

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**

**2448/2**

**ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**Scheme B**

Unit 8 Post-1914 Texts (Higher Tier)

**TUESDAY 22 JANUARY 2008**

Morning

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.**



**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 **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.

**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 **60**.
- All questions carry equal marks.

This document consists of **35** printed pages and **5** blank pages.

**CONTENTS**

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

**SECTION A – Drama post-1914**

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

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**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 23

**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
<b>Drama post-1914</b>		
<i>Whose Life is it Anyway?</i> (Clark)	4–5	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	JOHN:	Good morning Mr Harrison . . .	
	KEN:	Come to trim the lawn?	
	JOHN:	That's right.	
	KEN:	Good . . . Must make sure that all the beds and borders are neat and tidy.	5
	JOHN:	That's my job.	
	KEN:	Well, my gardening friend, isn't it about time you got some fertiliser to sprinkle on me and get some movement going in this plant?	
	JOHN:	Ah, now there you have me. You see I'm only a labourer in this here vineyard. Fertilisers and pruning and bedding out is up to the head gardener.	10
	KEN:	Still, you must be in charge of the compost heap. That's where I should be.	
		SISTER <i>puts her head around the door.</i>	
	SISTER:	John.	15
	JOHN:	Yes?	
	SISTER:	Don't be long, will you. Dr Scott will probably be early today; there's a consultant's round this morning.	
	JOHN:	Right Sister.	
		SISTER <i>goes back to her office.</i>	20
	KEN:	The visitation of the Gods.	
	JOHN:	Eh?	
	KEN:	The Gods are walking on earth again.	
	JOHN:	Oh yes – they think they're a bit of all right.	
	KEN:	What happened to the other chap – Terence he was called . . . I think?	25
	JOHN:	They come and they go . . . I think he left to get married up north somewhere.	
	KEN:	Terence, getting married? Who to? A lorry driver?	
	JOHN:	Catty!	30
	KEN:	No. Bloody jealous. From where I'm lying, if you can make it at all – even with your right hand – it would be heaven . . . I'm sorry . . . feeling sorry for myself this morning . . . can't even say I got out of the wrong side of the bed. Are you down to the bone yet? . . . Anyway, how long will you be staying?	35
	JOHN:	Just till we go professional, man.	
	KEN:	Doing what?	
	JOHN:	Music. We got a steel band – with some comedy numbers and we're getting around a bit . . . We're auditioning for Opportunity Knocks in four months.	40
	KEN:	That's great . . . Really great . . . I like steel bands . . . There's something fascinating about using oil drums – make something out of scrap . . . Why not try knocking a tune out of me?	
	JOHN:	Why not man!	
		<i>He puts down his razor and, striking KEN very lightly up and down his body like a xylophone, sings a typical steel band tune, moving rhythmically to the music. KEN is delighted. DR SCOTT comes in. JOHN stops.</i>	45
	DR SCOTT:	Don't stop . . .	
	JOHN:	It's alright . . . I've nearly finished.	50
		<i>He makes one more pass with the razor.</i>	

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?* (Cont.)

KEN: I was just making myself beautiful for you Doctor.

JOHN: There . . . Finished.  
*He goes out the door.*

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**Either 1** How does Clark make this an amusing yet important moment in the play? [20]

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**Or 2** You are Mr Justice Millhouse, walking out of the hospital after delivering your verdict.  
Write your thoughts. [20]

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 3      BIFF:            Why does Dad mock me all the time?  
          HAPPY:        He's not mocking you, he –  
          BIFF:            Everything I say there's a twist of mockery on his face. I can't get near  
                          him.  
          HAPPY:        He just wants you to make good, that's all. I wanted to talk to you            5  
                          about Dad for a long time, Biff. Something's – happening to him. He  
                          – talks to himself.  
          BIFF:            I noticed that this morning. But he always mumbled.  
          HAPPY:        But not so noticeable. It got so embarrassing I sent him to Florida.  
                          And you know something? Most of the time he's talking to you.            10  
          BIFF:            What's he say about me?  
          HAPPY:        I can't make it out.  
          BIFF:            What's he say about me?  
          HAPPY:        I think the fact that you're not settled, that you're still kind of up in the  
                          air . . .            15  
          BIFF:            There's one or two other things depressing him, Happy.  
          HAPPY:        What do you mean?  
          BIFF:            Never mind. Just don't lay it all to me.  
          HAPPY:        But I think if you got started – I mean – is there any future for you out  
                          there?            20  
          BIFF:            I tell ya, Hap, I don't know what the future is. I don't know – what I'm  
                          supposed to want.  
          HAPPY:        What do you mean?  
          BIFF:            Well, I spent six or seven years after high school trying to work myself  
                          up. Shipping clerk, salesman, business of one kind or another. And            25  
                          it's a measly manner of existence. To get on that subway on the hot  
                          mornings in summer. To devote your whole life to keeping stock, or  
                          making phone calls, or selling or buying. To suffer fifty weeks of the  
                          year for the sake of a two-week vacation, when all you really desire is  
                          to be outdoors, with your shirt off. And always to have to get ahead of  
                          the next fella. And still – that's how you build a future.            30  
          HAPPY:        Well, you really enjoy it on a farm? Are you content out there?  
          BIFF [*with rising agitation*]:    Hap, I've had twenty or thirty different kinds of job since  
                          I left home before the war, and it always turns out the same. I just  
                          realized it lately. In Nebraska when I herded cattle, and the Dakotas,            35  
                          and Arizona, and now in Texas. It's why I came home now, I guess,  
                          because I realized it. This farm I work on, it's spring there now, see?  
                          And they've got about fifteen new colts. There's nothing more inspiring  
                          or – beautiful than the sight of a mare and a new colt. And it's cool  
                          there now, see? Texas is cool now, and it's spring. And whenever  
                          spring comes to where I am, I suddenly get the feeling, my God, I'm  
                          not gettin' anywhere. What the hell am I doing, playing around with  
                          horses, twenty-eight dollars a week! I'm thirty-four years old, I oughta  
                          be makin' my future. That's when I come running home. And now, I  
                          get here, and I don't know what to do with myself. [*After a pause*] I've  
                          always made a point of not wasting my life, and everytime I come  
                          back here I know that all I've done is to waste my life.            40  
          HAPPY:        You're a poet, you know that, Biff? You're a – you're an idealist!  
          BIFF:            No, I'm mixed up very bad. Maybe I oughta get married. Maybe I  
                          oughta get stuck into something. Maybe that's my trouble. I'm like a  
                          boy. I'm not married, I'm not in business, I just – I'm like a boy. Are you  
                          content, Hap? You're a success, aren't you? Are you content?            50

