

**GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION  
ENGLISH LITERATURE (Specification 1901)**

**2442/01**

**Scheme A**

Unit 2 Poetry and Prose Post-1914 (Foundation Tier)

Candidates answer on the Answer Booklet

**OCR Supplied Materials:**

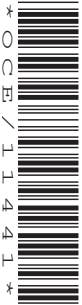
- 8 page Answer Booklet

**Other Materials Required:**

- This is an 'open book' paper. Texts should be taken into the examination. **They must not be annotated.**

**Tuesday 25 May 2010  
Morning**

**Duration: 1 hour 30 minutes**



**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

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

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

- The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
- All questions carry equal marks.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 4 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **46**.
- This document consists of **36** 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.

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>POETRY published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Lines</i>	6–9	1–6
MARKUS and JORDAN (ed): <i>Poems 2: Larkin and Fanthorpe</i>	10–12	7–9
HYDES (ed): <i>Touched with Fire</i>	14–16	10–12

1 (a)

*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

(b)

*Sometimes*

Sometimes things don't go, after all,  
 from bad to worse. Some years, muscadel  
 faces down frost; green thrives; the crops don't fail,  
 sometimes a man aims high, and all goes well.

A people sometimes will step back from war; 5  
 elect an honest man; decide they care  
 enough, that they can't leave some stranger poor.  
 Some men become what they were born for.

Sometimes our best efforts do not go 10  
 amiss; sometimes we do as we meant to.  
 The sun will sometimes melt a field of sorrow  
 that seemed hard frozen: may it happen for you.

Sheenagh Pugh

**Either 1** What do you find particularly moving about these two poems?

You should consider:

- what the poet writes about life, death and gravity (in *Defying Gravity*)
- what the poet writes about things sometimes turning out well (in *Sometimes*)
- the words and phrases each poet uses. [21]

**Or 2** What do you find striking about the portrayal of moments of happiness in *Wedding-Wind* (Larkin) and *In Your Mind* (Duffy)?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems. [21]

**Or 3** What criticisms of modern life do you think the poets are making in *A Consumer's Report* (Porter) and *I Am a Cameraman* (Dunn)?

You should consider:

- what Porter writes about life being a 'product' (in *A Consumer's Report*)
- what Dunn writes about film and real life (in *I Am a Cameraman*)
- the words and phrases each poet uses. [21]

4 (a)

*The Seed-Merchant's Son*

The Seed-Merchant has lost his son,  
His dear, his loved, his only one.

So young he was. Even now it seems  
He was a child with a child's dreams.

He would race over the meadow-bed  
With his bright, bright eyes and his cheeks all red. 5

Fair and healthy and long of limb:  
It made one young just to look at him.

His school books, into the cupboard thrust,  
Have scarcely had time to gather dust. 10

Died in the war ... And it seems his eyes  
Must have looked at death with a child's surprise.

The Seed-Merchant goes on his way:  
I saw him out on his land today;

Old to have fathered so young a son,  
And now the last glint of his youth is gone. 15

What could one say to him in his need?  
Little there seemed to say indeed.

So still he was that the birds flew round  
The grey of his head without a sound, 20

Careless and tranquil in the air,  
As if naught human were standing there.

Oh, never a soul could understand  
Why he looked at the earth, and the seed in his hand,

As he had never before seen seed or sod: 25  
I heard him murmur: 'Thank God, thank God!'

Agnes Grozier Herbertson



(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** 4 What feelings of sadness do these two poems memorably convey to you?  
Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems. [21]
- 
- Or** 5 What do you find particularly moving about the reactions of the women to the loss of their loved ones in *Reported Missing* (Keown) and *Perhaps* – (Brittain)?  
Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems. [21]
- Or** 6 What criticisms of the war do the poets powerfully convey to you in any **TWO** of the following poems?  
*Recruiting* (Mackintosh)  
*The Target* (Gurney)  
*The Bohemians* (Gurney)  
Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems. [21]

7 (a)

*Wild Oats*

About twenty years ago  
 Two girls came in where I worked –  
 A bosomy English rose  
 And her friend in specs I could talk to.  
 Faces in those days sparked 5  
 The whole shooting-match off, and I doubt  
 If ever one had like hers:  
 But it was the friend I took out,

And in seven years after that  
 Wrote over four hundred letters, 10  
 Gave a ten-guinea ring  
 I got back in the end, and met  
 At numerous cathedral cities  
 Unknown to the clergy. I believe  
 I met beautiful twice. She was trying 15  
 Both times (so I thought) not to laugh.

