

GCSE (HIGHER TIER)
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme A
UNIT 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914
TUESDAY 22 MAY 2007

H **2442/2**

Morning

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

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



*
C
O
P
/
T
1
8
1
3
6
*

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 answers, 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 **32** printed pages and **4** 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 17

OR

SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914

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

Page 31

BLANK PAGE

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>	10–12	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	14–16	10–12

1 (a)

In Your Mind

The other country, is it anticipated or half-remembered?
 Its language is muffled by the rain which falls all afternoon
 one autumn in England, and in your mind
 you put aside your work and head for the airport
 with a credit card and a warm coat you will leave 5
 on the plane. The past fades like newsprint in the sun.

You know people there. Their faces are photographs
 on the wrong side of your eyes. A beautiful boy
 in the bar on the harbour serves you a drink – what? – 10
 asks you if men could possibly land on the moon.
 A moon like an orange drawn by a child. No.
 Never. You watch it peel itself into the sea.

Sleep. The rasp of carpentry wakes you. On the wall,
 a painting lost for thirty years renders the room yours.
Of course. You go to your job, right at the old hotel, left, 15
 then left again. You love this job. Apt sounds
 mark the passing of the hours. Seagulls. Bells. A flute
 practising scales. You swap a coin for a fish on the way home.

Then suddenly you are lost but not lost, dawdling
 on the blue bridge, watching six swans vanish 20
 under your feet. The certainty of place turns on the lights
 all over town, turns up the scent on the air. For a moment
 you are there, in the other country, knowing its name.
 And then a desk. A newspaper. A window. English rain.

Carol Ann Duffy

(b)

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

Either 1 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly recall memories in these two poems. [30]

Or 2 Explore the differing ways in which the poets strikingly express a feeling of fear in *The Hare* (Hill) and *Bedfellows* (Paterson). [30]

Or 3 Explore the differing ways in which the poets encourage you to see life from their point of view in any **TWO** of the following poems.

I Am a Cameraman (Dunn)
A Consumer's Report (Porter)
Sometimes (Pugh)

[30]

4 (a)

*The Falling Leaves**November 1915*

Today, as I rode by,
 I saw the brown leaves dropping from their tree
 In a still afternoon,
 When no wind whirled them whistling to the sky,
 But thickly, silently, 5
 They fell, like snowflakes wiping out the noon;
 And wandered slowly thence
 For thinking of a gallant multitude
 Which now all withering lay,
 Slain by no wind of age or pestilence, 10
 But in their beauty strewed
 Like snowflakes falling on the Flemish clay.

Margaret Postgate Cole

(b)

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below. 5

We are the Dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe: 10
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields. 15

John McCrae

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

Either 4 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably convey images of death in war in these two poems. [30]

Or 5 Compare the ways in which the poets help you to understand their bitterness at the loss of young men in war in *Recruiting* (Mackintosh) and *The Parable of the Old Man and the Young* (Owen). [30]

Or 6 Explore the differing ways in which the poets vividly portray the effect of war on individuals in any **TWO** of the following poems.

The Bohemians (Gurney)

The Deserter (Letts)

Reported Missing (Keown)

[30]

7 (a)

I Remember, I Remember

Coming up England by a different line
 For once, early in the cold new year,
 We stopped, and, watching men with number-plates
 Sprint down the platform to familiar gates,
 'Why, Coventry!' I exclaimed. 'I was born here.' 5

I leant far out, and squinted for a sign
 That this was still the town that had been 'mine'
 So long, but found I wasn't even clear
 Which side was which. From where those cycle-crates
 Were standing, had we annually departed 10

For all those family hols? ... A whistle went:
 Things moved. I sat back, staring at my boots.
 'Was that,' my friend smiled, 'where you "have your roots"?'
 No, only where my childhood was unspent,
 I wanted to retort, just where I started: 15

By now I've got the whole place clearly charted.
 Our garden, first: where I did not invent
 Blinding theologies of flowers and fruits,
 And wasn't spoken to by an old hat.
 And here we have that splendid family 20

I never ran to when I got depressed,
 The boys all biceps and the girls all chest,
 Their comic Ford, their farm where I could be
 'Really myself'. I'll show you, come to that,
 The bracken where I never trembling sat, 25

Determined to go through with it; where she
 Lay back, and 'all became a burning mist'.
 And, in those offices, my doggerel
 Was not set up in blunt ten-point, nor read
 By a distinguished cousin of the mayor, 30

Who didn't call and tell my father *There*
Before us, had we the gift to see ahead –
 'You look as if you wished the place in Hell,'
 My friend said, 'judging from your face.' 'Oh well,
 I suppose it's not the place's fault,' I said. 35

'Nothing, like something, happens anywhere.'

