

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

2448/2

Scheme B

UNIT 8 Post-1914 Texts (Higher Tier)

THURSDAY 22 MAY 2008

Afternoon
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Additional materials (enclosed): None

Additional materials (required):
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.
 - Write your answer, in blue or black ink, in the answer booklet provided.
 - 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.**

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 **41** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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

SECTION A – Drama post-1914

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

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SECTION B – Poetry post-1914

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

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SECTION C – Prose post-1914

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

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SECTION D – Literary non-fiction post-1914

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

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Section A

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
Drama post-1914		
<i>Whose Life is it Anyway?</i> (Clark)	4–5	1–2
<i>Death of a Salesman</i> (Miller)	6–7	3–4
<i>Journey's End</i> (Sherriff)	8–9	5–6
<i>The Caretaker</i> (Pinter)	10–11	7–8

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

- 1 DR TRAVERS: A girl friend?
KEN: A fiancée actually. I asked her not to visit me any more. About a fortnight ago.
- DR TRAVERS: She must have been upset.
KEN: Better that than a lifetime's sacrifice. 5
- DR TRAVERS: She wanted to . . . stay with you then?
KEN: Oh yes . . . Had it all worked out . . . But she's a young healthy woman. She wants babies – real ones. Not ones that never *will* learn to walk.
- DR TRAVERS: But if that's what she really wants. 10
KEN: Oh come on Doctor. If that's what she really wants, there's plenty of other cripples who want help. I told her to go to release her, I hope, from the guilt she would feel if she did what she really wanted to.
- DR TRAVERS: That's very generous. 15
KEN: Balls. Really, Doctor, I did it for *me*. It would destroy *my* self-respect if I allowed myself to become the object with which people can safely exploit their masochist tendencies.
- DR TRAVERS: That's putting it very strongly.
KEN: Yes. Too strong. But you are beginning to sound like the chaplain. 20
He was in here the other day. He seemed to think I should be quite happy to be God's chosen vessel into which people could pour their compassion . . . That it was alright being a cripple because it made other folk feel good when they helped me.
- DR TRAVERS: What about your parents? 25
KEN: Working class folk – they live in Scotland. I thought it would break my mother – I always thought of my Father as a very tough egg. But it was the other way round. My father can only think with his hands. He used to stand around here – completely at a loss. My mother would sit here – just understanding. She 30
knows what suffering's about. They were here a week ago – I got rid of my father for a while and told my mother what I was going to do. She looked at me for a minute. There were tears in her eyes. She said: 'Aye lad, it's thy life . . . don't worry about your dad – I'll get him over it' . . . She stood up and I said: 'What about you.' 'What about me?' she said, 'Do you think life's so precious to me, I'm frightened of dying?' . . . I'd like to think I was my mother's son. 35
- DR TRAVERS: . . . Yes, well, we shall have to see . . .
KEN: What about? You mean you haven't made up your mind? 40
DR TRAVERS: I shall have to do some tests . . .
KEN: What tests for Christ's sake? I can tell you now, my time over a hundred metres is lousy.
- DR TRAVERS: You seem very angry.
KEN: Of course I'm angry . . . No, no . . . I'm . . . Yes. I am angry. 45
(*breathing*) But I am trying to hold it in because you'll just write me off as in a manic phase of a manic depressive cycle.
- DR TRAVERS: You are very free with psychiatric jargon.
KEN: Oh well then, you'll be able to say I'm an obsessive hypochondriac. (*breathing*) 50
- DR TRAVERS: I certainly wouldn't do that Mr Harrison.
KEN: Can't you see what a trap I am in? Can anyone prove that they are sane? Could you?

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

DR TRAVERS: . . . I'll come and see you again.

KEN: No, don't come and see me again, because every time you come I'll get more and more angry, and more and more upset and depressed. And eventually you will have destroyed my mind.

55

Either 1 Explore the ways in which Clark's writing makes this such a moving and dramatic moment in the play. [20]

Or 2 How does Clark's portrayal of Mrs Boyle in the play add to the drama of Ken's situation? [20]

