

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 28 January 2010  
Morning

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.
- This document consists of **36** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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

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**SECTION B – Poetry post-1914**

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**SECTION C – Prose post-1914**

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**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
<b>Drama post-1914</b>		
<i>Whose Life is it Anyway?</i> (Clark)	4–5	1–2
<i>Death of a Salesman</i> (Miller)	6–7	3–4
<i>Journey's End</i> (Sherriff)	8	5–6
<i>The Caretaker</i> (Pinter)	9	7–8

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*

- 1 JUDGE: But wouldn't you agree that many people with appalling physical handicaps have overcome them and lived essentially creative, dignified lives?
- KEN: Yes, I would, but the dignity starts with their choice. If I choose to live, it would be appalling if society killed me. If I choose to die, it is equally appalling if society keeps me alive. 5
- JUDGE: I cannot accept that it is undignified for society to devote resources to keeping someone alive. Surely it enhances that society.
- KEN: It is not undignified if the man wants to stay alive, but I must restate that the dignity starts with his choice. Without it, it is degrading because technology has taken over from human will. My Lord, if I cannot be a man, I do not wish to be a medical achievement. I'm fine ... I am fine. 10
- JUDGE: It's alright. I have no more questions.  
*The JUDGE stands up and walks to the window. He thinks a moment.*
- JUDGE: This is a most unusual case. Before I make a judgement I want to state that I believe all the parties have acted in good faith. I propose to consider this for a moment. The law on this is fairly clear. A deliberate decision to embark on a course of action that will lead inevitably to death is not *ipso facto* evidence to insanity. If it were, society would have to reward many men with a dishonourable burial rather than a posthumous medal for gallantry. On the other hand, we do have to bear in mind that Mr Harrison has suffered massive physical injuries and it is possible that his mind is affected. Any judge in his career will have met men who are without doubt insane in the meaning of the Act and yet appear in the witness box to be rational. We must, in this case, be most careful not to allow Mr Harrison's obvious wit and intelligence to blind us to the fact that he could be suffering from a depressive illness ...and so we have to face the disturbing fact of the divided evidence ... and bear in mind that, however much we may sympathise with Mr Harrison in his cogently argued case to be allowed to die, the law instructs us to ignore it if it is the product of a disturbed or clinically depressed mind ... 15  
20  
25  
30
- JUDGE: However, I am satisfied that Mr Harrison is a brave and cool man who is in complete control of his faculties and I shall therefore make an order for him to be set free.  
*A pause. The JUDGE walks over to KEN.* 35
- JUDGE: Well you got your hanging judge!
- KEN: I think not my Lord. Thank you.

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life Is It Anyway?* (Cont.)

**Either** 1 How does Clark's writing make this such a moving and dramatic moment in the play? **[20]**

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**Or** 2 How does Clark's writing make Sister Anderson such a memorable character in the play?

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

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 3 BEN: Father was a very great and a very wild-hearted man. We would start in Boston, and he'd toss the whole family into the wagon, and then he'd drive the team right across the country; through Ohio, and Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, and all the Western states. And we'd stop in the towns and sell the flutes that he'd made on the way. Great inventor, Father. With one gadget he made more in a week than a man like you could make in a lifetime. 5
- WILLY: That's just the way I'm bringing them up, Ben – rugged, well liked, all-around.
- BEN: Yeah? (*To BIFF*) Hit that, boy – hard as you can. (*He pounds his stomach.*) 10
- BIFF: Oh, no, sir!
- BEN: (*taking boxing stance*) Come on, get to me! (*He laughs.*)
- WILLY: Go to it, Biff! Go ahead, show him!
- BIFF: Okay! (*He cocks his fists and starts in.*) 15
- LINDA: (*to WILLY*) Why must he fight, dear?
- BEN: (*sparring with BIFF*) Good boy! Good boy!
- WILLY: How's that, Ben, heh?
- HAPPY: Give him the left, Biff!
- LINDA: Why are you fighting? 20
- BEN: Good boy! (*Suddenly comes in, trips BIFF, and stands over him, the point of his umbrella poised over BIFF's eye.*)
- LINDA: Look out, Biff!
- BIFF: Gee!
- BEN: (*patting BIFF's knee*) Never fight fair with a stranger, boy. You'll never get out of the jungle that way. (*Taking LINDA's hand and bowing.*) It was an honour and a pleasure to meet you, Linda. 25
- LINDA: (*withdrawing her hand, coldly, frightened*) Have a nice – trip.
- BEN: (*to WILLY*) And good luck with your – what do you do?
- WILLY: Selling. 30
- BEN: Yes. Well ... (*He raises his hand in farewell to all.*)
- WILLY: No, Ben, I don't want you to think ... (*He takes BEN's arm to show him.*) It's Brooklyn, I know, but we hunt too.
- BEN: Really, now.
- WILLY: Oh, sure, there's snakes and rabbits and – that's why I moved out here. Why, Biff can fell any one of these trees in no time! Boys! Go right over to where they're building the apartment house and get some sand. We're gonna rebuild the entire front stoop right now! Watch this, Ben! 35
- BIFF: Yes, sir! On the double, Hap! 40
- HAPPY: (*as he and BIFF run off*) I lost weight, Pop, you notice? CHARLEY *enters in knickers, even before the boys are gone.*
- CHARLEY: Listen, if they steal any more from that building the watchman'll put the cops on them!
- LINDA: (*to WILLY*) Don't let Biff ... 45
- BEN *laughs lustily.*
- WILLY: You shoulda seen the lumber they brought home last week. At least a dozen six-by-tens worth all kinds a money.
- CHARLEY: Listen, if that watchman –
- WILLY: I gave them hell, understand. But I got a couple of fearless characters there. 50
- CHARLEY: Willy, the jails are full of fearless characters.

