

MASTER COACHING

NAME:

# G & T ENGLISH Book 2

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Edition 1



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\* circle the letter of the best answer to each question on your answer sheet.

\* Read the passage “Mr Badger”: by Kenneth Grahame, ch 4 “The Wind in the Willows”

They waited patiently for what seemed a very long time, stamping in the snow to keep their feet warm. At last they heard the sound of slow shuffling footsteps approaching the door from the inside. It seemed, as the Mole remarked to the Rat, like someone walking in carpet slippers that were too large for him and down-at-heel; which was intelligent of Mole, because that was exactly what it was. There was the noise of a bolt shot back, and the door opened a few inches, enough to show a long snout and a pair of sleepy blinking eyes.

‘Now, the *very* next time this happens,’ said a gruff and suspicious voice, ‘I shall be exceedingly angry. Who is it *this* time, disturbing people on such a night? Speak up!’

‘O, Badger,’ cried the Rat, ‘let us in, please. It’s me, Rat, and my friend Mole, and we’ve lost our way in the snow.’

‘What, Ratty, my dear little man!’ exclaimed the Badger, in quite a different voice. ‘Come along in, both of you, at once. Why, you must be perished. Well I never! Lost in the snow! And in the Wild Wood too, and at this time of night! But come in with you.’

The two animals tumbled over each other in their eagerness to get inside, and heard the door shut behind them with great joy and relief.

The Badger, who wore a long dressing-gown, and whose slippers were indeed very down-at-heel, carried a flat candlestick in his paw and had probably been on his way to bed when their summons sounded. He looked kindly down on them and patted both their heads. ‘This is not the sort of night for small animals to be out,’ he said paternally. ‘I’m afraid you’ve been up to some of your pranks again, Ratty. But come along; come into the kitchen. There’s a first-rate fire there, and supper and everything.’

He shuffled on in front of them, carrying the light, and they followed him, nudging each other in an anticipating sort of way, down a long, gloomy, and to tell the truth, decidedly shabby passage, into a sort of a central hall, out of which they could dimly see other long tunnel-like passages branching, passages mysterious and without apparent end. But there were doors in the hall as well - stout oaken comfortable-looking doors. One of these the Badger flung open, and at once they found themselves in all the glow and warmth of a large fire-lit kitchen.

The floor was well-worn red brick, and on the wide hearth burnt a fire of logs, between two attractive chimney-corners tucked away in the wall, well out of any suspicion of draught. A couple of high-backed settles, facing each other on either side of the fire, gave further sitting accommodation for the sociably disposed. In the middle of the room stood a long table of plain boards placed on trestles, with benches down each side.

1 Which word best described the climate in which this story is set?  
**a** monsoonal    **b** cold    **c** wintry    **d** temperate

2 Mole and Rat had to wait patiently because  
**a** there was nobody home    **b** Badger was asleep  
**c** they had not knocked loudly enough    **d** Badger had been on his way to bed

3 Which words best describe the voice that spoke to Mole and Rat when the door was opened?  
**a** angry and wary    **b** bright and breezy  
**c** upset but caring    **d** cheerful but uncertain

**\* Read the passage “Initiation”:** *INITIATION. Christobel Mattingley*

It's not always easy to get a job. Especially in a small country town. It's hard when you left school at Year Nine. It's even harder when you're Aboriginal.

Some of the fellas seemed to accept that being unemployed was a full-time job. Sitting around outside the post office. Waiting for the dole cheque. Playing cards. Watching the birds walk by. Sitting around outside the pub. Waiting for it to open. Kicking a Coke can. Flicking a pebble. Watching the tourists go by in their four-wheel drives with their caravans, or in cars with roof racks piled with camping gear, heading to the ranges.

Tinkering with a cousin's motor bike. Burning up the highway for fifty ks or more until the engine splutters and dies. Never getting near the ranges. Flagging down a motorist for petrol to get back or hitching a lift on a heavy transport.

Scuffling. Sparring. Swearing. Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow. Last week. This week. Next week. Last year. This year. Next year. Staring across to the ranges. The ranges where the old people used to live. A hundred years ago. A thousand years ago. Forty thousand years ago.

Piling into a friend's HD Holden. Roaring up the highway for fifty ks or more until the engine splutters and dies. Never getting near the ranges. Hitching a lift back home. Home to the pub. But for Wayne Williams it wasn't enough. The emptiness of it gnawed his gut. The futility of it ferreted his mind. He wanted out.

But the ranges were out of bounds. His ancestors' hunting grounds were sheep and cattle stations now. Had been for almost 150 years since the Udney came with their four-footed cloven-hoofed stock, their fencing wire and their firearms. Wayne's grandfathers and father had worked for the invaders as shepherds and station hands. But now with motor bikes and vehicles and two-way radios there were few places for stockmen on Yura lands. And the ranges had become a playground for tourists, who swarmed in seasonal plagues, like locusts, in winter, spring and summer. The Yura people were mostly fringe-dwellers now in the little townships which had sprung up to serve the pastoral properties and the tourist industry.

Wayne had been out to the ranges with his uncles. He had looked out from their peaks. He had walked the watercourses running like veins through the land which had nurtured his people since the Dreamtime began. He had listened to some of the stories.

But before he was born the elders had decided to discontinue the initiation of their young men. They feared the power of the white man's grog. Men drank it to assuage their own powerlessness and despair, and in its grip they could let slip the sacred secrets.

Wayne had a cousin who had gone south to the city. He was a strong man, not afraid to tell the Udney that they needed to listen and learn about the ancient culture of the land. He told Wayne of a job coming up in the city, a job that would help the Udney begin to understand the traditional owners of Australia. Wayne wrote his application in his best hand, posted it and waited. Waited for day after day, sitting on the roadway outside the post office, staring out at the ranges.

One day the letter came, asking Wayne to travel to the city for an interview. His ticket was enclosed. Wayne boarded the bus in his best flannelette shirt and jeans. Through the tinted window he watched the ranges curving south in rippled purple folds against the eastern sky. The bus reached the port at the head of the gulf, the biggest town Wayne knew. The ranges were receding, the sea was beginning. The bus charged on, past rolling paddocks of ripening grain, on and on towards the city, the city Wayne had never seen.

**Answers**

**2 SYNONYMS**

1 D 2 B 3 A 4 C 5 B

**4 ODD-WORD OUT**

1 B 2 D 3 A 4 B 5 C

**6 VERBAL REASONING**

1 B 2 C 3 C 4 A 5 C

**8 FOREIGN LANGUAGES**

1 A 2 C 3 D 4 B 5 C

**3 ANTONYMS**

1 C 2 D 3 A 4 C 5 A

**5 VERBAL ANALOGIES**

1 A 2 B 3 C 4 D 5 B

**7 LETTER CODES**

1 B 2 A 3 C 4 B 5 D

