

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme B

Unit 8 Post-1914 Texts

TUESDAY 23 JANUARY 2007

F

2448/1

Morning

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

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces in the answer booklet.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
- You must answer **one** question from Section B.
- You must answer **two other** questions, from Section A, Section C or Section D.
Each question must be taken from a different section.
- Write your answers in blue or black ink in the answer booklet.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what to do before starting your answer.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The total number of marks for this paper is 42.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
- All questions carry equal marks.

This document consists of **33** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

CONTENTS

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

SECTION A – Drama post-1914

(Answer not more than **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 4

SECTION B – Poetry post-1914

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

Page 13

SECTION C – Prose post-1914

(Answer not more than **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 21

SECTION D – Literary non-fiction post-1914

(Answer not more than **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 33

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Section A

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

| | Pages | Questions |
|---|-------|-----------|
| Drama post-1914 | | |
| <i>Whose Life is it Anyway?</i> (Clark) | 5 | 1–2 |
| <i>Death of a Salesman</i> (Miller) | 6–7 | 3–4 |
| <i>Journey's End</i> (Sherriff) | 8–9 | 5–6 |
| <i>The Caretaker</i> (Pinter) | 10–11 | 7–8 |

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

- 1 DR TRAVERS: What they need is information.
 KEN: Of course, but as a rule, doctors dole out information like a kosher butcher gives out pork sausages.
 DR TRAVERS: That's fair. But you'd agree that patients need medical knowledge to make good decisions? 5
 KEN: I would. Look at me, for example. I'm a sculptor, an airy-fairy artist, with no real hard knowledge and no capability to understand anything about my body. You're a doctor but I think I would hold my own with a competition in anatomy with *you*.
 DR TRAVERS: It's a long time since I did my anatomy. 10
 KEN: Of course. Whereas I was teaching it every day up to six months ago. It wouldn't be fair.
 DR TRAVERS: Your knowledge of anatomy may be excellent, but what's your neurology like, or your dermatology, endocrinology, urology and so on. 15
 KEN: Lousy, and in so far as these bear on my case, I should be grateful for information so that I can make a proper decision. But it is my decision. If you came to my studio to buy something, and look at all my work, and you say: 'I want that bronze' and I say to you: 'Look, you don't know anything about sculpture. The proportion of that is all wrong, the texture is boring and it should have been made in wood anyway. You are having the marble!' You'd think I was nuts. If you were sensible you'd ask for my professional opinion but if you were a mature adult, you'd reserve the right to choose for yourself. 20
 DR TRAVERS: But we're not talking about a piece of sculpture to decorate a room, but about your life. 25
 KEN: That's right Doctor. *My* life.
 DR TRAVERS: But your obvious intelligence weakens your case. I'm not saying that you would find life easy but you do have resources that an unintelligent person doesn't have. 30
 KEN: That sounds like *Catch 22*. If you're clever and sane enough to put up an invincible case for suicide, it demonstrates you ought not to die.

Either 1 In what ways does this passage help you to understand Ken's feelings about his right to die?

Remember to refer to details from the passage in your answer. [14]

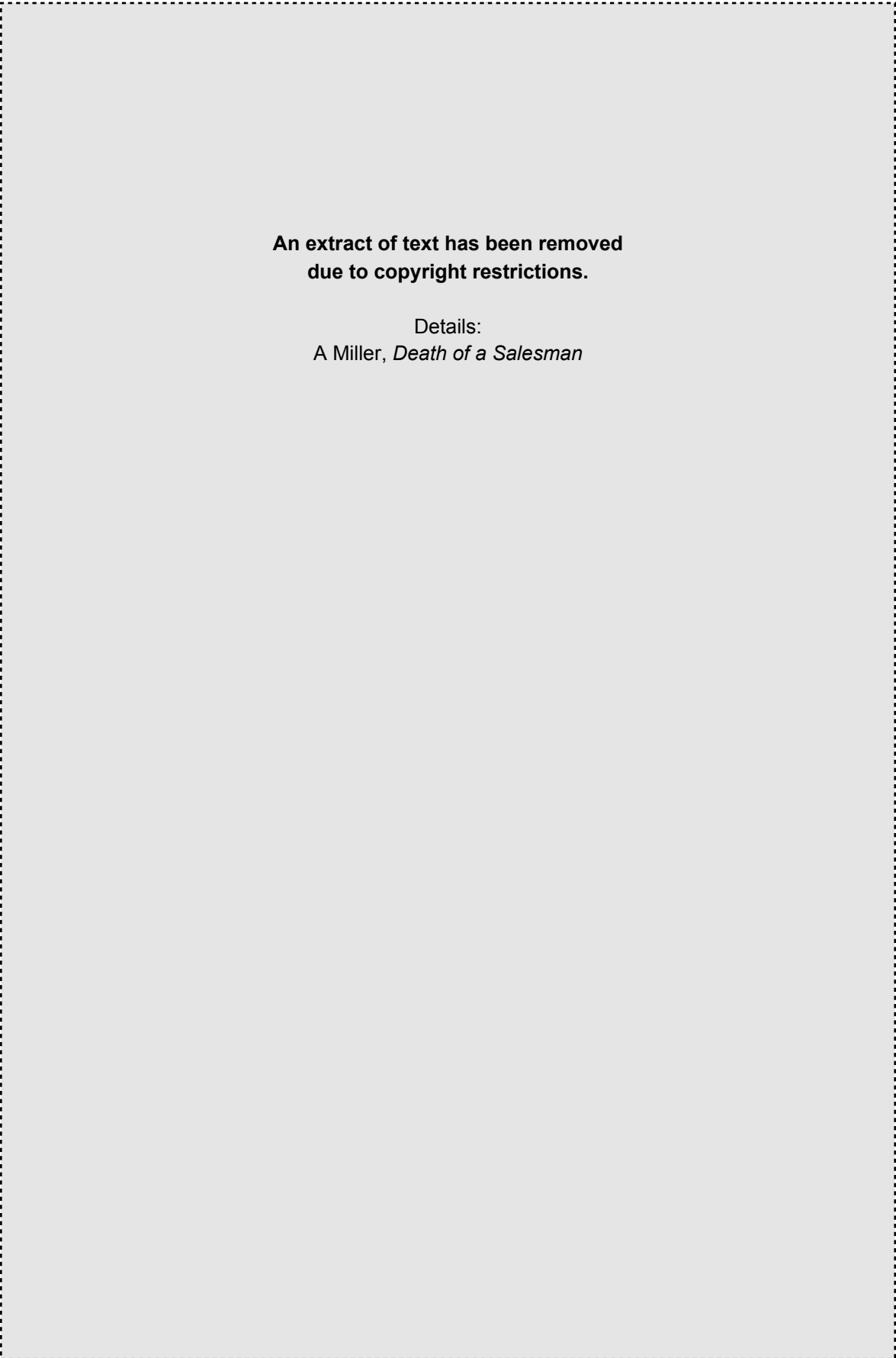
Or 2 What do you think makes Sister Anderson such a memorable character in the play?

