

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

2442/1

Scheme A

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

TUESDAY 20 MAY 2008

Morning
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials (enclosed): None

Additional materials (required):
Answer Booklet (8 page)



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 **one** question from **Section A**.
- You must answer **one other** question, **either** from **Section B or from Section C**.
- Read each question carefully and make sure you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- 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 **46**.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 4 extra marks for the whole paper.

This document consists of **33** printed pages and **7** blank pages.

CONTENTS

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

SECTION A – Poetry Post-1914

(You **must** answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

SECTION B – Prose Post-1914

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

Page 19

SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914

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

Page 35

SECTION A

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

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–11	1–6
MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): <i>Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe</i>	12–14	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	16–17	10–12

1 (a)

Mort aux Chats

There will be no more cats.
 Cats spread infection,
 cats pollute the air,
 cats consume seven times
 their own weight in food a week, 5
 cats were worshipped in
 decadent societies (Egypt
 and Ancient Rome), the Greeks
 had no use for cats. Cats
 sit down to pee (our scientists 10
 have proved it). The copulation
 of cats is harrowing; they
 are unbearably fond of the moon.
 Perhaps they are all right in
 their own country but their 15
 traditions are alien to ours.
 Cats smell, they can't help it,
 you notice it going upstairs.
 Cats watch too much television,
 they can sleep through storms, 20
 they stabbed us in the back
 last time. There have never been
 any great artists who were cats.
 They don't deserve a capital C
 except at the beginning of a sentence. 25
 I blame my headache and my
 plants dying on to cats.
 Our district is full of them,
 property values are falling.
 When I dream of God I see 30
 a Massacre of Cats. Why
 should they insist on their own
 language and religion, who
 needs to purr to make his point?
 Death to all cats! The Rule 35
 of Dogs shall last a thousand years!

Peter Porter

(b)

Rat, O Rat ...

never in all my life have I seen
as handsome a rat as you.
Thank you for noticing my potatoes.

O Rat, I am not rich.
I left you a note concerning potatoes,
but I see that I placed it too high
and you could not read it.

5

O Rat, my wife and I are cursed
with the possession of a large and hungry dog;
it worries us that he might learn your name –
which is forever on our lips.

10

O Rat, consider my neighbour:
he has eight children (all of them older
and more intelligent than mine)
and if you lived in his house, Rat,

15

ten good Christians
(if we include his wife)
would sing your praises nightly,
whereas in my house there are only five.

Christopher Logue

Either 1 What do you find most unusual about the portrayal of the animals in these two poems?

You should consider:

- the descriptions of the characters and actions of the animals
- the poets' opinions of the animals
- the words and phrases each poet uses.

[21]

Turn to page 8 for Questions 2 and 3.

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

- Or** **2** What thoughts and feelings about appearance and reality do the poets memorably convey to you in *Mirror* (Plath) and *I Am a Cameraman* (Dunn)?

You should consider:

- what Plath writes about the mirror and the woman looking into it
- what Dunn writes about film and real life
- the words and phrases each poet uses.

[21]

- Or** **3** What vivid pictures of the beauties of nature do the poets paint in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Judging Distances (Reed)

In Your Mind (Duffy)

Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems in your answer. [21]

Turn to page 10 for Question 4.

4 (a)

The Deserter

There was a man, – don't mind his name,
 Whom Fear had dogged by night and day.
 He could not face the German guns
 And so he turned and ran away.

Just that – he turned and ran away, 5
 But who can judge him, you or I?
 God makes a man of flesh and blood
 Who yearns to live and not to die.
 And this man when he feared to die
 Was scared as any frightened child, 10
 His knees were shaking under him,
 His breath came fast, his eyes were wild.
 I've seen a hare with eyes as wild,
 With throbbing heart and sobbing breath.
 But oh! it shames one's soul to see 15
 A man in abject fear of death.
 But fear had gripped him, so had death;
 His number had gone up that day,
 They might not heed his frightened eyes,
 They shot him when the dawn was grey. 20
 Blindfolded, when the dawn was grey,
 He stood there in a place apart,
 The shots rang out and down he fell,
 An English bullet in his heart.
 An English bullet in his heart! 25
 But here's the irony of life, –
 His mother thinks he fought and fell
 A hero, foremost in the strife.
 So she goes proudly; to the strife
 Her best, her hero son she gave. 30
 O well for her she does not know
 He lies in a deserter's grave.

