

GCSE (HIGHER TIER)
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme A

UNIT 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914

WEDNESDAY 17 JANUARY 2007

H **2442/2**

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 page)
This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Answer **two** questions:
 - answer **one** question from Section A;
 - answer **one other** question, **either** from **Section B** or from **Section C**.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on the answer booklet.
- Write your answer, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
- The total number of marks for this paper is 66.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.

ADVICE TO CANDIDATES

- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.

This document consists of **27** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

CONTENTS

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

SECTION A – Poetry Post-1914

(You **must** answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

SECTION B – Prose Post-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 15

OR

SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 29

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SECTION A

You must answer **one** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published Post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–9	1–6
MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): <i>Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe</i>	10–11	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	12–13	10–12

1 (a)

Defying Gravity

Gravity is one of the oldest tricks in the book.
 Let go of the book and it abseils to the ground
 As if, at the centre of the earth, spins a giant yo-yo
 To which everything is attached by an invisible string.

Tear out a page of the book and make an aeroplane. 5
 Launch it. For an instant it seems that you have fashioned
 A shape that can outwit air, that has slipped the knot.
 But no. The earth turns, the winch tightens, it is wound in.

One of my closest friends is, at the time of writing, 10
 Attempting to defy gravity, and will surely succeed.
 Eighteen months ago he was playing rugby,
 Now, seven stones lighter, his wife carries him aw-

Kwardly from room to room. Arranges him gently
 Upon the sofa for the visitors. 'How are things?'
 Asks one, not wanting to know. Pause. 'Not too bad.' 15
 (Open brackets. Condition inoperable. Close brackets.)

Soon now, the man that I love (not the armful of bones)
 Will defy gravity. Freeing himself from the tackle
 He will sidestep the opposition and streak down the wing
 Towards a dimension as yet unimagined. 20

Back where the strings are attached there will be a service
 And homage paid to the giant yo-yo. A box of left-overs
 Will be lowered into a space on loan from the clay.
 Then, weighted down, the living will walk wearily away.

Roger McGough

(b)

Bedfellows

An inch or so above the bed
 the yellow blindspot hovers
 where the last incumbent's greasy head
 has worn away the flowers.

Every night I have to rest 5
 my head in his dead halo;
 I feel his heart tick in my wrist;
 then, below the pillow,

his suffocated voice resumes
 its dreary innuendo: 10
*there are other ways to leave the room
 than the door and the window*

Don Paterson

OCR: *Opening Lines: Section G: How It Looks From Here* (Cont.)

Either 1 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably portray death in these two poems. [30]

Or 2 Explore the differing ways in which the poets convey serious points in a humorous way in *Mort Aux Chats* (Porter) and in *Rat, O Rat ...* (Logue). [30]

Or 3 In what differing ways do the poets' words encourage you to appreciate the world in which we live in **TWO** of the following poems?

Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)

The Cat and the Sea (Thomas)

Sometimes (Pugh)

[30]

4 (a)

Spring in War-Time

Now the sprinkled blackthorn snow
 Lies along the lovers' lane
 Where last year we used to go –
 Where we shall not go again.

In the hedge the buds are new, 5
 By our wood the violets peer –
 Just like last year's violets, too,
 But they have no scent this year.

Every bird has heart to sing
 Of its nest, warmed by its breast; 10
 We had heart to sing last spring,
 But we never built our nest.

