

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

**2442/02**

**Scheme A**

Unit 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914  
(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.**

**Tuesday 13 January 2009  
Afternoon**

**Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name clearly 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 **one** question from **Section A**.
- You must answer **one other** question, **either** from **Section B or from Section C**.
- 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.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **36** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.



**CONTENTS**

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

**SECTION A – Poetry Post-1914**

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

Page 5

**SECTION B – Prose Post-1914**

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

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**SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914**

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

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## SECTION A

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

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

1 (a)

*Defying Gravity*

Gravity is one of the oldest tricks in the book.  
 Let go of the book and it abseils to the ground  
 As if, at the centre of the earth, spins a giant yo-yo  
 To which everything is attached by an invisible string.

Tear out a page of the book and make an aeroplane. 5  
 Launch it. For an instant it seems that you have fashioned  
 A shape that can outwit air, that has slipped the knot.  
 But no. The earth turns, the winch tightens, it is wound in.

One of my closest friends is, at the time of writing,  
 Attempting to defy gravity, and will surely succeed. 10  
 Eighteen months ago he was playing rugby,  
 Now, seven stones lighter, his wife carries him aw-

Kwardly from room to room. Arranges him gently  
 Upon the sofa for the visitors. 'How are things?'  
 Asks one, not wanting to know. Pause. 'Not too bad.' 15  
 (Open brackets. Condition inoperable. Close brackets.)

Soon now, the man that I love (not the armful of bones)  
 Will defy gravity. Freeing himself from the tackle  
 He will sidestep the opposition and streak down the wing  
 Towards a dimension as yet unimagined. 20

Back where the strings are attached there will be a service  
 And homage paid to the giant yo-yo. A box of left-overs  
 Will be lowered into a space on loan from the clay.  
 Then, weighted down, the living will walk wearily away.

Roger McGough

(b)

*Sometimes*

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

**Either** 1 Explore the differing ways in which the poets, in these two poems, encourage you to see life and death in new ways. **[30]**

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**Or** 2 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably convey to you feelings of dislike for the animals in *Mort Aux Chats* (Porter) and *Rat, O Rat ...* (Logue). **[30]**

**Or** 3 Compare the ways in which the poets use vivid images to appeal to your senses in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks!* (Smith)

*The Cat and the Sea* (Thomas)

*In Your Mind* (Duffy).

**[30]**

4 (a)

*Recruiting*

'Lads, you're wanted, go and help,  
 On the railway carriage wall  
 Stuck the poster, and I thought  
 Of the hands that penned the call.

Fat civilians wishing they 5  
 'Could go and fight the Hun'.  
 Can't you see them thanking God  
 That they're over forty-one?

Girls with feathers, vulgar songs – 10  
 Washy verse on England's need –  
 God – and don't we damned well know  
 How the message ought to read.

'Lads, you're wanted! over there,  
 Shiver in the morning dew,  
 More poor devils like yourselves 15  
 Waiting to be killed by you.

Go and help to swell the names  
 In the casualty lists.  
 Help to make the column's stuff  
 For the blasted journalists. 20

Help to keep them nice and safe  
 From the wicked German foe.  
 Don't let him come over here!  
 Lads, you're wanted – out you go.'

There's a better word than that, 25  
 Lads, and can't you hear it come  
 From a million men that call  
 You to share their martyrdom?

Leave the harlots still to sing  
 Comic songs about the Hun, 30  
 Leave the fat old men to say  
 Now we've got them on the run.

Better twenty honest years  
 Than their dull three score and ten.  
 Lads, you're wanted. Come and learn 35  
 To live and die with honest men.

You shall learn what men can do  
 If you will but pay the price,  
 Learn the gaiety and strength  
 In the gallant sacrifice. 40

Take your risk of life and death  
 Underneath the open sky.  
 Live clean or go out quick –  
 Lads, you're wanted. Come and die.

E. A. Mackintosh



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

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

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

Wilfred Owen

**Either** 4 Compare the ways in which the poets, in these two poems, powerfully criticise those who send young men to war. [30]

**Or** 5 Explore the differing ways in which the poets movingly convey memories of men killed in war, in *Spring in War-Time* (Nesbit) and *The Seed-Merchant's Son* (Herbertson). [30]

**Or** 6 Explore the differing ways in which the poets memorably convey to you thoughts and feelings about loss of life in war, in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Falling Leaves* (Cole)  
*Joining the Colours* (Hinkson)  
*The Bohemians* (Gurney).