Winifred M. Letts

(b)

The Hero

'Jack fell as he'd have wished,' the Mother said,
 And folded up the letter that she'd read.
 'The Colonel writes so nicely.' Something broke
 In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.
 She half looked up. 'We mothers are so proud
 Of our dead soldiers.' Then her face was bowed. 5

Quietly the Brother Officer went out.
 He'd told the poor old dear some gallant lies
 That she would nourish all her days, no doubt.
 For while he coughed and mumbled, her weak eyes 10
 Had shone with gentle triumph, brimmed with joy,
 Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

He thought how 'Jack', cold-footed, useless swine,
 Had panicked down the trench that night the mine
 Went up at Wicked Corner; how he'd tried 15
 To get sent home, and how, at last, he died,
 Blown to small bits. And no one seemed to care
 Except that lonely woman with white hair.

Siegfried Sassoon

Either 4 How is the fear of the soldiers brought powerfully to life for you in these two poems?

You should consider:

- how the man acted and felt when he deserted (in *The Deserter*)
- how 'Jack' acted in the trench (in *The Hero*)
- the words and phrases each poet uses.

[21]

Or 5 What do you find memorable about the portrayal of relationships between fathers and sons in *The Parable of the Old Man and the Young* (Owen) and *The Seed-Merchant's Son* (Herbertson)?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems in your answer. [21]

Or 6 What thoughts and feelings about death in wartime do the poets memorably convey to you in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Spring Offensive (Owen)
In Flanders Fields (McCrae)
Lamentations (Sassoon)
The Target (Gurney)

[21]

7 (a)

Next, Please

Always too eager for the future, we
 Pick up bad habits of expectancy.
 Something is always approaching; every day
Till then we say,

Watching from a bluff the tiny, clear 5
 Sparkling armada of promises draw near.
 How slow they are! And how much time they waste,
 Refusing to make haste!

Yet still they leave us holding wretched stalks 10
 Of disappointment, for, though nothing balks
 Each big approach, leaning with brasswork prinked,
 Each rope distinct,

Flagged, and the figurehead with golden tits 15
 Arching our way, it never anchors; it's
 No sooner present than it turns to past.
 Right to the last

We think each one will heave to and unload 20
 All good into our lives, all we are owed
 For waiting so devoutly and so long.
 But we are wrong:

Only one ship is seeking us, a black-
 Sailed unfamiliar, towing at her back
 A huge and birdless silence. In her wake
 No waters breed or break.

Philip Larkin

(b)

After Visiting Hours

Like gulls they are still calling –
I'll come again Tuesday. Our Dad
Sends his love. They diminish, are gone.
 Their world has received them,

As our world confirms us. Their debris 5
 Is tidied into vases, lockers, minds.
 We become pulses; mouthpieces
 Of thermometers and bowels.

The trolley's rattle dispatches 10
 The last lover. Now we can relax
 Into illness, and reliably abstracted
 Nurses will straighten our sheets,

Reorganize our symptoms. Outside,
 Darkness descends like an eyelid.
 It rains on our nearest and dearest 15
 In car-parks, at bus-stops.

Now the bed-bound rehearse
 Their repertoire of movements,
 The dressing-gowned shuffle, clutching
 Their glass bodies. 20

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

All's well, all's quiet as the great 25
 Ark noses her way into night,
 Caulked, battened, blessed for her trip,
 And behind, the gulls crying.

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 7 What do you find memorable about the images Larkin and Fanthorpe use to convey their feelings in these two poems?

You should consider:

- what the poets' feelings are
- the ship images in *Next, Please*
- the hospital images in *After Visiting Hours*.

[21]

Turn to page 14 for Questions 8 and 9.

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

- Or 8** What do you find particularly vivid about the poets' descriptions of places in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Coventry (in *I Remember, I Remember*: Larkin)

Home (in *Home Is So Sad*: Larkin)

The office (in *Dictator*: Fanthorpe)

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use. [21]

- Or 9** What do you find to amuse you in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Wild Oats (Larkin)

Annus Mirabilis (Larkin)

Reports (Fanthorpe)

Patients (Fanthorpe)

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases the poets use. [21]

Turn to page 16 for Question 10.