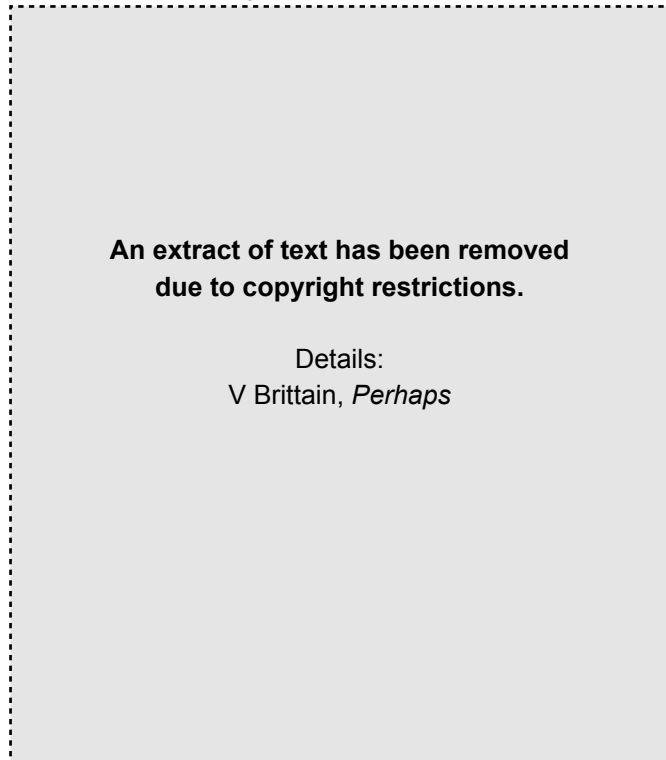
Presently red roses blown
 Will make all the garden gay ...
 Not yet have the daisies grown 15
 On your clay.

Edith Nesbit

(b)

*Perhaps –**(To R. A. L. Died of Wounds in France, December 23rd, 1915)*

Perhaps some day the



5

10

15

20

Was broken, long ago.

Vera Brittain

OCR: *Opening Lines: Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)* (Cont.)

Either 4 Compare the ways in which the poets' descriptions of the natural world vividly convey their personal feelings in these two poems. [30]

Or 5 Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully portray the horrors of war in *Spring Offensive* (Owen) and *The Deserter* (Letts). [30]

Or 6 Explore the differing ways in which the poets write movingly about the loss of family members in **TWO** of the following poems.

The Seed-Merchant's Son (Herbertson)

Lamentations (Sassoon)

The Hero (Sassoon)

[30]

7 (a)

The View

The view is fine from fifty,
 Experienced climbers say;
 So, overweight and shifty,
 I turn to face the way
 That led me to this day. 5

Instead of fields and snowcaps
 And flowered lanes that twist,
 The track breaks at my toe-caps
 And drops away in mist.
 The view does not exist. 10

Where has it gone, the lifetime?
 Search me. What's left is drear.
 Unchilded and unwifed, I'm
 Able to view that clear:
 So final. And so near. 15

Philip Larkin

(b)

*Casehistory: Alison (head injury)**(She looks at her photograph)*

I would like to have known
 My husband's wife, my mother's only daughter.
 A bright girl she was.

Enmeshed in comforting
 Fat, I wonder at her delicate angles. 5
 Her autocratic knee

Like a Degas dancer's
 Adjusts to the observer with airy poise,
 That now lugs me upstairs

Hardly. Her face, broken 10
 By nothing sharper than smiles, holds in its smiles
 What I have forgotten.

She knows my father's dead,
 And grieves for it, and smiles. She has digested
 Mourning. Her smile shows it. 15

I, who need reminding
 Every morning, shall never get over what
 I do not remember.

MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): *Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe* (Cont.)

Consistency matters.
I should like to keep faith with her lack of faith, 20
But forget her reasons.

Proud of this younger self,
I assert her achievements, her A levels,
Her job with a future.

Poor clever girl! I know, 25
For all my damaged brain, something she doesn't:
I am her future.

A bright girl she was.

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 7 Explore some of the differing ways in which the poets movingly convey feelings about the past in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 Compare some of the ways in which the poets vividly present the world of work in **TWO** of the following poems.

Toads (Larkin)
Posterity (Larkin)
You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly (Fanthorpe)
Patients (Fanthorpe) [30]

Or 9 Explore some of the differing ways in which the poets powerfully express a sense of regret in **TWO** of the following poems.

Wild Oats (Larkin)
Poetry of Departures (Larkin)
Growing Up (Fanthorpe)
Growing Out (Fanthorpe) [30]

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

Mushrooms

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam, 5
Acquire the air.

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on 10
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless, 15

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow, 20
Bland-mannered, asking

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are 25
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies: 30

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth.
Our foot's in the door.

Sylvia Plath

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire* (Cont.)

