



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL  
AT LEEDS  
Be Inspired

## **ENGLISH WRITING ENTRANCE EXAMINATION ENTRY TO YEAR 7**

**Time Allowed: 45 minutes**

There is a passage to read and you then have about  
40 minutes to write your own story.

Write your answers on the lined sheets of paper provided,

**Do not forget to put your name on every sheet. Please write your first name  
and family name (surname) in BLOCK CAPITAL LETTERS.**

**Your teacher will read out to you the passage below, which is taken from a short story called 'Harry' by Rosemary Timperley.**

**In this short-story, the mother of a adopted girl called Christine, recounts discovering her daughter talking to an her 'imaginary' friend Harry. The extract comes from the beginning of this story before the story takes a mysterious and chilling turn.**

Such ordinary things make me afraid. Sunshine. Sharp shadows on grass. White roses. Children with red hair. And the name – Harry. Such an ordinary name.

Yet the first time Christine mentioned the name, I felt a premonition of fear.

She was five years old, due to start school in three months' time. It was a hot, beautiful day and she was playing alone in the garden, as she often did. I saw her lying on her stomach in the grass, picking daisies and making daisy-chains with laborious pleasure. The sun burned on her pale red hair and made her skin look very white. Her big blue eyes were wide with concentration.

Suddenly she looked towards the bush of white roses, which cast its shadow over the grass, and smiled.

'Yes, I'm Christine,' she said. She rose and walked slowly towards the bush, her little plump legs defenceless and endearing beneath the too short cotton skirt. She was growing fast.

'With my mummy and daddy,' she said clearly. Then, after a pause, 'Oh, but they are my mummy and daddy.'

She was in the shadow of the bush now. It was as if she'd walked out of the world of light into darkness. Uneasy, without knowing why, I called her:

'Chris, what are you doing?'

'Nothing.'

'Come indoors now.'

She said: 'I must go in now. Goodbye,' then walked towards the house.

'Chris, who were you talking to?'

'Harry,' she said.

'Who's Harry?'

'Harry.'

I couldn't get anything else out of her, so I just gave her some cake and milk and read to her until bedtime. As she listened, she stared out at the garden. Once she smiled and waved. It was a relief finally to tuck her up in bed and feel she was safe.

When Jim, my husband, came home I told him about the mysterious 'Harry'. He laughed.

'Oh, she's started that lark, has she?'

'What do you mean, Jim?'

'It's not so very rare for only children to have an imaginary companion. Some kids talk to their dolls. Chris has never been keen on dolls. She hasn't any friends her own age. So she imagines someone.'

'But why has she picked that particular name?'

He shrugged. 'You know how kids pick things up. I don't know what you're worrying about, honestly I don't.

'Nor do I really. It's just that I feel extra responsible for her. More so than if I were her real mother.'

'I know, but she's all right. Chris is fine. She's a pretty, healthy, intelligent little girl. A credit to you.'

'And to you.'

'In fact, we're thoroughly nice parents!'

'And so modest!'

'We laughed together and he kissed me. I felt consoled.

Until the next morning.

Again the sun shone brilliantly on the small, bright lawn and white roses. Christine was sitting on the grass, cross-legged, staring towards the rose bush, smiling.

'Hello,' she said. 'I'd hope you'd come ... Because I like you. How old are you? ... I'm only five and a piece ... I'm not a baby! I'm going to school soon and I shall have a new dress. A green one. Do you go to school? ... What do you do then?' She was silent for a while, nodding, listening, absorbed.

I felt myself going cold as I stood there in the kitchen. 'Don't be silly. Lots of children have an imaginary companion,' I told myself desperately. 'Just carry on as if nothing were happening. Don't be a fool.'

But I called Chris in earlier than usual for her mid-morning milk.

'Can Harry come too?'

'No!' The cry burst from me harshly.

'Goodbye, Harry. I'm sorry you can't come in but I've got to have my milk,' Chris said, then ran towards the house.

'Why can't Harry have some milk too?' she challenged me.

'Who is Harry, darling?'

'Harry's my brother.'

'But Chris, you haven't got a brother. Daddy and Mummy have only got one child, one little girl, that's you. Harry can't be your brother.'

**Now, your teacher will discuss with you some of the ways in which you may continue the story or write a story of your own.**

### **Writing Task**

**Either continue the story from where the writer has left off, or write a story of your own involving an imaginary friend or a ghost.**

**Try to consider how the issues that might occur when only one person can see the 'friend'. Aim to use description to help the reader to imagine what happens to your characters.**