Parting, after about five  
 Rehearsals, was an agreement  
 That I was too selfish, withdrawn,  
 And easily bored to love. 20  
 Well, useful to get that learnt.  
 In my wallet are still two snaps  
 Of bosomy rose with fur gloves on.  
 Unlucky charms, perhaps.

Larkin

(b)

*Going Under*

I turn over pages, you say,  
Louder than any woman in Europe.

But reading's my specific for keeping  
Reality at bay; my lullaby.

You slip into sleep as fast  
And neat as a dipper.  
You lie there breathing, breathing.

5

My language is turn over  
Over and over again. I am a fish  
Netted on a giveaway mattress,  
Urgent to be out of the air.

10

Reading would help; or pills.  
But light would wake you from your resolute  
Progress through night.

The dreams waiting for me twitter and bleat.  
All the things I ever did wrong  
Queue by the bed in order of precedence,  
Worst last.

15

Exhausted by guilt, I nuzzle  
Your shoulder. Out lobs  
A casual, heavy arm. You anchor me  
In your own easy sound.

20

U. A. Fanthorpe

**Either** 7 What feelings about love do *Wild Oats* and *Going Under* vividly convey to you?

You should consider:

- the speaker and the girls in *Wild Oats*
- the speaker's worries in *Going Under*
- the words and phrases the poets use.

[21]

**Turn to page 12 for Questions 8 and 9.**

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

**Or 8** What feelings about people and places do **TWO** of the following poems convey to you?

*An Arundel Tomb* (Larkin)  
*Home Is So Sad* (Larkin)  
*Old Man, Old Man* (Fanthorpe)

Remember to refer to words and phrases from the poems in your answer. [21]

**Or 9** What powerful sympathies for people do the poets create in you in any **TWO** of the following poems?

*Toads* (Larkin)  
*Half-past Two* (Fanthorpe)  
*Casehistory: Alison (head injury)* (Fanthorpe)

Remember to refer to words and phrases from the poems in your answer. [21]

**Turn to page 14 for Question 10.**

10 (a)

*Mid-Term Break*

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

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

5

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

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

10

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

15

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

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

20

A four foot box, a foot for every year.

Heaney

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

(b)

*Digging*

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound  
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:  
My father, digging. I look down

5

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds  
Bends low, comes up twenty years away  
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills  
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft  
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.  
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep  
To scatter new potatoes that we picked  
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

10

By God, the old man could handle a spade.  
Just like his old man.

15

My grandfather cut more turf in a day  
Than any other man on Toner's bog.  
Once I carried him milk in a bottle  
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up  
To drink it, then fell to right away  
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods  
Over his shoulder, going down and down  
For the good turf. Digging.

20

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap  
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge  
Through living roots awaken in my head.  
But I've no spade to follow men like them.

25

Between my finger and my thumb  
The squat pen rests.  
I'll dig with it.

30

Heaney

**Either 10** What do you find particularly striking about Heaney's memories of his family in these two poems?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems.

[21]

Turn to page 16 for Questions 11 and 12.

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

- Or 11** What do you find memorable about the clashes of cultures portrayed in *Piano and Drums* (Okara) and *Our History* (Dipoko)?

Remember to refer closely to the words and phrases of the poems. **[21]**

- Or 12** What do you find striking about what people say in *Telephone Conversation* (Soyinka) and *In Westminster Abbey* (Betjeman)?

You should consider:

- what the would-be lodger and the landlady say (in *Telephone Conversation*)
- what the lady prays for (in *In Westminster Abbey*)
- the words and phrases the poets use. **[21]**



## SECTION B

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>PROSE published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	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	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	24–25	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	26–27	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)

*The Red Ball*

Suddenly the boy recognised his father in the cut-away trousers that came three-quarters of the way down his legs. 'I have to go,' he said hastily, and he ran up Frederick Street. As they turned into the gateway, his father took hold of his ear and tugged him close. 'I goin' to give you a cut-ass that you go remember so long as you live,' he said, as he led the boy to the back of the yard where an old carpenter had left hundreds of switches of sawn-off wood. The boy danced up and down as the lashes rained now on his feet, now on his back. His father shouted at him, 'It ain't have no thief in my family ... we never rob nobody a black cent.' The boy's mother hovered about, trying to catch the switch from his hand, and each time she caught it, he took another from the large pile that lay about on the ground.

