OCR
RECOGNISING ACHIEVEMENT

H

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION 2442/2

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)
Scheme A

UNIT 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914 (Higher Tier)

WEDNESDAY 16 JANUARY 2008 Afternoon

Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials: Answer Booklet (8 page)

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

CUP/T43000

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- You must answer **one** question from **Section A**;
- You must answer **one other** question, **either** from **Section B or from Section C**.
- Write your answers, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks for each question is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part 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.

This document consists of **30** printed pages and **6** blank pages.

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SECTION A

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

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HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*	14–15	10–12

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OCR: *Opening Lines: Section G: How It Looks From Here*

1 (a)

Judging Distances

Not only how far away, but the way that you say it
Is very important. Perhaps you may never get
The knack of judging a distance, but at least you know
How to report on a landscape: the central sector,
The right of arc and that, which we had last Tuesday,
    And at least you know

That maps are of time, not place, so far as the army
Happens to be concerned – the reason being,
Is one which need not delay us. Again, you know
There are three kinds of tree, three only, the fir and the poplar,
And those which have bushy tops to; and lastly
    That things only seem to be things.

A barn is not called a barn, to put it more plainly,
Or a field in the distance, where sheep may be safely grazing.
You must never be over-sure. You must say, when reporting:
At five o'clock in the central sector is a dozen
Of what appear to be animals; whatever you do,
    Don't call the bleeders *sheep*.

I am sure that's quite clear; and suppose, for the sake of example,
The one at the end, asleep, endeavours to tell us
What he sees over there to the west, and how far away,
After first having come to attention. There to the west,
On the fields of summer the sun and the shadows bestow
    Vestments of purple and gold.

The still white dwellings are like a mirage in the heat,
And under the swaying elms a man and a woman
Lie gently together. Which is, perhaps, only to say
That there is a row of houses to the left of arc,
And that under some poplars a pair of what appear to be humans
    Appear to be loving.

Well that, for an answer, is what we might rightly call
Moderately satisfactory only, the reason being,
Is that two things have been omitted, and those are important.
The human beings, now: in what direction are they,
And how far away, would you say? And do not forget
    There may be dead ground in between.

There may be dead ground in between; and I may not have got
The knack of judging a distance; I will only venture
A guess that perhaps between me and the apparent lovers,
(Who, incidentally, appear by now to have finished)
At seven o'clock from the houses, is roughly a distance
    Of about one year and a half.

Henry Reed

(b) *Engineers' Corner*

Why isn't there an Engineers' Corner in Westminster Abbey?

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

That's why this country's going down the drain.

Wendy Cope

Either **1** Compare the ways in which the poets in these two poems amusingly criticise other people's attitudes. [30]

Or **2** Explore the differing ways in which the poets memorably bring to life the worries and fears of the women in *Mirror* (Plath) and *The Hare* (Hill). [30]

Or **3** Explore the differing ways in which the poets vividly convey thoughts and feelings about happiness in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)
In Your Mind (Duffy)
Wedding-Wind (Larkin). [30]

4 (a) *The Bohemians*

Certain people would not clean their buttons,
Nor polish buckles after latest fashions,
Preferred their hair long, putties comfortable,
Barely escaping hanging, indeed hardly able,
In Bridge and smoking without army cautions
Spending hours that sped like evil for quickness,
(While others burnished brasses, earned promotions)
These were those ones who jested in the trench,
While others argued of army ways, and wrenched
What little soul they had still further from shape,
And died off one by one, or became officers
Without the first of dream, the ghost of notions
Of ever becoming soldiers, or smart and neat,
Surprised as ever to find the army capable
Of sounding 'Lights out' to break a game of Bridge,
As to fear candles would set a barn alight.
In Artois or Picardy they lie – free of useless fashions.

Ivor Gurney

(b) *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.
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.