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

3	WILLY:	[with great feeling] You're the best there is, Linda, you're a pal, you know that? On the road – on the road I want to grab you sometimes and just kiss the life outa you. [The laughter is loud now, and he moves into a brightening area at the left, where the WOMAN has come from behind the scrim and is standing, putting on her hat, looking into a 'mirror', and laughing.]	5
	WILLY:	'Cause I get so lonely – especially when business is bad and there's nobody to talk to. I get the feeling that I'll never sell anything again, that I won't make a living for you, or a business, a business for the boys. [He talks through the WOMAN'S subsiding laughter; the WOMAN primps at the 'mirror'.] There's so much I want to make for –	10
	THE WOMAN:	Me? You didn't make me, Willy. I picked you.	
	WILLY:	[pleased] You picked me?	15
	THE WOMAN:	[who is quite proper-looking, Willy's age]: I did. I've been sitting at that desk watching all the salesmen go by, day in, day out. But you've got such a sense of humour, and we do have such a good time together, don't we?	
	WILLY:	Sure, sure. [He takes her in his arms.] Why do you have to go now?	20
	THE WOMAN:	It's two o'clock . . .	
	WILLY:	No, come on in! [He pulls her.]	
	THE WOMAN:	. . . my sisters'll be scandalized. When'll you be back?	
	WILLY:	Oh, two weeks about. Will you come up again?	25
	THE WOMAN:	Sure thing. You do make me laugh. It's good for me. [She squeezes his arm, kisses him.] And I think you're a wonderful man.	
	WILLY:	You picked me, heh?	
	THE WOMAN:	Sure. Because you're so sweet. And such a kidder.	30
	WILLY:	Well, I'll see you next time I'm in Boston.	
	THE WOMAN:	I'll put you right through to the buyers.	
	WILLY:	[slapping her bottom] Right. Well, bottoms up!	
	THE WOMAN:	[slaps him gently and laughs] You just kill me, Willy. [He suddenly grabs her and kisses her roughly.] You kill me. And thanks for the stockings. I love a lot of stockings. Well, good night.	35
	WILLY:	Good night. And keep your pores open!	
	THE WOMAN:	Oh, Willy! [The WOMAN bursts out laughing, and LINDA's laughter blends in. The WOMAN disappears into the dark. Now the area at the kitchen table brightens. LINDA is sitting where she was at the kitchen table, but now is mending a pair of her silk stockings.]	40
	LINDA:	You are, Willy. The handsomest man. You've got no reason to feel that –	
	WILLY:	[coming out of the WOMAN's dimming area and going over to LINDA] I'll make it all up to you, Linda, I'll –	45
	LINDA:	There's nothing to make up, dear. You're doing fine, better than –	
	WILLY:	[noticing her mending] What's that?	
	LINDA:	Just mending my stockings. They're so expensive –	
	WILLY:	[angrily, taking them from her] I won't have you mending stockings in this house! Now throw them out! [LINDA puts the stockings in her pocket.]	50

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

Either 3 How do you think Miller makes this passage particularly dramatic? [20]

Or 4 Who or what does Miller suggest is to blame for Willy's suicide?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [20]

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

- 5 COLONEL: (*excitedly*) Splendid, Stanhope! We've got all we wanted – 20th Wurtembergers! His regiment came into the line last night. I must go right away and 'phone the brigadier. He'll be very pleased about it. It's a feather in our cap, Stanhope.
- STANHOPE *has given one look of astonishment at the COLONEL and strolled past him. He turns at the table and speaks in a dead voice.* 5
- STANHOPE: How awfully nice – if the brigadier's pleased.
The COLONEL stares at STANHOPE and suddenly collects himself.
- COLONEL: Oh – er – what about the raiding-party – are they all safely back?
- STANHOPE: Did you expect them to be all safely back, sir? 10
- COLONEL: Oh – er – what – er –
- STANHOPE: Four men and Raleigh came safely back, sir.
- COLONEL: Oh, I say, I'm sorry! That's – er – six men and – er – Osborne?
- STANHOPE: Yes, sir.
- COLONEL: I'm very sorry. Poor Osborne! 15
- STANHOPE: Still it'll be awfully nice if the brigadier's pleased.
- COLONEL: Don't be silly, Stanhope. Do you know – er – what happened to Osborne?
- STANHOPE: A hand grenade – while he was waiting for Raleigh.
- COLONEL: I'm very sorry. And the six men? 20
- STANHOPE: Machine-gun bullets, I suppose.
- COLONEL: Yes. I was afraid – er –
His words trail away; he fidgets uneasily as STANHOPE looks at him with a pale, expressionless face.
- RALEIGH *comes slowly down the steps, walking as though he were asleep; his hands are bleeding.* 25
The COLONEL turns to the boy with enthusiasm.
- Very well done, Raleigh. Well done, my boy. I'll get you a Military Cross for this! Splendid!
- RALEIGH *looks at the COLONEL and tries to speak. He raises his hand to his forehead and sways. The COLONEL takes him by the arm.* 30
- Sit down here, my boy.
- RALEIGH *sits on the edge of OSBORNE's bed.*
- Have a good rest. Well, I must be off. (*He moves towards the steps, and, turning once more to RALEIGH as he leaves*) Very well done. (*With a quick glance at STANHOPE, the COLONEL goes away.*)
- There is silence now in the trenches outside; the last shell has whistled over and crashed. Dusk is beginning to fall over the German lines. The glow of Very lights begins to rise and fade against the evening sky.* 40
- STANHOPE *is staring dumbly at the table – at OSBORNE's watch and ring. Presently he turns his haggard face towards RALEIGH, who sits with lowered head looking at the palms of his hands.*
- STANHOPE *moves slowly across towards the doorway, and pauses to look down at RALEIGH. RALEIGH looks up into STANHOPE's face, and their eyes meet. When STANHOPE speaks, his voice is still expressionless and dead.* 45
- STANHOPE: Must you sit on Osborne's bed?
He turns and goes slowly up the steps.
- RALEIGH *rises unsteadily, murmurs 'Sorry' and stands with lowered head.* 50
Heavy guns are booming miles away.