5

'All right,' his mother said. 'Nobody ain't say that your family rob anybody ... why you don't leave the boy alone?' For each moment of defence from his mother, the boy got more stinging lashes on his legs.

10

'And where this boy learn to thief from ... where? Where he learnin' these *bad bad* habits from ... not from me!' his father said.

15

'Don't call the child a thief ... he is not a thief, he just take the money to buy something.'

'He is a thief ... thief,' his father insisted, and the switch whistled with each word.

'When I get through with him he never thief in he whole life again, he go remember what it mean to be a thief.' The boy's legs were marked with thin red welts from the lashes and he stopped jumping up and down from the switches now. His father, too, seemed tired, and now his mother took hold of the switch in his hand.

20

Khan

(b)

*Two Kinds*

She yanked me by the arm, pulled me off the floor, snapped off the TV. She was frighteningly strong, half pulling, half carrying me towards the piano as I kicked the throw rugs under my feet. She lifted me up and onto the hard bench. I was sobbing by now, looking at her bitterly. Her chest was heaving even more and her mouth was open, smiling crazily as if she were pleased I was crying.

5

'You want me to be someone that I'm not!' I sobbed. 'I'll never be the kind of daughter you want me to be!'

'Only two kinds of daughters,' she shouted in Chinese. 'Those who are obedient and those who follow their own mind! Only one kind of daughter can live in this house. Obedient daughter!'

10

'Then I wish I wasn't your daughter. I wish you weren't my mother,' I shouted. As I said these things I got scared. It felt like worms and toads and slimy things crawling out of my chest, but it also felt good, as if this awful side of me had surfaced, at last.

'Too late change this,' said my mother shrilly.

And I could sense her anger rising to its breaking point. I wanted to see it spill over. And that's when I remembered the babies she had lost in China, the ones we never talked about. 'Then I wish I'd never been born!' I shouted. 'I wish I were dead! Like them.'

15

It was as if I had said the magic words. Alakazam! – and her face went blank, her mouth closed, her arms went slack, and she backed out of the room, stunned, as if she were blowing away like a small brown leaf, thin, brittle, lifeless.

20

Tan

**Either 13** What makes the confrontations between parents and children here so disturbing for you?

Remember to refer to details from both extracts. [21]

---

**Or 14** What makes the portrayal of hardship so moving for you in *The Gold-Legged Frog* (Srinawak) and *The Pieces of Silver* (Sealy)?

Remember to refer closely to details from the stories. [21]

**Or 15** In some stories in this collection, events do not turn out how characters expected them to.

What makes these unexpected events memorable for you in any **TWO** of the following stories?

*Dead Men's Path* (Achebe)

*Games at Twilight* (Desai)

*The Train from Rhodesia* (Gordimer)

[21]

16 (a)

*Tickets, Please*

There is in the Midlands a single-line tramway system which boldly leaves the county town and plunges off into the black, industrial countryside, up hill and down dale, through the long ugly villages of workmen's houses, over canals and railways, past churches perched high and nobly over the smoke and shadows, through stark, grimy cold little market-places, tilting away in a rush past cinemas and shops down to the hollow where the collieries are, then up again, past a little rural church, under the ash trees, on a rush to the terminus, the last little ugly place of industry, the cold little town that shivers on the edge of the wild, gloomy country beyond. There the green and creamy coloured tram-car seems to pause and purr with curious satisfaction. But in a few minutes – the clock on the turret of the Cooperative Wholesale Society's Shops gives the time – away it starts once more on the adventure. Again there are the reckless swoops downhill, bouncing the loops: again the chilly wait in the hill-top market-place: again the breathless slithering round the precipitous drop under the church: again the patient halts at the loops, waiting for the outcoming car: so on and on, for two long hours, till at last the city looms beyond the fat gas-works, the narrow factories draw near, we are in the sordid streets of the great town, once more we sidle to a standstill at our terminus, abashed by the great crimson and cream-coloured city cars, but still perky, jaunty, somewhat dare-devil, green as a jaunty sprig of parsley out of a black colliery garden.

