

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 27 May 2010
Afternoon

Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes



INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

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

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **60**.
- This document consists of **40** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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

SECTION A – Drama post-1914

(Answer not more than **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION B – Poetry post-1914

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

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SECTION C – Prose post-1914

(Answer not more than **ONE** question from this Section)

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

BRIAN CLARK: *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*

1	<p>DR EMERSON: I am trying to save Mr Harrison's life. There is no need to remind me of my duty to my patient, Mr. Hill.</p> <p>HILL: Or mine to my client, Dr Emerson.</p> <p>DR EMERSON: ... Are you telling me that you have accepted the job of coming to me to urge a course of action that will lose your client his life?</p> <p>HILL: I hadn't accepted it ... no ... I told Mr Harrison I would talk to you first. Now I have and I begin to see why he thought it necessary to be represented.</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Alright ... Let's start again. Now tell me what you want to know.</p> <p>HILL: Mr Harrison wishes to be discharged from hospital. Will you please make the necessary arrangements?</p> <p>DR EMERSON: No.</p> <p>HILL: May I ask why?</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Because Mr Harrison is incapable of living outside the hospital and it is my duty as a doctor to preserve life.</p> <p>HILL: I take it that Mr Harrison is a voluntary patient here.</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Of course.</p> <p>HILL: Then I fail to see the legal basis for your refusal.</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Can't you understand that Mr Harrison is suffering from depression? He is incapable of making a rational decision about his life and death.</p> <p>HILL: Are you maintaining that Mr Harrison is mentally unbalanced?</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Yes.</p> <p>HILL: Would you have any objection to my bringing in a psychiatrist for a second opinion?</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Of course not, but why not ask the consultant psychiatrist here? I'm sure he will be able to convince you.</p> <p>HILL: Has he examined Mr Harrison?</p> <p>DR EMERSON: No, but that can be quickly arranged.</p> <p>HILL: That's very kind of you, Dr Emerson, but I'm sure you'll understand if I ask for my own – whose opinion you are not sure of <i>before</i> he examines the patient.</p> <p>DR EMERSON: Good afternoon, Mr Hill.</p> <p>HILL: Good afternoon.</p>	<p>5</p> <p>10</p> <p>15</p> <p>20</p> <p>25</p> <p>30</p>
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Either 1 How does Clark make this such a dramatic and important moment in the play? [20]

Or 2 How does Clark's writing make John a memorable character in the play?

Remember to support your answer with details from the play.

[20]

ARTHUR MILLER: *Death of a Salesman*

- 3 (WILLY is almost gone when BIFF, in his pyjamas, comes down the stairs and enters the kitchen.)
- BIFF: What is he doing out there?
- LINDA: Sh!
- BIFF: God Almighty, Mom, how long has he been doing this? 5
- LINDA: Don't, he'll hear you.
- BIFF: What the hell is the matter with him?
- LINDA: It'll pass by morning.
- BIFF: Shouldn't we do anything?
- LINDA: Oh, my dear, you should do a lot of things, but there's nothing to do, so go to sleep. 10
- (HAPPY comes down the stairs and sits on the steps.)
- HAPPY: I never hear him so loud, Mom.
- LINDA: Well, come around more often; you'll hear him. 15
- (She sits down at the table and mends the lining of WILLY's jacket.)
- BIFF: Why didn't you ever write me about this, Mom?
- LINDA: How would I write to you? For over three months you had no address.
- BIFF: I was on the move. But you know I thought of you all the time. You know that, don't you, pal?
- LINDA: I know, dear, I know. But he likes to have a letter. Just to know that there's still the possibility for better things. 20
- BIFF: He's not like this all the time, is he?
- LINDA: It's when you come home he's always the worst.
- BIFF: When I come home?
- LINDA: When you write you're coming, he's all smiles, and talks about the future, and – he's just wonderful. And then the closer you seem to come, the more shaky he gets, and then, by the time you get here, he's arguing, and he seems angry at you. I think it's just that maybe he can't bring himself to – to open up to you. Why are you so hateful to each other? Why is that? 25
- BIFF (*evasively*): I'm not hateful, Mom.
- LINDA: But you no sooner come in the door than you're fighting!
- BIFF: I don't know why, I mean to change. I'm tryin', Mom; you understand?
- LINDA: Are you home to stay now?
- BIFF: I don't know. I want to look around, see what's doin'. 30
- LINDA: Biff, you can't look around all your life, can you?
- BIFF: I just can't take hold, Mom. I can't take hold of some kind of a life.
- LINDA: Biff, a man is not a bird, to come and go with the springtime. 35

Either 3 How does Miller dramatically reveal to you the characters of Linda and Biff and their relationship at this point in the play? [20]

Or 4 How does Miller make Uncle Ben a memorable and important character in the play? [20]

