

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

2448/02

Scheme B

Unit 8 Post-1914 Texts
(Higher Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

OCR Supplied Materials:

- 8 page Answer Booklet

Other Materials Required:

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

**Wednesday 21 January 2009
Morning**

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

- Write your name in capital letters, your Centre Number and Candidate Number in the spaces provided on the Answer Booklet.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully and make sure that you know what you have to do before starting your answer.
- You must answer **THREE** questions.
- You must answer **one** question from Section B.
- You must answer **two other** questions, from Section A, Section C or Section D.
Each question must be taken from a different section.
- Do **not** write in the bar codes.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.
- This document consists of **44** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

CONTENTS

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

SECTION A – Drama post-1914

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

Page 3

SECTION B – Poetry post-1914

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

Page 11

SECTION C – Prose post-1914

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

Page 23

SECTION D – Literary Non-Fiction post-1914

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

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Section A

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
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	7–8

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life is it Anyway?*

- 1 SISTER: Now why do you go getting yourself so upset? ... There's no point ...
 KEN: (*muffled*) But ...
 SISTER: Stop talking Mr Harrison. Just relax.
 KEN *becomes calm*. SISTER *sees* NURSE SADLER *going past*.
 MRS BOYLE *is still hovering*. 5
- SISTER: Nurse.
 NURSE: Sister?
 SISTER: Take over here will you?
 NURSE: Yes Sister.
 NURSE SADLER *holds the mask*. SISTER *goes to the door*. 10
- MRS BOYLE: Is he alright?
 SISTER: Yes, perfectly.
 MRS BOYLE: I'm sorry ...
 SISTER: Don't worry. It was not you ... We'll let you know when he's better.
 MRS BOYLE: Right ... Thank you. 15
 She goes. SISTER *stands at the open door*.
- SISTER: Just give him another ten seconds, Nurse.
 NURSE: Yes Sister.
 SISTER *takes a pace back behind the door and listens*. *After ten seconds*, NURSE SADLER *removes the mask*. 20
- KEN: Oh, she's a shrewd cookie, is our Sister.
 SISTER *smiles at this*. NURSE SADLER *glances backward*.
 KEN *catches on to the reason*.
- KEN: It's alright Sister. I'm still alive, bugger it. I don't want to give her too
 much satisfaction. 25
- NURSE: She's gone.
 She closes the door.
- KEN: Come on then, over here. I shan't bite you Kay. Come and cool my
 fevered brow or something.
- NURSE: What upset you? 30
 KEN: Being patronised did I suppose.
 NURSE: What did you mean about Sister?
 KEN: She knew if she came in I'd shout at her, but if you were here I wouldn't
 shout.
- NURSE: Why? 35
 KEN: A good question. Because I suppose you're young and gentle and
 innocent and Sister knows that I am not the sort who would shout at
 you ...
- NURSE: You mean, you would rather patronise me.
 KEN: Hey! Steady on there Kay. If you show you're well able to take care of
 yourself I shall have to call you Nurse Sadler and shout at you too and
 Sister and I will have lost a valuable asset. 40
-

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

Either **1** Explore the ways in which Clark makes this such a revealing and dramatic moment in the play. **[20]**

