

ADVANCED SUBSIDIARY GCE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

2715

Language in Literature: Poetry and Prose (Open Text)

THURSDAY 10 JANUARY 2008

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (16 pages)



This is an Open Text examination. Candidates must take into the examination their copies of the texts specified for this Unit.

Only prescribed or approved editions of the text may be used.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- If you use more than one booklet, fasten them together.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- Answer **two** questions.
- You must answer **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
- You must answer on at least **one** starred (*) text, i.e. a text written before 1900.

SECTION A: Poetry

Chaucer: *The Nun's Priest's Tale**

Chaucer: *The Miller's Tale**

Frost: *Selected Poems*

Cope: *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis*

SECTION B: Prose

Brontë: *Wuthering Heights**

Shelley: *Frankenstein**

Doyle: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*

McEwan: *The Child in Time*

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The passages are printed on the paper so that you can annotate and plan before you begin to write. You may also refer to your own copy of the texts at any stage.
- The number of marks for each question is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60 (30 for each question)**.
- You will be awarded marks for the quality of written communication in your answers.

This document consists of **10** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

SECTION A: Poetry

EITHER

1 GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Nun's Priest's Tale**

Examine ways in which Chaucer presents dreams and reactions to them in the following passage and elsewhere in the *Tale*.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at variations in diction and tone in the passage
- discuss the different attitudes and reactions here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage from the *Tale*. [30]

But to that o man fil a greet mervaille:
 That oon of hem, in sleping as he lay,
 Him mette a wonder dreem again the day.
 Him thoughte a man stood by his beddes side,
 And him comanded that he sholde abide, 5
 And seyde hym thus: 'If thou tomorwe wende,
 Thow shalt be dreynt; my tale is at an ende.'
 He wook, and tolde his felawe what he mette,
 And preyde him his viage for to lette;
 As for that day, he preyde him to bide. 10
 His felawe, that lay by his beddes side,
 Gan for to laughe, and scorned him ful faste.
 'No dreem,' quod he, 'may so myn herte agaste
 That I wol lette for to do my thinges. 15
 I sette nat a straw by thy dreminges,
 For swevenes been but vanitees and japes.
 Men dreme alday of owles and of apes,
 And eek of many a maze therwithal;
 Men dreme of thing that nevere was ne shal.
 But sith I see that thou wolt heere abide, 20
 And thus forslawthen wilfully thy tide,
 God woot, it reweth me; and have good day!
 And thus he took his leve, and wente his way.
 But er that he hadde half his cours yseyled,
 Noot I nat why, ne what mischaunce it eyled, 25
 But casuelly the shippes botme rente,
 And ship and man under the water wente
 In sighte of othere shippes it biside,
 That with hem seyled at the same tide.

OR

2 GEOFFREY CHAUCER: *The Miller's Tale**

Examine how Chaucer presents romantic thoughts and behaviour in the following passage and elsewhere in the *Tale*.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at variations in diction and tone in the passage
- discuss the differences between Absolon's perceptions of the situation and the reality here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage from the *Tale*. [30]

Whan that the firste cok hath crowe, anon
 Up rist this joly lovere Absolon
 And him arraieth gay, at poynt-devys.
 But first he cheweth greyn and lycorys,
 To smellen sweete, er he hadde kembd his heer. 5
 Under his tonge a trewe-love he beer,
 For therby wende he to ben gracious.
 He rometh to the carpenteres hous,
 And stille he stant under the shot-wyndowe –
 Unto his brest it raughte, it was so lowe – 10
 And softe he cougheth with a semy soun:
 'What do ye, hony-comb, sweete Alisoun,
 My faire bryd, my sweete cynamome?
 Awaketh, lemman myn, and speketh to me!
 Wel litel thynken ye upon my wo, 15
 That for youre love I swete ther I go.
 No wonder is thogh that I swelte and swete;
 I moorne as dooth a lamb after the tete.
 Ywis, lemman, I have swich love-longynge,
 That lik a turtel trewe is my moornyng. 20
 I may nat ete na moore than a mayde.'
 'Go fro the wyndow, Jakke fool,' she sayde;
 'As help me God, it wol nat be "com pa me."
 I love another – and elles I were to blame –
 Wel bet than thee, by Jhesu, Absolon. 25
 Go forth thy wey, or I wol caste a ston,
 And lat me slepe, a twenty devel wey!
 'Allas,' quod Absolon, 'and weylawey,
 That trewe love was evere so yvel biset!'