Philip Larkin

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

(b)

from *Growing Up*

I wasn't good
 At being a baby. Burrowed my way
 Through the long yawn of infancy,
 Masking by instinct how much I knew
 Of the senior world, sabotaging 5
 As far as I could, biding my time,
 Biting my rattle, my brother (in private),
 Shoplifting daintily into my pram.
 Not a good baby,
 No. 10

I wasn't good
 At being a child. I missed
 The innocent age. Children,
 Being childish, were beneath me.
 Adults I despised or distrusted. They 15
 Would label my every disclosure
Precocious, naïve, whatever it was.
 I disdained definition, preferred to be surly.
 Not a nice child,
 No. 20

I wasn't good
 At adolescence. There was a dance,
 A catchy rhythm; I was out of step.
 My body capered, nudging me
 With hairy, fleshy growths and monthly outbursts, 25
 To join the party. I tried to annul
 The future, pretended I knew it already,
 Was caught bloody-thighed, a criminal
 Guilty of puberty.
 Not a nice girl, 30
 No.

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 7 Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully present feelings about childhood in these two poems. [30]

Turn to page 12 for Questions 8 and 9, on *Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe*.

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

- Or 8** Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully depict unhappy or unsatisfactory relationships in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Wild Oats (Larkin)

Posterity (Larkin)

Dictator (Fanthorpe).

[30]

- Or 9** Compare some of the ways in which the poets create in you strong sympathy for characters in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Mr Bleaney (Larkin)

Half-past Two (Fanthorpe)

Old Man, Old Man (Fanthorpe).

[30]

Turn to page 14 for Question 10.

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

Telephone Conversation

The price seemed reasonable, location
 Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived
 Off premises. Nothing remained
 But self-confession. 'Madam,' I warned,
 'I hate a wasted journey – I am African.' 5
 Silence. Silenced transmission of
 Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,
 Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled
 Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.
 'HOW DARK?' ... I had not misheard ... 'ARE YOU LIGHT 10
 OR VERY DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench
 Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.
 Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered
 Omnibus squelching tar. It *was* real! Shamed
 By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15
 Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.
 Considerate she was, varying the emphasis –
 'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation came.
 'You mean – like plain or milk chocolate?'
 Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light 20
 Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,
 I chose. 'West African sepia' – and as afterthought,
 'Down in my passport.' Silence for spectroscopic
 Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent
 Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding 25
 'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'
 'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.
 Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see
 The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet
 Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused – 30
 Foolishly, madam – by sitting down, has turned
 My bottom raven black – One moment, madam!' – sensing
 Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap
 About my ears – 'Madam,' I pleaded, 'wouldn't you rather
 See for yourself?' 35

Wole Soyinka

(b)

In Westminster Abbey

Let me take this other glove off
 As the *vox humana* swells,
 And the beauteous fields of Eden
 Bask beneath the Abbey bells.
 Here, where England's statesmen lie, 5
 Listen to a lady's cry.

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

Gracious Lord, oh bomb the Germans.
 Spare their women for Thy Sake,
 And if that is not too easy
 We will pardon Thy Mistake. 10
 But, gracious Lord, whate'er shall be,
 Don't let anyone bomb me.

Keep our Empire undismembered
 Guide our Forces by Thy Hand,
 Gallant blacks from far Jamaica, 15
 Honduras and Togoland;
 Protect them Lord in all their fights,
 And, even more, protect the whites.

Think of what our Nation stands for,
 Books from Boots' and country lanes, 20
 Free speech, free passes, class distinction,
 Democracy and proper drains.
 Lord, put beneath Thy special care
 One-eighty-nine Cadogan Square.

Although dear Lord I am a sinner, 25
 I have done no major crime;
 Now I'll come to Evening Service
 Whensoever I have the time.
 So, Lord, reserve for me a crown,
 And do not let my shares go down. 30

I will labour for Thy Kingdom,
 Help our lads to win the war,
 Send white feathers to the cowards
 Join the Women's Army Corps,
 Then wash the Steps around Thy Throne 35
 In the Eternal Safety Zone.

Now I feel a little better,
 What a treat to hear Thy Word,
 Where the bones of leading statesmen,
 Have so often been interr'd. 40
 And now, dear Lord, I cannot wait
 Because I have a luncheon date.

John Betjeman

Either 10 Compare the ways in which Soyinka and Betjeman portray unpleasant women in these two poems. [30]

Turn to page 16 for Questions 11 and 12, on *Touched with Fire*.