R. C. SHERRIFF: *Journey's End* (Cont.)

Either 5 How does Sherriff make this a tense and dramatic moment in the play? [20]

Or 6 You are Raleigh, immediately after your conversation with Osborne before carrying out the raid.

Write your thoughts. [20]

7 DAVIES: What's all that under that tarpaulin out there?



....something to your brain.

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker* (Cont.)

Either 7 How does Pinter make this such a powerful moment in the play? [20]

Or 8 Explore **ONE** moment in the play which Pinter makes particularly amusing for you.
Remember to support your ideas with details from the play. [20]

SECTION B

You MUST answer ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry post-1914		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: <i>How It Looks From Here</i>	14–15	9–10
Or Section H: <i>The 1914–18 War (ii)</i>	16–17	11–12
<i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)	18–19	13–14
Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe		
<i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes)	20–22	15–16

9 (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 9 In what different ways do the poets powerfully convey feelings of dislike in these poems? [20]

Or 10 Compare how the poets strikingly criticise the modern world in **TWO** of the following poems.

Engineer's Corner (Cope)
Judging Distances (Reed)
I Am a Cameraman (Dunn)

Remember to refer to words and phrases the poets use in your answer. [20]

11 (a)

*Perhaps –**(To R. A. L. Died of Wounds in France, December 23rd, 1915)*

Perhaps some day the sun will shine again,
 And I shall see that still the skies are blue,
 And feel once more I do not live in vain,
 Although bereft of You.

Perhaps the golden meadows at my feet
 Will make the sunny hours of Spring seem gay,
 And I shall find the white May blossoms sweet,
 Though You have passed away.

5

Perhaps the summer woods will shimmer bright,
 And crimson roses once again be fair,
 And autumn harvest fields a rich delight,
 Although You are not there.

10

Perhaps some day I shall not shrink in pain
 To see the passing of the dying year,
 And listen to the Christmas songs again,
 Although You cannot hear.

15

But, though kind Time may many joys renew,
 There is one greatest joy I shall not know
 Again, because my heart for loss of You
 Was broken, long ago.

20

Vera Brittain

(b) *Reported Missing*

My thought shall never be that you are dead:
 Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.
 The dear and deep-eyed humour of that face
 Held something ever living, in Death's stead. 5
 Scornful I hear the flat things they have said
 And all their piteous platitudes of pain.
 I laugh! I laugh! – For you will come again –
 This heart would never beat if you were dead.
 The world's adrowse in twilight hushfulness, 10
 There's purple lilac in your little room,
 And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom
 Small boys are culling summer watercress.
 Of these familiar things I have no dread
 Being so very sure you are not dead.

Anna Gordon Keown

Either 11 Compare how the poets here movingly portray the feelings of those who suffer loss in wartime. [20]

Or 12 Compare how the poets movingly present connections between the world of war and nature, in **TWO** of the following poems:

Spring Offensive (Owen)
The Falling Leaves (Cole)
Spring in War-Time (Nesbit). [20]

Poems 2: Larkin & Fanthorpe

13 (a)

Toads

Why should I let the toad *work*
 Squat on my life?
 Can't I use my wit as a pitchfork
 And drive the brute off?

Six days of the week it soils 5
 With its sickening poison –
 Just for paying a few bills!
 That's out of proportion.

Lots of folk live on their wits: 10
 Lecturers, lispers,
 Losels, loblolly-men, louts –
 They don't end as paupers;

Lots of folk live up lanes 15
 With fires in a bucket,
 Eat windfalls and tinned sardines –
 They seem to like it.

Their nippers have got bare feet,
 Their unspeakable wives
 Are skinny as whippets – and yet 20
 No one actually *starves*.

Ah, were I courageous enough
 To shout *Stuff your pension!*
 But I know, all too well, that's the stuff
 That dreams are made on:

For something sufficiently toad-like 25
 Squats in me, too;
 Its hunkers are heavy as hard luck,
 And cold as snow,

And will never allow me to blarney 30
 My way to getting
 The fame and the girl and the money
 All at one sitting.

I don't say, one bodies the other 35
 One's spiritual truth;
 But I do say it's hard to lose either,
 When you have both.