[30]

7 (a)

*Reasons for Attendance*

The trumpet's voice, loud and authoritative,  
 Draws me a moment to the lighted glass  
 To watch the dancers – all under twenty-five –  
 Shifting intently, face to flushed face,  
 Solemnly on the beat of happiness. 5

– Or so I fancy, sensing the smoke and sweat,  
 The wonderful feel of girls. Why be out here?  
 But then, why be in there? Sex, yes, but what  
 Is sex? Surely, to think the lion's share  
 Of happiness is found by couples – sheer 10

Inaccuracy, as far as I'm concerned.  
 What calls me is that lifted, rough-tongued bell  
 (Art, if you like) whose individual sound  
 Insists I too am individual.  
 It speaks; I hear; others may hear as well, 15

But not for me, nor I for them; and so  
 With happiness. Therefore I stay outside,  
 Believing this; and they maul to and fro,  
 Believing that; and both are satisfied,  
 If no one has misjudged himself. Or lied. 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

MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): *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, or how, like well-oiled bolts,  
 Swiftly and sweet, they slot into the grooves 55  
 Their ancestors smoothed out along the grain.

U. A. Fanthorpe

**Either 7** Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully convey the feeling of not belonging in these two poems. [30]

**Please turn over for questions 8 and 9.**

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

- Or 8** Compare some of the ways in which the poets vividly convey their views of working people in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Posterity* (Larkin)

*You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly* (Fanthorpe)

*Patients* (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the language the poets use.

[30]

- Or 9** Compare some of ways in which the poets make you feel strongly about any **TWO** of the following:

Mr Bleaney in *Mr Bleaney* (Larkin)

the old man in *Old Man, Old Man* (Fanthorpe)

Alison in *Casehistory: Alison (head injury)* (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the language the poets use.

[30]

**Turn to page 14 for Question 10.**

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

*Dulce Et Decorum Est*

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots 5  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines<sup>1</sup> that dropped behind.

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

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

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

Wilfred Owen

<sup>1</sup> A much-hated, very destructive German high-explosive shell.

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

(b)

*5 Ways to Kill a Man*

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man:  
 you can make him carry a plank of wood  
 to the top of a hill and nail him to it. To do this  
 properly you require a crowd of people  
 wearing sandals, a cock that crows, a cloak  
 to dissect, a sponge, some vinegar and one  
 man to hammer the nails home. 5

Or you can take a length of steel,  
 shaped and chased in a traditional way,  
 and attempt to pierce the metal cage he wears. 10  
 But for this you need white horses,  
 English trees, men with bows and arrows,  
 at least two flags, a prince and a  
 castle to hold your banquet in.

Dispensing with nobility, you may, if the wind  
 allows, blow gas at him. But then you need  
 a mile of mud sliced through with ditches,  
 not to mention black boots, bomb craters,  
 more mud, a plague of rats, a dozen songs  
 and some round hats made of steel. 15  
 20

In an age of aeroplanes, you may fly  
 miles above your victim and dispose of him by  
 pressing one small switch. All you then  
 require is an ocean to separate you, two  
 systems of government, a nation's scientists,  
 several factories, a psychopath and  
 land that no one needs for several years. 25

These are, as I began, cumbersome ways  
 to kill a man. Simpler, direct, and much more neat  
 is to see that he is living somewhere in the middle  
 of the twentieth century, and leave him there. 30

Edwin Brock

**Either 10** Compare the ways in which the poets here use disturbing imagery to portray violent death. [30]

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**Please turn over for questions 11 and 12.**

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

- Or**     **11** Explore the differing ways in which the poets use humour to criticise people in *Telephone Conversation* (Soyinka) and *In Westminster Abbey* (Betjeman).     **[30]**
- Or**     **12** Compare the ways in which the poets create vivid pictures of people in *Refugee Mother and Child* (Achebe) and *Digging* (Heaney).     **[30]**



## SECTION B

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>PROSE published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	18–19	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	20–21	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	22–23	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	24–25	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	26	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	28–29	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed.): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	30–31	31–33

13 (a)

*Dead Men's Path*

Three days later the village priest of *Ani* called on the headmaster. He was an old man and walked with a slight stoop. He carried a stout walking-stick which he usually tapped on the floor, by way of emphasis, each time he made a new point in his argument.

'I have heard,' he said after the usual exchange of cordialities, 'that our ancestral footpath has recently been closed ...'

5

'Yes,' replied Mr Obi. 'We cannot allow people to make a highway of our school compound.'

'Look here, my son,' said the priest bringing down his walking-stick, 'this path was here before you were born and before your father was born. The whole life of this village depends on it. Our dead relatives depart by it and our ancestors visit us by it. But most important, it is the path of children coming in to be born ...'