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

BEN:	<i>(clapping WILLY on the back, with a laugh at CHARLEY)</i> And the stock exchange, friend!	
WILLY:	<i>(joining in BEN's laughter)</i> Where are the rest of your pants?	55
CHARLEY:	My wife brought them.	
WILLY:	Now all you need is a golf club and you can go upstairs and go to bed. <i>(To BEN)</i> Great athlete! Between him and his son Bernard they can't hammer a nail!	
BERNARD:	<i>(rushing in)</i> The watchman's chasing Biff!	60
WILLY:	<i>(angrily)</i> Shut up! He's not stealing anything!	
LINDA:	<i>(alarmed, hurrying off left)</i> Where is he? Biff, dear! <i>She exits.</i>	
WILLY:	<i>(moving toward the left, away from BEN)</i> There's nothing wrong. What's the matter with you?	65
BEN:	Nervy boy. Good!	
WILLY:	<i>(laughing)</i> Oh, nerves of iron, that Biff!	

**Either 3** How does Miller make this flashback scene such a dramatic and revealing moment in the play? **[20]**

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**Or 4** How do you think Miller makes the Woman so dramatically important in the play? **[20]**

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

- 5 RALEIGH: Hullo — Dennis —  
 STANHOPE: Well, Jimmy — (*he smiles*) — you got one quickly.  
*There is silence for a while. STANHOPE is sitting on a box beside RALEIGH. Presently RALEIGH speaks again — in a wandering voice.*
- RALEIGH: Why — how did I get down here? 5  
 STANHOPE: Sergeant-major brought you down.  
*RALEIGH speaks again, vaguely, trying to recollect.*
- RALEIGH: Something — hit me in the back — knocked me clean over — sort  
 of — winded me — I'm all right now. (*He tries to rise.*)
- STANHOPE: Steady, old boy. Just lie there quietly for a bit. 10  
 RALEIGH: I'll be better if I get up and walk about. It happened once before  
 — I got kicked in just the same place at Rugger; it — it soon wore  
 off. It — it just numbs you for a bit. (*There is a pause.*) What's that  
 rumbling noise?
- STANHOPE: The guns are making a bit of a row. 15  
 RALEIGH: Our guns?  
 STANHOPE: No. Mostly theirs.  
*Again there is silence in the dug-out. A very faint rose light is  
 beginning to glow in the dawn sky. RALEIGH speaks again —*
- RALEIGH: I say — Dennis — 20  
 STANHOPE: Yes, old boy?  
 RALEIGH: It — it hasn't gone through, has it? It only just hit me? — and  
 knocked me down?
- STANHOPE: It's just gone through a bit, Jimmy. 25  
 RALEIGH: I won't have to — go on lying here?  
 STANHOPE: I'm going to have you taken away.  
 RALEIGH: Away? Where?  
 STANHOPE: Down to the dressing-station — then hospital — then home. (*He  
 smiles.*) You've got a Blighty one, Jimmy. 30
- RALEIGH: But I — I can't go home just for — for a knock in the back. (*He stirs  
 restlessly.*) I'm certain I'll be better if — if I get up. (*He tries to raise  
 himself, and gives a sudden cry.*) Oh — God! It does hurt!
- STANHOPE: It's bound to hurt, Jimmy.  
 RALEIGH: What's — on my legs? Something holding them down — 35  
 STANHOPE: It's all right, old chap; it's just the shock — numbed them.  
*Again there is a pause. When RALEIGH speaks there is a different  
 note in his voice.*
- RALEIGH: It's awfully decent of you to bother, Dennis. I feel rotten lying here —  
 everybody else is up there. 40  
 STANHOPE: It's not your fault, Jimmy.

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

**Or** 6 You are Raleigh at the end of Act Two. Stanhope has just told you about the planned  
 raid.

Write your thoughts. [20]



HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 7      ASTON:    About a week later they started to come round and do this thing to the brain. We were all supposed to have it done, in this ward. And they came round and did it one at a time. One a night. I was one of the last. And I could see quite clearly what they did to the others. They used to come round with these ... I don't know what they were ... they looked like big pincers, with wires on, the wires were attached to a little machine. It was electric. They used to hold the man down, and this chief ... the chief doctor, used to fit the pincers, something like earphones, he used to fit them on either side of the man's skull. There was a man holding the machine, you see, and he'd ... turn it on, and the chief would just press these pincers on either side of the skull and keep them there. Then he'd take them off. They'd cover the man up ... and they wouldn't touch him again until later on. Some used to put up a fight, but most of them didn't. They just lay there. Well, they were coming round to me, and the night they came I got up and stood against the wall. They told me to get on the bed, and I knew they had to get me on the bed because if they did it while I was standing up they might break my spine. So I stood up and then one or two of them came for me, well, I was younger then, I was much stronger than I am now, I was quite strong then, I laid one of them out and I had another one round the throat, and then suddenly this chief had these pincers on my skull and I knew he wasn't supposed to do it while I was standing up, that's why I ... anyway, he did it. So I did get out. I got out of the place ... but I couldn't walk very well. I don't think my spine was damaged. That was perfectly all right. The trouble was ... my thoughts ... had become very slow ... I couldn't think at all ... I couldn't ... get ... my thoughts ... together ... uuuhh ... I could ... never quite get it ... together. The trouble was, I couldn't hear what people were saying. I couldn't look to the right or the left, I had to look straight in front of me, because if I turned my head round ... I couldn't keep ... upright. And I had these headaches. I used to sit in my room. That was when I lived with my mother. And my brother. He was younger than me. And I laid everything out in order, in my room, all the things I knew were mine, but I didn't die. The thing is, I should have been dead. I should have died. Anyway, I feel much better now. But I don't talk to people now. I steer clear of places like that café. I never go into them now. I don't talk to anyone ... like that. I've often thought of going back and trying to find the man who did that to me. But I want to do something first. I want to build that shed out in the garden.
- Curtain.*

**Either**    7    How do you think Pinter makes this such a horrifying part of the play?    [20]

**Or**        8    You are Mick at the end of the play.

Write your thoughts.    [20]



## Section B

You MUST answer ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
<b>Poetry post-1914</b>		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: How It Looks From Here	12	9–10
<b>Or</b> Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)	13	11–12
<i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)		
Poems by Philip Larkin and U A Fanthorpe	14–15	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)	16–17	15–16

9 (a)

*Mirror*

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

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

Sylvia Plath

(b)

*The Hare*

Beside the river in the dead of night,  
 a cry, and then another, like a spell,  
 turns the darkened beeches into light,  
 the silence of the woods into a bell;  
 and in the cottage on the moonlit hill 5  
 a woman shivers in her narrow bed  
 to hear the hare; and then the hare is still;  
 she feels its dusty fur against her head,  
 its ginger paws, that panic like trapped flies,  
 or tiny fish that see, or sense, dry land; 10  
 she feels it move; she hears its wild cries  
 glittering inside her ear like sand:  
 he's lost inside the forest of her hair,  
 and finds, and steals, his mother's kisses there.

Selima Hill

**Either** 9 Compare the ways in which the poets create such disturbing images in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 10 Compare some of the ways in which the poets strikingly express views of everyday life in **TWO** of the following poems:

*A Consumer's Report* (Porter)  
*O Grateful Colours, Bright Looks!* (Smith)  
*In Your Mind* (Duffy).

[20]

11 (a)

*Lamentations*

I found him in the guard-room at the Base.  
 From the blind darkness I had heard his crying  
 And blundered in. With puzzled, patient face  
 A sergeant watched him; it was no good trying  
 To stop it; for he howled and beat his chest. 5  
 And, all because his brother had gone west,  
 Raved at the bleeding war; his rampant grief  
 Moaned, shouted, sobbed, and choked, while he was kneeling  
 Half-naked on the floor. In my belief  
 Such men have lost all patriotic feeling. 10

Siegfried Sassoon

(b)

*Reported Missing*

My thought shall never be that you are dead:  
 Who laughed so lately in this quiet place.  
 The dear and deep-eyed humour of that face  
 Held something ever living, in Death's stead. 5  
 Scornful I hear the flat things they have said  
 And all their piteous platitudes of pain.  
 I laugh! I laugh! – For you will come again –  
 This heart would never beat if you were dead.  
 The world's adrowse in twilight hushfulness,  
 There's purple lilac in your little room, 10  
 And somewhere out beyond the evening gloom  
 Small boys are culling summer watercress.  
 Of these familiar things I have no dread  
 Being so very sure you are not dead.

Anna Gordon Keown

**Either** 11 Compare how the poets convey to you powerful feelings about loss in wartime in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 12 Compare how the poets persuade you to sympathise with people in **TWO** of the following poems:

*The Target* (Gurney)  
*The Deserter* (Letts)  
*The Hero* (Sassoon).

[20]

*Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe*

13 (a)

*Mr Bleaney*

'This was Mr Bleaney's room. He stayed  
The whole time he was at the Bodies, till  
They moved him.' Flowered curtains, thin and frayed,  
Fall to within five inches of the sill,

Whose window shows a strip of building land, 5  
Tussocky, littered. 'Mr Bleaney took  
My bit of garden properly in hand.'  
Bed, upright chair, sixty-watt bulb, no hook

Behind the door, no room for books or bags – 10  
'I'll take it.' So it happens that I lie  
Where My Bleaney lay, and stub my fags  
On the same saucer-souvenir, and try

Stuffing my ears with cotton-wool, to drown 15  
The jabbering set he egged her on to buy.  
I know his habits – what time he came down,  
His preference for sauce to gravy, why

He kept on plugging at the four aways – 20  
Likewise their yearly frame: the Frinton folk  
Who put him up for summer holidays.  
And Christmas at his sister's house in Stoke.