Or **2** How does Clark make Mr Hill a cautious yet caring individual? **[20]**

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

3	WILLY:	Go on now. I'll be right up.	
	LINDA:	I think this is the only way, Willy.	
	WILLY:	Sure, it's the best thing.	
	BEN:	Best thing!	
	WILLY:	The only way. Everything is gonna be – go on, kid, get to bed. You look so tired.	5
	LINDA:	Come right up.	
	WILLY:	Two minutes.	
		LINDA <i>goes into the living-room, then reappears in her bedroom.</i>	
		WILLY <i>moves just outside the kitchen door.</i>	10
	WILLY:	Loves me. (<i>wonderingly</i>) Always loved me. Isn't that a remarkable thing? Ben, he'll worship me for it!	
	BEN:	(<i>with promise</i>) It's dark there, but full of diamonds.	
	WILLY:	Can you imagine that magnificence with twenty thousand dollars in his pocket?	15
	LINDA:	(<i>calling from her room</i>) Willy! Come up!	
	WILLY:	(<i>calling into the kitchen</i>) Yes! Yes. Coming! It's very smart, you realize that, don't you, sweetheart? Even Ben sees it. I gotta go, baby. 'Bye! 'Bye! (<i>Going over to BEN, almost dancing</i>) Imagine? When the mail comes he'll be ahead of Bernard again!	20
	BEN:	A perfect proposition all round.	
	WILLY:	Did you see how he cried to me? Oh, if I could kiss him, Ben!	
	BEN:	Time, William, time!	
	WILLY:	Oh, Ben, I always knew one way or another we were gonna make it, Biff and I!	25
	BEN:	(<i>looking at his watch</i>) The boat. We'll be late. (<i>He moves slowly off into the darkness.</i>)	
	WILLY:	(<i>elegiacally, turning to the house</i>) Now when you kick off, boy, I want a seventy-yard boot, and get right down the field under the ball, and when you hit, hit low and hit hard, because it's important, boy. (<i>He swings round and faces the audience.</i>) There's all kinds of important people in the stands, and the first thing you know ... (<i>Suddenly realizing he is alone.</i>) Ben! Ben, where do I ... ? (<i>He makes a sudden movement of searching.</i>) Ben, how do I ... ?	30
	LINDA:	(<i>calling</i>) Willy, you coming up?	35
	WILLY:	(<i>uttering a gasp of fear, whirling about as if to quiet her</i>) Sh! (<i>He turns around as if to find his way; sounds, faces, voices, seem to be swarming in upon him and he flicks at them, crying, 'Sh! Sh!' Suddenly music, faint and high, stops him. It rises in intensity, almost to an unbearable scream. He goes up and down on his toes, and rushes off around the house.</i>) Shhh!	40
	LINDA:	Willy?	
		<i>There is no answer. LINDA waits. BIFF gets up off his bed. He is still in his clothes. HAPPY sits up. BIFF stands listening.</i>	
	LINDA:	(<i>with real fear</i>) Willy, answer me! Willy!	45
		<i>There is the sound of a car starting and moving away at full speed.</i>	
	LINDA:	No!	
	BIFF:	(<i>rushing down the stairs</i>) Pop!	

R. C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

- 5 OSBORNE: (*standing beside STANHOPE and putting his hand gently on his shoulder again*) We'll clean them up tomorrow.
STANHOPE *looks up at OSBORNE and laughs gaily.*
- STANHOPE: Dear old Uncle! Clean trenches up – with little dustpan and brush. (*He laughs.*) Make you little apron – with lace on it. 5
- OSBORNE: That'll be fine. Now then, come along, old chap. I'll see you get called at two o'clock. (*He firmly takes STANHOPE by the arm and draws him over to the bed.*) You *must* be tired.
- STANHOPE: (*in a dull voice*) God, I'm bloody tired; ache – all over – feel sick.
OSBORNE *helps him on to the bed, takes the blanket and puts it over him.* 10
- OSBORNE: You'll feel all right in a minute. How's that? Comfortable?
- STANHOPE: Yes. Comfortable. (*He looks up into OSBORNE'S face and laughs again.*) Dear old Uncle. Tuck me up.
OSBORNE *fumbles the blankets round STANHOPE.* 15
- OSBORNE: There we are.
- STANHOPE: Kiss me, Uncle.
- OSBORNE: Kiss you be blowed! You go to sleep.
- STANHOPE: (*closing his eyes*) Yes – I go sleep. (*He turns slowly on to his side with his face to the earth wall.*) 20
OSBORNE *stands watching for a while, then blows out the candle by STANHOPE'S bed. STANHOPE gives a deep sigh, and begins to breathe heavily. OSBORNE goes to the servant's dug-out and calls softly:*
- OSBORNE: Mason! 25
- MASON: (*appearing with unbuttoned tunic at the tunnel entrance*): Yes sir?
- OSBORNE: Will you call me at ten minutes to eleven – and Mr Hibbert at ten minutes to two? I'm going to turn in for a little while.
- MASON: Very good, sir. (*Pause.*) The pepper's come, sir.
- OSBORNE: Oh, good. 30
- MASON: I'm very sorry about the pepper, sir.
- OSBORNE: That's all right, Mason.
- MASON: Good night, sir.
- OSBORNE: Good night.
MASON *leaves the dug-out. OSBORNE turns, and looks up the narrow steps into the night, where the Very lights rise and fade against the starlit sky. He glances once more at STANHOPE, then crosses to his own bed, takes out from his tunic pocket a large, old-fashioned watch, and quietly winds it up.* 35
Through the stillness comes the low rumble of distant guns. 40

THE CURTAIN FALLS

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

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

Or 6 How does Sherriff change your views of Trotter as the play progresses? [20]

7

5

10

15

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35

Either 7 What impressions of Mick does Pinter create at this point in the play? [20]

Or 8 You are Davies at the end of the play.
Write your thoughts. [20]