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

HAPPY: Hell, no!

BIFF: Why? You're making money, aren't you?

---

**Either** 3 What impressions of Biff does Miller create in this passage? [20]

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**Or** 4 You are Howard after your meeting with Willy (near the start of Act Two).

Write your thoughts. [20]

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

5	<p>RALEIGH: I say, here's your ring.</p> <p>OSBORNE: Yes. I'm – I'm leaving it here. I don't want the risk of losing it.</p> <p>RALEIGH: Oh! (<i>There is silence. He puts the ring slowly down.</i>)</p> <p>OSBORNE: (<i>rising</i>) Well, I think perhaps we ought to get ready.</p> <p>RALEIGH: Yes. Righto. (<i>He also rises.</i>)</p> <p>OSBORNE: I'm not going to wear a belt – just my revolver, with the lanyard round my neck.</p> <p>RALEIGH: I see. (<i>He puts his lanyard round his neck and grips his revolver.</i>) I feel better with this in my hand, don't you?</p> <p>OSBORNE: Yes. Something to hold. Loaded all right?</p> <p>RALEIGH: Yes.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;"><i>They put on their helmets. OSBORNE takes his pipe from his mouth and lays it carefully on the table.</i></p> <p>OSBORNE: I do hate leaving a pipe when it's got a nice glow on the top like that.</p> <p>RALEIGH: (<i>with a short laugh</i>) What a pity!</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;"><i>There is another pause. OSBORNE glances at his watch as it lies on the table.</i></p> <p>OSBORNE: Three minutes to. I think we'd better go.</p> <p>RALEIGH: Righto.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;"><i>Their eyes meet as OSBORNE turns from the table.</i></p> <p>OSBORNE: I'm glad it's you and I – together, Raleigh.</p> <p>RALEIGH: (<i>eagerly</i>) Are you – really?</p> <p>OSBORNE: Yes.</p> <p>RALEIGH: So am I – awfully.</p> <p>OSBORNE: We must put up a good show.</p> <p>RALEIGH: Yes. Rather!</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;"><i>There is a short pause.</i></p> <p>OSBORNE: Let's go along, shall we?</p> <p>RALEIGH: Righto.</p> <p style="padding-left: 2em;"><i>They go towards the steps.</i></p>	5 10 15 20 25 30
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**Either**    **5**    How does Sherriff make this such a moving moment in the play?    [20]

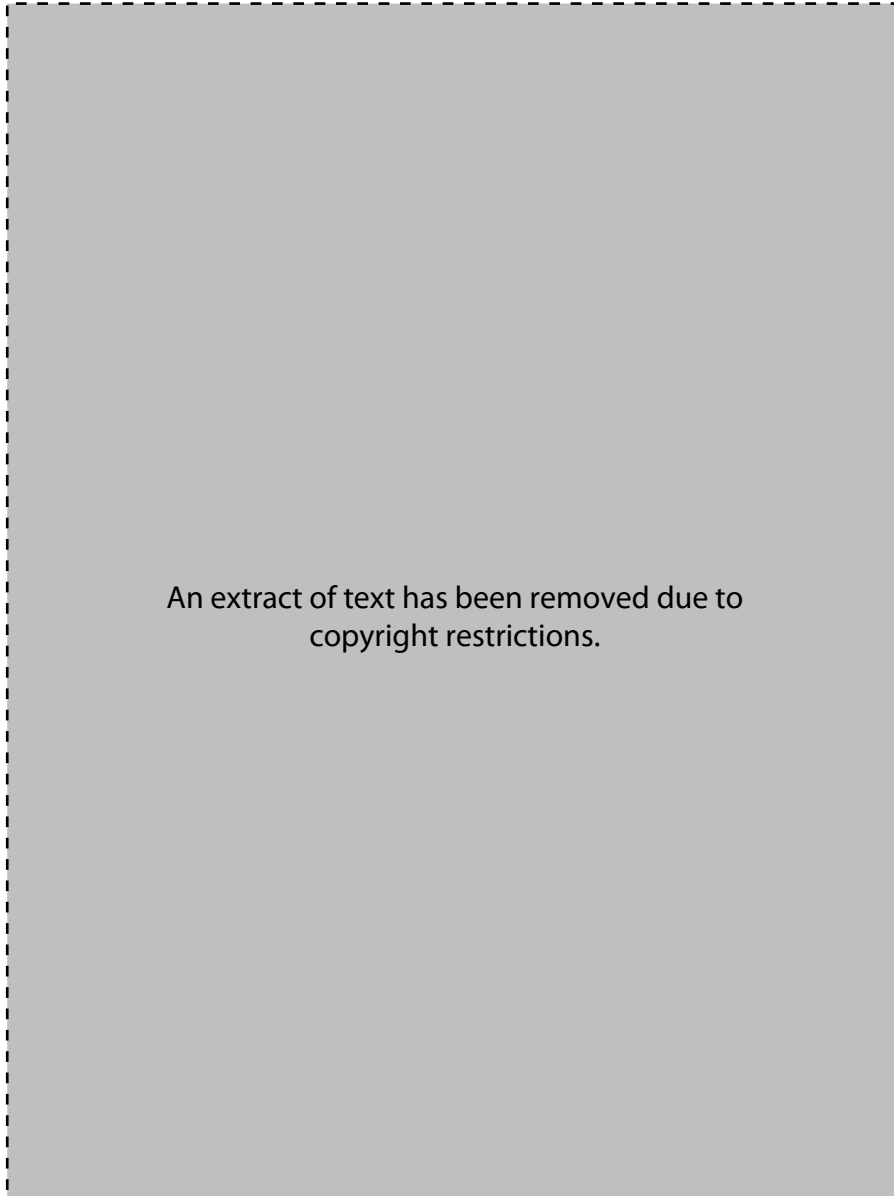
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**Or**        **6**    How does Sherriff's portrayal of Hibbert contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?    [20]



HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

7 DAVIES: No, don't look the right size....



DAVIES: Don't fit though.

**Either** 7 How does Pinter present Davies here? \_\_\_\_\_ [20]

**Or** 8 Explore **ONE** moment in the play where something or someone particularly surprises you, and show how Pinter creates surprise. \_\_\_\_\_ [20]

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## SECTION B

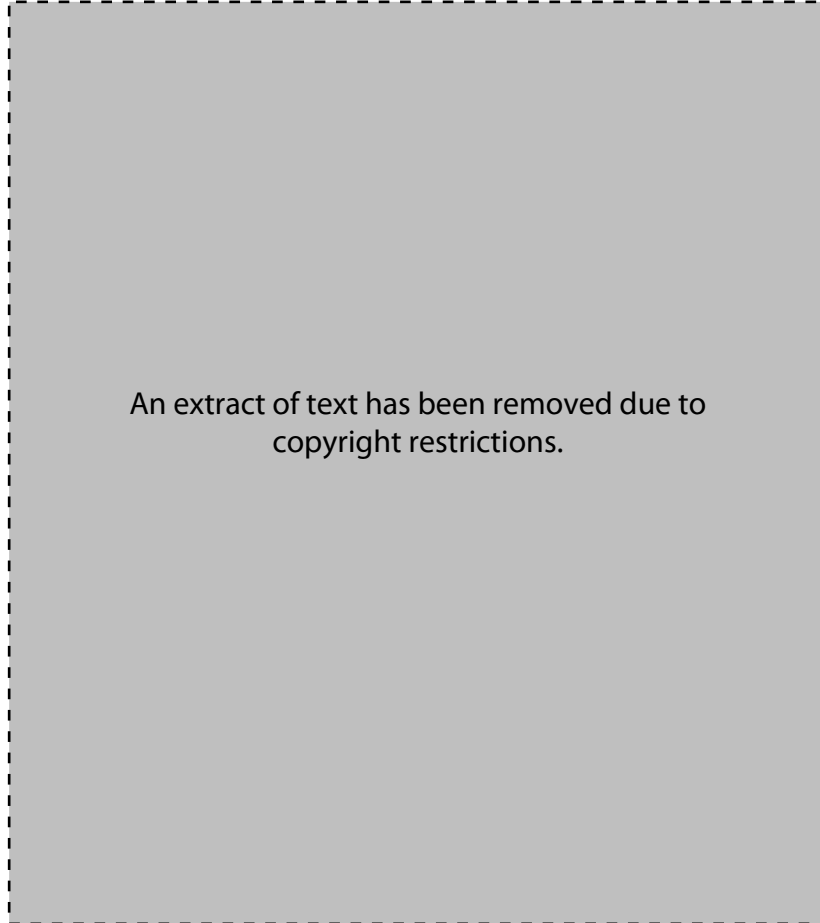
You **MUST** answer **ONE** question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
<b>Poetry post-1914</b>		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: <i>How It Looks From Here</i>	12–13	9–10
<b>Or</b> Section H: <i>The 1914–18 War (ii)</i>	14–15	11–12
 <i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)	16–18	13–14
Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe		
 <i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes)	20–21	15–16

9 (a)

*Defying Gravity*

Gravity is one the oldest tricks in the book....



An extract of text has been removed due to  
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Then, weighted down, the living will walk wearily away.

Roger McGough

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

(b)

*Bedfellows*

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

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

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

Don Paterson

---

**Either 9** Compare how the poets strikingly convey thoughts about death and dying in these two poems. [20]

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**Or 10** Compare how the poets vividly convey the power of imagination in **TWO** of the following poems:

*In Your Mind* (Duffy)  
*Things* (Adcock)  
*The Hare* (Hill).

[20]

11 (a)

*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

**(b)** *The Parable of the Old Man and the Young*

So Abram rose, and clave the wood, and went,  
 And took the fire with him, and a knife.  
 And as they sojourned both of them together,  
 Isaac the first-born spake and said, My Father,  
 Behold the preparations, fire and iron, 5  
 But where the lamb, for this burnt-offering?  
 Then Abram bound the youth with belts and straps,  
 And builded parapets and trenches there,  
 And stretchèd forth the knife to slay his son.  
 When lo! an Angel called him out of heaven, 10  
 Saying, Lay not thy hand upon the lad,  
 Neither do anything to him, thy son.  
 Behold! Caught in a thicket by its horns,  
 A Ram. Offer the Ram of Pride instead.