But if he stood and watched the frigid wind  
Tousling the clouds, lay on the fusty bed  
Telling himself that this was home, and grinned,  
And shivered, without shaking off the dread

That how we live measures our own nature, 25  
And at his age having no more to show  
Than one hired box should make him pretty sure  
He warranted no better, I don't know.

Philip Larkin

*Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)*

(b)

*After Visiting Hours*

Like gulls they are still calling –  
*I'll come again Tuesday. Our Dad*  
*Sends his love.* They diminish, are gone.  
 Their world has received them,

As our world confirms us. Their debris  
 Is tidied into vases, lockers, minds.  
 We become pulses; mouthpieces  
 Of thermometers and bowels.

5

The trolley's rattle dispatches  
 The last lover. Now we can relax  
 Into illness, and reliably abstracted  
 Nurses will straighten our sheets,

10

Reorganize our symptoms. Outside,  
 Darkness descends like an eyelid.  
 It rains on our nearest and dearest  
 In car-parks, at bus-stops.

15

Now the bed-bound rehearse  
 Their repertoire of movements,  
 The dressing-gowned shuffle, clutching  
 Their glass bodies.

20

Now siren voices whisper  
 From headphones, and vagrant  
 Doctors appear, wreathed in stethoscopes  
 Like South Sea dancers.

All's well, all's quiet as the great  
 Ark noses her way into night,  
 Caulked, battened, blessed for her trip,  
 And behind, the gulls crying.

25

U A Fanthorpe

**Either** 13 Compare the ways in which these poems movingly portray limited lives. **[20]**

**Or** 14 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably express regret in any **TWO** of these poems:

*Wild Oats* (Larkin)  
*Poetry of Departures* (Larkin)  
*Growing Up* (Fanthorpe).

**[20]**

HYDES (ed): *Touched With Fire*

15 (a)

*5 Ways to Kill a Man*

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

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

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

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

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

Edwin Brock



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

(b)

*Telephone Conversation*

The price seemed reasonable, location  
 Indifferent. The landlady swore she lived  
 Off premises. Nothing remained  
 But self-confession. 'Madam,' I warned,  
 'I hate a wasted journey – I am African.' 5  
 Silence. Silenced transmission of  
 Pressurized good-breeding. Voice, when it came,  
 Lipstick coated, long gold-rolled  
 Cigarette-holder pipped. Caught I was, foully.  
 'HOW DARK?' ... I had not misheard ... 'ARE YOU LIGHT 10  
 OR VERY DARK?' Button B. Button A. Stench  
 Of rancid breath of public hide-and-speak.  
 Red booth. Red pillar-box. Red double-tiered  
 Omnibus squelching tar. It *was* real! Shamed  
 By ill-mannered silence, surrender 15  
 Pushed dumbfoundment to beg simplification.  
 Considerate she was, varying the emphasis –  
 'ARE YOU DARK? OR VERY LIGHT?' Revelation came.  
 'You mean – like plain or milk chocolate?'  
 Her assent was clinical, crushing in its light 20  
 Impersonality. Rapidly, wave-length adjusted,  
 I chose. 'West African sepia' – and as afterthought,  
 'Down in my passport.' Silence for spectroscopic  
 Flight of fancy, till truthfulness clanged her accent  
 Hard on the mouthpiece. 'WHAT'S THAT?' conceding 25  
 'DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.' 'Like brunette.'  
 'THAT'S DARK, ISN'T IT?' 'Not altogether.  
 Facially, I am brunette, but, madam, you should see  
 The rest of me. Palm of my hand, soles of my feet  
 Are a peroxide blond. Friction, caused – 30  
 Foolishly, madam – by sitting down, has turned  
 My bottom raven black – One moment, madam!' – sensing  
 Her receiver rearing on the thunderclap  
 About my ears – 'Madam,' I pleaded, 'wouldn't you rather  
 See for yourself?' 35

Wole Soyinka

**Either** 15 Compare the ways in which the poets strongly criticise people's behaviour in these two poems. [20]

**Or** 16 Compare some of the ways in which the poets vividly portray power and strength in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Mushrooms* (Plath)*Hawk Roosting* (Hughes)*Digging* (Heaney). [20]



## Section C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
<b>Prose post-1914</b>		
<i>Opening Worlds</i> (OCR)	20–21	17–18
<i>Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	22–23	19–20
<i>Empire of the Sun</i> (Ballard)	24	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)	26–27	23–24
<i>Things Fall Apart</i> (Achebe)	28	25–26
<i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> (Hemingway)	29	27–28
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell)	30	29–30

*Opening Worlds (OCR)*

17 (a)

from *The Pieces of Silver*

The stout, pompous, acting Headmaster came to the window that opened off his platform on to the playfield, still making an unnecessary clangour with his bell, and looked sternly over the assembled rows of scholars. The smaller boys straightened and stiffened under his cold gaze.

As the teachers passed slowly along the ranks the boys turned their hands back and forth and grinned to show their teeth. A number of boys who failed to pass the teachers' inspection of health were hauled out of the ranks and ordered in to the acting Head. There were three strokes with his cane of plaited tamarind stalks for unclean hands; four for improperly brushed teeth and six for an uncombed head.