Section B

You MUST answer ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry post-1914		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: How It Looks From Here	12–13	9–10
Or Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)	14–15	11–12
<i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)		
Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe	16–18	13–14
<i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes)		
<i>Mid Term Break</i> (Heaney); <i>5 Ways to Kill a Man</i> (Brock); <i>Dulce et Decorum Est</i> (Owen); <i>In Westminster Abbey</i> (Betjeman); <i>Telephone Conversation</i> (Soyinka); <i>Piano and Drums</i> (Okara); <i>Refugee Mother and Child</i> (Achebe); <i>Our History</i> (Dipoko); <i>Hawk Roosting</i> (Hughes); <i>Mushrooms</i> (Plath); <i>Digging</i> (Heaney); <i>Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience</i> (Causley)	20–21	15–16

9 (a)

Mirror

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
 Whatever I see I swallow immediately.
 Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
 I am not cruel, only truthful –
 The eye of a little god, four-cornered. 5
 Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
 It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
 I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
 Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
 Searching my reaches for what she really is. 10
 Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
 I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
 She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
 I am important to her. She comes and goes. 15
 Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
 In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
 Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Sylvia Plath

(b)

Judging Distances

Not only how far away, but the way that you say it
 Is very important. Perhaps you may never get
 The knack of judging a distance, but at least you know
 How to report on a landscape: the central sector,
 The right of arc and that, which we had last Tuesday, 5
 And at least you know

That maps are of time, not place, so far as the army
 Happens to be concerned – the reason being,
 Is one which need not delay us. Again, you know
 There are three kinds of tree, three only, the fir and the poplar, 10
 And those which have bushy tops to; and lastly
 That things only seem to be things.

A barn is not called a barn, to put it more plainly,
 Or a field in the distance, where sheep may be safely grazing.
 You must never be over-sure. You must say, when reporting: 15
 At five o'clock in the central sector is a dozen
 Of what appear to be animals; whatever you do,
 Don't call the bleeders *sheep*.

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

I am sure that's quite clear; and suppose, for the sake of example,
 The one at the end, asleep, endeavours to tell us 20
 What he sees over there to the west, and how far away,
 After first having come to attention. There to the west,
 On the fields of summer the sun and the shadows bestow
 Vestments of purple and gold.

The still white dwellings are like a mirage in the heat, 25
 And under the swaying elms a man and a woman
 Lie gently together. Which is, perhaps, only to say
 That there is a row of houses to the left of the arc,
 And that under some poplars a pair of what appear to be humans
 Appear to be loving. 30

Well that, for an answer, is what we might rightly call
 Moderately satisfactory only, the reason being,
 Is that two things have been omitted, and those are important.
 The human beings, now: in what direction are they,
 And how far away, would you say? And do not forget 35
 There may be dead ground in between.

There may be dead ground in between; and I may not have got
 The knack of judging a distance; I will only venture
 A guess that perhaps between me and the apparent lovers,
 (Who, incidentally, appear by now to have finished) 40
 At seven o'clock from the houses, is roughly a distance
 Of about one year and a half.

Henry Reed

Either 9 Compare how the poets vividly convey thoughts and feelings about outward appearances in these **TWO** poems. [20]

Or 10 Explore the differing ways the poets bring animals strikingly to life for you in **TWO** of the following poems:

The Cat and the Sea (Thomas)

Mort aux Chats (Porter)

Rat, O Rat ... (Logue).

[20]

11 (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
 Had shone with gentle triumph, brimmed with joy,
 Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

10

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
 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.

15

Siegfried Sassoon

Either 11 Compare the ways in which the poets movingly portray sympathy for loss of life in wartime in these **TWO** poems. **[20]**

Or 12 Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly express thoughts and feelings about soldiers going off to war, in **TWO** of the following poems:

Recruiting (Mackintosh)
Joining the Colours (Hinkson)
The Send-Off (Owen).

[20]

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe

13 (a)

Annus Mirabilis

Sexual intercourse began
 In nineteen sixty-three
 (Which was rather late for me) –
 Between the end of the *Chatterley* ban
 And the Beatles' first LP. 5

Up till then there'd only been
 A sort of bargaining,
 A wrangle for a ring,
 A shame that started at sixteen
 And spread to everything. 10

Then all at once the quarrel sank:
 Everyone felt the same,
 And every life became
 A brilliant breaking of the bank,
 A quite unlosable game. 15

So life was never better than
 In nineteen sixty-three
 (Though just too late for me) –
 Between the end of the *Chatterley* ban
 And the Beatles' first LP. 20

Philip Larkin

(b)

Growing Up

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

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

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

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

(My hero, intransigent Emily,
 Cauterized her own-dog-mauled
 Arm with a poker,
 Struggled to die on her feet, 35
 Never told anyone anything.)

