

MASTER COACHING

NAME:

# G & T ENGLISH book 4

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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 titled 'Riverman' carefully :

***RIVERMAN : by Allan Baillie***

'Fire!'

Tim opened an eye at the low call. He sniffed quickly, but there was nothing in the air.

Someone was running past the house, calling so softly that his voice barely carried over the sound of his pounding boots.

Tim sat up and heard the frantic ringing of a distant bell. He rolled silently from his flour-bag bed to avoid waking his baby brother and vaulted through the window. He was already dressed, a frayed shirt, a black gurnsey and shorts cut back from his father's old trousers, grey braces and bare feet. He had gone to bed like this for weeks to make sure he didn't miss the next fire.

A scrawny shadow was jerking down the moon-washed street. Tim splashed after the runner, identifying him by the sound of the boots his parents forced him to wear. Tim slid up to the tall boy as he nervously skirted a pair of large puddles - the misery of owning boots is that you have to clean them.

'Arr there, Ben, what's it?' Tim said out the side of his mouth.

The wild bell stopped and was replaced by a single loud clang, meaning the fire was in the east of town, near the railway station. They were running that way already.

'Fire!' called Ben, for the boys still in bed. 'Oh, Walker. Probably only a house.' And Ben seemed to accelerate.

Tim heard the slight annoyance in Ben's voice but ignored it. Ben was about the only boy in town who didn't call Tim 'Shrimp' and you have to take small favours where you find them.

Ben sighed and ran ahead, past an abandoned silver-lead mine, still smelling of wet wood and rusting iron, along a dark curved street flanked by huddled wooden houses and towards the warm glow of bright yellow light. The bell went mad again as Tim stumbled after Ben into the din of the dazzling heart of Zeehan, Silver City of 1912.

Tim was quite sure that this was the centre of the world. Only a few years ago, they said, the flat valley was nothing but grass and straggly bush. Then a prospector struck silver. Mining companies shouldered each other aside in a desperate rush for rich ore and tents became a street of wooden buildings, became a village, a town, a city!

Now the new electric light blazed from tall poles, making Zeehan as modern as London and New York. The brass trumpets and drums of the Zeehan Military Band were happily blasting the glittering Gaiety Theatre as if they were trying to bring the walls down before the night's movie was shown. Further down Main Street deaf old Steve Dodd, in his gleaming livery, was cantering his four proud horses and coach past the band like an emperor on parade. Oh, it was a great night!

But Ben ran into trouble. He was striding along the steam tramway on the side of the street, where trucks of silver-lead ore rolled from the mines round the town to the station during the day, when he cannoned into a miner. Tim staggered to a stop in alarm, realising that Ben could not have picked a worse place to butt a man.

They were outside the 'Blood House', the Exchange, the toughest of the fifteen hotels jammed together on this single street. So tough they called Saturday night 'Fight Night' because of the brawling, and more miners were now spilling through the doors.

The rammed miner picked Ben from the road by his neck, glared at him blackly and drew back his fist.

'You gonna see the fire, Mr Paley?' Tim called quickly.

'What?' The miner, a man built like a small elephant, blinked and lowered his fist a fraction. He seemed to be trying to think. 'Ah . . . you're Jean's kid-'

'Yes.' Tim's mum worked as a cleaner in the Exchange and most of the miners knew Tim.

'We're going to see the fire. Sorry we hurt you.'

The miner opened his fist. 'Hurt me? You little fleas?' He roared with laughter.

'Outertheway!'

Tim leapt sideways and the miner dropped Ben in surprise as the other miners cheered.

