



ST PAUL'S SCHOOL  
Est. 1509

# **JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION**

**MAY 2018**

**ENGLISH**

**2 hours**

**Answer questions on the paper provided. Begin each question on a separate sheet.**

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

**SECTION A—Poetry**

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Read carefully the poem over the page, then answer the following question:

**How does the speaker present the natural world in this poem? You must analyse the effects of the writer's choices as closely as possible throughout your answer.**

## On a Lane in Spring

By John Clare

A Little Lane, the brook runs close beside  
And spangles in the sunshine while the fish glide swiftly by  
And hedges leafing with the green spring tide  
From out their greenery the old birds fly  
And chirp and whistle in the morning sun  
The pilewort<sup>1</sup> glitters 'neath the pale blue sky  
The little robin has its nest begun  
And grass green linnets<sup>2</sup> round the bushes fly  
How Mild the Spring Comes in; the daisy buds  
Lift up their golden blossoms to the sky  
How lovely are the pingles<sup>3</sup> and the woods  
Here a beetle runs; and there a fly  
Rests on the Arum<sup>4</sup> leaf in bottle green  
And all the Spring in this Sweet lane is seen

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<sup>1</sup> Pilewort – a type of buttercup

<sup>2</sup> Linnet – a song bird

<sup>3</sup> Pingle – a small enclosed piece of land, a paddock

<sup>4</sup> Arum – a British flowering plant

**TURN OVER**

**SECTION B—Prose**

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The passage over the page is the opening section of a novel by Alan Patton called *Cry, the Beloved Country*. The novel is about life in South Africa, and all the names mentioned in the text are the place names of areas in rural South Africa.

Read carefully the passage, then answer the following question:

**How does the writer describe the landscape in this extract? You must analyse the effects of the writer's choices as closely as possible throughout your answer.**

There is a lovely road that runs from Ixopo into the hills. These hills are grass-covered and rolling, and they are lovely beyond any singing of it. The road climbs seven miles into them, to Carisbrooke; and from there, if there is no mist, you look down on one of the fairest valleys of Africa. About you there is grass and bracken and you may hear the singing of the tithoya, one of the birds of the veld.<sup>1</sup> Below you is the valley of the Umzimkulu, on its journey from the Drakensberg to the sea; and beyond and behind the river, great hill after great hill; and beyond and behind them, the mountains of Ingeli and East Griqualand.

The grass is rich and matted, you cannot see the soil. It holds the rain and the mist, and they seep into the ground, feeding the streams in every kloof.<sup>2</sup> It is well-tended, and not too many cattle feed upon it; not too many fires burn it, laying bare the soil. Stand unshod<sup>3</sup> upon it, for the ground is holy, being even as it came from the Creator. Keep it, guard it, care for it, for it keeps men, guards men, cares for men. Destroy it and man is destroyed.

Where you stand the grass is rich and matted, you cannot see the soil. But the rich green hills break down. They fall to the valley below, and falling, change their nature. For they grow red and bare; they cannot hold the rain and the mist, and the streams are dry in the kloofs. Too many cattle feed upon the grass, and too many fires have burned it. Stand shod upon it, for it is coarse and sharp, and the stones cut under the feet. It is not kept, or guarded, or cared for, it no longer keeps men, guard men, cares for men. The tithoya does not cry here any more.

The great red hills stand desolate, and the earth has torn away like flesh. The lightning flashes over them, the clouds pour down upon them, the dead streams come to life, full of the red blood of the earth. Down in the valleys women scratch the soil that is left and the corn hardly reaches the height of a man. They are valleys of old men and old women, of mothers and children. The men are away, the young men and the girls are away. The soil cannot keep them any more.

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<sup>1</sup> Veld – an Afrikaans word meaning open grass country

<sup>2</sup> Kloof – an Afrikaans word meaning valley

<sup>3</sup> Unshod – barefoot

**TURN OVER**

**SECTION C—Writing**

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Answer **one** of the following.

EITHER

1. Write a **story** about visiting relatives.
2. Write a **story** that begins: “Our teacher had forbidden us from entering the room, but there was something about the door that was just too enticing to resist...”
3. **Describe** a scene in the countryside in the morning.

**END OF PAPER**

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