

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

Scheme B

Unit 8 Post-1914 Texts

THURSDAY 24 MAY 2007

H 2448/2

Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 pages)

This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**



* C O P / T 2 7 2 4 6 *

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces on 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 60.
- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question.
- All questions carry equal marks.

This document consists of **34** printed pages and **6** blank pages.

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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 3

SECTION B – Poetry post-1914

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

Page 11

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)

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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)	4	1–2
<i>Death of a Salesman</i> (Miller)	6–7	3–4
<i>Journey's End</i> (Sherriff)	8	5–6
<i>The Caretaker</i> (Pinter)	9	7–8

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

1	DR EMERSON:	I am trying to save Mr Harrison's life. There is no need to remind me of my duty to my patient, Mr Hill.	
	HILL:	Or mine to my client, Dr Emerson.	
	DR EMERSON:	... Are you telling me that you have accepted the job of coming to me to urge a course of action that will lose your client his life?	5
	HILL:	I hadn't accepted it ... no ... I told Mr Harrison I would talk to you first. Now I have and I begin to see why he thought it necessary to be represented.	
	DR EMERSON:	Alright ... Let's start again. Now tell me what you want to know.	10
	HILL:	Mr Harrison wishes to be discharged from hospital. Will you please make the necessary arrangements?	
	DR EMERSON:	No.	
	HILL:	May I ask why?	
	DR EMERSON:	Because Mr Harrison is incapable of living outside the hospital and it is my duty as a doctor to preserve life.	15
	HILL:	I take it that Mr Harrison is a voluntary patient here.	
	DR EMERSON:	Of course.	
	HILL:	Then I fail to see the legal basis for your refusal.	
	DR EMERSON:	Can't you understand that Mr Harrison is suffering from depression? He is incapable of making a rational decision about his life and death.	20
	HILL:	Are you maintaining that Mr Harrison is mentally unbalanced?	
	DR EMERSON:	Yes.	
	HILL:	Would you have any objection to my bringing in a psychiatrist for a second opinion?	25
	DR EMERSON:	Of course not, but why not ask the consultant psychiatrist here? I'm sure he will be able to convince you.	
	HILL:	Has he examined Mr Harrison?	
	DR EMERSON:	No, but that can be quickly arranged.	30
	HILL:	That's very kind of you, Dr Emerson, but I'm sure you'll understand if I ask for my own – whose opinion you are not sure of <i>before</i> he examines the patient.	
	DR EMERSON:	Good afternoon, Mr Hill.	
	HILL:	Good afternoon.	35

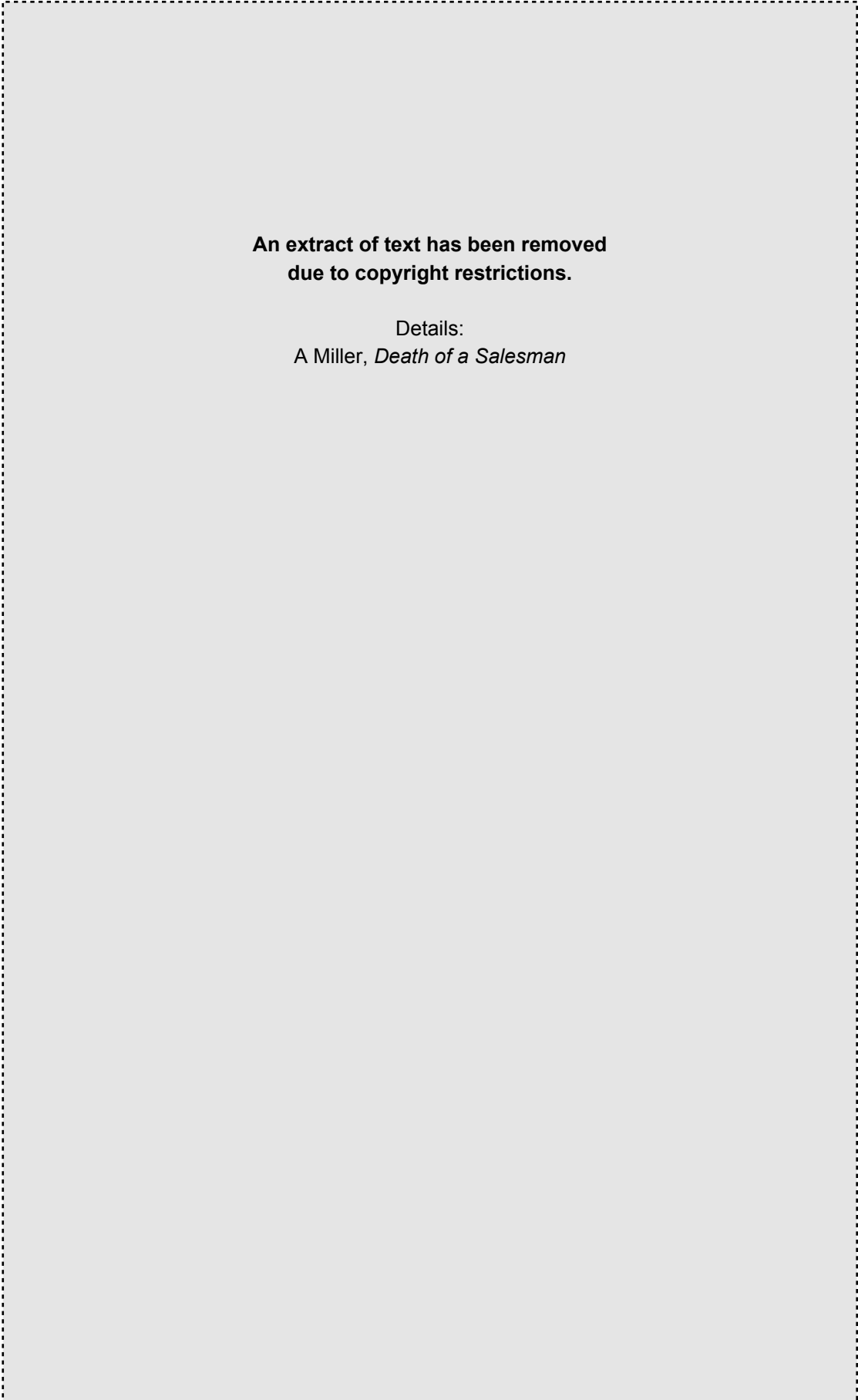
Either 1 How does Clark make this extract a dramatic and important moment in the play? [20]

