

**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 19 May 2009  
Morning**

**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 **32** 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)

Page 15

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

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

Page 29



## 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>	10–11	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	12–13	10–12

OCR: *Opening Lines: Section G: How It Looks From Here*

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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**Turn to page 8 for Question 4**

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



(b)

*The Hero*

'Jack fell as he'd have wished,' the Mother said,  
 And folded up the letter that she'd read.  
 'The Colonel writes so nicely.' Something broke  
 In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.  
 She half looked up. 'We mothers are so proud  
 Of our dead soldiers.' Then her face was bowed.

5

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

10

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

15

Siegfried Sassoon

**Either** 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]**

7 (a)

*Toads*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Philip Larkin

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

(b)

*Dictator*

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

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

5

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

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

10

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

15

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

U. A. Fanthorpe

**Either** 7 Compare some of the ways in which the poets memorably present their views on work in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or** 8 Compare some of the ways in which the poets vividly convey the effects of Time in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*An Arundel Tomb* (Larkin)  
*Reports* (Fanthorpe)  
*Half-past Two* (Fanthorpe)  
*Growing Out* (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. **[30]**

**Or** 9 Compare some of the ways in which the poets powerfully express feelings about home in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Home Is So Sad* (Larkin)  
*I Remember, I Remember* (Larkin)  
*Old Man, Old Man* (Fanthorpe).

Remember to refer closely to the words and images of the poems in your answer. **[30]**

10 (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

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

(b)

*Our History*

to pre-colonial Africa

And the waves arrived  
Swimming in like hump-backed divers  
With their finds from far-away seas.

Their lustre gave the illusion of pearls  
As shorewards they shoved up mighty canoes  
And looked like the carcass of drifting whales.

5

And our sight misled us  
When the sun's glint on the spear's blade  
Passed for lightning  
And the gun-fire of conquest  
The thunderbolt that razed the forest.

10

So did our days change their garb  
From hides of leopard skin  
To prints of false lions  
That fall in tatters  
Like the wings of whipped butterflies.

15

Mbella Sonne Dipoko

- Either** 10 Explore the differing ways in which the poets memorably portray feelings of sadness in these two poems. [30]
- 
- Or** 11 Compare the ways in which the poets vividly convey the strength and power of nature in *Mushrooms* (Plath) and *Hawk Roosting* (Hughes). [30]
- Or** 12 In what differing ways do the poets bring to life the thoughts and feelings of adults and children in *Piano and Drums* (Okara) and *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* (Causley)? [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>	16–17	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	18–19	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	20–21	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	22	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	23	25–27
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i>	24–25	28–30
SUSAN HILL (ed.): <i>Modern Women's Short Stories</i>	26–27	31–33

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:

'Look! They bear the symbol of ingratitude!'

10

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.'

15

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 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.

20

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:

25

'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.'

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

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.

10

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.

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

15

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



OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

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.

20

'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 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.

25

'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. 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]

16 (a)

*Her Turn*

There was a certain smug sense of satisfaction about her. A wave of anger came over him, blinding him. But he waited and waited. Suddenly his arm leapt up, the fist clenched, and his eyes blazed at her. She shrank away, pale and frightened. But he dropped his fist to his side, turned, and went out muttering. He went down to the shed that stood in the middle of the garden. There he picked up the tortoise, and stood with bent head, rubbing its horny head.

5

She stood hesitating, watching him. Her heart was heavy, and yet there was a curious, cat-like look of satisfaction round her eyes. Then she went indoors and gazed at her new cups, admiringly.

The next week he handed her his half-sovereign without a word.

10

'You'll want some for yourself,' she said, and she gave him a shilling. He accepted it.

(b)

*Second Best*

And the next day, after a secret, persistent hunt, she found another mole playing in the heat. She killed it, and in the evening, when Tom came to the gate to smoke his pipe after supper, she took him the dead creature.

'Here you are then!' she said.

'Did you catch it?' he replied, taking the velvet corpse into his fingers and examining it minutely. This was to hide his trepidation.

