



**OUNDLE**

School

2019 Non-Common Entrance Examination

Third Form Entry

**English**

Time allowed: 1 hour

**Instructions**

- **Dictionaries are not allowed.**
- Answer on lined paper. Clearly mark your name at the top of each sheet of paper you use.
- Answer ALL the questions in Section A. Answer ONE question from Section B. **You should divide your time equally between both sections.**
- You are expected to write clearly and accurately in your answers. Write in full sentences. You should leave some time towards the end of the examination to check your work carefully.
- The maximum number of marks for this paper is 40.

## Section A: Comprehension

**Spend about 30 minutes on this section**

In 1933, aged just 18, Patrick Leigh Fermor decided to walk across Europe from Holland to Turkey. Here, in this extract from his memoirs, he describes leaving London by ship for Holland to begin his travels. Read the passage and then answer the questions that follow.

'A splendid afternoon to set out!' said one of the friends who was seeing me off, peering at the rain and rolling up the window.

The other two agreed. Sheltering under an arch we had found a taxi at last. In Half Moon Street all collars were up. A thousand glistening umbrellas were tilted over a thousand bowler hats in Piccadilly. The shops, distorted by streaming water, had become a submarine arcade. Blown askew, the Trafalgar Square fountains twirled like mops, and our taxi, delayed by a horde of commuters reeling under a cloudburst, crept into The Strand. We splashed up Ludgate Hill and the tyres slewed away from the drowning cathedral and a minute later the silhouette of The Monument, seen through veils of rain, seemed so convincingly liquefied that the road might have been under the sea. The driver, as he swerved wetly into Upper Thames Street, leaned back and said: 'Nice weather for young ducks'.

Sheets of water were rising from our front wheels as the taxi floundered on; then straight ahead Tower Bridge was looming. We halted on the bridge and the driver indicated the flight of stone steps. We were down them in a moment; and beyond the cobbles and the bollards was the ship I was to catch, with the Dutch flag beating damply from her roof. The swirling tide had lifted the ship almost level with the flagstones: she was gleaming in the rain and with full steam-up for departure. Haste and the weather cut short our farewells and our embraces and I sped down the gangway clutching my rucksack and my stick while the others dashed back to the steps – four sodden trouser legs and two high heels skipping across the puddles – and up them to the waiting taxi; and half a minute later, there they were, high overhead on the bridge, craning and waving. I was signalling frantically back as the ship's ropes were cast loose. Then they were gone. The anchor-chain clattered and the vessel turned into the current with a wail of her siren. How strange it seemed as I took shelter – feeling suddenly sad, but only for a moment – to be setting off from the heart of London!

Miraculously, after the pitiless hours of downpour, the rain stopped. After the drifts of smoke there was a quickly-fading glimpse of a few domes and many church steeples flying rain-washed against a sky of gunmetal and silver and tarnished brass. The sun was setting fast and the western cloudbanks were fading from smoky crimson to violet.

In the gulf between the warehouses, night was assembling. From warehouse walls the giant white letters of the names, grimed by a century of soot, were growing less visible each second. There was a reek of mud, seaweed, slime, salt, smoke and the

half-sunk boats smelled of rotting timber. The ship was drawing away from the shore and gathering speed and the different notes of the sirens boomed up and downstream as through dinosaurs still haunted the Thames.

I wondered when I would be returning. Excitement ruled out the thought of sleep; it seemed too important a night. But I must have dozed, in spite of these emotions, for when I woke the only glimmer in sight was our own reflection on the waves. A stiff wind was blowing and the mainland of Europe was less than half the night away. 40

It was still a couple of hours till dawn when we dropped anchor in Holland. Snow covered everything and the flakes blew in a slant across the lamps and the untrodden quay. This solitary entry, under cover of night and hushed by snow, completed the illusion that I was slipping into Europe through a secret door. 45

Filled with joy, I wandered about the silent lanes. Seagulls cried and wheeled overhead and dipped into the lamplight, scattering their small footprints on the muffled cobblestones and settling on the ropes of the anchored boats in little explosions of snow. The cafes were all closed apart from one which showed a promising line of light. A shutter went up and a stout man in clogs\* opened a glass door, deposited a cat on the snow and, turning back, began lighting a stove inside. The cat went in again at once; I followed it and the fried eggs and coffee, ordered by signs, were the best I had ever eaten. 50

Dawn broke with the snow still coming down. I put on my coat, my rucksack, grasped my stick and headed for the door. The landlord asked where I was going. I said: 'Istanbul'. His brows went up and he signalled me to wait: then he set out two small glasses and filled them with transparent liquid from a long stone bottle. We clinked them; he emptied his at one gulp and I did the same. With his wishes for godspeed in my ears and an internal bonfire and a hand smarting from his farewell shake, I set off. It was the formal start of my journey. 60

\**clogs* – wooden shoes traditionally worn in Holland

1. Look again at lines 3-12. Give any two comparisons that the writer uses to describe the weather. (2 marks)
2. Write down any two words or phrases from anywhere in the passage that you feel are particularly effective at describing the weather the writer encounters. Comment on how these words or phrases create a vivid picture of the weather for the reader. Do not repeat anything you used in your answer to Question 1. (4 marks)

**TURN OVER**

3. ' ... the different notes of the sirens boomed up and downstream as though dinosaurs still haunted the Thames' (lines 37-8)
- a) Explain the use of the simile here. (1 mark)
- b) In your own words explain what the writer means by it. (3 marks)
5. Look again at lines 43-60. Why does the writer feel he is 'slipping into Europe through a secret door'?
- (2 mark)
6. Looking at the passage as a whole, explain the writer's feelings as he begins his journey across Europe. You should use brief quotations to support your answer.
- (8 marks)
- (Total: 20 marks)

## Section B: Composition

**Spend about 30 minutes on this section**

Answer ONE of the following questions. You are reminded of the importance of clear and accurate written English and of careful presentation in your answers. All questions carry equal marks.

1. Describe an occasion in your life when you went somewhere for the first time. Write in a way that creates a clear picture for the reader of what you did and how you felt.
- (20 marks)
2. 'Dawn broke with the snow still coming down.' Write a story that begins with these words.
- (20 marks)
3. 'Travel broadens the mind.' Use this title as EITHER:
- a) the headline for an article for a teenage magazine
- OR
- b) a speech to present to your school assembly.
- (20 marks)

**END OF QUESTIONS**