

**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.**

**Wednesday 13 January 2010
Afternoon**

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **40** 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 17

SECTION C – Literary Non-Fiction Post-1914

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

Page 33

SECTION A

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

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published post-1914		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–9	1–6
MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): <i>Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe</i>	10–12	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	14–15	10–12

1 (a)

A Consumer's Report

The name of the product I tested is *Life*,
I have completed the form you sent me
and understand that my answers are confidential.

I had it as a gift,
I didn't feel much while using it, 5
in fact I think I'd have liked to be more excited.
It seemed gentle on the hands
but left an embarrassing deposit behind.
It was not economical
and I have used much more than I thought 10
(I suppose I have about half left
but it's difficult to tell) –
although the instructions are fairly large
there are so many of them
I don't know which to follow, especially 15
as they seem to contradict each other.
I'm not sure such a thing
should be put in the way of children –
It's difficult to think of a purpose
for it. One of my friends says 20
it's just to keep its maker in a job.
Also the price is much too high.
Things are piling up so fast,
after all, the world got by 25
for a thousand million years
without this, do we need it now?
(Incidentally, please ask your man
to stop calling me 'the respondent',
I don't like the sound of it.)
There seems to be a lot of different labels, 30
sizes and colours should be uniform,
the shape is awkward, it's waterproof
but not heat resistant, it doesn't keep
yet it's very difficult to get rid of:
whenever they make it cheaper they seem 35
to put less in – if you say you don't
want it, then it's delivered anyway.
I'd agree it's a popular product,
it's got into the language; people
even say they're on the side of it. 40
Personally I think it's overdone,
a small thing people are ready
to behave badly about. I think
we should take it for granted. If its
experts are called philosophers or market 45
researchers or historians, we shouldn't
care. We are the consumers and the last
law makers. So finally, I'd buy it.
But the question of a 'best buy'
I'd like to leave until I get 50
the competitive product you said you'd send.

Peter Porter

(b) *Engineers' Corner*

Why isn't there an Engineers' Corner in Westminster Abbey?
 In Britain we've always made more fuss of a ballad than a blueprint
 ... How many schoolchildren dream of becoming great engineers?
Advertisement placed in The Times by the Engineering Council

We make more fuss of ballads than of blueprints – 5
 That's why so many poets end up rich,
 While engineers scrape by in cheerless garrets.
 Who needs a bridge or dam? Who needs a ditch?

Whereas the person who can write a sonnet 10
 Has got it made. It's always been the way,
 For everybody knows that we need poems
 And everybody reads them every day.

Yes, life is hard if you choose engineering –
 You're sure to need another job as well;
 You'll have to plan your projects in the evenings 15
 Instead of going out. It must be hell.

While well-heeled poets ride around in Daimlers,
 You'll burn the midnight oil to earn a crust,
 With no hope of a statue in the Abbey,
 With no hope, even, of a modest bust. 20

No wonder small boys dream of writing couplets
 And spurn the bike, the lorry and the train.
 There's far too much encouragement for poets –
 That's why this country's going down the drain.

Wendy Cope

Either 1 Compare the ways in which the poets here convey in an amusing way their thoughts and feelings about modern life. [30]

Or 2 Compare the ways in which the poets explore contrasting views of life in both *Judging Distances* (Reed) and *I Am a Cameraman* (Dunn). [30]

Or 3 Explore the differing ways in which the poets create disturbing images in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Things (Adcock)
Bedfellows (Paterson)
The Hare (Hill).

[30]

4 (a)

*The Falling Leaves**November 1915*

Today, as I rode by,
 I saw the brown leaves dropping from their tree
 In a still afternoon,
 When no wind whirled them whistling to the sky,
 But thickly, silently, 5
 They fell, like snowflakes wiping out the noon;
 And wandered slowly thence
 For thinking of a gallant multitude
 Which now all withering lay,
 Slain by no wind of age or pestilence, 10
 But in their beauty strewed
 Like snowflakes falling on the Flemish clay.

Margaret Postgate Cole

(b)

From Spring Offensive

Halted against the shade of a last hill
 They fed, and eased of pack-loads, were at ease;
 And leaning on the nearest chest or knees
 Carelessly slept.

But many there stood still 5
 To face the stark blank sky beyond the ridge,
 Knowing their feet had come to the end of the world.
 Marvelling they stood, and watched the long grass swirled
 By the May breeze, murmurous with wasp and midge;
 And though the summer oozed into their veins 10
 Like an injected drug for their bodies' pains,
 Sharp on their souls hung the imminent ridge of grass,
 Fearfully flashed the sky's mysterious glass.

