Smart Cub Learning

GL-STYLE SUBJECT PACK

GL-style 11+ English Pack 1

English

Name _____ **Date** _____

Instructions

- Do not open this booklet until you are told to.
- Mark every answer on the separate answer sheet. Rough working can go in this booklet.
- Each test is timed separately. Do one test at a time, and stop when you are told to.
- Each test starts with a worked example. Read it carefully.
- Work as quickly and carefully as you can. If a question is too hard, mark your best guess and move on. Come back to it if you have time.

What is in this pack

Test	Questions	Time
Test 1	1 to 50	50 minutes
Test 2	1 to 50	50 minutes
Test 3	1 to 50	50 minutes
Test 4	1 to 50	50 minutes

Do not turn over until you are told to do so

SAMPLE

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Before you start: notes for the adult

Each test in this pack is timed, so your child can practise working at speed. You will need:

- this question booklet, and the answer sheet printed separately,
- a pencil and an eraser,
- a clock or timer that you control.

Running the pack. Each test is timed separately. Do one test at a time. Read the worked example with your child before you start the clock, then give the time shown at the top of the test. When the time is up, say "Stop", even if the test is not finished. A short break between tests is fine.

Marking. Use the answer key on the first page of the solutions booklet. Each correct answer scores one mark. Then read the worked solutions together for every question your child got wrong or guessed.

What to practise next. The solutions booklet ends with a list of the skills in each test. Practise them with the three 11+ Workbooks that come free with this pack, and with the free Smart Cub videos and exercises.

Tips for you, the test taker

- Read every question carefully, all the way to the end.
- Look at every answer choice before you choose one.
- Mark your answer next to the right question number on the answer sheet.
- If you are stuck, make your best guess, mark it, and move on. Come back to it if you have time.

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Do not turn over until you are told to do so.

Test 1

50 minutes | Questions 1 to 50

Read the passage carefully. Then answer the questions. You can look back at the passage as often as you like.

The Night the Lights Went Out

In this story, Zara and her little brother Theo go to check on their elderly neighbour when the power fails in their block of flats.

The lights went out at ten past six, right in the middle of Theo's sentence. One moment the kitchen was warm and humming; the next it was black and silent, and the fridge gave a last shudder like a sleepy animal.

"Power cut," said Mum, rummaging in the drawer. "Here we are." She pressed a big torch into Zara's hand and a smaller one into Theo's. "Mr Okafor lives alone in flat two, and he is eighty-one. Go down and ask if he needs anything. I'll pour the soup I made earlier into a flask and follow you in a few minutes. Hold the handrail, and mind the steep step on the second landing."

It was a January evening, and the stairwell felt as cold as a cellar. Theo gripped his torch with both hands, so that the beam wobbled across the walls. Zara's light threw their shadows ahead of them, long and stretched like giants climbing down the stairs. Behind one door a baby grumbled; behind another, a voice murmured and a chair scraped.

"What if he's frightened?" whispered Theo.

"He'll be fine," said Zara briskly. All the same, she kept one hand on the rail the whole way down and counted every step under her breath. She had never liked the dark. Somebody had to be sensible, she told herself, and that somebody was her.

At last they reached flat two. Zara knocked three times. For a long moment nothing happened, and she pictured him sitting alone in the blackness, waiting. She wondered whether he would be cold, or hungry, or worried. Then came a slow shuffle and a click, and the door swung open. Golden light spilled into the corridor.

Mr Okafor stood there in a woolly cardigan, holding a candle in a jam jar. "Ah, my visitors!" he said, beaming. "Come in, come in, before the cold does."

Zara stared. Candles stood on the bookshelves, on the windowsill, on the lid of the old piano and on saucers along the floor. The air smelled of warm wax and oranges. Their flames trembled, and the whole room seemed to breathe. A tin of ginger biscuits lay open on the table, and a kettle sat singing on a little gas ring. "Mum sent us to check that you were all right," Zara said, feeling rather silly.

"That is very kind of her," said Mr Okafor, "but I am better than all right. I have been hoping for a night like this for years."

Theo wriggled onto the sofa and took a biscuit. "Why?" he asked.

"When I was a boy," said Mr Okafor, lowering himself into his armchair, "our village had no electricity. Every evening we sat round one lamp, and my grandmother told stories. Electricity is a marvellous thing, but it fills every evening with noise. Tonight, for once, the whole building has

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gone quiet." He winked. "Now, have I ever told you about the tailor who tried to sew a shadow back onto a man?"

Zara had planned to stay for five minutes. She sat down on the rug.

The story was ridiculous. The tailor tried silver thread, then a thimble the size of a bucket, and at last he stitched the shadow on upside down, so that the poor man walked about with it above his head like a dark umbrella. The tailor, it turned out, was far too proud to admit his mistake, and he charged the man double. Theo laughed so hard that he got hiccups. Zara laughed too, and noticed with surprise that she had stopped listening for creaks in the dark.

When the story was over, Mr Okafor asked for one in return. Zara went pink and shook her head, but Theo launched into a tale about a dinosaur who was afraid of its own roar. The dinosaur practised in a cupboard, then in a cave, and then, to everyone's surprise, in a swimming pool. Mr Okafor listened solemnly, nodding at every twist, as though he were hearing the evening news. By the end, Zara had reluctantly joined in, adding a flying cake.

At seven o'clock there was a tap at the door. Mum stood there with a steaming flask. Finding the flask, she explained, had taken ages in the dark. Behind her, blinking in the candlelight, were the Hendersons from flat three and a student from the top floor. "We saw the glow under the door," said Mr Henderson. "Is there room for us?"

"There is always room," said Mr Okafor, and he fetched every cushion he owned.

Soon the flat was crowded. Soup was shared out between mugs, the biscuits went round twice, someone found a pack of cards and a noisy game began on the rug, and the student played a gentle tune on a ukulele. Mr Okafor told the shadow story again for the latecomers, and this time Theo supplied the best bits. Nobody mentioned the cold.

At nine o'clock the lights flickered and came on with a cheerful hum. Everyone groaned. For a second the flat looked small and ordinary, and nobody quite knew where to look. Laughing, Mr Okafor blew out the candles one by one, until only the jam jar glowed on the table.

Climbing the stairs afterwards, Zara noticed that she was swinging her torch carelessly and had forgotten to count the steps. "That was the best power cut ever," said Theo sleepily. Zara smiled in the dark. She had gone down thinking that Mr Okafor needed looking after, but it was the whole building that had needed him.

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