5

'Did you think I couldn't?' she asked, her face very near his.

'Nay, I didn't know.'

She laughed in his face, a strange little laugh that caught her breath, all agitation, and tears, and recklessness of desire. He looked frightened and upset. She put her hand to his arm.

10

'Shall you go out wi' me?' he asked, in a difficult, troubled tone.

She turned her face away, with a shaky laugh. The blood came up in him, strong, overmastering. He resisted it. But it drove him down, and he was carried away. Seeing the winsome, frail nape of her neck, fierce love came upon him for her, and tenderness.

15

'We s'll 'ave to tell your mother,' he said. And he stood, suffering, resisting his passion for her.

'Yes,' she replied, in a dead voice. But there was a thrill of pleasure in this death.

20

**Either** 16 How does Lawrence's writing here make these powerful and significant moments in the stories? **[30]**

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

- Or**    **17** How far does Lawrence encourage you to feel sympathy for John Thomas (in *Tickets, Please*) and Pauline Attenborough (in *The Lovely Lady*)?

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

- Or**    **18** In what ways do you think Lawrence paints vivid pictures of everyday life in any **TWO** of the following stories?

*Adolf*

*Rex*

*A Prelude*

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

- 19 (a) One afternoon Jim scaled the wall of a house behind the American Country Club. He jumped into a wide, over-grown garden and was running towards the verandah before he realized that a group of Japanese soldiers were cooking a meal beside the empty swimming-pool. Three men squatted on the diving-boards, feeding sticks to a small fire. Another soldier was down on the floor of the pool, poking through the debris of bathing caps and sun-glasses. 5
- The Japanese watched Jim hesitate in the deep grass, and stirred their boiled rice, in which floated a few pieces of fish. They made no attempt to pick up their rifles, but Jim knew that he should not try to run from them. He strolled through the grass to the edge of the pool and sat on the leaf-strewn tiles. The soldiers began to eat their meal, talking in low voices. They were thickset men with shaven heads, wearing better webbing and equipment than the Japanese sentries in Shanghai, and Jim guessed that they were seasoned combat troops. 10
- Jim watched them eat, his eyes fixed on every morsel that entered their mouths. When the oldest of the four soldiers had finished he scraped some burnt rice and fish scales from the side of the cooking pot. A first-class private of some forty years, with slow, careful hands, he beckoned Jim forward and handed him his mess tin. As they smoked their cigarettes the Japanese smiled to themselves, watching Jim devour the shreds of fatty rice. It was his first hot food since he had left the hospital, and the heat and greasy flavour stung his gums. Tears swam in his eyes. The Japanese soldier who had taken pity on Jim, recognizing that this small boy was starving, began to laugh good-naturedly, and pulled the rubber plug from his metal water-bottle. Jim drank the clear, chlorine-flavoured liquid, so unlike the stagnant water in the taps of the Columbia Road. He choked, carefully swallowed his vomit, and tittered into his hands, grinning at the Japanese. Soon they were all laughing together, sitting back in the deep grass beside the drained swimming-pool. 20 25
- (b) He took a Coca Cola bottle from his knapsack and half-filled it with water from his canteen. Holding it in the air, he beckoned Jim towards him.
- Jim took the bottle, bowed steeply and stepped back three paces. Masking their smiles, the Japanese watched him silently. Beside the truck, Basie and Dr Ransome leaned from the shadows, their eyes fixed on the sun-bright fluid in the bottle. Clearly they assumed that he would carry the water to them and share out this unexpected ration. 5
- Carefully, Jim wiped the bottle on the sleeve of his blazer. He lifted it to his lips, drank slowly, trying not to choke, paused and finished the last drops. 10
- The Japanese burst into laughter, chortling to each other with great amusement. Jim laughed with them, well aware that only he, among the British prisoners, appreciated the joke. Basie ventured a wary smile, but Dr Ransome seemed baffled. The corporal took the Coca Cola bottle from Jim and filled it to the neck. Still chuckling to themselves, the soldiers climbed to their feet and returned to the task of stringing the telephone wire. 15
- Followed by the driver and the armed guard, Jim carried the bottle across the tracks. He handed it to Dr Ransome, who stared at him without comment. He drank briefly, and passed the tepid liquid to the others, helping the driver to refill the bottle from the canteen.