R C SHERRIFF: *Journey's End*

- 5 HARDY (*laughing*): Imagine Stanhope spending his leave in a country vicarage sipping tea! He spent his last leave in Paris, didn't he?
- OSBORNE: Yes.
- HARDY: I bet it was *some* leave!
- OSBORNE: Do you know how long he's been out here? 5
- HARDY: A good time, I know.
- OSBORNE: Nearly three years. He came out straight from school — when he was eighteen. He's commanded this company for a year — in and out of the front line. He's never had a rest. Other men come over here and go home again ill, and young Stanhope goes on sticking it, month in, month out. 10
- HARDY: Oh, I know he's a jolly good fellow —
- OSBORNE: I've seen him on his back all day with trench fever — then on duty all night —
- HARDY: Oh, I know; he's a splendid chap! 15
- OSBORNE: And because he's stuck it till his nerves have got battered to bits, he's called a drunkard.
- HARDY: Not a drunkard; just a — just a hard drinker; but you're quite right about his nerves. They *are* all to blazes. Last time out resting we were playing bridge and something happened — I don't remember what it was; some silly little argument — and all of a sudden he jumped up and knocked all the glasses off the table! Lost control of himself; and then he — sort of — came to — and cried — 20
- OSBORNE: Yes, I know.
- HARDY: You heard about it? 25
- OSBORNE: He told me.
- HARDY: Did he? We tried to hush it up. It just shows the state he's in. (*He rises and puts on his pack. There's a pause.*) You know, Osborne, you ought to be commanding this company.
- OSBORNE: Rubbish! 30
- HARDY: Of course you ought. It sticks out a mile. I know he's got pluck and all that, but, damn it, man, you're twice his age — and think what a dear, level-headed old thing you are.
- OSBORNE: Don't be an ass. He was out here before I joined up. His experience alone makes him worth a dozen people like me. 35
- HARDY: You know as well as I do, you ought to be in command.
- OSBORNE: There isn't a man to touch him as a commander of men. He'll command the battalion one day if —
- HARDY: Yes, if! (*He laughs.*)
- OSBORNE: You don't know him as I do; I love that fellow. I'd go to hell with him. 40
- HARDY: Oh, you sweet, sentimental old darling!

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

Either **5** How does Sherriff make this such a striking introduction to the character of Stanhope in the play? **[20]**

Or **6** To what extent does Sherriff lead you to see Trotter as a likeable character in the play?

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

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker*

- 7 DAVIES: He's got some stuff in here.
He picks up the Buddha and looks at it.
 Full of stuff. Look at all this.
His eye falls on the piles of papers.
 What's he got all those papers for? Damn pile of papers. 5
He goes to a pile and touches it. The pile wobbles. He steadies it.
 Hold it, hold it!
He holds the pile and pushes the papers back into place.
The door opens.
 MICK *comes in, puts the key in his pocket, and closes the door silently.* 10
He stands at the door and watches DAVIES.
 What's he got all these papers for?
 DAVIES *climbs over the rolled carpet to the blue case.*
 Had a sheet and pillow ready in here.
He opens the case. 15
 Nothing.
He shuts the case.
 Still, I had a sleep though. I don't make no noises.
He looks at the window.
 What's this? 20
He picks up another case and tries to open it. MICK moves upstage, silently.
 Locked.
He puts it down and moves downstage.
 Must be something in it. 25
He picks up a sideboard drawer, rummages in the contents, then puts it down.
 MICK *slides across the room.*
 DAVIES *half turns, MICK seizes his arm and forces it up his back. DAVIES screams.* 30
 Uuuuuuuuhhh! Uuuuuuuuhhh! What! What! What! Uuuuuuuuhhh!
 MICK *swiftly forces him to the floor, with DAVIES struggling, grimacing, whimpering and staring.*
 MICK *holds his arms, puts his other hand to his lips, then puts his hand to DAVIES' lips. DAVIES quietens. MICK lets him go. DAVIES writhes. MICK holds out a warning finger. He then squats down to regard DAVIES. He regards him, then stands looking down on him. DAVIES massages his arm, watching MICK. MICK turns slowly to look at the room. He goes to DAVIES' bed and uncovers it. He turns, goes to the clothes horse and picks up DAVIES' trousers. DAVIES starts to rise. MICK presses him down with his foot and stands over him. Finally he removes his foot. He examines the trousers and throws them back. DAVIES remains on the floor, crouched. MICK slowly goes to the chair, sits and watches DAVIES, expressionless.* 35
Silence. 40
 MICK: What's the game?
Curtain. 45

HAROLD PINTER: *The Caretaker* (Cont.)