Or 2 You are Dr Emerson, after your conversations with Dr Travers and Dr Scott in Act Two.

Write your thoughts. [20]

3

The light gradually rises



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Details:

A Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

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

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Details:
A Miller, *Death of a Salesman*

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70

LINDA: _____ leave him alone?

Either 3 How does Miller make this extract so dramatic? [20]

Or 4 You are Bernard. You have just left your father's office after your conversation with Willy and are on your way to Washington (in Act Two).

Write your thoughts. [20]

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

- 5 HARDY: [*laughing*] Imagine Stanhope spending his leave in a country vicarage sipping tea! He spent his last leave in Paris, didn't he?
- OSBORNE: Yes.
- HARDY: I bet it was *some* leave!
- OSBORNE: Do you know how long he's been out here? 5
- HARDY: A good time, I know.
- OSBORNE: Nearly three years. He came out straight from school – when he was eighteen. He's commanded this company for a year – in and out of the front line. He's never had a rest. Other men come over here and go home again ill, and young Stanhope goes on sticking it, month in, month out. 10
- HARDY: Oh, I know he's a jolly good fellow –
- OSBORNE: I've seen him on his back all day with trench fever – then on duty all night –
- HARDY: Oh, I know; he's a splendid chap! 15
- OSBORNE: And because he's stuck it till his nerves have got battered to bits, he's called a drunkard.
- HARDY: Not a drunkard; just a – just a hard drinker; but you're quite right about his nerves. They *are* all to blazes. Last time out resting we were playing bridge and something happened – I don't remember what it was; some silly little argument – and all of a sudden he jumped up and knocked all the glasses off the table! Lost control of himself; and then he – sort of – came to – and cried – 20
- OSBORNE: Yes, I know.
- HARDY: You heard about it? 25
- OSBORNE: He told me.
- HARDY: Did he? We tried to hush it up. It just shows the state he's in. [*He rises and puts on his pack. There is a pause.*] You know, Osborne, you ought to be commanding this company.
- OSBORNE: Rubbish! 30
- HARDY: Of course you ought. It sticks out a mile. I know he's got pluck and all that, but, damn it, man, you're twice his age – and think what a dear, level-headed old thing you are.
- OSBORNE: Don't be an ass. He was out here before I joined up. His experience alone makes him worth a dozen people like me. 35
- HARDY: You know as well as I do, you ought to be in command.
- OSBORNE: There isn't a man to touch him as a commander of men. He'll command the battalion one day if –
- HARDY: Yes, if! [*He laughs.*]
- OSBORNE: You don't know him as I do; I love that fellow. I'd go to hell with him. 40
- HARDY: Oh, you sweet, sentimental old darling!

Either 5 How does Sherriff here create such an interesting introduction to the character of Stanhope in the play? [20]

Or 6 How does Sherriff bring to life the stress and fear experienced by the soldiers, in **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the play? [20]

