

**ADVANCED GCE UNIT**

**2713/RB**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

Comparative and Contextual Study (Closed Text)

**READING BOOKLET**

**WEDNESDAY 31 JANUARY 2007**

Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

**To be opened on Wednesday 31 January 2007**



- **The first fifteen minutes are for reading the passages in this reading booklet.**
- During this time you may make any annotations you choose on the passages themselves.
- The questions for this examination are given in a separate question paper.
- **You must not open the question paper, or write anything in your answer booklet, until instructed to do so.**
- The Invigilator will tell you when the fifteen minutes begin and end.
- You will then be allowed to open the question paper.
- You will have **two hours** to work on the tasks.

This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.

## 1 Satire

The passage comes from *A Modest Proposal* (1729) by Jonathan Swift.

In this passage 'the Proposer', the first person narrator, begins to suggest a remedy for the famine from which the Irish poor are suffering.

The number of souls in this kingdom<sup>1</sup> being usually reckoned one million and a half, of these I calculate there may be about 200,000 couples whose wives are breeders; from which number I subtract 30,000 couples who are able to maintain their own children (although I apprehend there cannot be so many, under the present distresses of the kingdom); but this being granted, there will remain 170,000 breeders. I again subtract 50,000 for those women who miscarry, or whose children die by accident or disease within the year. There only remain 120,000 children of poor parents annually born. The question therefore is, how this number shall be reared and provided for, which, as I have already said, under the present situation of affairs, is utterly impossible by all the methods hitherto proposed. For we can neither employ them in handicraft or agriculture; we neither build houses (I mean in the country) nor cultivate land; they can very seldom pick up a livelihood by stealing, till they arrive at six years old, except where they are of towardly parts<sup>2</sup>; although I confess they learn the rudiments much earlier; during which time, they can however be properly looked upon only as probationers; as I have been informed by a principal gentleman in the county of Cavan, who protested to me that he never knew above one or two instances under the age of six, even in a part of the kingdom so renowned for the quickest proficiency in that art. 5 10 15

I am assured by our merchants, that a boy or a girl before twelve years old is no saleable commodity; and even when they come to this age they will not yield above 3*l.* or 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*<sup>3</sup> at most on the exchange; which cannot turn to account either to the parents or kingdom, the charge of nutriment and rags having been at least four times that value. 20

I shall now therefore humbly propose my own thoughts, which I hope will not be liable to the least objection. 25

I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt that it will equally serve in a fricassee or a ragout.

I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration that of the 120,000 children already computed, 20,000 may be reserved for breed, whereof only one-fourth part to be males; which is more than we allow to sheep, black cattle or swine; and my reason is, that these children are seldom the fruits of marriage, a circumstance not much regarded by our savages, therefore one male will be sufficient to serve four females. That the remaining 100,000 may, at a year old, be offered in sale to the persons of quality and fortune through the kingdom; always advising the mother to let them suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render them plump and fat for a good table. A child will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish, and seasoned with a little pepper or salt will be very good boiled on the fourth day, especially in winter. 30 35 40

I have reckoned upon a medium that a child just born will weigh 12 pounds, and in a solar year, if tolerably nursed, will increase to 28 pounds.

I grant this food will be somewhat dear, and therefore very proper for landlords, who, as they have already devoured most of the parents, seem to have the best title to the children. 45

<sup>1</sup> *this kingdom*: i.e. Ireland

<sup>2</sup> *towardly parts*: advanced in growth for their age

<sup>3</sup> *l. s. d.*: pounds, shillings, pence

## 2 The Gothic Tradition

The passage comes from *Vathek* (1786) by William Beckford.

In this passage Princess Nouronihar, daughter of the Emir Fakreddin, is enticed by a mysterious light to venture into an unknown region.

The globe of fire now appeared stationary in the glen, and burned in majestic stillness. Nouronihar, pressing her hands upon her bosom, hesitated, for some moments, to advance. The solitude of her situation was new, the silence of the night awful, and every object inspired sensations which, till then, she never had felt. The affright of Gulchenrouz recurred to her mind, and she a thousand times turned to go back; but this luminous appearance was always before her. Urged on by an irresistible impulse, she continued to approach it, in defiance of every obstacle that opposed her progress. 5