(b)

*The Shades of Spring*

Syson was extraordinarily glad. Like an uneasy spirit he had returned to the country of his past, and he found it waiting for him, unaltered. The hazel still spread glad little hands downwards, the bluebells here were still wan and few, among the lush grass and in shade of the bushes.

The path through the wood, on the very brow of a slope, ran winding easily for a time. All around were twiggy oaks, just issuing their gold, and floor spaces diapered with woodruff, with patches of dog-mercury and tufts of hyacinth. Two fallen trees still lay across the track. Syson jolted down a steep, rough slope, and came again upon the open land, this time looking north as through a great window in the wood. He stayed to gaze over the level fields of the hill-top, at the village which strewed the bare upland as if it had tumbled off the passing waggons of industry, and been forsaken. There was a stiff, modern, grey little church, and blocks and rows of red dwellings lying at random; at the back, the twinkling head-stocks of the pit, and the looming pit-hill. All was naked and out-of-doors, not a tree! It was quite unaltered.

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

- Either** 16 What do you find so memorable about the descriptions here of town (in *Tickets, Please*) and country (in *The Shades of Spring*)?

Remember to refer to details from both extracts. [21]

---

- Or** 17 What brings the relationship between teachers and pupils to life for you in *A Lesson on a Tortoise* and *Lessford's Rabbits*?

Remember to refer to details from the stories. [21]

- Or** 18 What do you think makes any **TWO** of the following relationships between men and women vivid?

Frances and Tom in *Second Best*

Nellie and Fred in *A Prelude*

Hilda and Syson in *The Shades of Spring*

[21]

J. G. BALLARD: *Empire of the Sun*

- 19** Jim returned to his Latin primer. At that moment an immense shadow crossed the assembly hall and raced along the ground towards the perimeter fence. A tornado of noise filled the air, from which emerged a single-engined fighter with silver fuselage and the Stars-and-Bars insignia of the US Air Force. Only thirty feet above Jim's head, the Mustang's wings were broader than the assembly hall. The fuselage was stained with rust and oil, but its powerful engine had the smooth drive of his father's Packard. The Mustang crossed the perimeter fence and hurtled along the concrete runway of the airfield, the height of a man's head above the deck. In its wake a whirlwind of leaves and dust boiled from the ground. 5
- Around the airfield the anti-aircraft guns turned towards the camp. The tiers of Lunghua Pagoda crackled with light like the Christmas tree display outside the Sincere Company department store in Shanghai. Undeterred, the Mustang flew straight towards the flak tower, the noise of its guns drowned in the blare of another Mustang that swept across the paddy fields to the west of the camp. A third plane came in behind it, so low that Jim was looking down at the cockpit. He could see the pilots, and the insignia on their fuselages blackened by oil spraying from the engine exhausts. Two more Mustangs overflew the camp, and the wash from their engines tore the corrugated iron sheets from the roof of the barrack hut beside G Block. Half a mile to the east, between Lunghua Camp and the river, a second wing of American fighters swept in from the sea, so close to their own shadows on the empty paddy fields that they were hidden behind the lines of grave mounds. They rose as they crossed the perimeter of the airfield, then dived again to fire at the Japanese aircraft parked beside the hangars. 10
- Anti-aircraft shells burst above the camp, their shadows pulsing like heartbeats on the white earth. A shell exploded in a searing flash above the assembly hall, stunning the air. Dust cascaded from the concrete roof and poured on to Jim's shoulders. Waving his Latin primer, Jim counted the dozens of shellbursts. Did the Mustang pilots realize that Basie and the American merchant seamen were imprisoned at Lunghua Camp? Whenever they attacked the airfield the fighter pilots hid until the last moment behind the three-storey dormitory blocks, even though this drew Japanese fire on to the camp and had killed several of the prisoners. 15
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**Either 19** What do you think makes this such an exciting and dramatic moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the attack by the planes
- what Jim sees and hears
- the words and phrases Ballard uses.

[21]

**Or 20** What do you think makes Dr Ransome such a good friend to Jim?

Remember to refer closely to details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 21** What makes the conditions in Lunghua Camp so vivid for you?