(b)

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
 Inaction, no falsifying dream
 Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
 Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees! 5
 The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
 Are of advantage to me;
 And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark. 10
 It took the whole of Creation
 To produce my foot, my each feather:
 Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –
 I kill where I please because it is all mine.
 There is no sophistry in my body: 15
 My manners are tearing off heads –

The allotment of death.
 For the one path of my flight is direct
 Through the bones of the living.
 No arguments assert my right: 20

The sun is behind me.
 Nothing has changed since I began.
 My eye has permitted no change.
 I am going to keep things like this.

Ted Hughes

Either 10 Compare the ways in which the poets create vivid images of the power of nature in these two poems. [30]

Or 11 Compare the ways in which the poets paint disturbing pictures of death in *Dulce et Decorum Est* (Owen) and *5 Ways to Kill a Man* (Brock). [30]

Or 12 Explore the differing ways in which the poets use particularly vivid words and phrases to communicate their thoughts and feelings in **TWO** of the following poems.

Digging (Heaney)
Our History (Dipoko)
Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience (Causley) [30]

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this Section **or** from Section C.

	Pages	Questions
PROSE published Post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	16–17	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	18–19	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	20	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	22–23	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and the Sea</i>	24	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	26–27	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	28	31–33

13 (a)

Games at Twilight

Ravi sat back on the harsh edge of the tub, deciding to hold out a bit longer. What fun if they were all found and caught – he alone left unconquered! He had never known that sensation. Nothing more wonderful had ever happened to him than being taken out by an uncle and bought a whole slab of chocolate all to himself, or being flung into the soda-man’s pony cart and driven up to the gate by the friendly driver with the red beard and pointed ears. To defeat Raghu – that hirsute, hoarse-voiced football champion – and to be the winner in a circle of older, bigger, luckier children – that would be thrilling beyond imagination. He hugged his knees together and smiled to himself almost shyly at the thought of so much victory, such laurels. 5

There he sat smiling, knocking his heels against the bathtub, now and then getting up and going to the door to put his ear to the broad crack and listening for sounds of the game, the pursuer and the pursued, and then returning to his seat with the dogged determination of the true winner, a breaker of records, a champion. 10

Desai

(b)

The Red Ball

He began running towards them, filled with an excitement such as he had never felt before.

‘We was waitin’ for you, man ... what make you come so late today?’ The boy was pleased beyond words that they had not started the game without him. He squeezed out a shiny red cork ball, brand new, from his pocket with a wide smile on his face such as they had never seen before. They all ran to their places and they played cricket until it was dark in the square. The boy was to be their star bowler from now. At the vendor’s stall afterwards, he paid for all the black puddin’ they could eat. 5

‘Gimmie a two-inch piece,’ someone would call out, and the boy foraged in his pocket, fingering the surface of the red ball each time he reached for a coin to pay the vendor. Along the emptiness of Frederick Street they heard someone calling. The boys looked in turns to see if it might be any of their parents, then fell back to their black pudding. 10

Khan

OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

Either 13 Explore the ways in which the writers, in these two extracts, memorably portray the children's feelings of happiness and satisfaction. [30]

Or 14 In several stories in this collection a character clashes with someone in authority.

How do the writers bring such clashes alive for you in **TWO** of the following stories?

The Gold-Legged Frog (Srinawk)

The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband (Feng)

The Pieces of Silver (Sealy)

The Winter Oak (Nagibin)

[30]

Or 15 In what ways do the writers vividly convey the difficulties of family life in *The Young Couple* (Jhabvala) and *Two Kinds* (Tan)? [30]

16 (a)

Her Turn

Radford tipped the carter and returned indoors. He surveyed the array of crockery, linoleum, mattress, mangle, and other goods crowding the house and the yard.

'Well, this is a winder!' he repeated.

'We stood in need of 'em enough.'

'I hope tha's got plenty more from wheer they came from,' he replied dangerously. 5

'That's just what I haven't.' She opened her purse. 'Two half-crowns; that's ivery copper I've got i' th' world.'

He stood very still as he looked.

'It's right,' she said.

There was a certain smug sense of satisfaction about her. A wave of anger came 10 over him, blinding him. But he waited and waited. Suddenly his arm leapt up, the fist clenched, and his eyes blazed at her. She shrank away, pale and frightened. But he dropped his fist to his side, turned, and went out muttering. He went down to the shed that stood in the middle of the garden. There he picked up the tortoise, and stood with bent head, rubbing its horny head. 15

She stood hesitating, watching him. Her heart was heavy, and yet there was a curious, cat-like look of satisfaction round her eyes. Then she went indoors and gazed at her new cups, admiringly.