But the old man would not so, but slew his son,  
 And half the seed of Europe, one by one. 15

Wilfred Owen

---

**Either** 11 Explore the differing ways in which the poets here powerfully express views about the sacrifice of lives in war. [20]

**Or** 12 Compare how the poets vividly present soldiers' reactions to war, in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Target* (Gurney)

*The Bohemians* (Gurney)

*Lamentations* (Sassoon). [20]

*Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe*

13 (a)

*Wild Oats*

About twenty years ago  
 Two girls came in where I worked –  
 A bosomy English rose  
 And her friend in specs I could talk to.  
 Faces in those days sparked 5  
 The whole shooting-match off, and I doubt  
 If ever one had like hers:  
 But it was the friend I took out,

And in seven years after that  
 Wrote over four hundred letters, 10  
 Gave a ten-guinea ring  
 I got back in the end, and met  
 At numerous cathedral cities  
 Unknown to the clergy. I believe  
 I met beautiful twice. She was trying 15  
 Both times (so I thought) not to laugh.

Parting, after about five  
 Rehearsals, was an agreement  
 That I was too selfish, withdrawn,  
 And easily bored to love. 20  
 Well, useful to get that learnt.  
 In my wallet are still two snaps  
 Of bosomy rose with fur gloves on.  
 Unlucky charms, perhaps.

Philip Larkin



## Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

(b)

*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.
- (My hero, intransigent Emily,  
 Cauterized her own-dog-mauled  
 Arm with a poker,  
 Struggled to die on her feet, 35  
 Never told anyone anything.)
- I wasn't good  
 At growing up. Never learned  
 The natives' art of life. Conversation  
 Disintegrated as I touched it, 40  
 So I played mute, wormed along years,  
 Reciting the hard-learned arcane litany  
 Of cliché, my company passport.  
 Not a nice person,  
 No. 45

*Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)*

The gift remains  
 Masonic, dark. But age affords  
 A vocation even for wallflowers.  
 Called to be connoisseur, I collect,  
 Admire, the effortless bravura 50  
 Of other people's lives, proper and comely,  
 Treading the measure, shopping, chaffing,  
 Quarrelling, drinking, not knowing  
 How right they are, or how, like well-oiled bolts,  
 Swiftly and sweet, they slot into the grooves 55  
 Their ancestors smoothed out along the grain.

U. A. Fanthorpe

---

**Either 13** Compare some of the ways in which these poems look back on the past. [20]

---

**Or 14** Compare the ways in which the poets memorably express their feelings in **TWO** of the following poems:

*Reasons for Attendance* (Larkin)

*Poetry of Departures* (Larkin)

*Growing Out* (Fanthorpe). [20]

**Turn to page 20 for Question 15.**

15 (a)

*Mid-Term Break*

I sat all morning in the college sick bay  
 Counting bells knelling classes to a close.  
 At two o'clock our neighbours drove me home.

In the porch I met my father crying –  
 He had always taken funerals in his stride – 5  
 And Big Jim Evans saying it was a hard blow.

The baby cooed and laughed and rocked the pram  
 When I came in, and I was embarrassed  
 By old men standing up to shake my hand

And tell me they were 'sorry for my trouble', 10  
 Whispers informed strangers I was the eldest,  
 Away at school, as my mother held my hand

In hers and coughed out angry tearless sighs.  
 At ten o'clock the ambulance arrived  
 With the corpse, stanced and bandaged by the nurses. 15

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

Wearing a poppy bruise on his left temple,  
 He lay in the four foot box as in his cot. 20  
 No gaudy scars, the bumper knocked him clear.

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney

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

(b)

*Dulce Et Decorum Est*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots 5  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time; 10  
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling  
 And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .  
 Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight, 15  
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
 And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin; 20  
 If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
 Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –  
 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest 25  
 To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
 The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est  
 Pro patria mori.

Wilfred Owen

**Either** 15 Compare the ways in which these poems convey to you strong reactions to death. [20]

**Or** 16 Compare how the poets strikingly communicate thoughts and feelings about time and change in any **TWO** of the following poems.

*Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* (Causley)

*Hawk Roosting* (Hughes)

*Digging* (Heaney).

[20]



## SECTION C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
<b>Prose post-1914</b>		
<i>Opening Worlds</i> (OCR)	24–25	17–18
<i>Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	26–27	19–20
<i>Empire of the Sun</i> (Ballard)	28	21–22
<i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i> (ed. Hill)	30–31	23–24
<i>Things Fall Apart</i> (Achebe)	32	25–26
<i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> (Hemingway)	33	27–28
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell)	34	29–30

## Opening Worlds (OCR)

*The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*

- 17 (a) This was an old-fashioned block of flats with large sunny rooms and wide, dark corridors. It stood in a big courtyard with a small gatehouse. The man who lived there was a tailor, a decent fellow. His wife, who brimmed over with energy, liked to call on her neighbours and gossip. Most of all she liked to ferret out their secrets. She knew exactly how husbands and wives got on, why sisters-in-law quarrelled, who was lazy, who hard-working, and how much everyone earned. If she was unclear about anything she would leave no stone unturned to get at the truth. The thirst for knowledge makes even the ignorant wise. In this respect she was outstanding. She analysed conversations, watched expressions, and could even tell what people were secretly thinking. Simply by using her nose, she knew which household was eating meat or fish, and from that could deduce their income. For some reason or other, ever since the sixties each housing estate had chosen someone like this as a 'neighbourhood activist', giving legal status to these nosey-parkers so that their officiousness could have full play. It seems the Creator will never waste any talent. 5
- Though the tailor's wife was indefatigable she failed to discover how this incongruous couple who passed daily before her eyes had come to marry. She found this most frustrating; it posed a formidable challenge. On the basis of her experience, however, and by racking her brains she finally came up with a plausible explanation: either husband or wife must have some physiological deficiency. Otherwise no one would marry someone a whole head taller or shorter. Her grounds for this reasoning were that after three years of marriage they still had no children. The residents of Unity Mansions were all convinced by this brilliant hypothesis. 10

