

**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:

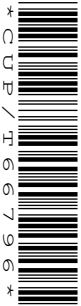
- 8 page Answer Booklet

Other Materials Required:

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

**Thursday 21 May 2009
Afternoon**

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 **40** 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 21

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	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 DR SCOTT: I hate the idea. It's against all my training and instincts ...
 HILL: Mine too. But in this case, we're not dealing with euthanasia are we?
 DR SCOTT: Something very close.
 HILL: No. Something very far away. Suicide.
 DR SCOTT: Thank you for a lovely meal. 5
 HILL: Not at all, I am glad you accepted. Tell me, what would you think, or rather feel, if there was a miracle and Mr Harrison was granted the use of his arms for just one minute and he used them to grab a bottle of sleeping tablets and swallowed the lot?
 DR SCOTT: ... It's irrational but ... I'd be very ... relieved. 10
 HILL: It wouldn't go against your instincts? ... You wouldn't feel it was a wasted life and fight with stomach pumps and all that?
 DR SCOTT: No ... not if it was my decision.
 HILL: You might even be sure there *was* a bottle of tablets handy and you not there. 15
 DR SCOTT: You make it harder and harder ... but yes, I might do that ...
 HILL: Yes. Perhaps we ought to make suicide respectable again. Whenever anyone kills himself there's a whole legal rigmarole to go through – investigations, inquests and so on – and it all seems designed to find someone or something to *blame*. Can you ever recall a coroner saying something like: 'We've heard all the evidence of how John Smith was facing literally insuperable odds and he made a courageous decision. I record a verdict of a noble death?' 20
 DR SCOTT: No ... It's been a ... very pleasant evening.
 HILL: Thank you. For me too. 25
 DR SCOTT: I don't know if I've helped you though.
 HILL: You have. I've made up my mind.
 DR SCOTT: You'll help him?
 HILL: Yes ... I hope you're not sorry.
 DR SCOTT: I'm pleased ... 30
 HILL: I'm sure it is morally wrong for anyone to try to hand the responsibility for their death to anyone else. And it's wrong to accept that responsibility, but Ken isn't trying to do that.
 DR SCOTT: I'm glad you've made up your mind ... Good-night.
They stop. 35
 HILL: I hope I see you again.
 DR SCOTT: I'm on the 'phone ... Goodnight.

Either 1 How does Clark's writing make this conversation both revealing and moving in the play? [20]

Or 2 You are John, leaving Ken's room for the last time, just before the hearing (Act 2).
 Write your thoughts. [20]

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Turn to page 6 for Question 3.

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

REQUIEM

- 3 CHARLEY: It's getting dark, Linda.
LINDA *doesn't react. She stares at the grave.*
- BIFF: How about it, Mom? Better get some rest, heh? They'll be closing the gate soon.
LINDA *makes no move. Pause.* 5
- HAPPY: (*deeply angered*) He had no right to do that. There was no necessity for it. We would've helped him.
- CHARLEY: (*grunting*) Hmmmm.
- BIFF: Come along, Mom.
- LINDA: Why didn't anybody come? 10
- CHARLEY: It was a very nice funeral.
- LINDA: But where are all the people he knew? Maybe they blame him.
- CHARLEY: Naa. It's a rough world, Linda. They wouldn't blame him.
- LINDA: I can't understand it. At this time especially. First time in thirty-five years we were just about free and clear. He only needed a little salary. He was even finished with the dentist. 15
- CHARLEY: No man only needs a little salary.
- LINDA: I can't understand it.
- BIFF: There were a lot of nice days. When he'd come home from a trip; or on Sundays, making the stoop; finishing the cellar; putting on the new porch; when he built the extra bathroom; and put up the garage. You know something, Charley, there's more of him in that front stoop than in all the sales he ever made. 20
- CHARLEY: Yeah. He was a happy man with a batch of cement.
- LINDA: He was so wonderful with his hands. 25
- BIFF: He had the wrong dreams. All, all, wrong.
- HAPPY: (*almost ready to fight* BIFF) Don't say that!
- BIFF: He never knew who he was.
- CHARLEY: (*stopping HAPPY'S movement and reply. To BIFF*) Nobody dast blame this man. You don't understand; Willy was a salesman. And for a salesman, there is no rock bottom to the life. He don't put a bolt to a nut, he don't tell you the law or give you medicine. He's a man way out there in the blue, riding on a smile and a shoeshine. And when they start not smiling back – that's an earthquake. And then you get yourself a couple of spots on your hat, and you're finished. Nobody dast blame this man. A salesman is got to dream, boy. It comes with the territory. 30
- BIFF: Charley, the man didn't know who he was.
- HAPPY: (*infuriated*) Don't say that!
- BIFF: Why don't you come with me, Happy? 40
- HAPPY: I'm not licked that easily. I'm staying right in this city, and I'm gonna beat this racket! (*He looks at BIFF, his chin set.*) The Loman Brothers!
- BIFF: I know who I am, kid.
- HAPPY: All right, boy. I'm gonna show you and everybody else that Willy Loman did not die in vain. He had a good dream. It's the only dream you can have – to come out number-one man. He fought it out here, and this is where I'm gonna win it for him. 45
- BIFF: (*with a hopeless glance at HAPPY, bends towards his mother*) Let's go, Mom.