[21]

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**Turn to page 24 for Question 22.**

22

Okonkwo sat in his *obi* crunching happily with Ikemefuna and Nwoye, and drinking palm-wine copiously, when Ogbuefi Ezeudu came in. Ezeudu was the oldest man in this quarter of Umuofia. He had been a great and fearless warrior in his time, and was now accorded great respect in all the clan. He refused to join in the meal, and asked Okonkwo to have a word with him outside. And so they walked out together, the old man supporting himself with his stick. When they were out of ear-shot, he said to Okonkwo:

5

“That boy calls you father. Do not bear a hand in his death.” Okonkwo was surprised, and was about to say something when the old man continued:

“Yes, Umuofia has decided to kill him. The Oracle of the Hills and the Caves has pronounced it. They will take him outside Umuofia as is the custom, and kill him there. But I want you to have nothing to do with it. He calls you his father.”

10

The next day a group of elders from all the nine villages of Umuofia came to Okonkwo’s house early in the morning, and before they began to speak in low tones Nwoye and Ikemefuna were sent out. They did not stay very long, but when they went away Okonkwo sat still for a very long time supporting his chin in his palms. Later in the day he called Ikemefuna and told him that he was to be taken home the next day. Nwoye overheard it and burst into tears, whereupon his father beat him heavily. As for Ikemefuna, he was at a loss. His own home had gradually become very faint and distant. He still missed his mother and his sister and would be very glad to see them. But somehow he knew he was not going to see them. He remembered once when men had talked in low tones with his father; and it seemed now as if it was happening all over again.

15

Later, Nwoye went to his mother’s hut and told her that Ikemefuna was going home. She immediately dropped the pestle with which she was grinding pepper, folded her arms across her breast and sighed, “Poor child”.

25

The next day, the men returned with a pot of wine. They were all fully dressed as if they were going to a big clan meeting or to pay a visit to a neighbouring village. They passed their cloths under the right arm-pit, and hung their goatskin bags and sheathed matchets over their left shoulders. Okonkwo got ready quickly and the party set out with Ikemefuna carrying the pot of wine. A deathly silence descended on Okonkwo’s compound. Even the very little children seemed to know. Throughout the day Nwoye sat in his mother’s hut and tears stood in his eyes.

30

At the beginning of their journey the men of Umuofia talked and laughed about the locusts, about their women, and about some effeminate men who had refused to come with them. But as they drew near to the outskirts of Umuofia silence fell upon them too.

35

The sun rose slowly to the centre of the sky, and the dry, sandy footway began to throw up the heat that lay buried in it. Some birds chirruped in the forests around. The men trod dry leaves on the sand. All else was silent. Then from the silence came the faint beating of the *ekwe*. It rose and faded with the wind—a peaceful dance from a distant clan.

40



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

- Either 22** What are your feelings as you read this extract leading up to the death of Ikemefuna?
- You should consider:
- what Ezeudu says
  - the reactions of Okonkwo and his family
  - the words and phrases Achebe uses. **[21]**
- 
- Or 23** What do you think makes Ekwefi and Ezinma's relationship with each other so moving?
- Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[21]**
- Or 24** What are your thoughts about the ways in which the white men behave in Umuofia?
- Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[21]**

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

25

He was happy feeling the gentle pulling and then he felt something hard and unbelievably heavy. It was the weight of the fish and he let the line slip down, down, down, unrolling off the first of the two reserve coils. As it went down, slipping lightly through the old man's fingers, he still could feel the great weight, though the pressure of his thumb and finger were almost imperceptible.

5

'What a fish,' he said. 'He has it sideways in his mouth now and he is moving off with it.'

Then he will turn and swallow it, he thought. He did not say that because he knew that if you said a good thing it might not happen. He knew what a huge fish this was and he thought of him moving away in the darkness with the tuna held crosswise in his mouth. At that moment he felt him stop moving but the weight was still there. Then the weight increased and he gave more line. He tightened the pressure of his thumb and finger for a moment and the weight increased and was going straight down.

10

'He's taken it,' he said. 'Now I'll let him eat it well.'

15

He let the line slip through his fingers while he reached down with his left hand and made fast the free end of the two reserve coils of the next line. Now he was ready. He had three forty-fathom coils of line in reserve now, as well as the coil he was using.

'Eat it a little more,' he said. 'Eat it well.'

