

Name:

School:



WINCHESTER
COLLEGE

Entrance Examination

English 1 (comprehension)

Tuesday 1st May, 2018

Total time allowed: 1 hour

Please answer all questions on this answer paper. There are two sections, Prose and Poetry. Please read the text and then answer the questions that follow. Use the number of marks to guide the length of your responses.

Section A: Prose

The Man Upstairs, by P G Wodehouse

There were three distinct stages in the **evolution** of Annette Brougham's attitude towards the knocking in the room above. In the beginning it had been merely a vague discomfort. Absorbed in the composition of her waltz, she had heard it almost subconsciously. The second stage set in when it became a physical pain like red-hot pincers wrenching her mind from her music. Finally, with a thrill in indignation, she knew it for what it was--an insult. The unseen brute disliked her playing, and was intimating his views with a boot-heel.

Defiantly, with her foot on the loud pedal, she struck--almost slapped--the keys once more.

'Bang!' from the room above. 'Bang! Bang!'

Annette rose. Her face was pink, her chin tilted. Her eyes sparkled with the light of battle. She left the room and started to mount the stairs. No spectator, however just, could have helped feeling a pang of pity for the wretched man who stood unconscious of **imminent** doom, possibly even triumphant, behind the door at which she was on the point of tapping.

'Come in!' cried the voice, rather a pleasant voice; but what is a pleasant voice if the soul be vile?

Annette went in. The room was a typical Chelsea studio, scantily furnished and lacking a carpet. In the centre was an easel, behind which were visible a pair of trousered legs. A cloud of grey smoke was curling up over the top of the easel.

'I beg your pardon,' began Annette.

'I don't want any models at present,' said the Brute. 'Leave your card on the table.'

'I am not a model,' said Annette, coldly. 'I merely came--'

At this the Brute emerged from his fortifications and, removing his pipe from his mouth, jerked his chair out into the open.

'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'Won't you sit down?'

How reckless is Nature in the distribution of her gifts! Not only had this black-hearted knocker on floors a pleasant voice, but, in addition, a pleasing exterior. He was slightly **dishevelled** at the moment, and his hair stood up in a disordered mop; but in spite of these drawbacks, he was quite passably good-looking. Annette admitted this. Though **wrathful**, she was fair.

'I thought it was another model,' he explained. 'They've been coming in at the rate of ten an hour ever since I settled here. I didn't object at first, but after about the eightieth child of sunny Italy had shown up it began to get on my nerves.'

Annette waited coldly till he had finished.

'I am sorry,' she said, in a this-is-where-you-get-yours voice, 'if my playing disturbed you.'

One would have thought nobody but an Eskimo wearing his furs and winter under-clothing could have withstood the iciness of her manner; but the Brute did not freeze.

'I am sorry,' repeated Annette, well below zero, 'if my playing disturbed you. I live in the room below, and I heard you knocking.'

'No, no,' protested the young man, affably; 'I like it. Really I do.'

'Then why knock on the floor?' said Annette, turning to go. 'It is so bad for my ceiling,' she said over shoulder. 'I thought you would not mind my mentioning it. Good afternoon.'

'No; but one moment. Don't go.'

She stopped. He was surveying her with a friendly smile. She noticed most reluctantly that he had a nice smile. His composure began to enrage her more and more. Long ere this he should have been writhing at her feet in the dust, crushed and abject.

'You see,' he said, 'I'm awfully sorry, but it's like this. I love music, but what I mean is, you weren't playing a *tune*. It was just the same bit over and over again.'

Section A: Prose

1. In three words, copied from paragraph 1, what are the three stages of Annette’s response to the knocking? (3)

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2. What do the following words mean as used in the passage (they are in bold)?

- a) Evolution (2)
- b) Imminent (2)
- c) Dishevelled (2)
- d) Wrathful (2)

a)

b)

c)

d)

3. Read the paragraph beginning on line 11, “Annette rose.” Using **your own words** write one sentence describing Annette’s mood and intentions as she leaves her apartment. (3)

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4. What evidence is there from the passage that the man upstairs is an artist? (2)

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Section B: Poetry

From 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin', by Robert Browning.

Browning wrote this poem for his son, who was ten at the time. This extract begins in the third section, when the rat infestation in Hamelin has forced the Mayor and Coucillors to meet to discuss a solution.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
``Tis clear," cried they, ``our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation -- shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking 10
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
``For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain -- 20
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
``Bless us," cried the Mayor, ``what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous 30
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

``Come in!" -- the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smile went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: ``It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

40

Section B: Poetry

1. Find words from the speech of the people which tell us
 - i) that they are annoyed with the Mayor and the Council (3);
 - ii) what they are annoyed about. (3)

i)

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ii)

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2. Some of these rhymes were meant to be amusing for his son. Which do you find most amusing and why? (4)

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3. What does the Mayor eat at midday? (2)

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4. What do you understand by the following words as used in the poem?

i) Remedy (l.11)

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.....(2)

ii) Consternation (l.14)

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.....(2)

iii) Moister (l.28)

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.....(2)

iv) Mutinous (l.30)

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.....(2)

5. Label this stick drawing of the visitor (5)



6. How does the poet intend us to judge the visitor based on his appearance? Quote details in your answer. (5)

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Total 30 Marks.