Hour after hour they ponder the warm field
 And the far valley behind, where buttercups 15
 Had blessed with gold their slow boots coming up;
 When even the little brambles would not yield
 But clutched and clung to them like sorrowing arms.
 They breathe like trees unstirred.

Till like a cold gust thrills the little word 20
 At which each body and its soul begird
 And tighten them for battle. No alarms
 Of bugles, no high flags, no clamorous haste, –
 Only a lift and flare of eyes that faced
 The sun, like a friend with whom their love is done. 25
 O larger shone that smile against the sun, –
 Mightier than his whose bounty these have spurned.

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

So, soon they topped the hill, and raced together
 Over an open stretch of herb and heather
 Exposed. And instantly the whole sky burned
 With fury against them; and soft sudden cups
 Opened in thousands for their blood; and the green slopes
 Chasmed and steepened sheer to infinite space.

Wilfred Owen

Either 4 Compare the ways in which the poets create striking images of nature in these two poems. [30]

Or 5 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably describe soldiers going off to war in *Joining the Colours* (Hinkson) and *The Send-Off* (Owen). [30]

Or 6 Explore the differing ways in which the poets movingly portray grief in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Lamentations (Sassoon)
Spring in War-Time (Nesbit)
Perhaps – (Brittain).

[30]

7 (a)

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

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

(b)

Patients

Not the official ones, who have been
Diagnosed and made tidy. They are
The better sort of patient.

They know the answers to the difficult
Questions on the admission sheet
About religion, next of kin, sex.

5

They know the rules. The printed ones
In the *Guide for Patients*, about why we prefer
No smoking, the correct postal address;

Also the real ones, like the precise quota
Of servility each doctor expects,
When to have fits, and where to die.

10

These are not true patients. They know
Their way around, they present the right
Symptoms. But what can be done for us,

15

The undiagnosed? What drugs
Will help our Matron, whose cats are
Her old black husband and her young black son?

Who will prescribe for our nurses, fatally
Addicted to idleness and tea? What therapy
Will relieve our Psychiatrist of his lust

20

For young slim girls, who prudently
Pretend to his excitement, though age
Has freckled his hands and his breath smells old?

How to comfort our Director through this
Terminal distress, as he babbles of
Football and virility, trembling in sunlight?

25

There is no cure for us. O, if only
We could cherish our bizarre behaviour
With accurate clinical pity. But there are no

30

Notes to chart our journey, no one
Has even stamped CONFIDENTIAL or *Not to be
Taken out of the hospital* on our lives.

U. A. Fanthorpe

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

Either 7 Compare the ways in which Fanthorpe powerfully conveys to you the feelings of people in hospital in these two poems. [30]

Or 8 Compare some of the ways the poets powerfully portray a person's past life in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Mr Bleaney (Larkin)

Casehistory: Alison (head injury) (Fanthorpe)

Growing Up (Fanthorpe). [30]

Or 9 Compare how the poets vividly convey feelings of disappointment in **TWO** of the following poems:

Annus Mirabilis (Larkin)

Wild Oats (Larkin)

Half-past Two (Fanthorpe). [30]

Turn to page 14 for Question 10.

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

Mushrooms

Overnight, very
Whitely, discreetly,
Very quietly

Our toes, our noses
Take hold on the loam,
Acquire the air.

5

Nobody sees us,
Stops us, betrays us;
The small grains make room.

Soft fists insist on
Heaving the needles,
The leafy bedding,

10

Even the paving.
Our hammers, our rams,
Earless and eyeless,

15

Perfectly voiceless,
Widen the crannies,
Shoulder through holes. We

Diet on water,
On crumbs of shadow,
Bland-mannered, asking

20

Little or nothing.
So many of us!
So many of us!

We are shelves, we are
Tables, we are meek,
We are edible,

25

Nudgers and shovers
In spite of ourselves.
Our kind multiplies:

30

We shall by morning
Inherit the earth
Our foot's in the door.

Sylvia Plath

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

(b)

From *Piano and Drums*

When at break of day at a riverside
 I hear jungle drums telegraphing
 the mystic rhythm, urgent, raw
 like bleeding flesh, speaking of
 primal youth and the beginning, 5
 I see the panther ready to pounce,
 the leopard snarling about to leap
 and the hunters crouch with spears poised;

And my blood ripples, turns torrent,
 topples the years and at once I'm 10
 in my mother's laps a suckling;
 at once I'm walking simple
 paths with no innovations,
 rugged, fashioned with the naked
 warmth of hurrying feet and groping hearts 15
 in green leaves and wild flowers pulsing.