You should consider:

- her conversations with Ken
- what she says to other characters.

[14]

3 *From the right, WILLY |*



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ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman* (Cont.)

An extract of text has been removed
due to copyright restrictions.

Details:

A Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

55

goin' off the road!

Either 3 What makes the opening to the play so dramatic? [14]

Or 4 Do you feel sorry for Biff?
Remember to support your answer with details from the play. [14]

R. C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

- 5 RALEIGH: Hullo — Dennis —
 STANHOPE: Well, Jimmy — [*he smiles*] — you got one quickly.
There is silence for a while. STANHOPE *is sitting on a box beside*
 RALEIGH. *Presently RALEIGH speaks again — in a wandering*
voice. 5
- RALEIGH: Why — how did I get down here?
 STANHOPE: Sergeant-major brought you down.
 RALEIGH *speaks again, vaguely, trying to recollect.*
- RALEIGH: Something — hit me in the back — knocked me clean over — sort
 of — winded me — I'm all right now. [*He tries to rise.*] 10
- STANHOPE: Steady, old boy. Just lie there quietly for a bit.
 RALEIGH: I'll be better if I get up and walk about. It happened once before
 - I got kicked in just the same place at Rucker; it — it soon wore
 off. It — it just numbs you for a bit. [*There is a pause.*] What's that
 rumbling noise? 15
- STANHOPE: The guns are making a bit of a row.
 RALEIGH: Our guns?
 STANHOPE: No. Mostly theirs.
Again there is silence in the dug-out. A very faint rose light is
beginning to glow in the dawn sky. RALEIGH *speaks again —* 20
uneasily.
- RALEIGH: I say — Dennis —
 STANHOPE: Yes, old boy?
 RALEIGH: It — it hasn't gone through, has it? It only just hit me? — and
 knocked me down? 25
- STANHOPE: It's just gone through a bit, Jimmy.
 RALEIGH: I won't have to — go on lying here?
 STANHOPE: I'm going to have you taken away.
 RALEIGH: Away? Where?
 STANHOPE: Down to the dressing-station — then hospital — then home. [*He* 30
smiles.] You've got a Blighty one, Jimmy.
- RALEIGH: But I — I can't go home just for — for a knock in the back. [*He stirs*
restlessly.] I'm certain I'll be better if — if I get up. [*He tries to raise*
himself, and gives a sudden cry.] Oh — God! It does hurt!
 STANHOPE: It's bound to hurt, Jimmy. 35
- RALEIGH: What's — on my legs? Something holding them down —
 STANHOPE: It's all right, old chap; it's just the shock — numbed them.
Again there is a pause. When RALEIGH speaks there is a different
note in his voice.
- RALEIGH: It's awfully decent of you to bother Dennis. I feel rotten lying here 40
 - everybody else is up there.
 STANHOPE: It's not your fault, Jimmy.
-

R. C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End* (Cont.)

Either 5 What do you find so moving about Stanhope and Raleigh's relationship here?

You should consider:

- their earlier conversations
- Stanhope's behaviour towards Raleigh here.

[14]

Or 6 You are Hibbert, after your confrontation with Stanhope in Act 2, Scene 2.

You might be thinking about:

- what Stanhope has just said and done
- how you feel now about going into battle.

Write your thoughts.