I wasn't good
 At growing up. Never learned
 The natives' art of life. Conversation
 Disintegrated as I touched it, 40
 So I played mute, wormed along years,
 Reciting the hard-learned arcane litany
 Of cliché, my company passport.
 Not a nice person,
 No. 45

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

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 13 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey the experience of being an outsider in these **TWO** poems. [20]

Turn to page 18 for Question 14.

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

- Or** **14** Compare the ways in which the poets movingly describe how time affects people in any **TWO** of the following poems:

The View (Larkin)

Half-past Two (Fanthorpe)

Old Man, Old Man (Fanthorpe).

[20]

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Turn to page 20 for Question 15.

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

15 (a)

Mushrooms

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam,
Acquire the air.

5

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

10

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless,

15

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking

20

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

25

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:

30

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth.
Our foot's in the door.

Sylvia Plath

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

(b)

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.
Inaction, no falsifying dream
Between my hooked head and hooked feet:
Or in sleep rehearse perfect kills and eat.

The convenience of the high trees! 5
The air's buoyancy and the sun's ray
Are of advantage to me;
And the earth's face upward for my inspection.

My feet are locked upon the rough bark. 10
It took the whole of Creation
To produce my foot, my each feather:
Now I hold Creation in my foot

Or fly up, and revolve it all slowly –
I kill where I please because it is all mine. 15
There is no sophistry in my body:
My manners are tearing off heads –

The allotment of death.
For the one path of my flight is direct
Through the bones of the living. 20
No arguments assert my right:

The sun is behind me.
Nothing has changed since I began.
My eye has permitted no change.
I am going to keep things like this.

Ted Hughes

Either 15 Compare the ways in which the poets strikingly convey the power of nature in these **TWO** poems. [20]

Or 16 Compare the ways in which any **TWO** of the following children are portrayed:

the dead brother in *Mid Term Break* (Heaney)
the dying child in *Refugee Mother and Child* (Achebe)
the boy in *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* (Causley). [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	21–22
<i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i> (ed. Hill) (The 13 stories in the second half of the collection, beginning with <i>The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station</i> by Harris)	30–31	23–24
<i>Things Fall Apart</i> (Achebe)	32	25–26
<i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> (Hemingway)	33	27–28
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell)	34–35	29–30

Opening Worlds (OCR)

17 (a)

The Young Couple

At the same time a large bedroom and dressing-room were being got ready for them in the family-house. Everyone tried to keep it secret from Cathy, but it was all done with such glee – a great deal of whispering always went on, and Naraian was beckoned into the room, and there were winks and veiled allusions – that her suspicions were soon aroused. When at home she confronted Naraian with these, he tried to hedge and say it was only if they wanted to stay over weekends or take naps on Sunday afternoons. Soon, however, he was speaking out more clearly and he said, did she think he was going to put up with a place like this for ever? and he kicked a door so that its poor, cheap wood splintered a bit further. And the only thing Cathy could think of in defence was, but look at the view! and pointed towards the dome of the mausoleum darkening against a tender flush of sunset and a formation of birds, wings a-tilt, going round it swift as bats in a last flight before plunging down into the trees to settle themselves to sleep.

In reply, Naraian pulled a contemptuous face which made it clear what sort of importance he attached to the view. But this expression – though an honest, spontaneous one – he held for only a moment; the next he had corrected it, looked in fact sympathetic. Probably he had recollected the way they had once used to talk, the art galleries they had visited in England, the plays they had witnessed, the opinions they had so seriously held on life and how to live it.

‘What does it matter, Cathy,’ he said, putting his arm round her, and his voice was tender, and so was the way he looked at her, ‘what does it matter *where* we are as long as we are together?’

They kissed. This kiss was delicious but, even while it was going on and set within it as in a heartshaped frame, she had a vision of the room that was being got ready for them: the same heavy, shiny furniture as the rest of the house, a carpet, ample satin bedspreads matching the curtains.

Ruth Praver Jhabvala

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

(b)

The Winter Oak

'I'll see you home.'

'You needn't, Savushkin. I'll go by myself.'

He looked at the schoolmistress doubtfully, and then he picked up a stick from the ground, broke off its crooked end and gave the stick to Anna Vasilevna.

'If the elk comes near you, hit him on the back, and he'll run away. Or better still, just wave the stick at him, and that will be enough. Otherwise he might take offence and leave the forest altogether.'

5

'All right, Savushkin, I won't hit him.'

When she had gone a little way, Anna Vasilevna turned round to have a last look at the oak, rosy white in the setting sun, and at its foot she saw a small, dark figure. Savushkin had not gone home. He was guarding his teacher from afar. And suddenly Anna Vasilevna understood that the most amazing thing in the forest was not the winter oak, but the small human being in the worn felt boots, a mysterious and wonderful future citizen.