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

Or 11 What do you find particularly striking about the differing ways the poets use images to describe people in *Digging* (Heaney) and *Dulce et Decorum Est* (Owen)? [30]

Or 12 Explore the differing ways in which the poets appeal to your emotions in any **TWO** of the following poems.

Mid-Term Break (Heaney)

Refugee Mother and Child (Achebe)

Our History (Dipoko)

[30]

SECTION B

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

	Pages	Questions
PROSE published Post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	18–19	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	20–21	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	22–23	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	24–25	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and the Sea</i>	26–27	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	28–29	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	30	31–33

13 (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 MmaKhubu, where the bride, Neo, lived. People were already astir in MmaKhubu'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 stones 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)

The Train from Rhodesia

The stationmaster came out of his little brick station with its pointed chalet roof, feeling the creases in his serge uniform in his legs as well. A stir of preparedness rippled through the squatting native venders waiting in the dust; the face of a carved wooden animal, eternally surprised, stuck out of a sack. The stationmaster's barefoot children wandered over. From the grey mud huts with the untidy heads that stood within a decorated mud wall, chickens, and dogs with their skin stretched like parchment over their bones, followed the piccanins down to the track. The flushed and perspiring west cast a reflection, faint, without heat, upon the station, upon the tin shed marked 'Goods', upon the walled kraal, upon the grey tin house of the stationmaster and upon the sand, that lapped all around, from sky to sky, cast little rhythmical cups of shadow, so that the sand became the sea, and closed over the children's black feet softly and without imprint.

Nadine Gordimer

OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

Either 13 Explore the ways in which these two extracts convey vivid impressions of different cultures. [30]

Or 14 In what ways do the writers encourage you to feel sympathy for any **TWO** of the following characters?

Sidda (in *Leila's Friend*)

Mr Short (in *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*)

Nak (in *The Gold-Legged Frog*) [30]

Or 15 How do the writers memorably portray school life in *The Pieces of Silver* (Sealy) and *The Winter Oak* (Nagibin)? [30]

16 (a)

Rex

My uncle had taken a large, vulgar public-house in a large and vulgar town. It came to pass that I must fetch the pup. Strange for me, a member of the Band of Hope, to enter the big, noisy, smelly plate-glass and mahogany public-house. It was called The Good Omen. Strange to have my uncle towering over me in the passage, shouting 'Hello, Johnny, what d'yer want?' He didn't know me. Strange to think he was my mother's brother, and that he had his bouts when he read Browning aloud with emotion and éclat. 5

I was given tea in a narrow, uncomfortable sort of living-room, half kitchen. Curious that such a palatial pub should show such miserable private accommodations, but so it was. There was I, unhappy, and glad to escape with the soft fat pup. It was winter-time, and I wore a big-flapped black overcoat, half cloak. Under the cloak-sleeves I hid the puppy, who trembled. It was Saturday, and the train was crowded, and he whimpered under my coat. I sat in mortal fear of being hauled out for travelling without a dog-ticket. However, we arrived and my torments were for nothing. 10

(b)

Lessford's Rabbits

I told one of the girls to give three chunks of bread to each child, and, having fished a mysterious earwig out of the scalding milk, I filled the large enamelled jug – such as figures and has figured in the drawing lessons of every school in England, I suppose – and doled out the portions – about three-quarters of a pint per senior, and half a pint per infant. Everything was ready. I had to say grace. I dared not launch into the Infant mistress' formula, thanking the Lord for his goodness – 'and may we eat and drink to thine everlasting glory – Amen.' I looked at the boys, dressed in mouldering garments of remote men, at the girls with their rat-tailed hair, and at the infants, quaint little mites on whom I wished, but could not bring myself, to expend my handkerchief, and I wondered what I should say. The only other grace I knew was 'For these and for all good things may the Lord make us truly thankful.' But I wondered whom we should thank for the bad things. I was becoming desperate. I plunged: 5

'Ready now – hands together, close eyes. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."' I felt myself flushing with confusion – what did I mean? But there was a universal clink of iron spoons on the basins, and a snuffling, slobbering sound of children feeding. They had not noticed, so it was all right. The infants were kneeling and squalling by the lockers, the boys were stretching wide their eyes and their mouths at the same time, to admit the spoon. They spilled the milk on their jackets and wiped it off with their sleeves, continuing to eat all the time. 15 20

Extracts from 'Rex' and 'Lessford's Rabbits' 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 Short Stories* (ed. Whittle and Blatchford) (Cont.)

Either 16 Explore the ways in which Lawrence brings characters and events alive for you in these two extracts. [30]

Or 17 In what ways does Lawrence's writing vividly portray any **TWO** of the following characters?