Gabriel Okara

Either 10 Compare the ways in which the poets here vividly portray to you the power of nature. [30]

Or 11 Compare the ways in which the poets use striking imagery to portray the differences between past and present, in *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* (Causley) and *Our History* (Dipoko). [30]

Or 12 Explore the differing ways in which the poets encourage you to feel sympathy for suffering people in *Dulce et Decorum Est* (Owen) and *Refugee Mother and Child* (Achebe). [30]

SECTION B

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

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

13 (a)

Snapshots of a Wedding

Educated as he was, Kegoletile seemed to go through a secret conflict during that year he prepared a yard for his future married life with Neo. He spend most of his free time in the yard of Mathata. His behaviour there wasn't too alarming but he showered Mathata with gifts of all kinds – food, fancy dresses, shoes and underwear. Each time he came, he brought a gift and each time Mathata would burst out laughing and comment: 'Ow, Kegoletile, how can I wear all these dresses? It's just a waste of money! Besides, I manage quite well with the R10.00 you give every month for the child ...'

5

She was a very pretty girl with black eyes like stars; she was always smiling and happy; immediately and always her own natural self. He knew what he was marrying – something quite the opposite, a new kind of girl with false postures and acquired, grand-madame ways. And yet, it didn't pay a man these days to look too closely into his heart. They all wanted as wives, women who were big money-earners and they were so ruthless about it! And yet it was as though the society itself stamped each of its individuals with its own particular brand of wealth and Kegoletile had not yet escaped it; he had about him an engaging humility and eagerness to help and please that made him loved and respected by all who knew him. During those times he sat in Mathata's yard, he communicated nothing of the conflict he felt but he would sit on a chair with his arms spread out across its back, turn his head sideways and stare at what seemed to be an empty space beside him. Then he would smile, stand up and walk away. Nothing dramatic. During the year he prepared the huts in his new yard, he frequently slept at the home of Neo.

10

15

20

Head

(b)

The Train From Rhodesia

She sat down again in the corner and, her face slumped in her hands, stared out of the window. Everything was turning round inside her. One-and-six. One-and-six. One-and-six for the wood and the carving and the sinews of the legs and the switch of the tail. The mouth open like that and the teeth. The black tongue, rolling, like a wave. The mane round the neck. To give one-and-six for that. The heat of shame mounted through her legs and body and sounded in her ears like the sound of sand pouring. Pouring, pouring. She sat there, sick. A weariness, a tastelessness, the discovery of a void made her hands slacken their grip, atrophy emptily, as if the hour was not worth their grasp. She was feeling like this again. She had thought it was something to do with singleness, with being alone and belonging too much to oneself.

5

10

She sat there not wanting to move or speak, or to look at anything even; so that the mood should be associated with nothing, no object, word or sight that might recur and so recall the feeling again ... Smuts blew in grittily, settled on her hands. Her back remained at exactly the same angle, turned against the young man sitting with his hands drooping between his sprawled legs, and the lion, fallen on its side in the corner.

15

Gordimer

- Either 13** Explore the ways in which the writers here memorably portray the varied emotions of Kegoletile (in *Snapshots of a Wedding*) and the wife (in *The Train from Rhodesia*). **[30]**
-
- Or 14** Explore the ways in which the writers vividly portray family relationships in *The Red Ball* (Khan) and *The Pieces of Silver* (Sealy). **[30]**
- Or 15** In what ways do the writers bring alive for you the thoughts, feelings and actions of young children in *Leela's Friend* (Narayan) and *Games at Twilight* (Desai)? **[30]**

16 (a)

A Prelude

In the kitchen of a small farm a little woman sat cutting bread and butter. The glow of the clear, ruddy fire was on her shining cheek and white apron; but grey hair will not take the warm caress of firelight.

She skilfully spread the softened butter, and cut off great slices from the floury loaf in her lap. Already two plates were piled, but she continued to cut. 5

Outside the naked ropes of the creeper tapped and lashed at the window.

The grey-haired mother looked up, and setting the butter on the hearth, rose and went to look out. The sky was heavy and grey as she saw it in the narrow band over the near black wood. So she turned and went to look through the tiny window which opened from the deep recess on the opposite side of the room. The northern sky was blacker than ever. 10

She turned away with a little sigh, and took a duster from the red, shining warming-pan to take the bread from the oven. Afterwards she laid the table for five.