Philip Larkin

Poems 2: Larkin & Fanthorpe (Cont.)

(b)

Dictator

He bestrides the wall-to-wall carpeting
Like a colossus. Imperiously
He surges from comma to semicolon.

Swaying in the throes of his passionate
Dictation, he creates little draughts, 5
Which stir my piles of flimsy paper.

If my phone rings, he answers
In an assumed accent.

Flexing the muscles of his mind,
He rides in triumph through the agendas 10
Of Area and District Management Committees,

Aborting all opposition with the flick
Of a fullstop. Laurelled and glossy,
He paces the colonnades of an imperial future,
With all his enemies liquidated. 15

When his letters are typed, he forgets to sign them.

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 13 Compare the ways the poets strikingly describe work in these two poems. [20]

Or 14 Compare some of the ways in which the writing makes **TWO** of these places particularly memorable for you:

Coventry in *I Remember, I Remember* (Larkin)
Home in *Home is So Sad* (Larkin)
The hospital in *After Visiting Hours* (Fanthorpe). [20]

HYDES (ed): *Touched With Fire*

15 (a)

Telephone Conversation

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

Wole Soyinka

(b)

In Westminster Abbey

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Betjeman

- Either 15** Compare some of the ways the poets provoke your reactions to the landlady in *Telephone Conversation* and the woman in *In Westminster Abbey*. [20]

PLEASE TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 16.

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

- Or** **16** Compare how the poets build up a sense of menace for you in **TWO** of the following poems:

Mushrooms (Plath)

Our History (Dipoko)

Hawk Roosting (Hughes).

[20]

SECTION C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose post-1914		
<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)	28–29	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)	34–35	27–28
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell)	36–37	29–30

Opening Worlds (OCR)

17 (a)

Two Kinds

Last week I sent a tuner over to my parents' apartment and had the piano reconditioned, for purely sentimental reasons. My mother had died a few months before and I had been getting things in order for my father, a little bit at a time. I put the jewelry in special silk pouches. The sweaters she had knitted in yellow, pink, bright orange – all the colors I hated – I put those in moth-proof boxes. I found some old Chinese silk dresses, the kind with little slits up the sides. I rubbed the old silk against my skin, then wrapped them in tissue and decided to take them home with me.

5

After I had the piano tuned, I opened the lid and touched the keys. It sounded even richer than I remembered. Really, it was a very good piano. Inside the bench were the same exercise notes with handwritten scales, the same secondhand music books with their covers held together with yellow tape.

10

I opened up the Schumann book to the dark little piece I had played at the recital. It was on the left-hand side of the page, 'Pleading Child.' It looked more difficult than I remembered. I played a few bars, surprised at how easily the notes came back to me.

15

And for the first time, or so it seemed, I noticed the piece on the right-hand side. It was called 'Perfectly Contented.' I tried to play this one as well. It had a lighter melody but the same flowing rhythm and turned out to be quite easy. 'Pleading Child' was shorter but slower; 'Perfectly Contented' was longer, but faster. And after I played them both a few times, I realized they were two halves of the same song.

20

(b)

Games at Twilight

They had quite forgotten him. Raghu had found all the others long ago. There had been a fight about who was to be it next. It had been so fierce that their mother had emerged from her bath and made them change to another game. Then they had played another and another. Broken mulberries from the tree and eaten them. Helped the driver wash the car when their father returned from work. Helped the gardener water the beds till he roared at them and swore he would complain to their parents. The parents had come out, taken up their positions on the cane chairs. They had begun to play again, sing and chant. All this time no one had remembered Ravi. Having disappeared from the scene, he had disappeared from their minds. Clean.

5

'Don't be a fool,' Raghu said roughly, pushing him aside, and even Mira said, 'Stop howling, Ravi. If you want to play, you can stand at the end of the line,' and she put him there very firmly.

10

The game proceeded. Two pairs of arms reached up and met in an arc. The children trooped under it again and again in a lugubrious circle, ducking their heads and intoning

15

'The grass is green,

The rose is red;

Remember me

When I am dead, dead, dead, dead . . .'

And the arc of thin arms trembled in the twilight, and the heads were bowed so sadly, and their feet tramped to that melancholy refrain so mournfully, so helplessly, that Ravi could not bear it. He would not follow them, he would not be included in this funeral game. He had wanted victory and triumph – not a funeral. But he had been forgotten, left out and he would not join them now. The ignominy of being forgotten – how could he face it? He felt his heart go heavy and ache inside him unbearably. He lay down full length on the damp grass, crushing his face into it, no longer crying, silenced by a terrible sense of his insignificance.

20

25

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

Either 17 How do you think the writers make these endings so moving? [20]

Or 18 How do the writers shape your feelings about **TWO** of the following teachers?