After the inspection the boys filed quietly into school and to their different classes. When you could have heard a pin drop the schoolmaster rapped out the order: 'Shun!' The entire school of boys flung their hands to their foreheads and chanted: 'Good morning to our teachers.'

Sealy

(b)

from *The Winter Oak*

'Do you all understand?' Anna Vasilevna asked, addressing herself to the class.

'Yes, yes,' chorused the children.

'Good. Now give me some examples.'

There was absolute silence for some seconds, and then someone said uncertainly:

'Cat.'

'Right,' said Anna Vasilevna, immediately remembering that last year the first example had also been 'cat'. And then there was an outburst.

'Window! Table! House! Road!'

'Right,' Anna Vasilevna went on saying.

The class bubbled happily. Anna Vasilevna was surprised by the delight with which the children named familiar objects, recognizing, as it were, their new and unaccustomed significance. The range of examples went on widening, but in the first minutes the children stuck to what was closest to them, to tangible objects – wheel, tractor, well, starling-house.

From a desk at the back where fat Vasyata sat there came a high persistent voice:

'Nail ... nail ... nail.'

Then someone said timidly:

'Town.'

'Town, that's good,' said Anna Vasilevna approvingly.

And then the words began to fly:

'Street, metro, tram, film.'

'That's enough,' said Anna Vasilevna. 'I see you understand.'

Nagibin

*Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)*

**Either** 17 How do the writers convey vivid impressions of the schools in these passages? **[20]**

---

**Or** 18 How do the writers vividly convey tensions in relationships between parents and children in any **TWO** of the following stories?

*Two Kinds* (Tan)

*The Red Ball* (Khan)

*The Young Couple* (Jhabvala)

**[20]**

D H LAWRENCE: *Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories*

19 (a)

from *Her Turn*

'There's th' mangle!' said the carter.

'What dost reckon tha's been up to, Missis?' asked the husband.

'I said to myself last wash-day, if I had to turn that mangle again, tha'd ha'e ter wash the clothes thyself.'

Radford followed the carter down the entry again. In the street women were standing watching, and dozens of men were lounging round the cart. One officiously helped with the wringer. 5

'Gi'e him thrippence,' said Mrs Radford.

'Give 't him thy-sen,' replied her husband.

'I've no change under half-a-crown.'

10

Radford tipped the carter and returned indoors. He surveyed the array of crockery, linoleum, mattress, mangle, and other goods crowding the house and the yard.

'Well, this is a winder!' he repeated.

'We stood in need of 'em enough.'

'I hope tha's got plenty more from wheer they came from,' he replied dangerously. 15

'That's just what I haven't.' She opened her purse. 'Two half-crowns; that's ivery copper I've got i' th' world.'

He stood very still as he looked.

'It's right,' she said.

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. 20

(b)

from *Tickets, Please*

'Do you hear – do you hear?' said Annie. And with a sharp movement, that made him wince, she turned his face to her.

'Do you hear?' she repeated, shaking him.

But he was quite dumb. She fetched him a sharp slap on the face. He started, and his eyes widened. Then his face darkened with defiance, after all. 5

'Do you hear?' she repeated.

He only looked at her with hostile eyes.

'Speak!' she said, putting her face devilishly near his.

'What?' he said, almost overcome.

'You've got to *choose!*' she cried, as if it were some terrible menace, and as if it hurt her that she could not exact more. 10

'What?' he said, in fear.

'Choose your girl, Cuddy. You've got to choose her now. And you'll get your neck broken if you play any more of your tricks, my boy. You're settled now.'

There was a pause. Again he averted his face. He was cunning in his overthrow. He did not give in to them really – no, not if they tore him to bits. 15

'All right, then,' he said, 'I choose Annie.' His voice was strange and full of malice. Annie let go of him as if he had been a hot coal.

'He's chosen Annie!' said the girls in chorus.

'Me!' cried Annie. She was still kneeling, but away from him. He was still lying prostrate, with averted face. The girls grouped uneasily around. 20

'Me!' repeated Annie, with a terrible bitter accent.

Then she got up, drawing away from him with strange disgust and bitterness.

'I wouldn't touch him,' she said.

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

**Either** 19 How does Lawrence's writing here bring Mrs Radford and Annie vividly to life? [20]

---

**Or** 20 How does Lawrence's writing powerfully portray the young people in **TWO** of the following stories?

*Second Best*

*A Lesson on a Tortoise*

*Lessford's Rabbits*

[20]

