

Junior School
Convent of the Sacred Heart School Foundation
Half-Yearly Sample Paper

Year 4

English (Rdg. Compr.)

Duration: (prt of 1 hr 40m)

Read the following passage *carefully*. Answer the questions on Test Paper (Ex. F).

The Skeleton Key

Erik rang his grandparents' doorbell and silently wished the next four hours would go by quickly. He didn't want to give up his entire Saturday afternoon at his grandparents' house where there were no kids in the neighbourhood.

"You're right on time," Grandma Bethany said, opening the door. "There's tea and cake in the dining-room."

Cake? At least the first ten minutes would go by quickly.

Erik hung his coat on the rack by the door and saw a strange looking key hanging on a hook.

"Grandpa Bill, what's this funny key for?"

"That's a skeleton key. It opens the best room in this house," Grandpa Bill whispered so no one else could hear.

"It's the room I go to when your grandmother tries to make me help with the dishes."

"What's so special about the room?" Erik asked.

"It's a games room," Grandpa Bill said. "Take the key and see if you can find the room by the time I finish my tea."

Erik grabbed the key and stared at it.

"A skeleton key? It looks old."



Erik decided the oldest things in the house were probably upstairs in the walk-up attic. He headed past the dining-room and to the stairs.

Grandpa Bill sipped his tea and shook his head. Erik knew that meant he was going the wrong way. He headed back to the front door where he had found the key.

Erik thought about the oldest part of a house. “The basement! It’s the first part that’s built.”



He rushed to the basement door and looked at the lock. It was different from a normal lock. He slid the key inside and turned it. With a click, the door opened.

Erik switched on the light and walked down the stairs. The basement was one giant room with a billiard table in the middle and a dartboard on the far wall.

“Brilliant!” Erik said.

“Ever learnt to play billiard?” Grandpa Bill asked, coming down the stairs.

“No,” Erik said.

“Well then, grab a cue from the rack and I’ll teach you.”

Erik smiled. The next four hours were going to fly by.

Written by Kelly Hashway