Either **7** How does Pinter make this such a tense and dramatic ending to Act One? **[20]**

Or **8** Does Pinter's portrayal of Aston suggest to you that he has changed in any way by the end of the play? **[20]**

Section B

You MUST answer ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Poetry post-1914		
<i>Opening Lines</i> (OCR)		
Section G: How It Looks From Here	12–13	9–10
Or Section H: The 1914–18 War (ii)	14–15	11–12
<i>Poems 2</i> (ed. Markus and Jordan)		
Poems by Philip Larkin and U. A. Fanthorpe	16–17	13–14
<i>Touched with Fire</i> (ed. Hydes)		
<i>Mid-Term Break</i> (Heaney); <i>5 Ways to Kill a Man</i> (Brock); <i>Dulce et Decorum Est</i> (Owen); <i>In Westminster Abbey</i> (Betjeman); <i>Telephone Conversation</i> (Soyinka); <i>Piano and Drums</i> (Okara); <i>Refugee Mother and Child</i> (Achebe); <i>Our History</i> (Dipoko); <i>Hawk Roosting</i> (Hughes); <i>Mushrooms</i> (Plath); <i>Digging</i> (Heaney); <i>Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience</i> (Causley)	18–19	15–16

9 (a)

Bedfellows

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

Every night I have to rest 5
 my head in his dead halo;
 I feel his heart tick in my wrist;
 then, below the pillow,

his suffocated voice resumes
 its dreary innuendo: 10
*there are other ways to leave the room
 than the door and the window*

Don Paterson

(b)

Defying Gravity

Gravity is one of the oldest tricks in the book.
 Let go of the book and it abseils to the ground
 As if, at the centre of the earth, spins a giant yo-yo
 To which everything is attached by an invisible string.

Tear out a page of the book and make an aeroplane. 5
 Launch it. For an instant it seems that you have fashioned
 A shape that can outwit air, that has slipped the knot.
 But no. The earth turns, the winch tightens, it is wound in.

One of my closest friends is, at the time of writing,
 Attempting to defy gravity, and will surely succeed. 10
 Eighteen months ago he was playing rugby,
 Now, seven stones lighter, his wife carries him aw-

Kwardly from room to room. Arranges him gently
 Upon the sofa for the visitors. 'How are things?'
 Asks one, not wanting to know. Pause. 'Not too bad.' 15
 (Open brackets. Condition inoperable. Close brackets.)

Soon now, the man that I love (not the armful of bones)
 Will defy gravity. Freeing himself from the tackle
 He will sidestep the opposition and streak down the wing
 Towards a dimension as yet unimagined. 20

Back where the strings are attached there will be a service
 And homage paid to the giant yo-yo. A box of left-overs
 Will be lowered into a space on loan from the clay.
 Then, weighted down, the living will walk wearily away.

Roger McGough

OCR: *Opening Lines: Section G: How It Looks From Here* (Cont.)

Either 9 Compare how the poets express strong views about death and dying in these two poems. [20]

Or 10 Compare how the poets explore the differences between appearance and reality in **TWO** of the following poems:

Judging Distances (Reed)

Things (Adcock)

I Am a Cameraman (Dunn).

[20]

11 (a)

Joining the Colours

(West Kents, Dublin, August 1914)

There they go marching all in step so gay!
 Smooth-cheeked and golden, food for shells and guns.
 Blithely they go as to a wedding day,
 The mothers' sons.

The drab street stares to see them row on row 5
 On the high tram-tops, singing like the lark.
 Too careless-gay for courage, singing they go
 Into the dark.

With tin whistles, mouth-organs, any noise, 10
 They pipe the way to glory and the grave;
 Foolish and young, the gay and golden boys
 Love cannot save.

High heart! High courage! The poor girls they kissed
 Run with them: they shall kiss no more, alas!
 Out of the mist they stepped – into the mist 15
 Singing they pass.

Katherine Tynan Hinkson

(b)

The Send-Off

Down the close darkening lanes they sang their way
 To the siding-shed,
 And lined the train with faces grimly gay.

Their breasts were stuck all white with wreath and spray
 As men's are, dead.

5

Dull porters watched them, and a casual tramp
 Stood staring hard,
 Sorry to miss them from the upland camp.

Then, unmoved, signals nodded, and a lamp
 Winked to the guard.

10

So secretly, like wrongs hushed-up, they went.
 They were not ours:
 We never heard to which front these were sent;

Nor there if they yet mock what women meant
 Who gave them flowers.

15

Shall they return to beating of great bells
 In wild train-loads?
 A few, a few, too few for drums and yells,

May creep back, silent, to village wells,
 Up half-known roads.

20

Wilfred Owen

Either 11 Compare the ways in which the poets express strong feelings about soldiers going off to war in these poems. [20]

Or 12 Compare how the poets bring the world of nature in wartime to life for you in **TWO** of the following poems.