10 (a)

Piano and Drums

When at break of day at a riverside
 I hear jungle drums telegraphing
 the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw
 like bleeding flesh, speaking of
 primal youth and the beginning, 5
 I see the panther ready to pounce,
 the leopard snarling about to leap
 and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,
 topples the years and at once I'm 10
 in my mother's laps a suckling;
 at once I'm walking simple
 paths with no innovations,
 rugged, fashioned with the naked
 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts 15
 in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Then I hear a wailing piano
 solo speaking of complex ways
 in tear-furrowed concerto;
 of far away lands 20
 and new horizons with
 coaxing diminuendo, counterpoint,
 crescendo. But lost in the labyrinth
 of its complexities, it ends in the middle
 of a phrase at a daggerpoint. 25

And I lost in the morning mist
 of an age at a riverside keep
 wandering in the mystic rhythm
 of jungle drums and the concerto.

Gabriel Okara

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

(b)

Our History

to pre-colonial Africa

And the waves arrived
Swimming in like hump-backed divers
With their finds from far-away seas.

Their lustre gave the illusion of pearls
As shorewards they shoved up mighty canoes
And looked like the carcass of drifting whales.

5

And our sight misled us
When the sun's glint on the spear's blade
Passed for lightning
And the gun-fire of conquest
The thunderbolt that razed the forest.

10

So did our days change their garb
From hides of leopard skin
To prints of false lions
That fall in tatters
Like the wings of whipped butterflies.

15

Mbella Sonne Dipoko

Either 10 What do the poets vividly convey to you about the differences between past and present in these two poems?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems in your answer. [21]

Or 11 What do you find particularly disturbing about the poets' portrayal of killing in *Hawk Roosting* (Hughes) and *5 Ways to Kill a Man* (Brock)?

You should consider:

- what the poet writes about the appearance and actions of the hawk (in *Hawk Roosting*)
- what the poet writes about ways of killing (in *5 Ways to Kill a Man*)
- the words and phrases each poet uses.

[21]

Or 12 What do you find memorable about the ways children see things in any **TWO** of the following poems?

Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience (Causley)

Digging (Heaney)

Mid-Term Break (Heaney)

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems in your answer. [21]

SECTION B

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

	Pages	Questions
PROSE published post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	20–21	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	22–23	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	24–25	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	26–27	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	28	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	30–31	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed.): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	32–33	31–33

13 (a)

The Pieces of Silver

It was dusk, and the Dovecots were taking their one substantial meal of the day.

No one could think, looking at their home, that threepenny pieces, or even halfpennies, were to be had there for the asking.

The house was a poor, wretched coop of a room, through the black, water-stained shingles of which you could count a dozen blue glimpses of the sky. The walls of the shack were papered with old newspapers and magazines, discoloured with age and stained and spotted from roof to floor, torn in a score of places, to reveal the rotting, worm-eaten boards beneath. The small room was divided by a threadbare cotton screen depicting seagulls soaring up from a sea of faded blue. In the midst of this drab poverty the free, soaring seagulls, and the once gay pictures of the magazine pages were an unkind comment.

The Dovecots were a family of four: Dave and his wife Maud, Clement and his older sister Evelina.

Clement sat on the sanded floor of the poor sitting-room, his plate of rice between his legs; Evelina lolled over the one battered, depreciated mahogany table, picking at the coarse food with an adolescent discontent; Dave Dovecot, a grizzled, gangling labourer, held his plate in his left hand, while with his right he plied his mouth from a peeling metal spoon; at the propped-open window of the room sat Mrs Dovecot, a long thread of a woman whose bones want had picked like an eagle. Her plate was resting on her lap, and she scraped and pecked and foraged her food like a scratching hen, while she took stock of the passers-by.

Sealy

(b)

The Young Couple

But it wasn't only what was said or hinted which disturbed Cathy and made her wish they could spend their Sundays in some other way: there was also a certain heaviness about the house that weighed on her and made her feel oppressed, sleepy, liverish. This heaviness was physical – it was in the too rich, too abundant food, in the solid ornate pieces of furniture, in the silver, the waist-high vases, the brocade curtains, the carpets, the giant plumped-out cushions; and in the people themselves, the mother, large, handsome, with a proud bosom draped in shimmering silk and adorned with a great deal of golden jewellery, the father, also large, comfortable, good humoured, very fond of his food and proud of his house and all his possessions, among whom he liked to number Naraian and blonde English Cathy.

Jhabvala

- Either 13** What do you find memorable about these descriptions of homes and of the people who live in them?

You should consider:

- the poverty of the Dovecot family and of their home
- the wealth of Naraian's parents and of their home
- the words and phrases each writer uses.

[21]

- Or 14** What brings relationships between husbands and wives alive for you in *The Train from Rhodesia* (Gordimer) and *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband* (Feng)?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

- Or 15** In several stories from this collection characters are treated in an unkind way.

