

**ADVANCED SUBSIDIARY GCE  
ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE**

Language in Literature: Poetry and Prose (Open Text)

**FRIDAY 16 MAY 2008**

**2715**

Morning  
Time: 1 hour 45 minutes

**Additional materials (enclosed):** None

**Additional materials (required):**  
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 **13** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

## SECTION A: Poetry

## EITHER

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

Examine ways in which Chaucer creates apparent seriousness in the following passage and elsewhere in the *Tale*.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at lexis and register in this passage
- discuss how speakers address their listeners here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage from the *Tale*. [30]

Whan that the month in which the world bigan,  
 That highte March, whan God first maked man,  
 Was compleet, and passed were also,  
 Syn March bigan, thritty dayes and two,  
 Bifel that Chauntecleer in al his pride, 5  
 His sevene wyves walkynge by his side,  
 Caste up his eye to the brighte sonne,  
 That in the signe of Taurus hadde yronne  
 Twenty degrees and oon, and somewhat moore,  
 And knew by kinde, and by noon oother loore, 10  
 That it was prime, and crew with blisful stevene.  
 'The sonne,' he seyde, 'is clomben up on hevене  
 Fourty degrees and oon, and moore, ywis.  
 Madame Pertelote, my worldes blis,  
 Herkneþ this blisful briddes how they singe, 15  
 And se the fresshe floures how they springe;  
 Ful is myn herte of revel and solas.'  
 But sodeynly him fil a sorweful cas,  
 For evere the latter ende of joye is wo.  
 God woot that worldly joye is soone ago; 20  
 And if a rethor koude faire endite,  
 He in a cronicle saufly mighte it write  
 As for a sovereyn notabilitee.  
 Now every wys man, lat him herkne me;  
 This storie is also trewe, I undertake, 25  
 As is the book of Launcelot de Lake,  
 That wommen holde in ful greet reverence.  
 Now wol I torne again to my sentence.

OR

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

Examine ways in which Chaucer presents comic effects in the following passage and elsewhere in the *Tale*.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at diction and tone in the passage
- discuss the effects of rhythm and rhyme here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage from the *Tale*. [30]

This Absolon doun sette hym on his knees  
 And seyde, 'I am a lord at alle degrees;  
 For after this I hope ther cometh moore.  
 Lemman, thy grace, and sweete bryd, thyn oore!' 5  
 The wyndow she undoth, and that in haste.  
 'Have do,' quod she, 'com of, and speed the faste,  
 Lest thatoure neighebores thee espie.'  
 This Absolon gan wype his mouth ful drie.  
 Derk was the nyght as pich, or as the cole, 10  
 And at the wyndow out she putte hir hole,  
 And Absolon, hym fil no bet ne wers,  
 But with his mouth he kiste hir naked ers  
 Ful savourly, er he were war of this.  
 Abak he stirte, and thoughte it was amys, 15  
 For wel he wiste a womman hath no berd.  
 He felte a thyng al rough and long yherd,  
 And seyde, 'Fy! allas! what have I do?'  
 'Tehee!' quod she, and clapte the wyndow to,  
 And Absolon gooth forth a sory pas.  
 'A berd! A berd!' quod hende Nicholas, 20  
 'By Goddes corpus, this goth faire and weel.'  
 This sely Absolon herde every deel,  
 And on his lippe he gan for anger byte,  
 And to hymself he seyde, 'I shal thee quyte'.

OR

**3 ROBERT FROST: *Selected Poems***

Examine ways in which Frost explores the cycles of nature and life in '*The Oven Bird*' and elsewhere in his poetry.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at lexis and imagery in this poem
- discuss features of word-order and poetic form here
- refer to at least one other appropriate poem by Frost.

[30]

*The Oven Bird*

There is a singer everyone has heard,  
 Loud, a mid-summer and a mid-wood bird,  
 Who makes the solid tree trunks sound again.  
 He says that leaves are old and that for flowers  
 Mid-summer is to spring as one to ten.  
 He says the early petal-fall is past  
 When pear and cherry bloom went down in showers  
 On sunny days a moment overcast;  
 And comes that other fall we name the fall.  
 He says the highway dust is over all.  
 The bird would cease and be as other birds  
 But that he knows in singing not to sing.  
 The question that he frames in all but words  
 Is what to make of a diminished thing.

