

HIGHGATE

ENGLISH

11+ Sample Paper B

Time allowed: 1 hour

- **Part 1** (comprehension and analysis): 40 minutes
- **Part 2** (creative writing): 20 minutes

Make sure that you check your work thoroughly to ensure accuracy in spelling, punctuation and grammar.

Name	
Current school	

Teacher use only	Part 1 (out of 30)	Part 2 (out of 20)	TOTAL	GRADE/%

Gerald Durrell was a British writer with a passion for zoology. When he was a boy, he moved to the Greek island of Corfu with his widowed mother, sister and two brothers. The extract below is taken from his memoir, 'My Family and Other Animals.' Here, Durrell describes the 'Pink Villa' that became the family's first home and also a local taxi driver named Spiro, who quickly establishes himself as their guide and closest friend.

1. The villa was small and square, standing in its tiny garden with an air of pink-faced determination. Its shutters had been faded by the sun to a delicate creamy-green, cracked and bubbled in places. The garden, surrounded by tall fuchsia hedges, had the flower-beds worked in complicated geometrical patterns, marked with smooth white stones. The white cobbled paths, scarcely as wide as a rake's head, wound laboriously round beds hardly larger than a big straw hat, beds in the shape of stars, half-moons, triangles, and circles, all overgrown with a shaggy tangle of flowers run wild. Roses dropped petals that seemed as big and smooth as saucers, flame-red, moon-white, glossy, and unwrinkled; marigolds like broods of shaggy suns stood watching their parent's progress through the sky. In the low growth the pansies pushed their velvety, innocent faces through the leaves, and the violets drooped sorrowfully under their heart-shaped leaves. The bougainvillea¹ that sprawled luxuriously over the tiny front balcony was hung, as though for a carnival, with its lantern-shaped magenta² flowers. In the darkness of the fuchsia-hedge a thousand ballerina-like blooms quivered expectantly. The warm air was thick with the scent of a hundred dying flowers, and full of the gentle, soothing whisper and murmur of insects. As soon as we saw it, we wanted to live there – it was as though the villa had been standing there waiting for our arrival. We felt we had come home.
2. Having lumbered so unexpectedly into our lives, Spiro now took over complete control of our affairs. It was better, he explained, for him to do things, as everyone knew him, and he would make sure we were not swindled.
3. 'Donts you worrys yourselfs about anythings, Mrs Durrells,' he had scowled; 'leaves everythings to me.'

¹ A brightly coloured flowering bush that is prominent in Mediterranean countries.

² A deep pink colour.

4. So he would take us shopping, and after an hour's sweating and roaring he would get the price of an article reduced by perhaps two drachmas. This was approximately a penny; it was not the cash, but the principle of the thing, he explained. The fact that he was Greek and adored bargaining was, of course, another reason. It was Spiro who, on discovering that our money had not yet arrived from England, subsidised us, and took it upon himself to go and speak severely to the bank manager about his lack of organisation. That it was not the poor manager's fault did not deter him in the least. It was Spiro who paid our hotel bill, who organized a cart to carry our luggage to the villa, and who drove us out there himself, his car piled high with groceries that he had purchased for us.
5. That he knew everyone on the island, and that they all knew him, we soon discovered was no idle boast. Wherever his car stopped, half a dozen voices would shout out his name, and hands would beckon him to sit at the little tables under the trees and drink coffee. Policemen, peasants, and priests waved and smiled as he passed; fishermen, grocers, and cafe-owners greeted him like a brother. 'Ah, Spiro!' they would say, and smile at him affectionately as though he was a naughty but lovable child. They respected his honesty, his belligerence, and above all they adored his typically Greek scorn and fearlessness when dealing with any form of Governmental red tape. On arrival, two of our cases containing linen and other things had been confiscated by the Customs on the curious grounds that they were merchandise. So, when we moved out to the strawberry-pink villa and the problem of bed-linen arose, Mother told Spiro about our cases languishing in the Customs, and asked his advice.
6. 'Gollys, Mrs Durrells,' he bellowed, his huge face flushing red with wrath; 'whys you never tells me befores? Them's idiots in the Customs. I'll take you down theres tomorrows and fix them: I knows them's alls, and they knows me. Leaves everythings to me – I'll fix them.'

Question 4

The following words are taken from the passage. Use them in a new sentence that shows you understand what the word means and that you can use it correctly. You should use a different sentence for each word. **(6 marks)**

Laboriously	
Belligerence	
Languishing	

Please turn the page.



End of Paper