WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

THE CHALLENGE 2016

ENGLISH

Wednesday 27 April 2016

You have TWO HOURS for this paper.

- **The paper is divided into Sections A, B and C. The amount of time you should spend on each is suggested as you progress through the paper.**
- **Write your answers in full sentences and, where necessary, in paragraphs.**
- **Please write in black or blue ink.**

A Spend about 20 minutes on this section.

Rewrite the following sayings in your own words, explaining, as you do, exactly what you think they mean:

1. Seeing ourselves as others see us would probably confirm our worst suspicions about them. *(Franklin P Jones)* [2]

2. Advertising may be described as the science of arresting human intelligence long enough to get money from it *(Stephen Leacock)* [2]

3. The flush toilet is the basis of civilisation. *(Alan Coult)* [2]

4. Loyalty to a petrified opinion never yet broke a chain nor freed a human soul. *(Mark Twain)* [2]

5. Beware the fury of a patient man. *(John Dryden)* [2]

B

Spend about 30 minutes on this section.

Read the following poem and answer the questions carefully:

Road 1940

Why do I carry, she said,
This child that is no child of mine?
Through the heat of the day it did nothing but fidget and whine,
Now it snuffles under the dew and the cold star-shine,
And lies across my heart heavy as lead,
Heavy as the dead.

Why did I lift it, she said,
Out of its cradle in the wheel-tracks?
On the dusty road burdens have melted like wax,
Soldiers have thrown down their rifles, misers slipped their packs:
Yes, and the woman who left it there has sped
With a lighter tread.

Though I should save it, she said,
What have I saved for the world's use?
If it grow to hero it will die or let loose
Death, or to hireling, nature already is too profuse
Of such, who hope and are disinherited,
Plough and are not fed.

But since I've carried it, she said,
So far I might as well carry it still.
If we ever should come to kindness someone will
Pity me perhaps as the mother of a child so ill,
Grant me even to lie down on a bed;
Give me at least bread.

1. **List two things you learn about the child in lines 1-8.** **[2]**

2. **Explain in detail what you think the following phrases might mean:**
   a) 'it… lies across my heart heavy as lead,/ Heavy as the dead.' **[3]**
   b) 'On the dusty road burdens have melted like wax' **[2]**

3. **In your own words, explain the reasons the woman gives for *not* saving the child in lines 15-18?** **[6]**

4. **Why do you think she does save the child?** **[5]**

5. **Why do you think the poem is called *Road 1940*?** **[2]**

C Spend about 40 minutes on this section

The writer of this passage was born in the West Indies, but moved to England (to study at Oxford) in 1950. Here, he describes a scene in 1960, when, as a tourist, he watches people board his ship to emigrate from St Kitts in the West Indies and begin their journey to England:

Part of the deck had been roped off; the companion-way had been lowered. There they were, rocking in the water, in three large rowing-boats. Men sat on the gunwales and with long oars steadied the boats. Policemen had already come aboard. Tables had been placed just in front of the companion-way, and there the officials sat, consulting long typewritten sheets. Below, the boats rocked. We could see only the white shirts, shadowed faces, hats of many colours, parcels, suitcases, baskets. The men with the oars shouted occasionally, their voices dying quickly in the darkness. But from the passengers we heard no sound. Sometimes, for a second or two, a face was upturned, examining the white ship. We saw women and children, dressed as for church. They all looked a little limp; they had been dressed for some time. The lights played on them, as if for their inspection. Beyond there was darkness. We picked out suits, new broad-brimmed felt hats, ties whose knots had slipped, shining faces.

Presently they started coming up. The companion-way quickly became packed, a line of people from ship to boat. They looked tired; their clothes were sweated. With policemen on either side, they produced tickets and brand-new passports. Most of them were subdued. One or two tried to duck under the ropes before presenting their papers. The tourist class, with sudden authority, bullied them back. The deck was choked with plastic bags in plaid patterns, brown paper parcels, cardboard boxes tied with string. The crowd pressed against the rope. One man with a blue suit, a slipped tie and a hat was jammed against me. He pushed his frightened, red-eyed face close to mine. He said hoarsely, anxiously, 'Mister, this is the ship that going to England?' Sweat was running down his face; his shirt stuck to his chest. 'It all right? It does go straight?'

I broke away from the group behind the rope and walked round to the starboard deck, where it was still and dark and silent, and looked at the lights of the island.

'Well!' someone said loudly.

I turned to see another tourist. We had not spoken so far during the voyage.

'The holiday is over,' he said. 'The wild cows are coming on board.'

Please see the opposite page.

Answer the following questions carefully. You must refer closely to detail in your responses.

1. **How does writer describe the people who are migrating to England and to what extent does he make you feel sympathy for them in his descriptions? [8]**

2. **What you think the writer is thinking or feeling when he breaks away from the group? Why? [5]**

3. **To what extent do you think the writer is critical of the tourists on board the ship and why? [5]**

4. **Which do you prefer: the poem (*Road 1940)* or the passage above – and why? [7]**

D

Spend about 25 minutes on this section.

You have just arrived in England after a long journey from another country. Write three sustained paragraphs in which you explore your first impressions, your thoughts and feelings, and your plans for the immediate future.

[15]

Now check your paper through for accuracy and fluency of expression.