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

LINDA:	I'll be with you in a minute. Go on, Charley. (<i>He hesitates.</i>) I want to, just for a minute. I never had a chance to say good-bye. CHARLEY <i>moves away, followed by HAPPY</i> . BIFF <i>remains a slight distance up and left of LINDA</i> . She sits there, summoning herself. The flute begins, not far away, playing behind her speech.	50
LINDA:	Forgive me, dear. I can't cry. I don't know what it is, but I can't cry. I don't understand it. Why did you ever do that? Help me, Willy, I can't cry. It seems to me that you're just on another trip. I keep expecting you. Willy, dear, I can't cry. Why did you do it? I search and search and I search, and I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home. (<i>A sob rises in her throat.</i>) We're free and clear. (<i>Sobbing more fully, released.</i>) We're free. (<i>BIFF comes slowly toward her.</i>) We're free ... We're free ... BIFF <i>lifts her to her feet and moves out up right with her in his arms</i> . LINDA <i>sobs quietly</i> . BERNARD and CHARLEY <i>come together and follow them, followed by HAPPY</i> . Only the music of the flute is left on the darkening stage as over the house the hard towers of the apartment buildings rise into sharp focus.	55 60 65

CURTAIN

Either	3	How does Miller make this such a moving ending to the play?	[20]
<hr/>			
Or	4	How does Miller make Happy a memorable and important character in the play?	[20]

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

- 5 STANHOPE: I want to talk with you, sergeant-major.
 S.-M: *(standing stolidly by the steps)* Yes, sir?
 STANHOPE: Sit down. Have a whisky?
 S.-M: *(a suspicion of brightness in his voice)* Thank you, sir.
The SERGEANT-MAJOR diffidently takes a small tot. 5
 STANHOPE: I say. You won't taste that. Take a proper one.
 S.-M: Well – sir –
STANHOPE reaches over, helps the SERGEANT-MAJOR to a large tot, and takes one himself.
 Turning chilly again, sir. Quite warm this morning. 10
 STANHOPE: Yes.
 S.-M: Well, here's your very good health, sir. *(He raises his glass and drinks.)*
 STANHOPE: Cheero. *(He puts down his glass and abruptly changes his tone.)* Now, look here, sergeant-major. We must expect this attack on Thursday morning, at dawn. That's the second dawn from now. 15
The SERGEANT-MAJOR takes a very dirty little notebook from his pocket and jots down notes with a very small stub of pencil.
 S.-M: Thursday morning. Very good, sir.
 STANHOPE: We're to hold these trenches, and no man's to move from here. 20
 S.-M: Very good, sir.
 STANHOPE: It may happen that companies on our sides will give way, leaving our flanks exposed; so I want a screen of wire put down both flanks till it meets the wire in the support line.
 S.-M: *(writing hurriedly)* Both flanks – yes, sir. 25
 STANHOPE: When the attack begins, I shall take charge of the left, and Mr. Osborne the right. You will be with Mr. Osborne, and Sergeant Baker with me; 9 and 10 Platoons will move over here *(he points out the position on the trench map)*; 11 and 12 Platoons to the left.
 S.-M: I see, sir. 30
 STANHOPE: Is there anything you're not clear about?
 S.-M: *(looking at his notes)* Seems all clear, sir.
 STANHOPE: Anything you want to know?
 S.-M: Well, sir *(clears his throat)* – when the attack comes, of course, we beat 'em off – but what if they keep on attacking? 35
 STANHOPE: Then we keep on beating them off.
 S.-M: Yes, sir. But what I mean is – they're bound to make a big thing of it.
 STANHOPE: *(cheerily)* Oh, I think they will!
 S.-M: Well, then, sir. If they don't get through the first day, they'll attack the next day and the next – 40
 STANHOPE: They're bound to.
 S.-M: Then oughtn't we to fix up something about, well *(he gropes for the right words)* – er – falling back?
 STANHOPE: There's no need to – you see, this company's a lot better than "A" and "B" Companies on either side of us. 45
 S.-M: Quite, sir.
 STANHOPE: Well, then, if anyone breaks, "A" and "B" will break before we do. As long as we stick here when the other companies have given way, we can fire into the Boche as they try and get through the gaps on our sides – we'll make a hell of a mess of them. We might delay the advance a whole day. 50

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

S.-M: (diffidently) Yes, sir, but what 'appens when the Boche 'as all got round the back of us?

STANHOPE: Then we advance and win the war.

S.-M: (pretending to make a note) Win the war. Very good, sir.

55

STANHOPE: But you understand exactly what I mean, sergeant-major. Our orders are to stick here. If you're told to stick where you are you don't make plans to retire.

S.-M: Quite, sir.