There was a rumbling and a whirring in the corner, and the clock struck five. Like clocks in many farmers' kitchens, it was more than half an hour fast. The little woman hurried about, bringing milk and other things from the dairy; lifting the potatoes from the fire, peeping through the window anxiously. Very often her neck ached with watching the gate for a sign of approach. 15

(b)

The Shades of Spring

Hilda walked over the brown pine-needles to the hut, took a key from among the eaves, and opened the door. It was a bare wooden place with a carpenter's bench and form, carpenter's tools, an axe, snares, straps, some skins pegged down, everything in order. Hilda closed the door. Syson examined the weird flat coats of wild animals, that were pegged down to be cured. She turned some knotch in the side wall, and disclosed a second, small apartment. 5

'How romantic!' said Syson.

'Yes. He is very curious – he has some of a wild animal's cunning – in a nice sense – and he is inventive, and thoughtful – but not beyond a certain point.'

She pulled back a dark green curtain. The apartment was occupied almost entirely by a large couch of heather and bracken, on which was spread an ample rabbit-skin rug. On the floor were patchwork rugs of cat-skin, and a red calf-skin, while hanging from the wall were other furs. Hilda took down one, which she put on. It was a cloak of rabbit-skin and of white fur, with a hood, apparently of the skins of stoats. She laughed at Syson from out of this barbaric mantle, saying: 10

'What do you think of it?'

'Ah –! I congratulate you on your man,' he replied.

'And look!' she said

In a little jar on a shelf were some sprays, frail and white, of the first honeysuckle. 15

'They will scent the place at night,' she said. 20

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

Either 16 In what ways do Lawrence's descriptions make these two homes so memorable for you? **[30]**

Or 17 Explore the ways in which Lawrence's descriptions of animals make them come alive for you, in *A Lesson on a Tortoise* and *Rex*. **[30]**

Or 18 How far does Lawrence's writing suggest to you that Annie (in *Tickets, Please*) and Pauline Attenborough (in *The Lovely Lady*) are treated badly?

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

- 19 (a) As Jim sat beside him he reached out a powdered hand and gently pressed his thumb against the hunger tic that jumped across the left corner of Jim's mouth. Jim sat passively as Basie exposed his gums and glanced shrewdly at his teeth.
- 'That's a well-kept set of teeth. Someone paid a lot of bills for that sweet little mouth. Frank, you'd be surprised how some people neglect their kids' teeth.' Basie patted Jim's shoulder, feeling the blue wool of his blazer. He scraped the mud from the school badge. 'That looks like a good school, Jim. The Cathedral School?' 5
- Frank glowered over his heap of portholes. He seemed wary of Jim, as if this small boy might take Basie from him. 'Cathedral? Is he some kind of priest?'
- 'Frank, the Cathedral School.' Basie gazed with growing interest at Jim. 'That's a school for taipans. Jim, you must know some important people.' 10
- 'Well ...' Jim was doubtful about this. He could think of nothing but the rice simmering on the charcoal stove, but then remembered a garden party at the British Embassy. 'Once I was introduced to Madame Sun Yat-Sen.'
- 'Madame Sun? You were ... introduced?' 15
- 'I was only three and a half.' Jim sat still as Basie's white hands explored his pockets. The watch slipped from his wrist and vanished into the haze of cologne and face powder below the quilt. Yet Basie's attentive manner, like that of the servants who had once dressed and undressed him, was curiously reassuring. The sailor was feeling every bone in his body, as if searching for something precious. Through the open hatch Jim could see a flying boat about to take off from the Naval Air Base. A Japanese patrol boat had closed the channel, giving a wide berth to the currents that formed huge whirlpools around the boom of freighters. Jim returned to the cooking pot and its intoxicating smell of burnt fat. Suddenly it occurred to him that these two American sailors might want to eat him. 20 25
- (b) Basie's cubicle was in the north-east corner of the room, with two windows that gave him a clear view of the entire camp. As always he was sitting on his bunk, keeping an eye on the Japanese soldiers outside the guardhouse as he received the latest report from Demarest, his cubicle neighbour and chief henchman. His long-sleeved cotton shirt was faded but neatly creased – after Jim had washed and dried the shirts Basie would fold them in a complex, origami-like package and slide them under his sleeping mat, from which they emerged with a department-store sharpness. Since Basie rarely moved from his bunk he seemed even cooler and crisper in Jim's eyes than Mr Sekura, and in most respects the years in Lunghua had been less of a strain for Basie than for the Japanese commandant. His hands and cheeks were still soft and unworn, though with a pallor like that of an unhealthy woman. Moving around his cubicle, as if in his pantry on the *SS Aurora*, he regarded Lunghua Camp in the same way he had viewed the world beyond it, a suite of cabins to be kept ready for a succession of unwary passengers. 5 10