10

She waved to him and quietly went off along the twisting path.

15

Yuri Nagibin

Either 17 How do the writers make you powerfully aware of changes in the lives of Cathy and Anna as you read these closing extracts?

Remember to refer to details from the extracts in your answer.

[20]

Or 18 How do the writers make so memorable the relationships between parents and children in any **TWO** of the following stories?

The Gold-Legged Frog (Srinawak)

Two Kinds (Tan)

The Red Ball (Khan)

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]

19 (a)

Lessford's Rabbits

At playtime I began to question Halket: 'Please Sir – we had some rabbits in a place on the allotments. We used to gather manure for a man, and he let us have half of his tool-house in the garden –.'

'How many had you – rabbits?'

'Please Sir – they varied. When we had young ones we used to have sixteen sometimes. We had two brown does and a black buck.'

I was somewhat taken back by this.

'How long have you had them?'

'A long time now Sir. We've had six lots of young ones.'

'And what did you do with them?'

'Fatten them, Sir' – he spoke with a little triumph, but he was reluctant to say much more.

'And what did you fatten them on?'

The boy glanced swiftly at me. He reddened, and for the first time became confused.

'Green stuff, what we had given us out of the gardens, and what we got out of the fields.'

'And bread,' I answered quietly.

He looked at me. He saw I was not angry, only ironical. For a few moments he hesitated, whether to lie or not. Then he admitted, very subdued:

'Yes Sir.'

'And what did you do with the rabbits?' – he did not answer – 'Come, tell me. I can find out whether or not.'

'Sold them,' – he hung his head guiltily.

'Who did the selling?'

'I, Sir – to a greengrocer.'

'For how much?'

'Eightpence each.'

'And did your mothers know?'

'No Sir.' He was very subdued and guilty.

'And what did you do with the money?'

'Go to the Empire – generally.'

I asked him a day or two later if they had found the rabbits. They had not. I asked Halket what he supposed had become of them.

'Please Sir – I suppose somebody must 'a stole them. The door was not broken. You could open our padlock with a hairpin. I suppose somebody must have come after us last night when we'd fed them. I think I know who it is, too, Sir.' He shook his head wisely – 'There's a place where you can get into the allotments off the field –'

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D H LAWRENCE: *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories (Cont.)*(b) *A Lesson on a Tortoise*

When the monitors had finished, and I had turned out all the lights but one, I sent home Curwen, and kept my assistant-monitor a moment.

'Ségar, do you know anything of my rubbers?'

'No Sir' – he had a deep, manly voice, and he spoke with earnest protestation – flushing. 5

'No? Nor my pencils – nor my two books?'

'No Sir! I know nothing about the books.'

'No? The pencils then –?'

'No Sir! Nothing! I don't know anything about them.'

'Nothing, Ségar?' 10

'No Sir.'

He hung his head, and looked so humiliated, a fine, handsome lad, that I gave it up. Yet I knew he would be dishonest again, when the opportunity arrived.

'Very well! You will not help as monitor any more. You will not come into the classroom until the class comes in – any more. You understand?' 15

'Yes Sir' – he was very quiet.

'Go along then.'

He went out, and silently closed the door. I turned out the last light, tried the cupboards, and went home.

I felt very tired, and very sick. The night had come up, the clouds were moving darkly, and the sordid streets near the school felt like disease in the lamplight. 20

Either 19 How does Lawrence strikingly portray the difficult relationships between schoolmaster and child in these passages? [20]

Or 20 What vivid impressions of the countryside and country life does Lawrence's writing convey to you in **TWO** of the following stories?

A Prelude

The Shades of Spring

Second Best

[20]

J G BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun*

- 21** Eager to be rid of the last prisoners still able to walk, the soldiers moved across the football field. They cuffed the prisoners and pulled their shoulders. A corporal with a cotton face mask shone his torch into the faces of the dead, then turned them on their backs.
- A Eurasian civilian in a white shirt moved behind the Japanese, eager to help those ordered to join the march, like the courier of an efficient travel company. At the edges of the field the Japanese guards were already stripping the bodies of the dead, pulling off shoes and belts. 5
- 'Mr Maxted ...' In a last moment of lucidity Jim sat up, knowing that he must leave the dying architect and join the march party into the night. 'I ought to go now, Mr Maxted. It's time for the war to be over ...' 10
- He was trying to stand when he felt Mr Maxted grasp his wrist. 'Don't go with them ... Jim ... stay here.'
- Jim waited for Mr Maxted to die. But he pressed Jim's wrist to the grass, as if trying to bolt it to the earth. Jim watched the march party shuffle towards the tunnel. Unable to walk more than three paces, a man fell and was left on the cinder track. Jim listened to the voices of the Japanese draw nearer, muffled by the masks over their faces, and heard the sergeant gag and spit in the stench. 15
- A soldier knelt beside him, his breath hoarse and exhausted behind his mask. Strong hands moved across Jim's chest and hips, feeling his pockets. Brusquely they pulled his shoes from his feet, then flung them on to the cinder track. Jim lay without moving, as the fires from the burning oil depots at Hongkew played across the stands, lighting the doors of the looted refrigerators, the radiator grilles of the white Cadillacs and the lamps of the plaster nymphs in the box of the Generalissimo. 20