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OR

4 WENDY COPE: *Making Cocoa for Kingsley Amis*

Examine ways in which Cope explores the hope and hopelessness of love in '*Rondeau Redoublé*' and elsewhere in her poetry.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at diction and register in this poem
- discuss how choices of sentence structure and poetic form contribute to the effects here
- refer to at least one other appropriate poem by Cope. [30]

*Rondeau Redoublé*

There are so many kinds of awful men –  
One can't avoid them all. She often said  
She'd never make the same mistake again:  
She always made a new mistake instead.

The chinless type who made her feel ill-bred;  
The practised charmer, less than charming when  
He talked about the wife and kids and fled –  
There are so many kinds of awful men. 5

The half-crazed hippy, deeply into Zen,  
Whose cryptic homilies she came to dread;  
The fervent youth who worshipped Tony Benn –  
'One can't avoid them all,' she often said. 10

The ageing banker, rich and overfed,  
Who held forth on the dollar and the yen –  
Though there were many more mistakes ahead,  
She'd never make the same mistake again. 15

The budding poet, scribbling in his den  
Odes not to her but to his pussy, Fred;  
The drunk who fell asleep at nine or ten –  
She always made a new mistake instead. 20

And so the gambler was at least unwed  
And didn't preach or sneer or wield a pen  
Or hoard his wealth or take the Scotch to bed.  
She'd lived and learned and lived and learned but then  
There are so many kinds. 25

## SECTION B: Prose

## EITHER

5 EMILY BRONTË: *Wuthering Heights*\*

Examine ways in which Brontë conveys intensity of feeling between Heathcliff and Cathy in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at how the language of Nelly's narration contributes to the emotional impact in this passage
- discuss linguistic features of Heathcliff's and Cathy's utterances here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

'Must I read it, ma'am? It is from Mr Heathcliff.'

There was a start and a troubled gleam of recollection, and a struggle to arrange her ideas. She lifted the letter, and seemed to peruse it; and when she came to the signature she sighed: yet still I found she had not gathered its import, for, upon my desiring to hear her reply, she merely pointed to the name, and gazed at me with mournful and questioning eagerness. 5

'Well, he wishes to see you,' said I, guessing her need of an interpreter. 'He's in the garden by this time, and impatient to know what answer I shall bring.'

As I spoke, I observed a large dog lying on the sunny grass beneath raise its ears as if about to bark, and then smoothing them back, announce, by a wag of the tail, that some one approached whom it did not consider a stranger. 10

Mrs Linton bent forward, and listened breathlessly. The minute after a step traversed the hall; the open house was too tempting for Heathcliff to resist walking in: most likely he supposed that I was inclined to shirk my promise, and so resolved to trust to his own audacity. 15

With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly: she motioned me to admit him, but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke, nor loosed his hold, for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say: but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there – she was fated, sure to die. 20 25

'Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it?' was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair.

And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish, they did not melt. 30

'What now?' said Catherine, leaning back, and returning his look with a suddenly clouded brow – her humour was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. 'You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both come to bewail the deed to me, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me – and thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?' 35

Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

'I wish I could hold you,' she continued, bitterly, 'till we were both dead! I shouldn't

care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn't you suffer? I do! Will you forget me? Will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, "That's the grave of Catherine Earnshaw? I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I've loved many others since – my children are dearer to me than she was; and, at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her: I shall be sorry that I must leave them!" Will you say so, Heathcliff?

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'Don't torture me till I'm as mad as yourself,' cried he, wrenching his head free, and grinding his teeth.

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The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture.

OR

6 MARY SHELLY: *Frankenstein*\*

Examine ways in which Shelley presents the power of Nature and Victor's response to Nature in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at lexis and register in the passage
- discuss how Nature's influence is suggested by imagery here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage.