10

Mr Obi listened with a satisfied smile on his face.

'The whole purpose of our school,' he said finally, 'is to eradicate just such beliefs as that. Dead men do not require footpaths. The whole idea is just fantastic. Our duty is to teach your children to laugh at such ideas.'

15

'What you say may be true,' replied the priest, 'but we follow the practices of our fathers. If you re-open the path we shall have nothing to quarrel about. What I always say is: let the hawk perch and let the eagle perch.' He rose to go.

'I am sorry,' said the young headmaster. 'But the school compound cannot be a thoroughfare. It is against our regulations. I would suggest your constructing another path, skirting our premises. We can even get our boys to help in building it. I don't suppose the ancestors will find the little detour too burdensome.'

20

'I have no more words to say,' said the old priest, already outside.

Chinua Achebe

(b)

*The Gold-Legged Frog*

Nak and his neighbors sat there waiting until one o'clock. The taciturn deputy on returning called them all to sit on the floor near him. He began by asking each of them why they had so many children. The awkward replies of the peasants brought guffaws from the other officials who turned to listen to the embarrassed answers. At last his turn came.

5

'Who is Mr Nak Na-ngam?'

'I am sir,' he responded with humility.

'And now, why do we have such a lot of children?'

Several people tittered.

'Oh, when you're poor, sir,' he burst out, his exasperation uncontrollable.

10

'What the hell's it got to do with being poor?' the deputy officer questioned in a voice that showed disappointment with the answer.

'We're awful poor and no money to buy a blanket. So no matter how bad the smell is always, I gotta use my wife for a blanket and the kids just keep comin'.'

Instead of laughter, dead silence, finally broken by the dry voice of the blank-faced deputy, 'Bah! This joker uses his wife for a blanket.'

15

Khamsing Srinawk

**Either 13** Explore the ways in which the two writers vividly describe confrontations between people in these extracts. **[30]**

---

**Or 14** How do the writers make any **TWO** of the following characters particularly unpleasant for you?

Mr Chase (in *The Pieces of Silver*)

The tailor's wife (in *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*)

The husband (in *The Train from Rhodesia*)

**[30]**

**Or 15** Explore the ways in which the writers memorably portray relationships between adults and children in any **TWO** of the following stories:

*The Red Ball* (Khan)

*The Winter Oak* (Nagibin)

*Two Kinds* (Tan).

**[30]**

16 (a)

*The Lovely Lady*

‘Robert!’ she said. ‘Do you like me at all?’  
 She saw his dusky-creamy face, so changeless in its folds, go pale.  
 ‘I am very fond of you,’ he murmured.  
 ‘Won’t you kiss me? Nobody ever kisses me,’ she said pathetically. 5  
 He looked at her, his eyes strange with fear and a certain haughtiness. Then he rose, and came softly over to her, and kissed her gently on the cheek.  
 ‘It’s an awful shame, Ciss!’ he said softly.  
 She caught his hand and pressed it to her breast.  
 ‘And sit with me sometimes in the garden,’ she said, murmuring with difficulty.  
 ‘Won’t you?’ 10  
 He looked at her anxiously and searchingly.  
 ‘What about mother?’  
 Ciss smiled a funny little smile, and looked into his eyes. He suddenly flushed crimson, turning aside his face. It was a painful sight.  
 ‘I know,’ he said. ‘I am no lover of women.’ 15  
 He spoke with sarcastic stoicism, against himself, but even she did not know the shame it was to him.  
 ‘You never try to be,’ she said.  
 Again his eyes changed uncannily.  
 ‘Does one have to try?’ he said. 20  
 ‘Why, yes. One never does anything if one doesn’t try.’  
 He went pale again.  
 ‘Perhaps you are right,’ he said.

(b)