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 7 MICK: Sleep well?
 DAVIES: Yes.
 MICK: I'm awfully glad. It's awfully nice to meet you.
Pause.
 What did you say your name was? 5
- DAVIES: Jenkins.
 MICK: I beg your pardon?
 DAVIES: Jenkins!
Pause.
- MICK: Jen ... kins. 10
A drip sounds in the bucket. DAVIES looks up.
 You remind me of my uncle's brother. He was always on the move, that man. Never without his passport. Had an eye for the girls. Very much your build. Bit of an athlete. Long-jump specialist. He had a habit of demonstrating different run-ups in the drawing-room round 15
 about Christmas time. Had a penchant for nuts. That's what it was. Nothing else but a penchant. Couldn't eat enough of them. Peanuts, walnuts, brazil nuts, monkey nuts, wouldn't touch a piece of fruit 20
 cake. Had a marvellous stop-watch. Picked it up in Hong Kong. The day after they chucked him out of the Salvation Army. Used to go in number four for Beckenham Reserves. That was before he got his Gold Medal. Had a funny habit of carrying his fiddle on his back. Like a papoose. I think there was a bit of the Red Indian in him. To be honest, I've never made out how he came to be my uncle's 25
 brother. I've often thought that maybe it was the other way round. I mean that my uncle was his brother and he was my uncle. But I never called him uncle. As a matter of fact I called him Sid. My mother called him Sid too. It was a funny business. Your spitting image he was. Married a Chinaman and went to Jamaica. 30
Pause.
 I hope you slept well last night.
 DAVIES: Listen! I don't know who you are!

Either 7 How does Pinter portray Mick at this point in the play? [20]

Or 8 How far does Pinter's writing make you feel sorry for Davies? [20]

Section B

You MUST answer ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry post-1914		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: How It Looks From Here	12–13	9–10
Or Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)	14–15	11–12
 <i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)		
Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe	16–17	13–14
 <i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes)		
<i>Mid Term Break</i> (Heaney); <i>5 Ways to Kill a Man</i> (Brock); <i>Dulce et Decorum Est</i> (Owen); <i>In Westminster Abbey</i> (Betjeman); <i>Telephone Conversation</i> (Soyinka); <i>Piano and Drums</i> (Okara); <i>Refugee Mother and Child</i> (Achebe); <i>Our History</i> (Dipoko); <i>Hawk Roosting</i> (Hughes); <i>Mushrooms</i> (Plath); <i>Digging</i> (Heaney); <i>Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience</i> (Causley)	18–19	15–16

OCR *Opening Lines: How It Looks From Here*

9 (a)

Wedding-Wind

The wind blew all my wedding-day,
 And my wedding-night was the night of the high wind;
 And a stable door was banging, again and again,
 That he must go and shut it, leaving me
 Stupid in candlelight, hearing rain, 5
 Seeing my face in the twisted candlestick,
 Yet seeing nothing. When he came back
 He said the horses were restless, and I was sad
 That any man or beast that night should lack
 The happiness I had. 10

Now in the day
 All's ravelled under the sun by the wind's blowing.
 He has gone to look at the floods, and I
 Carry a chipped pail to the chicken-run,
 Set it down, and stare. All is the wind 15
 Hunting through clouds and forests, thrashing
 My apron and the hanging cloths on the line.
 Can it be borne, this bodying-forth by wind
 Of joy my actions turn on, like a thread
 Carrying beads? Shall I be let to sleep 20
 Now this perpetual morning shares my bed?
 Can even death dry up
 These new delighted lakes, conclude
 Our kneeling as cattle by all-generous waters?

Philip Larkin

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

(b)

Sometimes

Sometimes things don't go,



5

10

it happen for you.

Sheenagh Pugh

Either 9 In what different ways do the poets present feelings of optimism in these poems? [20]

Or 10 Compare some of the ways in which the poets strikingly express views about life in the modern world in **TWO** of the following poems:

A Consumer's Report (Porter)

O Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)

In Your Mind (Duffy).

[20]

11 (a)

Joining the Colours

There they go marching all in step so gay!
 Smooth-cheeked and golden, food for shells and guns.
 Blithely they go as to a wedding day,
 The mothers' sons.

The drab street stares to see them row on row
 On the high tram-tops, singing like the lark.
 Too careless-gay for courage, singing they go
 Into the dark.

5

With tin whistles, mouth-organs, any noise,
 They pipe the way to glory and the grave;
 Foolish and young, the gay and golden boys
 Love cannot save.

10

High heart! High courage! The poor girls they kissed
 Run with them : they shall kiss no more, alas!
 Out of the mist they stepped – into the mist
 Singing they pass.

15

Katherine Tynan Hinkson

(b)

The Send-Off

Down the close, darkening lanes they sang their way
To the siding-shed,
And lined the train with faces grimly gay.

Their breasts were stuck all white with wreath and spray
As men's are, dead. 5

Dull porters watched them, and a casual tramp
Stood staring hard,
Sorry to miss them from the upland camp.

Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp
Winked to the guard. 10

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up they went.
They were not ours:
We never heard to which front these were sent;

Nor there if they yet mock what women meant
Who gave them flowers. 15

Shall they return to beating of great bells
In wild train-loads?
A few, a few, too few for drums and yells,

May creep back, silent, to village wells,
Up half-known roads. 20

Wilfred Owen

Either 11 Compare the ways in which the poets convey strong feelings about soldiers going off to war in these two poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare how the poets movingly create sympathy for people, in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Target (Gurney)

The Deserter (Letts)

The Hero (Sassoon). [20]

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe

13 (a)

from *Toads*

For something sufficiently toad-like
 Squats in me, too;
 Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,
 And cold as snow,

And will never allow me to blarney
 My way to getting
 The fame and the girl and the money
 All at one sitting.