Feng Ji-cai

*Leela's Friend*

- (b) Leela ran in and told her mother, 'Sidda knows the moon.' At dusk he carried her in and she held a class for him. She had a box filled with catalogues, illustrated books and stumps of pencils. It gave her great joy to play the teacher to Sidda. She made him squat on the floor with a pencil between his fingers and a catalogue in front of him. She had another pencil and a catalogue and commanded, 'Now write.' And he had to try and copy whatever she wrote in the pages of her catalogue. She knew two or three letters of the alphabet and could draw a kind of cat and crow. But none of these could Sidda copy even remotely. She said, examining his effort, 'Is this how I have drawn the crow? Is this how I have drawn the B?' She pitied him and redoubled her efforts to teach him. But that good fellow, though an adept at controlling the moon, was utterly incapable of plying the pencil. Consequently, it looked as though Leela would keep him there pinned to his seat till his stiff, inflexible wrist cracked. He sought relief by saying, 'I think your mother is calling you in to dinner.' Leela would drop the pencil and run out of the room, and the school hour would end. 5
- After dinner Leela ran to her bed. Sidda had to be ready with a story. He sat down on the floor near the bed and told incomparable stories: of animals in the jungle, of gods in heaven, of magicians who could conjure up golden castles and fill them with little princesses and their pets . . . 10
- Day by day she clung closer to him. She insisted upon having his company all her waking hours. She was at his side when he was working in the garden or chopping wood, and accompanied him when he was sent on errands. 20

R.K. Narayan



*Opening Worlds* (OCR) (Cont.)

**Either** 17 How does the writing in these passages affect your feelings about the tailor's wife and Leela? [20]

---

**Or** 18 How do the writers show the effect of money and possessions on any **TWO** of the following characters?

Nancy Obi in *Dead Men's Path*

the young husband in *The Train from Rhodesia*

Naraian in *The Young Couple*

[20]

## 19 (a)

*The Lovely Lady*

But Pauline would not live long. She was literally shrivelling away. She kept her room, and saw no one. She had her mirrors taken away.

Robert and Cecilia sat a good deal together. The jeering of the mad Pauline had not driven them apart, as she had hoped. But Cecilia dared not confess to him what she had done. 5

'Do you think your mother ever loved anybody?' Ciss asked him tentatively, rather wistfully, one evening.

He looked at her fixedly.

'Herself!' he said at last.

'She didn't even *love* herself,' said Ciss. 'It was something else. What was it?' She lifted a troubled, utterly puzzled face to him. 10

'Power,' he said curtly.

'But what power?' she asked. 'I don't understand.'

'Power to feed on other lives,' he said bitterly. 'She was beautiful, and she fed on life. She has fed on me as she fed on Henry. She put a sucker into one's soul, and sucked up one's essential life.' 15

'And don't you forgive her?'

'No.'

'Poor Aunt Pauline!'

But even Ciss did not mean it. She was only aghast. 20

'I *know* I've got a heart,' he said, passionately striking his breast. 'But it's almost sucked dry. I *know* I've got a soul, somewhere. But it's gnawed bare. I *hate* people who want power over others.'

Ciss was silent. What was there to say?

And two days later Pauline was found dead in her bed, having taken too much veronal, for her heart was weakened. 25

From the grave even she hit back at her son and her niece. She left Robert the noble sum of one thousand pounds, and Ciss one hundred. All the rest, with the nucleus of her valuable antiques, went to form the 'Pauline Attenborough Museum'.

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

(b)

*Her Turn*

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

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

'We stood in need of 'em enough.'

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

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

He stood very still as he looked.

'It's right,' she said.

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

She stood hesitating, watching him. Her heart was heavy, and yet there was a curious, cat-like look of satisfaction round her eyes. Then she went indoors and gazed at her new cups, admiringly. 15

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

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

**Either** 19 How do you think Lawrence makes these passages effective endings to the stories? [20]

**Or** 20 Explore how Lawrence memorably portrays young people in love in **TWO** of the following stories:

*A Prelude*

*The Shades of Spring*

*Second Best.*

[20]