What makes this unkindness vivid for you in any **TWO** of the following stories?

Two Kinds (Tan)

Leela's Friend (Narayan)

The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband (Feng)

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

16 (a)

Tickets, Please

'You've got to choose!' cried the girls.

'Come on!' cried Annie, looking him in the eye. 'Come on! Come on!'

He went forward, rather vaguely. She had taken off her belt, and swinging it, she fetched him a sharp blow over the head with the buckle end. He sprang and seized her. But immediately the other girls rushed upon him, pulling and tearing and beating him. Their blood was now thoroughly up. He was their sport now. They were going to have their own back, out of him. Strange, wild creatures, they hung on him and rushed at him to bear him down. His tunic was torn right up the back, Nora had hold at the back of his collar, and was actually strangling him. Luckily the button burst. He struggled in a wild frenzy of fury and terror, almost mad terror. His tunic was simply torn off his back, his shirt-sleeves were torn away, his arms were naked. The girls rushed at him, clenched their hands on him and pulled at him: or they rushed at him and pushed him, butted him with all their might: or they struck him wild blows. He ducked and cringed and struck sideways. They became more intense. 5 10 15

At last he was down. They rushed on him, kneeling on him. He had neither breath nor strength to move. His face was bleeding with a long scratch, his brow was bruised.

Annie knelt on him, the other girls knelt and hung on to him. Their faces were flushed, their hair wild, their eyes glittering strangely. He lay at last quite still, with face averted, as an animal lies when it is defeated and at the mercy of the captor. Sometimes his eye glanced back at the wild faces of the girls. His breast rose heavily, his wrists were torn. 20

(b)

Rex

My mother was maddened by him. He was a little demon. At the least provocation, he flew. You had only to sweep the floor, and he bristled and sprang at the broom. Nor would he let go. With his scruff erect and his nostrils snorting rage, he would turn up the whites of his eyes at my mother, as she wrestled at the other end of the broom. 'Leave go, sir, leave go!' She wrestled and stamped her foot, and he answered with horrid growls. In the end it was she who had to let go. Then she flew at him, and he flew at her. All the time we had him, he was within a hair's-breadth of savagely biting her. And she knew it. Yet he always kept sufficient self-control. 5

We children loved his temper. We would drag the bones from his mouth, and put him into such paroxysms of rage that he would twist his head right over and lay it on the ground upside-down, because he didn't know what to do with himself, the savage was so strong in him and he must fly at us. 'He'll fly at your throat one of these days,' said my father. Neither he nor my mother dared have touched Rex's bone. It was enough to see him bristle and roll the whites of his eyes when they came near. How near he must have been to driving his teeth right into us, cannot be told. He was a horrid sight snarling and crouching at us. But we only laughed and rebuked him. And he would whimper in the sheer torment of his need to attack us. 10 15

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

Either 16 What do you find so striking about the portrayal of violence in these two extracts?

Remember to refer to details from both extracts in your answer. [21]

Or 17 What do you think makes the portrayal of the schoolchildren so vivid in *Lessford's Rabbits* and *A Lesson on a Tortoise*?

You should consider:

- the children eating breakfast (in *Lessford's Rabbits*)
- what Lessford and Halket say and do (in *Lessford's Rabbits*)
- the behaviour of the boys (in *Lesson on a Tortoise*)
- the words and phrases Lawrence uses. [21]

Or 18 Syson (in *The Shades of Spring*) and Frances (in *Second Best*) both have a second chance of love.

What makes these second chances memorable for you?

You should consider:

- Syson's and Hilda's previous relationship and how Hilda treats Syson on his return (in *The Shades of Spring*)
- Frances' previous relationship and the lesson she learns from killing the mole (in *Second Best*)
- the words and phrases Lawrence uses. [21]

19

Yet despite the emptiness of the camp it seemed ready for instant occupation. Outside G Block he looked at the baked earth, at the worn ruts of years left by the iron wheels of the food cart, pointing their way to the camp kitchens. He stood in the doorway of his room, barely surprised to see the faded magazine cuttings pinned to the wall above his bunk. In the last minutes before joining the march Mrs Vincent had torn down the curtain of his cubicle, satisfying a long-held need to occupy the whole room. Neatly folded, the curtain lay under Jim's bunk, and he was tempted to pin it up again.