5

I don't say, one bodies the other
 One's spiritual truth;
 But I do say it's hard to lose either,
 When you have both.

10

Philip Larkin

(b)

from *After Visiting-Hours*

Now the bed-bound rehearse
 Their repertoire of movements,
 The dressing-gowned shuffle, clutching
 Their glass bodies.

Now siren voices whisper
 From headphones, and vagrant
 Doctors appear, wreathed in stethoscopes
 Like South Sea dancers.

5

All's well, all's quiet as the great
 Ark noses her way into night,
 Caulked, battened, blessed for her trip,
 And behind, the gulls crying.

10

U. A. Fanthorpe

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

Either 13 Compare some of the ways in which the poets create effective endings to their poems here. [20]

Or 14 Compare the ways in which the poets communicate views of themselves in any **TWO** of the following poems:

I Remember, I Remember (Larkin)

The View (Larkin)

Growing Up (Fanthorpe).

[20]

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

15 (a)

Refugee Mother and Child

No Madonna and Child could touch
that picture of a mother's tenderness
for a son she soon would have to forget.

The air was heavy with odours
of diarrhoea of unwashed children 5
with washed-out ribs and dried-up
bottoms struggling in laboured
steps behind blown empty bellies. Most
mothers there had long ceased
to care but not this one; she held 10
a ghost smile between her teeth
and in her eyes the ghost of a mother's
pride as she combed the rust-coloured
hair left on his skull and then –
singing in her eyes – began carefully 15
to part it ... In another life this
would have been a little daily
act of no consequence before his
breakfast and school; now she
did it like putting flowers 20
on a tiny grave.

Chinua Achebe

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

(b)

Digging

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; as snug as a gun.

Under my window a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

5

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

10

By God, the old man could handle a spade,
Just like his old man.

15

My grandfather could cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, digging down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

20

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

25

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

30

Seamus Heaney

Either 15 Compare some of the ways in which the poets strikingly portray the relationships between parents and children in these two poems. [20]

Or 16 Compare some of the ways in which the poets make any **TWO** of these poems grimly amusing:

Telephone Conversation (Soyinka)
In Westminster Abbey (Betjeman)
5 Ways to Kill a Man (Brock).

[20]

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)	26–27	21–22
<i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i> (ed. Hill) (The 13 stories in the second half of the collection, beginning with <i>The Man Who kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station</i> by Harris)	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)

Snapshots of a Wedding

Wedding days always started at the haunting, magical hour of early dawn when there was only a pale crack of light on the horizon. For those who were awake, it took the earth hours to adjust to daylight. The cool and damp of the night slowly arose in shimmering waves like water and even the forms of the people who bestirred themselves at this unearthly hour were distorted in the haze; they appeared to be dancers in slow motion, with fluid, watery forms. In the dim light, four men, the relatives of the bridegroom, Kegoletile, slowly herded an ox before them towards the yard of MmaKhudu, where the bride, Neo, lived. People were already astir in MmaKhudu's yard, yet for a while they all came and peered closely at the distorted fluid forms that approached, to ascertain if it were indeed the relatives of the bridegroom. Then the ox, who was a rather stupid fellow and unaware of his sudden and impending end as meat for the wedding feast, bellowed casually his early morning yawn. At this, the beautiful ululating of the women rose and swelled over the air like water bubbling rapidly and melodiously over the tones of a clear, sparkling stream. In between ululating all the while, the women began to weave about the yard in the wedding dance; now and then they bent over and shook their buttocks in the air. As they handed over the ox, one of the bridegroom's relatives joked:

'This is going to be a modern wedding.'

Bessie Head

(b)

Two Kinds

My mother believed you

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Details:
A Tan, *Two Kinds*

things to get better.

Amy Tan

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

Either 17 In what ways do you find these extracts effective as openings to the stories from which they are taken? [20]

Or 18 How do the writers effectively convey to you what it is like to live in poverty, in any **TWO** of the following stories?

The Train from Rhodesia

The Pieces of Silver

The Red Ball

[20]

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

19 (a)

Adolf

We loved him to take meals with us. He would sit on the table humping his back, sipping his milk, shaking his whiskers and his tender ears, hopping off and hobbling back to his saucer, with an air of supreme unconcern. Suddenly he was alert. He hobbled a few tiny paces, and reared himself up inquisitively at the sugar-basin. He fluttered his tiny fore-paws, and then reached and laid them on the edge of the basin, whilst he craned his thin neck and peeped in. He trembled his whiskers at the sugar, then did his best to lift down a lump. 5

'Do you think I will have it! Animals in the sugar pot!' cried my mother with a rap of her hand on the table.