- 21 Outside the tram station in the Avenue Haig the hundreds of passengers were briefly silent as they watched a public beheading. The bodies of a man and woman in quilted peasant clothes, perhaps pickpockets or Kuomintang spies, lay by the boarding platform. The Chinese NCOs wiped their boots as the blood ran into the metal grooves of the steel rails. A tram crowded with passengers approached, its bell forcing the execution party aside. It clanked along, connector rod hissing and throwing sparks from the overhead power line, its front wheels a moist scarlet as if painted for the annual labour union parade. 5
- Usually Jim would have paused to observe the crowd. On the way home from school Yang would often drive by the Old City. The public stranglings were held in a miniature stadium with a scrubbed wooden floor and rows of circular benches around the teak execution posts, and always attracted a thoughtful audience. The Chinese enjoyed the spectacle of death, Jim had decided, as a way of reminding themselves of how precariously they were alive. They liked to be cruel for the same reason, to remind themselves of the vanity of thinking that the world was anything else. 10 15
- Jim watched the coolies and peasant women staring at the headless bodies. Already the press of tram passengers was pushing them aside, submerging this small death. He turned away, tripping over the charcoal brazier in which a pavement vendor was frying pieces of battered snake. Drops of fat splashed into the wooden bucket, where a single snake swam, thrashing itself as it leapt at the hissing oil. The vendor lunged at Jim with his hot ladle, trying to cuff his head, but he slipped between the parked rickshaws. He ran along the blood-smeared tramlines towards the entrance of the depot. 20
- He pushed through the waiting passengers and squeezed himself on to a concrete bench with a group of peasant women carrying chickens in wicker baskets. The women's bodies reeked of sweat and fatigue, but Jim was too exhausted to move. He had walked over two miles along the crowded pavements. He knew that he was being followed by a young Chinese, probably a pedicab tout or a runner for one of Shanghai's tens of thousands of small-time gangsters. A tall youth with a dead, boneless face, oily black hair and leather jacket, he had noticed Jim outside the greyhound stadium. Kidnappings were commonplace in Shanghai – before his parents learned to trust Yang, they insisted that Jim always drove to school with the governess. He guessed that the youth was interested in his blazer and leather shoes, in his aviator's watch and the American fountain pen clipped to his breast pocket. 25 30 35
- The youth stepped through the crowd and walked up to Jim, his yellow hands like ferrets. 'American boy?'

---

**Either** 21 How does Ballard build up such a tense and threatening atmosphere in this passage? [20]

---

**Or** 22 In what ways does Ballard suggest that Jim's personality is affected by his experiences in the camps?

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

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**Turn to page 30 for Question 23.**

## 23 (a)

*A Love Match*

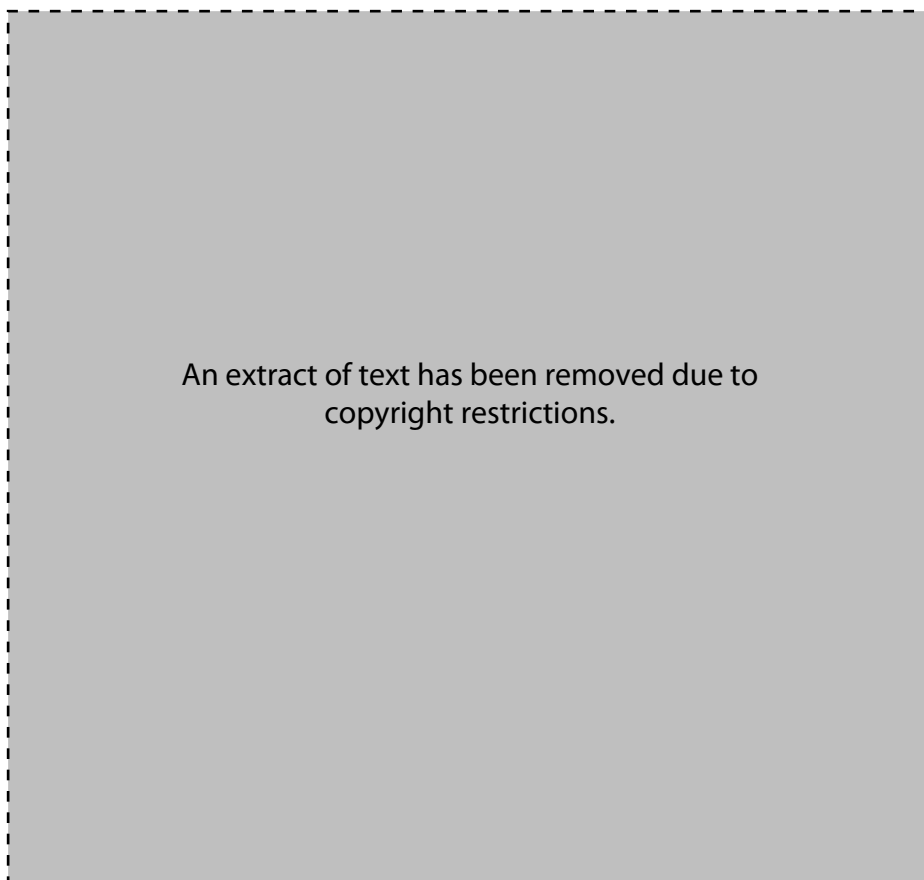
Beauty cannot be suborned. Never again did Justin see Celia quivering with beauty as she had done on the day she came to him in hospital. But he went on thinking she had a charming face and the most entertaining eyebrows in the world. Loving each other criminally and sincerely, they took pains to live together happily and to safeguard their happiness from injuries of their own infliction or from outside. It would have been difficult for them to have been anything but inconspicuous, or to be taken for anything but a brother and sister – the kind of brother and sister of whom one says, 'It will be rather hard for her when he marries'. Their relationship, so conveniently obvious to the public eye, was equally convenient in private life for it made them unusually intuitive about each other's feelings. Brought up to the same standard of behaviour, using the same vocabulary, they felt no need to impress each other and were not likely to be taken aback by each other's likes and dislikes. Even the fact of remembering the same foxed copy of *The Swiss Family Robinson* with the tear across the picture of the boa constrictor was a reassuring bond. During the first years in France they felt they would like to have a child – or for the sake of the other's happiness ought to have a child – and discussed the possibilities of a child put out to nurse, learning French as its native speech, and then being adopted as a postwar orphan, since it was now too late to be a war orphan. But however the child was dated, it would be almost certain to declare its inheritance of Grandfather Tizard's nose, and as a fruitful incest is thought even worse of than a barren one, they sensibly gave up the idea; though regretting it.

Sylvia Townsend Warner

(b)

*The New People*

Millicent decides to put on her glasses....



5

10

15

20

25

....I'm going to be homesick for England.'