Spring Offensive (Owen)
The Falling Leaves (Cole)
The Seed-Merchant's Son (Herbertson)

[20]

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe

13 (a)

Posterity

Jake Balokowsky, my biographer,
 Has this page microfilmed. Sitting inside
 His air-conditioned cell at Kennedy
 In jeans and sneakers, he's no call to hide
 Some slight impatience with his destiny: 5
 'I'm stuck with this old fart at least a year;

I wanted to teach school in Tel Aviv,
 But Myra's folks' – he makes the money sign –
 'Insisted I got tenure. When there's kids –'
 He shrugs. 'It's stinking dead, the research line; 10
 Just let me put this bastard on the skids,
 I'll get a couple of semesters leave

To work on Protest Theater.' They both rise,
 Make for the Coke dispenser. 'What's he like?
 Christ, I just told you. Oh, you know the thing, 15
 That crummy textbook stuff from Freshman Psych,
 Not out of kicks or something happening –
 One of those old-type *natural* fouled-up guys.'

Philip Larkin

(b)

You Will Be Hearing from Us Shortly

You feel adequate to the demands of this position?
 What qualities do you feel you
 Personally have to offer?

Ah

Let us consider your application form. 5
 Your qualifications, though impressive, are
 Not, we must admit, precisely what
 We had in mind. Would you care
 To defend their relevance?

Indeed 10

Now your age. Perhaps you feel able
 To make your own comment about that,
 Too? We are conscious ourselves
 Of the need for a candidate with precisely
 The right degree of immaturity. 15

So glad we agree

Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe (Cont.)

And now a delicate matter: your looks.
 You do appreciate this work involves
 Contact with the actual public? Might they,
 Perhaps, find your appearance 20
 Disturbing?

Quite so

And your accent. That is the way
 You have always spoken, is it? What
 Of your education? Were 25
 You educated? We mean, of course,
Where were you educated?

And how
 Much of a handicap is that to you,
 Would you say? 30

Married, children,
 We see. The usual dubious
 Desire to perpetuate what had better
 Not have happened at all. We do not
 Ask what domestic disasters shimmer 35
 Behind that vaguely unsuitable address.

And you were born – ?

Yes. Pity.

So glad we agree.

U A Fanthorpe

Either 13 Compare the ways in which these poems mock the opinions and attitudes of the speakers. [20]

Or 14 Compare the ways in which the poets strongly convey to you a sense of sadness in **TWO** of the following poems:

Home is So Sad (Larkin)

Old Man, Old Man (Fanthorpe)

Casehistory: Alison (head injury) (Fanthorpe). [20]

15 (a)

Mid-Term Break

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

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

5

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

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

10

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

15

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

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

20

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Seamus Heaney

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

(b)

Refugee Mother and Child

No Madonna and Child could touch
that picture of a mother's tenderness
for a son she soon would have to forget.

The air was heavy with odours
of diarrhoea of unwashed children 5
with washed-out ribs and dried-up
bottoms struggling in laboured
steps behind blown empty bellies. Most
mothers there had long ceased
to care but not this one; she held 10
a ghost smile between her teeth
and in her eyes the ghost of a mother's
pride as she combed the rust-coloured
hair left on his skull and then –
singing in her eyes – began carefully 15
to part it ... In another life this
would have been a little daily
act of no consequence before his
breakfast and school; now she
did it like putting flowers 20
on a tiny grave.

Chinua Achebe

Either 15 Explore the different ways in which Heaney and Achebe memorably portray reactions to the death of a child in these two poems. [20]

Or 16 Compare some of the ways in which the poets bring memories alive in any **TWO** of the following poems:

Piano and Drums (Okara)

Our History (Dipoko)

Digging (Heaney).

[20]

Section C

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose post-1914		
<i>Opening Worlds</i> (OCR)	22–23	17–18
<i>Ten D H Lawrence Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	24–25	19–20
<i>Empire of the Sun</i> (Ballard)	26–27	21–22
<i>Modern Women’s Short Stories</i> (ed. Hill) (The 13 stories in the second half of the collection, beginning with <i>The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station</i> by Harris)	28–29	23–24
<i>Things Fall Apart</i> (Achebe)	30	25–26
<i>The Old Man and the Sea</i> (Hemingway)	31	27–28
<i>Nineteen Eighty-Four</i> (Orwell)	32–33	29–30

Opening Worlds (OCR)

17 (a)

The Train to 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

The train had cast the station like a skin. It called out to the sky, I'm coming, I'm coming; and again, there was no answer.

Gordimer

(b)

Dead Man's Path

'I am sorry,' said the young headmaster. 'But the school compound cannot be a thoroughfare. It is against our regulations. I would suggest your constructing another path, skirting our premises. We can even get our boys to help in building it. I don't suppose the ancestors will find the little detour too burdensome.'

'I have no more words to say,' said the old priest, already outside.

5

Two days later a young woman in the village died in childbed. A diviner was immediately consulted and he prescribed heavy sacrifices to propitiate ancestors insulted by the fence.

Obi woke up next morning among the ruins of his work. The beautiful hedges were torn up not just near the path but right round the school, the flowers trampled to death and one of the school buildings pulled down ... That day, the white Supervisor came to inspect the school and wrote a nasty report on the state of the premises but more seriously about the 'tribal-war situation developing between the school and the village, arising in part from the misguided zeal of the new headmaster'.

