

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**

2442/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)

Scheme A

**Unit 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914
(Higher Tier)**

TUESDAY 19 MAY 2009: Morning

DURATION: 1 hour 30 minutes

SUITABLE FOR VISUALLY IMPAIRED CANDIDATES

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.

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF

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 from SECTION B.

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.

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 4

SECTION B – PROSE POST-1914

(Answer ONE question from this Section)

Page 11

SECTION A

You must answer ONE question from this Section.

| | <u>PAGES</u> | <u>QUESTIONS</u> |
|-----------------------------------|--------------|------------------|
| <u>POETRY PUBLISHED POST-1914</u> | | |
| OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i> | 5–10 | 1–6 |

1 (a)

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

(b)

Bedfellows

An inch or so above the bed
the yellow blindspot hovers
where the last incumbent's greasy head
has worn away the flowers.

Every night I have to rest
my head in his dead halo;
I feel his heart tick in my wrist;
then, below the pillow,

5

his suffocated voice resumes
its dreary innuendo:
*there are other ways to leave the room
than the door and the window*

10

Don Paterson

EITHER 1 Explore the differing ways in which the poets here memorably portray people's worries. [30]

OR 2 Compare the ways in which the poets use unusual or surprising imagery in *Defying Gravity* (McGough) and *The Hare* (Hill). [30]

OR 3 Compare the ways in which the poets encourage you to feel grateful for the beauty of the world in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Oh Grateful Colours, Bright Looks! (Smith)
Judging Distances (Reed)
The Cat and the Sea (Thomas). [30]

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4 (a)

The Deserter

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

Winifred M. Letts

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

(b)

The Hero

‘Jack fell as he’d have wished,’ the Mother said,
And folded up the letter that she’d read.

‘The Colonel writes so nicely.’ Something broke
In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.

She half looked up. ‘We mothers are so proud 5
Of our dead soldiers.’ Then her face was bowed.

Quietly the Brother Officer went out.

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

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

Siegfried Sassoon

EITHER 4 Compare the ways in which the poets movingly convey the reactions of the mothers, in these two poems. [30]

OR 5 Explore the differing ways in which the poets vividly express the thoughts and feelings of soldiers in war-time in *The Target* (Gurney) and *The Send-Off* (Owen). [30]

OR 6 In what differing ways do the poets use striking words and phrases to express the horrors of war, in any TWO of the following poems?

Spring Offensive (Owen)

The Deserter (Letts)

Lamentations (Sassoon) [30]

SECTION B

You must answer ONE question from this Section.

| | <u>PAGES</u> | <u>QUESTIONS</u> |
|--|--------------|------------------|
| <u>PROSE PUBLISHED POST-1914</u> | | |
| OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i> | 12–16 | 13–15 |
| ERNEST HEMINGWAY: The Old Man and The Sea | 18–20 | 25–27 |
| GEORGE ORWELL: Nineteen Eighty-Four | 22–24 | 28–30 |

OCR: *Opening Worlds*

13 (a) *The Pieces of Silver*

The acting Head was a squat jug of a man, fierce-eyed and unsmiling. He now sauntered along the edge of his platform and fixed, one after the other, each of the standing boys with a look of complete scorn. Then, mopping his brow, he ordered those who had brought no gifts to come up and mount the platform where the dozen of them were lined up. 5

Taking a stick of chalk he scrawled an X upon the forehead of each boy, to the huge delight of the rest of the school. When he had imprinted this symbol of shame upon the brow of each unhappy child, he turned to the laughing school, and holding his hand up to check the gusts of merriment said: 10 15

‘Look! They bear the symbol of ingratitude!’

The cruel laughter went up to the rafters. The schoolmaster permitted it free swell for a few moments before raising his hand once more.