- 21 But Jim was glad that the Mustangs were so close. His eyes feasted on every rivet in their fuselages, on the gun ports in their wings, on the huge ventral radiators that Jim was sure had been put there for reasons of style alone. Jim admired the Hayates and Zeros of the Japanese, but the Mustang fighters were the Cadillacs of air combat. He was too breathless to shout to the pilots, but he waved his primer at them as they soared past under the canopy of anti-aircraft shells. 5
- The first flights of attacking planes had swept across the airfield. Clearly visible against the apartment houses of the French Concession, they flew towards Shanghai, ready to strafe the dockyards and the Nantao seaplane base. But the anti-aircraft batteries around the runway were still firing into the air. Cat's cradles of tracer stitched the sky, threads of phosphorus knit and reknit themselves. At their centre was the great pagoda of Lunghua, rising through the smoke that lifted from the burning hangars, its guns throwing out an unbroken flak ceiling. 10
- Jim had never before seen an air attack of such scale. A second wave of Mustangs crossed the paddy fields between Lunghua Camp and the river, followed by a squadron of two-engined fighter-bombers. Three hundred yards to the west of the camp one of the Mustangs dipped its starboard wing towards the ground. Out of control, it slid across the air, and its wing-tip sheared the embankment of a disused canal. The plane cartwheeled across the paddy fields and fell apart in the air. It exploded in a curtain wall of flaming gasoline through which Jim could see the burning figure of the American pilot still strapped to his seat. Riding the incandescent debris of his aircraft, he tore through the trees beyond the perimeter of the camp, a fragment of the sun whose light continued to flare across the surrounding fields. 15
- A second crippled Mustang pulled away from the others in its flight. Trailing a plume of oily smoke, it rose through the anti-aircraft bursts and climbed into the sky. The pilot was trying to escape from the airfield, but as his Mustang began to lose height he rolled the craft on to its back and fell safely from the cockpit. His parachute opened and he dropped steeply to the ground. His burning plane righted itself, towed its black plume in a wavering arc above the empty fields, and then plunged into the river. 20
- The pilot hung alone in the silent sky. 25
- 30

**Either** 21 How do you think Ballard's writing makes this such a gripping passage in the novel? [20]

---

**Or** 22 How does Ballard memorably portray Mr Maxted in the novel? [20]



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**Turn to page 26 for Question 23**

23 (a)

from *Mannequin*

As they went out Babette put her arm round Anna's waist and whispered: 'Don't answer Madame Pecard. We don't like her. We never talk to her. She spies on us. She is a camel.'

That afternoon Anna stood for an hour to have a dress draped on her. She showed this dress to a stout Dutch lady buying for the Hague, to a beautiful South American with pearls, to a silver-haired American gentleman who wanted an evening cape for his daughter of seventeen, and to a hook-nosed, odd English lady of title who had a loud voice and dressed, under her furs, in a grey jersey and stout boots.

5

The American gentleman approved of Anna, and said so, and Anna gave him a passionately grateful glance. For, if the vendeuse Jeannine had been uniformly kind and encouraging, the other, Madame Tienne, had been as uniformly disapproving and had once even pinched her arm hard.

10

About five o'clock Anna became exhausted. The four white and gold walls seemed to close in on her. She sat on her high white stool staring at a marvellous nightgown and fighting an intense desire to rush away. Anywhere! Just to dress and rush away anywhere, from the raking eyes of the customers and the pinching fingers of Irene.

15

'I will one day. I can't stick it,' she said to herself. 'I won't be able to stick it.' She had an absurd wish to gasp for air.

Jeannine came and found her like that.

'It is hard at first, hein? ... One asks oneself: Why? For what good? It is all idiot. We are all so. But we go on. Do not worry about Irene.' She whispered: 'Madame Veron likes you very much. I heard her say so.'

20

Rhys

(b) from *Weekend*

Outside in the garden the children played badminton. They were bad-tempered, but relieved to be able to look up and see their mother working, as usual: making their lives for ever better and nicer: organizing, planning, thinking ahead, side-stepping disaster, making preparations, like a mother hen, fussing and irritating: part of the natural boring scenery of the world. 5

On Saturday night Katie went to bed early: she rose from her chair and stretched and yawned and poked her head into the kitchen where Martha was washing saucepans. Colin had cleared the table and Katie had folded the napkins into pretty creases, while Martin blew at the fire, to make it bright. 'Good night,' said Katie.

Katie appeared three minutes later, reproachfully holding out her Yves St Laurent towel, sopping wet. 'Oh dear,' cried Martha. 'Jenny must have washed her hair!' And Martha was obliged to rouse Jenny out of bed to rebuke her, publicly, if only to demonstrate that she knew what was right and proper. That meant Jenny would sulk all weekend, and that meant a treat or an outing mid-week, or else by the following week she'd be having an asthma attack. 'You fuss the children too much,' said 10  
15  
Martin. 'That's why Jenny has asthma.' Jenny was pleasant enough to look at, but not stunning. Perhaps she was a disappointment to her father? Martin would never say so, but Martha feared he thought so.

An egg and an orange each child, each day. Then nothing too bad could go wrong. And it hadn't. The asthma was very mild. A calm, tranquil environment, the doctor said. Ah, smile, Martha smile. Domestic happiness depends on you. 21 × 52 oranges a year. Each one to be purchased, carried, peeled and washed up after. And what about potatoes. 12 × 52 pounds a year? Martin liked his potatoes carefully peeled. He couldn't bear to find little cores of black in the mouthful. ('Well, it isn't very nice, is it?': Martin) 20  
25

Martha dreamt she was eating coals, by handfuls, and liking it.

Weldon

**Either 23** How do the writers here create moving portraits of women who are unable to cope?

Remember to support your answer with details from the passages. [20]

**Or 24** How far do the writers encourage you to feel that the main characters bring their unhappiness upon themselves, in **TWO** of the following stories?