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

- Either** 19 Explore the ways in which Ballard's writing brings the character of Basie alive for you in these two extracts. [30]
-
- Or** 20 Explore the ways in which Ballard portrays Jim's parents and their lifestyle in *Empire of the Sun*. [30]
- Or** 21 Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments from the novel where Ballard makes you fear for Jim's safety. [30]

22

The festival was now only three days away. Okonkwo's wives had scrubbed the walls and the huts with red earth until they reflected light. They had then drawn patterns on them in white, yellow and dark green. They then set about painting themselves with cam wood and drawing beautiful black patterns on their stomachs and on their backs. The children were also decorated, especially their hair, which was shaved in beautiful patterns. The three women talked excitedly about relations who had been invited, and the children revelled in the thought of being spoilt by these visitors from mother-land. Ikemefuna was equally excited. The New Yam Festival seemed to him to be a much bigger event here than in his own village, a place which was already becoming remoter and vague in his imagination.

5

And then the storm burst. Okonkwo, who had been walking about aimlessly in his compound in suppressed anger, suddenly found an outlet.

10

"Who killed this banana tree?" he asked.

A hush fell on the compound immediately.

"Who killed this tree? Or are you all deaf and dumb?"

15

As a matter of fact the tree was very much alive. Okonkwo's second wife had merely cut a few leaves off it to wrap some food, and she said so. Without further argument Okonkwo gave her a sound beating and left her and her only daughter weeping. Neither of the other wives dared to interfere beyond an occasional and tentative, "It is enough, Okonkwo," pleaded from a reasonable distance.

20

His anger thus satisfied, Okonkwo decided to go out hunting. He had an old rusty gun made by a clever blacksmith who had come to live in Umuofia long ago. But although Okonkwo was a great man whose prowess was universally acknowledged, he was not a hunter. In fact he had not killed a rat with his gun. And so when he called Ikemefuna to fetch his gun, the wife who had just been beaten murmured something about guns that never shot. Unfortunately for her, Okonkwo heard it and ran madly into his room for the loaded gun, ran out again and aimed at her as she clambered over the dwarf wall of the barn. He pressed the trigger and there was a loud report accompanied by the wail of his wives and children. He threw down the gun and jumped into the barn, and there lay the woman, very much shaken and frightened but quite unhurt. He heaved a heavy sigh and went away with the gun.

25

In spite of this incident the New Yam Festival was celebrated with great joy in Okonkwo's household. Early that morning as he offered a sacrifice of new yam and palm-oil to his ancestors he asked them to protect him, his children and their mothers in the new year.

30

35

As the day wore on his in-laws arrived from three surrounding villages, and each party brought with them a huge pot of palm-wine. And there was eating and drinking till night, when Okonkwo's in-laws began to leave for their homes.

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

Either 22 How does Achebe make this description of preparations for the New Yam Festival so dramatic? **[30]**

Or 23 Achebe writes, "Okonkwo was not a man of thought but of action."
How far does Achebe's writing lead you to agree with this view?
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. **[30]**

Or 24 Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel where Achebe's writing suggests to you that it is perhaps a good thing that Umuofia should "fall apart". **[30]**

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

- 25 He could feel he was inside the current now and he could see the lights of the beach colonies along the shore. He knew where he was now and it was nothing to get home.
- The wind is our friend, anyway, he thought. Then he added, sometimes. And the great sea with our friends and our enemies. And bed, he thought. Bed is my friend. Just bed, he thought. Bed will be a great thing. It is easy when you are beaten, he thought. I never knew how easy it was. And what beat you, he thought. 5
- 'Nothing,' he said aloud. 'I went out too far.'
- When he sailed into the little harbour the lights of the Terrace were out and he knew everyone was in bed. The breeze had risen steadily and was blowing strongly now. It was quiet in the harbour though and he sailed up on to the little patch of shingle below the rocks. There was no one to help him so he pulled the boat up as far as he could. Then he stepped out and made her fast to a rock. 10
- He unstepped the mast and furled the sail and tied it. Then he shouldered the mast and started to climb. It was then he knew the depth of his tiredness. He stopped for a moment and looked back and saw in the reflection from the street light the great tail of the fish standing up well behind the skiff's stern. He saw the white naked line of his backbone and the dark mass of the head with the projecting bill and all the nakedness between. 15
- He started to climb again and at the top he fell and lay for some time with the mast across his shoulder. He tried to get up. But it was too difficult and he sat there with the mast on his shoulder and looked at the road. A cat passed on the far side going about its business and the old man watched it. Then he just watched the road. 20
- Finally he put the mast down and stood up. He picked the mast up and put it on his shoulder and started up the road. He had to sit down five times before he reached his shack. 25
- Inside the shack he leaned the mast against the wall. In the dark he found a water bottle and took a drink. Then he lay down on the bed. He pulled the blanket over his shoulders and then over his back and legs and he slept face down on the newspapers with his arms out straight and the palms of his hands up. 30