OR

3 ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems*

Examine features of Frost's narrative voice in the following extract (the opening of *'The Ax-Helve'*) and elsewhere in his poetry.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at resemblances to natural spoken language in this extract
- discuss ways in which events and thoughts emerge from the narrative here
- refer to at least one other appropriate poem by Frost.

[30]

The Ax-Helve

I've known ere now an interfering branch
 Of alder catch my lifted ax behind me.
 But that was in the woods, to hold my hand
 From striking at another alder's roots,
 And that was, as I say, an alder branch. 5

This was a man, Baptiste, who stole one day
 Behind me on the snow in my own yard
 Where I was working at the chopping-block,
 And cutting nothing not cut down already.
 He caught my ax expertly on the rise, 10
 When all my strength put forth was in his favor,
 Held it a moment where it was, to calm me,
 Then took it from me – and I let him take it.
 I didn't know him well enough to know 15
 What it was all about. There might be something
 He had in mind to say to a bad neighbor
 He might prefer to say to him disarmed.
 But all he had to tell me in French-English
 Was what he thought of – not me, but my ax,
 Me only as I took my ax to heart. 20

It was the bad ax-helve someone had sold me –
 'Made on machine,' he said, plowing the grain
 With a thick thumbnail to show how it ran
 Across the handle's long-drawn serpentine –
 Like the two strokes across a dollar sign. 25
 'You give her one good crack, she's snap raght off.
 Den where's your hax-ead flying t'rough de hair?'
 Admitted; and yet, what was that to him?

'Come on my house and I put you one in
 What's las' awhile – good hick'ry what's grow crooked. 30
 De second growt' I cut myself – tough, tough!'

Something to sell? That wasn't how it sounded.

'Den when you say you come? It's cost you nothing.
 Tonaght?'

As well tonight as any night. 35

OR

4 WENDY COPE: *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis*

Examine methods by which Cope conveys underlying seriousness in the following poems and elsewhere in her poetry.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at diction and register in these poems
- discuss choices of sentence structure and poetic form here
- refer to at least one other appropriate poem by Cope.

[30]

Giving Up Smoking

There's not a Shakespeare sonnet

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5

To have a cigarette.

'From June to December'
8. *Love Story*

I thought you'd be a pushover;

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5

10

I couldn't understand it.

15

9. Spring Onions

Decapitating the spring onions,

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SECTION B: Prose

EITHER

5 EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights**

Examine how Brontë presents Catherine's ways of thinking in the following dialogue and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at lexis and imagery in this passage
- discuss how Nelly's contributions affect the reader's response to Catherine here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

She seated herself by me again: her countenance grew sadder and graver, and her clasped hands trembled.

'Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?' she said, suddenly, after some minutes' reflection.

'Yes, now and then,' I answered. 5

'And so do I. I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas: they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind. And this is one: I'm going to tell it – but take care not to smile at any part of it.'

'Oh! don't, Miss Catherine!' I cried. 'We're dismal enough without conjuring up ghosts and visions to perplex us. Come, come, be merry and like yourself! Look at little Hareton! He's dreaming nothing dreary. How sweetly he smiles in his sleep!' 10

'Yes; and how sweetly his father curses in his solitude! You remember him, I daresay, when he was just such another as that chubby thing: nearly as young and innocent. However, Nelly, I shall oblige you to listen: it's not long; and I've no power to be merry to-night.' 15

'I won't hear it, I won't hear it!' I repeated, hastily.

I was superstitious about dreams then, and am still; and Catherine had an unusual gloom in her aspect, that made me dread something from which I might shape a prophecy, and foresee a fearful catastrophe. She was vexed, but she did not proceed. Apparently taking up another subject, she recommenced in a short time. 20

'If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable.'

'Because you are not fit to go there,' I answered. 'All sinners would be miserable in heaven.'