10

Achebe

Opening Worlds (OCR) (Cont.)

Either 17 How do the writers make these passages such powerful endings to the stories? [20]

Or 18 How do the writers memorably portray conflict with people in authority in any **TWO** of the following stories?

The Tall Woman and Her Short Husband (Feng)

The Pieces of Silver (Sealy)

The Winter Oak (Nagibin)

[20]

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

19 (a)

Adolf

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

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

5

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

10

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

15

(b)

Rex

And to tell the truth, he was dirty at first. How could he be otherwise, so young! But my mother hated him for it. And perhaps this was the real start of their hostility. For he lived in the house with us. He would wrinkle his nose and show his tiny dagger-teeth in fury when he was thwarted, and his growls of real battle-rage against my mother rejoiced us as much as they angered her. But at last she caught him *in flagrante*. She pounced on him, rubbed his nose in the mess, and flung him out into the yard. He yelped with shame and disgust and indignation. I shall never forget the sight of him as he rolled over, then tried to turn his head away from the disgust of his own muzzle, shaking his little snout with a sort of horror, and trying to sneeze it off. My sister gave a yell of despair, and dashed out with a rag and a pan of water, weeping wildly. She sat in the middle of the yard with the befouled puppy, and shedding bitter tears she wiped him and washed him clean. Loudly she reproached my mother. 'Look how much bigger you are than he is. It's a shame, it's a shame!'

5

10

'You ridiculous little lunatic, you've undone all the good it would do him, with your soft ways. Why is my life made a curse with animals! Haven't I enough as it is –'

15

There was a subdued tension afterwards. Rex was a little white chasm between us and our parent.

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

Either 19 How does Lawrence movingly convey the narrators' memories in these two passages?

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]

Or 20 What do you think makes Lawrence's descriptions of the countryside so strikingly effective in **TWO** of the following stories?

Second Best

The Shades of Spring

A Prelude

Remember to support your answer with details from the stories.

[20]

Jim despaired. Flattening the grass with his hands, he made a small place for himself beside the Japanese. The pilot lay in his overall, one arm under his back. He had been thrown down the slope towards the canal, and his legs were caught beneath him. His right knee touched the water, which had begun to soak the thigh of his overall. Above his head Jim could see the chute of bruised grass down which he had fallen, the stems straightening themselves in the sun. 5

He stared at the pilot, for once glad of the swarm of flies interceding between himself and this corpse. The face of the Japanese was more childlike than Jim remembered, as if in his death he had returned to his true age, to his early adolescence in a provincial Japanese village. His lips were parted around his uneven teeth, as if expecting a morsel of fish to be placed between them by his mother's chopsticks. 10

Numbed by the sight of this dead pilot, Jim watched the youth's knees slide into the water. He squatted on the sloping earth, turning the pages of *Life* and trying to concentrate on the photographs of Churchill and Eisenhower. For so long he had invested all his hopes in this young pilot, in that futile dream that they would fly away together, leaving Lunghua, Shanghai and the war forever behind them. He had needed the pilot to help him survive the war, this imaginary twin he had invented, a replica of himself whom he watched through the barbed wire. If the Japanese was dead, part of himself had died. He had failed to grasp the truth that millions of Chinese had known from birth, that they were all as good as dead anyway, and that it was self-deluding to believe otherwise. 15

Jim listened to the artillery barrages at Hungjao and Siccawei, and to the circling drone of a Nationalist spotter plane. The sound of small arms fire crossed the airfield, as Basie and the bandits tried to break into the stadium. The dead were playing their dangerous games. 25

Deciding to ignore them, Jim continued to read his magazine, but the flies had swarmed from the corpses further along the creek and soon discovered the body of the young pilot. Jim stood up and seized the Japanese by the shoulders. Holding him under the armpits, he pulled his legs from the water, then dragged him on to a narrow ledge of level ground. 30

Despite his plump face, the pilot weighed almost nothing. His starved body was as light as the children in Lunghua with whom Jim had wrestled when he was young. The waist and trousers of his flying overall were thick with blood. He had been bayoneted in the small of his back, and again through the thighs and buttocks, then thrown down the bank with the other aircrew. 35

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

Either 21 How does Ballard's writing make this passage so disturbing? [20]

Or 22 How does Ballard's writing convey to you Jim's enjoyment of his life during the war in **ONE** or **TWO** episodes from the novel? [20]

23 (a)

Passages

The massive coincidence necessary to tell an effective ghost story had just occurred. At precisely the time when I was explaining the significance of ghostly wheels on gravel as a portent of death – a car drew up. In all my years of telling ghost stories at school, and arranging for bells to ring or doors to open at crucial moments, I had never stage-managed anything so effective as that car drawing up when it did.