Rose Tremain

**Either 23** Explore the ways the writers sensitively portray relationships in these passages. [20]

**Or 24** How do the writers of **TWO** of the following stories movingly express feelings of grief and loss?

*Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macaulay)*Another Survivor* (Fainlight)*Stone Trees* (Gardam)

[20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25 And then quite suddenly a shadow fell on the world, and the sun seemed hidden behind a thick cloud. Okonkwo looked up from his work and wondered if it was going to rain at such an unlikely time of the year. But almost immediately a shout of joy broke out in all directions, and Umuofia, which had dozed in the noon-day haze, broke into life and activity. 5
- 'Locusts are descending,' was joyfully chanted everywhere, and men, women and children left their work or their play and ran into the open to see the unfamiliar sight. The locusts had not come for many, many years, and only the old people had seen them before.
- At first, a fairly small swarm came. They were the harbingers sent to survey the land. And then appeared on the horizon a slowly-moving mass like a boundless sheet of black cloud drifting towards Umuofia. Soon it covered half the sky, and the solid mass was now broken by tiny eyes of light like shining star-dust. It was a tremendous sight, full of power and beauty. 10
- Everyone was now about, talking excitedly and praying that the locusts should camp in Umuofia for the night. For although locusts had not visited Umuofia for many years, everybody knew by instinct that they were very good to eat. And at last the locusts did descend. They settled on every tree and on every blade of grass; they settled on the roofs and covered the bare ground. Mighty tree branches broke away under them, and the whole country became the brown-earth colour of the vast, hungry swarm. 15
- Many people went out with baskets trying to catch them but the elders counselled patience till nightfall. And they were right. The locusts settled in the bushes for the night and their wings became wet with dew. Then all Umuofia turned out in spite of the cold harmattan, and everyone filled his bags and pots with locusts. The next morning they were roasted in clay pots and then spread in the sun until they became dry and brittle. And for many days this rare food was eaten with solid palm-oil. 25

---

**Either** 25 How does Achebe's writing here make this an interesting and exciting moment in the novel? [20]

---

**Or** 26 Which **ONE** female character in the novel does Achebe's writing bring most vividly alive for you?

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



ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

- 27 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.'
- He knew he was beaten now finally and without remedy and he went back to the stern and found the jagged end of the tiller would fit in the slot of the rudder well enough for him to steer. He settled the sack around his shoulders and put the skiff on her course. He sailed lightly now and he had no thoughts nor any feelings of any kind. He was past everything now and he sailed the skiff to make his home port as well and as intelligently as he could. In the night sharks hit the carcass as someone might pick up crumbs from the table. The old man paid no attention to them and did not pay any attention to anything except steering. He only noticed how lightly and how well the skiff sailed now there was no great weight beside her.
- She's good, he thought. She is sound and not harmed in any way except for the tiller. That is easily replaced.
- He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.
- The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought.
- 'Nothing,' he said aloud. 'I went out too far.'

---

**Either** 27 How does Hemingway's writing affect your feelings about the old man as you read this passage? [20]

---

**Or** 28 How do you think Hemingway makes the friendship between the old man and the boy so memorable? [20]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

- 29 A shrill trumpet-call had pierced the air. It was the bulletin! Victory! It always meant victory when a trumpet-call preceded the news. A sort of electric thrill ran through the café. Even the waiters had started and pricked up their ears.
- The trumpet-call had let loose an enormous volume of noise. Already an excited voice was gabbling from the telescreen, but even as it started it was almost drowned by a roar of cheering from outside. The news had run round the streets like magic. He could hear just enough of what was issuing from the telescreen to realize that it had all happened as he had foreseen: a vast seaborne armada secretly assembled, a sudden blow in the enemy's rear, the white arrow tearing across the tail of the black. Fragments of triumphant phrases pushed themselves through the din: 'Vast strategic manoeuvre – perfect co-ordination – utter rout – half a million prisoners – complete demoralization – control of the whole of Africa – bring the war within measurable distance of its end – victory – greatest victory in human history – victory, victory, victory!'
- Under the table Winston's feet made convulsive movements. He had not stirred from his seat, but in his mind he was running, swiftly running, he was with the crowds outside, cheering himself deaf. He looked up again at the portrait of Big Brother. The colossus that bestrode the world! The rock against which the hordes of Asia dashed themselves in vain! He thought how ten minutes ago – yes, only ten minutes – there had still been equivocation in his heart as he wondered whether the news from the front would be of victory or defeat. Ah, it was more than a Eurasian army that had perished! Much had changed in him since that first day in the Ministry of Love, but the final, indispensable, healing change had never happened, until this moment.
- The voice from the telescreen was still pouring forth its tale of prisoners and booty and slaughter, but the shouting outside had died down a little. The waiters were turning back to their work. One of them approached with the gin bottle. Winston, sitting in a blissful dream, paid no attention as his glass was filled up. He was not running or cheering any longer. He was back in the Ministry of Love, with everything forgiven, his soul white as snow. He was in the public dock, confessing everything, implicating everybody. He was walking down the white-tiled corridor, with the feeling of walking in sunlight, and an armed guard at his back. The long-hoped-for bullet was entering his brain.
- He gazed up at the enormous face. Forty years it had taken him to learn what kind of smile was hidden beneath the dark moustache. O cruel, needless misunderstanding! O stubborn, self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

---

**Either** 29 How does Orwell make this such a disturbing ending to the novel? [20]

---

**Or** 30 In what ways does Orwell make the Party's control over language so shocking? [20]

## SECTION D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
<b>Literary non-fiction post-1914</b>		
<i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin)	36–37	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	38	33–34

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

31 (a)

(Day 31)

The toasts start early and follow rapidly. Almost anything will do . . . 'To the guests!', 'To Michael!', 'To the crayfish' . . .