20

Eat it so that the point of the hook goes into your heart and kills you, he thought. Come up easy and let me put the harpoon into you. All right. Are you ready? Have you been long enough at table?

'Now!' he said aloud and struck hard with both hands, gained a yard of line and then struck again and again, swinging with each arm alternately on the cord with all the strength of his arms and the pivoted weight of his body.

25

Nothing happened. The fish just moved away slowly and the old man could not raise him an inch. His line was strong and made for heavy fish and he held it against his back until it was so taut that beads of water were jumping from it. Then it began to make a slow hissing sound in the water and he still held it, bracing himself against the thwart and leaning back against the pull. The boat began to move slowly off towards the north-west.

30

The fish moved steadily and they travelled slowly on the calm water. The other baits were still in the water but there was nothing to be done.

'I wish I had the boy,' the old man said aloud. 'I'm being towed by a fish and I'm the towing bitt. I could make the line fast. But then he could break it. I must hold him all I can and give him line when he must have it. Thank God he is travelling and not going down.'

35

What I will do if he decides to go down, I don't know. What I'll do if he sounds and dies I don't know. But I'll do something. There are plenty of things I can do.

40

He held the line against his back and watched it slant in the water and the skiff moving steadily to the north-west.

This will kill him, the old man thought. He can't do this for ever. But four hours later the fish was still swimming steadily out to sea, towing the skiff, and the old man was still braced solidly with the line across his back.

45

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea* (Cont.)

**Either 25** What do you find so exciting about this moment in the novel?

You should consider:

- the movements of the fish
- what the old man thinks and says
- the words and phrases Hemingway uses here.

[21]

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**Or 26** “I will show him what a man can do and what a man can endure.”

What does *The Old Man and the Sea* tell you about what a man can do and endure?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 27** What, in your view, makes the old man so different from the other members of the Cuban community in *The Old Man and the Sea*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

28

The prisoners sat very still, their hands crossed on their knees. The chinless man climbed back into his place. Down one side of his face the flesh was darkening. His mouth had swollen into a shapeless cherry-coloured mass with a black hole in the middle of it. From time to time a little blood dripped onto the breast of his overalls. His grey eyes still flitted from face to face, more guiltily than ever, as though he were trying to discover how much the others despised him for his humiliation.

5

The door opened. With a small gesture the officer indicated the skull-faced man.

“Room 101,” he said.

There was a gasp and a flurry at Winston’s side. The man had actually flung himself on his knees on the floor, with his hands clasped together.

10

“Comrade! Officer!” he cried. “You don’t have to take me to that place! Haven’t I told you everything already? What else is it you want to know? There’s nothing I wouldn’t confess, nothing! Just tell me what it is and I’ll confess it straight off. Write it down and I’ll sign it—anything! Not Room 101!”

15

“Room 101,” said the officer.

The man’s face, already very pale, turned a colour Winston would not have believed possible. It was definitely, unmistakably, a shade of green.

“Do anything to me!” he yelled. “You’ve been starving me for weeks. Finish it off and let me die. Shoot me. Hang me. Sentence me to twenty-five years. Is there somebody else you want me to give away? Just say who it is and I’ll tell you anything you want. I don’t care who it is or what you do to them. I’ve got a wife and three children. The biggest of them isn’t six years old. You can take the whole lot of them and cut their throats in front of my eyes, and I’ll stand by and watch it. But not Room 101!”

20

25

“Room 101,” said the officer.

The man looked frantically round at the other prisoners, as though with some idea that he could put another victim in his own place. His eyes settled on the smashed face of the chinless man. He flung out a lean arm.

“That’s the one you ought to be taking, not me!” he shouted. “You didn’t hear what he was saying after they bashed his face. Give me a chance and I’ll tell you every word of it. *He’s* the one that’s against the Party, not me.” The guards stepped forward. The man’s voice rose to a shriek. “You didn’t hear him!” he repeated. “Something went wrong with the telescreen. *He’s* the one you want. Take him, not me!”

30

35

The two sturdy guards had stooped to take him by the arms. But just at this moment he flung himself across the floor of the cell and grabbed one of the iron legs that supported the bench. He had set up a wordless howling, like an animal. The guards took hold of him to wrench him loose, but he clung on with astonishing strength. For perhaps twenty seconds they were hauling at him. The prisoners sat quiet, their hands crossed on their knees, looking straight in front of them. The howling stopped; the man had no breath left for anything except hanging on. Then there was a different kind of cry. A kick from a guard’s boot had broken the fingers of one of his hands. They dragged him to his feet.