*Second Best*

‘No indeed, it died in one blow,’ said Frances, with a flippancy that was hateful to her.  
 ‘You’re not so good at knockin’ ’em?’ he said, turning to her.  
 ‘I don’t know, if I’m cross,’ she said decisively.  
 ‘No?’ he replied, with alert attentiveness. 5  
 ‘I could,’ she added, harder, ‘if it was necessary.’  
 He was slow to feel her difference.  
 ‘And don’t you consider it *is* necessary?’ he asked, with misgiving.  
 ‘W – ell – is it?’ she said, looking at him steadily, coldly.  
 ‘I reckon it is,’ he replied, looking away, but standing stubborn. 10  
 She laughed quickly.  
 ‘But it isn’t necessary for *me*,’ she said, with slight contempt.  
 ‘Yes, that’s quite true,’ he answered.  
 She laughed in a shaky fashion.  
 ‘*I know it is*,’ she said; and there was an awkward pause. 15  
 ‘Why, would you *like* me to kill moles then?’ she asked tentatively, after a while.  
 ‘They do us a lot of damage,’ he said, standing firm on his own ground, angered.  
 ‘Well, I’ll see the next time I come across one,’ she promised, defiantly. Their eyes met, and she sank before him, her pride troubled. He felt uneasy and triumphant and baffled, as if fate had gripped him. She smiled as she departed. 20  
 ‘Well,’ said Anne, as the sisters went through the wheat stubble; ‘I don’t know what you two’s been jawing about, I’m sure.’  
 ‘Don’t you?’ laughed Frances significantly.  
 ‘No, I don’t. But, at any rate, Tom Smedley’s a good deal better to my thinking than Jimmy, so there – and nicer.’ 25  
 ‘Perhaps he is,’ said Frances coldly.

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

**Either 16** Explore the ways in which Lawrence memorably portrays relationships between characters at these particular points in the stories. **[30]**

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**Or 17** How does Lawrence's writing bring **TWO** of the following characters to life for you?

Syson (in *The Shades of Spring*)

The teacher (in *A Lesson on a Tortoise*)

Lessford (in *Lessford's Rabbits*)

**[30]**

**Or 18** How does Lawrence's writing powerfully portray conflict between men and women in *Tickets, Please* and *Her Turn*? **[30]**

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

- 19 (a) He always looked forward to the evening drives through the centre of Shanghai, this electric and lurid city more exciting than any other in the world. As they reached the Bubbling Well Road he pressed his face to the windshield and gazed at the pavements lined with nightclubs and gambling dens, crowded with bar-girls and gangsters and rich beggars with their bodyguards. Six thousand miles away, across the International Dateline, the Americans in Honolulu were sleeping through the early hours of Sunday morning, but here, a day ahead in time as in everything else, Shanghai was ready to begin a new week. Crowds of gamblers pushed their way into the jai alai stadiums, blocking the traffic in the Bubbling Well Road. An armoured police van with two Thompson guns mounted in a steel turret above the driver swung in front of the Packard and cleared the pavement. A party of young Chinese women in sequinned dresses tripped over a child's coffin decked with paper flowers. Arms linked together, they lurched against the radiator grille of the Packard and swayed past Jim's window, slapping the windshield with their small hands and screaming obscenities. Hundreds of Eurasian bar-girls in ankle-length fur coats sat in the lines of rickshaws outside the Park Hotel, whistling through their teeth at the residents who emerged from the revolving doors, while their pimps argued with the middle-aged Czech and Polish couples in neat, patched suits trying to sell the last of their jewellery. Nearby, along the windows of the Sun Sun department store in the Nanking Road, a party of young European Jews were fighting in and out of the strolling crowds with a gang of older German boys in the swastika armbands of the Graf Zeppelin Club. Chased by the police sirens, they ran through the entrance of the Cathay Theatre, the world's largest cinema, where a crowd of Chinese shopgirls and typists, beggars and pickpockets spilled into the street to watch people arriving for the evening performance.
- (b) Below them was the Shanghai Bund, and all the clamour of the gaudy night. Thousands of Chinese filled the concourse, jostling among the trams and limousines, the jeeps and trucks of the US military, and a horde of rickshaws and pedicabs. Together they watched the British and American servicemen moving in and out of the hotels along the Bund. At the jetties beside the *Arrawa*, hidden below its stern and bows, American sailors came ashore from the cruiser moored in mid-river. As they stepped from their landing craft the Chinese surged forward, gangs of pickpockets and pedicab drivers, prostitutes and bar-touts, vendors hawking bottles of home-brew Johnny Walker, gold dealers and opium traders, the evening citizenry of Shanghai in all its black silk, fox fur and flash.
- The young American sailors pushed past the sampan men and shouting military police. They tried to stay together and fight off the crowd so eager to welcome them to China. But before they reached the first set of tram-tracks down the centre of the Bund they were swept away in a convoy of pedicabs, their arms around the bar-girls screaming obscenities at the sleek Chinese pimps in their pre-war Packards, down from the blocks in the back-alley garages of the Nanking Road.

