



## IG LEVEL ENTRANCE ASSESSMENT

### Who should complete this assessment?

Students who have not been registered with me previously, and who wish to register to prepare for the IG English First Language exam in October/November 2020.

### Guidelines

This assessment **must** be **handwritten**, scanned in and emailed to [chiara@imago-web.co.za](mailto:chiara@imago-web.co.za) as a **pdf document**. Assessments sent in as jpeg files cannot be marked.

The assessment must be completed under the guidance of a parent or adult, and must be completed in **2 hours**. This allows me to gain a sense of a student's reading and writing speed as well as of his or her knowledge.

**No access** to phones, internet, dictionaries or other reference books is permitted. I am trying to gain the best understanding possible of a student's abilities, so the aim is not to get all the answers "right" as much as to reflect honestly where a student is in each of the areas assessed by the questions.

## SECTION ONE: GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Suggested time for section 1: 15 minutes maximum

**Answer each of the questions below without looking them up on the internet or consulting any reference books. Answers do not need to be in full sentences. Try not to leave blanks.**

1. What currency is used in Britain?
2. Which country did Napoleon Bonaparte rule over?
3. In which continent is Peru located?
4. Who wrote *Peter Pan*?
5. Which war lasted from 1914 – 1918?
6. What countries make up the United Kingdom?
7. In which country is Lake Baikal located?
8. In which century (1800s, 1900s or 2000s) was the first aeroplane invented?
9. What is the name of the current Queen of England?
10. Who was Ronald Reagan?
11. During the Cold War, the United States was in conflict with which other superpower?
12. What is the UN?
13. Which famous river flows through London?
14. Name the two fictional boys Mark Twain created in his novels.
15. What is the capital city of Germany?
16. How did Abraham Lincoln die?
17. Which of William Shakespeare's plays is famous as a tragic love story?
18. Who ruled Germany during the Second World War?
19. In which century (1600s, 1700s, 1800s or 1900s) did the United States become independent of British rule?
20. In which country were the two atomic bombs dropped during the Second World War?
21. Who invaded England in 1066?

## SECTION TWO: COMPREHENSION

Suggested time for section 2: 45 minutes maximum

**Read the passage below, and then answer the questions which follow.**

ON THE DAY they were going to kill him, Santiago Nasar got up at five-thirty in the morning to wait for the boat the bishop was coming on. He'd dreamed he was going through a grove of timber trees where a gentle drizzle was falling, and for an instant he was happy in his dream, but when he awoke he felt completely spattered with bird [mess]. "He was always dreaming about trees," Placida Linero, his mother, told me twenty-seven years later, recalling the details of that unpleasant Monday. "The week before, he'd dreamed that he was alone in a tinfoil airplane and flying through the almond trees without bumping into anything," she told me. She had a well-earned reputation as an accurate interpreter of other people's dreams, provided they were told her before eating, but she hadn't noticed any ominous augury in those two dreams of her son's, or in the other dreams of trees he'd told her about on the mornings preceding his death.

Nor did Santiago Nasar recognize the omen. He had slept little and poorly, without getting undressed, and he woke up with a headache and a sediment of copper stirrup on his palate, and he interpreted them as the natural havoc of the wedding revels that had gone on until after midnight. Furthermore: all the many people he ran into after leaving his house at five minutes past six until he

was carved up like a pig an hour later remembered him as being a little sleepy but in a good mood, and he remarked to all of them in a casual way that it was a very beautiful day. No one was certain if he was referring to the state of the weather. Many people coincided in recalling that it was a radiant morning with a sea breeze coming in through the banana groves, as was to be expected in a fine February of that period. But most agreed that the weather was funereal, with a cloudy, low sky and the thick smell of still waters, and that at the moment of his misfortune a thin drizzle like the one Santiago Nasar had seen in his dream grove was falling. I was recovering from the wedding revels in the apostolic lap of Maria Alejandrina Cervantes, and I only awakened with the clamor of the alarm bells, thinking they had turned them loose in honor of the bishop.

Santiago Nasar put on shirt and pants of white linen, both items unstarched, just like the ones he'd put on the day before for the wedding. It was his attire for special occasions. If it hadn't been for the bishop's arrival, he would have put on his khaki outfit and the riding boots he wore on Mondays to go to The Divine Face, the cattle ranch he'd inherited from his father and which he administered with very good judgment but without much luck. In the country he wore a magnum .357 on his belt and its armored bullets, according to what he said, could cut a horse in two through the middle. During the partridge season he would also carry his falconry equipment. In the closet he also kept a Malincher Schonauer 30.06 rifle, a Holland magnum 300 rifle, a Hornet .22 with a double-strength telescopic sight, and a Winchester repeater. He always slept the way his father had slept, with the weapon hidden in the pillowcase, but before leaving the house that day he took out the bullets and put them in the drawer of the night table. "He never left it loaded," his mother told me. I knew that, and I also knew that he kept the guns in one place and hid the ammunition in another far removed so that nobody, not even casually, would yield to the temptation of loading them inside the house. It was a wise custom established by his father ever since one morning when a servant girl had shaken the case to get the pillow out and the pistol went off as it hit the floor and the bullet wrecked the cupboard in the room, went through the living room wall, passed through the dining room of the house next door with the thunder of war, and turned a life-size saint on the main altar of the church on the opposite side of the square to plaster dust. Santiago Nasar, who was a young child at the time, never forgot the lesson of that accident.