At length she arrived at the opening of the glen; but, instead of coming up to the light, she found herself surrounded by darkness; excepting that, at a considerable distance, a faint spark glimmered by fits. She stopped a second time: the sound of waterfalls mingling their murmurs, the hollow rustlings among the palm-branches and the funeral screams of the birds from their rifted trunks, all conspired to fill her soul with terror. She imagined, every moment, that she trod on some venomous reptile. All the stories of malignant dives<sup>1</sup> and dismal Ghoules thronged into her memory; but her curiosity was, notwithstanding, more predominant than her fears. She therefore firmly entered a winding track that led towards the spark; but, being a stranger to the path, she had not gone far, till she began to repent of her rashness. 'Alas!' said she, 'that I were but in those secure and illuminated apartments, where my evenings glided on with Gulchenrouz! Dear child! how would thy heart flutter with terror, wert thou wandering in these wild solitudes, like me!' Thus speaking, she advanced, and coming up to steps hewn in the rock, ascended them undismayed. The light which was now gradually enlarging, appeared above her on the summit of the mountain, and as if proceeding from a cavern. At length, she distinguished a plaintive and melodious union of voices, that resembled the dirges which are sung over tombs. A sound like that which arises from the filling of baths struck her ear at the same time. She continued ascending, and discovered large wax torches in full blaze, planted here and there in the fissures of the rock. This appearance filled her with fear, whilst the subtle and potent odour which the torches exhaled caused her to sink, almost lifeless, at the entrance of the grot<sup>2</sup>. 30

Casting her eyes within in this kind of trance, she beheld a large cistern of gold, filled with a water, the vapour of which distilled on her face a dew of the essence of roses. A soft symphony resounded through the grot. On the sides of the cistern she noticed appendages of royalty, diadems and feathers of the heron, all sparkling with carbuncles<sup>3</sup>. Whilst her attention was fixed on this display of magnificence, the music ceased, and a voice instantly demanded, 'For what monarch are these torches kindled, this bath prepared, and these habiliments<sup>4</sup> which belong not only to the sovereigns of the earth, but even to the talismanic powers?' To which a second voice answered, 'They are for the charming daughter of the emir Fakreddin.' 35

<sup>1</sup> *dives*: souls taken to hell

<sup>2</sup> *grot*: grotto

<sup>3</sup> *carbuncles*: gemstones

<sup>4</sup> *habiliments*: clothes

### 3 Writing of the Romantic Era

The poem and its introduction were written by Sir Walter Scott and were published in 1815.

#### *Helvellyn*

*In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, perished by losing his way on the mountain Helvellyn. His remains were not discovered till three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful terrier-bitch, his constant attendant during frequent solitary rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmorland.*

I climb'd the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,  
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;  
 All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,  
 And starting around me the echoes replied.  
 On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,       5  
 And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,  
 One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,  
 When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was that spot 'mid the brown mountain heather,  
 Where the Pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,       10  
 Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,  
 Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay.  
 Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,  
 For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,  
 The much-loved remains of her master defended,       15  
 And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?  
 When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?  
 How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,  
 Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?       20  
 And, oh, was it meet, that – no requiem read o'er him –  
 No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,  
 And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him –  
 Unhonour'd the Pilgrim from life should depart?

When a Prince to the fate of the Peasant has yielded,       25  
 The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;  
 With scutcheons<sup>1</sup> of silver the coffin is shielded,  
 And pages stand mute by the canopied pall<sup>2</sup>:  
 Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming;  
 In the proudly-arch'd chapel the banners are beaming,       30  
 Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,  
 Lamenting a Chief of the people should fall.

But meeter<sup>3</sup> for thee, gentle lover of nature,  
 To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,  
 When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature, 35  
 And draws his last sob by the side of his dam<sup>4</sup>.  
 And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,  
 Thy obsequies<sup>5</sup> sung by the gray plover flying,  
 With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,  
 In the arms of Helvellyn and Catchedicam. 40

<sup>1</sup> *scutcheons*: ornamental metal decorations

<sup>2</sup> *pall*: a cloth draped over a coffin

<sup>3</sup> *meeter*: more appropriate

<sup>4</sup> *dam*: mother

<sup>5</sup> *obsequies*: funeral rites

## 4 20th Century American Prose

The passage comes from *Post Office* (1971) by Charles Bukowski.

In this passage the narrator and G.G. are working in a post office sorting depot. ‘The Stone’ is the nickname of the Superintendent, Mr Jonstone.

I was casing<sup>1</sup> next to G.G. on route 501, which was not too bad, I had to fight to get the mail up but it was *possible*, and that gave one hope.