Siegfried Sassoon

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

Either **4** Compare the ways in which Gurney and Sassoon memorably portray the effects of war on soldiers in these two poems. [30]

Or **5** Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey the differences between what young men expected of war and what they found, in *Recruiting* (Mackintosh) and *Joining the Colours* (Hinkson). [30]

Or **6** Compare the ways in which the poets movingly portray the effect of the death of soldiers on people at home, in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Spring in War-Time (Nesbit)
Perhaps – (Brittain)
Reported Missing (Keown). [30]

[Turn over

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

7 (a)

An Arundel Tomb

Side by side, their faces blurred,
The earl and countess lie in stone,
Their proper habits vaguely shown
As jointed armour, stiffened pleat,
And that faint hint of the absurd –
The little dogs under their feet.

Such plainness of the pre-baroque
Hardly involves the eye, until
It meets his left-hand gauntlet, still
Clasped empty in the other; and
One sees, with a sharp tender shock,
His hand withdrawn, holding her hand.

They would not think to lie so long.
Such faithfulness in effigy
Was just a detail friends would see:
A sculptor's sweet commissioned grace
Thrown off in helping to prolong
The Latin names around the base.

They would not guess how early in
Their supine stationary voyage
The air would change to soundless damage,
Turn the old tenantry away;
How soon succeeding eyes begin
To look, not read. Rigidly they

Persisted, linked, through lengths and breadths
Of time. Snow fell, undated. Light
Each summer thronged the glass. A bright
Litter of birdcalls strewed the same
Bone-riddled ground. And up the paths
The endless altered people came,

Washing at their identity.
Now, helpless in the hollow of
An unarmorial age, a trough
Of smoke in slow suspended skeins
Above their scrap of history,
Only an attitude remains:

Time has transfigured them into
Untruth. The stone fidelity
They hardly meant has come to be
Their final blazon, and to prove
Our almost-instinct almost true:
What will survive of us is love.

Philip Larkin

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

(b)

Mr Bleaney

'This was Mr Bleaney's room. He stayed
The whole time he was at the Bodies, till
They moved him.' Flowered curtains, thin and frayed,
Fall to within five inches of the sill,

Whose window shows a strip of building land,
Tussocky, littered. 'Mr Bleaney took
My bit of garden properly in hand.'
Bed, upright chair, sixty-watt bulb, no hook

Behind the door, no room for books or bags –
'I'll take it.' So it happens that I lie
Where Mr Bleaney lay, and stub my fags
On the same saucer-souvenir, and try

Stuffing my ears with cotton-wool, to drown
The jabbering set he egged her on to buy.
I know his habits – what time he came down,
His preference for sauce to gravy, why

He kept on plugging at the four aways –
Likewise their yearly frame: the Frinton folk
Who put him up for summer holidays,
And Christmas at his sister's house in Stoke.

But if he stood and watched the frigid wind
Tousling the clouds, lay on the fusty bed
Telling himself that this was home, and grinned,
And shivered, without shaking off the dread

That how we live measures our own nature,
And at his age having no more to show
Than one hired box should make him pretty sure
He warranted no better, I don't know.

Philip Larkin

[Turn over

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

Either **7** Compare some of the ways in which Larkin memorably explores how people think about the past in these two poems. [30]

Or **8** 'You feel adequate to the demands of this position?' (Fanthorpe in *You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly*.)

Compare some of the ways in which the poets convey to you how people can feel inadequate in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Posterity (Larkin)
Wild Oats (Larkin)
You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly (Fanthorpe)
Going Under (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [30]

Or **9** Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully create sympathy for any **TWO** of the following:

the speaker in *The View* (Larkin)
'He' in *Half-past Two* (Fanthorpe)
the old man in *Old Man, Old Man* (Fanthorpe)
Alison in *Casehistory: Alison* (*head injury*) (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. [30]

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Turn to page 14 for Question 10.

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

5 Ways to Kill a Man

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man:
you can make him carry a plank of wood
to the top of a hill and nail him to it. To do this
properly you require a crowd of people
wearing sandals, a cock that crows, a cloak
to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one
man to hammer the nails home.

Or you can take a length of steel,
shaped and chased in a traditional way,
and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears.
But for this you need white horses,
English trees, men with bows and arrows,
at least two flags, a prince and a
castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind
allows, blow gas at him. But then you need
a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,
not to mention black boots, bomb craters,
more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs
and some round hats made of steel.