Which so delighted the electric Adolf that he flung his hind-quarters and knocked over a cup. 10

'It's your own fault, mother. If you left him alone –'

He continued to take tea with us. He rather liked warm tea. And he loved sugar. Having nibbled a lump, he would turn to the butter. There he was shooed off by our parent. He soon learned to treat her shooing with indifference. Still, she hated him to put his nose in the food. And he loved to do it. And so one day between them they overturned the cream-jug. Adolf deluged his little chest, bounced back in terror, was seized by his little ears by my mother and bounced down on the hearth-rug. There he shivered in momentary discomfort, and suddenly set off in a wild flight to the parlour. 15 20

(b)

Rex

I saw Rex only once again, when I had to call just once at The Good Omen. He must have heard my voice, for he was upon me in the passage before I knew where I was. And in the instant I knew how he loved us. He really loved us. And in the same instant there was my uncle with a whip, beating and kicking him back, and Rex cowering, bristling, snarling. 5

My uncle swore many oaths, how we had ruined the dog for ever, made him vicious, spoiled him for showing purposes, and been altogether a pack of mard-soft fools not fit to be trusted with any dog but a gutter-mongrel.

Poor Rex! We heard his temper was incurably vicious, and he had to be shot.

And it was our fault. We had loved him too much, and he had loved us too much. We never had another pet. 10

It is a strange thing, love. Nothing but love has made the dog lose his wild freedom, to become the servant of man. And this very servility or completeness of love makes him a term of deepest contempt – 'You dog!'

We should not have loved Rex so much, and he should not have loved us. There should have been a measure. We tended, all of us, to overstep the limits of our own natures. He should have stayed outside human limits, we should have stayed outside canine limits. Nothing is more fatal than the disaster of too much love. My uncle was right, we had ruined the dog. 15

My uncle was a fool, for all that. 20

Extracts from *Adolf and Rex* from *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories*, ed. Whittle and Blatchford, Longman, 1999. Reproduced by permission of Pollinger Limited and the Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli.

D H LAWRENCE: *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories* (Cont.)

Either 19 How does Lawrence strikingly convey different feelings about Adolf and Rex in these passages? [20]

Or 20 How does Lawrence memorably depict the family relationships in **TWO** of these stories?

A Prelude

Her Turn

The Lovely Lady

[20]

21

These Hollywood movies, like the newsreels projected above the crowds on the Bund, endlessly fascinated Jim. After the dental work to his jaw, and the healing of the wound in his palate, he soon began to put on weight. Alone at the dining-room table, he ate large meals by day, and at night slept peacefully in his bedroom on the top floor of the unreal house in Amherst Avenue, which had once been his home but now seemed as much an illusion as the sets of the Shanghai film studios.

5

During his days at Amherst Avenue he often thought of his cubicle in the Vincents' room at the camp. At the end of October he ordered the unenthusiastic Yang to drive him to Lunghua. They set off through the western suburbs of Shanghai, and soon reached the first of the fortified checkpoints that guarded the entrances to the city. The Nationalist soldiers in their American tanks were turning back hundreds of destitute peasants, without rice or land to crop, trying to find refuge in Shanghai. Shanty towns of mud dwellings, walls reinforced with truck tyres and kerosene drums, covered the fields near the burnt-out Olympic stadium at Nantao. Smoke still rose from the stands, a beacon used by the American pilots flying across the China Sea from their bases in Japan and Okinawa.

10

15

As they drove along the perimeter road, Jim stared at Lunghua Airfield, now a dream of flight. Dozens of US Navy and Air Force planes sat on the grass, factory-new fighters and chromium-sheathed transport aircraft that seemed to be waiting delivery to a show-room window in the Nanking Road.

20

Jim expected to see Lunghua Camp deserted, but far from being abandoned the former prison was busy again, fresh barbed wire strung along its fences. Although the war had been over for nearly three months, more than a hundred British nationals were still living in the closely guarded compound. Entire families had taken over the former dormitories in E Block, in which they had built suites of rooms within walls of American ration cartons, parachute canisters and bales of unread *Reader's Digests*. When Jim, searching for Basie's cubicle, tried to pull one of the magazines from its makeshift wall he was brusquely warned away.

25

Leaving the inmates to their treasure, he signalled Yang to drive on to G Block. The Vincents' room was now the quarters of a Chinese amah working for the British couple across the corridor. She refused to admit Jim, or open the door more than a crack, and he returned to the Lincoln and ordered Yang on a last circuit of the camp.

30

The hospital and the camp cemetery had vanished, and the site was an open tract of ash and cinders, from which a few charred joists protruded. The graves had been carefully levelled, as if a series of tennis courts was about to be laid. Jim walked through the empty drums of kerosene which had fuelled the fire. He gazed through the wire at the airfield, and at the concrete runway pointing to Lunghua Pagoda. Dense vegetation covered the wrecks of the Japanese aircraft. As he stood by the wire, tracing the course of the canal through the narrow valley, an American bomber swept across the camp. For a moment, reflected from the underside of its silver wings, a pale light raced like a wraith between the nettles and stunted willows.