Either 5 How does Sherriff make this a moving and revealing moment in the play for you? **[20]**

Or 6 How does Sherriff make the relationship between Stanhope and Osborne in the play so memorable for you? **[20]**

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 7 MICK: (*moving to R of the chair*) What is your name?
 DAVIES: Don't start that ...
 MICK: No, what's your real name?
 DAVIES: My real name's Davies.
 MICK: What's the name you go under? 5
 DAVIES: Jenkins.
 MICK: You got two names. (*He puts his left foot up on the chair.*) What about the rest? Eh? Now come on, why did you tell me all this dirt about you being an interior decorator?
 DAVIES: I didn't tell you nothing. Won't you listen to what I'm saying? (*He pauses.*) It was him who told you. It was your brother who must have told you. He's nutty! He'd tell you anything out of spite, he's nutty, he's half way gone, it was him who told you. 10
 (*There is a pause. MICK slowly takes his foot from the chair.*)
 MICK: (*quietly; with deep feeling*) What did you call my brother? 15
 DAVIES: When?
 MICK: He's what?
 DAVIES: I – now get this straight ...
 MICK: Nutty? Who's nutty? (*He pauses.*) Did you call my brother nutty? My brother. That's a bit of – that's a bit of an impertinent thing to say, isn't it? 20
 DAVIES: But he says so himself.
 (*MICK moves close to DAVIES and stands facing him in silence for a few moments.*)
 MICK: What a strange man you are. Aren't you? You're really strange. Ever since you come into this house there's been nothing but trouble. 25
 Honest. I can take nothing you say at face value. Every word you speak is open to any number of different interpretations. Most of what you say is lies. You're violent, you're erratic, you're just completely unpredictable. You're nothing else but a wild animal, when you come down to it. You're a barbarian. And to put the old tin lid on it, you stink from coal-hole to breakfast time. (*He crosses up R*) Look at it. You come here recommending yourself as an interior decorator, whereupon I take you on, and what happens? You make a long speech about all the references you've got down at Sidcup, and what happens? I haven't noticed you go down to Sidcup to obtain them. It's all most regrettable but it looks as though I'm compelled to pay you off for your caretaking work. (*He feels in his pocket and takes out half a crown.*) Here's half a dollar. (*He tosses the coin at DAVIES' feet, then moves to the window.*) 30
 DAVIES: (*sitting in the chair; slowly*) All right then – you do that – you do it – if that's what you want. 40
 (*MICK turns, goes to the gas stove, picks up the Buddha and moves L.*)
 MICK: *That's what I want!* (*He hurls the Buddha at the gas stove. It breaks.*)

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

Or 8 How far does Pinter lead you to agree with Mick that Davies is 'an old rogue' and 'an old scoundrel'?

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

Section B

You MUST answer ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry post-1914		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: 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	16–17	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)	18–19	15–16

9 (a)

I Am a Cameraman

They suffer, and I catch only the surface.
 The rest is inexpressible, beyond
 What can be recorded. You can't be them.
 If they'd talk to you, you might guess
 What pain is like though they might spit on you. 5

Film is just a reflection
 Of the matchless despair of the century.
 There have been twenty centuries since charity began.
 Indignation is day-to-day stuff;
 It keeps us off the streets, it keeps us watching. 10

Film has no words of its own.
 It is a silent waste of things happening
 Without us, when it is too late to help.
 What of the dignity of those caught suffering?
 It hurts me. I robbed them of privacy. 15

My young friends think Film will be all of Art.
 It will be revolutionary proof.
 Their films will not guess wrongly and will not lie.
 They'll film what is happening behind barbed wire.
 They'll always know the truth and be famous. 20

Politics softens everything.
 Truth is known only to its victims.
 All else is photographs – a documentary
 The starving and the playboys perish in.
 Life disguises itself with professionalism. 25

Life tells the biggest lies of all,
 And draws wages from itself.
 Truth is a landscape the saintly tribes live on,
 And all the lenses of Japan and Germany
 Wouldn't know how to focus on it. 30

Life flickers on the frame like beautiful hummingbirds.
 That is the film that always comes out blank.
 The painting the artist can't get shapes to fit.
 The poem that shrugs off every word you try.
 The music no one has ever heard. 35

Douglas Dunn

(b)

Things

There are worse things than having behaved foolishly in public.
 There are worse things than these miniature betrayals,
 committed or endured or suspected; there are worse things
 than not being able to sleep for thinking about them.
 It is 5 a.m. All the worse things come stalking in
 and stand icily about the bed looking worse and worse and worse.

5

Fleur Adcock

Either 9 Compare how the poets here movingly convey feelings about the problems life presents. [20]

Or 10 Compare how the poets use memorable images to convey feelings of hope in **TWO** of the following poems:

Wedding-Wind (Larkin)
Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)
Sometimes (Pugh).

[20]

11 (a)

The Target

I shot him, and it had to be
 One of us! 'Twas him or me.
 'Couldn't be helped,' and none can blame
 Me, for you would do the same.

My mother, she can't sleep for fear
 Of what might be a-happening here
 To me. Perhaps it might be best
 To die, and set her fears at rest.

5

For worst is worst, and worry's done.
 Perhaps he was the only son ...
 Yet God keeps still, and does not say
 A word of guidance any way.

10

Well, if they get me, first I'll find
 That boy, and tell him all my mind,
 And see who felt the bullet worst,
 And ask his pardon, if I durst.

15

All's tangle. Here's my job.
 A man might rave, or shout, or sob;
 And God He takes no sort of heed.
 This is a bloody mess indeed.