[14]

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

| | | |
|---------|--|----|
| 7 | <i>A drip sounds in the bucket. They all look up. Silence.</i> | |
| MICK: | You still got that leak. | |
| ASTON: | Yes. <i>Pause.</i> | 5 |
| | It's coming from the roof. | |
| MICK: | From the roof, eh? | |
| ASTON: | Yes. <i>Pause.</i> | |
| | I'll have to tar it over. | 10 |
| MICK: | You're going to tar it over? | |
| ASTON: | Yes. | |
| MICK: | What? | |
| ASTON: | The cracks. <i>Pause.</i> | 15 |
| MICK: | You'll be tarring over the cracks on the roof. | |
| ASTON: | Yes. <i>Pause.</i> | |
| MICK: | Think that'll do it? | |
| ASTON: | It'll do it, for the time being. | 20 |
| MICK: | Uh. <i>Pause.</i> | |
| DAVIES: | <i>[abruptly]</i> What do you do –? <i>They both look at him.</i> | |
| | What do you do ... when that bucket's full? | 25 |
| | <i>Pause.</i> | |
| ASTON: | Empty it. <i>Pause.</i> | |
| MICK: | I was telling my friend you were about to start decorating the other rooms. | 30 |
| ASTON: | Yes. <i>Pause.</i> | |
| DAVIES: | <i>[to DAVIES]</i> I got your bag. Oh. <i>Crossing to him and taking it.</i> | 35 |
| | Oh thanks, mister, thanks. Give it to you, did they? <i>DAVIES crosses back with the bag.</i> <i>MICK rises and snatches it.</i> | |
| MICK: | What's this? | |
| DAVIES: | Give us it, that's my bag! | 40 |
| MICK: | <i>[warding him off]</i> I've seen this bag before. | |
| DAVIES: | That's my bag! | |
| MICK: | <i>[eluding him]</i> This bag's very familiar. | |
| DAVIES: | What do you mean? | |
| MICK: | Where'd you get it? | 45 |
| ASTON: | <i>[rising to them]</i> Scrub it. | |
| DAVIES: | That's mine. | |
| MICK: | Whose? | |
| DAVIES: | It's mine! Tell him it's mine! | |
| MICK: | This your bag? | 50 |
| DAVIES: | Give me it! | |
| ASTON: | Give it to him. | |

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker* (Cont.)

MICK: What? Give him what?
 DAVIES: That bloody bag!
 MICK: [*slipping it behind the gas stove*] What bag? 55
 [to DAVIES] What bag?
 DAVIES: [*moving*] Look here!
 MICK: [*facing him*] Where you going?
 DAVIES: I'm going to get ... my old ...
 MICK: Watch your step, sonny! You're knocking at the door when no one's at 60
 home. Don't push it too hard. You come busting into a private house,
 laying your hands on anything you can lay your hands on. Don't
 overstep the mark, son.
 ASTON *picks up the bag.*
 DAVIES: You thieving bastard ... you thieving skate ... let me get my — 65
 ASTON: Here you are.
 ASTON *offers the bag to DAVIES.*
 MICK *grabs it.* ASTON *takes it.*
 MICK *grabs it.* DAVIES *reaches for it.*
 ASTON *takes it.* MICK *reaches for it.* 70
 ASTON *gives it to DAVIES.* MICK *grabs it.*
Pause.
 ASTON *takes it.* DAVIES *takes it.* MICK *takes it.* DAVIES *reaches for it.*
 ASTON *takes it.*
Pause. 75
 ASTON *gives it to MICK.* MICK *gives it to DAVIES.*
 DAVIES *grasps it to him.*
Pause.
 MICK *looks at ASTON.* DAVIES *moves away with the bag.*
 He *drops it.* 80
Pause.
 They *watch him.* He *picks it up.* Goes to his bed, and sits.
 ASTON *goes to his bed, sits, and begins to roll a cigarette.*
 MICK *stands still.*
Pause. 85
 A drip sounds in the bucket. They all look up.
Pause.

Either 7 What do you think makes this passage both amusing and unsettling? [14]

Or 8 Why do you think Aston refuses to let Davies stay at the end of the play?

You should consider:

- Aston's view of Davies
- Aston's thoughts about the future.

[14]

SECTION B

You **MUST** answer **ONE** question from this section.

| | Pages | Questions |
|--|-------|-----------|
| Poetry post-1914 | | |
| <i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR) | | |
| Section G: <i>How It Looks From Here</i> | 14–15 | 9–10 |
| Or Section H: <i>The 1914–18 War (ii)</i> | 16–17 | 11–12 |
| <i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan) | 18–19 | 13–14 |
| Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe | | |
| <i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes) | 20 | 15–16 |

9 (a)

Mirror

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
Whatever I see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful –
The eye of a little god, four-cornered. 5
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me. 10
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes. 15
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises towards her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Sylvia Plath

(b)

The Hare

Beside the river in the dead of night,
 a cry, and then another, like a spell,
 turns the darkened beeches into light,
 the silence of the woods into a bell;
 and in the cottage on the moonlit hill 5
 a woman shivers in her narrow bed
 to hear the hare; and then the hare is still:
 she feels its dusty fur against her head,
 its ginger paws, that panic like trapped flies,
 or tiny fish that see, or sense, dry land; 10
 she feels it move; she hears its wild cries
 glittering inside her ear like sand:
 he's lost inside the forest of her hair,
 and finds, and steals, his mother's kisses there.

Selima Hill

Either 9 In what ways do these two poems vividly convey the feelings of the women involved? [14]

Or 10 What thoughts about appearances and reality are strikingly expressed in **TWO** of the following poems?

Judging Distances (Reed)*Things* (Adcock)*I Am a Cameraman* (Dunn)

Remember to support your answer with details from the poems. [14]

11 (a)

Lamentations

I found him in the guard-room at the Base.
 From the blind darkness I had heard his crying
 And blundered in. With puzzled, patient face
 A sergeant watched him; it was no good trying
 To stop it; for he howled and beat his chest. 5
 And, all because his brother had gone west,
 Raved at the bleeding war; his rampant grief
 Moaned, shouted, sobbed, and choked, while he was kneeling
 Half-naked on the floor. In my belief
 Such men have lost all patriotic feeling. 10

Siegfried Sassoon

(b)

Reported Missing

My thought shall never be that you are dead:
 Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.
 The dear and deep-eyed humour of that face
 Held something ever living, in Death's stead. 5
 Scornful I hear the flat things they have said
 And all their piteous platitudes of pain.
 I laugh! I laugh! – For you will come again –
 This heart would never beat if you were dead.
 The world's adrowse in twilight hushfulness,
 There's purple lilac in your little room, 10
 And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom
 Small boys are culling summer watercress.
 Of these familiar things I have no dread
 Being so very sure you are not dead.