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly
miles above your victim and dispose of him by
pressing one small switch. All you then
require is an ocean to separate you, two
systems of government, a nation's scientists,
several factories, a psychopath and
land that no one needs for several years.

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways
to kill a man. Simpler, direct, and much more neat
is to see that he is living somewhere in the middle
of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

Edwin Brock

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

(b) *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.'
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
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
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
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
'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 –
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?'

Wole Soyinka

Either **10** Explore the differing ways in which the poets powerfully convey a critical view of human behaviour in these two poems. [30]

Or **11** Compare the ways in which the poets memorably create images of the natural world in *Hawk Roosting* (Hughes) and *Mushrooms* (Plath). [30]

Or **12** In what differing ways do the poets bring to life the actions of the men in *Digging* (Heaney) and *Dulce et Decorum Est* (Owen)? [30]

[Turn over

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SECTION B

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

[Turn over

13 (a) *Dead Men's Path*

'We shall make a good job of it, shan't we?' he asked his young wife when they first heard the joyful news of his promotion.

'We shall do our best,' she replied. 'We shall have such beautiful gardens and everything will be just *modern* and delightful …' In their two years of married life she had become completely infected by his passion for 'modern methods' and his denigration of 'these old and superannuated people in the teaching field who would be better employed as traders in the Onitsha market'. She began to see herself already as the admired wife of the young headmaster, the queen of the school.

The wives of the other teachers would envy her position. She would set the fashion in everything … Then, suddenly, it occurred to her that there might not be other wives. Wavering between hope and fear, she asked her husband, looking anxiously at him.

'All our colleagues are young and unmarried,' he said with enthusiasm which for once she did not share. 'Which is a good thing,' he continued.

'Why?'

'Why? They will give all their time and energy to the school.'

Nancy was downcast. For a few minutes she became sceptical about the new school; but it was only for a few minutes. Her little personal misfortune could not blind her to her husband's happy prospects. She looked at him as he sat folded up in a chair. He was stoop-shouldered and looked frail. But he sometimes surprised people with sudden bursts of physical energy. In his present posture, however, all his bodily strength seemed to have retired behind his deep-set eyes, giving them an extraordinary power of penetration. He was only twenty-six, but looked thirty or more. On the whole, he was not unhandsome.

'A penny for your thoughts, Mike,' said Nancy after a while, imitating the woman's magazine she read.

Achebe

(b) *Snapshots of a Wedding*

During the year he prepared the huts in his new yard, he frequently slept at the home of Neo.

Relatives on both sides watched this division of interest between the two yards and one day when Neo walked patronizingly into the yard of an aunt, the aunt decided to frighten her a little.

'Well aunt,' she said, with the familiar careless disrespect which went with her so-called, educated, status. 'Will you make me some tea? And how's things?'

The aunt spoke very quietly.

'You may not know it, my girl, but you are hated by everyone around here. The debate we have going is whether a nice young man like Kegoletile should marry bad-mannered rubbish like you. He would be far better off if he married a girl like Mathata, who though uneducated, still treats people with respect.'

The shock the silly girl received made her stare for a terrified moment at her aunt. Then she stood up and ran out of the house. It wiped the superior smile off her face and brought her down a little. She developed an anxiety to greet people and also an anxiety about securing Kegoletile as a husband – that was why she became pregnant six months before the marriage could take place. In spite of this, her own relatives still disliked her and right up to the day of the wedding they were still debating whether Neo was a suitable wife for any man.

Head

Either **13** Explore the writers' presentation of the characters of Nancy Obi and Neo, and of their relationships with family members, in these two extracts. [30]

Or **14** How do the writers memorably convey the difficulties characters face and overcome in *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband* (Feng) and *The Pieces of Silver* (Sealy)?

Remember to refer to details from the stories to support your answer. [30]

Or **15** Explore the ways in which the writers make their portrayal of the natural world appealing **or** unappealing in any **TWO** of the following stories:

The Winter Oak (Nagibin)
The Gold-Legged Frog (Srinawk)
Games at Twilight (Desai). [30]

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

16 (a) *A Lesson on a Tortoise*

It was the last lesson on Friday afternoon, and this, with Standard VI, was Nature Study from half-past three till half-past four. The last lesson of the week is a weariness to teachers and scholars. It is the end; there is no need to keep up the tension of discipline and effort any longer, and, yielding to weariness, a teacher is spent.

