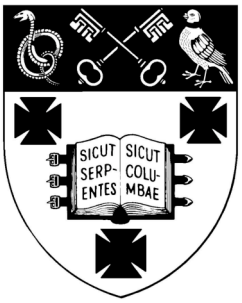
RADLEY COLLEGE

Entrance Scholarships

ENGLISH



March 2010

Time allowed – 2 hours

Section A (50 marks)

You are advised to spend 10 minutes reading, thinking and making notes.
You should then spend 1 hour writing your responses.
Remember to explain your answers using quotations taken from the text.

Section B (30 marks)

You are advised to spend 10 minutes thinking and making notes.
You should then spend 30 minutes writing.

Spelling, punctuation and grammar throughout the paper (20 marks)

You are advised to leave between 5 and 10 minutes at the end of the paper in which to check your work.

Section A

You are advised to spend 10 minutes reading, thinking and making notes.
You should then spend 1 hour writing your responses.
Remember to explain your answers using quotations taken from the text.

Read the *The Capital* by W H Auden and the opening to *A Pasage to India* by E M Forster.

1. Write an essay which explains how Forster conveys a sense of what Chandrapore is like. [25]

2. Comment on ways in which Auden's presentation of the city in his poem is similar to, or different from, Forster's presentation of Chandrapore. [25]

Section B

You are advised to spend 10 minutes thinking and making notes.
You should then spend at least 30 minutes writing.

Write a descriptive piece about a city. You may write either from memory, or from your imagination, or both. [30]

Your writing should aim to help the reader to share the experience of the scene you describe. Credit will be given especially to writing which achieves this.

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

Marks for spelling, punctuation and grammar throughout the paper [20]

Spend between 5 and 10 minutes checking your work for accuracy at the end.

Total [100]

from *A Passage to India*, by E M Forster (1924)

Except for the Marabar Caves – and they are twenty miles off – the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary. Edged rather than washed by the river Ganges, it trails for a couple of miles along the bank, scarcely distinguishable from the rubbish it deposits so freely. There are no bathing-steps on the river front, as the Ganges happens not to be holy here; indeed there is no river front, and bazaars shut out the wide and shifting panorama of the stream. The streets are mean, the temples ineffective, and though a few fine houses exist they are hidden away in gardens or down alleys whose filth deters all but the invited guest. Chandrapore was never large or beautiful, but two hundred years ago it lay on the road between Upper India, then imperial, and the sea, and the fine houses date from that period. The zest for decoration stopped in the eighteenth century, nor was it ever democratic. In the bazaars there is no painting and scarcely any carving. The very wood seems made of mud, the inhabitants of mud moving. So abased, so monotonous is everything that meets the eye, that when the Ganges comes down it might be expected to wash the excrescence back into the soil. Houses do fall, people are drowned and left rotting, but the general outline of the town persists, swelling here, shrinking there, like some low but indestructible form of life.

Inland, the prospect alters. There is an oval maidan, and a long sallow hospital. Houses belonging to Eurasians stand on the high ground by the railway station. Beyond the railway – which runs parallel to the river – the land sinks, then rises again rather steeply. On this second rise is laid out the little Civil Station, and viewed hence Chandrapore appears to be a totally different place. It is a city of gardens. It is no city, but a forest sparsely scattered with huts. It is a tropical pleasance, washed by a noble river. The toddy palms and neem trees and mangoes and peepul that were hidden behind the bazaars now become visible and in their turn hide the bazaars. They rise from the gardens whose ancient tanks nourish them, they burst out of stifling purlieus and unconsidered temples. Seeking light and air, and endowed with more strength than man or his works, they soar above the lower deposit to greet one another with branches and beckoning leaves, and to build a city for the birds. Especially after the rains do they screen what passes below, but at all times, even when scorched or leafless, they glorify the city to the English people who inhabit the rise, so that newcomers cannot believe it to be as meagre as it is described, and have to be driven down to acquire disillusionment. As for the Civil Station itself, it provokes no emotion. It charms not, neither does it repel. It is sensibly planned, with a red-brick Club on its brow, and further back a grocer's and a cemetery, and the bungalows are disposed along roads that intersect at right angles. It has nothing hideous in it, and only the view is beautiful; it shares nothing with the city except the overarching sky.

The Capital By WH Auden

Quarter of pleasures where the rich are always waiting,
Waiting expensively for miracles to happen,
Dim-lighted restaurants where lovers eat each other,
Cafe where exiles have established a malicious village:

You with your charm and apparatus have abolished
The strictness of winter and spring's compulsion,
Far from your lights the outraged punitive father,
The dullness of mere obedience is here apparent.

So with orchestras and glances, soon you betray us
To belief in our infinite powers; and the innocent
Unobservant offender falls in a moment
Victim to his heart's invisible furies.

In unlighted streets you hide away the appalling;
Factories where lives are made for a temporary use
Like collars or chairs, rooms where the lonely are battered
Slowly like pebbles into fortuitous shapes.

But the sky you illumine, your glow is visible far
Into the dark countryside, enormous and frozen,
Where, hinting at the forbidden like a wicked uncle,
Night after night to the farmer's children you beckon.