- Either** 25 How does Hemingway here make the old man's return home so moving? [30]
-
- Or** 26 How does Hemingway make the old man's friendship with the boy, Manolin, so memorable? [30]
- Or** 27 Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments in the novel when Hemingway makes you feel particularly sympathetic towards the old man. [30]

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Please turn to page 28 for question 28.

28

Julia was twenty-six years old. She lived in a hostel with thirty other girls (“Always in the stink of women! How I hate women!” she said parenthetically), and she worked, as he had guessed, on the novel-writing machines in the Fiction Department. She enjoyed her work, which consisted chiefly in running and servicing a powerful but tricky electric motor. She was “not clever”, but was fond of using her hands and felt at home with machinery. She could describe the whole process of composing a novel, from the general directive issued by the Planning Committee down to the final touching-up by the Rewrite Squad. But she was not interested in the finished product. She “didn’t much care for reading”, she said. Books were just a commodity that had to be produced, like jam or boot-laces.

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She had no memories of anything before the early ’sixties, and the only person she had ever known who talked frequently of the days before the Revolution was a grandfather who had disappeared when she was eight. At school she had been captain of the hockey team and had won the gymnastics trophy two years running. She had been a troop-leader in the Spies and a branch secretary in the Youth League before joining the Junior Anti-Sex League. She had always borne an excellent character. She had even (an infallible mark of good reputation) been picked out to work in Pornosec, the sub-section of the Fiction Department which turned out cheap pornography for distribution among the proles. It was nicknamed Muck House by the people who worked in it, she remarked. There she had remained for a year, helping to produce booklets in sealed packets with titles like *Spanking Stories* or *One Night in a Girls’ School*, to be bought furtively by proletarian youths who were under the impression that they were buying something illegal.

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“What are these books like?” said Winston curiously.

“Oh, ghastly rubbish. They’re boring, really. They only have six plots, but they swap them round a bit. Of course I was only on the kaleidoscopes. I was never in the Rewrite Squad. I’m not literary, dear—not even enough for that.”

25

He learned with astonishment that all the workers in Pornosec, except the head of the department, were girls. The theory was that men, whose sex instincts were less controllable than those of women, were in greater danger of being corrupted by the filth they handled.

30

“They don’t even like having married women there,” she added. “Girls are always supposed to be so pure. Here’s one who isn’t, anyway.”

She had had her first love-affair when she was sixteen, with a Party member of sixty who later committed suicide to avoid arrest. “And a good job too,” said Julia, “otherwise they’d have had my name out of him when he confessed.” Since then there had been various others. Life as she saw it was quite simple. You wanted a good time; “they”, meaning the Party, wanted to stop you having it; you broke the rules as best you could. She seemed to think it just as natural that “they” should want to rob you of your pleasures as that you should want to avoid being caught. She hated the Party, and said so in the crudest words, but she made no general criticism of it. Except where it touched upon her own life she had no interest in Party doctrine. He noticed that she never used Newspeak words, except the ones that had passed into everyday use. She had never heard of the Brotherhood, and refused to believe in its existence. Any kind of organized revolt against the Party, which was bound to be a failure, struck her as stupid. The clever thing was to break the rules and stay alive all the same. He wondered vaguely how many others like her there might be in the younger generation—people who had grown up in the world of the Revolution, knowing nothing else, accepting the Party as something unalterable, like the sky, not rebelling against its authority but simply evading it, as a rabbit dodges a dog.

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50

They did not discuss the possibility of getting married. It was too remote to be worth thinking about. No imaginable committee would ever sanction such a marriage even if Katharine, Winston’s wife, could somehow have been got rid of. It was hopeless even as a daydream.

55

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

Either 28 How does Orwell create such a memorable portrait of Julia in this extract? **[30]**

Or 29 How does Orwell make the past so important in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

Or 30 How does Orwell's writing make what goes on in the Ministry of Truth so horrifying?
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

31 (a)

Addy

Mrs Burton stood very still in the centre of her flat cradling Addy. She noticed how quiet it was. She realized it would always be unpleasantly quiet in the flat now that she would be living completely on her own. She felt much less distraught than she'd felt at the dinner party. She had allowed Addy to die all alone, but it seemed futile and self-deceiving to torment herself with self-recriminations. If she had missed Mrs Fitz-James's dinner party and stayed in the flat with Addy, those few hours would have been unable to make reparation for all the days that Addy had spent locked up like a convict condemned to solitary.