But Nature Study is a pleasant lesson. I had got a big old tortoise, who had not yet gone to sleep, though November was darkening the early afternoon, and I knew the boys would enjoy sketching him. I put him under the radiator to warm while I went for a large empty shell that I had sawn in two to show the ribs of some ancient tortoise absorbed in his bony coat. When I came back I found Joe, the old reptile, stretching slowly his skinny neck, and looking with indifferent eyes at the two intruding boys who were kneeling beside him. I was too good-tempered to send them out again into the playground, too slack with the great relief of Friday afternoon. So I bade them put out the Nature books ready. I crouched to look at Joey, and stroked his horny, blunt head with my finger. He was quite lively. He spread out his legs and gripped the floor with his flat hand-like paws, when he slackened again as if from a yawn, dropping his head meditatively.

I felt pleased with myself, knowing that the boys would be delighted with the lesson. 'He will not want to walk,' I said to myself, 'and if he takes a sleepy stride, they'll be just in ecstasy, and I can easily calm him down to his old position.' So I anticipated their entry. At the end of playtime I went to bring them in. They were a small class of about thirty – my own boys.

(b) *Lessford's Rabbits*

On Tuesday mornings I have to be at school at half past eight to administer the free breakfasts. Dinners are given in the canteen in one of the mean streets, where the children feed in a Church Mission room appropriately adorned by Sunday School cartoons showing the blessing of the little ones, and the feeding of the five thousand. We serve breakfasts, however, in school, in the wood-work room high up under the roof.

Tuesday morning sees me rushing up the six short flights of stone stairs, at twenty-five minutes to nine. It is my disposition to be late. I generally find a little crowd of children waiting in the 'art' room – so called because it is surrounded with a strip of blackboard too high for the tallest boy to reach – which is a sort of ante-room to the workshop where breakfast is being prepared. I hasten through the little throng to see if things are ready. There are two big girls putting out the basins, and another one looking in the pan to see if the milk is boiling. The room is warm, and seems more comfortable because the windows are high up under the beams of the slanting roof and the walls are all panelled with ruddy gold, varnished wood. The work bench is in the form of three sides of a square – or of an oblong – as the dining tables of the ancients used to be, I believe. At one of the extremities are the three vises, and at the other the great tin pan, like a fish kettle, standing on a gas ring. When the boys' basins are placed along the outer edge of the bench, the girls' on the inner, and the infants' on the lockers against the wall, we are ready. I look at the two rows of assorted basins, and think of the three bears. Then I admit the thirty, who bundle to their places and stand in position, girls on the inside facing boys on the outside, and quaint little infants with their toes kicking the lockers along the walls.

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

Either **16** In what ways does Lawrence, in these two extracts, memorably capture the atmosphere of 'Friday afternoon' and 'Tuesday morning' in school? [30]

Or **17** A spiteful, cruel action?
A deserved punishment?

What does Lawrence make you feel about the actions of Annie (in *Tickets, Please*) and of Ciss (in *The Lovely Lady*) when they seek their revenge?

Remember to refer to the language Lawrence uses in your answer. [30]

Or **18** Explore the ways in which Lawrence vividly portrays relationships between people and animals in any **TWO** of the following stories:

Adolf
Rex
Second Best.

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

[Turn over

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

19 A final rifle shot rang out from the USS *Wake*. The last of the wounded British sailors were pulled on to the mud-flat below the Bund. Oil leaking from the swamped *Petrel* lay in an elongated slick across the river, calming this place of battle. The British civilians who had helped to rescue the sailors sat in their greasy shirt-sleeves beside the wounded men. Jim's father was dragging the injured petty officer on to the mud-flat. Exhausted, he lost his grip and collapsed in a shallow stream that ran through the oily bank from a sewer vent below the pier.