The next week he handed her his half-sovereign without a word.

'You'll want some for yourself,' she said, and she gave him a shilling. He 20 accepted it.

(b)

Tickets, Please

'Open the door, somebody,' said Laura.

'Annie's got the key,' said one.

Annie silently offered the key to the girls. Nora unlocked the door.

'Tit for tat, old man,' she said. 'Show yourself a man, and don't bear a grudge.'

But without a word or sign he had opened the door and was gone, his face 5 closed, his head dropped.

'That'll learn him,' said Laura.

'Coddy!' said Nora.

'Shut up, for God's sake!' cried Annie fiercely, as if in torture.

'Well, I'm about ready to go, Polly. Look sharp!' said Muriel. 10

The girls were all anxious to be off. They were tidying themselves hurriedly, with mute, stupified faces.

D. H. LAWRENCE: *Ten Short Stories* (ed. Whittle and Blatchford) (Cont.)

Either 16 How effective do you think these two extracts are as endings to their stories?

Remember to refer to the language of both extracts in your answer. [30]

Or 17 Explore the ways in which Lawrence vividly conveys family relationships in *A Prelude* and *The Lovely Lady*. [30]

Or 18 Several stories in this selection could be called love stories.

Explore what you find unusual in the ways Lawrence portrays love between men and women in *The Shades of Spring* and *Second Best*.

Remember to refer to the language of the stories in your answer. [30]

J. G. BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun*

- 19** A Eurasian civilian in a white shirt moved behind the Japanese, eager to help those ordered to join the march, like the courier of an efficient travel company. At the edges of the field the Japanese guards were already stripping the bodies of the dead, pulling off shoes and belts.
- 'Mr Maxted ...' In a last moment of lucidity Jim sat up, knowing that he must leave the dying architect and join the march party into the night. 'I ought to go now, Mr Maxted. It's time for the war to be over ...' 5
- He was trying to stand when he felt Mr Maxted grasp his wrist. 'Don't go with them ... Jim ... stay here.'
- Jim waited for Mr Maxted to die. But he pressed Jim's wrist to the grass, as if trying to bolt it to the earth. Jim watched the march party shuffle towards the tunnel. Unable to walk more than three paces, a man fell and was left on the cinder track. Jim listened to the voices of the Japanese draw nearer, muffled by the masks over their faces, and heard the sergeant gag and spit in the stench. 10
- A soldier knelt beside him, his breath hoarse and exhausted behind his mask. Strong hands moved across Jim's chest and hips, feeling his pockets. Brusquely they pulled his shoes from his feet, then flung them on to the cinder track. Jim lay without moving, as the fires from the burning oil depots at Hongkew played across the stands, lighting the doors of the looted refrigerators, the radiator grilles of the white Cadillacs and the lamps of the plaster nymphs in the box of the Generalissimo. 15
- 20

Either 19 How does Ballard's writing here express the horrors that Jim is experiencing at this moment in the novel? [30]

Or 20 A devious, clever survivor?
A small minded crook?

What is your opinion of Basie in *Empire of the Sun*?

Remember to support your answer with detailed reference to Ballard's writing. [30]

Or 21 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments from the novel where Ballard encourages you to feel particular sympathy for Jim.

Remember to refer to the language of the novel in your answer. [30]

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Turn to page 22 for Question 22.