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

**Either 19** Explore the ways in which Ballard memorably portrays Jim's reactions to the Japanese soldiers in these two extracts.

Remember to refer to the language of both extracts in your answer. **[30]**

---

**Or 20** 'He's a survivor, though survivors can be dangerous.' (Chapter 25)

In what ways does Ballard's writing help you to understand why Basie is a 'survivor'? **[30]**

**Or 21** Explore the ways in which Ballard portrays the Chinese poor in Shanghai before the war.

Remember to support your answer with reference to Ballard's writing. **[30]**

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 22 “This is a great gathering. No clan can boast of greater numbers or greater valour. But are we all here? I ask you: Are all the sons of Umuofia with us here?” A deep murmur swept through the crowd.
- “They are not,” he said. “They have broken the clan and gone their several ways. We who are here this morning have remained true to our fathers, but our brothers have deserted us and joined a stranger to soil their fatherland. If we fight the stranger we shall hit our brothers and perhaps shed the blood of a clansman. But we must do it. Our fathers never dreamt of such a thing, they never killed their brothers. But a white man never came to them. So we must do what our fathers would never have done. Eneke the bird was asked why he was always on the wing and he replied: ‘Men have learnt to shoot without missing their mark and I have learnt to fly without perching on a twig.’ We must root out this evil. And if our brothers take the side of evil we must root them out too. And we must do it *now*. We must bale this water now that it is only ankle-deep....”
- At this point there was a sudden stir in the crowd and every eye was turned in one direction. There was a sharp bend in the road that led from the market-place to the white man’s court, and to the stream beyond it. And so no one had seen the approach of the five court messengers until they had come round the bend, a few paces from the edge of the crowd. Okonkwo was sitting at the edge.
- He sprang to his feet as soon as he saw who it was. He confronted the head messenger, trembling with hate, unable to utter a word. The man was fearless and stood his ground, his four men lined up behind him.
- In that brief moment the world seemed to stand still, waiting. There was utter silence. The men of Umuofia were merged into the mute backcloth of trees and giant creepers, waiting.
- The spell was broken by the head messenger. “Let me pass!” he ordered.
- “What do you want here?”
- “The white man whose power you know too well has ordered this meeting to stop.”
- In a flash Okonkwo drew his matchet. The messenger crouched to avoid the blow. It was useless. Okonkwo’s matchet descended twice and the man’s head lay beside his uniformed body.
- The waiting backcloth jumped into tumultuous life and the meeting was stopped. Okonkwo stood looking at the dead man. He knew that Umuofia would not go to war. He knew because they had let the other messengers escape. They had broken into tumult instead of action. He discerned fright in that tumult. He heard voices asking: “Why did he do it?”
- He wiped his matchet on the sand and went away.

**Either** 22 How does Achebe’s writing here make this extract so dramatic and significant? [30]

**Or** 23 How does Achebe make Okonkwo’s relationship with his daughter Ezinma so memorable in the novel?

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

**Or** 24 How does Achebe show the importance of family life in *Things Fall Apart*?

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

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 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 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 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. 5
- 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 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 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 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.' 10
- He always thought of the sea as *la mar*, 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 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 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. 15
- 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 as it started to be light he saw he was already further out than he had hoped to be at this hour. 20
- 25
- 30
- 35

**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]

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.
- “You here!” he said 5
- 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
- “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 going off the rails just once?” 15
- “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?” 20
- 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.’” 25
- “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.” 30
- 35
- 40

Either 28 How does Orwell’s writing make this extract so horrifying?