The Japanese soldiers on the Bund were driving the crowd away from the quay, forcing the Chinese and Europeans to step from their cars and rickshaws. Jim's mother had disappeared, cut off from him by the column of military trucks. A wounded British sailor, a sandy-haired youth no more than eighteen years old, climbed the steps from the landing stage, hands outstretched like bloody ping-pong bats.

Straightening his school cap, Jim darted past him and the watching sampan coolies. He ran down the steps and jumped from the landing stage on to the spongy surface of the mud-flat. Sinking to his knees, he waded through the damp soil towards his father.

'We brought them out – good lad, Jamie.' His father sat in the stream, the body of the petty officer beside him. He had lost his spectacles and one of his shoes, and the trousers of his business suit were black with oil, but he still wore his white collar and tie. In one hand he held a yellow silk glove like those Jim had seen his mother carrying to the formal receptions at the British Embassy. Looking at the glove, Jim realized that it was the complete skin from one of the petty officer's hands, boiled off the flesh in an engine-room fire.

'She's going …' His father flicked the glove into the water like the hand of a tiresome beggar. A hoarse, throttling explosion sounded across the river from the capsized hull of the *Petrel*. There was a violent rush of steam from the risen decks, and the gunboat slipped below the waves. A cloud of frantic smoke seethed across the water, surging about as if hunting for the vanished craft.

Jim's father lay back against the mud. Jim squatted beside him. The noise of the tanks' engines on the Bund, the shouted commands of the Japanese NCOs and the drone of the circling aircraft seemed far away. The first debris from the *Petrel* was reaching them, life jackets and pieces of planking, a section of canvas awning with its trailing ropes, that resembled an enormous jellyfish, dislodged from the deep by the sinking gunboat.

A flicker of light ran along the quays like silent gunfire. Jim lay down beside his father. Drawn up above them on the Bund were hundreds of Japanese soldiers. Their bayonets formed a palisade of swords that answered the sun.

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

Either **19** How does Ballard's writing make this such a horrifying moment in the novel? [30]

Or **20** Explore how Ballard strikingly portrays the lives of Jim's parents and of the other Europeans in Shanghai before the war.

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

Or **21** 'For the first time he felt able to enjoy the war.' (Chapter 16) How does Ballard's writing vividly convey to you Jim's enjoyment of the war in **ONE or TWO** moments from the novel? [30]

[Turn over

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

22 That was many years ago, twenty years or more, and during this time Okonkwo's fame had grown like a bushfire in the harmattan. He was tall and huge, and his bushy eyebrows and wide nose gave him a very severe look. He breathed heavily, and it was said that, when he slept, his wives and children in their out-houses could hear him breathe. When he walked, his heels hardly touched the ground and he seemed to walk on springs, as if he was going to pounce on somebody. And he did pounce on people quite often. He had a slight stammer and whenever he was angry and could not get his words out quickly enough, he would use his fists. He had no patience with unsuccessful men. He had had no patience with his father.

Unoka, for that was his father's name, had died ten years ago. In his day he was lazy and improvident and was quite incapable of thinking about tomorrow. If any money came his way, and it seldom did, he immediately bought gourds of palm-wine, called round his neighbours and made merry. He always said that whenever he saw a dead man's mouth he saw the folly of not eating what one had in one's lifetime. Unoka was, of course, a debtor, and he owed every neighbour some money, from a few cowries to quite substantial amounts.

He was tall but very thin and had a slight stoop. He wore a haggard and mournful look except when he was drinking or playing on his flute. He was very good on his flute, and his happiest moments were the two or three moons after the harvest when the village musicians brought down their instruments, hung above the fireplace. Unoka would play with them, his face beaming with blessedness and peace. Sometimes another village would ask Unoka's band and their dancing *egwugwu* to come and stay with them and teach them their tunes. They would go to such hosts for as long as three or four markets, making music and feasting. Unoka loved the good fare and the good fellowship, and he loved this season of the year, when the rains had stopped and the sun rose every morning with dazzling beauty. And it was not too hot either, because the cold and dry harmattan wind was blowing down from the north. Some years the harmattan was very severe and a dense haze hung on the atmosphere. Old men and children would then sit round log fires, warming their bodies. Unoka loved it all, and he loved the first kites that returned with the dry season, and the children who sang songs of welcome to them. He would remember his own childhood, how he had often wandered around looking for a kite sailing leisurely against the blue sky. As soon as he found one he would sing with his whole being, welcoming it back from its long, long journey, and asking it if it had brought any lengths of cloth.