The headmaster, Michael Obi, in *Dead Men's Path*

The acting head, Mr Chase, in *The Pieces of Silver*

Anna Vasilevna in *The Winter Oak*

[20]

19

(a)

Rex

When we came home from school we would see him standing at the end of the entry, cocking his head wistfully at the open country in front of him, and meditating whether to be off or not: a white, inquiring little figure, with green savage freedom in front of him. A cry from a far distance from one of us, and like a bullet he hurled himself down the road, in a mad game. Seeing him coming, my sister invariably turned and fled, shrieking with delighted terror. And he would leap straight up her back, and bite her and tear her clothes. But it was only an ecstasy of savage love, and she knew it. She didn't care if he tore her pinafores. But my mother did.

5

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.

10

15

(b)

Adolf

We decided he was too small to live in a hutch – he must live at large in the house. My mother protested, but in vain. He was so tiny. So we had him upstairs, and he dropped tiny pills on the bed and we were enchanted.

Adolf made himself instantly at home. He had the run of the house and was perfectly happy, with his tunnels and his holes behind the furniture.

5

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

10

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

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

15

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

He continued to take tea with us. He rather liked warm tea. And he loved sugar. Having nibbled a lump, he would turn to the butter. There he was shoo'd off by our parent. He soon learned to treat her shooing with indifference. Still, she hated him to put his nose in the food. And he loved to do it.

20

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

Either 19 How does Lawrence's writing bring alive for you these childhood memories in the two extracts? [20]

Or 20 What do you find vivid about the way in which Lawrence depicts characters taking revenge in **TWO** of the following stories?

Her Turn

Tickets, Please

The Lovely Lady

[20]

21

The truck stopped by the gates. The Japanese sergeant peered over the tail-gate at the prisoners lying on the floor. He pushed Dr Ransome back with his Mauser, but the injured physician lowered himself to the ground, where he knelt at the sergeant's feet, catching his breath. Already the crowd of internees had begun to disperse. Hands in their pockets, the men strolled back to the huts and sat with the women on the steps.

5

Flies swarmed over the truck and settled on the damp pools that covered the floor. They hovered around Jim's mouth, feeding at the sores on his gums. For ten minutes the Japanese soldiers argued with each other, while the driver waited with Dr Ransome. Two senior British prisoners stepped through the gates and joined the discussion.

10

'Woosung Camp?'

'No, no, no . . .'

'Who sent them? In this condition?'

Avoiding Dr Ransome, they approached the truck and stared at the prisoners through the cloud of flies. As Jim kicked his heels and whistled to himself they watched him without expression. The Japanese sentries opened the barbed-wire gates, but the British prisoners immediately closed them and began to shout at the Japanese sergeant. When Dr Ransome stepped forward to remonstrate with them the British waved him away.

15

20

'Get back, man . . .'

'We can't take you, doctor. There are children here.'

Dr Ransome climbed into the truck and sat on the floor beside Jim. The effort of standing had exhausted him, and he lay back with his hand over his wound as the flies fought between his fingers.

25

Mrs Hug and the English couple with the wicker suitcase had waited silently through the arguments. As the Japanese soldiers returned to the camp and locked the gates Mrs Hug said: 'They won't take us. The British camp leaders . . .'

Jim gazed at the prisoners wandering across the compound. Groups of boys played football in the brick yard of the ceramics works. Were his mother and father hiding among the kilns? Perhaps, like the British camp leaders, they wanted Jim to go away, frightened of the flies and the sickness that he had brought with him from Shanghai.

30

Jim helped Basie and Dr Ransome to drink, and then sat on the opposite bench. He turned his back on the camp, on the British prisoners and their children. All his hopes rested in the landscape around him, in its past and future wars. He felt a strange lightness in his head, not because his parents had rejected him, but because he expected them to do so, and no longer cared.

35

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

- Either** **21** What do you find so striking about Ballard's portrayal of the world of the prisoners of war at this point in the novel? [20]
-
- Or** **22** How does Ballard make so memorable Jim's time alone in Shanghai, just after being separated from his parents (in Chapters 7–10)? [20]

23 (a)

Stormy Weather

It was this proviso that kept Chris glued to her position in front of the window, searching for signs in the morning sky. For it didn't need rain itself to cancel the weekly outing. The 'threat' of rain was enough for Matron to defy the minister, and the whole United Free Kirk of Scotland.

Oh! Never had a small girl of fourteen been up against such a powerful adversary. And never was an autumn and winter so full of Fridays which 'threatened rain'! Nor even more the runes of childhood so fervently invoked could diminish the threat:

Rainie, rainie rattlestones
dinna rain on me
rain on Johnnie Groat's hoose
far across the sea . . .