- 22 Okonkwo was provoked to justifiable anger by his youngest wife, who went to plait her hair at her friend's house and did not return early enough to cook the afternoon meal. Okonkwo did not know at first that she was not at home. After waiting in vain for her dish he went to her hut to see what she was doing. There was nobody in the hut and the fireplace was cold. 5
- 'Where is Ojiugo?' he asked his second wife, who came out of her hut to draw water from a gigantic pot in the shade of a small tree in the middle of the compound.
- 'She has gone to plait her hair.'
- Okonkwo bit his lips as anger welled up within him. 10
- 'Where are her children? Did she take them?' he asked with unusual coolness and restraint.
- 'They are here,' answered his first wife, Nwoye's mother. Okonkwo bent down and looked into her hut. Ojiugo's children were eating with the children of his first wife. 15
- 'Did she ask you to feed them before she went?'
- 'Yes,' lied Nwoye's mother, trying to minimise Ojiugo's thoughtlessness.
- Okonkwo knew she was not speaking the truth. He walked back to his *obi* to wait Ojiugo's return. And when she returned he beat her very heavily. In his anger he had forgotten that it was the Week of Peace. His first two wives ran out in great alarm pleading with him that it was the sacred week. But Okonkwo was not the man to stop beating somebody half-way through, not even for fear of a goddess. 20
- Okonkwo's neighbours heard his wife crying and sent their voices over the compound walls to ask what was the matter. Some of them came over to see for themselves. It was unheard-of to beat somebody during the sacred week. 25
- Before it was dusk Ezeani, who was the priest of the earth goddess, Ani, called on Okonkwo in his *obi*. Okonkwo brought out kola nut and placed it before the priest.
- 'Take away your kola nut. I shall not eat in the house of a man who has no respect for our gods and ancestors.'
- Okonkwo tried to explain to him what his wife had done, but Ezeani seemed to pay no attention. He held a short staff in his hand which he brought down on the floor to emphasise his points. 30
- 'Listen to me,' he said when Okonkwo had spoken. 'You are not a stranger in Umuofia. You know as well as I do that our forefathers ordained that before we plant any crops in the earth we should observe a week in which a man does not say a harsh word to his neighbour. We live in peace with our fellows to honour our great goddess of the earth without whose blessing our crops will not grow. You have committed a great evil.' He brought down his staff heavily on the floor. 'Your wife was at fault, but even if you came into your *obi* and found her lover on top of her, you should still have committed a great evil to beat her.' His staff came down again. 35
- 'The evil you have done can ruin the whole clan.' 40
-

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart* (Cont.)

Either 22 In what ways does Achebe's depiction of Okonkwo here prepare you for later events in the novel? [30]

Or 23 A tragic loss?
Inevitable and deserved?

How does Achebe shape your reaction to Okonkwo's death?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 24 In what ways does Achebe make the Oracle and the Priestess such powerful figures in *Things Fall Apart*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

25

'Ay,' he said aloud.



5

10

15

20

25

died.

taken as he

Either 25 How does Hemingway's writing here make this such a dramatic and exciting moment in the novel? [30]

Or 26 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel when Hemingway most memorably brings to life for you the old man's understanding of the sea and its creatures. [30]

Or 27 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel when Hemingway makes you feel particularly sorry for the old man. [30]

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Turn to page 26 for Question 28.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

28

The birds sang, the proles sang, the Party did not sing. All round the world, in London and New York, in Africa and Brazil and in the mysterious, forbidden lands beyond the frontiers, in the streets of Paris and Berlin, in the villages of the endless Russian plain, in the bazaars of China and Japan – everywhere stood the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. Out of those mighty loins a race of conscious beings must one day come. You were the dead; theirs was the future. But you could share in that future if you kept alive the mind as they kept alive the body, and passed on the secret doctrine that two plus two make four. 5

‘We are the dead,’ he said. 10

‘We are the dead,’ echoed Julia dutifully.

‘You are the dead,’ said an iron voice behind them.

They sprang apart. Winston’s entrails seemed to have turned into ice. He could see the white all round the irises of Julia’s eyes. Her face had turned a milky yellow. The smear of rouge that was still on each cheekbone stood out sharply, almost as though unconnected with the skin beneath. 15

‘You are the dead,’ repeated the iron voice.

‘It was behind the picture,’ breathed Julia.

‘It was behind the picture,’ said the voice. ‘Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.’ 20

It was starting, it was starting at last! They could do nothing except stand gazing into one another’s eyes. To run for life, to get out of the house before it was too late – no such thought occurred to them. Unthinkable to disobey the iron voice from the wall. There was a snap as though a catch had been turned back, and a crash of breaking glass. The picture had fallen to the floor, uncovering the telescreen behind it. 25

‘Now they can see us,’ said Julia.

‘Now we can see you,’ said the voice. ‘Stand out in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another.’