Anna Gordon Keown

Either 11 What feelings about loss in wartime are powerfully conveyed to you in these two poems?

Remember to support your answer with details from the poems. [14]

Or 12 In what ways is the natural world in wartime brought vividly to life in **TWO** of the following poems?

Spring Offensive (Owen)

The Falling Leaves (Cole)

The Seed-Merchant's Son (Herbertson)

You should consider:

- the situation described in each poem
- some of the descriptions of nature in the poems.

[14]

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe

13 (a)

Posterity

Jake Balokowsky, my biographer,
 Has this page microfilmed. Sitting inside
 His air-conditioned cell at Kennedy
 In jeans and sneakers, he's no call to hide
 Some slight impatience with his destiny: 5
 'I'm stuck with this old fart at least a year;

I wanted to teach school in Tel Aviv,
 But Myra's folks' – he makes the money sign –
 'Insisted I got tenure. When there's kids –'
 He shrugs. 'It's stinking dead, the research line; 10
 Just let me put this bastard on the skids,
 I'll get a couple of semesters leave

To work on Protest Theater.' They both rise,
 Make for the Coke dispenser. 'What's he like?
 Christ, I just told you. Oh, you know the thing, 15
 That crummy textbook stuff from Freshman Psych,
 Not out of kicks or something happening –
 One of those old-type *natural* fouled-up guys.'

Philip Larkin

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

(b)

Going Under

I turn over pages, you say,
Louder than any woman in Europe,

But reading's my specific for keeping
Reality at bay; my lullaby.

You slip into sleep as fast
And neat as a dipper.
You lie there breathing, breathing.

5

My language is turn over
Over and over again. I am a fish
Netted on a giveaway mattress,
Urgent to be out of the air.

10

Reading would help; or pills.
But light would wake you from your resolute
Progress through night.

The dreams waiting for me twitter and bleat.
All the things I ever did wrong
Queue by the bed in order of precedence,
Worst last.

15

Exhausted by guilt, I nuzzle
Your shoulder. Out lobs
A casual, heavy arm. You anchor me
In your own easy sound.

20

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 13 What do you find particularly striking about the relationships portrayed in these poems?

You should consider the relationships between:

- the poet and his biographer (*Posterity*)
- the poet and her partner (*Going Under*).

[14]

Or 14 What do you find particularly disturbing in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Next, Please (Larkin)

Dictator (Fanthorpe)

Patients (Fanthorpe)

Remember to refer to the words and phrases the poets use.

[14]

HYDES (ed): *Touched With Fire*

15 (a)

from *Mid-term Break*

Next morning I went up into the room. Snowdrops
And candles soothed the bedside; I saw him
For the first time in six weeks. Paler now,

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,
He lay in the four foot box as in his cot. 5
No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney

(b)

from *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience*

*'O are you the boy
Who would wait on the quay
With the silver penny
And the apricot tree?*

*'I've a plum-coloured fez 5
And a drum for thee
And a sword and a parakeet
From over the sea.'*

*'O where is the sailor
With bold red hair?
And what is that volley 10
On the bright air?*

*'O where are the other
Girls and boys?
And why have you brought me 15
Children's toys?*

Charles Causley

Either 15 What makes these two endings so memorable? [14]

Or 16 What kinds of conflict are strikingly conveyed in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Piano & Drums (Okara)
Telephone Conversation (Soyinka)
Our History (Dipoko)

[14]

SECTION C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

| | Pages | Questions |
|--|-------|-----------|
| Prose post-1914 | | |
| <i>Opening Worlds</i> (OCR) | 22–23 | 17–18 |
| <i>Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford) | 24–25 | 19–20 |
| <i>Empire of the Sun</i> (Ballard) | 26 | 21–22 |
| <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i> (ed. Hill) | 28–29 | 23–24 |
| <i>Things Fall Apart</i> (Achebe) | 30 | 25–26 |
| <i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> (Hemingway) | 31 | 27–28 |
| <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell) | 32 | 29–30 |

Opening Worlds (OCR)

17 (a)

from *The Young Couple*

One Sunday, lunch with Naraian's family, she was questioned about these excursions of hers. It seemed she had been seen (one was always seen, there were so many relatives, so many acquaintances, so much time in which to pass the word around) and what had excited particular comment was that she had been alone and on foot. 'Where is the need?' said Naraian's mother. 'One word, and I shall come myself with the car to take you.' This was true: Naraian's mother, sisters, sister-in-law, always eager to go out shopping in a car, frequently urged her to join them. But she had enjoyed herself more on her own. She looked for help to Naraian, but he was busy eating a mango; either he hadn't heard, or he didn't want to get involved. She would have welcomed a word from him to tell his family about the independence customarily enjoyed as a right by English girls. 5 10

No such word coming, Naraian's mother drove her point home further: 'Our girls don't go into these bazaars alone. It is not proper for us.'