Second bell clanging through the dormitory stirred the sleepers into disgruntled wakefulness, and filled the room with complaint. Alice, unaware at last of Chris keeping vigil, and of the reason for such a vigil, shuffled towards the window.

'It's going to rain,' she prophesied. 'It's going to pour! We won't get to the Band of Hope tonight.'

'It could clear up before night,' Chris said, ignoring the gloat that had sounded in Alice's voice. 'It sometimes does,' she reflected, taking a last lingering look at the skyline, before making her way out of the dormitory.

'And,' she reminded Alice, in an attempt to get a little of her own back, 'it's *your* turn to empty all the chamber-pots – except the boys'. I emptied them all yesterday.'

(b)

Passages

'Don't persist with this,' I warned her. 'I've offered you a way out. You have a strong healthy young mind now – don't pursue this fantasy path any further.'

'That is exactly why I came to see you. To find my way back to a path I once knew. I don't want an explanation or a denial but I need an admission of your guilt before I can break out of this . . .' She paused as though she knew the word but could not use it; it came out eventually ' . . . nightmare!'

At that point she began to cry.

I watched her very closely and realized for the first time that she was wrong; she did not need an admission; she was already free. In the telling of her story she had changed. She had lost the haunted look: she had confessed. After a while when she was quieter, I asked: 'What became of John Mulhern – your lover? You didn't say.'

'After that night it wasn't the same between us. He was afraid of me, and I think I was of him. I was taken home for a while to Portstewart and nursed by my mother. A short time after that I was admitted to a sanatorium, as I have already told you. I came to Dublin only this year, to resume my studies. They thought I was better out of the North. He became something in the paramilitary, and is very well known. I heard that he married someone recently, but I don't recall the details.'

'He didn't wait for you to heal?'

'No. He didn't wait.'

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

Either 23 How do the writers powerfully convey the stresses suffered by the girls in these two extracts? [20]

Or 24 How do the writers memorably convey the disappointment felt by **TWO** of the following characters?

Martha in *Weekend* (Weldon)

Rudi in *Another Survivor* (Fainlight)

The man in *The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station* (Harris) [20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25 As soon as his father walked in, that night, Nwoye knew that Ikemefuna had been killed, and something seemed to give way inside him, like the snapping of a tightened bow. He did not cry. He just hung limp. He had had the same kind of feeling not long ago, during the last harvest season. Every child loved the harvest season. Those who were big enough to carry even a few yams in a tiny basket went with grown-ups to the farm. And if they could not help in digging up the yams, they could gather firewood together for roasting the ones that would be eaten there on the farm. This roasted yam soaked in red palm-oil and eaten in the open farm was sweeter than any meal at home. It was after such a day at the farm during the last harvest that Nwoye had felt for the first time a snapping inside him like the one he now felt. They were returning home with baskets of yams from a distant farm across the stream when they had heard the voice of an infant crying in the thick forest. A sudden hush had fallen on the women, who had been talking, and they had quickened their steps. Nwoye had heard that twins were put in earthenware pots and thrown away in the forest, but he had never yet come across them. A vague chill had descended on him and his head had seemed to swell, like a solitary walker at night who passes an evil spirit on the way. Then something had given way inside him. It descended on him again, this feeling, when his father walked in, that night after killing Ikemefuna.
- 5
10
15

Either 25 Explore how Achebe's writing makes this such a dramatic and important moment in Nwoye's life. [20]

Or 26 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Achebe's writing makes you feel that the customs of Umuofia are harsh. [20]

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Turn to page 34 for Question 27.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

27

The old man had seen many great fish. He had seen many that weighed more than a thousand pounds and he had caught two of that size in his life, but never alone. Now alone, and out of sight of land he was fast to the biggest fish that he had ever seen and bigger than he had ever heard of, and his left hand was still as tight as the gripped claws of an eagle.

5

It will uncramp though, he thought. Surely it will uncramp to help my right hand. There are three things that are brothers: the fish and my two hands. It must uncramp. It is unworthy of it to be cramped. The fish had slowed again and was going at his usual pace.

I wonder why he jumped, the old man thought. He jumped almost as though to show me how big he was. I know now, anyway, he thought. I wish I could show him what sort of man I am. But then he would see the cramped hand. Let him think I am more man than I am and I will be so. I wish I was the fish, he thought, with everything he has against only my will and my intelligence.

10

He settled comfortably against the wood and took his suffering as it came and the fish swam steadily and the boat moved slowly through the dark water. There was a small sea rising with the wind coming up from the east and at noon the old man's left hand was uncramped.

15

'Bad news for you, fish,' he said and shifted the line over the sacks that covered his shoulders.

20

He was comfortable but suffering, although he did not admit the suffering at all.

'I am not religious,' he said. 'But I will say ten Our Fathers and ten Hail Marys that I should catch this fish, and I promise to make a pilgrimage to the Virgin de Cobre if I catch him. That is a promise.'

