



Write your name here

Surname

Other names

Scholarship Paper 2024

Subject: English Paper 1

Insert

Information

- Read the passage below and then answer the questions on the question paper.

My first drive

The weather was exceptionally mild that Christmas holiday and one amazing morning our whole family got ready to go for our first drive in the first motor-car we had ever owned. The driver was to be that 12-years-older-than-me-half-sister, who was now aged 21. She had received two full half-hour lessons in driving from the man who delivered the car, and this was considered quite sufficient. As we all climbed into the car, our excitement was so intense we could hardly bear it.

'How fast will it go?' we cried out. 'Will it do 80 kilometres an hour?'

'It'll do 90!' the ancient sister answered. Her tone was so confident it should have scared us to death, but it didn't. 'We shall probably go faster than that,' the sister announced, pulling on her driving-gloves and tying her scarf.

The canvas hood had been folded back because of the mild weather. My mother, half-brother, three sisters and I were all quivering with fear and joy as the driver let out the clutch and the **great, long, black automobile leapt into motion.**

'Are you sure you know what to do?' we shouted. 'Do you know where the brakes are?'

'Be quiet!' snapped the ancient sister. 'I've got to concentrate!'

Down the drive we went, and out into the village, with the driver pressing the rubber bulb of the horn every time we passed a human being. Soon we were entering a countryside of green fields and high hedges with not a soul in sight.

'You didn't think I could do it, did you?' cried the ancient sister, turning round and grinning at us all.

'Now you keep your eyes on the road,' my mother said nervously.

'Go faster!' we shouted. 'Put your foot down!'

Spurred on by our shouts, the ancient sister began to increase the speed. **The engine roared and the body vibrated.** The driver was clutching the steering-wheel **as though it were the hair of a drowning man,** and we all watched the speedometer needle creeping up. We were probably doing about 50 kilometres an hour when we came suddenly to a sharpish bend in the road. The ancient sister, never having been faced with a situation like this before, shouted 'Help!' and slammed on the brakes and swung the wheel wildly. The rear wheels locked and went into a fierce sideways skid, and then, **with a marvellous crunch of mudguards and metal,** we went crashing into the hedge. The front passengers all shot through the front windscreen and the back passengers all shot through the back windscreen. Glass flew in all directions, and so did we. But miraculously nobody was hurt very much, except me. My nose had been cut almost clean off my face and now it was hanging on by a single small thread of skin. My mother disentangled herself from the wreckage and grabbed a handkerchief from her purse. She clapped the dangling nose back into place and held it there.

Not a cottage or a person was in sight, let alone a telephone. Some kind of bird started twittering in a tree farther down the road, otherwise all was silent.

Adapted from *Boy*, by Roald Dahl.