Anne (in *Second Best*)
Ciss (in *The Lovely Lady*)
Radford (in *Her Turn*)

[30]

Or 18 Explore the ways in which Lawrence memorably conveys the characteristics of the rabbit and the tortoise in *Adolf* and *A Lesson on a Tortoise*. [30]

19 (a) Jim leaned against the roof of the driving cabin. Aware of the gap that now separated Jim from his fellow prisoners, Dr Ransome moved forward and sat on the bench next to him. The dusty sunlight and the long journey from Shanghai had leached the pigment from his freckles. Despite his strong chest and legs he was far more tired than Jim had realized. Blood had broken through the inflamed bruise on his face, and the first pus gathered around his eye. 5

He bowed and made way for the Japanese soldier who stationed himself next to Jim.

'Well, we all feel better for the water. That was brave of you, Jim. Where do you come from?' 10

'Shanghai!'

'You're proud of it?'

'Of course ...' Jim scoffed at the question, shaking his head as if Dr Ransome was a provincial country healer. 'Shanghai is the biggest city in the world. My father says it's even larger than London.' 15

'Let's hope it can stay larger – there may be one or two hungry winters. Where are your parents, Jim?'

'They went away.' Jim thought about his answer, deciding whether to invent some spoof for Dr Ransome. There was a self-confident air about this young physician that he distrusted, the same attitude shown by people newly arrived from England – Jim wondered how the British newsreels were explaining away the surrender of Singapore. He could easily imagine Dr Ransome getting into a brawl with the Japanese guards, and causing everyone trouble. Yet for all his display of public spirit, Dr Ransome had drunk more than his fair share of the water. Jim had also noticed that Dr Ransome was less interested in the dying old people than he pretended. 'They're at Woosung Camp,' he said. 'They are alive, you know.' 20 25

(b) 'I'm here, Dr Ransome. I think I was nearly killed. Is anyone else dead?'

'Let's hope not.' Dr Ransome leaned against the balustrade, and fanned the dust from his beard with his straw coolie hat. Although unsettled by the air raid, he watched Jim in a weary but patient way. After the raids, when the Japanese guards began to abuse the prisoners, he was often short-tempered with Jim, as if he held him responsible. He ran his hand through Jim's hair, brushing away the powdered cement, and examined his scalp for any signs of blood. 'Jim, we agreed that you wouldn't go up there during the raids. The Japanese have enough to contend with – they may think you're trying to signal to the American pilots.' 5

'I was, but they didn't see me. The Mustangs are so fast.' Jim liked Dr Ransome, and wanted to reassure him that all was well. 'I've done my Latin prep, doctor.' 10

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

Either 19 In what ways do these two extracts help your understanding of the changing relationship between Jim and Dr Ransome?

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

Or 20 Explore the ways in which Ballard shows how Jim's experiences affect him as he grows up.

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

Or 21 Explore some of the ways in which Ballard vividly portrays conditions in the camp at Lunghua.

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

22 Then they came to the tree from which Okonkwo's body was dangling, and they stopped dead.

'Perhaps you men can help us bring him down and bury him,' said Obierika. 'We have sent for strangers from another village to do it for us, but they may be a long time coming.'

5

The District Commissioner changed instantaneously. The resolute administrator in him gave way to the student of primitive customs.

'Why can't you take him down yourselves?' he asked.

'It is against our custom,' said one of the men. 'It is an abomination for a man to take his own life. It is an offence against the Earth, and a man who commits it will not be buried by his clansmen. His body is evil, and only strangers may touch it. That is why we ask your people to bring him down, because you are strangers.'

10

'Will you bury him like any other man?' asked the Commissioner.

'We cannot bury him. Only strangers can. We shall pay your men to do it. When he has been buried we will then do our duty by him. We shall make sacrifices to cleanse the desecrated land.'

15

Obierika, who had been gazing steadily at his friend's dangling body, turned suddenly to the District Commissioner and said ferociously: 'That man was one of the greatest men in Umuofia. You drove him to kill himself; and now he will be buried like a dog ...' He could not say any more. His voice trembled and choked his words.

20

'Shut up!' shouted one of the messengers, quite unnecessarily.

'Take down the body,' the Commissioner ordered his chief messenger, 'and bring it and all these people to the court.'

'Yes, sah,' the messenger said, saluting.

