

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

**2442/02****Scheme A**

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

Candidates answer on the answer booklet.

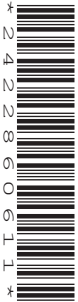
**OCR supplied materials:**

- 8 page answer booklet (sent with general stationery)

**Other materials required:**

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

**Tuesday 24 May 2011  
Morning**

**Duration:** 1 hour 30 minutes**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Write your name, centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer booklet. Please write clearly and in capital letters.
- Use black ink.
- Read each question carefully. Make sure 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.
- You will be awarded marks for Written Communication (spelling, punctuation, grammar). This is worth 6 extra marks for the whole paper.
- The total number of marks for this paper is **66**.
- This document consists of **40** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

**INSTRUCTION TO EXAMS OFFICER/INVIGILATOR**

- Do not send this question paper for marking; it should be retained in the centre or destroyed.



**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)

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**SECTION B – Prose Post-1914**

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

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

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

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## 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)

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

Don Paterson

**Either 1** Explore the differing ways in which the poets powerfully portray death in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or 2** Explore the differing ways by which the poets make the speakers' views so disturbing in *Mort aux Chats* (Porter) and *Rat, O Rat ...* (Logue). **[30]**

**Or 3** Compare how the poets suggest to you that there may be more than one way of looking at life, in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Judging Distances* (Reed)  
*Sometimes* (Pugh)  
*Engineers' Corner* (Cope).

**[30]**

4 (a)

*Spring in War-Time*

Now the sprinkled blackthorn snow  
 Lies along the lovers' lane  
 Where last year we used to go –  
 Where we shall not go again.

In the hedge the buds are new, 5  
 By our wood the violets peer –  
 Just like last year's violets, too,  
 But they have no scent this year.

Every bird has heart to sing 10  
 Of its nest, warmed by its breast;  
 We had heart to sing last spring,  
 But we never built our nest.

Presently red roses blown 15  
 Will make all the garden gay ...  
 Not yet have the daisies grown  
 On your clay.

Edith Nesbit



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

(b)

*Perhaps –*

*(To R. A. L. Died of Wounds in France, December 23rd, 1915)*

Perhaps some day the sun will shine again,  
And I shall see that still the skies are blue,  
And feel once more I do not live in vain,  
Although bereft of You.

Perhaps the golden meadows at my feet  
Will make the sunny hours of Spring seem gay,  
And I shall find the white May blossoms sweet,  
Though You have passed away.

5

Perhaps the summer woods will shimmer bright,  
And crimson roses once again be fair,  
And autumn harvest fields a rich delight,  
Although You are not there.

10

Perhaps some day I shall not shrink in pain  
To see the passing of the dying year,  
And listen to the Christmas songs again,  
Although You cannot hear.

15

But, though kind Time may many joys renew,  
There is one greatest joy I shall not know  
Again, because my heart for loss of You  
Was broken, long ago.

20

Vera Brittain

**Either** 4 Explore the differing ways in which the poets movingly portray contrasts between past, present and future in these two poems. **[30]**

**Or** 5 Compare the ways in which the poets memorably convey thoughts and feelings about the dead in *The Falling Leaves* (Cole) and *In Flanders Fields* (McCrae). **[30]**

**Or** 6 Compare the ways in which the poets movingly convey their sympathy for the soldiers in any **TWO** of the following:

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

**[30]**

7 (a)

*Annus Mirabilis*

Sexual intercourse began  
In nineteen sixty-three  
(Which was rather late for me) –  
Between the end of the *Chatterley* ban  
And the Beatles' first LP. 5

Up till then there'd only been  
A sort of bargaining,  
A wrangle for a ring,  
A shame that started at sixteen  
And spread to everything. 10

Then all at once the quarrel sank:  
Everyone felt the same,  
And every life became  
A brilliant breaking of the bank,  
A quite unlosable game. 15

So life was never better than  
In nineteen sixty-three  
(Though just too late for me) –  
Between the end of the *Chatterley* ban  
And the Beatles' first LP. 20

Philip Larkin

(b)

*Reports*

*Has made a sound beginning*  
 Strikes the right note:  
 Encouraging, but dull.  
 Don't give them anything  
 To take hold of. Even 5  
 Pronouns are dangerous.