Either 19 Explore the ways in which Ballard conveys vivid impressions of Shanghai before and after the war, in these two extracts. [30]

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

- Or**     **20**   In what ways does Ballard's writing bring to life any **TWO** of the following characters?
- Private Kimura  
Sergeant Nagata  
Frank
- [30]**
- Or**     **21**   Explore **ONE or TWO** moments in the novel where you feel that Ballard's writing vividly portrays the horrors Jim experiences during the war.
- [30]**

- 22 Okonkwo did not taste any food for two days after the death of Ikemefuna. He drank palm-wine from morning till night, and his eyes were red and fierce like the eyes of a rat when it was caught by the tail and dashed against the floor. He called his son, Nwoye, to sit with him in his *obi*. But the boy was afraid of him and slipped out of the hut as soon as he noticed him dozing. 5
- He did not sleep at night. He tried not to think about Ikemefuna, but the more he tried the more he thought about him. Once he got up from bed and walked about his compound. But he was so weak that his legs could hardly carry him. He felt like a drunken giant walking with the limbs of a mosquito. Now and then a cold shiver descended on his head and spread down his body. 10
- On the third day he asked his second wife, Ekwefi, to roast plantains for him. She prepared it the way he liked—with slices of oil-bean and fish.
- “You have not eaten for two days,” said his daughter Ezinma when she brought the food to him. “So you must finish this.” She sat down and stretched her legs in front of her. Okonkwo ate the food absent-mindedly. ‘She should have been a boy,’ he thought as he looked at his ten-year-old daughter. He passed her a piece of fish. 15
- “Go and bring me some cold water,” he said. Ezinma rushed out of the hut, chewing the fish, and soon returned with a bowl of cool water from the earthen pot in her mother’s hut.
- Okonkwo took the bowl from her and gulped the water down. He ate a few more pieces of plantain and pushed the dish aside. 20
- “Bring me my bag,” he asked, and Ezinma brought his goatskin bag from the far end of the hut. He searched in it for his snuff-bottle. It was a deep bag and took almost the whole length of his arm. It contained other things apart from his snuff-bottle. There was a drinking horn in it, and also a drinking gourd, and they knocked against each other as he searched. When he brought out the snuff-bottle he tapped it a few times against his knee-cap before taking out some snuff on the palm of his left hand. Then he remembered that he had not taken out his snuff-spoon. He searched his bag again and brought out a small, flat, ivory spoon, with which he carried the brown snuff to his nostrils. 25
- Ezinma took the dish in one hand and the empty water bowl in the other and went back to her mother’s hut. ‘She should have been a boy,’ Okonkwo said to himself again. His mind went back to Ikemefuna and he shivered. If only he could find some work to do he would be able to forget. But it was the season of rest between the harvest and the next planting season. The only work that men did at this time was covering the walls of their compound with new palm fronds. And Okonkwo had already done that. He had finished it on the very day the locusts came, when he had worked on one side of the wall and Ikemefuna and Nwoye on the other. 30
- ‘When did you become a shivering old woman,’ Okonkwo asked himself, ‘you, who are known in all the nine villages for your valour in war? How can a man who has killed five men in battle fall to pieces because he has added a boy to their number? Okonkwo, you have become a woman indeed.’ 35
- 40

Either 22 How does Achebe’s writing make you feel about Okonkwo as you read this extract? [30]



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

**Or 23** How does Achebe make Ikemefuna such an important and tragic character in the novel?

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

**Or 24** Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel which Achebe's writing makes particularly frightening for you. **[30]**

25

**Either 25** How does Hemingway vividly portray the start of the battle between the old man and the fish in this extract? **[30]**

---

**Or 26** Santiago says, "I am a strange old man."  
How does Hemingway bring out Santiago's 'strangeness'?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or 27** Does Hemingway's writing make you feel that the old man copes successfully with what seems to be a very lonely life?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

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**Please turn to page 28 for question 28**