35

40

While Yang drove uneasily back to Amherst Avenue, annoyed in some way by the visit to Lunghua, Jim thought of the last weeks of the war. Towards the end everything had become a little muddled. He had been starving and perhaps had gone slightly mad. Yet he knew that he had seen the flash of the atomic bomb at Nagasaki even across the four hundred miles of the China Sea. More important, he had seen the start of World War III, and realized that it was taking place around him. The crowds watching the newsreels on the Bund had failed to grasp that these were the trailers for a war that had already started. One day there would be no more newsreels.

45

50

J G BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun* (Cont.)

Either 21 How does Ballard reveal to you Jim's interests and state of mind at this late stage in the novel? [20]

Or 22 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel in which Ballard memorably conveys Jim's ability to cope with life in the camp. [20]

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

23 (a)

The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station

Of course the bus journeys came to a natural end. One by one, they moved off to share seats further forward with St Aloysius boys. Only a few were left, uncompensated, at the back. They began the Sixth Form and dieting. Nobody would be seen dead coming out of the sweet shop, cheeks bulging. Their drives were diverted towards courses, college, a future, pass marks, all of which they wanted, passionately. They discovered their submerged hatred for the glum, provincial town; scuffed their resentful heels along its pavements and lounged sulkily against its walls. They worked themselves into a fever for the terrible climax of the exams, chewed pens, didn't sleep and privately admired their hollowed cheeks. The results fell like Biblical judgements into a torpid summer; secretarial college, the Poly, speech and drama, University. They met in coffee bars to exchange fates. Someone said sneeringly that Mary Hunniwell would stay on to try Cambridge. In the autumn, everyone else fled, ramming their big cases through train doors with a sweating sense of moment. After that, they never came back at all, not for years and years.

Helen Harris

(b)

Nothing Missing But the Samovar

The children were where it most showed. Beside their contemporaries – the sons and daughters of the local farming families (many of them at private schools, their country accents fast fading), they seemed quaint, too young for their ages, innocent. Sally, talking to other adolescent girls at an agricultural show, was the only one without lipstick, a hair-do, the quick glancing self-consciousness of young womanhood. She seemed a child beside them.

At the cubbing meet – held outside the village pub – he found it almost unbearable. Standing beside Lady Lander, he watched her. Lady Lander said, 'She's not well mounted, I'm afraid, poor darling – we've only got old Polly these days.'

It was a huge horse, with a hefty muscularity that suggested carthorse ancestry. Seated on it, Sally towered above the dapper ponies of the other children. Beaming, unconscious of the vaguely comic figure she cut, she yanked the horse's head away from a tray of glasses that was being carried around, and waved at Dieter. She wore her school mack over grubby breeches and a pair of battered hunting-boots. The other girls were crisp in pale jodhpurs, tweed jackets and little velvet caps.

Dieter was wrenched by pity, and love.

Penelope Lively

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

Either 23 How do the writers memorably explore the world of girls growing up in these passages? [20]

Or 24 In *Addy* and *Another Survivor*, to what extent do the writers encourage you to feel that Mrs Burton and Rudi bring their unhappiness upon themselves? [20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