The Commissioner went away, taking three or four of the soldiers with him. In the many years in which he had toiled to bring civilisation to different parts of Africa he had learnt a number of things. One of them was that a District Commissioner must never attend to such undignified details as cutting down a hanged man from the tree. Such attention would give the natives a poor opinion of him. In the book which he planned to write he would stress that point. As he walked back to the court he thought about that book. Every day brought him some new material. The story of this man who had killed a messenger and hanged himself would make interesting reading. One could almost write a whole chapter on him. Perhaps not a whole chapter but a reasonable paragraph, at any rate. There was so much else to include, and one must be firm in cutting out details. He had already chosen the title of the book, after much thought: *The Pacification of the Primitive Tribes of the Lower Niger*.

25

30

35

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

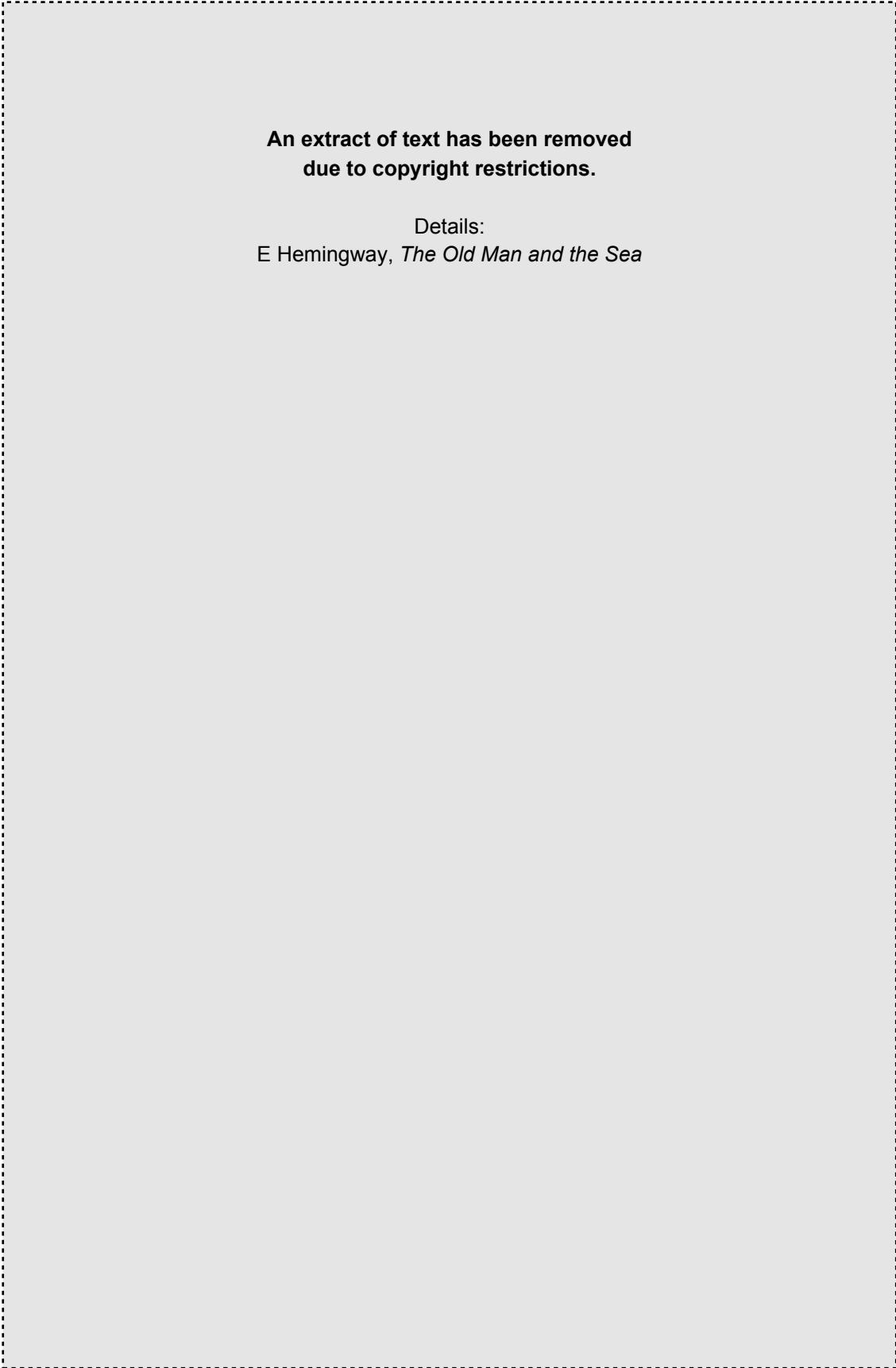
Either 22 In what ways does Achebe make this such a powerful ending to the novel? [30]

Or 23 How does Achebe make Nwoye such an important character in the novel?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

Or 24 Which **ONE** moment in the novel does Achebe make most shocking for you?
Remember to refer closely to Achebe's writing to support your choice. [30]

25

The boy did not



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

Details:

E Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*

5

10

15

20

25

30

35

40

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea* (Cont.)

the luck with me.'