25

He commenced to say his prayers mechanically. Sometimes he would be so tired that he could not remember the prayer and then he would say them fast so that they would come automatically. Hail Marys are easier to say than Our Fathers, he thought.

'Hail Mary full of Grace the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death. Amen.' Then he added, 'Blessed Virgin, pray for the death of this fish. Wonderful though he is.'

30

With his prayers said, and feeling much better, but suffering exactly as much, and perhaps a little more, he leaned against the wood of the bow and began, mechanically, to work the fingers of his left hand.

35

The sun was hot now although the breeze was rising gently.

'I had better re-bait that little line out over the stern,' he said. 'If the fish decides to stay another night I will need to eat again and the water is low in the bottle. I don't think I can get anything but a dolphin here. But if I eat him fresh enough he won't be bad. I wish a flying fish would come on board tonight. But I have no light to attract them. A flying fish is excellent to eat raw and I would not have to cut him up. I must save all my strength now. Christ, I did not know he was so big.'

40

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

Either 27 How does Hemingway vividly portray the old man's strength and determination here? [20]

Or 28 What does Hemingway's writing make you feel about the old man at the end of the novel?

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

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

29

His mind grew more active. He sat down on the plank bed, his back against the wall and the slate on his knees, and set to work deliberately at the task of re-educating himself.

He had capitulated, that was agreed. In reality, as he saw now, he had been ready to capitulate long before he had taken the decision. From the moment when he was inside the Ministry of Love – and yes, even during those minutes when he and Julia had stood helpless while the iron voice from the telescreen told them what to do – he had grasped the frivolity, the shallowness of his attempt to set himself up against the power of the Party. He knew now that for seven years the Thought Police had watched him like a beetle under a magnifying glass. There was no physical act, no word spoken aloud, that they had not noticed, no train of thought that they had not been able to infer. Even the speck of whitish dust on the cover of his diary they had carefully replaced. They had played sound-tracks to him, shown him photographs. Some of them were photographs of Julia and himself. Yes, even. . . . He could not fight against the Party any longer. Besides, the Party was in the right. It must be so: how could the immortal, collective brain be mistaken? By what external standard could you check its judgements? Sanity was statistical. It was merely a question of learning to think as they thought. Only – –!

The pencil felt thick and awkward in his fingers. He began to write down the thoughts that came into his head. He wrote first in large clumsy capitals:

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

Then almost without a pause he wrote beneath it:

TWO AND TWO MAKE FIVE

But then there came a sort of check. His mind, as though shying away from something, seemed unable to concentrate. He knew that he knew what came next, but for the moment he could not recall it. When he did recall it, it was only by consciously reasoning out what it must be: it did not come of its own accord. He wrote:

GOD IS POWER 30

He accepted everything. The past was alterable. The past never had been altered. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Oceania had always been at war with Eastasia. Jones, Aaronson, and Rutherford were guilty of the crimes they were charged with. He had never seen the photograph that disproved their guilt. It had never existed, he had invented it. He remembered remembering contrary things, but those were false memories, products of self-deception. How easy it all was! Only surrender, and everything else followed. It was like swimming against a current that swept you backwards however hard you struggled, and then suddenly deciding to turn round and go with the current instead of opposing it. Nothing had changed except your own attitude: the pre-destined thing happened in any case. He hardly knew why he had ever rebelled.

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

Either 29 How does Orwell's writing make this passage particularly disturbing for you? [20]

Or 30 How does Orwell make The Ministry of Truth particularly memorable in the novel?
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

SECTION D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this section.

	Pages	Questions
Literary non-fiction post-1914		
<i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin)	40–41	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	42–43	33–34

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

(Day 65)

- 31 (a) Our roof-top deliberations are interrupted by the arrival of a robed bundle of a man carrying a huge kettle swathed in cloth and a stack of glasses. Ali Hassan insists on buying me a cup of tea, and a cloth bung is removed from the spout and my glass filled with a sweet but refreshingly sharp substance. I'm lingering over the pleasure of this unusual feat of catering, when I notice a bony hand impatiently extended. The tea-man wants the glass back so he can continue along the top of the train. He sways off into the distance and Fraser shakes his head. He'll get botulism, he declares, that's for sure. Still, that was the least of my worries when I climbed onto the top of a moving express. 5
- At eight o'clock we pass Station Number 6 (none of the stations across the desert have names). I remember a Sudanese butler in Cyprus insisting I visit his family here, but there seems no sign of life, family or otherwise, for miles around. I make my way through the shredded and rusting remains of a connecting corridor to the dining-car. There are six tables set beside dirty, shattered plastic windows and a number of empty wall-fittings where fans used to be. The breakfast of bread, chunks of beef, boiled egg and lentils is not bad. 10 15

