



# **13+ Scholarship Examinations 2017**

## **ENGLISH**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

**50 marks**

**Answer both sections, choosing one question from Section B.**

**You should spend 10 minutes reading and annotating the poem,  
and spend 5 minutes at the end reading over your work.**

**You should spend about 30 minutes answering each question.**

**Write your name clearly on every sheet of paper used.**

## Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. . . . Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;  
And on the pedestal, these words appear:  
"My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

### **Section A**

What sort of a person was Ozymandias? In your answer, you should refer to the poet's language and use of poetic techniques.

(25 marks)

### **Section B**

Either:

- a) Imagine you are the traveller from the antique land mentioned in the first line of this poem. Write a letter to a friend, telling them about what else you see and do in the 'antique land'.
  
- b) Imagine you are the sculptor working on the statue of Ozymandias. Write an account describing your experiences.

(25 marks)

**END**



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### **ENGLISH**

**1 hour 15 minutes**

**50 marks**

**Answer both sections**

**Read both questions and take notes for 15 minutes**

**Then spend about 30 minutes on each section**

**Write your name clearly on every sheet of paper used**

**Section A (25 Marks)**

Now sixty years old, you are famous worldwide for success in your career. To celebrate your sixtieth birthday, a respected national magazine asks you to write an article entitled 'A Day in the Life of...' The editor allows you between 400 and 500 words. Write the article.

**Section B (25 Marks)**

Read the following passage taken from a novel entitled *Money*, written by Martin Amis and published in 1982. An Englishman, called John Self, who is the narrator of the story, is playing a game of tennis in New York against an American, called Fielding.

Explore how Amis uses language to show the relationship between Self and Fielding.

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I should have realized that when English people say they can play tennis they don't mean what Americans mean when they say they can play tennis. Americans mean that they can play tennis. Even in my prime I was never more than an all-weather park-player. A certain wrong-footing slyness has sometimes enabled me to dink and poke my way to victory over more talented players. But basically I'm a dog on the court. Fielding was good. Oh, he was good. And there were differences of health, muscle-tone and coordination to be accounted for too. Fielding, tanned, tuned, a king's ransom of orthodonture having passed through his mouth, reared on steaks and on milk sweetened with iron and zinc, twenty-five, leaning into his strokes and imparting topspin with a roll of the wrist. Me, I lolloped and leapt for my life at the other end, 200 pounds of yob genes, booze, snout and fast food, ten years older, charred and choked on heavy fuel, with no more to offer than my block drive and backhand chip. I looked up at the glass window above Fielding's head. The middle-management of Manhattan stared on, their faces as thin as credit cards.

'Okay,' said Fielding. 'You want to serve?'

'You do it.'

I watched Fielding bend forward, pat the ball, then straighten up to aim his gun. My serve is no more than a convulsion which occasionally produces a baseline overhead. But Fielding was precise in his stance, measured in his action, with a touch of the severity that all natural ballplayers have. What is it with ballplayers? What is it about roundness that they understand better than we do? The world is round. They understand that too.

His opening serve I didn't see at all. It fizzed past me, losing its definition for a moment on the centre line, before thwacking first bounce into the green canvas behind my back. The passage of the ball seemed to leave a comet's trail of yellow against the artificial green of the court.

'Nice one,' I called, and trudged across in my black socks and checked Bermudas. This time I managed to get a line on Fielding's first serve: it smacked into the tape with a volume that made me whimper – the sound of a strong hand slapping a strong belly. I edged up a few feet as Fielding daintily removed the second ball from the pocket of his tailored shorts. I twirled my racket and swayed around a bit... But his second serve was a real dilly too. Hit low and late with what I guessed was a backhand grip, the ball came looping over the net, landed deep, and kicked like a bastard. It jumped so high that I could return it only with a startled half-smash. Fielding had come sauntering up to the net, of course, and angled the ball away with acute dispatch. He aced me again at thirty-love, but on the last point of the game I got another crack at that second serve of his. I stood my ground and lobbed the brute,

quite accurately, and Fielding had to stroll back from the service line to receive it. That lob was my last shot, really. I was never a contender after that. We had a rally of sorts: Fielding stood at the centre of his baseline while I hurled myself around the court. *Put it away*, I kept telling him, but there were a good few strokes exchanged before he chose to place the ball beyond my reach.

We switched ends. I didn't meet his eye. I hoped he couldn't hear my hoarse gasps for air. I hoped he couldn't smell – I hoped he couldn't see – the junk-fumes swathing my face like heat-ripple. As I took position I glanced up at our audience in their high aquarium. They were smiling down.

My opening serve flopped into the net, six inches from the ground. My second serve is a dolly and Fielding murdered it in his own sweet time, leaning back before putting all his weight into the stroke. I didn't even chase his return. The same thing happened on the next point. At love-thirty I served so blind and wild that Fielding simply reached out and caught the ball on the volley. He pocketed it and strolled forward a few paces – several paces. I moved wide and, in petulant despair, hit my second serve as if it were my first. And it went in! Fielding was less surprised than I was but he only just got his racket on the ball – and he was so insultingly far advanced that his return was nothing more than a skied half-volley. The yellow ball plopped down invitingly in the centre of my court. I hit it pretty low, hard and deep to Fielding's backhand and lumbered cautiously up to the net. A big mistake. Fielding chose this moment to untether a two-fisted topspin drive. The ball came screaming over the tape, skipped a beat, regathered its tilt and momentum – and punched me in the face. I toppled over backwards and my racket fell with a clatter. For several shocked seconds I lay there like an old dog, an old dog that wants its old belly stroked. Now how's this going to look? I got to my feet. I rubbed my nose.

'You okay, Slick?'

'Yeah, I'm cool,' I murmured. I bent down for my racket, and straightened up. Behind the glass the sea-creatures watched from their pool. Sharp faces. That's right, get your staring done with.

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