20

Ivor Gurney

(b)

The Bohemians

Certain people would not clean their buttons,
 Nor polish buckles after latest fashions,
 Preferred their hair long, putties comfortable,
 Barely escaping hanging, indeed hardly able,
 In Bridge and smoking without army cautions
 Spending hours that sped like evil for quickness,
 (While others burnished brasses, earned promotions)
 These were those ones who jested in the trench,
 While others argued of army ways, and wrenched
 What little soul they had still further from shape,
 And died off one by one, or became officers
 Without the first of dream, the ghost of notions
 Of ever becoming soldiers, or smart and neat,
 Surprised as ever to find the army capable
 Of sounding 'Lights out' to break a game of Bridge,
 As to fear candles would set a barn alight.
 In Artois or Picardy they lie – free of useless fashions.

5

10

15

Ivor Gurney

OCR: *Opening Lines: The 1914–18 War (ii)* (Cont.)

Either 11 Compare how the poet powerfully conveys the attitudes of young men towards war in these poems. [20]

Or 12 Explore the differing ways in which the poets vividly convey the feelings of those who lose loved ones in the war, in **TWO** of the following poems:

Lamentations (Sassoon)

The Seed-Merchant's Son (Herbertson)

Perhaps (Brittain).

[20]

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe

13 (a)

Wild Oats

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

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

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

Philip Larkin

(b)

Going Under

I turn over pages, you say,
 Louder than any woman in Europe.

But reading's my specific for keeping
 Reality at bay; my lullaby.

You slip into sleep as fast 5
 And neat as a dipper.
 You lie there breathing, breathing.

My language is turn over
 Over and over again. I am a fish
 Netted on a giveaway mattress, 10
 Urgent to be out of the air.

Reading would help; or pills.
 But light would wake you from your resolute
 Progress through night.

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

The dreams waiting for me twitter and bleat. 15
 All the things I ever did wrong
 Queue by the bed in order of precedence,
 Worst last.

Exhausted by guilt, I nuzzle
 Your shoulder. Out lobs 20
 A casual, heavy arm. You anchor me
 In your own easy sound.

U. A. Fanthorpe

Either 13 Compare the ways these poems vividly convey thoughts and feelings about love.

Remember to refer closely to words and images from the poems. [20]

Or 14 Compare the ways the poets memorably express views of life in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Next Please (Larkin)
An Arundel Tomb (Larkin)
Growing Out (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to words and images from the poems. [20]

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

15 (a)

Mid-Term Break

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

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

5

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

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

10

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

15

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

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

20

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney

(b)

Digging

Between my finger and my thumb
 The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
 When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
 My father, digging. I look down

5

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
 Bends low, comes up twenty years away
 Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
 Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
 Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
 He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
 To scatter new potatoes that we picked
 Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

10

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

By God, the old man could handle a spade. 15
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner's bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up 20
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap 25
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb 30
The squat pen rests.
I'll dig with it.

Seamus Heaney

Either 15 Compare the ways Heaney makes childhood experiences so vivid in these two poems. [20]

Or 16 Compare the ways in which the poets express strong feelings of anger in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Dulce et Decorum Est (Owen)

Telephone Conversation (Soyinka)

5 Ways to Kill a Man (Brock). [20]

Section C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

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

Opening Worlds (OCR)

17 (a)

Two Kinds

We didn't immediately pick the right kind of prodigy. At first my mother thought I could be a Chinese Shirley Temple. We'd watch Shirley's old movies on TV as though they were training films. My mother would poke my arm and say, '*Ni kan*' – You watch. And I would see Shirley tapping her feet, or singing a sailor song, or pursing her lips into a very round O while saying, 'Oh my goodness.'

5

'*Ni kan*,' said my mother as Shirley's eyes flooded with tears. 'You already know how. Don't need talent for crying!'

Soon after my mother got this idea about Shirley Temple, she took me to a beauty training school in the Mission district and put me in the hands of a student who could barely hold the scissors without shaking. Instead of getting big fat curls, I emerged with an uneven mass of crinkly black fuzz. My mother dragged me off to the bathroom and tried to wet down my hair.

10

'You look like Negro Chinese,' she lamented, as if I had done this on purpose.

The instructor of the beauty training school had to lop off these soggy clumps to make my hair even again. 'Peter Pan is very popular these days,' the instructor assured my mother. I now had hair the length of a boy's, with straight-across bangs that hung at a slant two inches above my eyebrows. I liked the haircut and it made me actually look forward to my future fame.

15

Amy Tan

(b)

Leela's Friend

Sidda clutched the ball, closed his eyes for a second and threw the ball up. When the ball came down again, he said, 'Now this has touched the moon and come. You see here a little bit of the moon sticking.' Leela keenly examined the ball for traces of the moon and said, 'I don't see it.'

'You must be very quick about it,' said Sidda, 'because it will all evaporate and go back to the moon. Now hurry up ...' He covered the ball tightly with his fingers and allowed her to peep through a little gap.

5

'Ah, yes,' said Leela. 'I see the moon, but is the moon very wet?'

'Certainly, it is,' Sidda said.

'What is in the sky, Sidda?'

10

'God,' he said.

'If we stand on the roof and stretch our arm, can we touch the sky?'

'Not if we stand on the roof here,' he said. 'But if you stand on a coconut tree you can touch the sky.'