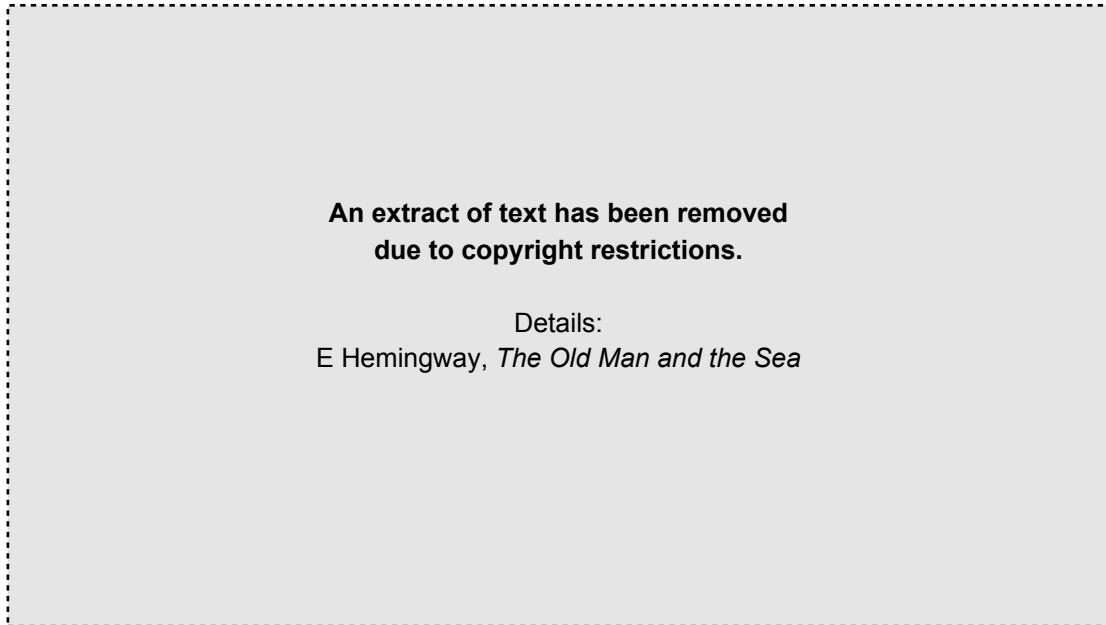
- 25 Okonkwo ruled his household with a heavy hand. His wives, especially the youngest, lived in perpetual fear of his fiery temper, and so did his little children. Perhaps down in his heart Okonkwo was not a cruel man. But his whole life was dominated by fear, the fear of failure and of weakness. It was deeper and more intimate than the fear of evil and capricious gods and of magic, the fear of the forest, and of the forces of nature, malevolent, red in tooth and claw. Okonkwo's fear was greater than these. It was not external but lay deep within himself. It was the fear of himself, lest he should be found to resemble his father. Even as a little boy he had resented his father's failure and weakness, and even now he still remembered how he had suffered when a playmate had told him that his father was *aghala*. That was how Okonkwo first came to know that *aghala* was not only another name for a woman, it could also mean a man who had taken no title. And so Okonkwo was ruled by one passion – to hate everything that his father Unoka had loved. One of those things was gentleness and another was idleness. 5
- During the planting season Okonkwo worked daily on his farms from cock-crow until the chickens went to roost. He was a very strong man and rarely felt fatigue. But his wives and young children were not as strong, and so they suffered. But they dared not complain openly. Okonkwo's first son, Nwoye, was then twelve years old but was already causing his father great anxiety for his incipient laziness. At any rate, that was how it looked to his father, and he sought to correct him by constant nagging and beating. And so Nwoye was developing into a sad-faced youth. 10
- Okonkwo's prosperity was visible in his household. He had a large compound enclosed by a thick wall of red earth. His own hut, or *obi*, stood immediately behind the only gate in the red walls. Each of his three wives had her own hut, which together formed a half moon behind the *obi*. The barn was built against one end of the red walls, and long stacks of yarn stood out prosperously in it. 15

-
- Either** 25 How does Achebe in this passage reveal both Okonkwo's weaknesses and his strengths? [20]
-
- Or** 26 Explore how Achebe's descriptions of **ONE** or **TWO** incidents involving the white man vividly portray the destruction of the old way of life of the clan. [20]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

27

It was on the



5

10

15

must get the heart.

20

Either 27 How does Hemingway make this such a dramatic passage in the novel? [20]

Or 28 How does Hemingway vividly convey the old man's determination in the novel? [20]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

29 In reality very little was known about the proles. It was not necessary to know much. So long as they continued to work and breed, their other activities were without importance. Left to themselves, like cattle turned loose upon the plains of Argentina, they had reverted to a style of life that appeared to be natural to them, a sort of ancestral pattern. They were born, they grew up in the gutters, they went to work at twelve, they passed through a brief blossoming-period of beauty and sexual desire, they married at twenty, they were middle-aged at thirty, they died, for the most part, at sixty. Heavy physical work, the care of home and children, petty quarrels with neighbours, films, football, beer, and above all, gambling, filled up the horizon of their minds. To keep them in control was not difficult. A few agents of the Thought Police moved always among them, spreading false rumours and marking down and eliminating the few individuals who were judged capable of becoming dangerous; but no attempt was made to indoctrinate them with the ideology of the Party. It was not desirable that the proles should have strong political feelings. All that was required of them was a primitive patriotism which could be appealed to whenever it was necessary to make them accept longer working-hours or shorter rations. And even when they became discontented, as they sometimes did, their discontent led nowhere, because being without general ideas, they could only focus it on petty specific grievances. The larger evils invariably escaped their notice. The great majority of proles did not even have telescreens in their homes. Even the civil police interfered with them very little. There was a vast amount of criminality in London, a whole world-within-a-world of thieves, bandits, prostitutes, drug-peddlers, and racketeers of every description; but since it all happened among the proles themselves, it was of no importance. In all questions of morals they were allowed to follow their ancestral code. The sexual puritanism of the Party was not imposed upon them. Promiscuity went unpunished, divorce was permitted. For that matter, even religious worship would have been permitted if the proles had shown any sign of needing or wanting it. They were beneath suspicion. As the Party slogan put it: 'Proles and animals are free.'

Either 29 How does Orwell portray the proles at this point in the novel? [20]

Or 30 A pathetic victim or a defiant hero?

Which is nearer to **your** view of Winston Smith?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [20]

SECTION D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Literary non-fiction post-1914		
<i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin)	34–35	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	36	33–34

31 (a)

Day 32

It appears that Novgorod has not been altogether faithful to Watford, for when I go to inspect the silver birch tree planted on 9 September 1983 to symbolize the accord between the two great cities, I find the place positively littered with tokens of friendship. There are trees from Nanterre and Bielefeld, Uusikau Punkki in Finland and Rochester in New York.