45

Either 25 How does Hemingway's writing here vividly bring to life the relationship between the old man and the boy? [30]

Or 26 A futile struggle?
A triumph of spirit and courage?

Which is closer to your view of *The Old Man and the Sea*?

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

Or 27 Explore the ways in which Hemingway vividly paints a picture of a fishing community in *The Old Man and the Sea*. [30]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

28

The Hate rose to its climax. The voice of Goldstein had become an actual sheep's bleat, and for an instant the face changed into that of a sheep. Then the sheep-face melted into the figure of a Eurasian soldier who seemed to be advancing, huge and terrible, his sub-machine gun roaring, and seeming to spring out of the surface of the screen, so that some of the people in the front row actually flinched backwards in their seats. But in the same moment, drawing a deep sigh of relief from everybody, the hostile figure melted into the face of Big Brother, black-haired, black-moustachio'd, full of power and mysterious calm, and so vast that it almost filled up the screen. Nobody heard what Big Brother was saying. It was merely a few words of encouragement, the sort of words that are uttered in the din of battle, not distinguishable individually but restoring confidence by the fact of being spoken. Then the face of Big Brother faded away again, and instead the three slogans of the Party stood out in bold capitals:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

But the face of Big Brother seemed to persist for several seconds on the screen, as though the impact that it had made on everyone's eyeballs was too vivid to wear off immediately. The little sandy-haired woman had flung herself forward over the back of the chair in front of her. With a tremulous murmur that sounded like 'My Saviour!' she extended her arms towards the screen. Then she buried her face in her hands. It was apparent that she was uttering a prayer.

At this moment the entire group of people broke into a deep, slow, rhythmical chant of 'B-B! B-B! B-B!' – over and over again, very slowly, with a long pause between the first 'B' and the second – a heavy, murmurous sound, somehow curiously savage, in the background of which one seemed to hear the stamp of naked feet and the throbbing of tom-toms. For perhaps as much as thirty seconds they kept it up. It was a refrain that was often heard in moments of overwhelming emotion. Partly it was a sort of hymn to the wisdom and majesty of Big Brother, but still more it was an act of self-hypnosis, a deliberate drowning of consciousness by means of rhythmic noise. Winston's entrails seemed to grow cold. In the Two Minutes Hate he could not help sharing in the general delirium, but this sub-human chanting of 'B-B! B-B!' always filled him with horror. Of course he chanted with the rest: it was impossible to do otherwise. To dissemble your feelings, to control your face, to do what everyone else was doing, was an instinctive reaction. But there was a space of a couple of seconds during which the expression in his eyes might conceivably have betrayed him. And it was exactly at this moment that the significant thing happened – if, indeed, it did happen.

Momentarily he caught O'Brien's eye. O'Brien had stood up. He had taken off his spectacles and was in the act of re-settling them on his nose with his characteristic gesture. But there was a fraction of a second when their eyes met, and for as long as it took to happen Winston knew – yes, he *knew!* – that O'Brien was thinking the same thing as himself. An unmistakable message had passed. It was as though their two minds had opened and the thoughts were flowing from one into the other through their eyes. 'I am with you,' O'Brien seemed to be saying to him. 'I know precisely what you are feeling. I know all about your contempt, your hatred, your disgust. But don't worry, I am on your side!' And then the flash of intelligence was gone, and O'Brien's face was as inscrutable as everybody else's.

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

Either 28 In what ways does Orwell's writing here show you how the Party controls the way people think and behave in Oceania? [30]

Or 29 What do you find particularly disturbing about Orwell's portrayal of Mr Charrington in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

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

Or 30 Winston writes in his diary, 'If there is any hope it lies in the proles.'

Do you think that Orwell's presentation of the proles suggests that they offer any real hope of breaking the Party's grip on power? [30]

31 (a) *The Man who kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station*

When the High School girls came back, they always pretended not to remember him. He could see the pretence in their averted eyes and their casual gestures. He remembered them in their little blue blazers, all smudgy-nosed and sticky at his counter. He remembered how they all came belting over the car park after school and he heard their shoes clattering on the tarmac. He always waited till they were inside and panting to come out of his cubicle; it was a daily game he played. But they'd been stand-offish, even then, too special to talk to ordinary people. He liked to talk to people. About the racing to the bus drivers, about the weather to everyone else. It annoyed him that those little misses wouldn't join in, with their uppity voices and their uniform. He teased them gently in revenge. 5 10

The schoolgirls' faces came back hidden in new shapes, bought grown-up magazines, snapped 'Twenty Marlborough'. It made him angry to see how unapproachable they had become.