5

A marked smell hung in the room, one he had never noticed during all the years of the war, at once enticing and ambiguous. He realized that it was the odour of Mrs Vincent's body, and for a moment he imagined that she had returned to the camp. Jim stretched out on Mrs Vincent's bunk, and balanced the tin of Spam on his forehead. He surveyed the room from this unfamiliar angle, a privilege he had never been allowed during the war. Tucked behind the door, his cubicle must have resembled one of those ramshackle hutches which the beggars of Shanghai erected around themselves out of newspapers and straw mats. Often he must have seemed to Mrs Vincent like a beast in a kennel. It was no wonder Jim reflected as he perused a copy of *Life*, that Mrs Vincent had been intensely irritated by him, wishing him away even to the point of hoping he would die.

10

15

Jim lay on her straw mattress, smelling the scent of her body, fitting his hips and shoulders into the shallow mould she had left behind. Seen from Mrs Vincent's vantage-point, the past three years appeared subtly different; even a few steps across a small room generated a separate war, a separate ordeal for this woman with her weary husband and sick child.

20

Thinking with affection of Mrs Vincent, Jim wished that they were still together. He missed Dr Ransome and Mrs Pearce, and the group of men who sat all day on the steps outside the foyer. It occurred to Jim that they might also miss Lunghua. Perhaps one day they would all return to the camp.

25

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

Either 19 What do you find fascinating about the portrayal of Jim in this extract?

You should consider:

- what Jim sees in the camp
- what Jim remembers of Mrs Vincent
- what Jim now understands about Mrs Vincent.

Remember to refer to details from the extract in your answer. [21]

Or 20 What do you find memorable about the relationship between Jim and Mr Maxted in *Empire of the Sun*?

You should consider:

- Jim and Mr Maxted at the beginning of the novel
- their relationship in Lunghua camp
- the events at the Stadium.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [21]

Or 21 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments from Jim's journey by truck (Chapters 16–18) where you feel that Jim shows himself to be a leader.

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [21]

22

It was late afternoon before Nwoye returned. He went into the *obi* and saluted his father, but he did not answer. Nwoye turned round to walk into the inner compound when his father, suddenly overcome with fury, sprang to his feet and gripped him by the neck.

'Where have you been?' he stammered.

5

Nwoye struggled to free himself from the choking grip.

'Answer me!' roared Okonkwo, 'before I kill you!' He seized a heavy stick that lay on the dwarf wall and hit him two or three savage blows.

'Answer me!' he roared again. Nwoye stood looking at him and did not say a word. The women were screaming outside, afraid to go in.

10

'Leave that boy at once!' said a voice in the outer compound. It was Okonkwo's uncle, Uchendu. 'Are you mad?'

Okonkwo did not answer. But he left hold of Nwoye, who walked away and never returned.

He went back to the church and told Mr Kiaga that he had decided to go to Umuofia, where the white missionary had set up a school to teach young Christians to read and write.

15

Mr Kiaga's joy was very great. 'Blessed is he who forsakes his father and his mother for my sake,' he intoned. 'Those that hear my words are my father and my mother.'

20

Nwoye did not fully understand. But he was happy to leave his father. He would return later to his mother and his brothers and sisters and convert them to the new faith.

As Okonkwo sat in his hut that night, gazing into a log fire, he thought over the matter. A sudden fury rose within him and he felt a strong desire to take up his matchet, go to the church and wipe out the entire vile and corrupt gang. But on further thought he told himself that Nwoye was not worth fighting for. Why, he cried in his heart, should he, Okonkwo, of all people, be cursed with such a son? He saw clearly in it the finger of his personal god or *chi*. For how else could he explain his great misfortune and exile and now his despicable son's behaviour? Now that he had time to think of it, his son's crime stood out in its stark enormity. To abandon the gods of one's father and go about with a lot of effeminate men clucking like old hens was the very depth of abomination.

25

30

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

Either 22 What does this extract suggest to you about Okonkwo's strong feelings about his family?

You should consider:

- Okonkwo's relationship with Nwoye
- the Christians and what they teach
- the words and phrases Achebe uses.

[21]

Or 23 What do you find so sad about Ikemefuna's short life in *Things Fall Apart*?

You should consider:

- how he adapts to life in Umuofia
- his death
- the words and phrases Achebe uses.

Remember to support your answer with details from the novel.

