

Mid Programme Entries 2015

Year 2

ENGLISH

Time allowed: 1 hour and 30 minutes

Instructions

- Answer all the questions on the exam paper.
- Write your answers in the space provided.
- Read the instructions carefully.
- Answer each question as clearly and as neatly as possible.
- Total marks: 50



Good luck!

Comprehension and Usage (30 marks)

- Make sure your answers are in full sentences.
- You are advised to spend about 40 minutes on this section.

*Read the following extract, **A Beginning and an End** by Leslie Thomas. As a child Leslie Thomas lived in South Wales and he sometimes visited North Devon on holiday; he saw the island of Lundy as something 'distant...wonderful, mysterious'.*

It was Lundy that began it. Lundy, the tubby island, the blue whale of the Bristol Channel.

As a schoolboy I had seen it out on the distant water, fat, wonderful, mysterious. I had seen it both from the head of Devon and the foot of Wales. Always it looked blue and I wondered at what point on the voyage out there the blue turned to green. Or perhaps, I thought, it did not change: that when you arrived it really was an island of deep blue. What a thing that would have been! In those days they used to say, on both the top and bottom sides of the Channel, that if you could see Lundy it was going to rain, and if you couldn't see it then it was already raining.

It was years before I went to my childhood island. Before I made that little voyage I was to stand on islands in the China Sea, in the Indies, in the Caribbean and many other places. They were hot and tropical with **idle** beaches and palms. But before I went to Lundy I had never been on a *real* island.....

The day I first went there it was with summer at its highest. For a week, every morning, I had been going with my children down to the beach at Croyde in North Devon and there she was out there in the ocean sunshine, blue and big as ever. I gazed at her as I had done when I was a boy. Then, on the second Monday I could stand it no longer. I abandoned the family, jumped into my car and drove like mad to Ilfracombe where I was the last one that morning to buy a ticket for the day trip to Lundy Island. With my ticket in my hand I went up the gangplank of the **pleasure steamer** and we were off.

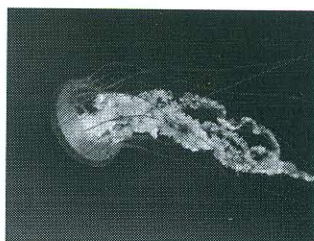
I remembered those pleasure boats and here I was, on this brilliant morning, aged 32, travelling to Lundy with three hundred trippers who **broiled** under the Bristol Channel sun, licked ice cream and drank fizzy drinks. Children ran about the deck and mothers screamed. Men put handkerchiefs over their heads. The ship's loudspeaker was playing **maritime** music and right opposite me two young lovers were holding hands.

I cared nothing, I heard nothing, and I saw nothing. Nothing, that is, but that blue hump on the top of the sea getting closer, and if anything bluer. I watched it with as much **intensity** as if I had been alone on the pleasure boat, or for that matter clinging to a lump of cork and on my last castaway gasp. Say it did stay blue! That would be a laugh, not to mention a shock. But no, it couldn't be or the word would have got around.

Nevertheless my careful recollection of that morning was that it didn't turn colour until we were less than a mile away, and then it became rock-grey topped with green.

We went alongside it like one small ship edging close to a big one. At the southern **anchorage** there was a lighthouse looking strangely like a policeman. Later that day I asked one of the lighthouse min how you clean the windows of a lighthouse and he said you clean them like any other windows but I didn't believe him.

They send out little boats to take you ashore on Lundy because there is no landing stage. They drop you on the beach and when they dropped me I simply stood there for a moment and looked quietly. Kids were charging about and ramming spades into the innocent sand, dads were shouting about picnic baskets and mums were trying to get out of the little boats without falling. But I merely stood. For this was an island, a true island, not one of those sticky palm-tree places. And at last I was on it.



Answer the following sentences in **full sentences**, unless you are asked otherwise.

1. What made Leslie Thomas so keen to go to Lundy?

(2 marks)

2. How does Leslie Thomas create a sense of excitement during his voyage to Lundy? Find a quotation to support your points.

(3 marks)