The last image his mother had of him was that of his fleeting passage through the bedroom. He'd awakened her while he was feeling around trying to find an aspirin in the bathroom medicine chest, and she turned on the light and saw him appear in the doorway with a glass of water in his hand, as she would remember him forever. Santiago Nasar told her then about the dream, but she didn't pay any great attention to the trees.

"Any dream about birds means good health," she said.

She saw him from the same hammock and in the same position in which I found her prostrated by the last lights of old age when I returned to this forgotten village, trying to put the broken mirror of memory back together from so many scattered shards. She could barely make out shapes in full light and had some medicinal leaves on her temples for the eternal headache that her son had left her the last time he went through the bedroom. She was on her side, clutching the cords at the head of the hammock trying to get up,, and in the half shadows there was the baptistry smell that had startled me on the morning of the crime.

No sooner had I appeared on the threshold than she confused me with the memory of Santiago Nasar. "There he was," she told me. "He was dressed in white linen that had been washed in plain water, because his skin was so delicate that it couldn't stand the noise of starch." She sat in the hammock for a long time, chewing pepper cress seeds, until the illusion that her son had returned left her. Then she sighed: "He was the man in my life."

### Questions

**Answer the questions below in full sentences. Write as much as necessary to make each answer clear and detailed.**

1. What had Santiago Nasar dreamed the night before he was killed?
2. What was his mother's attitude to the dream, and the dream of the previous week? Quote from the passage to support your answer.
3. What had Santiago been doing the night before?
4. What did Santiago wake up early to do?
5. What was the name of Santiago Nasar's cattle ranch?
6. What was the custom Santiago's father had introduced regarding storing guns and ammunition, and what had led him to introducing it?
7. Why is the first sentence of this passage striking?
8. The mood of a piece of written work can be described as the atmosphere or emotion which it conveys through language. What mood is set by this passage? Explain your answer as clearly and in as much detail as possible.
9. What impression do you form of Santiago's character from the information in this passage? Explain your answer.
10. What impression do you form of Placida Linero's character from this passage? Explain your answer.

## SECTION THREE: DIRECTED WRITING

Suggested time for section 3: 1 hour maximum

**Read the passage below and then answer the question following.**

The Hilton Hotel, Barbados

A slice of paradise at our Barbados resort

Set on a gorgeous peninsula with two white sand beaches, Hilton Barbados Resort is a dream come true for travelers in search of adventure and stunning natural beauty. The airport and city center are both conveniently located nearby. All our lovingly designed rooms offer private balconies overlooking the Caribbean Sea. Allow our on-site diving center to help you experience some of the world's most remarkable underwater scenery.

You want it. We have it.

- Two white sand beaches and infinity pool complex
- On-site watersports and scuba diving center
- Kidz Paradise Club with entertainment program
- Four bars and restaurants serving the perfect Caribbean rum cocktail
- Largest hotel meeting space in Barbados
- Resort facilities including 3 floodlit tennis courts and fitness center

Location, location, location

Direct access to two white sand beaches

Just a few steps from scuba diving and snorkeling in crystal-clear waters

5 mins from Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados

20 mins from Grantley Adams International Airport (BGI)

Spectacular sea views

Experience an unparalleled Atlantic Ocean or Carlisle Bay view from your guest room. All guest rooms feature wood-grain floors and updated furnishings, and our suites offer separate work and rest areas. Suites and executive rooms include continental breakfast and hors d'oeuvres in the Executive Lounge.

A touch of history

Hilton Barbados Resort was built on the site of the 17th century Fort Charles, part of the UNESCO World Heritage list.

Free watersports

Barbados is one of the most famous snorkeling and diving spots in the Caribbean. With our fantastic on-site watersports and scuba diving center, you'll have free access to all the snorkeling gear, kayaks and boogie boards needed to explore these breathtaking aquatic environments.

A gastronomic experience

Find casual and formal atmospheres, international and Bajan specialties prepared with the freshest ingredients, flavorsome snacks and colorful cocktails to sip while you lounge by the pool. Order from our room service menu and dine while taking in unforgettable ocean views from your private balcony.

Eforea Spa

Soothing massages, rejuvenating facials, manicures and pedicures are on the menu at our full-service spa. Treatment journeys address specific needs to create the ultimate well-being experience. Located on the beachfront, Eforea Spa at Hilton Barbados Resort is the only hotel spa in the Caribbean with a heated sand massage bed.

Question

Imagine you are staying at the Hilton Hotel, Barbados, and your trip has been sponsored by your great-aunt, who will join you shortly. Write a letter to your great-aunt, telling her what you are enjoying about the resort, and what she can look forward to. In your letter, include:

- how you like the resort
- how you are spending your time and whether you think it is well-spent or not
- what your great-aunt can look forward to when she joins you

**Make sure your answers draw on information in the passage, but expand it with your own voice as much as possible.**

Begin your letter: "Dear Aunt Eunice . . ."

**Write between 250 and 350 words.**