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I found myself sitting in the dark of the room with only the light from the fire throwing grotesque shadows on to the walls and the groans of the wind whistling around me as company. I knew then that I could not bring myself to move through the darkness towards the door or beyond into the dark hall and then up three flights of stairs past all those closed doorways and little landings to my bed. I was riveted. So I stayed sitting still with my back to the fire, watching the silent occupants of the darkness, until I calmed down. Once or twice I imagined I saw the handle of the door turning, so I tried to think of something pleasant. But when I looked away to the window all the elements of stories I had told in broad daylight on the beach, or in the gym or the second-form common room, began to reassemble around me. And I wished I hadn't had such a fertile imagination. Then, just when I managed to convince myself of my silliness and was beginning to work out how I could make another story out of this incident, something happened which arrested me so completely that I thought my heart would stop. From behind me in the fire I heard a little cry; not a groan, like the wind made, of that I am absolutely clear. It began like a short gasp and became a rising crescendo of 'hah' sounds; each one was following the one before, and getting louder each time. I experienced a moment of such pure terror that I felt my heart would burst with the strain as I waited for the gasps to reach their topmost note. Suddenly, just when the sounds had come to a peak, I felt myself propelled from the room and ran screaming upstairs. I take no responsibility for that action; a voice simply broke from my throat which corresponded to screams.

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Anne Devlin

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

When Faith came down the stairs Rudi was astounded by the uncanny resemblance. This was not a fantasy or hallucination, but a solid, breathing figure of flesh – a revenant: his mother even before he had known her, before his birth, when she been a young girl. He was awestruck and terrified. Unaware that she was being used for conjuration, his daughter had innocently assumed the identity of a dead woman. 5

He had succeeded beyond his imaginings. His mother was in the room – but how many of her? There was the young girl incarnated in his once more recognizable daughter (recreated in any case by the natural laws of genetic inheritance): the two of them fused into this touching being for whom he had been trying to make the appropriate setting with every object purchased: and another – the one he had not wanted to meet again ever. 10

It was the victim who had haunted him for years. Perhaps those lamps and rugs had not been bought to lure back the girl and untroubled woman, after all – but to ward off this one. Gaunt, dirty, cowed, huddled defensively near the foot of the staircase and wearing the threadbare clothes of a camp inmate, she glared with sick, unrecognizing eyes towards him. The sight made him want to die. He could see them both at the same time, they were only a few feet apart, though inhabiting separate universe. 15

Ruth Fainlight

Either 23 How do the writers create horror and fear in these passages?Remember to support your ideas with details from the passages. **[20]****Or 24** How do the writers create memorable pictures of girls growing up in **TWO** of the following stories?*The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station* (Harris)*Nothing Missing but the Samovar* (Lively)*Stormy Weather* (Kesson) **[20]**

CHINUA ACHEBE: *Things Fall Apart*

- 25 Then they came to the tree from which Okonkwo's body was dangling, and they stopped dead.
- 'Perhaps you men can help us bring him down and bury him,' said Obierika. 'We have sent for strangers from another village to do it for us, but they may be a long time coming.' 5
- The District Commissioner changed instantaneously. The resolute administrator in him gave way to the student of primitive customs.
- 'Why can't you take him down yourselves?' he asked.
- 'It is against our custom,' said one of the men. 'It is an abomination for a man to take his own life. It is an offence against the Earth, and a man who commits it will not be buried by his clansmen. His body is evil, and only strangers may touch it. That is why we ask your people to bring him down, because you are strangers.' 10
- 'Will you bury him like any other man?' asked the Commissioner.
- 'We cannot bury him. Only strangers can. We shall pay your men to do it. When he has been buried we will then do our duty by him. We shall make sacrifices to cleanse the desecrated land.' 15
- Obierika, who had been gazing steadily at his friend's dangling body, turned suddenly to the District Commissioner and said ferociously: 'That man was one of the greatest men in Umuofia. You drove him to kill himself; and now he will be buried like a dog ...' He could not say any more. His voice trembled and choked his words. 20
- 'Shut up!' shouted one of the messengers, quite unnecessarily.
- 'Take down the body,' the Commissioner ordered his chief messenger, 'and bring it and all these people to the court.'
- 'Yes, sah,' the messenger said, saluting.
- The Commissioner went away, taking three or four of the soldiers with him. In the many years in which he had toiled to bring civilisation to different parts of Africa he had learnt a number of things. One of them was that a District Commissioner must never attend to such undignified details as cutting down a hanged man from the tree. Such attention would give the natives a poor opinion of him. In the book which he planned to write he would stress that point. As he walked back to the court he thought about that book. Every day brought him some new material. The story of this man who had killed a messenger and hanged himself would make interesting reading. One could almost write a whole chapter on him. Perhaps not a whole chapter but a reasonable paragraph, at any rate. There was so much else to include, and one must be firm in cutting out details. He had already chosen the title of the book, after much thought: *The Pacification of the Primitive Tribes of the Lower Niger*. 30 35