-
- Either 21** How does Ballard make Jim's experiences here so horrifying? [20]
-
- Or 22** What do you find memorable about Ballard's portrayal of Mrs Vincent in the novel? [20]

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Turn to page 30 for Question 23.

23 (a)

A Love Match

This first raid was concentrated on the ironworks, and did considerable damage. All next day, inland Hallowby heard the growl of demolition explosives. In the second raid, the defences were better organized. The enemy bombers were driven off their target before they could finish their mission. Two were brought down out to sea. A third, twisting inland, jettisoned its remaining bombs on and around Hallowby. One dropped in Gas Lane, another just across the road from Newton Lodge. The blast brought down the roof and dislodged a chimney stack. The rescue workers, turning the light of their torches here and there, noting the usual disparities between the havocked and the unharmed, the fireplace blown out, the portrait smiling above it, followed the trail of bricks and rubble upstairs and into a bedroom whose door slanted from its hinges. A cold air met them; looking up, they saw the sky. The floor was deep in bits of rubble; bits of broken masonry, clots of brickwork, stood up from it like rocks on a beach. A dark bulk crouched on the hearth, and was part of the chimney stack, and a torrent of slates had fallen on the bed, crushing the two bodies that lay there.

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The wavering torchlights wandered over the spectacle. There was a silence. Then young Foe spoke out. 'He must have come in to comfort her. That's my opinion.' The others concurred. Silently, they disentangled Justin and Celia, and wrapped them in separate tarpaulin sheets. No word of what they had found got out. Foe's hypothesis was accepted by the coroner and became truth.

20

Sylvia Townsend Warner

(b)

Miss Anstruther's Letters

They pulled her down with them to the ground floor. She ran out into the street, shouting for a ladder. Oh God, where are the fire engines? A hundred fires, the water given out in some places, engines helpless. Everywhere buildings burning, museums, churches, hospitals, great shops, houses, blocks of flats, north, south, east, west and centre. Such a raid never was. Miss Anstruther heeded none of it; with hell blazing and crashing round her, all she thought was, I must get my letters. Oh dear God, my letters. She pushed again into the inferno, but again she was dragged back. 'No one to go in there,' said the police, for all human life was by now extricated. No one to go in, and Miss Anstruther's flat left to be consumed in the spreading storm of fire, which was to leave no wrack behind. Everything was doomed – furniture, books, pictures, china, clothes, manuscripts, silver, everything: all she thought of was the desk crammed with letters that should have been the first thing she saved. What had she saved instead? Her wireless, her typewriter, a suitcase full of books; looking round, she saw that all three had gone from where she had put them down. Perhaps they were in the safe keeping of the police, more likely in the wholly unsafe keeping of some rescue-squad man or private looter. Miss Anstruther cared little. She sat down on the wreckage of the road, sick and shaking, wholly bereft.

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Rose Macaulay

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

Either 23 How do the writers here create both exciting and moving descriptions of the devastating effect of an air raid? **[20]**

Or 24 Explore how the writers create striking portraits of women who are misfits in **TWO** of the following stories:

Mabel in *Savages* (O'Brien)

Mrs Burton in *Addy* (Blackwood)

Sally in *Nothing Missing But the Samovar* (Lively).

[20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25** Ekwefi had suffered a good deal in her life. She had borne ten children and nine of them had died in infancy, usually before the age of three. As she buried one child after another her sorrow gave way to despair and then to grim resignation. The birth of her children, which should be a woman's crowning glory, became for Ekwefi mere physical agony devoid of promise. The naming ceremony after seven market weeks became an empty ritual. Her deepening despair found expression in the names she gave her children. One of them was a pathetic cry, Onwumbiko – 'Death, I implore you.' But Death took no notice; Onwumbiko died in his fifteenth month. The next child was a girl, Ozoemena – 'May it not happen again.' She died in her eleventh month, and two others after her. Ekwefi then became defiant and called her next child Onwuma – 'Death may please himself.' And he did. 5
- After the death of Ekwefi's second child, Okonkwo had gone to a medicine-man, who was also a diviner of the Afa Oracle, to inquire what was amiss. This man told him that the child was an *ogbanje*, one of those wicked children who, when they died, entered their mother's wombs to be born again. 10
- "When your wife becomes pregnant again," he said, "let her not sleep in her hut. Let her go and stay with her people. In that way she will elude her wicked tormentor and break its evil cycle of birth and death." 15
- Ekwefi did as she was asked. As soon as she became pregnant she went to live with her old mother in another village. It was there that her third child was born and circumcised on the eighth day. She did not return to Okonkwo's compound until three days before the naming ceremony. The child was called Onwumbiko. 20
- Onwumbiko was not given proper burial when he died.