'Have you done it?' asked Leela.

15

'Yes, many times,' said Sidda. 'Whenever there is a big moon, I climb a coconut tree and touch it.'

'Does the moon know you?'

'Yes, very well. Now come with me. I will show you something nice.' They were standing near the rose plant. He said, pointing, 'You see the moon there, don't you?'

20

'Yes.'

'Now come with me,' he said, and took her to the back yard. He stopped near the well and pointed up. The moon was there, too. Leela clapped her hands and screamed in wonder. 'The moon here! It was there! How is it?'

'I have asked it to follow us about.'

25

R. K. Narayan

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

Either 17 How do the writers make these passages amusing for you?

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]

Or 18 How do the writers portray great unhappiness in any **TWO** stories in *Opening Worlds*?

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]

19 (a)

Adolf

Even we understood that he must go. It was decided, after a long deliberation, that my father should carry him back to the wild woods. Once again he was stowed into the great pocket of the pit-jacket.

'Best pop him i' the pot,' said my father, who enjoyed raising the wind of indignation. 5

And so, next day, our father said that Adolf, set down on the edge of the coppice, had hopped away with utmost indifference, neither elated nor moved. We heard it and believed. But many, many were the heart-searchings. How would the other rabbits receive him? Would they smell his tameness, his humanised degradation, and rend him? My mother pooh-poohed the extravagant idea. 10

However, he was gone, and we were rather relieved. My father kept an eye open for him. He declared that several times passing the coppice in the early morning, he had seen Adolf peeping through the nettle-stalks. He had called him in an odd, high-voiced, cajoling fashion. But Adolf had not responded. Wildness gains so soon upon its creatures. And they become so contemptuous then of our tame presence. So it seemed to me. I myself would go to the edge of the coppice, and call softly. I myself would imagine the bright eyes between the nettle-stalks, flash of a white scornful tail past the bracken. That insolent white tail, as Adolf turned his flank on us. 15

(b)

Rex

I saw Rex only once again, when I had to call just once at The Good Omen. He must have heard my voice, for he was upon me in the passage before I knew where I was. And in the instant I knew how he loved us. He really loved us. And in the same instant there was my uncle with a whip, beating and kicking him back, and Rex cowering, bristling, snarling. 5

My uncle swore many oaths, how we had ruined the dog for ever, made him vicious, spoiled him for showing purposes, and been altogether a pack of mard-soft fools not fit to be trusted with any dog but a gutter-mongrel.

Poor Rex! We heard his temper was incurably vicious, and he had to be shot.

And it was our fault. We had loved him too much, and he had loved us too much. We never had another pet. 10

It is a strange thing, love. Nothing but love has made the dog lose his wild freedom, to become the servant of man. And this very servility or completeness of love makes him a term of deepest contempt – 'You dog!'

We should not have loved Rex so much, and he should not have loved us. There should have been a measure. We tended, all of us, to overstep the limits of our own natures. He should have stayed outside human limits, we should have stayed outside canine limits. Nothing is more fatal than the disaster of too much love. My uncle was right, we had ruined the dog. 15

My uncle was a fool, for all that. 20

Either 19 Explore how Lawrence's writing makes these endings both powerful and moving. **[20]**

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

- Or 20 How does Lawrence's writing vividly convey to you the difficult situations in which men find themselves, in **TWO** of the following stories?

Choose **TWO** from:

Fred in *A Prelude*

Radford in *Her Turn*

John Thomas in *Tickets, Please*.

[20]

- 21 Jim walked across the quay from the *Arrawa*, looking up at the newsreels projected above the evening crowd. The second of the screens, in front of the Palace Hotel, was now blank, its images of tank battles and saluting armies replaced by a rectangle of silver light that hung in the night air, a window into another universe.
- As the army technicians on their tower of scaffolding repaired the projector, Jim walked across the tramlines towards the screen. Noticing it for the first time, the Chinese stopped to look up at the white rectangle. Jim brushed the sleeve of his jacket as a rickshaw coolie blundered into him, pulling two bar-girls in fur coats. Their powdered faces were lit like masks by the weird glimmer.
- However, the heads of the Chinese were already turning to another spectacle. A crowd had gathered below the steps of the Shanghai Club. A group of American and British sailors had emerged through the revolving doors and stood on the top step, arguing with each other and waving drunkenly at the cruiser moored by the Bund. The Chinese watched as they formed a chorus line. Provoked by their curious but silent audience, the sailors began to jeer at the Chinese. At a signal from an older sailor, the men unbuttoned their bell-bottomed trousers and urinated down the steps.
- Fifty feet below them, the Chinese watched without comment as the arcs of urine formed a foaming stream that ran down to the street. When it reached the pavement the Chinese stepped back, their faces expressionless. Jim glanced at the people around him, the clerks and coolies and peasant women, well aware of what they were thinking. One day China would punish the rest of the world, and take a frightening revenge.
- The army projectionists had rewound their film, and an air battle started again over the heads of the crowds. As the sailors were carried away in a convoy of rickshaws, Jim walked back to the *Arrawa*. His parents were resting in the passenger saloon on the upper deck, and Jim wanted to spend a last evening with his father before he and his mother sailed for England the next day.
- He stepped on to the gangway, conscious that he was probably leaving Shanghai for the last time, setting out for a small, strange country on the other side of the world which he had never visited, but which was nominally 'home'. Yet only part of his mind would leave Shanghai. The rest would remain there forever, returning on the tide like the coffins launched from the funeral piers at Nantao.
- Below the bows of the *Arrawa* a child's coffin moved on to the night stream. Its paper flowers were shaken loose by the wash of a landing-craft carrying sailors from the American cruiser. The flowers formed a wavering garland around the coffin as it began its long journey to the estuary of the Yangtze, only to be swept back by the incoming tide among the quays and mud-flats, driven once again to the shores of this terrible city.