40

“Room 101,” said the officer.

45

The man was led out, walking unsteadily, with head sunken, nursing his crushed hand, all the fight gone out of him.

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

**Either 28** What do you find so horrifying about this extract?

You should consider:

- what the skull-faced man says and does
- what the guards do
- the words and phrases Orwell uses.

[21]

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**Or 29** What do you think makes Winston's relationship with Julia so important in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

**Or 30** What do you find particularly horrifying about the Party and its methods in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel.

[21]

31 (a)

*Stone Trees*

Sweetie, do you remember the *smell* of that house? In Cambridge? And again in Sacramento? She liked it you know. She left dishes for a week and food bits and old knickers and tights in rolls on the mantelpiece and said, 'There are things more important.' Under the burning ethic there was you know something very desperate about Anna. Tom didn't notice her. Day after day and I'd guess night after night. He sat in the rocking chair and glared at God. And meeting them again just the same, in Sacramento, you looked at the crucifix and the oar and at me, your eyes like the first time we met because there we both remembered the first time, long ago. Remembering that was a short return to each other because by then, by America, I knew that you were one I'd never have to myself because wherever you were or went folk turned and smiled at you and loved you. Well, I'd known always. I didn't face it at first, that one woman would never be enough for you and that if I moved in with you you would soon move on.

5

Everyone wanted you. When we got married there was a general sense of comedy and the sense of my extraordinary and very temporary luck.

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15

It is not right or dignified to love so much. To let a man rule so much. It is obsession and not love, a mental illness not a life. And of course, with marriage came the quarrelling and pain because I knew there were so many others, and you not coming home, and teasing when you did and saying that there was only me but of course I knew it was not so because of – cheap and trite things like – the smell of scent. It was worst just before the Robertsons went away.

20

Gardam

(b)

*Weekend*

'I wish *you'd* wear scent,' said Martin to Martha, reproachfully. Katie wore lots. Martha never seemed to have time to put any on, though Martin bought her bottle after bottle. Martha leaped out of bed each morning to meet some emergency – miaowing cat, coughing child, faulty alarm clock, postman's knock – when was Martha to put on scent? It annoyed Martin all the same. She ought to do more to charm him.

5

Colin looked handsome and harrowed and younger than Martin, though they were much the same age. 'Youth's catching,' said Martin in bed that night. 'It's since he found Katie.' Found, like some treasure. Discovered; something exciting and wonderful, in the dreary world of established spouses.

Weldon

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

**Either 31** What do you find so striking about the relationships between husbands and wives in these two extracts?

You should consider:

- what the wife says to her husband in *Stone Trees*
- what she says about Tom and Anna
- Martha's thoughts in *Weekend*
- the words and phrases the writers use.

[21]

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**Or 32** What do you find so unkind about any **TWO** of the following?

- The way Alison treats Millicent in *The New People* (Tremain)
- The way Mrs Burton treats Addy in *Addy* (Blackwood)
- The way Rudi treats Faith in *Another Survivor* (Fainlight)

[21]

**Or 33** What do you find so moving about the way the writers portray as outsiders any **TWO** of the following characters?

Mabel in *Savages* (O'Brien)

Sally in *Nothing Missing But the Samovar* (Lively)

The man in *The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station* (Harris)

[21]





## SECTION C

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

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

Each balloon can carry a dozen people and an apprehensive mixture of English and Americans is gathered in the half-light. I feel a sharp sting at the back of my leg, and turning to scratch, I notice that everyone else is doing the same thing.

'Safari ants,' says an Englishman cheerfully. 'Touch them and they bite.'

As a large number of them are halfway up my trouser leg and the ground is full of reinforcements this isn't particularly helpful, and trying to extricate myself from them is like a coping with a series of very light electric shocks.

Eventually the towering balloons are ready and we climb into our baskets. Each one is traditional, made of wood and cane, and divided into partitions, so once inside we must look a little like milk-bottles in a crate. Most of my co-passengers are American but the pilot is very British.

'My name is John Coleman and I'm your pilot this morning. As you can see I have three stripes on my epaulette – one for each laundry.'