[21]

Or 24 Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel when you find an act of violence particularly shocking. [21]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

- 25** That afternoon there was a party of tourists at the Terrace and looking down in the water among the empty beer cans and dead barracudas a woman saw a great long white spine with a huge tail at the end that lifted and swung with the tide while the east wind blew a heavy steady sea outside the entrance to the harbour.
 'What's that?' she asked a waiter and pointed to the long backbone of the great fish that was now just garbage waiting to go out with the tide. 5
 'Tiburon,' the waiter said, 'Eshark.' He was meaning to explain what had happened.
 'I didn't know sharks had such handsome, beautifully formed tails.'
 'I didn't either,' her male companion said. 10
 Up the road, in his shack, the old man was sleeping again. He was still sleeping on his face and the boy was sitting by him watching him. The old man was dreaming about the lions.

-
- Either 25** What are your feelings about the old man and his fish as you re-read the ending of the novel?
- You should consider:
- where the fish is and the reactions of the tourists
 - the scene in the shack
 - the words and phrases Hemingway uses. [21]

-
- Or 26** The old man thinks that he was beaten because 'I went out too far.'
- Do you agree with him?
- Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [21]

- Or 27** Explore any **ONE or TWO** moments in *The Old Man and the Sea* which you find particularly exciting and dramatic. [21]

Turn to page 30 for Question 28.

28 It was the middle of the morning, and Winston had left the cubicle to go to the lavatory.

A solitary figure was coming towards him from the other end of the long, brightly-lit corridor. It was the girl with dark hair. Four days had gone past since the evening when he had run into her outside the junkshop. As she came nearer he saw that her right arm was in a sling, not noticeable at a distance because it was of the same colour as her overalls. Probably she had crushed her hand while swinging round one of the big kaleidoscopes on which the plots of novels were 'roughed in'. It was a common accident in the Fiction Department. 5

They were perhaps four metres apart when the girl stumbled and fell almost flat on her face. A sharp cry of pain was wrung out of her. She must have fallen right on the injured arm. Winston stopped short. The girl had risen to her knees. Her face had turned a milky yellow colour against which her mouth stood out redder than ever. Her eyes were fixed on his, with an appealing expression that looked more like fear than pain. 10 15

A curious emotion stirred in Winston's heart. In front of him was an enemy who was trying to kill him: in front of him, also, was a human creature, in pain and perhaps with a broken bone. Already he had instinctively started forward to help her. In the moment when he had seen her fall on the bandaged arm, it had been as though he felt the pain in his own body. 20

'You're hurt?' he said.

'It's nothing. My arm. It'll be all right in a second.'

She spoke as though her heart were fluttering. She had certainly turned very pale.

'You haven't broken anything?' 25

'No, I'm all right. It hurt for a moment, that's all.'

She held out her free hand to him, and he helped her up. She had regained some of her colour, and appeared very much better.

'It's nothing,' she repeated shortly. 'I only gave my wrist a bit of a bang. Thanks, comrade!' 30

And with that she walked on in the direction in which she had been going, as briskly as though it had really been nothing. The whole incident could not have taken as much as half a minute. Not to let one's feelings appear in one's face was a habit that had acquired the status of an instinct, and in any case they had been standing straight in front of a telescreen when the thing happened. Nevertheless it had been very difficult not to betray a momentary surprise, for in the two or three seconds while he was helping her up the girl had slipped something into his hand. There was no question that she had done it intentionally. It was something small and flat. As he passed through the lavatory door he transferred it to his pocket and felt it with the tips of his fingers. It was a scrap of paper folded into a square. 35 40

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

Either 28 What do you find particularly striking about Winston's meeting with Julia here?

You should consider:

- Winston's earlier feelings about her
- the way they both behave here
- the words Orwell uses.

[21]

Or 29 What do you find most disturbing about Winston's relationship with O'Brien?

You should consider:

- what Winston thinks about O'Brien
- what O'Brien says and does to Winston
- the words and phrases Orwell uses.

[21]

Or 30 What do you think makes the way in which the Party controls life in Oceania so cruel?

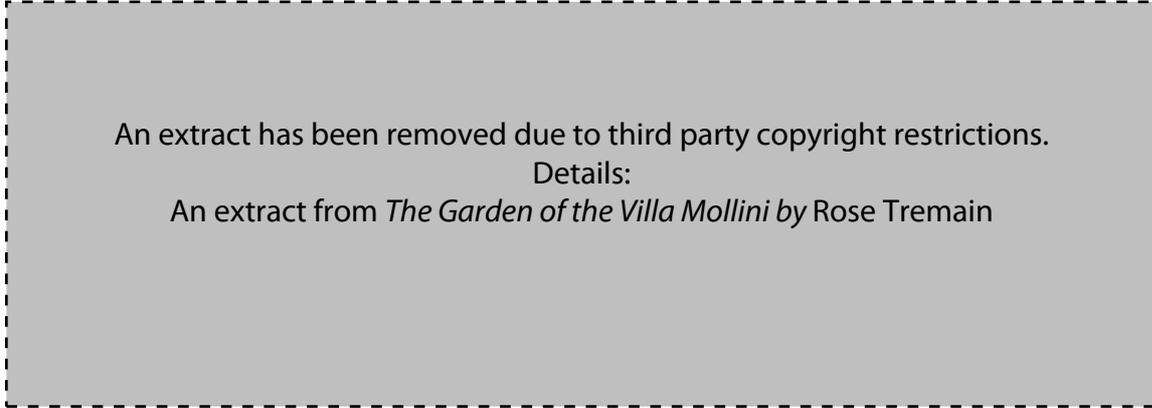
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