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

- 28 “We control life, Winston, at all its levels. You are imagining that there is something called human nature which will be outraged by what we do and will turn against us. But we create human nature. Men are infinitely malleable. Or perhaps you have returned to your old idea that the proletarians or the slaves will arise and overthrow us. Put it out of your mind. They are helpless, like the animals. Humanity is the Party. The others are outside—irrelevant.” 5
- “I don’t care. In the end they will beat you. Sooner or later they will see you for what you are, and then they will tear you to pieces.”
- “Do you see any evidence that that is happening? Or any reason why it should?” 10
- “No. I believe it. I *know* that you will fail. There is something in the universe—I don’t know, some spirit, some principle—that you will never overcome.”
- “Do you believe in God, Winston?”
- “No.”
- “Then what is it, this principle that will defeat us?” 15
- “I don’t know. The spirit of Man.”
- “And do you consider yourself a man?”
- “Yes.”
- “If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. Your kind is extinct; we are the inheritors. Do you understand that you are *alone*? You are outside history, you are non-existent.” His manner changed and he said more harshly: “And you consider yourself morally superior to us, with our lies and our cruelty?” 20
- “Yes, I consider myself superior.”
- O’Brien did not speak. Two other voices were speaking. After a moment Winston recognized one of them as his own. It was a sound-track of the conversation he had had with O’Brien, on the night when he had enrolled himself in the Brotherhood. He heard himself promising to lie, to steal, to forge, to murder, to encourage drug-taking and prostitution, to disseminate venereal diseases, to throw vitriol in a child’s face. O’Brien made a small impatient gesture, as though to say that the demonstration was hardly worth making. Then he turned a switch and the voices stopped. 25
- “Get up from that bed,” he said.
- The bonds had loosened themselves. Winston lowered himself to the floor and stood up unsteadily.
- “You are the last man,” said O’Brien. “You are the guardian of the human spirit. You shall see yourself as you are. Take off your clothes.” 30
- Winston undid the bit of string that held his overalls together. The zip fastener had long since been wrenched out of them. He could not remember whether at any time since his arrest he had taken off all his clothes at one time. Beneath the overalls his body was looped with filthy yellowish rags, just recognizable as the remnants of underclothes. As he slid them to the ground he saw that there was a three-sided mirror at the far end of the room. He approached it, then stopped short. An involuntary cry had broken out of him. 40
- “Go on,” said O’Brien. “Stand between the wings of the mirror. You shall see the side view as well.”
- He had stopped because he was frightened. A bowed, grey-coloured, skeleton-like thing was coming towards him. Its actual appearance was frightening, and not merely the fact that he knew it to be himself. He moved closer to the glass. The creature’s face seemed to be protruded, because of its bent carriage. A forlorn, jailbird’s face with a nobby forehead running back into a bald scalp, a crooked nose and battered-looking cheekbones above which the eyes were fierce and watchful. The cheeks were seamed, the mouth had a drawn-in look. Certainly it was his own face, but it seemed to him that it had changed more than he had changed inside. 45 50

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

The emotions it registered would be different from the ones he felt. He had gone partially bald. For the first moment he had thought that he had gone grey as well, but it was only the scalp that was grey. Except for his hands and a circle of his face, his body was grey all over with ancient, ingrained dirt. Here and there under the dirt there were the red scars of wounds, and near the ankle the varicose ulcer was an inflamed mass with flakes of skin peeling off it. But the truly frightening thing was the emaciation of his body.

55

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

---

**Or 29** A heroic rebel.  
Just a weak woman.

How does Orwell's writing encourage you to view Julia? **[30]**

**Or 30** How does Orwell persuade you that the Party will never lose its grip on power in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

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

31 (a)

*Passages*

You can imagine from this that we spent a good deal of time on our own, Sheelagh and I. We played tennis, or went swimming off the rocks at the bottom of the garden; occasionally we took long bus rides into the city and ended up having tea and cakes at Bewleys. I had never had tea in a café before, and certainly not without an adult present. It seemed to me, because of the absence of adults in our lives that summer, that we had in fact grown up; the world was unmoved by our innocence. When we ordered tea in Bewleys it appeared. No one said, as they might have done in a tea shop at home, 'What are you two children up to?' They took us seriously in Dublin. I felt I had entered a newly sophisticated world. In a few short weeks of being at that house, my confidence grew. I discovered that beds left unmade were magically made up. Clothes, even socks, could be hurled around the room with no fear of losing them; they would reappear fresh and clean a few days later. The best china and glass was used without restraint; and, even if broken, was always replaced or renewed without fuss. It put all my mother's restraints and little fussy ways in perspective: 'If you don't pick that up you will lose it; if you don't tidy that away it won't last; we can't use the best china we might break it.' For the first time I felt I had an answer to her. What did it matter when life could be lived like this? I knew then that something was ruined for me. I have dwelt rather long on this beginning because I wanted to remember what it was like up to the point when everything changed, and not try to suppress any of the details. Perhaps, though, I have romanticized it a little, but I don't think so. The important thing is this is how it impressed me.