There was a waiting pause. Cathy knew she was now expected to make a tart reply which would instigate her mother-in-law to an even tarter one, after which it would be her turn again, and so on until they had got a really good family row going. But Cathy didn't say anything. Unlike the others, she had no liking for these family rows. Instead she looked again towards Naraian who was now busy eating the flesh round the stone of his mango, always a delicate operation calling for all one's concentration and skill. Cathy lowered her head, lifted the napkin from her lap, and folded it several times very neatly. She sensed disappointment in the air, as if she had let everyone down. 15 20

Ruth Praver Jhabvala

(b)

from *Games at Twilight*

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. 5

It grew darker in the shed as the light at the door grew softer, fuzzier, turned to a kind of crumbling yellow pollen that turned to yellow fur, blue fur, grey fur. Evening. Twilight. The sound of water gushing, falling. The scent of earth receiving water, slaking its thirst in great gulps and releasing that green scent of freshness, coolness. Through the crack Ravi saw the long purple shadows of the shed and the garage lying still across the yard. Beyond that, the white walls of the house. The bougainvillea had lost its lividity, hung in dark bundles that quaked and twittered and seethed with masses of homing sparrows. The lawn was shut off from his view. Could he hear the children's voices? It seemed to him that he could. It seemed to him that he could hear them chanting, singing, laughing. But what about the game? What had happened? Could it be over? How could it when he was still not found? 10 15

It then occurred to him that he could have slipped out long ago, dashed across the yard to the veranda and touched the 'den'. It was necessary to do that to win. He had forgotten. He had only remembered the part of hiding and trying to elude the seeker. He had done that so successfully, his success had occupied him so wholly that he had quite forgotten that success had to be clinched by that final dash to victory and the ringing cry of 'Den!' 20

Anita Desai

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

Either 17 What makes the tension build up in these two passages?

You should consider:

- what happens in each passage
- the words the writers use.

[14]

Or 18 What makes the relationships between parents and children so memorable in any **TWO** of the following stories?

The Gold-Legged Frog (Srinawak)

Two Kinds (Tan)

Leela's Friend (Narayan)

[14]

D H LAWRENCE: *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories*

19 (a)

The Shades of Spring

‘We are very different,’ she said bitterly.
 Again he laughed.
 ‘I see you disapprove of me,’ he said.
 ‘I disapprove of what you have become,’ she said.
 ‘You think we might’ – he glanced at the hut – ‘have been like this – you and I?’ 5
 She shook her head.
 ‘You! no; never! You plucked a thing and looked at it till you had found out all you
 wanted to know about it, then you threw it away,’ she said.
 ‘Did I?’ he asked. ‘And could your way never have been my way? I suppose
 not.’ 10
 ‘Why should it?’ she said. ‘I am a separate being.’
 ‘But surely two people sometimes go the same way,’ he said.
 ‘You took me away from myself,’ she said.
 He knew he had mistaken her, had taken her for something she was not. That
 was his fault, not hers. 15
 ‘And did you always know?’ he asked.
 ‘No – you never let me know. You bullied me. I couldn’t help myself. I was glad
 when you left me, really.’
 ‘I know you were,’ he said. But his face went paler, almost deathly luminous.
 ‘Yet,’ he said, ‘it was you who sent me the way I have gone.’ 20
 ‘!’ she exclaimed, in pride.

Extract by D H Lawrence, ‘The Shades of Spring’ from *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories*, ed. Whittle and Blatchford, Longman, 1999.
 Reproduced by Pollinger Limited and The Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli.

(b)

Tickets, Please

‘All right, then,’ he said, ‘I choose Annie.’ His voice was strange and full of malice.
 Annie let go of him as if he had been a hot coal.
 ‘He’s chosen Annie!’ said the girls in chorus.
 ‘Me!’ cried Annie. She was still kneeling, but away from him. He was still lying
 prostrate, with averted face. The girls grouped uneasily around. 5
 ‘Me!’ repeated Annie, with a terrible bitter accent.
 Then she got up, drawing away from him with strange disgust and bitterness.
 ‘I wouldn’t touch him,’ she said.
 But her face quivered with a kind of agony, she seemed as if she would fall. The
 other girls turned aside. He remained lying on the floor, with his torn clothes and 10
 bleeding, averted face.
 ‘Oh, if he’s chosen –’ said Polly.
 ‘I don’t want him – he can choose again,’ said Annie, with the same rather bitter
 hopelessness.
 ‘Get up,’ said Polly, lifting his shoulder. ‘Get up.’ 15
 He rose slowly, a strange, ragged, dazed creature. The girls eyed him from a
 distance, curiously, furtively, dangerously.
 ‘Who wants him?’ cried Laura, roughly.
 ‘Nobody,’ they answered, with contempt. Yet each one of them waited for him to
 look at her, hoped he would look at her. All except Annie, and something was broken 20
 in her.
 He, however, kept his face closed and averted from them all.

Extract by D H Lawrence, ‘Tickets, Please’ from *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories*, ed. Whittle and Blatchford, Longman, 1999.
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D H LAWRENCE: *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 19 What feelings about disappointment in love are powerfully expressed in these two passages?

You should consider:

- what the characters do and say
- the reasons for the disappointments.

[14]

Or 20 What impressions of strong-minded children are vividly portrayed in **TWO** of the following stories?