'But it is not for that. I dreamt once that I was there.' 25

'I tell you I won't hearken to your dreams, Miss Catherine! I'll go to bed,' I interrupted again.

She laughed, and held me down; for I made a motion to leave my chair.

'This is nothing,' cried she: 'I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I've no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn't have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him: and that, not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.' 30 35

OR

6 MARY SHELLEY: *Frankenstein**

Examine way in which Shelley presents the Creature's ability to reason in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at the structure of sentences and of the whole passage
- discuss how the justice of the Creature's arguments is suggested here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

'You are in the wrong,' replied the fiend; 'and instead of threatening, I am content to reason with you. I am malicious because I am miserable. Am I not shunned and hated by all mankind? You, my creator, would tear me to pieces and triumph; remember that, and tell me why I should pity man more than he pities me? You would not call it murder if you could precipitate me into one of those ice-rifts and destroy my frame, the work of your own hands. Shall I respect man when he condemns me? Let him live with me in the interchange of kindness, and instead of injury I would bestow every benefit upon him with tears of gratitude at his acceptance. But that cannot be; the human senses are insurmountable barriers to our union. Yet mine shall not be the submission of abject slavery. I will revenge my injuries; if I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear, and chiefly towards you my archenemy, because my creator, do I swear inextinguishable hatred. Have a care; I will work at your destruction, nor finish until I desolate your heart, so that you shall curse the hour of your birth.'

A fiendish rage animated him as he said this; his face was wrinkled into contortions too horrible for human eyes to behold; but presently he calmed himself and proceeded –

'I intended to reason. This passion is detrimental to me, for you do not reflect that YOU are the cause of its excess. If any being felt emotions of benevolence towards me, I should return them a hundred and a hundredfold; for that one creature's sake I would make peace with the whole kind! But I now indulge in dreams of bliss that cannot be realized. What I ask of you is reasonable and moderate; I demand a creature of another sex, but as hideous as myself; the gratification is small, but it is all that I can receive, and it shall content me. It is true, we shall be monsters, cut off from all the world; but on that account we shall be more attached to one another. Our lives will not be happy, but they will be harmless and free from the misery I now feel. Oh! My creator, make me happy; let me feel gratitude towards you for one benefit! Let me see that I excite the sympathy of some existing thing; do not deny me my request!'

I was moved. I shuddered when I thought of the possible consequences of my consent, but I felt that there was some justice in his argument. His tale and the feelings he now expressed proved him to be a creature of fine sensations, and did I not as his maker owe him all the portion of happiness that it was in my power to bestow? He saw my change of feeling and continued,

'If you consent, neither you nor any other human being shall ever see us again; I will go to the vast wilds of South America. My food is not that of man; I do not destroy the lamb and the kid to glut my appetite; acorns and berries afford me sufficient nourishment. My companion will be of the same nature as myself and will be content with the same fare. We shall make our bed of dried leaves; the sun will shine on us as on man and will ripen our food. The picture I present to you is peaceful and human, and you must feel that you could deny it only in the wantonness of power and cruelty. Pitiless as you have been towards me, I now see compassion in your eyes; let me seize the favourable moment and persuade you to promise what I so ardently desire.'

OR

7 **RODDY DOYLE: *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha***

Examine ways in which Doyle presents Paddy's responses to language used by adults and language used by children in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at details of diction and register in this passage
- discuss what is suggested about Paddy's attitudes to language here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

Pruning was banned in our school. The headmaster, Mister Finnucane, had seen James O'Keefe doing it to Albert Genocci when he was looking out his window at the weather, deciding whether to call us in or let us stay out. He'd been shocked, he said, when he went round to all the classes about it; he'd been shocked to see a boy doing that to another boy. He was sure that the boy who had done it hadn't meant to seriously hurt the other boy; he certainly hoped that the boy hadn't meant to hurt the other boy. But – 5

He let it hang there for a while.

This was great. James O'Keefe was in bigger trouble than he'd ever been in before, than any of us had ever been in. He had James O'Keefe standing up. He kept his head down even though Mister Finnucane kept telling him to hold his head up. 10

— Always hold your heads high, boys. You're men.

I didn't know for certain if I'd heard it when he said it the first time; Pruning.