*Addy* (Blackwood)

*Another Survivor* (Fainlight)

*Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macaulay)

[20]

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25 Okonkwo did not taste any food for two days after the death of Ikemefuna. He drank palm-wine from morning till night, and his eyes were red and fierce like the eyes of a rat when it was caught by the tail and dashed against the floor. He called his son, Nwoye, to sit with him in his *obi*. But the boy was afraid of him and slipped out of the hut as soon as he noticed him dozing. 5
- He did not sleep at night. He tried not to think about Ikemefuna, but the more he tried the more he thought about him. Once he got up from bed and walked about his compound. But he was so weak that his legs could hardly carry him. He felt like a drunken giant walking with the limbs of a mosquito. Now and then a cold shiver descended on his head and spread down his body. 10
- On the third day he asked his second wife, Ekwefi, to roast plantains for him. She prepared it the way he liked—with slices of oil-bean and fish.
- 'You have not eaten for two days,' said his daughter Ezinma when she brought the food to him. 'So you must finish this.' She sat down and stretched her legs in front of her. Okonkwo ate the food absent-mindedly. "She should have been a boy," he thought as he looked at his ten-year-old daughter. He passed her a piece of fish. 15
- 'Go and bring me some cold water,' he said. Ezinma rushed out of the hut, chewing the fish, and soon returned with a bowl of cool water from the earthen pot in her mother's hut.
- Okonkwo took the bowl from her and gulped the water down. He ate a few more pieces of plantain and pushed the dish aside. 20

**Either** 25 What does Achebe's writing make you feel about Okonkwo here? [20]

**Or** 26 What impressions does Achebe's writing give you about the traditions of family life in Umuofia? [20]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

- 27 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.' 5
- 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. 10
- 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. 15
- I worked the deep wells for a week and did nothing, he thought. Today I'll work out where the schools of bonita and albacore are and maybe there will be a big one with them. 20
- 25

**Either** 27 How does Hemingway make vivid the old man's thoughts and feelings about the sea and its creatures at this point in the novel? [20]

**Or** 28 Explore any **TWO** moments in the novel when you feel that Hemingway makes Santiago's life as a fisherman seem particularly painful. [20]

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

- 29 He began telling Julia of something that had happened, or rather had failed to happen, on another sweltering summer afternoon, eleven years ago.
- It was three or four months after they were married. They had lost their way on a community hike somewhere in Kent. They had only lagged behind the others for a couple of minutes, but they took a wrong turning, and presently found themselves pulled up short by the edge of an old chalk quarry. It was a sheer drop of ten or twenty metres, with boulders at the bottom. There was nobody of whom they could ask the way. As soon as she realized that they were lost Katharine became very uneasy. To be away from the noisy mob of hikers even for a moment gave her a feeling of wrong-doing. She wanted to hurry back by the way they had come and start searching in the other direction. But at this moment Winston noticed some tufts of loosestrife growing in the cracks of the cliff beneath them. One tuft was of two colours, magenta and brick-red, apparently growing on the same root. He had never seen anything of the kind before, and he called to Katharine to come and look at it.
- ‘Look, Katharine! Look at these flowers. That clump down near the bottom. Do you see they’re two different colours?’
- She had already turned to go, but she did rather fretfully come back for a moment. She even leaned out over the cliff face to see where he was pointing. He was standing a little behind her, and he put his hand on her waist to steady her. At this moment it suddenly occurred to him how completely alone they were. There was not a human creature anywhere, not a leaf stirring, not even a bird awake. In a place like this the danger that there would be a hidden microphone was very small, and even if there was a microphone it would only pick up sounds. It was the hottest sleepest hour of the afternoon. The sun blazed down upon them, the sweat tickled his face. And the thought struck him ...
- ‘Why didn’t you give her a good shove?’ said Julia. ‘I would have.’
- ‘Yes, dear, you would have. I would, if I’d been the same person then as I am now. Or perhaps I would – I’m not certain.’
- ‘Are you sorry you didn’t?’
- ‘Yes. On the whole I’m sorry I didn’t.’
- They were sitting side by side on the dusty floor. He pulled her closer against him. Her head rested on his shoulder, the pleasant smell of her hair conquering the pigeon dung. She was very young, he thought, she still expected something from life, she did not understand that to push an inconvenient person over a cliff solves nothing.
- ‘Actually it would have made no difference,’ he said.
- ‘Then why are you sorry you didn’t do it?’
- ‘Only because I prefer a positive to a negative. In this game that we’re playing, we can’t win. Some kinds of failure are better than other kinds, that’s all.’

**Either** 29 How does Orwell make this passage such a striking and significant moment in the novel? [20]

**Or** 30 How do you think Orwell makes Mr Charrington a particularly disturbing character in the novel?

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

## Section D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

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

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

31 (a)

*Day 9: The Greenland Sea*

A night of varying degrees of instability. Occasionally some steep pitching and tossing which has clocks, books and glasses sliding onto the floor. The engine noise is a loud, persistent, constant factor we shall have to get used to. Noise insulators, like stabilizers, were never part of the *Norse*'s specifications.