Although G.G. knew his case upsidedown, his hands were slowing. He had simply stuck too many letters in his life – even his sense-deafened body was finally revolting. Several times during the morning I saw him falter. He’d stop and sway, go into a trance, then snap out of it and stick some more letters. I wasn’t particularly fond of the man. His life hadn’t been a brave one, and he had turned out to be a hunk of shit more or less. But each time he faltered, something tugged at me. It was just like a faithful horse who just couldn’t go anymore. Or an old car, just giving it up one morning. 5 10

The mail was heavy and as I watched G.G. I got death-chills. For the first time in over 40 years he might miss the morning dispatch! For a man as proud of his job and his work as G.G., that could be a tragedy. I had missed plenty of morning dispatches, and had to take the sacks out to the boxes in my car, but my attitude was a bit different. 15

He faltered again.

God o mighty, I thought, doesn’t anybody notice but me?

I looked around, nobody was concerned. They all professed, at one time or another, to be fond of him – “G.G.’s a good guy.” But the “good old guy” was sinking and nobody cared. Finally I had less mail in front of me than G.G. 20

Maybe I can help him get his magazines up, I thought. But a clerk came along and dropped more mail in front of me and I was almost back with G.G. It was going to be close for both of us. I faltered for a moment, then clenched my teeth together, spread my legs, dug in like a guy who had just taken a hard punch, and winged the mass of letters in. 25

Two minutes before pull-down time, both G.G. and I had gotten our mail up, our mags routed and sacked, our airmail in. We were both going to make it. I had worried for nothing. Then The Stone came up. He carried two bundles of circulars. He gave one bundle to G.G. and the other to me.

“These must be worked in,” he said, then walked off. 30

The Stone knew that we couldn’t work those circs in and pull-down in time to meet the dispatch. I wearily cut the strings around the circs and started to case them in. G.G. just sat there and stared at his bundle of circs.

Then he put his head down, put his head down in his arms and began to cry softly. 35

I couldn’t believe it.

I looked around.

The other carriers weren’t looking at G.G. They were pulling down their letters, strapping them out, talking and laughing with each other.

“Hey,” I said a couple of times, “hey!” 40

But they wouldn’t look at G.G.

I walked over to G.G. Touched him on the arm: “G.G.,” I said, “what can I do for you?”

He jumped up from his case, ran up the stairway to the men’s locker room. I watched him go. Nobody seemed to notice. I stuck a few more letters, then ran up the stairs myself. 45

There he was, head down in his arms on one of the tables. Only he wasn’t quietly crying now. He was sobbing and wailing. His whole body shook in spasms. He wouldn’t stop.

I ran down the steps, past all the carriers, and up to The Stone's desk. 50  
 "Hey, hey, Stone! Jesus Christ, Stone!"  
 "What is it?" he asked.  
 "G.G. has flipped out! Nobody cares! He's upstairs crying! He needs help!"  
 "Who's manning his route?"  
 "Who gives a damn? I tell you, he's *sick*! He needs help!" 55  
 "I gotta get somebody to man his route!"  
 The Stone got up from his desk, circled around looking at his carriers as if there might be an extra one somewhere. Then he hustled back to his desk.  
 "Look, Stone, somebody's got to take that man home. Tell me where he lives and I'll drive him home myself – off the clock. Then I'll carry your damned route." 60  
 The Stone looked up:  
 "Who's manning your case?"  
 "Oh, God damn the case!"  
 "GO MAN YOUR CASE!"  
 Then he was talking to another supervisor on the phone: "Hello, Eddie? Listen, 65  
 I need a man out here ..."  
 There'd be no candy for the kids that day. I walked back. All the other carriers were gone. I began sticking in the circulars. Over on G.G.'s case was his tie-up of unstuck circs. I was behind schedule again. Without a dispatch. When I came in late that afternoon, The Stone wrote me up<sup>2</sup>. 70  
 I never saw G.G. again. Nobody knew what happened to him. Nor did anybody ever mention him again. The "good guy." The dedicated man. Knifed across the throat over a handful of circs from a local market – with its special: a free box of a brand name laundry soap, with the coupon, and any purchase over \$3.

<sup>1</sup>  *casing*: sorting mail; a case is a work station in the depot

<sup>2</sup> *wrote me up*: put me on report

## 5 Drama Post-1945

The passage comes from *Edmond* (1982) by David Mamet (USA).

The scene takes place in a diner. Edmond is a customer and Glenna is his waitress.