After each toast the glass must be drained. Pretty soon I can hardly stand up and am laughing insanely at everything, including a toast to the Romanov dynasty, rightful rulers of Russia, which is not a joke at all but taken very seriously by Edward. By the end of the meal I have put away at least a bottle of vodka, and sung 'The Lumberjack Song' from Monty Python to a rapturous reception. Mindful of the fact that I have to do my stuff as an ambassador for Watford in the morning, and that my hosts are beginning to sing long, maudlin Russian songs, I make my farewells. Never was there such a kissing and a hugging and an embracing. It was as if the world had ceased to exist outside the Correspondents Club. All the warmth and the sadness and the madness of the Russians poured out in a waterfall of emotion as we clung to each other.

I just about remember ending the evening sitting on a seat outside the Party Committee Hotel, impervious to the clouds of mosquitoes, enjoying the hot, humid night, and waiting for the Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union to arrive. The hotel staff were still in a high state of excitement and at one point the receptionist rushed out into the night holding a cardboard box at arm's length.

'What is this?' she cried. 'I think it is a bomb!'

Everyone recoiled except those of us who knew exactly what it was – Basil's box of exotic sauces for improving local cuisine. To be known from now on as 'The Bomb'.

(b)

(Day 58)

I'm more worried about tonight's fancy-dress party at which everyone is required to 'do a turn', and I use the quiet time after the others have gone off to Edfu to learn the Percy Bysshe Shelley poem 'Ozymandias':

*I met a traveller from an antique land,  
Who said two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert . . .*

Two curly-headed local boys approach the lock wall making signs on their palms for baksheesh. Instead I give them 'Ozymandias', at full volume and with attendant mime. As I reach the end, they applaud as enthusiastically as only a couple of natural actors can.

After an Oriental buffet the evening's fancy-dress party gets under way, presided over with enthusiasm by Abdul. I have secured a makeshift Roman centurion outfit which is not quite long enough to cover an expanse of Marks and Spencer underpants, and Mirabel and Patti have sportingly agreed to be a pair of concubines and lead the audience participation by holding up the words of 'Ozymandias'. At the last minute I think it might be a bit sexist to call them concubines and suggest that Abdul announce them as handmaidens.

'Oh no,' he says briskly, 'concubines is *much* better.'

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

The glamorous Italians come along as Pinocchio, and Pat and Gerald as a pair of music-hall artistes. Roger bravely dons drag as Mrs Mills and sings 'The Mighty Dnieper', and the people from Watford as the Mayor of Edfu and his family, despite being mercilessly rude about the Egyptians, win first prize, largely as a result of some virtuoso belly dancing from their daughter. But for me the unquestioned highlight of the evening was seeing Nigel operating the camera dressed as a Pharaoh. This was surely the period of history his body was intended for.

---

**Either 31** Explore how Palin makes these celebrations so amusing and unusual. [20]

---

**Or 32** How does Palin's portrayal of any **TWO** female characters make a strong impression on you? [20]

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch*from *Typical Arsenal*

- 33 I don't like the fact that for the last couple of years Arsenal have brawled and bitched their way through their seasons, of course I don't. And I would rather that Tony Adams hadn't skidded his way down a residential street after a bucketful of lager, that the club hadn't paid all of his wages while he was inside, that Ian Wright hadn't spat at Oldham fans, that Nigel Winterburn hadn't involved himself in a bizarre row with a supporter on the touchline at Highbury. These are, on the whole, Bad Things. But in a sense my feelings are beside the point. It is part of the essential Arsenal experience that they are loathed, and in an era in which more or less everybody plays with an offside trap and an extra defender, perhaps these distasteful incidents are the Arsenal way of upping the ante in order to stake sole claim to the territory. 5
- So in the end, the question of why Arsenal behave like this is not a very interesting one. I suspect that the answer is that they behave like this because they are Arsenal, and they understand their allotted role in the football scheme of things. A more interesting question is this: what does it do to the fans? How is your psyche affected, when you commit yourself for a lifetime to the team that everybody loves to hate? Are football fans like the dogs that come to resemble their masters? 10
- Emphatically, yes. The West Ham fans I know have an innate sense of underdog moral authority, the Tottenham fans give off an air of smug, ersatz sophistication, the Manchester United fans are imbued with a frustrated grandeur, Liverpool fans are simply grand. And as for Arsenal fans . . . It is impossible to believe that we have remained unaffected by loving what the rest of the world regards as fundamentally unlovable. Ever since 15th March 1969, I have been aware of the isolation my team induces, maybe even demands. My partner believes that my tendency to adopt an attitude of beleaguered defiance at each minor setback or perceived act of disloyalty has been learned from Arsenal, and she may be right. Like the club, I am not equipped with a particularly thick skin; my oversensitivity to criticism means that I am more likely to pull up the drawbridge and bitterly bemoan my lot than I am to offer a quick handshake and get on with the game. In true Arsenal style, I can dish it out but I can't take it. 15
- So that second Championship win, though less enthralling than the first, was far more satisfying, and more truly indicative of the Arsenal way: the club and the fans closed ranks and overcame, with a magnificently single-minded sense of purpose, almost insurmountable difficulties all of their own making. It was a triumph not only for the team, but for what the team has come to represent, and by extension for what all Arsenal fans have become. The 6th May was our night, and everybody else could go hang. 20
- 25
- 30
- 35

---

**Either** 33 How does Hornby present the experience of being an Arsenal fan at this point in the book? [20]

---

**Or** 34 Explore **ONE** moment in the book when Hornby's writing expresses particular disappointment. [20]



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