He keeps up a steady stream of such observations as we rise slowly into the sky above the murky treescape below.

'If you feel a little frightened, don't worry. I get scared whenever I fly. Chicken in the basket.'

The Americans are a bit bewildered by all this and also a little disappointed at the lack of wildlife talent this soggy morning.

Still, they point in hope.

'Hey, look at that bird!', 'Look down there, there's one of those things ...'

As John Coleman steers us along the tops of the trees, we learn from him that the hippos who keep us awake at night are amongst 2500 in the reserve, that the lungfish survives in the ox-bow lakes of the Mara river by burying itself in the mud during the long dry season and re-emerging when the rains come, and that elephants can drop their blood temperature eleven degrees just by flapping their ears.

Coleman takes the balloon down until we are almost on the ground, slowly skimming the surface at animal height, but not having found much he climbs swiftly to 1500 feet. He makes it all look very easy, but as he says, this is good ballooning country, no power cables or barbed-wire fences to worry about and a climate good enough for 350-days-a-year operation. The only danger is of straying across into Tanzania and having to put down there. It's easily done and recently a balloon safari was arrested and held by the Tanzanians for illegal entry.

The landing is a bit of a drag and a bump, but not uncomfortable, and we find ourselves within cork's distance of another Masai Mara champagne breakfast. Our glasses of pink champagne match the legs of a randy male ostrich racing about in the distance, but otherwise our bacon, egg, sausage, mushroom and croissant 'kill' is observed only by a yellow-bearded kite, a predator kept from the long, low breakfast-table by a line of spears.

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

**Either 34** What makes this account of a balloon ride over the Masai Mara so entertaining for you?

Remember to refer closely to the extract.

[21]

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**Or 35** What do you find memorable about the way Palin describes **TWO** unusual customs he encounters on his journey?

You might choose customs such as:

- the exchange of gifts at Novgorod on Day 32
- the Cypriot wedding on Day 49

or any other custom.

[21]

**Or 36** What do you find vivid about Palin's discomfort in hotels on Days 77 and 103?

Remember to refer closely to details from the text.

[21]

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch*

37

*From NW3 To N17 Tottenham v Arsenal 4.3.87*

I usually hate games between Arsenal and Tottenham, especially the away games, when the hostile territory brings out the very worst in the Arsenal fans, and I have stopped going to White Hart Lane now. 'I hope your wife dies of cancer, Roberts,' a man behind me shouted a few years back. And in September 1987, just before David Pleat was forced to resign his position as Tottenham manager, but just after unsavoury allegations about his personal life had appeared in the tabloids, I sat among several thousand people roaring 'Sex case! Sex case! HANG HIM HANG HIM HANG HIM!', and felt, perhaps understandably, that I was much too delicate a soul for this sort of entertainment; the blow-up dolls being tossed around merrily at our end, and the hundreds of pairs of amusing breast spectacles that were *de rigueur* for the committed Arsenal fan that afternoon, hardly helped to make the sensitive liberal feel any more at ease. And in 1989, when Spurs beat us at White Hart Lane for the first time for four years, there was an awful and disturbing ugliness in the Arsenal end after the final whistle, and seats were broken, and that was enough for me. The anti-Semitic chanting, even though Arsenal have just as many Jewish fans as Tottenham, is obscene and unforgivable, and over the last few years the rivalry between the two sets of fans has become intolerably hateful. 5

A cup-tie is different, however. The older season-ticket holders, those who hate Tottenham, but not with the drooling and violent rage of some of the twenty and thirtysomethings, are sufficiently motivated to travel, and so some of the bile is diluted. And the result, and the football, matters more than it does in many of the League games between Arsenal and Spurs, who for most seasons over the last twenty or thirty years have found themselves in mid-table, and consequently there is some sort of a focus for the aggression. Paradoxically, when the game means something then the identity of the opponents signifies less. 10 15 20 25

**Either 37** What vivid impressions of football fans does this extract convey to you?

You should consider:

- what fans say and do here
- how cup-ties are different
- the words and phrases Hornby uses.

[21]

**Or 38** What do you think makes the two words *Fever Pitch* such an appropriate title for Hornby's book?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the book.

[21]

**Or 39** What do you find in the section *THE GREATEST MOMENT EVER* that makes this the greatest moment ever for Hornby?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the book.

[21]

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