They were not touching, but it seemed to him that he could feel Julia’s body shaking. Or perhaps it was merely the shaking of his own. He could just stop his teeth from chattering, but his knees were beyond his control. There was a sound of trampling boots below, inside the house and outside. The yard seemed to be full of men. Something was being dragged across the stones. The woman’s singing had stopped abruptly. There was a long, rolling clang, as though the washtub had been flung across the yard, and then a confusion of angry shouts which ended in a yell of pain. 35

‘The house is surrounded,’ said Winston.

‘The house is surrounded,’ said the voice.

He heard Julia snap her teeth together. ‘I suppose we may as well say good-bye,’ she said.

‘You may as well say good-bye,’ said the voice. And then another quite different voice, a thin, cultivated voice which Winston had the impression of having heard before, struck in: ‘And by the way, while we are on the subject, Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head!’ 40

Something crashed on to the bed behind Winston’s back. The head of a ladder had been thrust through the window and had burst in the frame. Someone was climbing through the window. There was a stampede of boots up the stairs. The room was full of solid men in black uniforms, their iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands. 45

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (Cont.)

Either 28 How does Orwell make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel? [30]

Or 29 In what ways does Orwell use Parsons and his family to show the horrors of life in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 30 Explore some of the ways in which Orwell makes the relationship between Winston and Julia so important in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. [30]

31 (a)

Miss Anstruther's Letters

Later, she took another flat. Life assembled itself about her again; kind friends gave her books; she bought another typewriter, another wireless set, and ruined herself with getting necessary furniture, for which she would get no financial help until after the war. She noticed little of all this that she did, and saw no real reason for doing any of it. She was alone with a past devoured by fire and a charred scrap of paper which said you don't care twopence, and then a blank, a great interruption, an end. She had failed in caring once, twenty years ago, and failed again now, and the twenty years between were a drift of grey ashes that once were fire, and she a drifting ghost too. She had to leave it at that. 5

Macaulay

(b)

Another Survivor

It's dark and cold, but he walks rapidly ahead, with no plan or choice of direction, completely indifferent to where he is going, his mind quite empty. After a time, the emptiness on all sides makes him realize that he must have crossed the road and climbed Primrose Hill. He tries sitting down on a bench, but the moment he stops moving, he is swamped by such self-contempt that he cannot bear it, so he starts walking again. He knows that if he goes back he will break into Faith's room and probably beat her to death. His stride lengthens. He is walking down Park Road now, down Baker Street, crossing Piccadilly, crossing the river; a tall, thick-bodied man unable to stop walking. He is going to keep walking until a car knocks him down or someone fells him with a blow, until he reaches the end of his endurance and drops in his tracks. 10

Fainlight

Either 31 In what ways does the writing in these two extracts affect the way you feel about Miss Anstruther and Rudi? [30]

Or 32 How do the writers shape your feelings about any **TWO** of the following characters?

Celia (*A Love Match*)
 Mabel (*Savages*)
 Anna (*Mannequin*)
 Chris (*Stormy Weather*)

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories. [30]

Or 33 'I have a strange story to tell.' (Anna Devlin: *Passages*)

Explore any **TWO** stories from this selection in which the writers have impressed you with the strangeness of their stories. [30]

SECTION C

Answer **one** question from this Section **or** from Section B.

	Pages	Questions
LITERARY NON-FICTION published Post-1914		
MICHAEL PALIN: <i>Pole to Pole</i>	30	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	31	37–39

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

- 34 (a) At the outskirts of the city there is a cheerful sign above the road: 'Have Nice Trip'. It is here that our troubles begin.

We are turned back at the Customs barrier and sent along a dusty carriageway to an address in the suburbs of Port Said. This turns out to be another Customs area, for buses only. As soon as our minibus pulls up outside salesmen cluster round brandishing chocolate, sunglasses, coffee cups, razor blades, make-up, watches and even plastic rattles. We sit and wait. The temperature is climbing up towards 100 Fahrenheit. Eventually we are let through into a courtyard and after some deliberation asked to unload all our equipment for examination. Romany is doing his best to prevail upon the officer in charge, telling him we have been through all this for seven hours yesterday and he has the paperwork to prove it. After an hour we are allowed to repack our bus and leave. As the imperious senior officer barks orders at the soldiers lounging by the gate, I notice his right hand is playing with a string of beads. We pull out into the road. A man supporting himself on a crutch toils by. He has a child on his back.