5

Addy was released now. Addy had been too simple. She had seemed to believe that if she behaved as humans taught her, they would start to treat her as an equal, whereas they were only capable of endowing her with certain human characteristics. According to their varying self-indulgent whims they could turn her into a figure which embodied their shifting guilts and fantasies. But Addy had never managed to have any ultimate reality for the people she had been attached to. Once the veneer of their projections was stripped away, they could only see her as a dog.

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Mrs Burton tightened her grip on Addy's motionless body. Through the years Addy had been a witness to so many painful moments in Mrs Burton's life. She had also been the speechless witness to many moments of happiness. Addy's relationship with Mrs Burton had lasted much longer than the latter's marriage.

15

Addy felt like a stuffed toy. Mrs Burton wished she could feel more regret for her death. All the wriggling life and bark had gone from Addy, but she was no longer threatened by decrepitude and pain and loneliness. Mrs Burton felt exhausted and frightened of the future. She envied Addy her stillness.

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She suddenly wanted to make the dog a little gesture, and she couldn't tell whether her behaviour sprang from remorse or affection. As if she was hoping that her animal victim could help comfort her sense of desolation, she bent over and buried her face in the woolly thicket of Addy's brown fur.

25

Blackwood

(b)

Stone Trees

They were at the funeral. Not their children. Too little. So good so good they were to me. She – Anna – she cried a lot. Tom held my arm tight. Strong. I liked it. In the place even the place where your coffin was, I liked it, his strong arm. Never having liked Tom that much, I liked his strong arm.

And they stayed over. Slept at the house a night or two. Did the telephone. Some gran or someone was with their children. Thank God we had no children. Think of Tom/Anna dying and those two children left –

5

So now that you are dead –

It's nice of them isn't it now that you are dead? Well, you'd have expected it. You aren't surprised by it. I'm not surprised by it. After all there has to be somewhere to go. All clean all clean at home. Back work soon someday. Very soon now for it's a week. They broke their two week holiday for the funeral. Holiday Isle of Wight where you/I went once. There was a dip, a big-dipper dip, a wavy line of cliffs along the shore, and in this dip of the cliffs a hotel – a long beach and the waves moving in shallow.

10

Over stone trees.

But it was long ago and what can stone trees have been?

Fantasy.

15

Gardam

Either 31 How do you think the writers make reactions to death so fascinating in these two extracts? **[30]**

Or 32 How do you think the writers make the relationships between men and women so memorable in any **TWO** of the following stories?

A Love Match (Warner)

Miss Anstruther's Letters (Macauley)

Weekend (Weldon)

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

Or 33 How do you think the writers make any **TWO** of these children particularly interesting and intriguing?

Peter in *Stone Trees* (Gardam)

Ruth in *Another Survivor* (Fainlight)

The girl with the story in *Passages* (Devlin). **[30]**

SECTION C

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

	Pages	Questions
LITERARY NON-FICTION published post-1914		
MICHAEL PALIN: <i>Pole to Pole</i>	34–35	34–36
NICK HORNBY: <i>Fever Pitch</i>	36	37–39

34 (a)

(Day 117)

At nine o'clock in the morning we clear Zambian Customs and make our way across the Victoria Falls Bridge, which marks the border with Zimbabwe. Constructed nearly ninety years ago it is a road, rail and pedestrian bridge and, for today only, something more than that. A group of people are proposing to throw themselves off the bridge on lengths of elastic, in what the organizers, an outfit called Kiwi Extreme, believe to be the first ever bungi jump in Africa. Bungi, I'm told by Byron, the leader of the team, who has a world record jump of over 800 feet to his credit, is an Indonesian word for the particular rubbery twine they use in their descents. Having nearly given my life to the Zambesi I am not at all tempted to fling myself upside-down into a gorge, but I recognize someone who is. It's Conrad, our organizer from yesterday. Slim and insubstantial beside the chunky white men in beer-brand T-shirts who seem to make up the bulk of the jumpers, he grins nervously as a red towel is wrapped around his ankles and the rope lashed carefully over it. Tied only by his feet, he climbs onto the parapet of the bridge, moistens his lips, murmurs something – I think it's 'goodbye' – and hurls himself out and away from the bridge. As he goes he flings his arms out, plummeting in a Christlike free-fall nearly 300 feet to the river below. Then, when he looks set for certain death, he freezes for a split-second, and begins to return rapidly back towards us.

