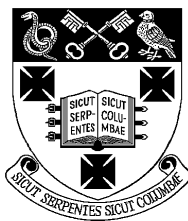


RADLEY COLLEGE
Entrance Scholarships



ENGLISH I

Friday 23rd February 2001

Time allowed - 1 1/2 hours

Read both passages carefully, then answer the questions.

*Remember: you will be rewarded for the accuracy of your spelling,
punctuation and grammar, as well as the quality of your ideas.*

*Each section is worth **50 marks**; you are advised not to spend more than
45 minutes on either of them.*

SECTION A

It was one of the mixed blocks over on Central Avenue, the blocks that are not yet all negro. I had just come out of a three-chair barber shop where an agency thought a relief barber named Dimitrios Aleidis might be working. It was a small matter. His wife said she was willing to spend a little money to have him come home.

I never found him, but Mrs Aleidis never paid me any money either.

It was a warm day, almost the end of March, and I stood outside the barber shop looking up at the jutting neon sign of a second floor dine and dice emporium called Florian's. A man was looking at the sign too. He was looking up at the dusty windows with a sort of ecstatic fixity of expression, like a hunky immigrant catching his first sight of the Statue of Liberty. He was a big man but not more than six feet five inches tall and not wider than a beer truck. He was about ten feet away from me. His arms hung loose at his sides and a forgotten cigar smoked behind his enormous fingers.

Slim quiet negroes passed up and down the street and stared at him with darting side glances. He was worth looking at. He wore a shaggy borsalino hat, a rough grey sports coat with white golf balls on it for buttons, a brown shirt, a yellow tie, pleated grey flannel slacks and alligator shoes with white explosions on the toes. From his outer breast pocket cascaded a show handkerchief of the same brilliant yellow as his tie. There were a couple of coloured feathers tucked into the band of his hat, but he didn't really need them. Even on Central Avenue, not the quietest dressed street in the world, he looked about as inconspicuous as a tarantula on a slice of angel food.

*Page 1 of Farewell My Lovely, by Raymond Chandler, 1940,
published in England by Penguin Books.*

The day they cut Mrs McKechnie, not much else happened in West Byfleet. Not much happened in Pyrford either, or even in the whole of Guildford. It took a week's hard work to fill the crime page of the Guildford Advertiser, and even then it was mainly soft-collar, middle-class stuff: company frauds, menopausal shoplifting, dog licence evasion; occasionally even there was a disco scuffle, though most of the kids were too scared of forfeiting their Y.C.* membership for that. So when they cut Mrs McKechnie, you'd expect the Advertiser's story on Page Seven to have led with this fact; but it didn't. It led with the other thing the men did, the afterthought, the nasty, sick thing which even Big Eddy, with his sense of humour, didn't really approve of. That tells you something about journalists.

When Rosie McKechnie opened the front door of 'The Pines' in the middle of an August afternoon, she thought it was the gasman. Anyone else would have thought the same. When you get to the front door, see a shortish figure through the stained-glass panelling, undo the catch, and immediately hear the word 'Gas', you naturally think it's the gasman. You don't think about how long it was since you last had your meter read.

The little man came through the door fast, with his head down, and butted Mrs McKechnie hard in the left breast. Then he pinioned her arms and simply stood there holding on to her. She felt a sharp, continuing pain in her breast; she looked wildly down at the top of the little man's head and saw that his hair was covered in gauze; she looked up towards the open door and was nerving herself to scream when the second man arrived. He sidled in, closed the door gently behind him, put his finger to the flat, fleshy area which was all that the stocking mask showed of his lips, and went, "Shhhh."

Page 1 of Duffy, by Dan Kavanagh, 1980, published by Penguin books.

(* Y.C. = Young Conservative)

1. Compare and contrast the opening pages of these two novels. You might choose to comment on, among other things, the ways in which the authors have

- established the setting
- introduced us to the characters
- set the plot in motion
- used specific words or phrases

Remember: you will be rewarded for the accuracy of your writing; you should aim to illustrate your ideas by use of relevant quotations from the text.

(50 marks)

SECTION B

2. Continue one of these two stories for about another 250 words, writing as far as possible in the style of the author.

(50 marks)