Either 25 How does Achebe make this a dramatic and moving ending to the novel? [20]

Or 26 How does Achebe make Ezinma a lively and interesting character?
Remember to support your answer with details from the novel. [20]

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

- 27 He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish. In the first forty days a boy had been with him. But after forty days without a fish the boy's parents had told him that the old man was now definitely and finally *salao*, which is the worst form of unlucky, and the boy had gone at their orders in another boat which caught three good fish the first week. It made the boy sad to see the old man come in each day with his skiff empty and he always went down to help him carry either the coiled lines or the gaff and harpoon and the sail that was furled around the mast. The sail was patched with flour sacks and, furled, it looked like the flag of permanent defeat. 5
- The old man was thin and gaunt with deep wrinkles in the back of his neck. The brown blotches of the benevolent skin cancer the sun brings from its reflection on the tropic sea were on his cheeks. The blotches ran well down the sides of his face and his hands had the deep-creased scars from handling heavy fish on the cords. But none of these scars were fresh. They were as old as erosions in a fishless desert. 10
- Everything about him was old except his eyes and they were the same colour as the sea and were cheerful and undefeated. 15
- 'Santiago,' the boy said to him as they climbed the bank from where the skiff was hauled up. 'I could go with you again. We've made some money.'
- The old man had taught the boy to fish and the boy loved him.
- 'No,' the old man said. 'You're with a lucky boat. Stay with them.' 20
- 'But remember how you went eighty-seven days without fish and then we caught big ones every day for three weeks.'
- 'I remember,' the old man said. 'I know you did not leave me because you doubted.'
- 'It was papa made me leave. I am a boy and I must obey him.' 25
- 'I know,' the old man said. 'It is quite normal.'
- 'He hasn't much faith.'
- 'No,' the old man said. 'But we have. Haven't we?'

Either 27 How does Hemingway make this a striking start to the novel? [20]

Or 28 To what extent does Hemingway's writing make you admire the old man's struggle to bring the marlin to shore?

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

29

'Do you remember,' he said, 'the thrush that sang to us, that first day, at the edge of the wood?'

'He wasn't singing to us,' said Julia. 'He was singing to please himself. Not even that. He was just singing.'

The birds sang, the proles sang, the Party did not sing. All round the world, in London and New York, in Africa and Brazil, and in the mysterious, forbidden lands beyond the frontiers, in the streets of Paris and Berlin, in the villages of the endless Russian plain, in the bazaars of China and Japan – everywhere stood the same solid unconquerable figure, made monstrous by work and childbearing, toiling from birth to death and still singing. Out of those mighty loins a race of conscious beings must one day come. You were the dead; theirs was the future. But you could share in that future if you kept alive in the mind as they kept alive in the body, and passed on the secret doctrine that two plus two make four.

'We are the dead,' he said.

'We are the dead,' echoed Julia dutifully.

'You are the dead,' said an iron voice behind them.

They sprang apart. Winston's entrails seemed to have turned into ice. He could see white all round the irises of Julia's eyes. Her face had turned a milky yellow. The smear of rouge that was still on each cheekbone stood out sharply, almost as though unconnected with the skin beneath.

'You are the dead,' repeated the iron voice.

'It was behind the picture,' breathed Julia.

'It was behind the picture,' said the voice. 'Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.'

It was starting, it was starting at last! They could do nothing except stand gazing into one another's eyes. To run for life, to get out of the house before it was too late – no such thought occurred to them. Unthinkable to disobey the iron voice from the wall. There was a snap as though a catch had been turned back, and a crash of breaking glass. The picture had fallen to the floor, uncovering the telescreen behind it.

'Now they can see us,' said Julia.

'Now we can see you,' said the voice. 'Stand out in the middle of the room. Stand back to back. Clasp your hands behind your heads. Do not touch one another.'

They were not touching, but it seemed to him that he could feel Julia's body shaking. Or perhaps it was merely the shaking of his own. He could just stop his teeth from chattering, but his knees were beyond his control. There was a sound of trampling boots below, inside the house and outside. The yard seemed to be full of men. Something was being dragged across the stones. The woman's singing had stopped abruptly. There was a long, rolling clang, as though the washtub had been flung across the yard, and then a confusion of angry shouts which ended in a yell of pain.

'The house is surrounded,' said Winston.

'The house is surrounded,' said the voice.

He heard Julia snap her teeth together. 'I suppose we may as well say good-bye,' she said.

'You may as well say good-bye,' said the voice. And then another quite different voice, a thin, cultivated voice which Winston had the impression of having heard before, struck in: 'And by the way, while we are on the subject, "Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head"!''

Something crashed on to the bed behind Winston's back. The head of a ladder had been thrust through the window and had burst in the frame. Someone was climbing through the window. There was a stampede of boots up the stairs. The room was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands.

