RADLEY

13+ Entrance Scholarships

ENGLISH 1

30 January 2018

Time allowed – 2 hours

Answer all the questions. Write in full sentences throughout.

You are expected to be able to write accurate, grammatical, well-punctuated prose throughout this paper.

Please use 3 lined sheets for answers:-
One sheet for Comprehension
One sheet for Composition (Q1)
One sheet for Composition (Q2)

Total 80 marks

Radley College English Scholarship 2018

Comprehension:

Read the poems 'The English Astronaut' by Simon Armitage and 'My Papa's Waltz' by Theodore Roethke, before answering the questions below in full sentences.

Support your answers with evidence and clear explanation.

1) How does Armitage present the experience of the astronaut? (6)

2) How do you think the speaker feels in 'My Papa's Waltz'? (6)

3) Which poem do you prefer and why? (8)

4) Compare the ways in which Armitage and Roethke depict the men in their poems. (20)
Comment on language, form, and ideas.

Composition:

Answer both questions.

1) Compose a piece of descriptive writing under one of the following titles:

The Last Straw
Beginner's Luck
Locked (20)

2) 'A hero is someone who understands the responsibility that comes with his freedom.'

Write a short essay exploring what you consider the key traits of a hero. (20)

You will be rewarded for the clarity and creativity of your writing. Accurate punctuation, grammar and spelling are also extremely important.

Total 80 Marks

The English Astronaut

He splashed down in rough seas off Spurn Point.
I watched through a coin-op telescope jammed
with a lollipop stick as a trawler fished him out
of the waves and ferried him back to Mission
Control on a trading estate near the Humber
Bridge. He spoke with a mild voice: yes, it was
good to be home; he'd missed his wife, the kids,
couldn't wait for a shave and a hot bath. 'Are
there any more questions?' No, there were not.

I followed him in his Honda Accord to a Little
Chef on the A1, took the table opposite, watched
him order the all-day breakfast and a pot of tea.
'You need to go outside to do that,' said the
waitress when he lit a cigarette. He read the
paper, started the crossword, poked at the black
pudding with his fork. Then he stared through
the window for long unbroken minutes at a time,
but only at the busy road, never the sky. And his
face was not the moon. And his hands were not
the hands of a man who had held between finger
and thumb the blue planet, and lifted it up to his
watchmaker's eye.

Simon Armitage

My Papa's Waltz

The whiskey on your breath
Could make a small boy dizzy;
But I hung on like death:
Such waltzing was not easy.

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

The hand that held my wrist
Was battered on one knuckle;
At every step you missed
My right ear scraped a buckle.

You beat time on my head
With a palm caked hard by dirt,
Then waltzed me off to bed
Still clinging to your shirt.

Theodore Roethke