Anne Devlin

(b)

*Another Survivor*

He's fifty now, but the day his mother and father took him to the railway station with the one permitted suitcase, clutching a satchel crammed with entomological collecting equipment he refused to leave behind, that chilly, too-harshly-bright day of a windy, reluctant spring, was in 1938, and he was twelve years old. With the other children lucky enough to be included in this refugee group going to England, and their agitated and mournful parents, they moved to the far end of the platform in an attempt to make themselves less conspicuous. Rudi recognized two of the boys from last year at school. Since the holidays he had been kept at home: Jewish students were no longer acceptable; nor were they safe. A few children had begun to cry, unable not to respond to the tears their parents tried so hard to repress. The entire group emanated a terrible collective desolation, unaffected by any individual attempt to put a good face on matters, or hopeful talk of a future reunion. For all of them, it was their last sight of each other, their last goodbye. Sharing a stridently upholstered couch with three men as withdrawn into their separate worlds as he is, staring unseeingly at other patients moving restlessly around the crowded dayward, Rudi's face is still marked by the same appalled expression which had settled on it that morning so many years ago.

His parents belonged to families who had lived in the city for generations. Though Rudi was an only child, there had been many houses and apartments where he was welcome and at home, many celebrations to attend and cousins to play with.

Ruth Fainlight

**Either 31** How do the writers memorably bring to life the childhood experiences of the girl and Rudi in these two extracts? **[30]**

---

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

The man in *The Man Who Kept the Sweetshop at the Bus Station*  
Matt in *Savages*  
Martin in *Weekend*

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

**Or 33** In what ways do the writers powerfully reveal how any **TWO** of the following characters are affected by death?

Mrs Burton in *Addy*  
Rudi in *Another Survivor*  
The narrator in *Stone Trees*

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

## SECTION C

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>LITERARY NON-FICTION published post-1914</b>		
MICHAEL PALIN: <i>Pole to Pole</i>	33	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	34	37–39



MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

34 (a)

(Day 34)

I celebrate the end of my twenty-four-hour, post-crayfish fast with a slap-up breakfast at the Warsaw Hotel. This consists of a thin sliver of cheese, some equally thin slivers of bread, a jam smear and a cup of coffee.

Soviet restaurants exist for one purpose, and that is to keep the customer out, and if by any chance he or she should get in to make life so uncomfortable that they wish they hadn't. Even to get as far as the sliver of cheese involves a considerable amount of bureaucratic negotiation. A card, which can only be issued at reception, must be produced and exchanged for a voucher, which is thoroughly scrutinized by the restaurant gauleiter, who will then turn you over to the waitresses who will ignore you.

It's all very depressing and is, I suppose, just the Soviet system in microcosm – unwieldy, paranoid and impersonal.

5

10

(b)

(Day 133)

We eat lunch in the glorious covered market, a classical façade outside and an elaborate and elegant cast-iron construction within. The produce looks plentiful and fresh – asparagus, strawberries, avocados, cherries and pineapples, and a rich and exotic selection of sea fare, especially conger eel and some things called picorocos, strange sightless rubbery creatures living in rocks. In order to eat them you have to buy the rock as well and drop it in boiling water for a couple of minutes. Piures, an even less attractive delicacy, resemble marine cowpats and contain some evil-looking orange parasites which Patricio recommends highly.

'Pure iodine ...'

'Iodine?'

He nods enthusiastically. 'Very good for sex.'

Having restaurants in a food market seems such a sensible idea, and my meal with Patricio at the Marisqueria Donde Augusto is one of the best. Good food, good wine and an introduction to the Pisco Sour.

Pisco is an eau-de-vie served with a third of lemon juice, some white of egg and a lot of ice. It's fresh and quite fierce. While we're drinking some musicians come by, playing traditional instruments like the quena, a set of pipes, preferably bamboo, now plastic, and a charrango, a ten-stringed instrument, preferably of armadillo shell, now, for ecological reasons, made of wood. The sound is haunting and, according to Patricio, so old and traditional that Pinochet tried to ban the instruments for being too representative 'of the left'.

5

10

15

20

**Either** 34 Explore the ways in which Palin, in this extract, makes his experiences in restaurants both amusing and entertaining. [30]

**Or** 35 In what ways does Palin's writing make his ride by snowmobile on Day 5 seem both dangerous and exciting? [30]

**Or** 36 In what ways does Palin's writing bring alive for you any **ONE** day of his journey from 'Pole to Pole'? [30]

37

*Welcome to England*  
*England v. Holland March 1988*

Every couple of years I forget what a miserable experience it is to go to Wembley to watch England play, and give it another try. In '85 I went to watch a World Cup qualifier a couple of weeks after Scotland's Jock Stein had died, and listened to the most mind-bogglingly obscene celebratory songs; four years later I went to another one, and sat among people who gave drunken Nazi salutes during the National Anthem. Why I thought that things would be any different for a friendly against Holland I can't remember, but it turned out to be an embarrassing misapprehension. 5

