RADLEY COLLEGE

13+ Entrance Scholarships

ENGLISH

March 2011
Time allowed – 2 hours

Section A (40 marks):
You are advised to spend 45 minutes on this question.
Remember to explain your answers using quotations taken from the text.

Section B (20 marks):
You are advised to spend 30 minutes on this question.
Remember to explain your answers using quotations taken from the text.

Section C (20 marks):
You are advised to spend 30 minutes on this question.

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

SECTION A

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this question.

Read the two prose extracts. Each extract is the opening of a short story, and explores ideas of solitariness. Extract A is from *Frank* by A L Kennedy, and Extract B is from *Eveline* by James Joyce.

Compare them in any ways which seem to you to be interesting. [40]

EXTRACT A:

The cinema was tiny: twelve rows deep from the blacked-out wall and the shadowed doorway down to the empty screen, which had started to stare at him, a kind of hanging absence. How did they make any money with a place this small? Even if it was packed?

Which it wasn't. Quite the reverse. There was, in fact, no one else here. Boy at the door had to turn the lights on just for him, Frank feeling bad about this, thinking he shouldn't insist on seeing a film all by himself and might as well go to the bigger space they kept upstairs which had a balcony and quite probably gilt mouldings and would be more in the way of a theatre and professional. In half an hour they'd be showing a comedy up there.

Or he could drive to a multiscreen effort: there'd been one in the last big town as he came round the coast – huge glass and metal tower, looked like a part of an airport – they'd have an audience, they'd have audiences to spare.

Although that was a guess and maybe the multiplex was empty, too. The bar, the stalls that sold reconstituted food, the toilets, the passageways, perhaps they were all deserted. Frank felt that he hoped so.

And he'd said nothing as he'd taken back his torn stub and walked through the doorway, hadn't apologised or shown uncertainty. He'd only stepped inside what seemed a quite attentive dark as the younger man drifted away and left him to it.

Four seats across and then the aisle and then another four and that was it. The room wasn't much broader than his lounge and it put Frank in mind of a bus, some kind of wide, slow vehicle, sliding off to nowhere.

He didn't choose a seat immediately, wandering a little, liking the solitude, a whole cinema of his own – the kind of thing a child might imagine, might enjoy. He believed he would move around later if no one else appeared, run amok just a touch and leave his phone turned on so he could answer it if anybody called.

EXTRACT B:

She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired.

Few people passed. The man out of the last house passed on his way home; she heard his footsteps clacking along the concrete pavement and afterwards crunching on the cinder path before the new red houses. One time there used to be a field in which they used to play every evening with other people's children. Then a man from Belfast bought the field and built houses in it – not like their little brown houses, but bright brick houses with shining roofs. The children of the avenue used to play together in that field – the Devines, the Waters, the Dunns, little Keogh the cripple, she and her brothers and sisters. Ernest, however, never played: he was too grown up. Her father used often to hunt them in out of the field with his blackthorn stick; but usually little Keogh used to keep *nix* and call out when he saw her father coming. Still they seemed to have been rather happy then. Her father was not so bad then; and besides, her mother was alive. That was a long time ago; she and her brothers and sisters were all grown up; her mother was dead. Tizzie Dunn was dead, too, and the Waters had gone back to England. Everything changes. Now she was going to go away like the others, to leave her home.

Home! She looked around the room, reviewing all its familiar objects which she had dusted once a week for so many years, wondering where on earth all the dust came from. Perhaps she would never see again those familiar objects from which she had never dreamed of being divided. And yet during all those years she had never found out the name of the priest whose yellowing photograph hung on the wall above the broken harmonium beside the coloured print of the promises made to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He had been a school friend of her father. Whenever he showed the photograph to a visitor her father used to pass it with a casual word:

– He is in Melbourne now.

SECTION B

You are advised to spend about 30 minutes on this question.

Read the poem *At Play* by Greta Stoddart. How does the poet convey the parent's feelings about her child? [20]

At Play

There's a cow
deep in the lavender bush, the remote
is in a shoe and who

put the digger
in the knicker-drawer; the farmer
in the loo? Some creature's

been and re-
arranged our small plot according
to some inscrutable law

of its own.
The path is strewn with raisins and bricks,
there's a bear on his back in the oven.

A one-eyed duck
sits for days on *Hard Times*
and a sailor's face-down in the mud.

See how
each scene is made to come about
with the questionable air

of things stopped
rather than ended, for this little maker
grows cold to what

is done with,
moves on without so much as a
All to the good, you wreaker

/creator of havoc
wise to not mind meaning
for now, for this, you bundle

of nerves and decision
is your first grasp of things. That hole
you dug for the broken man.

SECTION C

You are advised to spend about 30 minutes on this question.

A Solitary Moment

Write about a solitary moment, either imagined or real. [20]

Your writing should help the reader to share the experience described. Credit will be given especially to writing which achieves this.

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]

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