Second Best
A Lesson on a Tortoise
Lessford's Rabbits

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[14]

J G BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun*

- 21 The barrel of the forward gun turret exploded in a single flash that scorched the bridge and deck. Six hundred yards away there was an answering explosion as the shell struck the superstructure of the *Petrel*. The pressure wave of this detonating round cracked against the hotels of the Bund, and the heavy plate glass hit Jim on the nose. As the gunboat fired a second shell from its rear turret he jumped on the bed and began to cry, then stopped himself and crouched behind the mahogany headboard. 5
- From its moorings beside the Japanese Consulate the cruiser *Idzumo* had also opened fire. Its guns flashed through the smoke that rose from its three funnels and curled along the water like a black feather boa. Already the *Petrel* was hidden within a pall of steam, below which a series of raging fires were reflected in the water. Two Japanese fighter aircraft flew along the Bund, so low that Jim could see the pilots in their cockpits. Crowds of Chinese scattered across the tramway lines, some towards the quayside, others sheltering on the steps of the hotels. 10
- ‘Jamie! What are you doing?’ Still in his pyjamas, his father burst barefoot into the bedroom. He stared uncertainly at the furniture, as if unable to recognize this room in his own suite. ‘Jamie, keep away from the window! Get dressed and do what your mother tells you. We’re leaving in three minutes.’ 15
- He seemed not to notice that Jim was wearing his school uniform and blazer. As they shielded their eyes from the point-blank shellfire there was a huge explosion from the centre of the river. Like rockets in a firework display, burning pieces of the *Petrel* soared into the air and then splashed into the water. Jim felt numbed by the noise and smoke. People were running down the corridors of the hotel, an elderly Englishwoman screamed into the lift shaft. Jim sat on the bed and stared at the burning platform that settled into the river. Every few seconds there was a steady flicker of light from its centre. The British sailors on the *Petrel* were fighting back. They had manned one of the guns and were returning fire at the *Idzumo*. But Jim watched them sombrely. He realized that he himself had probably started the war, with his confused semaphores from the window that the Japanese officers in the motor launch had misinterpreted. He knew now that he should have stayed in the cubs. Perhaps the Reverend Matthews would cane him in front of the whole school for being a spy. 20 25 30

Either 21 What do you think makes this extract tense and dramatic? [14]

Or 22 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel in which Jim is particularly fascinated by aircraft.

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [14]

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Turn to page 28 for Question 23.

23 (a)

Stormy Weather

'You lot gone deaf! First bell's gone!'

Bertha stood at the dormitory door. Cocooned within a subtle 'insolence of office', recently acquired when she had been promoted from being 'one of the orphanage girls' to 'orphanage servant'.

'Lying steaming there!'

5

'Steaming', uttered in Bertha's voice, sounded an obscenity. Nobody, Chris remembered from her vigil at the window, had 'steamed' more than Bertha herself, when she had occupied a bed in the dormitory.

Fat! Oozing! Pimpily! The remembered image flashed through Chris's mind – a dirk unsheathed ...

10

'And *you!*' Bertha said, directing her attention to Chris.

'I'm up and dressed,' Chris pointed out, cool, logically, without turning her face from the window.

'ANYHOW!' Bertha withdrew herself on a word which although bereft of meaning, she could always infuse with threat.

15

'Little children love ye one another ...'

Despite long acquaintance with the command on the large text on the wall, signed by St Paul, the girls in the dormitory had never truly 'loved one another'. Self-preservation was their first priority. Urgent, yet fragile and easily shattered.

Jessie Kesson

(b)

Weekend

'My teacup's dirty,' said Katie, and Martha ran to clean it, apologizing, and Martin raised his eyebrows, at Martha, not Katie.

'I wish *you'd* wear scent,' said Martin to Martha, reproachfully. Katie wore lots. Martha never seemed to have time to put any on, though Martin bought her bottle after bottle. Martha leaped out of bed each morning to meet some emergency – miaowing cat, coughing child, faulty alarm clock, postman's knock – when was Martha to put on scent? It annoyed Martin all the same. She ought to do more to charm him.

5

Colin looked handsome and harrowed and younger than Martin, though they were much the same age. 'Youth's catching,' said Martin in bed that night. 'It's since he found Katie.' Found, like some treasure. Discovered; something exciting and wonderful, in the dreary world of established spouses.

10

On Saturday morning Jasper trod on a piece of wood ('Martha, why isn't he wearing shoes? It's too bad': Martin) and Martha took him into the hospital to have a nasty splinter removed. She left the cottage at ten and arrived back at one, and they were still sitting in the sun, drinking, empty bottles glinting in the long grass. The grass hadn't been cut. Don't forget the bottles. Broken glass means more mornings at the hospital. Oh, don't fuss. Enjoy yourself. Like other people. Try.

15

Fay Weldon

SUSAN HILL (ed.): *Modern Women's Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 23 What do you feel about Chris and Martha as you read these two passages?

You should consider:

- what Chris is thinking
- what is happening to Martha.

[14]

Or 24 What feelings about loss or bereavement are movingly portrayed in **TWO** of the following stories?

Stone Trees (Gardam)

The New People (Tremain)

Miss Anstruther's Letters. (Macaulay)

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[14]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

25 The drums and the dancing began again and reached fever-heat. Darkness was around the corner, and the burial was near. Guns fired the last salute and the cannon rent the sky. And then from the centre of the delirious fury came a cry of agony and shouts of horror. It was as if a spell had been cast. All was silent. In the centre of the crowd a boy lay in a pool of blood. It was the dead man's sixteen-year-old son, who with his brothers and half-brothers had been dancing the traditional farewell to their father. Okonkwo's gun had exploded and a piece of iron had pierced the boy's heart. 5

The confusion that followed was without parallel in the tradition of Umuofia. Violent deaths were frequent, but nothing like this had ever happened. 10

The only course open to Okonkwo was to flee from the clan. It was a crime against the earth goddess to kill a clansman, and a man who committed it must flee from the land. The crime was of two kinds, male and female. Okonkwo had committed the female, because it had been inadvertent. He could return to the clan after seven years. 15

Either 25 What makes this passage such a dramatic and important moment in the novel?

