



WESTMINSTER SCHOOL THE CHALLENGE 2019 ENGLISH

Wednesday 1 May 2019

You have TWO HOURS for this paper.

- *The paper is divided into Sections A, B, C and D.*
- *You should spend about 10 minutes on Section A, 35 minutes on Section B, 45 minutes of Section C and 30 minutes on Section D.*
- *The clarity of your expression and accuracy of your spelling, grammar and punctuation will be taken into account, when the paper is marked.*
- **Please write in black or blue ink.**

SECTION A

Write out the short paragraph below, adding punctuation so that it is grammatically accurate and makes sense. The first capital letter and last full stop have been done for you.

The restaurant was full of people seated at a long table Max and his family felt pushed up against the side of the room in the gilded mirror surmounted on the wall above them Max watched the waiter explain to his father I love cooking my family and my dogs being close to the airport we find that most of the time travellers worry about their luggage but look we have space to accommodate all. [15]

SECTION B

Read the following poem, 'On Turning Ten', carefully:

The whole idea of it makes me feel
like I'm coming down with something,
something worse than any stomach ache
or the headaches I get from reading in bad light--
5 a kind of measles of the spirit,
a mumps of the psyche,
a disfiguring chicken pox of the soul.

You tell me it is too early to be looking back,
10 but that is because you have forgotten
the perfect simplicity of being one
and the beautiful complexity introduced by two.
I can lie on my bed and remember every digit.
At four I was an Arabian wizard.
15 I could make myself invisible
by drinking a glass of milk a certain way.
At seven I was a soldier, at nine a prince.

But now I am mostly at the window
20 watching the late afternoon light.
Back then it never fell so solemnly
against the side of my tree house,
and my bicycle never leaned against the garage
as it does today,
25 all the dark blue speed drained out of it.

This is the beginning of sadness, I say to myself,
as I walk through the universe in my sneakers¹.
It is time to say good-bye to my imaginary friends,
30 time to turn the first big number.

It seems only yesterday I used to believe
there was nothing under my skin but light.
If you cut me I could shine.
35 But now when I fall upon the sidewalks of life,
I skin my knees. I bleed.

¹ *sneakers* = trainers