31 (a)

The New People

She goes out into the garden....



An extract has been removed due to third party copyright restrictions.

Details:

An extract from *The Garden of the Villa Mollini* by Rose Tremain

5

10

....to write poetry.

15

Tremain

(b)

Passages

Then, just when I managed to convince myself of my silliness and was beginning to work out how I could make another story out of this incident, something happened which arrested me so completely that I thought my heart would stop. From behind me in the fire I heard a little cry; not a groan, like the wind made, of that I am absolutely clear. It began like a short gasp and became a rising crescendo of 'hah' sounds; each one was following the one before, and getting louder each time. I experienced a moment of such pure terror that I felt my heart would burst with the strain as I waited for the gasps to reach their topmost note. Suddenly, just when the sounds had come to a peak, I felt myself propelled from the room and ran screaming upstairs. I take no responsibility for that action; a voice simply broke from my throat which corresponded to screams.

5

10

In this state, I ran up three flights and straight into the arms of the warm, white-clad and still smelling of sleep Peggy.

Devlin

Either 31 What do you find particularly moving about the women's memories in these two extracts?

You should consider:

- Millicent's memories of her father and Christina (*The New People*)
- what the girl thought she'd heard (*Passages*)
- the words and phrases the writers use.

[21]

Or 32 Explore the ways in which any **TWO** of the following characters are victims who deserve your sympathy.

Mabel (in *Savages*: O'Brien)

Addy (in *Addy*: Blackwood)

Miss Anstruther (in *Miss Anstruther's Letters*: Macauley)

[21]

Or 33 What are your feelings about the way any **TWO** of the following men treat women?

Matt (in *Savages*: O'Brien)

the dead husband (in *Stone Trees*: Gardam)

Martin (in *Weekend*: Weldon)

Remember to support your ideas with details from the stories.

[21]

SECTION C

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

	Pages	Questions
LITERARY NON-FICTION published post-1914		
MICHAEL PALIN: <i>Pole to Pole</i>	36–37	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	38–39	37–39

34 (a)

(Day 77)

The soldiers who are travelling with us as protection are part of this volunteer EPRDF army – paid only in cigarettes, food and accommodation. The emblems on their tunics are inked in by hand, they wear cut-off jeans and carry Kalashnikov AK-47 rifles. They are probably fifteen or sixteen years old.

The scenery outside is now almost alpine. Green meadows are filled with the short-lived but intense yellow flower called maskal, which is the national emblem. There are butterflies and gold and green weaver birds and brilliant red bishops. A Soviet-built tank stands abandoned in the long grass. It looks idyllic out there, but there have been frequent attacks on the road since the end of the war and our escort slips a bullet into the breech and pokes his rifle out, looking watchfully around at the mountains. 5 10

We stop at a village for refreshment. We buy some tea while our guards sit talking quietly with colleagues. I'm impressed that they don't swagger or behave loudly or aggressively. They sit there quite gravely, as if prematurely aged by their responsibility as liberators. 15

There are casualties of war. The children have had no schooling here for several years. A number of them are pitifully thin. Often their heads have been shaved, and their pointed faces and big eyes bring to mind pictures of concentration camp victims. All this in surroundings that resemble Switzerland.