Remember to support your answer with details from the text. [14]

Or 26 What do you find moving about the friendship between Nwoye and Ikemefuna?

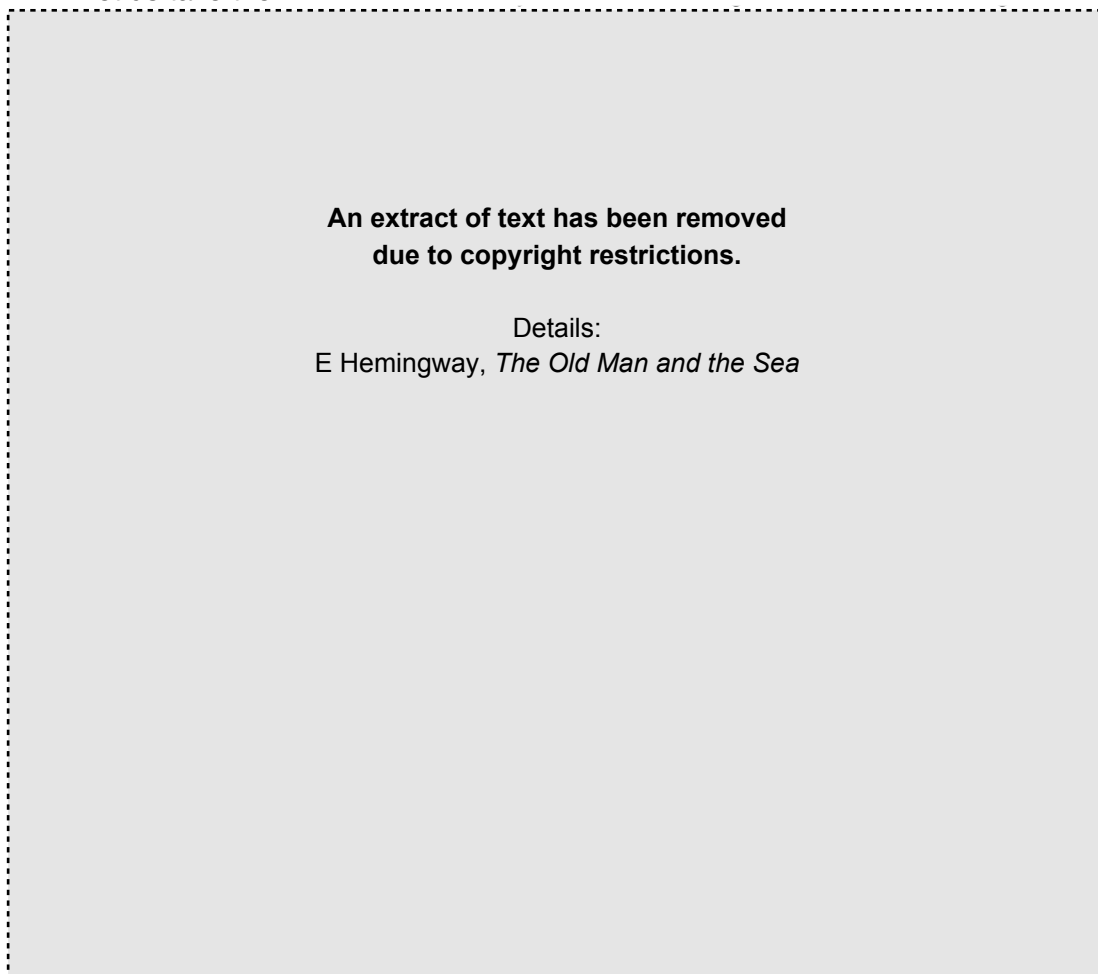
You should consider:

- how the two become friends
- what happens to their friendship.

[14]

27

'Let us take the



boy knew this too.

Either 27 What impressions do you gain here of the old man and his way of life?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the passage.

[14]

Or 28 What do you find to admire about the old man in this novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[14]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

29

To-day he should commemorate Comrade Ogilvy. It was true that there was no such person as Comrade Ogilvy, but a few lines of print and a couple of faked photographs would soon bring him into existence.

Winston thought for a moment, then pulled the speakwrite towards him and began dictating in Big Brother's familiar style: a style at once military and pedantic, and, because of a trick of asking questions and then promptly answering them ('What lessons do we learn from this fact, comrades? The lesson – which is also one of the fundamental principles of Ingsoc – that,' etc., etc.), easy to imitate. 5

At the age of three Comrade Ogilvy had refused all toys except a drum, a sub-machine gun, and a model helicopter. At six – a year early, by a special relaxation of the rules – he had joined the Spies; at nine he had been a troop leader. At eleven he had denounced his uncle to the Thought Police after overhearing a conversation which appeared to him to have criminal tendencies. At seventeen he had been a district organizer of the Junior Anti-Sex League. At nineteen he had designed a hand-grenade which had been adopted by the Ministry of Peace and which, at its first trial, had killed thirty-one Eurasian prisoners in one burst. At twenty-three he had perished in action. Pursued by enemy jet planes while flying over the Indian Ocean with important despatches, he had weighted his body with his machine gun and leapt out of the helicopter into deep water, despatches and all – an end, said Big Brother, which it was impossible to contemplate without feelings of envy. Big Brother added a few remarks on the purity and single-mindedness of Comrade Ogilvy's life. He was a total abstainer and a non-smoker, had no recreations except a daily hour in the gymnasium, and had taken a vow of celibacy, believing marriage and the care of a family to be incompatible with a twenty-four-hour-a-day devotion to duty. He had no subjects of conversation except the principles of Ingsoc, and no aim in life except the defeat of the Eurasian enemy and the hunting-down of spies, saboteurs, thought-criminals, and traitors generally. 10 15 20 25

