



WELLINGTON COLLEGE

I6+ ENTRANCE EXAMINATION

ENGLISH

Time allowed: 40 minutes

Special Instructions:

- Write in blue or black ink.
- Vocabulary, spelling, grammar, punctuation, paragraphing and overall presentation are important and will be taken into account.
- Answer all questions in the spaces provided.

Name: _____

Current School: _____

An extract from *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency* by Alexander McCall Smith.

'Let me tell you a little about myself first,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'I come from Maun, you see. My mother had a small shop and I lived with her in the house at the back. We had lots of chickens and we were very happy.'

'My mother told me that my Daddy had left a long time ago, when I was still a little baby. He had gone off to work in Bulawayo and he had never come back. Somebody had written to us to say that he thought that my Daddy was dead, but he wasn't sure. He said that he had gone to see somebody at Mpilo Hospital one day and as he was walking along a corridor he saw them wheeling somebody out on a stretcher and that the dead person on the stretcher looked remarkably like my Daddy. But he couldn't be certain.'

'So we decided that he was probably dead, but my mother did not mind a great deal because she had never really liked him very much. And of course I couldn't even remember him, so it did not make much difference to me.'

'I went to school in Maun at a place run by some Catholic missionaries. One of them discovered that I could do arithmetic rather well.'

'I suppose it was very odd. I could see a group of figures and I would just remember it. Then I would find that I had added the figures in my head, even without thinking about it. It just came very easily – I didn't have to work at it at all.'

'I did very well in my exams and at the end of the day I went off to Gaborone and learned how to be a book-keeper. Again it was very simple for me; I could look at a whole sheet of figures and understand it immediately. Then, the next day, I could remember every figure exactly and write them all down if I needed to.'

'I got a job in the bank and I was given promotion after promotion. Now I am the No. 1 sub-accountant and I don't think I can go any further because all the men are worried that I'll make them look stupid. But I don't mind. I get very good pay and I can finish all my work by three in the afternoon, sometimes earlier. I go shopping after that. I have a nice house with four rooms and I am very happy.'

Mma Ramotswe smiled. 'That is all very interesting. You're right. You've done well.'

'But then this thing happened. My Daddy arrived at the house.'

'He just knocked on the door,' said Happy Bapetsi. 'It was a Saturday afternoon and I was taking a rest on my bed when I heard his knocking. I got up, went to the door, and there was this man, about sixty or so, standing there with his hat in his hands. He told me that he was my Daddy, and that he had been living in Bulawayo for a long time but was now back in Botswana and had come to see me.'

'You can understand how shocked I was. I had to sit down, or I think I would have fainted. In the meantime, he spoke. He told me my mother's name, which was correct, and he said that he was sorry that he hadn't been in touch before. Then he asked if he could stay in one of the spare rooms, as he had nowhere else to go.'

'I said that of course he could. In a way I was very excited to see my Daddy and I thought that it would be good to be able to make up for all those lost years and to have him staying with me, particularly since my poor mother died. So I made a bed for him in one of the rooms and cooked him a large meal of steak and potatoes, which he ate very quickly. Then he asked for more.

'That was about three months ago. Since then, he has been living in that room and I have been doing all the work for him. I make his breakfast, cook him some lunch, which I leave in the kitchen, and then make his supper at night. I buy him one bottle of beer a day and have also bought him some new clothes and a pair of good shoes. All he does is sit in his chair outside the front door and tell me what to do for him next.'

'Many men are like that,' interrupted Mma Ramotswe.

Happy Bapetsi nodded. 'This one is specially like that. He has not washed a single cooking pot since he arrived and I have been getting very tired running after him. He also spends a lot of my money on vitamin pills.

'I would not resent this, you know, but for one thing. I do not think that he is my real Daddy. I have no way of proving this, but I think that this man is an impostor and that he heard about our family from my real Daddy before he died and is now just pretending. I think he is a man who has been looking for a retirement home and who is very pleased because he has found a good one.

'Can you help me?' asked Happy Bapetsi. 'Can you find out whether this man is really my Daddy?'

Now turn over and answer all the questions in the spaces provided.

1. Give one reason why Happy Bapetsi thought her father was dead.

(1 mark)

2. State two things that made Happy good at book-keeping.

(i)

(ii)

(2 marks)

3. In your own words explain what Happy likes about her job at the bank.

(3 marks)

4. How did Happy feel when her Daddy arrived at her house?

(3 marks)

5. State three things that Happy does to look after her Daddy.

(i)

(ii)

(iii)

(3 marks)