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

Either 29 How does Orwell make this such a powerful moment in the novel? **[20]**

Or 30 How does Orwell make O'Brien such a horrifying character? **[20]**

Section D

Answer NOT MORE THAN ONE question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Literary non-fiction post-1914		
<i>Pole to Pole</i> (Palin)	36–37	31–32
<i>Fever Pitch</i> (Hornby)	38–39	33–34

MICHAEL PALIN: *Pole to Pole*

31 (a)

Day 41: Odessa to Istanbul

But the strangest encounter is with the lovely Lyuba, proprietress of the bar. I had discovered that, up in the bows, the *Junost* sported a swimming-pool. All of six feet long and five feet wide, it is in fact nothing more than a large packing case with a tarpaulin draped inside to hold the water. Deep end and shallow end change places with each roll of the ship. It's hardly large enough for one fully-formed adult, so when I see Lyuba's neat but ample figure clambering down towards me I adopt an air of nonchalant British lounging, as if there's nothing more normal in the world than sharing a waterlogged packing case with a Russian barmaid. But Lyuba is in the box for some fun, and having told me that her name means 'Amore ... love' she splashes me with water and asks if I have a woman.

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'A wife ... yes,' I reply, as if the two things are quite incompatible.

'Is she engineer ... technician?'

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An image of Helen with the Black and Decker comes to mind, and as we splash around in our boxed fragment of the Black Sea, Lyuba and I fall into intimate conversation about schools, children and how we miss our families.

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(b)

Day 121: Bulawayo

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.

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'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.

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'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.'

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

Either 31 How does Palin's writing make his depiction of women so lively and interesting here? **[20]**

Or 32 How does Palin's writing make **TWO** incidents involving transport amusing and memorable for you? **[20]**

THE GREATEST MOMENT EVER
Liverpool v Arsenal 26.5.89

Richardson finally got up, ninety-two minutes gone now, and even managed a penalty-area tackle on John Barnes; then Lukic bowled the ball out to Dixon, Dixon on, inevitably, to Smith, a brilliant Smith flick-on ... and suddenly, in the last minute of the last game of the season, Thomas was through, on his own, with a chance to win the Championship for Arsenal. 'It's up for grabs now!' Brian Moore yelled; and even then I found that I was reining myself in, learning from recent lapses in hardened scepticism, thinking, well, at least we came close at the end there, instead of thinking, please Michael, please Michael, please put it in, please God let him score. And then he was turning a somersault, and I was flat out on the floor, and everybody in the living room jumped on top of me. Eighteen years, all forgotten in a second. 5
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What is the correct analogy for a moment like that? In Pete Davies's brilliant book about the 1990 World Cup, *All Played Out*, he notices that the players use sexual imagery when trying to explain what it feels like to score a goal. I can see that sometimes, for some of the more workaday transcendent moments. Smith's third goal in our 3–0 win against Liverpool in December 1990, for example, four days after we'd been beaten 6–2 at home by Manchester United – that felt pretty good, a perfect release to an hour of mounting excitement. And four or five years back, at Norwich, Arsenal scored four times in sixteen minutes after trailing for most of the game, a quarter of an hour which also had a kind of sexual otherworldliness to it. 15
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The trouble with the orgasm as metaphor here is that the orgasm, though obviously pleasurable, is familiar, repeatable (within a couple of hours if you've been eating your greens), and predictable, particularly for a man – if you're having sex then you know what's coming, as it were. Maybe if I hadn't made love for eighteen years, and had given up hope of doing so for another eighteen, and then suddenly, out of the blue, an opportunity presented itself ... maybe in these circumstances it would be possible to recreate an approximation of that Anfield moment. Even though there is no question that sex is a nicer activity than watching football (no nil-nil draws, no offside trap, no cup upsets *and* you're warm), in the normal run of things, the feelings it engenders are simply not as intense as those brought about by a once-in-a-lifetime last-minute Championship winner. 25
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None of the moments that people describe as the best in their lives seem analogous to me. Childbirth must be extraordinarily moving, but it doesn't really have the crucial surprise element, and in any case lasts too long; the fulfilment of personal ambition – promotions, awards, what have you – doesn't have the last-minute time factor, nor the element of powerlessness that I felt that night. And what else is there that can possibly provide the *suddenness*? A huge pools win, maybe, but the gaining of large sums of money affects a different part of the psyche altogether, and has none of the *communal* ecstasy of football. 35

There is then, literally, nothing to describe it. I have exhausted all the available options. I can recall nothing else that I have coveted for two decades (what else *is* there that can reasonably be coveted for that long?), nor can I recall anything else that I have desired as both man and boy. So please, be tolerant of those who describe a sporting moment as their best ever. We do not lack imagination, nor have we had sad and barren lives; it is just that real life is paler, duller, and contains less potential for unexpected delirium. 40
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NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

Either 33 How does Hornby's writing vividly convey his feelings in this passage? **[20]**

Or 34 Explore any **TWO** moments in the book when Hornby's writing makes people's behaviour seem particularly frightening.

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

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