5

The ceremony is to be held outdoors, in the most prominent part of old Novgorod, with the domes of Saint Sofia rising behind. A folk group has turned out and a bulky but impressive sound system has been erected and tested. I am wearing a jacket and tie, for the first time on the journey, and clutching the Watford glass decanter inscribed 'Presented to the People of Novgorod, August 1991'. The only element missing is the Mayor of Novgorod. A couple of lads with hands in their pockets observe our discomfiture with polite interest. It turns out that one of these lads *is* the Mayor of Novgorod.

10

He delivers a shirt-sleeved speech in fluent English, extols the benefits of free enterprise in Novgorod and hands over a beautiful but delicate ceramic dish, which will be lucky to reach Kiev in one piece, let alone Watford. He then goes back to running his city, leaving me with the athletic folk group, who are anxious to involve me in a Russian Kissing Dance. This is a particularly frenetic activity for which a jacket and tie and a set of loose bowels are not helpful.

15

(b)

Day 82

Addis Ababa was chosen by Emperor Menelik II to be his capital in 1887. The name means 'New Flower' in Amharic, the official language of Ethiopia, which is a Semitic language, closer to Arabic and Hebrew than anything African. It is a nondescript city set handsomely in a bowl of mountains but reflecting no great sense of civic pride. Under Mengistu it was adorned with roughly painted metal arches and towers celebrating communism in Ethiopia. This morning one of these towers is lying on its side on a road close to the hotel. Men in green overalls dismember it with hammers and oxy-acetylene torches. The thin panels offer little resistance. A severed red star is flung into the back of a truck.

5

We make our way down the hill, past the grand but overgrown gates of the old Palace of the Emperors, and the empty plinth where a thirty-foot-high statue of Lenin used to cast a beady eye in the direction of Revolution Square. Lenin has gone and Revolution Square is now Maskal Square. We approach it through an arch bearing the green, yellow and red colours of Ethiopia and surmounted with the faded legend 'Long Live Proletarian Internationalism'. It is a wide, long, rectangular space with a grassy bank, ramparts and a city museum on one side and dull modern constructions on the other.

10

Children wearing 'New Kids on the Block' T-shirts shout 'Money! ... money!' at us. Above their heads hammer and sickles in lights still hang from the lamp-posts.

15

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole* (Cont.)

Either 31 How does Palin's writing in these passages make the towns seem both interesting and unusual? [20]

Or 32 How does Palin's writing make **TWO** incidents involving transport amusing and memorable for you? [20]

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch*

- 33 Every couple of years I forget what a miserable experience it is to go to Wembley to watch England play, and give it another try. In '85 I went to watch a World Cup qualifier a couple of weeks after Scotland's Jock Stein had died, and listened to the most mind-bogglingly obscene celebratory songs; four years later I went to another one, and sat among people who gave drunken Nazi salutes during the National Anthem. Why I thought that things would be any different for a friendly against Holland I can't remember, but it turned out to be an embarrassing misapprehension. 5
- Our timing was just right. We were walking down Wembley Way about fifteen minutes before kick-off, with reserved seats in our pockets, and I was feeling pleased with my expert organisation. As we approached our entrance, however, we were met by a determined and indiscriminate mounted police charge, and we were forced back down the road with hundreds of other ticket holders, and my colleagues began to panic. We regrouped and started again; this time our £12.00 tickets were regarded, reluctantly, as certificates of legitimate interest, and we were allowed to approach the stadium. As we did so, the game kicked off and England scored almost immediately, but we missed all that – we were still negotiating admission. One of the entrance doors was hanging off its hinges, and an official told us that large numbers of people had forced their way into the ground. 10
- Once inside, it was obvious that our seats had gone. The gangways were packed with people like us, all clutching now-worthless ticket stubs, all too afraid to confront the crop-headed, thick-necked people sitting in our seats. There wasn't a steward in sight. 'Here come the fucking Wongs', remarked one of a group of young men, as I led my charges down the steps to find a position from which we could see at least a square of the pitch. I didn't bother translating. We stood and watched for about half an hour, during which time Holland took a 2–1 lead; the dreadlocked Gullit, the main reason why the game had sold out in the first place, provoked monkey noises every time he touched the ball. Just before half-time we gave up and went home. I got back to my flat just in time to watch the highlights on TV. 15
- People have told me that they're beginning to turn things round at Wembley now, and post-Italia '90, what with Gazzamania and Lineker charm, the composition of the average England crowd is changing. This often happens when a team is doing well, and in itself it doesn't offer much cause for hope, because when they play badly again you lose that lot. It seems to me, and this is not a theory that I can support with any hard evidence, but never mind, that bad teams attract an ugly following. 20
- 25
- 30

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Either 33 How does Hornby's writing here convey the 'miserable experience' of going to watch England play? [20]

Or 34 How does Hornby's writing make particular goals memorable?
Remember to support your answer with details from the book. [20]

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