



**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*