— what I believe is being called pruning.

That was how he said it. It was like a big hole fell open in front of me – in front of all of us, I could tell from the faces – when Mister Finnucane said that. What else was he going to say? The last time he'd talked to us it was about someone robbing his big ink bottle from where he kept it outside his door. Now he was going to talk about pruning. The shock made me forget to breathe. 15

— Come on, James, now, he said. — Hold your head up, like I said.

Albert Genocci wasn't in our class. He was in the thicks' class. His brother, Patrick Genocci, was in our class. 20

— I know you're only playing when you do it, said Mister Finnucane.

Henno was standing behind him. He was blushing as well. He'd been out in the yard looking after us; he should have seen what was happening. There was no escape; James O'Keefe was dead. 25

— only having a bit of fun. But it's not funny. Not funny at all. Doing what I saw being done this morning could cause serious injury.

Ah; was that all?

— That part of the body is very delicate.

We knew that. 30

— You could ruin a boy's life for the rest of his – life. All for a joke.

The big hole in front of us was filling up. He wasn't going to say anything wrong or funny. He wasn't going to say Balls or Mickey or Testicles. It was disappointing, only it had stopped another history test – the life of the Fianna – and now he was going to kill James O'Keefe. 35

— Sit down, James.

I couldn't believe it. Neither could James O'Keefe or anybody.

— Sit down.

James O'Keefe got half-way between sitting down and standing up. It was a trick; it had to be. 40

— I don't want to see it happening again, said Mister Finnucane.

That was all.

OR

8 IAN McEWAN: *The Child in Time*

Examine ways in which McEwan presents the experience of being a child in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at sentence structure and diction in the passage
- discuss the contrast between the adult's and the child's view of the world here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

It needed a child, Stephen thought, succumbing to the inevitable. Kate would not be aware of the car half a mile behind, or of the wood's perimeters and all that lay, beyond them, roads, opinions, Government. The wood, this spider rotating on its thread, this beetle lumbering over blades of grass, would be all, the moment would be everything. He needed her good influence, her lessons in celebrating the specific; how to fill the present and be filled by it to the point where identity faded to nothing. He was always partly somewhere else, never quite paying attention, never wholly serious. Wasn't that Nietzsche's idea of true maturity, to attain the seriousness of a child at play? 5

He and Julie had once taken Kate to Cornwall. It was a short holiday to celebrate the string quartet's first public concert. Their beach was reached by way of a two-mile footpath. Late in the afternoon they started to build a sand castle near the water's edge. Kate was excited. She was at the age when everything had to be just so. The walls had to be squared off, there had to be windows, shells were to be embedded at regular intervals and the area inside the keep had to be made comfortable with dry seaweed. Stephen and Julie had set out to amuse their daughter until it was time to leave. They had had their swim and eaten the picnic. But soon, and without quite realising it was happening, they became engrossed, filled with the little girl's urgency, working with no awareness of time beyond the imperative of the approaching tide. The three worked in noisy harmony, sharing the bucket and two spades, ordering each other about remorselessly, applauding or pouring scorn on each other's choice of shells or window design, running – never walking – back up the beach for fresh materials. 10 15 20

When everything was completed and they had walked round their achievement several times, they squeezed inside the walls and sat down to wait for the tide. Kate was convinced that their castle was so well built it could resist the sea. Stephen and Julie went along with this, deriding the water when it simply lapped around the sides, booing it when it sucked away a piece of wall. While they were waiting for the final destruction Kate, who was wedged between them, pleaded to remain in the castle. She wanted them to make it their home. They would abandon their London lives, they would live on the beach for ever and play this game. And it was about this time that the grown-ups cast off the spell and began to glance at their watches and talk about supper and their many other arrangements. They pointed out to Kate they all needed to go home to collect their pyjamas and toothbrushes. This seemed to her a delightful and sensible idea, and she let herself be coaxed back along the path to the car. For days afterwards, until the matter was finally forgotten, she wanted to know when they would be returning to their new lives in the sandcastle. She had been serious. Stephen thought that if he could do everything with the intensity and abandonment with which he had once helped Kate build her castle, he would be a happy man of extraordinary powers. 25 30 35 40

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