Winston debated with himself whether to award Comrade Ogilvy the Order of Conspicuous Merit: in the end he decided against it because of the unnecessary cross-referencing that it would entail. 30

Either 29 What vivid picture of the world of Big Brother does this extract give you? [14]

Or 30 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which you find shocking. [14]
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

SECTION D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

| | Pages | Questions |
|---------------------------------------|-------|-----------|
| Literary non-fiction post-1914 | | |
| <i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin) | 34 | 31–32 |
| <i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby) | 35 | 33–34 |

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

31 (a)

(Day 97)

Kalului, who has an extraordinary sixth sense about the presence of animals, spots a lion couple away in the distance. As we drive closer they turn out to be a somewhat battered male and a lethargic female. Neither seems to bat an eyelid at the circling presence of three vehicles and a clutch of cameras only yards away. The female after washing and yawning, unhurriedly raises herself and the male immediately follows. He is limping. Lions spend about a week together mating, sometimes coupling as often as eighty times in twenty-four hours, but this affair looks to be over, if it ever began. 5

Meanwhile, in another episode of the Masai Mara soap opera, a male ostrich is doing his best to attract the ladies' attention. He cannot rely on subtlety as his legs turn pink during the mating season, so he goes for broke with an outrageous fan dance, a wonderful spectacle of feather control, which does seem to have several female beaks turning in his direction. 10

(b)

(Day 99)

Near the border we catch our first sight of migrating wildebeeste. They are returning south in long columns after feeding on the short rich grass of the Mara. We have to wait twenty minutes for one procession to pass across the track. They seem in good spirits, butting each other playfully, cavorting, facing the wrong way and generally displaying all the characteristics of a school outing on the way home. I can't imagine why these heavy-shouldered grey-pelted beasts should be quite so happy. Each year, a quarter of a million of them die on the migration. Some die natural deaths, but many more perish from drowning while crossing the river, snakebites (those carcasses are left untouched by other predators, who can tell there is poison on the body), and the activities of lion, leopard, cheetah, serval and others. 5 10

A little further on we come across two hyenas shuffling off with a piece of wildebeeste. They are shifty-looking creatures, round-shouldered and surly. I rather like them. They'll never get a decent part in a Walt Disney film, but they do keep the place tidy and I find it rather endearing that they giggle so much when they've made a kill that they give away their position and are often dispossessed by more lugubrious beasts. 15

Either 31 In what ways are wild creatures memorably portrayed in these two passages? [14]

Or 32 In what ways have **TWO** of the following meetings with families made a strong impression on you?

- the Berhe family (Day 83)
- the Harvey family (Days 110-111)
- the Gwanga family (Day 125)

Remember to support your answer with details from the book. [14]

- 33 I was so scared that the Wembley experience – a crowd of a hundred thousand, the huge pitch, the noise, the sense of anticipation – passed me by completely. If I noticed anything about the place at all it was that it wasn't Highbury, and my sense of alienation simply added to my unease. I sat shivering until Swindon scored shortly before half-time, and then the fear turned to misery. The goal was one of the most calamitously stupid ever given away by a team of professionals: an inept back-pass (by Ian Ure, naturally), followed by a missed tackle, followed by a goalkeeper (Bob Wilson) slipping over in the mud and allowing the ball to trickle over the line just inside the right-hand post. For the first time, suddenly, I became aware of all the Swindon fans sitting around us, with their awful West Country accents, their absurd innocent glee, their delirious disbelief. I hadn't ever come across opposing fans before, and I loathed them in a way I had never before loathed strangers. 5
- With one minute remaining in the game, Arsenal equalised, unexpectedly and bizarrely, a diving header from a rebound off the goalkeeper's knee. I tried not to weep with relief, but the effort was beyond me; I stood on the seat and yelled at my father, over and over again, 'We'll be all right now, won't we? We'll be all right now!' He patted me on the back, pleased that something had been rescued from the dismal and expensive afternoon, and told me that yes, now, finally, everything would be OK. 10
- It was his second betrayal of the day. Swindon scored twice more in extra time, one a scrappy goal from a corner, the other from Don Rogers after a magnificent sixty-yard run, and it was all too much to bear. When the final whistle went, my father betrayed me for the third time in less than three hours: he rose to his feet to applaud the extraordinary underdogs, and I ran for the exit. 15
- When my father caught up with me he was furious. He delivered his ideas on sportsmanship with great force (what did I care about sportsmanship?), marched me to the car, and we drove home in silence. Football may have provided us with a new medium through which we could communicate, but that was not to say that we used it, or that what we chose to say was necessarily positive. 20
- I don't remember Saturday evening, but I know that on the Sunday, Mother's Day, I elected to go to church rather than stay at home, where there was a danger that I would watch the highlights of the game on The Big Match and push myself over the edge into a permanent depressive insanity. And I know that when we got to church, the vicar expressed his pleasure in seeing such a large congregation given the competing temptations of a Cup Final on TV, and that friends and family nudged me and smirked. All this, however, was nothing compared to what I knew I would get at school on Monday morning. 25 30 35

Either 33 What do you find particularly striking here about Hornby's memories of the 1969 League Cup Final? [14]

Or 34 Explore in detail **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the book where you think the behaviour of football fans is ridiculous. [14]

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