That was years ago, when he was young. Unoka, the grown-up, was a failure. He was poor and his wife and children had barely enough to eat. People laughed at him because he was a loafer, and they swore never to lend him any more money because he never paid back. But Unoka was such a man that he always succeeded in borrowing more, and piling up his debts.

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

Either **22** How does Achebe make the differences between Okonkwo and Unoka so striking and significant here? [30]

Or **23** Explore how Achebe makes Ezinma such a memorable and important figure in the novel.

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

Or **24** Civilisation?
Destruction?

In your view, what does Achebe's writing suggest the white man brings to Umuofia?

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

[Turn over

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

25 He was stiff and sore now and his wounds and all of the strained parts of his body hurt with the cold of the night. I hope I do not have to fight again, he thought. I hope so much I do not have to fight again.

But by midnight he fought and this time he knew the fight was useless. They came in a pack and he could only see the lines in the water that their fins made and their phosphorescence as they threw themselves on the fish. He clubbed at heads and heard the jaws chop and the shaking of the skiff as they took hold below. He clubbed desperately at what he could only feel and hear and he felt something seize the club and it was gone.

He jerked the tiller free from the rudder and beat and chopped with it, holding it in both hands and driving it down again and again. But they were up to the bow now and driving in one after the other and together, tearing off the pieces of meat that showed glowing below the sea as they turned to come once more.

One came, finally, against the head itself and he knew that it was over. He swung the tiller across the shark's head where the jaws were caught in the heaviness of the fish's head which would not tear. He swung it once and twice and again. He heard the tiller break and he lunged at the shark with the splintered butt. He felt it go in and knowing it was sharp he drove it in again. The shark let go and rolled away. That was the last shark of the pack that came. There was nothing more for them to eat.

The old man could hardly breathe now and he felt a strange taste in his mouth. It was coppery and sweet and he was afraid of it for a moment. But there was not much of it.

He spat into the ocean and said, 'Eat that, *Galanos*. And make a dream you've killed a man.'

Either **25** How does Hemingway's writing here make the old man's final battle with the sharks so dramatic? [30]

Or **26** In what ways does Hemingway make the boy, Manolin, such an important figure in the novel?

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

Or **27** Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel when Hemingway most powerfully compels you to feel sympathy for the old man. [30]

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Turn to page 28 for Question 28.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

28 His voice had grown almost dreamy. The exaltation, the lunatic enthusiasm, was still in his face. He is not pretending, thought Winston, he is not a hypocrite; he believes every word he says. What most oppressed him was the consciousness of his own intellectual inferiority. He watched the heavy yet graceful form strolling to and fro, in and out of the range of his vision. O'Brien was a being in all ways larger than himself. There was no idea that he had ever had, or could have, that O'Brien had not long ago known, examined and rejected. His mind *contained* Winston's mind. But in that case how could it be true that O'Brien was mad? It must be he, Winston, who was mad. O'Brien halted and looked down at him. His voice had grown stern again.

'Do not imagine that you will save yourself, Winston, however completely you surrender to us. No one who has once gone astray is ever spared. And even if we chose to let you live out the natural term of your life, still you would never escape from us. What happens to you here is for ever. Understand that in advance. We shall crush you down to the point from which there is no coming back. Things will happen to you from which you could not recover, if you lived a thousand years. Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling. Everything will be dead inside you. Never again will you be capable of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter, or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves.'

He paused and signed to the man in the white coat. Winston was aware of some heavy piece of apparatus being pushed into place behind his head. O'Brien had sat down beside the bed, so that his face was almost on a level with Winston's.

'Three thousand,' he said, speaking over Winston's head to the man in the white coat.

Two soft pads, which felt slightly moist, clamped themselves against Winston's temples. He quailed. There was pain coming, a new kind of pain. O'Brien laid a hand reassuringly, almost kindly, on his.