The good have no history,  
 So don't bother. *Satisfactory*  
 Should satisfy them.

*Fair and Quite good,* 10  
 Multi-purpose terms,  
 By meaning nothing,  
 Apply to all.  
 Feel free to deploy them.

Be on your guard; 15  
*Unmanageable oaf* cuts both ways.  
*Finds the subject difficult,*  
 Acquitting you, converts  
 Oaf into idiot, usher to master.

Parent, child, head, 20  
 Unholy trinity, will read  
 Your scripture backwards.  
 Set them no riddles, just  
 Echo the common-room cliché:  
*Must make more effort.* 25

Remember your high calling:  
 School is the world.  
 Born at *Sound beginning*,  
 We move from *Satisfactory*  
 To *Fair*, then *Find* 30  
*The subject difficult*,  
 Learning at last we  
*Could have done better.*

Stone only, final instructor,  
 Modulates from the indicative 35  
 With *Rest in peace.*

U. A. Fanthorpe

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

**Either** 7 Compare some of the ways in which the poets make these two poems so amusing. [30]

---

**Or** 8 Compare some of the ways in which Fanthorpe makes hospital patients seem so unusual and fascinating in *After Visiting Hours* and *Patients*. [30]

**Or** 9 Compare some of the ways in which the poets make the speakers' views of themselves so intriguing in any **TWO** of the following poems:

*Reasons for Attendance* (Larkin)

*Wild Oats* (Larkin)

*Growing Up* (Fanthorpe)

*Going Under* (Fanthorpe).

[30]

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

HYDES (ed): *Touched with Fire*

10 (a)

*Mushrooms*

Overnight, very  
Whitely, discreetly,  
Very quietly

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

5

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

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

10

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

15

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

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

20

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

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

25

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

30

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

Sylvia Plath

(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

Seamus Heaney

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

- Either 10** Explore the differing ways in which the poets here use vivid imagery to convey action and strength. **[30]**
- 
- Or 11** Explore the differing ways in which the poets memorably convey pity for innocent sufferers in *Refugee Mother and Child* (Achebe) and *Our History* (Dipoko). **[30]**
- Or 12** Compare the ways in which the poets memorably portray the thoughts and feelings of children in *Mid-Term Break* (Heaney) and *Nursery Rhyme of Innocence and Experience* (Causley). **[30]**



## SECTION B

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

	<b>Pages</b>	<b>Questions</b>
<b>PROSE published post-1914</b>		
OCR: <i>Opening Worlds</i>	18–19	13–15
D. H. LAWRENCE: <i>Ten Short Stories</i> (ed. Whittle and Blatchford)	20–21	16–18
J. G. BALLARD: <i>Empire of the Sun</i>	22–23	19–21
CHINUA ACHEBE: <i>Things Fall Apart</i>	24–25	22–24
ERNEST HEMINGWAY: <i>The Old Man and The Sea</i>	26–27	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)

*Games at Twilight*

They faced the afternoon. It was too hot. Too bright. The white walls of the veranda glared stridently in the sun. The bougainvillea hung about it, purple and magenta, in livid balloons. The garden outside was like a tray made of beaten brass, flattened out on the red gravel and the stony soil in all shades of metal – aluminium, tin, copper and brass. No life stirred at this arid time of day – the birds still drooped, like dead fruit, in the papery tents of the trees; some squirrels lay limp on the wet earth under the garden tap. The outdoor dog lay stretched as if dead on the veranda mat, his paws and ears and tail all reaching out like dying travellers in search of water. He rolled his eyes at the children – two white marbles rolling in the purple sockets, begging for sympathy – and attempted to lift his tail in a wag but could not. It only twitched and lay still.

5

10

Anita Desai

(b)

*The Gold-Legged Frog*

The sun blazed as if determined to burn every living thing in the broad fields to a crisp. Now and again the tall, straight, isolated *sabang* and shorea trees let go of some of their dirty yellow leaves. He sat exhausted against a tree trunk, his dark blue shirt wet with sweat. The expanse round him expressed total dryness. He stared at the tufts of dull grass and bits of straw spinning in a column to the sky. The whirlwind sucked brown earth up into the air casting a dark pall over everything. He recalled the old people had told him this was the portent of drought, want, disaster, and death, and he was afraid. He was now anxious to get home; he could already see the tips of the bamboo thickets surrounding the house far ahead like blades of grass. But he hesitated. A moment before reaching the shade of the tree he felt his ears buzz and his eyes blur and knew it meant giddiness and sunstroke. He looked at the soles of his feet blistered from the burning sandy ground and became indescribably angry – angry at the weather capable of such endless torture. In the morning the cold had pierced his bones, but now it was so hot he felt his head would break into pieces. As he recalled the biting cold of the morning, he thought again of his little son.