-
- Either** **25** How does Achebe create sympathy in you for Ekwefi here? [20]
-
- Or** **26** How does Achebe's writing powerfully portray the tragic impact on Umuofia of the Reverend Smith's arrival as a missionary? [20]

27

Either 27 How does Hemingway movingly portray the relationship between the old man and the boy at this point in the novel? [20]

Or 28 In what ways does Hemingway convey the strength of the old man's feelings about the marlin he catches?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[20]

29 It had happened at last. The expected message had come. All his life, it seemed to him, he had been waiting for this to happen.

He was walking down the long corridor at the Ministry and he was almost at the spot where Julia had slipped the note into his hand when he became aware that someone larger than himself was walking just behind him. The person, whoever it was, gave a small cough, evidently as a prelude to speaking. Winston stopped abruptly and turned. It was O'Brien. 5

At last they were face to face, and it seemed that his only impulse was to run away. His heart bounded violently. He would have been incapable of speaking. O'Brien, however, had continued forward in the same movement, laying a friendly hand for a moment on Winston's arm, so that the two of them were walking side by side. He began speaking with the peculiar grave courtesy that differentiated him from the majority of Inner Party members. 10

'I had been hoping for an opportunity of talking to you,' he said. 'I was reading one of your Newspeak articles in *The Times* the other day. You take a scholarly interest in Newspeak, I believe?' 15

Winston had recovered part of his self-possession. 'Hardly scholarly,' he said. 'I'm only an amateur. It's not my subject. I have never had anything to do with the actual construction of the language.'

'But you write it very elegantly,' said O'Brien. 'That is not only my own opinion. I was talking recently to a friend of yours who is certainly an expert. His name has slipped my memory for the moment.' 20

Again Winston's heart stirred painfully. It was inconceivable that this was anything other than a reference to Syme. But Syme was not only dead, he was abolished, an *unperson*. Any identifiable reference to him would have been mortally dangerous. O'Brien's remark must obviously have been intended as a signal, a code-word. By sharing a small act of thoughtcrime he had turned the two of them into accomplices. They had continued to stroll slowly down the corridor, but now O'Brien halted. With the curious, disarming friendliness that he always managed to put into the gesture he resettled his spectacles on his nose. The he went on: 25 30

'What I had really intended to say was that in your article I noticed you had used two words which have become obsolete. But they have only become so very recently. Have you seen the tenth edition of the Newspeak Dictionary?'

'No,' said Winston. 'I didn't think it had been issued yet. We are still using the ninth in the Records Department.' 35

'The tenth edition is not due to appear for some months, I believe. But a few advance copies have been circulated. I have one myself. It might interest you to look at it, perhaps?'

'Very much so,' said Winston, immediately seeing where this tended.

'Some of the new developments are most ingenious. The reduction in the number of verbs – that is the point that will appeal to you, I think. Let me see, shall I send a messenger to you with the dictionary? But I am afraid I invariably forget anything of that kind. Perhaps you could pick it up at my flat at some time that suited you? Wait. Let me give you my address.' 40

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

They were standing in front of a telescreen. Somewhat absentmindedly, O'Brien felt two of his pockets and then produced a small leather-covered notebook and a gold ink-pencil. Immediately beneath the telescreen, in such a position that anyone who was watching at the other end of the instrument could read what he was writing, he scribbled an address, tore out the page and handed it to Winston. 45

'I am usually at home in the evenings,' he said. 'If not, my servant will give you the dictionary.' 50

He was gone, leaving Winston holding the scrap of paper, which this time there was no need to conceal.

Either 29 How does Orwell's writing make this passage so gripping? [20]

Or 30 How does Orwell make Winston's relationship with Julia so significant in 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)	38–39	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	40–41	33–34

31 (a)

Day 108

Huddled in a corner, looking pathetic and helpless, with glazed eyes and glassy stare, is the accused. He wears a thin brown shirt and trousers, black moccasin shoes and a fat wristwatch. He bears an unnerving resemblance to Nelson Mandela.