'This time it will not hurt,' he said. 'Keep your eyes fixed on mine.'

At this moment there was a devastating explosion, or what seemed like an explosion, though it was not certain whether there was any noise. There was undoubtedly a blinding flash of light. Winston was not hurt, only prostrated. Although he had already been lying on his back when the thing happened, he had a curious feeling that he had been knocked into that position. A terrific, painless blow had flattened him out. Also something had happened inside his head. As his eyes regained their focus he remembered who he was, and where he was, and recognized the face that was gazing into his own; but somewhere or other there was a large patch of emptiness, as though a piece had been taken out of his brain.

'It will not last,' said O'Brien. 'Look me in the eyes. What country is Oceania at war with?'

Winston thought. He knew what was meant by Oceania, and that he himself was a citizen of Oceania. He also remembered Eurasia and Eastasia; but who was at war with whom he did not know. In fact he had not been aware that there was any war.

'I don't remember.'

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

Either **28** How does Orwell's writing here make this extract so horrifying? [30]

Or **29** In what ways does Orwell make Julia such an important figure in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

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

Or **30** Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel when Orwell's writing makes you feel that life in Oceania is unbearable for the people who live there. [30]

[Turn over

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

31 (a) *Another Survivor*

Faith was delighted with the dress and hurried him home so she could try it on. The others were out and the house was empty. When Faith came down the stairs Rudi was astounded by the uncanny resemblance. This was not a fantasy or hallucination, but a solid, breathing figure of flesh – a revenant: his mother even before he had known her, before his birth, when she had been a young girl. He was awestruck and terrified. Unaware that she was being used for conjuration, his daughter had innocently assumed the identity of a dead woman.

He had succeeded beyond his imaginings. His mother was in the room – but how many of her? There was the young girl incarnated in his once more recognizable daughter (recreated in any case by the natural laws of genetic inheritance): the two of them fused into this touching being for whom he had been trying to make the appropriate setting with every object purchased: and another – the one he had not wanted to meet again ever.

Fainlight

(b) *Nothing Missing But the Samovar*

There was a dance, in the local market town, in connection with some equestrian activity, to which he went with Sally and her parents. It was the first time, he realized, that he had ever been anywhere with them when the whole family had not come, grandmothers and all. Sally wore an old dress of her mother's that had been cut down for her; it did not fit and was unbecoming, but she shone with excitement and anticipation. In the hotel where the dance took place, the other young girls were waiting about in the foyer in sharp-eyed groups and he was stricken again at Sally's frumpish looks in contrast to their fashionable dresses, their knowingness. But she was quite happy – laughing, greeting acquaintances.

He danced with her once at the beginning, and then left her with a group of her contemporaries. But later, the evening under way, whenever he saw her she was dancing with friends of her parents, or sitting alone on one of a row of gilt chairs at the edge of the room, holding a glass of lemonade, but still radiant, tapping her foot in time to the music. After a while he went over and sat beside her.

Lively

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

Either **31** How do Fainlight and Lively make their descriptions of Faith and Sally so moving in these two extracts? [30]

Or **32** How do the writers create sympathy for any **TWO** of the following characters?

Miss Anstruther in *Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macauley)
Millicent in *The New People* (Tremain)
The man in *The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station* (Harris)

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

Or **33** Explore some of the ways in which the writers strikingly portray how any **TWO** of the following characters overcome the difficulties they have faced:

Justin in *A Love Match* (Warner)
Chris in *Stormy Weather* (Kesson)
Anna in *Mannequin* (Rhys). [30]

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SECTION C

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

[Turn over

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

34 *(Day 44)*

By the end of this hot, hard day the ministrations of a proper Turkish bath, a hammam, are irresistible.

