



**RADLEY**

**13+ Entrance Scholarships**

**ENGLISH 1**

**January 2019**

Time allowed – 2 hours

Section A – Comprehension (20 marks)

Section B – Creative Writing (10 marks)

Section C – Essay Writing (20 marks)

Answer **ALL** the questions. Write in full sentences throughout.

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

Write your answers on separate pieces of paper.

## Section A

### Comprehension:

*Read the extract from 'Butcher's Crossing' by John Williams and 'Hawk in the Rain' by Ted Hughes, before answering the question below in full sentences.*

*Support your answers with evidence and clear explanation.*

### **Compare the ways in which Williams and Hughes create powerful experiences for the reader. (20)**

To the west, in the direction of the river, clearly visible above the low buildings of Butcher's Crossing, a flame billowed up out of the darkness. For a moment Andrews clutched the handrail of the stairway in disbelief. The fire came from McDonald's shack. Fanned by a heavy breeze from the west, it lighted the tall grove of cottonwoods across the road from it, so that the light gray trunks and deep green leafage were shown clearly against the darkness around them. The fire illumined its own smoke, which coiled upward in thick black ropes, and were dispersed and carried back toward the town on the breeze; a rank, acrid odor bit into Andrews's nostrils. The clatter of running below him broke into his stillness; he went swiftly down the stairs, stumbled on the board sidewalk, and ran up the dusty road toward the fire.

Even at the point where the wagon-wheel trail turned off the road just above the grove of cottonwoods, he felt the great heat of the fire push against him. He paused there at the twin swaths of worn earth, which were clearly visible in the yellow-red glare of the fire; he was breathing sharply from his running, yet the heavy dregs of sleep were not yet cleared from his mind. Scattered in a wide, irregular semi-circle about the flaming shack, fifteen or twenty persons stood, still and small and distinctly outlined against the bellowing glare. Singly or in small clusters of two or three, they watched, and did not call out or move; only the dense heavy crackling of the flames came upon the night stillness, and only the great pulsations of the flame moved the men's shadows behind them. Andrews rubbed his hands over his eyes, which were smarting from the haze that settled from the twisting coils of smoke, and ran toward the clusters of people. As he approached them, the intense heat made him turn his face away from the direction he was running, so that he collided with one of the small groups, knocking one of the onlookers aside. The man he bumped against did not look at him; his mouth was open, and his eyes were fixed on the huge blaze, the light of which played upon his face, casting it in deep and changing hues of red.

*From 'Butcher's Crossing' by John Williams*

## The Hawk in the Rain

I drown in the drumming ploughland, I drag up  
Heel after heel from the swallowing of the earth's mouth,  
From clay that clutches my each step to the ankle  
With the habit of the dogged grave, but the hawk

Effortlessly at height hangs his still eye.  
His wings hold all creation in a weightless quiet,  
Steady as a hallucination in the streaming air.  
While banging wind kills these stubborn hedges,

Thumbs my eyes, throws my breath, tackles my heart,  
And rain hacks my head to the bone, the hawk hangs  
The diamond point of will that polestars  
The sea drowner's endurance: and I,

Bloodily grabbed dazed last-moment-counting  
Morsel in the earth's mouth, strain towards the master-  
Fulcrum of violence where the hawk hangs still.  
That maybe in his own time meets the weather

Coming the wrong way, suffers the air, hurled upside down,  
Fall from his eye, the ponderous shires crash on him,  
The horizon traps him; the round angelic eye  
Smashed, mix his heart's blood with the mire of the land.

*Ted Hughes*

*Write on separate pieces of paper (all named) for each answer.*

## **Section B**

### **Creative Writing:**

Compose a piece of imaginative, descriptive writing under **one** of the following titles:

*Downpour*

*The bigger they are, the harder they fall.*

*Underground*

**Your piece should be no more than 150 words.**

(10)

## **Section C**

### **Essay Writing:**

‘Certainty is an intellectual vice.’

Write a short essay exploring doubt and certainty.

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

(20)

**End of Paper**