[30]



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

- 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]**

## 31 (a)

*Stone Trees*

So now that you are dead so now –

Sweetie love so now that you are dead I am to spend the day with the Robertsons alone and we shall talk you/I later. So now –

The boat crosses. Has crossed. Already. Criss-cross deck. Criss-cross water. Splashy sea and look –! Lovely clouds flying (now that you are dead) and here's the pier. A long, long pier into the sea and gulls shouting and children yelling here and there and here's my ticket and there they stand. All in a row – Tom, Anna, the two children solemn. And smiles now – Tom and Anna. Tom and Anna look too large to be quite true. Too good. Anna who never did anything wrong. Arms stretch too far forward for a simple day.

They stretch because they want. They would not stretch to me if you were obvious and not just dead. Then it would have been, hullo, easy crossing? Good. Wonderful day. Let's get back and down on the beach. Great to see you both.

So now that you are dead –

We paced last week. Three.

Tom. Anna. I.

Jane Gardam

## (b)

*Weekend*

On Fridays Martha would get home on the bus at six-twelve and prepare tea and sandwiches for the family: then she would strip four beds and put the sheets and quilt covers in the washing machine for Monday: take the country bedding from the airing basket, plus the books and games, plus the weekend food – acquired at intervals throughout the week, to lessen the load – plus her own folder of work from the office, plus Martin's drawing materials (she was a market researcher in an advertising agency, he a freelance designer) plus hairbrushes, jeans, spare T-shirts, Jolyon's antibiotics (he suffered from sore throats), Jenny's recorder, Jasper's cassette player and so on – ah, the so on! – and would pack them all, skilfully and quickly, into the boot. Very little could be left in the cottage during the week. ('An open invitation to burglars': Martin.) Then Martha would run round the house tidying and wiping, doing this and that, finding the cat at one neighbour's and delivering it to another, while the others ate their tea; and would usually, proudly, have everything finished by the time they had eaten their fill. Martin would just catch the BBC2 news, while Martha cleared away the tea table, and the children tossed up for the best positions in the car. 'Martha,' said Martin, tonight, 'you ought to get Mrs Hodder to do more. She takes advantage of you.'

Mrs Hodder came in twice a week to clean. She was over seventy. She charged two pounds an hour. Martha paid her out of her own wages: well, the running of the house was Martha's concern. If Martha chose to go out to work – as was her perfect right, Martin allowed, even though it wasn't the best thing for the children, but that must be Martha's moral responsibility – Martha must surely pay her domestic stand-in. An evident truth, heard loud and clear and frequent in Martin's mouth and Martha's heart.

Fay Weldon

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

**Either 31** How do the writers vividly portray the characters and lives of the women in these two extracts? **[30]**

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**Or 32** In what ways do the writers memorably depict how any **TWO** of the following make an unexpected discovery?

Millicent in *The New People* (Tremain)  
 Rudi in *Another Survivor* (Fainlight)  
 The rescue workers in *A Love Match* (Warner)

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

**Or 33** How do the writers vividly bring to life the dramatic changes in people's lives in any **TWO** of the following stories?

Miss Anstruther in *Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macauley)  
 The girl in *Passages* (Devlin)  
 Anna in *Mannequin* (Rhys)

**[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>	30	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	31	37–39

34

(Day 99)

Animal-spotting is every bit as obsessive as train-spotting and one of the gaps in my book is filled after little more than half an hour's driving when we catch our first sight of a cheetah. It's a solitary animal but its presence has a magnetic effect on the supporting cast. Thomson's gazelle grazing nearby freeze in mid-mastication. Impala heads turn and stare as if hypnotized. There is very little point in trying to run away from an animal whose 'maximum speed in emergency' can, according to my book, 'reach 110k.p.h.'. The cheetah looks made for speed. Its head is small, body long and powerful, legs lean and slender. Cheetahs stalk their prey with infinite care and patience, moving to within a hundred yards before attacking. The suspense is so sustained, the build-up so painstakingly slow, that in the fifteen minutes we are there nothing moves except eyeballs.