[30]

Sometimes I could cope with the sullen despair that overwhelmed me, but sometimes the whirlwind passions of my soul drove me to seek, by bodily exercise and by change of place, some relief from my intolerable sensations. It was during an access of this kind that I suddenly left my home, and bending my steps towards the near Alpine valleys, sought in the magnificence, the eternity of such scenes, to forget myself and my ephemeral, because human, sorrows. My wanderings were directed towards the valley of Chamounix. I had visited it frequently during my boyhood. Six years had passed since then: I was a wreck – but nought had changed in those savage and enduring scenes.

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I performed the first part of my journey on horseback. I afterwards hired a mule, as the more sure-footed and least liable to receive injury on these rugged roads. The weather was fine; it was about the middle of the month of August, nearly two months after the death of Justine, that miserable epoch from which I dated all my woe. The weight upon my spirit was sensibly lightened as I plunged yet deeper in the ravine of Arve. The immense mountains and precipices that overhung me on every side, the sound of the river raging among the rocks, and the dashing of the waterfalls around spoke of a power mighty as Omnipotence – and I ceased to fear or to bend before any being less almighty than that which had created and ruled the elements, here displayed in their most terrific guise. Still, as I ascended higher, the valley assumed a more magnificent and astonishing character. Ruined castles hanging on the precipices of piny mountains, the impetuous Arve, and cottages every here and there peeping forth from among the trees formed a scene of singular beauty. But it was augmented and rendered sublime by the mighty Alps, whose white and shining pyramids and domes towered above all, as belonging to another earth, the habitations of another race of beings.

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I passed the bridge of Pelissier, where the ravine, which the river forms, opened before me, and I began to ascend the mountain that overhangs it. Soon after, I entered the valley of Chamounix. This valley is more wonderful and sublime, but not so beautiful and picturesque as that of Servox, through which I had just passed. The high and snowy mountains were its immediate boundaries, but I saw no more ruined castles and fertile fields. Immense glaciers approached the road; I heard the rumbling thunder of the falling avalanche and marked the smoke of its passage. Mont Blanc, the supreme and magnificent Mont Blanc, raised itself from the surrounding *aiguilles*<sup>1</sup>, and its tremendous dome overlooked the valley.

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A tingling long-lost sense of pleasure often came across me during this journey. Some turn in the road, some new object suddenly perceived and recognized, reminded me of days gone by, and were associated with the light-hearted gaiety of boyhood. The very winds whispered in soothing accents, and maternal Nature bade me weep no more. Then again the kindly influence ceased to act – I found myself fettered again to grief and indulging in all the misery of reflection. Then I spurred on my animal, striving so to forget the world, my fears, and more than all, myself – or, in a more desperate fashion, I alighted and threw myself on the grass, weighed down by horror and despair.

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At length I arrived at the village of Chamounix. Exhaustion succeeded to the extreme fatigue both of body and of mind which I had endured. For a short space of time I remained at the window watching the pallid lightnings that played above Mont Blanc and listening to the rushing of the Arve, which pursued its noisy way beneath. The same lulling sounds acted as a lullaby to my too keen sensations; when I placed my head upon my pillow, sleep crept over me; I felt it as it came and blessed the giver of oblivion.

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*Note: aiguilles*<sup>1</sup> = needles, a reference to the mountain peaks surrounding Mont Blanc

OR

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

Examine ways in which Doyle presents the relationship between Paddy and his parents in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at features of language in the dialogue in this passage
- discuss how Doyle suggests Paddy's understanding of his parents here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

World War Three Looms Near.

I got the paper every day for my da when he'd get home from work, and at the same time on Saturdays. Ma gave me the money; the Evening Press.

World War Three Looms Near.

— Does Looms mean Coming? I asked my ma. 5

— I think so, she said. — Why?

— World War Three's coming near, I told her. — Look.

She looked at the headline.

— Oh dear, she said. — That's just newspapers. They exaggerate things.

— Will we be in the war? I asked her. 10

— No, she said.

— Why not?

— Because there won't be one, she said.

— Were you alive in World War Two? I asked her.

— Yes, she said. — Indeed I was. 15

She was making the dinner; she put on her busy look.

— What was it like?

— It wasn't too bad, she said. — You'd have been disappointed, Patrick. Ireland wasn't really in the war.

— Why not? 20

— Oh, it's complicated; we just weren't. Your daddy will tell you.

I was waiting for him. He came in the back door.

— Look.