GLENNA: Sometimes it's hard.  
 EDMOND: You're goddamn right it's hard. And there's a *reason* why it's hard.  
 GLENNA: Why?  
 EDMOND: So that we will stand up. So that we'll be our *selves*. Glenna: (*Pause.*)  
 Glenna: This world is a piece of shit. (*Pause.*) It is a shit house. 5  
 (*Pause.*) ... There is NO LAW ... there is no *history* ... there is just  
*now* ... and if there is a *god* he may love the weak, Glenna. (*Pause.*)  
 But he respects the strong. (*Pause.*) And if you are a *man* you should  
 be feared. (*Pause.*) You should be *feared* ... (*Pause.*)  
 You just know you command respect. 10  
 GLENNA: That's why I love the theater ... (*Pause.*)  
*Because what you must ask respect for is yourself* ...  
 EDMOND: What do you mean?  
 GLENNA: When you're on stage.  
 EDMOND: Yes. 15  
 GLENNA: For *your* feelings.  
 EDMOND: Absolutely. Absolutely, yes ...  
 GLENNA: And, and, and *not* be someone else.  
 EDMOND: Why should you? ...  
 GLENNA: ... That's why, and I'm so proud to *be* in this profession ... 20  
 EDMOND: ... I don't blame you ...  
 GLENNA: ... because your aspirations ...  
 EDMOND: ... and I'll bet that you're good at it ...  
 GLENNA: ... they ...  
 EDMOND: ... They have no bounds. 25  
 GLENNA: There's nothing ...  
 EDMOND: ... Yes. I understand ...  
 GLENNA: ... to *bound* you but your soul.  
 EDMOND (*pause*) Do something for me.  
 GLENNA: ... Uh ... 30  
 EDMOND: *Act* something for me. Would you act something for me? ...  
 GLENNA: *Now?*  
 EDMOND: Yes.  
 GLENNA: Sitting right here? ...  
 EDMOND: Yes. (*Pause.*) 35  
 GLENNA: Would you really like me to?  
 EDMOND: You know I would. You see me sitting here, and you know that I would.  
 I'd *love* it.  
 Just because we both *want* to. I'd *love* you to. (*Pause.*)  
 GLENNA: What would you like me to do? 40  
 EDMOND: Whatever you'd like. What plays have you done?  
 GLENNA: Well, we've only done scenes.  
 EDMOND: You've only done scenes.  
 GLENNA: I shouldn't say 'only'. They contain the kernel of the play.  
 EDMOND: Uh-huh. 45  
*Pause.*  
 What *plays* have you done?



GLENNA: In college I played Juliet.  
 EDMOND: In Shakespeare?  
 GLENNA: Yes. In Shakespeare. What do you think? 50  
 EDMOND: Well, I meant, there's *plays* named Juliet.  
 GLENNA: There are?  
 EDMOND: Yes.  
 GLENNA: I don't think so.  
 EDMOND: Well, there are. – Don't. Don't. Don't. Don't be so *limited* ... And don't 55  
 assume I'm dumb because I wear a suit and tie.  
 GLENNA: I don't assume that.  
 EDMOND: Because what we've *done* tonight. Since you met me, it didn't make a  
 difference then. Forget it.  
 All I meant, you say you are an *actress* ... 60  
 GLENNA: I am an actress ...  
 EDMOND: Yes. I say that's what you *say*. So I say what *plays* have you done.  
 That's all.  
 GLENNA: The work I've done I have done for my peers.  
 EDMOND: What does that mean? 65  
 GLENNA: In class.  
 EDMOND: In class.  
 GLENNA: In class or workshop.  
 EDMOND: Not, not for a paying group.  
 GLENNA: No, absolutely not. 70  
 EDMOND: Then you are not an actress. Face it.  
 Let's start right. The two of us. I'm not lying to *you*, don't lie to *me*.  
 And don't lie to yourself.  
*Face* it. You're a beautiful woman. You have *worlds* before you. I do, too.  
*Things* to do. Things you can *discover*. 75  
 What I'm saying, start *now*, start *tonight*. With *me*. *Be* with me.  
 Be what you *are*. ...  
 GLENNA: I am what I am.  
 EDMOND: That's absolutely right. And that's what I loved when I saw you tonight.  
 What I *loved*. 80  
 I use that word. (*Pause*.) I used that word.  
 I loved a *woman*. Standing there. A working woman.  
 Who brought life to what she did. Who took a moment to *joke* with me.  
 That's ... that's ... that's ... God *bless* you what you are. Say it: I am a  
 waitress. 85  
*Pause*.  
 Say it.  
 GLENNA: What does it mean if I say something?  
 EDMOND: Say it with me. (*Pause*.)  
 GLENNA: What? 90  
 EDMOND: 'I am a waitress.'  
 GLENNA: I think that you better go.  
 EDMOND: If you want me to go I'll go.  
 Say it with me. Say what you are. And I'll say what *I* am.  
 GLENNA: ... What *you* are ... 95  
 EDMOND: I've *made* the discovery. Now: I want you to change your life with me.  
*Right* now, for whatever that we can be. *I* don't know what that is, *you*  
 don't know. Speak with me. *Right* now. Say it.  
 GLENNA: I don't know what you're talking about.