The Cagaloglu Hammam, a splendid emporium of cleanliness, is this year celebrating 300 years in business, during which time it has cleaned, amongst others, King Edward VII, Kaiser Wilhelm, Florence Nightingale and Tony Curtis. I can choose from a 'self-service bath' (the cheapest option), a 'scrubbed assisted bath', a 'massage à la Turk – you'll feel years younger after this vigorous revitalizing treatment' or the 'Sultan service', which promises, modestly, that 'you will feel reborn'. At 120,000 Turkish lira, about £17, rebirth seems a snip, and after signing up I'm given a red-and-white check towel and shown to a small changing cubicle. Through the glass I can see a group of masseurs with long droopy moustaches, hairy chests, bulbous stomachs and an occasional tattoo. At that moment a Turkish father and son emerge from a cubicle and the little boy, who looks to be only eight or nine, is ushered towards the steam-room by one of these desperadoes with a reassuring gentleness and good humour.

The steam-room, the hararet, is set to one side of an enormous central chamber with walls and floor of silver-grey marble, and a dome supported by elegant columns and arches. While I work up a good dripping sweat from the underfloor heating I get talking to a fellow bather, an Italian. He has driven to Istanbul from Bologna, and had come quite unscathed through Yugoslavia, where there is a state of civil war, but had found newly-liberated Romania a dark and dangerous place. Gasoline was almost unobtainable. He bought a can which he found later to be water. I asked him if there was any more news from the USSR. He said he had heard that Leningrad had been sealed off and tanks had moved into the Kremlin.

Then it's my turn on the broad inlaid marble massage slab called the Gobek Tasi. I'm rubbed, stretched and at one point mounted and pulled up by my arms before being taken off and soaped all over by a masseur who keeps saying 'Good?' in a tone which brooks no disagreement. He dons a sinister black glove the size of a baseball mitt. (The brochure describes it as 'a handknitted Oriental washing cloth', but it feels like a Brillo pad.) Never have I been so thoroughly scoured. The dirt and skin roll off me like the deposits from a school rubber. How can I have been so filthy and not know about it?

There is a small bar giving on to an open courtyard at the back of the hammam. Sitting here with a glass of raki and a bowl of grapes luxuriating in the afterglow of the bath at the end of a long day, I feel as content as I ever could.

Either **34** Explore the ways in which Palin here makes his visit to a Turkish bath so amusing and entertaining. [30]

Or **35** In what ways does Palin's writing make memorable for you his visit to Dr Baela, and his illness afterwards (Days 108 and 109)? [30]

Or **36** Explore the ways in which Palin makes memorable **ONE or TWO** moments when he is in uncomfortable or dangerous situations. [30]

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch*

37 *Playing*

I'm a striker; or rather, I am not a goalkeeper, defender or midfield player, and not only can I remember without difficulty some of the goals I scored five or ten or fifteen years ago, I still, privately, take great pleasure in doing so, although I am sure that this sort of indulgence will result in my eventual blindness. I'm no good at football, needless to say, although happily that is also true of the friends I play with. We are just good enough to make it worthwhile: every week one of us scores a blinding goal, a scorching right-foot volley or a side-foot into a corner that caps a mazy run through a bewildered opposition defence, and we think about it secretly and guiltily (this is not what grown men should dream about) until the next time. Some of us have no hair on the tops of our heads, although this, we remind each other, has never been a handicap to Ray Wilkins, or that brilliant Sampdoria winger whose name escapes me; many of us are a few pounds overweight; most of us are in our mid-thirties. And even though there is an unspoken agreement that we don't tackle very hard, a relief for those of us who never could, I have noticed in the last couple of years that I wake up on Thursday mornings almost paralysed by stiffening joints, pulled hamstrings and sore Achilles tendons; my knee is swollen and puffy for the next two days, a legacy of the medial ligament torn in a game ten years ago (the subsequent exploratory operation was the closest I ever got to being a real footballer); whatever pace I had has been eroded by my advancing years and my self-abusive lifestyle. By the end of our sixty minutes I am bright red with exertion, and my Arsenal replica away shirt (old model) and shorts are sopping wet.

Either **37** How does Hornby here create such an amusing and entertaining image of himself as a football player? [30]

Or **38** How does Hornby make his visit to Highbury in the chapter *Thumped* (pages 30–34) so dramatic?

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

Or **39** Explore any **ONE or TWO** moments in Hornby's book when he makes you feel that being an Arsenal supporter is particularly upsetting for him. [30]