- (b) At the gates of the Eastern Harbour, beneath an imposing sign announcing the jurisdiction of the 'Aswan Governate, High Dam Ports Authority', an official wearing a 'Port Police' armband attempts to hold the world at bay with a red loudhailer. Cars and trucks piled with crates and packing cases hoot their way past men and women piled with refrigerators, cabinets and bulging roped sacks. Porters in frayed blue cotton jackets stand, confused and vacant, waiting to be shouted into action. A boy with a dustpan and long-handled brush dabs ineffectually around the feet of the throng. There is not a white face to be seen, and even Western clothes are a rare exception in a sea of chadors – veils covering the heads and bodies of the women – and grubby djellabahs, the long wide-sleeved robes of the men.

Slowly, patiently, this mass of people and possessions moves through the Customs building and out towards a buff-hulled 160-foot ferry boat called the *Sinai*. It's a hard worked, stocky, unglamorous vessel with an apparently unlimited capacity to absorb everyone *and* their kitchen sinks. The authorities, for their part, have done what they can to make getting aboard as difficult as possible. Passengers must squeeze between unloading trucks on one side, and barbed wire, a link fence and sandbags on the other. Their progress is further impeded by an official of the Port Authority with wavy black hair and a wonderful repertoire of hand gestures who seems unable to communicate on any level less than uncontrolled fury. The slightest thing sets him off, igniting a Fawltyesque rage which quite cheers people up.

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- Either 34 Explore the ways in which Palin, in these two extracts, vividly portrays encounters with customs officials. [30]

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- Or 35 Explore the ways in which Palin's writing makes his descriptions of **ONE or TWO** boat journeys entertaining and memorable. [30]

- Or 36 How does Palin make his description of his visit to Chernobyl (Day 35) powerful and moving for you?
Remember to refer to the language of the text in your answer. [30]

37 Away games were my equivalent of staying late at the office, and the fifth-round Cup-tie at Derby was the first time I had got to do it properly. In those days there were no restrictions on travelling in the way there are now (British Rail eventually abandoned the Football Specials, and the clubs make their own travel arrangements): we could roll up at St Pancras, buy a dirt-cheap train ticket, and pile on to a dilapidated train, the corridors of which were patrolled by police with guard dogs. Much of the journey took place in darkness – light bulbs were shattered at wearily brief intervals – which made reading difficult, although I always, always took a book with me and spent ages finding the carriages which contained middle-aged men who would have no interest in attracting the attention of alsatians. 5 10

At our destination we were met by hundreds and hundreds of police, who then escorted us to the ground by a circuitous route away from the city centre; it was during these walks that my urban hooligan fantasies were given free rein. I was completely safe, protected not only by the law but by my fellow supporters, and I had therefore been liberated to bellow along in my still-unbroken voice with the chanted threats of the others. I didn't look terribly hard, in truth: I was as yet nowhere near as big as I should have been, and wore black-framed Brains-style National Health reading glasses, although these I hid away for the duration of the route marches, presumably to make myself just that little bit more terrifying. But those who mumble about the loss of identity football fans must endure miss the point: this loss of identity can be a paradoxically enriching process. Who wants to be stuck with who they are the whole time? I for one wanted time out from being a jug-eared, bespectacled, suburban twerp once in a while; I loved being able to frighten the shoppers in Derby or Norwich or Southampton (and they *were* frightened – you could see it). My opportunities for intimidating people had been limited hitherto, though I knew it wasn't *me* that made people hurry to the other side of the road, hauling their children after them; it was *us*, and I was a part of us, an organ in the hooligan body. The fact that I was the appendix – small, useless, hidden out of the way somewhere in the middle – didn't matter in the slightest. 15 20 25

Either 37 How does Hornby's writing here memorably convey a picture of himself as a young football supporter? [30]

Or 38 Explore the ways in which Hornby's writing makes his account of the tragedy at Heysel (pages 146–149) so moving and thought-provoking. [30]

Or 39 In what ways does Hornby's writing bring to life for you any **TWO** footballers he describes in this book? [30]

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