



**ST PAUL'S SCHOOL
JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION**

MAY 2014

ENGLISH

2 hours

This paper has three questions.

You must answer all three questions. Begin each question on a fresh sheet of paper.

30 marks are available for each answer.

You are advised to divide your time equally between the three questions.

A further 10 marks are available for accuracy and ambition in spelling, punctuation and grammar.

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1.

Kelly Wood

Walking in Kelly Wood, gathering words

Frail as spilt leaves, fine sticks of sentences,

Spirals of bracken from the fallen ground,

I listen for the silences of stone,

The stream's white voice, the indifference of birds. 5

Safe in my quiet house I lay them out

- Leaf, stick and bracken – in the hearth's cold frame,

Strike steel on flint against the page of dark,

Wait patiently for the first spark. A flame.

Charles Causley, Collected Poems, 1997.

How does Charles Causley's poem develop the opening comparison of words to leaves/sticks/bracken?

[30 marks]

TURN OVER

2.

BIFF (*agonized*): You gotta help me, Hap, I'm gonna tell Pop.

HAPPY: You crazy? What for?

BIFF: Hap, he's got to understand that I'm not the man somebody lends that kind of money to. He thinks I've been spiting him all these years and it's eating him up.

HAPPY: That's just it. You tell him something nice. 5

BIFF: I can't.

HAPPY: Say you got a lunch date with Oliver tomorrow.

BIFF: So what do I do tomorrow?

HAPPY: You leave the house tomorrow and come back at night and say Oliver is thinking it over. And he thinks it over for a couple of weeks, and gradually it fades away and nobody's the 10 worse.

BIFF: But it'll go on forever!

HAPPY: Dad is never so happy as when he's looking forward to something!

(*Willy enters.*)

HAPPY: Hello, scout. 15

WILLY: Well, what happened, boy? (*Nodding affirmatively with a smile.*) Everything go all right?

BIFF (*takes a breath, then reaches out and grasps Willy's hand*): Pal... (*He is smiling bravely, and Willy is smiling too.*) I had an experience today.

HAPPY: Terrific, Pop. 20

WILLY: That so? What happened?

BIFF (*high, slightly alcoholic, above the earth*): I'm going to tell you everything from first to last. It's been a strange day. (*Silence. He looks around, composes himself as best he can, but his breath keeps breaking the rhythm of his voice.*) I had to wait quite a while for him, and...

WILLY: Oliver? 25

BIFF: Yeah, Oliver. All day, as a matter of cold fact. And a lot of instances — facts, Pop, facts about my life came back to me. Who was it, Pop? Who ever said I was a salesman with Oliver?

WILLY: Well, you were.

BIFF: No, Dad, I was a shipping clerk.

WILLY: But you were practically... 30

BIFF (*with determination*): Dad, I don't know who said it first, but I was never a salesman for Bill Oliver.

WILLY: What're you talking about?

BIFF: Let's hold on to the facts tonight, Pop. We're not going to get anywhere bullin' around. I was a shipping clerk. 35

WILLY (*angrily*): All right, now listen to me...

BIFF: Why don't you let me finish?

WILLY: I'm not interested in stories about the past or any crap of that kind because the woods

are burning, boys, you understand? There's a big blaze going on all around. I was fired today.

BIFF (*shocked*): How could you be?

40

WILLY: I was fired, and I'm looking for a little good news to tell your mother, because the woman has waited and the woman has suffered. The gist of it is that I haven't got a story left in my head, Biff. So don't give me a lecture about facts and aspects. I am not interested. Now what've you got to say to me?

Arthur Miller, Death of a Salesman, 1949

Willy and his two sons are meeting at a crisis point in their lives. Using evidence taken only from this extract, describe the characters of the three participants, and their reactions to this crisis, in as much detail as possible.

[30 marks]

TURN OVER

3.