(Day 102)

- (b) At ten minutes after midday a large metal cylinder hanging outside the office of the stationmaster at Dodoma is rung loudly, and the purveyors of nuts, eggs, bananas, dried fish, sweet potatoes, rubber sandals, fresh water, loaves of bread, toy aeroplanes and other travellers' fare edge closer to the railway track. Beginning as a distant shimmer, a diesel locomotive with a red cow-catcher and a distinctive yellow V on the front slowly materializes, bringing in the express from the port of Dar es Salaam, 280 miles to the east. It's an enormous relief to see it. This and the boat down Lake Tanganyika are two of the essential connections on the journey. Neither is easy. There is an element of uncertainty about our right to seats on the train as none of our bookings has been confirmed, and indeed all our compartments are occupied. Polite persuasion is not enough so we just have to move in and hope that the sight of thirty boxes of film equipment will put the skids under someone. An emotional farewell to Kalului and Kabagire, who have looked after us since the Ethiopian border. I leave Kalului my Michelin map – *Africa North-East and Arabia* – which I know he coveted. 5 10 15
- The train is not in good shape. Most of the windows are broken and that's only in First Class. There are, considerately, two types of lavatory, announced on their doors as 'High Type' (European) and 'Low Type' (non-European). Once we are underway, I approach the High Type, prepared for the worst, only to find that it is not there at all. The High Type has vanished leaving behind only a hole in the floor. 20
- It's seven in the evening. To the restaurant car for dinner. Hot and crowded but there's something familiar about it. A metal manufacturer's disc by the door reads 'BREL, Derby 1980'. Of course; these battered coaches rolling across the East African bush are of exactly the same design as British Inter-City stock. 25
- They may look as if they've had it but they're thirty years younger than those which many London commuters travel in.

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

Either 31 In what ways does Palin's writing bring these train journeys vividly to life for you? [20]

Or 32 How does Palin's writing make the description of any **TWO** towns or cities interesting and amusing for you? [20]

The premise was this: that football stadia built in most cases around a hundred years ago (Norwich City's ground, fifty-eight years old, is the youngest in the First Division) could accommodate between fifteen and sixty-three thousand people without those people coming to any harm. Imagine the entire population of a small town (my own home town has a population of around fifty thousand) trying to get into a large department store, and you will have some idea of the hopefulness of this. These people stood, in blocks of ten or twelve thousand, on steeply banked and in some cases crumbling concrete terracing, modified but essentially unchanged over several decades. Even in the days when the only missiles hurled into the air were flat hats, this patently wasn't safe: thirty-three people were killed at Burnden Park, Bolton, in 1946 when crush barriers collapsed, and the Ibrox disaster in 1971 was the second to take place there. By the time football became a forum for gang warfare, and containment rather than safety become a priority (those perimeter fences again), a major tragedy became an inevitability. How could anyone have hoped to get away with it? With sixty-thousand-plus crowds, all you can do is shut the gates, tell everyone to squash up, and then pray, very hard. The Ibrox disaster in 1971 was an awful warning that wasn't heeded: there were specific causes for it, but ultimately what was responsible was the way we watch football, among crowds that are way too big, in grounds that are far too old.

These grounds had been built for a generation of fans that didn't drive, or even rely on public transport overly much, and so they were placed carefully in the middle of residential areas full of narrow streets and terraced houses. Twenty or thirty years after the catchment areas began to expand dramatically, and people started travelling from ten or twenty or fifty miles away, nothing has changed. This was the time to build new stadia, out of town, with parking facilities and improved safety provisions; the rest of Europe did, and as a consequence the grounds in Italy, Spain, Portugal and France are bigger, better and safer, but typically, in a country whose infrastructure is finally beginning to fall apart, we didn't bother. Here, tens of thousands of fans walk up narrow, winding underground tunnels, or double-park their cars in tiny, quiet, local streets, while the relevant football authorities seem content to carry on as if nothing at all – behaviour, the fan base, methods of transport, even the state of the grounds themselves, which like the rest of us start to look a bit tatty after the first half-century or so – had changed. There was so much that could and should have been done, and nothing ever was, and everyone trundled along for year after year after year, for a hundred years, until Hillsborough. Hillsborough was the fourth post-war British football disaster, the third in which large numbers of people were crushed to death following some kind of failure in crowd control; it was the first which was attributed to something more than bad luck. So you can blame the police for opening the wrong gate at the wrong time if you like, but in my opinion to do so would be to miss the point.

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

Either 33 How does Hornby convey his strong feelings about the Hillsborough disaster at this point in the book? [20]

Or 34 Explore **ONE** episode in the book which Hornby's writing makes particularly amusing for you.

Remember to support your views with details from the book. [20]

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