World War Three Looms Near.

He read it. 25

— World War Three looms near, he said. — Looms, no less.

He didn't seem fussed.

— Have you your gun ready, Patrick? he said.

— Ma said there won't be a war, I said.

— She's right. 30

— Why?

He sometimes liked these questions, and sometimes he didn't. When he did he folded his legs if he was sitting down and leaned a bit to the side into his chair. That was what he did now, leaned nearer to me. I couldn't hear him for the first bit because it had been what I'd hoped he'd do — fold his legs and lean over — and it had happened the way I'd wanted it to.

— between the Israelis and the Arabs, I heard.

— Why?

— They don't like one another, he said, — basically. The same old story, I'm afraid.

— Why does the paper say about World War Three? I asked him. 40

— To sell papers, first, he said. — A headline like that sells papers. But as well,

the Americans are backing the Jews and the Russians are backing the Arabs.

- The Jews are the Israelis.
- Yeah, that's it.
- Who are the Arabs? 45
- Everyone else. All their neighbours. Jordan, Syria —
- Egypt.
- Good man, you know your stuff.
- The Holy Family went to Egypt when Herod was after them.
- That's right. There's always work for carpenters. 50
- I didn't get it, fully, what he'd said, but it was the kind of thing that Ma didn't like him saying. She wasn't there though, so I laughed.

OR

**8 IAN MCEWAN: *The Child in Time***

Examine ways in which McEwan presents the experience of pain and ways of coping with pain in the following passage and elsewhere in the novel.

In the course of your answer:

- look closely at variations in sentence structure and diction in the passage
- discuss how the progress of Stephen's activities and thoughts is described here
- refer to at least one other appropriate passage. [30]

It was early in the afternoon, while he was wrapping the presents, that his jauntiness began to fade and he felt the first ache of pointlessness. He had been whistling and he stopped abruptly, a long nail smeared with fake blood in his hand. Meaning was draining fast. He did not wish to leave half the presents unwrapped. He pressed on with less care. The black cat's tail protruded from the paper and gave itself away. He went to the kitchen for a fresh bottle of Scotch and returned to the sitting room. More than fifteen misshapen packages in red paper were spread about the floor. What dismayed him was the quantity. He had intended one gift, one purely symbolic item with which to protest her absence, assert his playfulness, blackmail fate. Now this pile mocked him for weak-headedness. It was a pathetic abundance. He heaped the parcels on to the table, packing them close to make them seem fewer. 5

He found himself at his usual place by the open window. The logical thing to do on Kate's birthday was to visit Julie. He could stop by The Bell at the same time, see if anything happened. In order to keep busy, he spent a quarter of an hour on the phone checking train times, changing his shoes, bolting the door on to the fire escape. He put a notebook and pen into his coat pocket. Then he returned to the window. Traffic, steady drizzle, shoppers waiting patiently at the zebra crossing, it was a wonder that there could be so much movement, so much purpose, all the time. He himself had none at all. He knew he wasn't going. He felt the air leaving him slowly, without a sound, and his chest and spine shrink. Almost three years on and still stuck, still trapped in the dark, enfolded with his loss, shaped by it, lost to the ordinary currents of feeling that moved far above him and belonged exclusively to other people. He brought to mind the three-year-old, the springy touch of her, how she fitted herself so comfortably round his body, the solemn purity of her voice, the wet red and white of tongue and lips and teeth, the unconditional trust. It was getting harder to recall. She was fading, and all the time his useless love was swelling, encumbering and disfiguring him like a goitre. He thought, I want you. I want you back. I want you brought back now. I don't want anything else. All I want to do is to want you to come back. It became an incantation whose rhythm narrowed to a throb, a physical pain, until all that went before was held in the words, It hurts. Hunched by the window with his empty glass, Stephen let his thoughts wither to those two words. 15

He remained immobile, unaware of the passage of time. For a while it stopped raining, then it resumed, a heavier downpour. At last he heard from another flat the remote chime of a clock striking two, reminding him of something he did not want to miss. He came away from the window, averting his gaze from the pile on the table, and turned on the television. Fractionally before the vision came the sound, the energetic drone of a familiar host's voice. He settled back and reached for the bottle. 20







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