It was a cold, still afternoon with a hard, steely sky overhead, when he slipped out of the warm parlour into the open air. The country lay bare and entirely leafless around him, and he thought that he had never seen so far and so intimately into the insides of things as on that winter day when Nature was deep in her annual slumber and seemed to have kicked the clothes off. Copses, dells, quarries, and all hidden places, which had been mysterious mines for exploration in leafy summer, now exposed themselves and their secrets pathetically, and seemed to ask him to overlook their shabby poverty for a while, till they could riot in rich masquerade as before, and trick and entice him with the old deceptions. It was pitiful in a way, and yet cheering—even exhilarating. He was glad that he liked the country undecorated, hard, and stripped of its finery. He had got down to the bare bones of it, and they were fine and strong and simple. He did not want the warm clover and the play of seeding grasses; the screens of quickset, the billowy drapery of beech and elm seemed best away; and with great cheerfulness of spirit he pushed on towards the Wild Wood, which lay before him low and threatening, like a black reef in some still southern sea.

There was nothing to alarm him at first entry. Twigs crackled under his feet, logs tripped him, funguses on stumps resembled caricatures, and startled him for the moment by their likeness to something familiar and far away; but that was all fun, and exciting. It led him on, and he penetrated to where the light was less, and trees crouched nearer and nearer, and holes made ugly mouths at him on either side.

Everything was very still now. The dusk advanced on him steadily, rapidly, gathering in behind and before; and the light seemed to be draining away like flood-water.

Then the faces began.

It was over his shoulder, and indistinctly, that he first thought he saw a face, a little, evil, wedge-shaped face, looking out at him from a hole. When he turned and confronted it, the thing had vanished.

He quickened his pace, telling himself cheerfully not to begin imagining things or there would be simply no end to it. He passed another hole, and another, and another; and then—yes!—no!—yes! certainly a little, narrow face, with hard eyes, had flashed up for an instant from a hole, and was gone. He hesitated—braced himself up for an effort and strode on. Then suddenly, and as if it had been so all the time, every hole, far and near, and there were hundreds of them, seemed to possess its face, coming and going rapidly, all fixing on him glances of malice and hatred: all hard-eyed and evil and sharp.

If he could only get away from the holes in the banks, he thought, there would be no more faces. He swung off the path and plunged into the untrodden places of the wood.

Then the whistling began.

Very faint and shrill it was, and far behind him, when first he heard it; but somehow it made him hurry forward. Then, still very faint and shrill, it sounded far ahead of him, and made him hesitate and want to go back. As he halted in indecision it broke out on either side, and seemed to be caught up and passed on throughout the whole length of the wood to its farthest limit. They were up and alert and ready, evidently, whoever they were! And he—he was alone, and unarmed, and far from any help; and the night was closing in.

Then the pattering began.

He thought it was only falling leaves at first, so slight and delicate was the sound of it. Then as it grew it took a regular rhythm, and he knew it for nothing else but the pat-pat-pat of little feet

still a very long way off. Was it in front or behind? It seemed to be first one, and then the other, 45
then both. It grew and it multiplied, till from every quarter as he listened anxiously, leaning this
way and that, it seemed to be closing in on him. As he stood still to hearken, a rabbit came
running hard towards him through the trees. He waited, expecting it to slacken pace or to swerve
from him into a different course. Instead, the animal almost brushed him as it dashed past, his
face set and hard, his eyes staring. "Get out of this, you fool, get out!" the Mole heard him 50
mutter as he swung round a stump and disappeared down a friendly burrow.

The pattering increased till it sounded like sudden hail on the dry leaf-carpet spread around him.
The whole wood seemed running now, running hard, hunting, chasing, closing in round
something or—somebody? In panic, he began to run too, aimlessly, he knew not whither. He ran
up against things, he fell over things and into things, he darted under things and dodged round 55
things. At last he took refuge in the deep, dark hollow of an old beech tree, which offered
shelter, concealment—perhaps even safety, but who could tell? Anyhow, he was too tired to run
any further, and could only snuggle down into the dry leaves which had drifted into the hollow
and hope he was safe for a time. And as he lay there panting and trembling, and listened to the
whistlings and the patterings outside, he knew it at last, in all its fulness, that dread thing which 60
other little dwellers in field and hedgerow had encountered here, and known as their darkest
moment—that thing which the Rat had vainly tried to shield him from—the Terror of the Wild
Wood!

Kenneth Grahame, The Wind in the Willows, 1908.

Either:

(a) Describe the ways in which Grahame builds tension in the extract.

[30 marks]

Or:

**(b) Write no more than 300 words, in carefully crafted paragraphs, in which you continue the
extract according to your own imagining of its likely development.**

[30 marks]

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