Either 21 How in your view does Ballard make this an effective ending to the novel? [20]

Or 22 How does Ballard's writing make Jim's experiences in the detention centre particularly unpleasant (in Chapters 13, 14 and 15)?

Remember to support your answer with details from these chapters. [20]

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Turn to page 28 for Question 23.

23 (a)

Stormy Weather

'So this,' Matron stood guardian over Chris's opened schoolbag on her desk, waving aloft a small, oft-creased bundle of jotter pages, '*this* is why you are always so keen on the Band of Hope. I might have suspected it. Who is the boy who writes that he "can't wait for Friday night"?' 5

'Till I see you again' – silently Chris completed the sentence for Matron, and, in the doing, recollected every word written on the pages. The lines of 'X's' for kisses, the P.S. of regret 'wish they were not on paper, but were real ...', embarrassment negated by the inner certainty.

'At least there's not *one* dirty thing in the letters ...'

'A boy at school, Matron – he lives with his grandfather, he's *nearly* an orphan!' Chris volunteered the information in the hope that such a common cause might influence Matron. 'He's got navy stockings with yellow tops ...' Suddenly she heard herself sharing with Matron the few facts she herself knew about the boy. '... He's got a bike. He can freewheel down Barclay's Brae without once touching his handlebars – you'd like him if you knew him. I know you would!' 10

Evincing no sign of a shared 'liking', Matron set the pages down on her desk.

'The thing is,' she concluded, after long consideration, 'you're getting too old for the Band of Hope. It's time we were thinking of your *future*. Getting ready for it, when you go into service. There's the old sewing-machine – we could make a start on Friday nights, teaching you to use it – underwear, night-dresses, petticoats, things you'll need when you start your job ...' 15

Jessie Kesson

(b)

Stone Trees

It is ridiculous how this boy walks.

How Anna wept.

'Look, hold my hand,' says Peter, 'and take care. We're on old trees. What d'you think of that? They were so old they turned to stone. It's something in the atmosphere. They're awful, aren't they? I like trees all leafy and sparkly.' 5

'*Sparkly* trees?'

'Well, there'd be no pollution. No people. Now just rotten stone.'

'I like stone.'

He kicks them, 'I like trees.'

And I sit down my love because I will not see you any more or hold your hand or put my face on yours and this will pass of course. They've told me that this sort of grief will pass. 10

But I don't want the grief to change. I want not to forget the feel and look of you and the look of your live eyes and the physical life of you and I do not want to cease to grieve. 15

'Look, hey, look,' says Peter and stops balancing. 'The tide is coming in.' The water slaps. The dead stone which was once covered with breathing holes for life takes life again, and where it looked like burned out ashy stone there are colours, and little movements, and frondy things responding to water, which laps and laps.

'Look,' says Peter, 'there's a star-fish. Pink as pink. Hey – take my hand. Mind out. You mustn't slip.' (This boy has long hard hands.) 'The tide is coming in.' 20

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

How Anna cried.

The tide is coming in and it will cover the stone trees and then it will ebb back again and the stone trees will remain, and already the water is showing more growing things that are there all the time, though only now and then seen.

25

And Peter takes my hand in yours and I will never see you any more – How Anna cried. And things are growing in the cracks in the stones. The boy laughs and looks at me with your known eyes. Now that you are.

Jane Gardam

Either 23 How do the writers memorably portray the difficult relationships between adults and children here? [20]

Or 24 How do the writers powerfully convey people's responses to change in **TWO** of the following stories?

Choose **TWO** from:

Millicent in *The New People* (Tremain)

The girls in *The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station* (Harris)