The witch doctor, Dr Baela, is a young man from Zaire. He has pouting lips and big lazy eyes. He wears a head-dress of genet fur, a pink tunic with his name on the back and a pair of welding goggles. In one hand he holds a heart-shaped mirror with a border of shells and in the other a small pot with a mirror set into it. His helpers wear white cotton robes with red crosses on them.

It may be the effect of the presence of a camera, but they all look sheepish and rather awkward, like children at the start of a school play.

Baela's acolytes brusquely remove the victim's watch, then tear off his shirt and make a series of marks on his body. A curved horn with money tied to its base is placed on his head and a basket with a white cloth in it passed three times around him. Two young men – boys really – step forward, and with grubby razor blades make incisions on his neck and shoulders. Thin lines of blood ooze to the surface. He's questioned, but looks blankly back, and is then cut across the forehead. Some powder is rubbed into the wound which makes him start back. He is held still, his trousers are rolled up and cuts are made on the outside of his knees and toes. On the wall behind him is a text in a faded frame – 'True Love Never Ends'.

The bleeding victim is rubbed with polish and left in his corner while Baela and his gang disappear outside to be interviewed by the BBC.

(b)

Day 116

The crew of my raft manage to persuade me that there is an even more wonderful experience than white-water rafting and that is to swim, or rather let your body be carried, down a rapid. I ask about the crocodiles we'd seen further up the gorge. No problem, they avoid moving water. I ask about the rocks. No problem, way below the surface. Such is their enthusiasm and my joy at having survived this far that I surrender to a dangerous streak of natural impulsiveness, and jump, with them, off the raft and into the waters of rapid number ten.

As soon as I leave the boat I know I should have stayed in it. The current is fast and there is no way of controlling my progress. Within half a minute I'm swept and spun along before being tugged helplessly beneath the water by a reverse wave. I strike what is incontrovertibly a rock, and what's more a particularly sharp and unyielding rock.

The full force of the impact is taken on my lower back, protected, thank God, by my life-jacket, and probably by Fraser's tape-recorder. My calf meanwhile cracks against another rock that wasn't supposed to be there either. Winded by the blow, I struggle up to the surface driven by a potent and uncontainable sense of indignation. This enables me to roar, 'You bastards!' and take in a mouthful of Zambesi before disappearing again.

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

Either 31 How does Palin's writing create a sense of tension and danger in these passages? [20]

Or 32 How does Palin's writing make vivid for you his description of **TWO** of the following hotels?

The Old Cataract Hotel (Days 59 and 60)

The 'Nile Hilton' (Days 63 and 64)

The Dodoma Hotel (Days 101 and 102)

[20]

Away games were my equivalent of staying late at the office, and the fifth-round Cup-tie at Derby was the first time I had got to do it properly. In those days there were no restrictions on travelling in the way there are now (British Rail eventually abandoned the Football Specials, and the clubs make their own travel arrangements): we could roll up at St Pancras, buy a dirt-cheap train ticket, and pile on to a dilapidated train, the corridors of which were patrolled by police with guard dogs. Much of the journey took place in darkness – light bulbs were shattered at wearily brief intervals – which made reading difficult, although I always, always took a book with me and spent ages finding the carriages which contained middle-aged men who would have no interest in attracting the attention of the alsatians.

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At our destination we were met by hundreds and hundreds of police, who then escorted us to the ground by a circuitous route away from the city centre; it was during these walks that my urban hooligan fantasies were given free rein. I was completely safe, protected not only by the law but by my fellow supporters, and I had therefore been liberated to bellow along in my still-unbroken voice with the chanted threats of the others. I didn't look terribly hard, in truth: I was as yet nowhere near as big as I should have been, and wore black-framed Brains-style National Health reading glasses, although these I hid away for the duration of the route marches, presumably to make myself just that little bit more terrifying. But those who mumble about the loss of identity football fans must endure miss the point: this loss of identity can be a paradoxically enriching process. Who wants to be stuck with who they are the whole time? I for one wanted time out from being a jug-eared, bespectacled, suburban twerp once in a while; I loved being able to frighten the shoppers in Derby or Norwich or Southampton (and they *were* frightened – you could see it). My opportunities for intimidating people had been limited hitherto, though I knew it wasn't *me* that made people hurry to the other side of the road, hauling their children after them; it was *us*, and I was a part of us, an organ in the hooligan body. The fact that I was the appendix – small, useless, hidden out of the way somewhere in the middle – didn't matter in the slightest.

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NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

Either 33 How does Hornby memorably portray himself as a young football supporter at this point in the book? **[20]**

Or 34 How does Hornby's writing make any **TWO** footballers come to life in the book? **[20]**



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