## 6 Post-Colonial Literature

The passage comes from *Shame* (1983) by Salman Rushdie.

The novel *Shame* addresses, in part, the historical formation of the nation of Pakistan.

I, too, know something of this immigrant business. I am an emigrant from one country (India) and a newcomer in two (England, where I live, and Pakistan, to which my family moved against my will). And I have a theory that the resentments we *mohajirs*<sup>1</sup> engender have something to do with our conquest of the force of gravity. We have performed the act of which all men anciently dream, the thing for which they envy the birds; that is to say, we have flown. 5

I am comparing gravity with belonging. Both phenomena observably exist: my feet stay on the ground, and I have never been angrier than I was on the day my father told me he had sold my childhood home in Bombay. But neither is understood. We know the force of gravity, but not its origins; and to explain why we become attached to our birthplaces we pretend that we are trees and speak of roots. Look under your feet. You will not find gnarled growths sprouting through the soles. Roots, I sometimes think, are a conservative myth, designed to keep us in our places. 10

The anti-myths of gravity and of belonging bear the same name: flight. *Migration, n., moving, for instance in flight, from one place to another.* To fly and to flee: both are ways of seeking freedom ... an odd thing about gravity, incidentally, is that while it remains uncomprehended everybody seems to find it easy to comprehend the notion of its theoretical counter-force: anti-gravity. But anti-belonging is not accepted by modern science ... suppose ICI or Ciba-Geigy or Pfizer or Roche<sup>2</sup> or even, I guess, NASA<sup>3</sup> came up with an anti-gravity pill. The world's airlines would go broke overnight, of course. Pill-poppers would come unstuck from the ground and float upwards until they sank into the clouds. It would be necessary to devise special waterproof flying garments. And when the effects of the pill wore off one would simply sink gently down to earth again, but in a different place, because of prevailing windspeeds and planetary rotation. Personalized international travel could be made possible by manufacturing pills of different strengths for different lengths of journey. Some kind of directional booster-engine would have to be constructed, perhaps in back-pack form. Mass production could bring this within the reach of every household. You see the connection between gravity and 'roots': the pill would make migrants of us all. We would float upwards, use our boosters to get ourselves to the right latitude, and let the rotating planet do the rest. 20 25 30

When individuals come unstuck from their native land, they are called migrants. When nations do the same thing (Bangladesh), the act is called secession. What is the best thing about migrant peoples and seceded nations? I think it is their hopefulness. Look into the eyes of such folk in old photographs. Hope blazes undimmed through the fading sepia tints. And what's the worst thing? It is the emptiness of one's luggage. I'm speaking of invisible suitcases, not the physical, perhaps cardboard, variety containing a few meaning-drained mementoes: we have come unstuck from more than land. We have floated upwards from history, from memory, from Time. 35 40

<sup>1</sup> *Mohajirs*: muslims who emigrated to Pakistan after its partition from India

<sup>2</sup> *ICI, Ciba-Geigy, Pfizer and Roche*: multinational pharmaceutical companies

<sup>3</sup> *NASA*: National Aeronautics and Space Administration (USA)



---

*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

- Text 4 from *Post Office*, Charles Bukowski, Virgin Books Ltd, 1992 © Charles Bukowski 1971. Published by arrangement with Virgin Books Ltd, [www.virginbooks.com](http://www.virginbooks.com).
- Text 5 © David Mamet, *Edmond*, A&C Black Publishers, 2003. Reproduced by permission of A&C Black Publishers.
- Text 6 from *Shame* by Salman Rushdie, published by Jonathan Cape. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd. © 1983, Salman Rushdie. Electronic reproduction by permission of The Wylie Agency (UK) Ltd.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (OCR) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

OCR is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.