

WITHINGTON GIRLS' SCHOOL

ENGLISH

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

2017

COMPREHENSION

TIME : 45 MINUTES

**Read the story below very carefully. Then answer the questions on the separate question sheet.**

5 Once there was a cockerel called Chanticleer who lived in a farmyard with many other animals, including several hens who lived in the hen house with him. Every morning Chanticleer would crow loudly as the sun came up, until the farmer threw something out of the bedroom window to shut him up. Then Chanticleer would **retreat** into the henhouse, **affronted**. On this particular morning, Chanticleer was cheered up by Pertilote, his favourite hen. She was the only one who really understood him:

10 ‘Oh Chanticleer, how could that nasty farmer throw his boot at you? Your singing is the best in the world!’

Chanticleer agreed. His singing was the best in the world; he knew that!

‘And you are the most beautiful cockerel in the world too!’ said Pertilote.

Chanticleer agreed. He was, indeed, beautiful with his many coloured feathers, his bright eyes and – most of all – his brilliant red coxcomb.

15 After a while, Chanticleer started to feel better and strutted out into the yard again, pecking at the small grains on the ground and making sure all the hens were admiring him.

‘Look at my bright feathers!’ he crowed (quietly, in case the farmer had any more missiles lined up).

20 ‘Listen to my beautiful voice!’ he crowed (louder, because he was so pleased with himself he was starting to forget about the farmer).

‘I am the cleverest cockerel in the world!’ (He was crowing quite loudly now and had to make a quick dive back into the hen house when he saw the bedroom curtain twitch).

25 When no items of footwear appeared from the direction of the twitching curtain, he considered it safe to step outside again. The sun was up now and he hopped onto the fence. More people could see him and admire his beauty from there!

30 However, as he enjoyed the morning sun and basked in the **adoration** of the hens in the yard, Chanticleer was unaware that he was being watched by someone who did not merely admire his beauty. He was being watched by someone who regarded him as dinner.

35 On the other side of the farmyard Russell the fox was hiding behind a low wall. He was a **renowned** hunter and had caught many a hen from the hen house when the farmer failed in his **vigilance**. He was hungry now and Chanticleer, this foolish, vain cockerel, would make a tasty meal. Carefully, he crept round the wall. Slowly, he moved through the undergrowth. With incredible cunning, he used the trees as cover. Silently, he ...

40 'Cock a doodle do! I see you Mr Fox. I am much cleverer than you! You can't catch me!'

Drat! Russell slunk back into the shadows. He had been seen. Now he would have to think of another way... In a flash it came to him.

45 'Oh, Chanticleer,' he said, 'the rumours I have heard are true. You are the most beautiful cockerel in the world!'

Chanticleer puffed out his chest feathers and tried to look modest.

'And you have the most beautiful voice in the world,' the fox continued.

50 'Well, I cannot lie,' said Chanticleer. 'Many have admired my voice and my feathers. Have you noticed these blue and green iridescent feathers on my neck? I think they are especially attractive.'

'Oh yes,' said Russell. 'I have noticed them.' He licked his lips. 'The thing is, I just wanted to hear you sing.'

55 'Well,' said Chanticleer, 'You're in for a treat!' And with a quick glance at the bedroom window he opened his beak and let out a mighty 'Cock a doodle do!'

'Impressive!' said Russell, creeping slowly nearer the fence upon which Chanticleer sat, 'but now I come to think of it, there may be a cockerel in Wilmslow with an even better voice.'

'Rubbish! Cock a doodle...eek!'

60 Chanticleer's crowing was cut off abruptly as Russell made a sudden leap and grabbed him between his fierce jaws.

65 'Ow!' said the cockerel. 'That hurt!' He knew he had to think quickly. Once Russell got clear of the farmyard he would surely eat poor Chanticleer. Behind him he could hear the hens clucking in panic and doors slamming as the farmer, the farmer's wife, the farmer's sons and numerous farm workers spilled into the yard.

/continued over...

'Oi! You! Bring my cockerel back!' The angry farmer was shouting and chasing Russell. Unfortunately, he could not run especially fast because he was only wearing one boot.

70 The hens were clucking louder now and the farm workers were shouting at Russell as they hurried to catch up.

'Listen to that!' Chanticleer said to Russell. 'They are calling you all sorts of rude names. Are you going to put up with it?'

75 'Urgh,' said Russell. (He couldn't talk very well because his mouth was full.)

'Why don't you tell them that as soon as you get to the cover of those trees you are going to eat me up and there's nothing they can do to stop you?'

'Ugg..urp,' said Russell.

80 'I don't think they can understand you,' said Chanticleer. 'Why don't you put me down and then you can tell them properly? If I was you I wouldn't put up with all these insults!'

'Urp..OK,' said Russell, as he dropped the slightly dishevelled cockerel. 'Stay there and I'll just...'

85 But as soon as he was free, Chanticleer flew up into the low branches of a tree, out of the reach of the fox. Russell knew he had been tricked.

'Oh, Chanticleer, come down from that tree. Your beautiful feathers are not shown off to their full advantage in that gloom! I wasn't really going to eat you...Just my little joke!'

90 'I don't think so!' crowed Chanticleer. I am the cleverest cockerel in the world! I saw through your plan and now...well, now I think you should be going. The farmer's wife is advancing on you fast... and she appears to have brought her husband's gun.'

95 With a yelp of frustration and annoyance, Russell disappeared into the forest, leaving Chanticleer chuckling to himself in the tree. Wait until he told Pertilote about his adventure! What a hero she would think him!