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15

We leave Conrad bouncing up and down in the Zambesi Gorge, and make our way across into Zimbabwe.

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(b)

(Day 121)

When we arrive to film, Pearle is concerned that we don't get the wrong impression from a large sign which greets us at the clubhouse: 'BBC. Do Not Leave Things on the Verandah for the Thieves'.

'Oh dear no, BBC is for Bulawayo Bowls Club,' she explains apologetically.

Despite it being a dull, drizzly afternoon there are twenty bowlers out on the greens. The men are thin, erect and grey-haired. The women are generally, though by no means exclusively, buxom, and as you might expect, younger than the men.

5

'You get a very representative crowd, people from all walks of life and all ages and everything, they all come and play bowls.'

I ask Pearle if the club has black African members.

10

'Er ... we don't have any, no. Actually the Africans are not particularly interested in bowls. The only black bowlers we've got in Bulawayo belong to the Blind Bowlers Association ... It's really quite fantastic to see some of them play, because they might not be able to see anything yet they call out instructions to them and they sometimes play incredible bowls.'

15

A Scots lady is the current Zimbabwean National Champion and she is on the green today, broad and tanned, her hat at a rakish angle, with a cigarette permanently on the go. She encourages her opponents vigorously. 'Beautiful weight, Doris ... Oh, magic adjustment Ethel, well bowled!'

When her turn comes she delivers the bowl with one hand and retains her cigarette in the other. As the bowl describes the gentlest of arcs she straightens up, pulling slowly and thoughtfully on her cigarette as she encourages it across the green, 'Come on, kiddo ... come on, little one.'

20

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

- Either** **34** Explore the ways in which Palin memorably portrays the actions and thoughts of people bungi jumping in Zambia (Extract a) and playing bowls in Zimbabwe (Extract b). **[30]**
-
- Or** **35** In what ways does Palin make his visit to Chernobyl (Day 35) so moving for you? **[30]**
- Or** **36** Explore **ONE** or **TWO** moments from *Pole to Pole* where Palin memorably describes an uncomfortable journey either by train or by boat. **[30]**

37

TYPICAL ARSENAL
Arsenal v. Manchester United 6.5.91

I don't like the fact that for the last couple of years Arsenal have brawled and bitched their way through their seasons, of course I don't. And I would rather that Tony Adams hadn't skidded his way down a residential street after a bucketful of lager, that the club hadn't paid all of his wages while he was inside, that Ian Wright hadn't spat at Oldham fans, that Nigel Winterburn hadn't involved himself in a bizarre row with a supporter on the touchline at Highbury. These are, on the whole, Bad Things. But in a sense my feelings are beside the point. It is part of the essential Arsenal experience that they are loathed, and in an era in which more or less everybody plays with an offside trap and an extra defender, perhaps these distasteful incidents are the Arsenal way of upping the ante in order to stake sole claim to the territory. 5

So in the end, the question of why Arsenal behave like this is not a very interesting one. I suspect that the answer is that they behave like this because they are Arsenal, and they understand their allotted role in the football scheme of things. A more interesting question is this: what does it do to the fans? How is your psyche affected, when you commit yourself for a lifetime to the team that everybody loves to hate? Are football fans like the dogs that come to resemble their masters? 10

Emphatically, yes. The West Ham fans I know have an innate sense of underdog moral authority, the Tottenham fans give off an air of smug, ersatz sophistication, the Manchester United fans are imbued with a frustrated grandeur, Liverpool fans are simply grand. And as for Arsenal fans ... It is impossible to believe that we have remained unaffected by loving what the rest of the world regards as fundamentally unlovable. Ever since 15th March 1969, I have been aware of the isolation my team induces, maybe even demands. My partner believes that my tendency to adopt an attitude of beleaguered defiance at each minor setback or perceived act of disloyalty has been learned from Arsenal, and she may be right. Like the club, I am not equipped with a particularly thick skin; my oversensitivity to criticism means that I am more likely to pull up the drawbridge and bitterly bemoan my lot than I am to offer a quick handshake and get on with the game. In true Arsenal style, I can dish it out but I can't take it. 15

Either 37 How does Hornby vividly portray the relationship between football clubs and their fans in this extract? [30]

Or 38 How, in the Chapter entitled *Hillsborough*, does Hornby persuade you that this was a disaster waiting to happen? [30]

Or 39 In his last chapter *A Sixties Revival* Hornby talks about "the misery that football provides".

Explore any **ONE** or **TWO** moments when Hornby's writing makes you feel that football does make him particularly miserable. [30]

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