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

[20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25 It was a great funeral, such as befitted a noble warrior. As the evening drew near, the shouting and the firing of guns, the beating of drums and the brandishing and clanging of matchets increased.
- Ezeudu had taken three titles in his life. It was a rare achievement. There were only four titles in the clan, and only one or two men in any generation ever achieved the fourth and highest. When they did, they became the lords of the land. Because he had taken titles, Ezeudu was to be buried after dark with only a glowing brand to light the sacred ceremony. 5
- But before this quiet and final rite, the tumult increased tenfold. Drums beat violently and men leaped up and down in frenzy. Guns were fired on all sides and sparks flew out as matchets clanged together in warriors' salutes. The air was full of dust and the smell of gunpowder. It was then that the one-handed spirit came, carrying a basket full of water. People made way for him on all sides and the noise subsided. Even the smell of gunpowder was swallowed in the sickly smell that now filled the air. He danced a few steps to the funeral drums and then went to see the corpse. 10
- "Ezeudu!" he called in his guttural voice. "If you had been poor in your last life I would have asked you to be rich when you come again. But you were rich. If you had been a coward, I would have asked you to bring courage. But you were a fearless warrior. If you had died young, I would have asked you to get life. But you lived long. So I shall ask you to come again the way you came before. If your death was the death of nature, go in peace. But if a man caused it, do not allow him a moment's rest." He danced a few more steps and went away. 15
- The drums and the dancing began again and reached fever-heat. Darkness was around the corner, and the burial was near. Guns fired the last salute and the cannon rent the sky. And then from the centre of the delirious fury came a cry of agony and shouts of horror. It was as if a spell had been cast. All was silent. In the centre of the crowd a boy lay in a pool of blood. It was the dead man's sixteen-year-old son, who with his brothers and half-brothers had been dancing the traditional farewell to their father. Okonkwo's gun had exploded and a piece of iron had pierced the boy's heart. 20
- The confusion that followed was without parallel in the tradition of Umuofia. Violent deaths were frequent, but nothing like this had ever happened. 25
- The only course open to Okonkwo was to flee from the clan. It was a crime against the earth goddess to kill a clansman, and a man who committed it must flee from the land. The crime was of two kinds, male and female. Okonkwo had committed the female, because it had been inadvertent. He could return to the clan after seven years. 30

Either 25 Explore how Achebe's writing makes this such an exciting moment in the novel. [20]

Or 26 Explore how Achebe arouses your admiration and pity for Ikemefuna. [20]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

27 'Ay,' he said aloud. There is no translation for this word and perhaps it is just a noise such as a man might make, involuntarily, feeling the nail go through his hands and into the wood.

'*Galanos*,' he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail. They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time. 5

The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come. He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white-tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad-smelling, scavengers as well as killers, and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of fish slime on him. 10

'Ay,' the old man said. '*Galanos*. Come on, *Galanos*.' 15

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slitted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died. 20

Either **27** How does Hemingway make this such a dramatic moment in the novel? [20]

Or **28** How does Hemingway make the boy such a memorable and important character in the novel?

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

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

- 29 On the sixth day of Hate Week, after the processions, the speeches, the shouting, the singing, the banners, the posters, the films, the waxworks, the rolling of drums and squealing of trumpets, the tramp of marching feet, the grinding of the caterpillars of tanks, the roar of massed planes, the booming of guns – after six days of this, when the great orgasm was quivering to its climax and the general hatred of Eurasia had boiled up into such delirium that if the crowd could have got their hands on the 2,000 Eurasian war-criminals who were to be publicly hanged on the last day of the proceedings, they would unquestionably have torn them to pieces – at just this moment it had been announced that Oceania was not after all at war with Eurasia. Oceania was at war with Eastasia. Eurasia was an ally. 5
- There was, of course, no admission that any change had taken place. Merely it became known, with extreme suddenness and everywhere at once, that Eastasia and not Eurasia was the enemy. Winston was taking part in a demonstration in one of the central London squares at the moment when it happened. It was night, and the white faces and the scarlet banners were luridly floodlit. The square was packed with several thousand people, including a block of about a thousand schoolchildren in the uniform of the Spies. On a scarlet-draped platform an orator of the Inner Party, a small lean man with disproportionately long arms and a large bald skull over which a few lank locks straggled, was haranguing the crowd. A little Rumpelstiltskin figure, contorted with hatred, he gripped the neck of the microphone with one hand while the other, enormous at the end of a bony arm, clawed the air menacingly above his head. His voice, made metallic by the amplifiers, boomed forth an endless catalogue of atrocities, massacres, deportations, lootings, rapings, torture of prisoners, bombing of civilians, lying propaganda, unjust aggressions, broken treaties. It was almost impossible to listen to him without being first convinced and then maddened. At every few moments the fury of the crowd boiled over and the voice of the speaker was drowned by a wild beast-like roaring that rose uncontrollably from thousands of throats. The most savage yells of all came from the schoolchildren. The speech had been proceeding for perhaps twenty minutes when a messenger hurried on to the platform and a scrap of paper was slipped into the speaker's hand. He unrolled and read it without pausing in his speech. Nothing altered in his voice or manner, or in the content of what he was saying, but suddenly the names were different. Without words said, a wave of understanding rippled through the crowd. Oceania was at war with Eastasia! 10 15 20 25 30

Either 29 How does Orwell create such a horrifying insight into the world of Big Brother in this passage? [20]

Or 30 How far does Orwell's writing enable you to admire Winston Smith?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [20]

Section D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Literary non-fiction post-1914		
<i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin)	34–35	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	36	33–34

31 (a)

Day 64

'When the train leave you will see a sight,' he chuckles, and indeed as the whistle wails across the desert at five o'clock sharp and this huge, unwieldy combination begins to move, the low embankment is filled with a mass of running figures, hurtling towards the train, leaping onto the coaches and eventually clambering up onto the roof.

5

Apart from the Roof Class travellers who, if they are prepared to risk extremes of heat and cold and blowing sand, are not officially discouraged, there are three classes on the train. Although we are in First it's quite basic – we are four to a compartment, few of the lights or fans work, and the basin in the lavatory has disappeared. The train superintendent, another big, friendly man, reckons there could be 4000 passengers altogether, though he doesn't know for sure.