Helen Harris

(b) *Addy*

It was as if Mavina's love for Addy had been a childish disease like measles. She had caught a violent dose of it and then when she went off to boarding school, she got rid of it. Mavina had once carried snapshots of Addy in her purse. Now she carried love letters from her boyfriend. Mavina was glad to see Addy on the occasions that she visited Mrs Burton. But her gladness was luke-warm. Addy no longer had any real magic for Mavina. She would be sad to hear that the old dog had died. Something that had been important to her in her childhood would have perished. But Mavina was at university now and all her other interests would soon smother the news of Addy's death. 5

Caroline Blackwood

Either 31 How do the writers, in these extracts, affect the way you feel about the man who kept the sweet shop and about Addy? [30]

Or 32 How do the writers make events in the past so important in any **TWO** of the following stories?

Passages (Devlin)
Another Survivor (Fainlight)
Stone Trees (Gardam) [30]

Or 33 How do the writers make any **TWO** of the following relationships particularly striking?

Celia and Justin (in *A Love Match*)
 Millicent and Alison (in *The New People*)
 Rudi and Faith (in *Another Survivor*)
 Martha and Martin (in *Weekend*) [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>	32–33	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	34	37–39

34 (a) Because it's now so late in the day we are advised not to attempt to reach Gondar as the roads pass through bandit territory, and we put up for the night at a village about twenty-five miles from the border. I don't think any of us cares much where we stay so long as there is a comfortable bed and some hot water. There are neither in Shedi. The accommodation, though looking quaint enough by candlelight, is rougher than anything we've experienced so far. My room is reached through a small dimly-lit bar which gives onto what smells and feels like a farmyard. In the middle of it are people sitting around a fire, and off to the sides are rooms that look like rough stables. Mine has an earth floor and wattle-and-daub partitions. There is a corrugated iron door and ceiling. The proprietress finds me a chair and a couple of stones to wedge one of the legs of the bed. Cockroaches and beetles scuttle away in the torchlight as I unpack. Electric light would be terrifying here. 5 10

This 'hotel', in which only Basil and I are quartered, is nevertheless more luxurious than the rest in that it sports a shower. This consists of a large plastic drum with a supply valve controlled by a piece of wire. The stream of cool water is heavenly. Not so the lavatory next door. I have become used to the squat technique, so I'm not unduly worried to find myself poised above a shallow hole filled with sawdust. It's when the sawdust starts to move that I feel just the slightest bit queasy. What I thought was sawdust is in fact a cauldron of maggots, over which the occasional cockroach stumbles. 15 20

(b) The Gohar Hotel is spectacularly sited on a bluff overlooking the city and the wide panorama of mountains that encircle it. We have been nowhere like this. Built for a tourist industry that never happened, the hotel combines a museum, a repository of local arts and crafts, with interestingly designed public spaces and a decently stocked bar. 5

There is a sign on the back of my door which could be an offer or a dire warning: 'Room Service. Express snakes available at all times'.

Apart from the danger of express snakes the chief delights of the Gohar Hotel are electric light, hot water (for a whole hour in the evening) and a freshly made bed. It is chilly enough for me to huddle to sleep beneath two blankets. 10

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

Either 34 Explore the ways in which Palin's writing, in these two extracts, makes his portrayal of the two hotels in Ethiopia amusing and entertaining. [30]

Or 35 How do Palin's accounts of his journeys by plane on Day 1 **and** Days 140 and 141 vividly portray his worries about flying near the Poles?

Remember to refer to the language of the text to support your answer. [30]

Or 36 By close reference to Palin's writing in **ONE or TWO** accounts of places he visits, say how far you think the accounts would encourage you to visit these places. [30]

It is hard for me, and for many of us, to think of years as being self-contained, with a beginning on 1st January and an ending 365 days later. I was going to say that 1980 was a torpid, blank, directionless year for me but that would be wrong; it was 79/80 that was these things. Football fans talk like that: our years, our units of time, run from August to May (June and July don't really happen, especially in years which end with an odd number and which therefore contain no World Cup or European Championship). Ask us for the best or the worst period in our lives and we will often answer with four figures – 66/67 for Manchester United fans, 67/68 for Manchester City fans, 69/70 for Everton fans, and so on – a silent slash in the middle of them the only concession to the calendar used elsewhere in the western world. We get drunk on New Year's Eve, just as everyone else does, but really it is after the Cup Final in May that our mental clock is wound back, and we indulge in all the vows and regrets and renewals that ordinary people allow themselves at the end of the conventional year.