5

10

15

Khamsing Srinawk

OCR: *Opening Worlds* (Cont.)

**Either 13** Explore the ways in which the writers here vividly convey to you the unpleasantness of a hot climate. **[30]**

---

**Or 14** In what ways do the writers make money such an important theme in *The Red Ball* (Khan) and *The Pieces of Silver* (Sealy)? **[30]**

**Or 15** In what ways do the writers bring alive for you a conflict between tradition and modern ways in any **TWO** of the following stories?

*Dead Men's Path* (Achebe)  
*Snapshots of a Wedding* (Head)  
*The Young Couple* (Jhabvala)

**[30]**

## 16 (a)

*Her Turn*

He never came in drunk. Having taken off his coat and his cap, he sat down to supper in his shirt-sleeves. Do as he might, she was fascinated by him. He had a strong neck, with the crisp hair growing low. Let her be angry as she would, yet she had a passion for that neck of his, particularly when she saw the great vein rib under the skin. 5

'I think, missis,' he said, 'I'd rather ha'e a smite o' cheese than this meat.'

'Well, can't you get it yourself?'

'Yi, surely I can,' he said, and went out to the pantry.

'I think if yer comin' in at this time of night you can wait on yourself,' she justified herself. 10

She moved uneasily in her chair. There were several jam tarts alongside the cheese on the dish he brought.

'Yi, Missis, them tan-tafflins 'll go down very nicely,' he said.

'Oh, will they! Then you'd better help to pay for them,' she said, suavely.

'Now what art after?' 15

'What am I after? Why, can't you think?' she said sarcastically.

'I'm not for thinkin,' this hour, Missis.'

'No, I know you're not. But wheer's my money? You've been paid th' Union to-day. Wheer do I come in?' 20

'Tha's got money, an' tha mun use it.'

'Thank yer. An' 'aven't you none, as well?'

'I hadna, not till we was paid, not a ha'ep'ny.'

'Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say so.'

'Appen so!'

'We'll go shares wi' th' Union money,' she said. 'That's nothing but what's right.' 25

'We shonna. Tha's got plenty o' money as tha can use.'

'Oh, all right,' she cried. 'I will do.'

She went to bed. It made her feel sharp that she could not get at him.

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

(b)

*Second Best*

'You wouldn't have to give yon mole many knocks like that,' he teased, relieved to get on safe ground, rubbing his arm.

'No indeed, it died in one blow,' said Frances, with a flippancy that was hateful to her.

'You're not so good at knockin' 'em?' he said, turning to her. 5

'I don't know, if I'm cross,' she said decisively.

'No?' he replied, with alert attentiveness.

'I could,' she added, harder, 'if it was necessary.'

He was slow to feel her difference.

'And don't you consider it *is* necessary?' he asked, with misgiving. 10

'W – ell – is it?' she said, looking at him steadily, coldly.

'I reckon it is,' he replied, looking away, but standing stubborn.

She laughed quickly.

'But it isn't necessary for *me*,' she said, with slight contempt.

'Yes, that's quite true,' he answered. 15

She laughed in a shaky fashion.

'*I know it is*,' she said; and there was an awkward pause.

'Why, would you *like* me to kill moles then?' she asked tentatively, after a while.

'They do us a lot of damage,' he said, standing firm on his own ground, 20  
angered.

'Well, I'll see the next time I come across one,' she promised, defiantly. Their eyes met, and she sank before him, her pride troubled. He felt uneasy and triumphant and baffled, as if fate had gripped him. She smiled as she departed.

'Well,' said Anne, as the sisters went through the wheat stubble; 'I don't know 25  
what you two's been jawing about, I'm sure.'

'Don't you?' laughed Frances significantly.