Graham sees cause for optimism, 'The former government structure was one of total control of the whole country ... they had their cadres in every village ... neighbours were encouraged to spy on each other ... these rebels fought to get rid of that. At every level people are more free than they were before.' 20

By mid-afternoon we have reached the village of Aykel, which is entered through a tall, ungraceful metal arch bearing slogans like 'People's Power' and 'Ethiopia Shall Be the Home of Heavy Industry'. Below them a cluster of wretchedly poor children gather around us. 25

'You! ... you!', they shout, holding their hands out for anything. I give one of them a 'Wet One' – one of the cleaning tissues we carry with us – and mime what to do. He is still vigorously wiping his face with it when we leave twenty minutes later. 30

(b)

(Day 74)

Just outside Gedaref is a huge refugee or 'displaced persons' camp, housing 22,000 Ethiopians. It has been here for sixteen years. The Sudanese pursued a benevolent but not altogether altruistic policy of support for those fighting the government of Colonel Mengistu and these camps, filled largely with political refugees, were recruiting and training centres for the Tigrayan resistance. This one is as big as a small town, well laid out with long lines of circular huts capped with conical thatched roofs, and surrounded by high fences. A big crowd gathers around us. I have the feeling that visits such as ours are a spot of welcome entertainment in an otherwise confined and routine existence. The presence of the camera is also an opportunity to air grievances and appeal to the world. Refugees, some wearing 'Desert Storm' and 'Rambo' T-shirts, tell us that there is not enough food, that they have to do the most menial jobs for the Sudanese in order to make money to live, and that now the war is over they want international pressure to be used to get them back home again. 5 10

'What can you do for us? What can you do for us?' they keep repeating. 15

The worst part is leaving. Being able to leave.

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

Either 34 What do you find moving about these accounts of a war zone in Ethiopia and of a refugee camp in Sudan?

Remember to refer to details from both extracts in your answer. [21]

Or 35 What do you find fascinating about Palin's visits to the Masai Mara and the Serengeti on Days 96–100?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the text. [21]

Or 36 What do you find memorable about Palin's experiences at the North and South Poles?

You should consider:

- what Palin found at each Pole
- his thoughts and feelings
- the words and phrases he uses.

[21]

ARSENAL v SOUTHAMPTON

19.8.80

The first match of the season, so you're always that bit keener to get along. And over the summer there was an extraordinary bit of transfer business, when we bought Clive Allen for a million pounds, didn't like the look of him in a couple of pre-season friendlies, and swapped him for Kenny Sansom (a striker for a full-back; that's the Arsenal way) before he'd even played a game. So even though Liam had gone, and Southampton were not the most attractive of opponents, there was a forty-thousand-plus crowd. 5

Something went wrong – they hadn't opened enough turn-stiles, or the police had made a pig's ear of controlling the crowd flow, whatever – and there was a huge crush outside the North Bank entrances on the Avenell Road. I could pick both my legs up and remain pinioned and, at one stage, I had to put my arms in the air to give myself just that little bit more room and to stop my fists digging into my chest and stomach. It wasn't anything that special, really; fans have all been in situations where for a few moments things have looked bad. But I remember struggling for breath when I approached the front of the queue (I was so constricted that I couldn't fill my lungs properly) which means that it was a little bit worse than usual; when I finally got through the turnstile I sat down on a step for a while, gave myself time to recover, and I noticed that a lot of other people were doing the same. 10 15

But the thing was, I trusted the system: I knew that I could not be squashed to death, because that never happened at football matches. The Ibrox thing, well that was different, a freak combination of events; and in any case that was in Scotland during an Old Firm game, and everyone knows that these are especially problematic. No, you see, in England somebody, somewhere, knew what they were doing, and there was this *system*, which nobody ever explained to us, that prevented accidents of this kind. It might *seem* as though the authorities, the club and the police were pushing their luck on occasions, but that was because we didn't understand properly how they were organising things. In the *mêlée* in Avenell Road that night some people were laughing, making funny strangled faces as the air was pushed out of them; they were laughing because they were only feet away from unconcerned constables and mounted officers, and they knew that this proximity ensured their safety. How could you die when help was that close? 20 25 30

But I thought about that evening nine years later, on the afternoon of the Hillsborough disaster, and I thought about a lot of other afternoons and evenings too, when it seemed as though there were too many people in the ground, or the crowd had been unevenly distributed. It occurred to me that I could have died that night, and that on a few other occasions I have been much closer to death than I care to think about. There was no plan after all; they really had been riding their luck all that time. 35

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

Either 37 What do you find particularly disturbing about the fans' experience as you read this extract?

You should consider:

- what happened at the Arsenal versus Southampton match
- Hornby's thoughts nine years later
- the words and phrases Hornby uses.

[21]

Or 38 What does the chapter *Bananas* show you about Hornby's concerns over the problem of racism in football?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the chapter.

[21]

Or 39 What memorable image of himself as a new teacher does Hornby convey in *A Trivial Pursuit* (pages 130–132)?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the chapter.

[21]

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