Our timing was just right. We were walking down Wembley Way about fifteen minutes before kick-off, with reserved seats in our pockets, and I was feeling pleased with my expert organisation. As we approached our entrance, however, we were met by a determined and indiscriminate mounted police charge, and we were forced back down the road with hundreds of other ticket holders, and my colleagues began to panic. We regrouped and started again; this time our £12.00 tickets were regarded, reluctantly, as certificates of legitimate interest, and we were allowed to approach the stadium. As we did so, the game kicked off and England scored almost immediately, but we missed all that – we were still negotiating admission. One of the entrance doors was hanging off its hinges, and an official told us that large numbers of people had forced their way into the ground. 10 15

Once inside, it was obvious that our seats had gone. The gangways were packed with people like us, all clutching now-worthless ticket stubs, all too afraid to confront the crop-headed, thick-necked people sitting in our seats. There wasn't a steward in sight. 'Here come the fucking Wongs', remarked one of a group of young men, as I led my charges down the steps to find a position from which we could see at least a square of the pitch. I didn't bother translating. We stood and watched for about half an hour, during which time Holland took a 2–1 lead; the dreadlocked Gullit, the main reason why the game had sold out in the first place, provoked monkey noises every time he touched the ball. Just before half-time we gave up and went home. I got back to my flat just in time to watch the highlights on TV. 20 25

**Either** 37 How does Hornby in this extract persuade you that Wembley internationals are "a miserable experience"? [30]

**Or** 38 How does Hornby make his chapter *Seven Goals and a Punch-Up*, about the Arsenal versus Norwich match played on 4.11.89, so entertaining?

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

**Or** 39 How does Hornby make his account of his depression so moving and entertaining in *From NW3 to N17*?

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





*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

- Q. 1(a) R McGough, *Defying Gravity*, *Defying Gravity*, Penguin, 1993  
 Q. 1(b) S Pugh, *Sometimes*, *Selected Poems*, Seren Books, 1995  
 Q. 4(a) E A Mackintosh, *Recruiting*, *Opening Lines: Poetry Past and Present*, OCR, 2005  
 Q. 4(b) W Owen, *The Parable of the Old Man and the Young*, *Opening Lines: Poetry Past and Present*, OCR, 2005  
 Q. 7(a) P Larkin, *Reasons for Attendance*, *Poems 2*, Addison Wesley Longman, 1995  
 Q. 7(b) U A Fanthorpe, *Growing Up*, *Voices Off*, Peterloo Poets, 1992  
 Q. 10(a) W Owen, *Dulce Et Decorum Est*, *Touched With Fire*, Cambridge University Press, 2003  
 Q. 10(b) E Brock, *5 Ways to Kill a Man*, *Touched With Fire*, Cambridge University Press, 2003  
 Q. 13(a) Extract from C Achebe, *Dead Men's Path*, Heinemann Educational  
 Q. 13(b) Extract from K Srinawak, *The Gold-Legged Frog*, *The Politician and Other Stories*, trans. D Garden, Silkworm Books, 2001  
 Q. 16(a) Extract from D H Lawrence, *The Lovely Lady*, *Ten DH Lawrence Short Stories*, Addison Wesley Longman, 1999  
 Q. 16(b) Extract from D H Lawrence, *Second Best*, *Ten DH Lawrence Short Stories*, Addison Wesley Longman, 1999  
 Q. 19(a) Extract from J G Ballard, *Empire of the Sun*, Flamingo, 1994  
 Q. 19(b) Extract from J G Ballard, *Empire of the Sun*, Flamingo, 1994  
 Q. 22 Extract from C Achebe, *Things Falls Apart*, pp 55-56, Heinemann, 1971  
 Q. 25 Extract from E Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea*, pp 44-46, Heinemann, 1977  
 Q. 28 Extract from G Orwell, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, pp 208-209, Heinemann, 1990  
 Q. 31(a) A Devlin, 'Passages', 'The Way Paver' 1986, (c) A Devlin, reproduced by permission of Faber and Faber Ltd.  
 Q. 31(b) Extract from R Fainlight, *Another Survivor*, *The Penguin Book of Modern Women's Short Stories*, Penguin, 1991  
 Q. 34(a+b) Extract from M Palin, *Pole to Pole*, BBC Worldwide, 2002  
 Q. 37 N Hornby, *Fever Pitch*, pp193-194, first published by Victor Gollancz 1992, Penguin Books 2000

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