5

10

Near the border we catch our first sight of migrating wildebeeste. They are returning south in long columns after feeding on the short rich grass of the Mara. We have to wait twenty minutes for one procession to pass across the track. They seem in good spirits, butting each other playfully, cavorting, facing the wrong way and generally displaying all the characteristics of a school outing on the way home. I can't imagine why these heavy-shouldered grey-pelted beasts should be quite so happy. Each year, a quarter of a million of them die on the migration. Some die natural deaths, but many more perish from drowning while crossing the river, snakebites (those carcasses are left untouched by other predators, who can tell there is poison on the body), and the activities of lion, leopard, cheetah, serval and others.

15

20

A little further on we come across two hyenas shuffling off with a piece of wildebeeste. They are shifty-looking creatures, round-shouldered and surly. I rather like them. They'll never get a decent part in a Walt Disney film, but they do keep the place tidy and I find it rather endearing that they giggle so much when they've made a kill that they give away their position and are often dispossessed by more lugubrious beasts.

25

**Either 34** Explore the ways in which Palin makes his encounters with animals so fascinating here. **[30]**

**Or 35** Explore how Palin's writing vividly conveys to you his difficulties in travelling by road in the following two journeys:

- Gedaref to Kanina (on Day 75)
- Kanina to Shedi (on Day 76).

**[30]**

**Or 36** In what ways does Palin's writing bring alive for you his visit to Johannesburg on Days 125–126? **[30]**

37

*Walking Distance*  
*Arsenal v. Sheffield Wednesday 21.1.89*

It made sense to move into the area, for other reasons too: your money goes a lot further in decrepit areas of north London than it does in Shepherd's Bush or Notting Hill, and the public transport up here is good (five minutes from King's Cross, two tube lines, millions of buses). But really, living within walking distance of the ground was the fulfilment of a pitiful twenty-year ambition, and it's no use trying to dress it up in logic. 5

It was fun looking. One flat I saw had a roof terrace which overlooked a section of the front of the stadium, and you could see these huge letters, 'RSEN', no more than that but just enough to get the blood pumping. And the place we got gazumped on was on the route that the open-top bus takes when we win something. The rooms were smaller and darker than the ones we have now, but the living-room window framed the entire West Stand; I would have been able to pause, during the writing of this book, look out, and return to the Amstrad refreshed. 10

In the end we had to settle for somewhere a little less spiritual overlooking Finsbury Park, and even if you stand on a stool and stick your head out of the window you can't see anything, not even the Barclays League pennant which at the time of writing (although not, I fear, for much longer) is still ours to flutter. But still! People park their cars in our road before the game! And on a windy day the tannoy is clearly audible, even from inside the flat, if the windows are open! (I don't know about the audibility of roars, obviously, because I am never at home when the team are, but I would like to think that the noisier celebrations make it this far. Maybe one day I will borrow my brother-in-law's smart Sony recorder, place it on the chair by the TV under the window and let it run, just out of interest.) And best of all, just a few days after moving in, I was walking down the road – *this really happened* – and I found, just lying there, filthy dirty and somewhat torn but there nonetheless, a twenty-year old Peter Marinello bubblegum card. You cannot imagine how happy this made me, to know that I was living in an area so rich in archaeological interest, so steeped in my own past. 15 20 25

As we turned the corner into our new street, the rental-van radio brought us news of a Kevin Richardson goal at Goodison Park, the third in an eventual 3–1 win (*and* Everton's goal never crossed the line), which seemed like a pretty good omen. But I was waiting for the following Saturday, my first ever *home* home game against Sheffield Wednesday, when finally, at the age of thirty-one, I would walk down Avenell Road, through the turnstiles and on to the North Bank as a north Londoner. 30 35

**Either** 37 How does Hornby's writing here create such a memorable image of him as an Arsenal supporter? [30]

**Or** 38 How does Hornby's writing make his discussion of the North Bank in *Graduation Day* (Arsenal v. Ipswich 14.10.72) both amusing and sad?

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

**Or** 39 Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the book when Hornby's writing makes you feel that being a football supporter can be dangerous. [30]

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