Egg and bacon breakfast. Fraser is worried that we have been given no lifeboat drill. Roger had awoken in the night to find a large sailor in his cabin. He was a messenger from the captain who had seen some ice near by and thought that we might like to photograph it. 5

Wintry conditions. Snow flurries on deck and a heavy sea. Seabirds like tern, fulmar and kittiwake, rest on the ice-covered bow before resuming their graceful gliding search of the waters. 10

I show Fraser the findings of an American survey, published in the shipping magazine *Trade Winds*, which asked people for whom they would give up a seat in a lifeboat. Of men, 67 per cent would give up a seat to their wives, 52 per cent to Mother Teresa, but only 8 per cent to Madonna. Of women, 41 per cent would give up a seat to their husbands, and only 3 per cent to 'men not their husbands'. I don't think Fraser's even found the lifeboat yet, so the question is academic. 15

I ask the captain what our maximum speed is.

'Well,' he pulls heavily on a yellowing hand-rolled cigarette, 'with a light load, good weather and the current behind us ... ten knots.' 20

I reckon it will take us thirty hours just to clear the coast of Spitsbergen and another two days before we reach the fishing fleets on the Barents Sea.

Such is the pitching and tossing of the ship tonight that as I lie in my narrow bunk I experience the not unpleasant sensation of being stretched. First of all my body tries to slide out through my feet, then a moment later everything tries to escape through the top of my head. Go to sleep wondering how one could design a machine to reproduce this effect. 25



MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole* (Cont.)**(b)** *Day 65: Wadi Halfa to Atbara*

By midday my thermometer reads 100 degrees in the compartment. Outside, the rock-strewn desert floor is bleached white. Inside, I'm eating a tin of 'Stewed Chicken with Bone', canned in China, bought in Wadi Halfa. The rest of the crew are opting for health, safety and Sainsbury's tuna. No one has much energy left, and when I squeeze a plastic tube of mustard so hard that the end flies off and covers Nigel in a pattern of yellow blobs, there is a sort of weary resignation that this is the kind of thing that happens on the Nile Valley Express. 5

About half-past one someone falls off the roof and the train backs up for half a mile to collect him. He was flat out at the time and the whole episode gives a new meaning to falling asleep. 10

Between Artoli and Atbara we run close to the Nile, which is thick and muddy here compared with Egypt. The villages are squashed along the bank, and there seems to be no systematic irrigation. The houses are square, of mud brick; simple shelters from the sun. There are goats, but no vehicles. It looks a hard life out there despite such a bounteous river. 15

In the dining-car, desperate for anything to relieve the relentless heat, some people are drinking Nile water, complete with mud. I stick to tea bought for me by three Khartoumers, two of whom are returning from a honeymoon in Cairo. One is an agricultural engineer, another a lawyer. They are anxious to tell me of the damage they think the present government is inflicting on their country. The fundamentalist hardliners are aggressive, they have killed many opponents and, says the lawyer with a frustrated shake of the head, 'They really do dislike educated people.' 20

**Either** 31 What makes Palin's accounts of weather conditions in these passages amusing and interesting? [20]

**Or** 32 Explore **TWO** moments where Palin writes amusingly and vividly about unusual meals he has eaten.

You might choose from:

Day 31 *Novgorod*  
Day 62 *Aswan to Wadi Halfa*  
Day 83 *Addis Ababa*

or any other unusual meal in the book.

[20]

I begged and pleaded and nagged, and eventually my mother gave in and allowed me to travel to away games. Back then I was jubilant; now I'm indignant. What did she think she was *doing*? Didn't she ever read the papers or watch TV? Hadn't she heard of hooligans? Was she really unaware of what Football Specials, the infamous trains that carried fans all over the country, were *like*? I could have been *killed*.

5

Now that I think about it, my mother's part in all this was actually quite mysterious. She didn't like me spending my money on Led Zeppelin records, understandably, or on cinema tickets, and she didn't even seem that keen on me buying books. And yet somehow it was OK for me to travel to London or Derby or Southampton on an almost weekly basis and take my chances with any group of nutters that I happened upon. She has never discouraged my mania for football; in fact it was she who bought my ticket for the Reading Cup-tie, driving down a frozen, snow-covered A4 and queuing up while I was at school. And some eight years later I came home to find on our dining table an impossibly elusive ticket for the West Ham–Arsenal Cup Final that she had bought (for twenty quid, money she didn't really have) from a man at work.

10

15

Well, yes, of *course* it was something to do with masculinity, but I don't think that her usually tacit, occasionally active football support was supposed to be for my benefit; it was for hers. On Saturdays, it seems to me now, we enacted a weird little parody of a sitcom married couple: she would take me down to the station, I'd go on the train up to London, do my man's stuff and ring her from the forecourt call-box when I got back for a lift home. She would then put my tea on the table and I ate while I talked about my day and, sweetly, she would ask questions about a subject that she didn't know much about, but tried to take an interest in anyway, for my sake. If things had not gone well she would tiptoe around them; on a good day my satisfaction would fill the living room. In Maidenhead, this was exactly what happened from Monday to Friday, every single weekday evening. The only difference was that in our house we didn't get around to it until the weekend.

20

25

There is, I know, an argument which says that acting out the role of one's father with one's mother isn't necessarily the best way of ensuring psychic health in later years. But then, we all do it at some time or another, chaps, don't we?

30

**Either** 33 How does Hornby's writing in this extract help you to understand his relationship with his mother? [20]

**Or** 34 How far do you think that Hornby's writing makes the game of football seem attractive in the book? [20]



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