father to sell the tumble-down farm in Vermont and move with his family to New Hampshire.

"There is no money in farming," announced he, after the death of Ted's mother. "Suppose we pull up stakes and go to some mill town where we can all find work."

And therefore, without consideration for personal preferences, they had looked up mill towns and eventually settled on Freeman's Falls, not because they particularly liked its location but because labour was needed there. A very sad decision it was for Ted who had passionately loved the old farm on which he had been born, the half-blind gray horse, the few hens, and the lean Jersey cattle that his father asserted ate more than they were worth. To be cooped up in a manufacturing centre after having had acres of open country to roam over was not an altogether joyous prospect. Would there be any chestnut, walnut, or apple trees at Freeman's Falls, he wondered.

Alas, the question was soon answered. Within the village there were almost no trees at all except a few sickly elms and maples whose foliage was pale for want of sunshine and grimy with smoke. In fact, there was not much of anything in the town save the long dingy factories that bordered the river; the group of cheap and gaudy shops on the main street; and rows upon rows of wooden houses, all identical in design, walling in the highway. It was not a spot where green things flourished. There was not room for anything to grow, and if there had been, the soot from the towering chimneys would soon have settled upon any venturesome leaf or flower and quickly shrivelled it beneath a cloak of cinders. Even the river was coated with a scum of oil and refuse that poured from the waste pipes of the factories into the stream and washed up along the shores which might otherwise have been fair and verdant.

Of course, if one could get far enough away there was beauty in plenty for in the outlying country stretched vistas of splendid pines, fields lush with ferns and flowers, and the unsullied span of the river where, in all its mountain-born purity, it rushed gaily down toward the village. Here, well distant from the manufacturing atmosphere, were the homes of the Fernalds who owned the mills, the great estates of Mr. Lawrence Fernald and Mr. Clarence Fernald who every day rolled to their offices in giant limousines. Everybody in Freeman's Falls knew them by sight,—the big boss, as he

was called, and his married son; and everybody thought how lucky they were to own the mills and take the money instead of doing the work. At least, that was what gossip said they did.

Unquestionably it was much nicer to live at Aldercliffe, the stately colonial mansion of Mr. Lawrence Fernald; or at Pine Lea, the home of Mr. Clarence Fernald, where sweeping lawns, bright awnings, gardens, conservatories, and flashing fountains made a wonderland of the place. Troupes of laughing guests seemed always to be going and coming at both houses and there were horses and motor-cars, tennis courts, a golf course, and canoes and launches moored at the edge of the river. Freeman's Falls was a very stupid spot when contrasted with all this jollity. It must be far pleasanter, too, when winter came to hurry off to New York for the holidays or to Florida or California, as Mr. Clarence Fernald frequently did.

**Taken from Ted and the Telephone by Sara Ware Bassett.**

1. What do you think is meant by “a sleepy little town”?

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2. What came first – the river, the town, or the mills?

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3. How do we know that Ted does not want to work in the mills?

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4. What does “pull up stakes” mean?

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5. Why does Ted's family decide to move to Freeman's Falls in particular?

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6. Why do the maple and elm trees in the village have pale leaves?

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7. In what way do the factories affect the river?

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8. How do we know that the Fernalds do not live near the factories?

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9. What is the name of Mr. Clarence Fernald's home?

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10. What does Clarence Fernald often do in winter?

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**Section 3.**

**In which tense is each of these sentences written?**

1. I will do my homework tomorrow. \_\_\_\_\_
2. Tom went for a run this morning. \_\_\_\_\_
3. I am eating my lunch. \_\_\_\_\_

**Underline the correct homophone.**

4. (Their, There) is not much chance of rain today.
5. I would like a (piece, peace) of cake.
6. The teacher wanted everybody to form a (queue, cue).

**Add the missing commas to these sentences.**

7. "It's time for dinner" said Jack.
- 8-9. Nicola a friendly girl desperately wanted a pet.
10. My three closest friends are Sam Max and Eddie.

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**Total /50**