Two men in loose shirts and floppy hats ran like horses, holding a wooden bar which pulled a big-wheeled box with a mass of canvas hose wrapped round it. Behind them two horses tried to gallop

## Answers Paper 1

- |     |          |     |          |
|-----|----------|-----|----------|
| 1.  | <b>c</b> | 11. | <b>c</b> |
| 2.  | <b>d</b> | 12. | <b>b</b> |
| 3.  | <b>b</b> | 13. | <b>a</b> |
| 4.  | <b>b</b> | 14. | <b>d</b> |
| 5.  | <b>c</b> | 15. | <b>c</b> |
| 6.  | <b>c</b> | 16. | <b>b</b> |
| 7.  | <b>a</b> | 17. | <b>c</b> |
| 8.  | <b>b</b> | 18. | <b>b</b> |
| 9.  | <b>c</b> | 19. | <b>a</b> |
| 10. | <b>d</b> | 20. | <b>c</b> |

## English

## Practice Paper 02

\* Read the passage “Raffles”:

### *RAFFLES: by Allan Baillie ch 11 of “Megan’s Star.”*

For the first wondrous half hour Megan explored the new feeling in her head like a child skating on ice for the first time: at first hovering a touch away from the barrier, then an adventurous toe sliding away for a moment, a nervous retreat, a push from the barrier on both wobbling feet, a desperate scabble back, and then a short triumphant glide alone on the ice. Megan held the nail upright with a thought, then let it go, rolled it about the platform, lifted it up, let it go, lifted it again, even shimmied it like a tiny rock singer.

Kel sprawled on the roof and laughed. ‘Heavy metal, man!’

The nail turned toward him and bounced on its point in tiny fury.

‘All right, all right, take it easy. You are getting it.’

Megan let the nail die and roll to one side. ‘My head hurts,’ she said.

‘Yeah, it does when you start. This is the first workout you’ve ever given that part of your head.’

Megan picked up the nail and rubbed it with her fingers as if she expected it to perform on its own.

‘How d’you like it?’

Megan stared at the nail. ‘I don’t know,’ she said slowly. ‘It’s a bit scary, isn’t it. Like dreaming and then finding out that you’re not.’ She tried a smile, but she looked up and the smile faded from her face. ‘But what am I?’

Kel looked up. ‘What d’you mean?’

‘Nobody does this.’ She made the nail somersault on her palm. ‘We can do things nobody can.

What are we?’

‘Martians.’ Kel caught the terrified expression on her face and shrugged. ‘You’re too serious. You’re not a Martian.’

‘Very funny. I still want to know.’

‘And we’re not ghosts - I don’t think so, are we? You’re only Megan, a bad-tempered city kid and I’m Kelaway Rader, a ferret from the bush. We are only using a part of our head the others don’t know about yet. That’s what Nan told me, when they were all telling me I was a monster. It’s natural, she said.’

‘But why us?’

‘No big deal. What about the ESP people? Give them a photo of a missing person and they can sometimes tell where he is and what happened to him. Some ESP experts are so good that police use them. Just a different part of the head.’

‘They aren’t police, those men after you, are they?’

Kel almost laughed. ‘Thought you were a bit funny before. What, Kel’s an axe murderer on the run?’

Megan flushed. It was that silly, wasn’t it?

‘Well no, they aren’t cops, just goons for the scientists. Something like truant offices for Alcatraz.

In a foreign language, INI KO MATAO means I NOT KNOW, and MATAO KO means I know. What is the foreign language for NOT?

- A. MATAO
- B. INI
- C. KO
- D. KO INI

### Answer Sheet: Pygmalion and Galatea

#### 1. Comprehension

- 1. C
- 2. D
- 3. B
- 4. A
- 5. D

#### 2. Synonyms

- 1. C
- 2. B
- 3. A
- 4. B
- 5. C

#### 3. Antonyms

- 1. A
- 2. B
- 3. A
- 4. C
- 5. A

#### 4. Odd-Word Out

- 1. D
- 2. C
- 3. B
- 4. A
- 5. D

#### 5. Verbal Analogies

- 1. B
- 2. A
- 3. C
- 4. A

#### 6. Verbal Reasoning

- 1. D
- 2. C
- 3. D
- 4. B.
- 5. C

#### 8. Foreign Languages

- 1. C
- 2. C
- 3. C
- 4. D
- 5. B

#### 7. Letter Codes