Perhaps we should be given a day off work on Cup Final Eve, so that we can gather together and celebrate. We are, after all, a community within a community; and just as the Chinese have their New Year, when in London the streets around Leicester Square are closed off and the London Chinese have a procession and eat traditional food, and the tourists come to watch them, maybe there is a way in which we can mark the passing of another season of dismal failure, dodgy refereeing decisions, bad back-passes and terrible transfer dealing. We could dress up in our horrible new away shirts, and chant and sing; we could eat Wagon Wheels – the marshmallow biscuit that only football fans eat, because it is only sold at football grounds – and gangrenous hamburgers, and drink warm and luridly orange fizz from a plastic bottle, a refreshment manufactured especially for the occasion by a company called something like Stavros of Edmonton. And we could get the police to keep us standing in ... oh, forget it. This terrible litany has made me realise just how awful our lives are for those nine months, and that when they are over I want to live every day of the twelve short weeks available to me as if I were a human being.

Extract by Nick Hornby from *Fever Pitch* (Copyright © Nick Hornby 2000) is reproduced by permission of PFD (www.pfd.co.uk) on behalf of Nick Hornby.

Either 37 In what ways does Hornby's writing here vividly contribute to the portrait he paints of himself in this book? [30]

Or 38 How does Hornby bring the world of non-league football and its supporters to life in the chapter *The Munsters and Quentin Crisp* (pages 135–138)? [30]

Or 39 Explore any **ONE or TWO** moments in the book when Hornby makes you feel that football supporters are particularly horrible. [30]

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Text 1a	'In Your Mind' is taken from " <i>The Other Country</i> " by Carol Ann Duffy published by Anvil Press Poetry in 1990. Reproduced by kind permission of Anvil Press Poetry.
Text 1b, 7a	Wedding-Wind and I Remember, I Remember by Philip Larkin are reprinted from <i>The Less Deceived</i> by permission of The Marvell Press, England and Australia. Electronic reproduction by permission of The Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of Philip Larkin.
Text 4a	© Margaret Cole, The Falling Leaves from <i>Opening Lines</i> , Heinemann Educational Secondary Division. Reproduced by permission of David Higham Associates.
Text 7b	© U A Fanthorpe, Growing Up from <i>Collected Poems</i> , Peterloo Poets, 2004. Reproduced by kind permission of U A Fanthorpe.
Text 10a	© Wole Soyinka, Telephone Conversation from <i>Touched with Fire</i> , Cambridge University Press.
Text 10b	In Westminster Abbey, John Betjeman © Estate of John Betjeman. Reproduced by permission of John Murray (Publishers).
Text 13a	© Bessie Head, 'Snapshots of a Wedding' from <i>The Collector of Treasures and Other Botswana Village Tales</i> , Heinemann 1977. Reproduced by permission of Johnson & Alcock Ltd.
Text 13b	© Nadine Gordimer, The Train from Rhodesia from <i>The Soft Voice of the Serpent</i> . Reproduced by permission of A P Watt Ltd on behalf of Nadine Gordimer.
Text 16a, b	Rex and Lessford's Rabbits from <i>Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories</i> , ed. Whittle and Blatchford, Longman, 1999. Reproduced by permission of Pollinger Limited and The Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli.
Text 19a, b	© J G Ballard, 1984, <i>Empire of the Sun</i> , HarperCollins Publishers Ltd. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Ltd, http://harpercollins.co.uk
Text 22	from <i>Things Fall Apart</i> by Chinua Achebe. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt Education.
Text 25	from <i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> by Ernest Hemingway, published by Jonathan Cape. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.
Text 28	© George Orwell, <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> , 1949. Reproduced by permission of Bill Hamilton as the Literary Executor of the Estate of the Late Sonia Brownell Orwell, Martin Secker & Warburg Ltd.
Text 31a	© Helen Harris, The Man who kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station from <i>The Penguin Book of Modern Women's Short Stories</i>
Text 31b	© 1983, Caroline Blackwood. Reprinted by permission of The Wylie Agency (UK) Ltd.
Text 34a, b	© Michael Palin, <i>Pole to Pole</i> , BBC Books, 1999. Reproduced by kind permission of the BBC.
Text 37	Extract by Nick Hornby from <i>Fever Pitch</i> (Copyright © Nick Hornby 2000) is reproduced by permission of PFD (www.pfd.co.uk) on behalf of Nick Hornby.

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

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