10

A milepost in the sand indicates 899 kilometres (557 miles) to Khartoum.

The long, straight, single-track line was built on the orders of General Kitchener in 1897 to help in the relief of Khartoum, which the Mahdi had seized from General Gordon twelve years previously. Despite the punishing heat and lack of water, the British and Egyptian forces laid track at the rate of more than one kilometre a day, covering the 370 kilometres (230 miles) to Abu Hamed in ten months.

15

Once the pride of the Empire, the Nile Valley Express is now much reduced. Nearly all the coaches are in need of repair, and the wooden struts of their frames can often be seen through the rotten panelling. Delays are almost obligatory, sometimes extending to days.

20

(b)

Day 127

My compartment has a wall of a window – big and double-glazed – air-conditioning, carpet, individual radio and temperature controls, half a bottle of champagne, a newspaper and an electronically operated venetian blind.

Just before 11.30 a husky female voice breathes over the intercom, 'The Blue Train is ready to depart,' and barely noticeably we begin to pull out of Johannesburg, due to cover the 900 miles to Cape Town in twenty-two hours. For the first time since Tromsø we are moving *west* of our thirty degree meridian and may not meet it again until, God willing, I reach the South Pole.

5

A travel-worn maroon and white local from Soweto passes us, heading into the city. We gather speed through grubby stations like Braamfontein and Mayfair, whose platforms are crowded with blacks in headscarves and sweaters, and accelerate into the smarter suburbs with names like Unified and Florida. It is the most comfortable train-ride I've ever experienced, and combined with the air-con and the thick glazing and the wall-to-wall carpets it is like being in a hermetically sealed capsule, enabling the passenger to observe the outside world while remaining completely detached from it – an unconscious paradigm, perhaps of the apartheid system, officially abolished only five months ago.

10

There are ninety-two people in seventeen coaches – as opposed to 4000 in eighteen on the Nile Valley Express. No one is allowed to travel on the roof. On Zambian Railways the restaurant-car was out of food altogether; on the Blue Train I count thirteen pieces of cutlery in front of me at lunchtime. Terrine of kingclip (a local fish) and Cape salmon are served as we move across the wide, flat expanse of the High Veldt. Grain and gold country. Far in the distance the mountains are temporarily obscured by a thunderstorm.

20

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

Either 31 What do you find memorable about the way Palin describes the two trains here? **[20]**

Or 32 How does Palin's writing make any **TWO** characters from *Pole to Pole* striking for you?

You might choose from:

Edward Ranenko (Day 31)

Felix (Days 40 and 41)

Dr Baela (Day 108)

or any other character.

[20]

33

A MALE FANTASY

ARSENAL v CHARLTON ATHLETIC
18.11.86

Typically, I remember her first game and she doesn't: a moment ago I poked my head round the bedroom door and asked her the name of the opponents, score and scorers, but all she could tell me was Arsenal won and Niall Quinn got one. (2–0, the other goal came courtesy of a Charlton defender.)

It is fair to say that back then, in the first few months of our relationship, we were having trouble (trouble caused by me), and I don't think either of us thought that we were going to last much longer. The way she tells it now, she thought that the end was coming sooner rather than later, and chose Charlton on a wet and cold November night because she thought she wasn't going to get too many more opportunities to come to Highbury with me. It wasn't a great game, but it was a good time to come, because Arsenal were slap-bang in the middle of a tremendous twenty-two-game unbeaten run, and crowds were up, spirits were up, young players (Rocky, Niall, Adams, Hayes, who later became her inexplicable favourite) were in the team and playing well, and the previous Saturday we'd all been down to Southampton to see the new League leaders. 5
10
15

She craned her neck and watched what she could see, and after the game we went to the pub and she said that she'd like to come again. This is what women always say and it usually means that they would like to come again in another life, and not even the next life but the one after that. I said, of course, that she would be welcome whenever; immediately she asked whether there was another home game on the Saturday. There was, and she came to that too, and to most home games for the rest of the season. She has travelled to Villa Park and Carrow Road and other London grounds, and one year she bought a season-ticket. She still comes regularly, and can recognise every member of the Arsenal squad without any difficulty, although there is no doubt that her enthusiasm is on the wane now, and that my perpetual intensity irritates her more as we both get older. 20
25

I wouldn't like to think that it was all this that saved the relationship – in fact, I know it wasn't. But it certainly had a lubricious effect, initially, and her sudden interest complicated things that were already confused. On New Year's Day 1987, when she and I went to watch a 3–1 win over Wimbledon, I began to realise why the woman who not only tolerates but actively participates in the football ritual has become for many men something of a fantasy figure: some men I knew, who had wrecked the previous night's jollities and the bank holiday's traditional familial calm by dragging themselves off to Goodison or somewhere to watch a morning kick-off, would return home to tensions and baleful glances all of their own making, whereas I was in the fortunate position of being at Highbury because it was an organic part of our day. 30
35

Either 33 What interests you about the ways Hornby portrays his girlfriend in this passage? [20]

Or 34 In *Fever Pitch* how far do you think Hornby makes football seem enjoyable to watch?

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

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