‘Ingratitude,’ he went on, ‘ingratitude, more strong than human hand ... Come, Clement. You’re in the fourth. Step forward and let’s hear Mark Antony on ingratitude. Surely our old Head would expire if he knew that in his school he harboured so many thankless Brutuses. Come, Clement, let us hear you recite the piece, and well.’ 20 25

Clement stepped forward, shabby and barefoot, and with eyes downcast, began to recite the passage in a choked, monotonous tone. Now and again the schoolmaster threatened him with his rod, exhorting him to 30

OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

speak up. The boy would then raise his voice and quicken his words under the threat of the lash, but soon his voice sank back and the recitation resumed its muttered vein. **35**

At last, however, the passage was finished. The acting Headmaster then spent some minutes more making the hapless boys the laughing-stock of their school-friends. Only when he thought the school on the verge of becoming unmanageable did he dismiss the tormented boys with the words: **40**

‘Now go to your places. But bear in mind, every morning, until you show some appreciation for your resigning Headmaster, you shall come up here and stand in shame before the whole school.’ **45**

Karl Sealy

(b) *The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband*

The meeting followed the customary procedure. After slogans had been shouted, passionate accusations were made, punctuated by more slogans. The pressure built up. First Mrs Tall was ordered to come clean, to produce that 'manuscript'. Questions and denunciations were fired at her, hysterical screams, angry shouts and threatening growls. But she simply shook her head gravely and sincerely. What use was sincerity? To believe in her would have made the whole business a farce. 5 10

No matter what bullies sprang forward to shake their fists at her, or what tricky questions were asked to try to trap her, she simply shook her head. The members of the institute were at a loss, afraid that if this went on the struggle meeting would fizzle out and end up a fiasco. 15

The tailor's wife had listened with mounting exasperation. Being illiterate she took no interest in the 'manuscript' they wanted, and felt these research workers were too soft-spoken. All of a sudden she ran to the platform. Raising her right arm with its red armband she pointed accusingly at Mrs Tall. 20

'Say!' she screeched. 'Why did you marry him?' 25

The members of the institute were staggered by this unexpected question. What connection had it with their investigation?

Mrs Tall was staggered too. This wasn't the sort of question asked these days. She looked up with surprise on her thin face which showed the ravages of the last few months. 30

'So you don't dare answer, eh?' The tailor's wife raised her voice. 'I'll answer for you! You married this scoundrel, didn't you, for his 35

OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

money? If he hadn't had money who'd want such a short fellow!' She sounded rather smug, as if she alone had seen through Mrs Tall.

Mrs Tall neither nodded nor shook her head. She had seen through the tailor's wife too. Her eyes glinted with derision and contempt. 40

**'All right, you won't admit it. This wretch is done for now, he's a broken reed. Oh, I know what you're thinking.' The tailor's wife slapped her chest and brandished one hand gloatingly. 45
Some other women chimed in.**

Feng Ji-cai

EITHER 13 Explore the ways in which the writers memorably portray bullying in these two extracts. [30]

OR 14 How do the writers vividly portray clashes of culture in *The Train from Rhodesia* (Gordimer) and *The Young Couple* (Jhabvala)?

Remember to refer to details from the stories in your answer. [30]

OR 15 How do the writers powerfully portray the unhappiness of children in any **TWO** of the following stories?

The Red Ball (Khan)

Games at Twilight (Desai)

The Pieces of Silver (Sealy) [30]

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

25 Sometimes someone would speak in a boat. But most of the boats were silent except for the dip of the oars. They spread apart after they were out of the mouth of the harbour and each one headed for the part of the ocean 5
where he hoped to find fish. The old man knew he was going far out and he left the smell of the land behind and rowed out into the clean early morning smell of the ocean. He saw the phosphorescence of the Gulf weed in the water 10
as he rowed over the part of the ocean that the fishermen called the great well because there was a sudden deep of seven hundred fathoms where all sorts of fish congregated because of the swirl the current made against the steep 15
walls of the floor of the ocean. Here there were concentrations of shrimp and bait fish and sometimes schools of squid in the deepest holes and these rose close to the surface at night where all the wandering fish fed on them. 20

 In the dark the old man could feel the morning coming and as he rowed he heard the trembling sound as flying fish left the water and the hissing that their stiff set wings made as they soared away in the darkness. He 25
was very fond of flying fish as they were his principal friends on the ocean. He was sorry for the birds, especially the small delicate dark terns that were always flying and looking and almost never finding, and he thought, 'The 30
birds have a harder life than we do except for the robber birds and the heavy strong ones. Why did they make birds so delicate and fine as those sea swallows when the ocean can be so cruel? She is kind and very beautiful. But 35

she can be so cruel and it comes so suddenly and such birds that fly, dipping and hunting, with their small sad voices are made too delicately for the sea.'

He always thought of the sea as *la mar*, 40
which is what people call her in Spanish when they love her. Sometimes those who love her say bad things of her but they are always said as though she were a woman. Some of the younger fishermen, those who used buoys 45
as floats for their lines and had motor-boats, bought when the shark livers had brought much money, spoke of her as *el mar* which is masculine. They spoke of her as a contestant or a place or even an enemy. But the old man 50
always thought of her as feminine and as something that gave or withheld great favours, and if she did wild or wicked things it was because she could not help them. The moon affects her as it does a woman, he thought. 55

He was rowing steadily and it was no effort for him since he kept well within his speed and the surface of the ocean was flat except for the occasional swirls of the current. He was letting the current do a third of the work and 60
as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour.

EITHER **25** What does Hemingway’s writing here make you feel about the old man at the start of his journey? [30]

OR **26** At the beginning of the novel, the old man is said to be ‘*salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky’.

Is this how Hemingway’s writing encourages you to view the old man at the end of the novel?

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

OR **27** Explore any ONE or TWO moments in the novel when Hemingway’s writing makes you feel particular respect and admiration for the old man. [30]

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GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

28

As the door opened the wave of air that it created brought in a powerful smell of cold sweat. Parsons walked into the cell. He was wearing khaki shorts and a sports-shirt.

This time Winston was startled into self-forgetfulness.

5

“*You* here!” he said

Parsons gave Winston a glance in which there was neither interest nor surprise, but only misery. He began walking jerkily up and down, evidently unable to keep still. Each time he straightened his pudgy knees it was apparent that they were trembling. His eyes had a wide-open, staring look, as though he could not prevent himself from gazing at something in the middle distance.

10

15

“What are you in for?” said Winston.

“Thoughtcrime!” said Parsons, almost blubbering. The tone of his voice implied at once a complete admission of his guilt and a sort of incredulous horror that such a word could be applied to himself. He paused opposite Winston and began eagerly appealing to him: “You don’t think they’ll shoot me, do you, old chap? They don’t shoot you if you haven’t actually done anything—only thoughts, which you can’t help? I know they give you a fair hearing. Oh, I trust them for that! They’ll know my record, won’t they? *You* know what kind of a chap I was. Not a bad chap in my way. Not brainy, of course, but keen. I tried to do my best for the Party, didn’t I? I’ll get off with five years don’t you think? Or even ten years? A chap like me could make himself pretty useful in a labour-camp. They wouldn’t shoot me for

20

25

30

35

going off the rails just once?”

“Are you guilty?” said Winston.

“Of course I’m guilty!” cried Parsons with a servile glance at the telescreen. “You don’t think the Party would arrest an innocent man, do you?” His froglike face grew calmer, and even took on a slightly sanctimonious expression. “Thoughtcrime is a dreadful thing, old man,” he said sententiously. “It’s insidious. It can get hold of you without your even knowing it. Do you know how it got hold of me? In my sleep! Yes, that’s a fact. There I was, working away, trying to do my bit—never knew I had any bad stuff in my mind at all. And then I started talking in my sleep. Do you know what they heard me saying?”

He sank his voice, like someone who is obliged for medical reasons to utter an obscenity.

“‘Down with Big Brother!’ Yes, I said that! Said it over and over again, it seems. Between you and me, old man, I’m glad they got me before it went any further. Do you know what I’m going to say to them when I go up before the tribunal? ‘Thank you,’ I’m going to say, ‘thank you for saving me before it was too late.’”

“Who denounced you?” said Winston.

“It was my little daughter,” said Parsons with a sort of doleful pride. “She listened at the keyhole. Heard what I was saying, and nipped off to the patrols the very next day. Pretty smart for a nipper of seven, eh? I don’t bear her any grudge for it. In fact I’m proud of her. It shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway.”

EITHER 28 How does Orwell’s writing make this extract so horrifying? [30]

OR 29 How does Orwell’s writing make you feel that The Ministry of Love is so monstrous?

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

OR 30 How does Orwell’s writing make London such a terrible place?

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



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