**Either** 16 Explore the ways in which Lawrence strikingly portrays arguments between men and women in these two extracts. [30]

**Or** 17 Explore the ways in which Lawrence's writing vividly portrays the confrontations between teachers and pupils in *A Lesson on a Tortoise* and *Lessford's Rabbits*. [30]

**Or** 18 In what ways does Lawrence bring alive for you the mothers in any **TWO** of the following stories?

*Rex*

*A Prelude*

*The Lovely Lady* [30]

19 Were they lost? For an hour, as they trundled through the industrial suburbs of northern Shanghai, Jim gripped the wooden bar behind the driving cabin, his head filled with a dozen compass bearings. He grinned to himself, forgetting his illness and the desperate weeks in the open-air cinema. His knees ached from the constant swaying, and at times he had to hold on to the leather belt of the Japanese soldier beside him. But at last he was moving towards the open countryside, and the welcoming world of the prison camps. 5

The endless streets of Chapei ran past, an area of tenements and derelict cotton mills, police barracks and shanty towns built on the banks of black canals. They drove below the overhead conveyors of a steel works decorated with dragon-festival hoardings, dreams of fire conjured from its silent furnaces. Shuttered pawnshops stood outside the abandoned radio and cigarette factories, and platoons of Chinese puppet troops patrolled the Del Monte brewery and the Dodge truck depot. Jim had never been to Chapei. Before the war a small English boy would have been killed for his shoes within minutes. Now he was safe, guarded by the Japanese soldiers – he laughed over this so much that the Dutch woman reached out a hand to calm him. 10 15

But Jim relished the foetid air, the smell of human fertilizer from the open sewage congs that signalled the approach of the countryside. Even the driver's hostility failed to worry him. Whenever they stopped at a military check-point the driver would put his head out of the cabin and wave a warning finger at Jim, as if this eleven-year-old prisoner was responsible for the absurd expedition. 20

Watching the sun's angle, as he had done for hours in the detention centre, Jim made certain that they were moving north. They passed the ruins of the Chapei ceramic works, its kilns shaped like the German forts at Tsingtao. Its trademark stood beside the gates, a Chinese teapot three storeys high built entirely from green bricks. During the Sino-Japanese War of 1937 it had been holed by shell-fire, and now resembled a punctured globe of the earth. Thousands of the bricks had migrated across the surrounding fields to the villages beside the works canal, incorporated in the huts and dwellings, a vision of a magical rural China. 25

These strange dislocations appealed to Jim. For the first time he felt able to enjoy the war. He gazed happily at the burnt-out trams and tenement blocks, at the thousands of doors open to the clouds, a deserted city invaded by the sky. It only disappointed him that his fellow prisoners failed to share his excitement. They sat glumly on the benches, staring at their feet. 30

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

**Either 19** 'For the first time he felt able to enjoy the war.'

In what ways does Ballard's writing here portray why Jim is enjoying the war? [30]

---

**Or 20** Explore the ways in which Ballard vividly portrays the relationship between Jim and the Vincents at Lunghua Camp. [30]

**Or 21** In Chapter 22 Jim says 'the best teacher is the university of life.'

In what ways does Ballard's writing persuade you that Lunghua Camp is 'the university of life' for Jim? [30]

22

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.

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 distance came the faint beating of the *ekwe*. It rose and faded with the wind—a peaceful dance from a distant clan. 5

“It is an *ozo* dance,” the men said among themselves. But no one was sure where it was coming from. Some said Ezimili, others Abame or Aninta. They argued for a short while and fell into silence again, and the elusive dance rose and fell with the wind. Somewhere a man was taking one of the titles of his clan, with music and dancing and a great feast. 10

The footway had now become a narrow line in the heart of the forest. The short trees and sparse undergrowth which surrounded the men’s village began to give way to giant trees and climbers which perhaps had stood from the beginning of things, untouched by the axe and the bushfire. The sun breaking through their leaves and branches threw a pattern of light and shade on the sandy footway. 15

Ikemefuna heard a whisper close behind him and turned round sharply. The man who had whispered now called out aloud, urging the others to hurry up. 20

“We still have a long way to go,” he said. Then he and another man went before Ikemefuna and set a faster pace.

Thus the men of Umuofia pursued their way, armed with sheathed matchets, and Ikemefuna, carrying a pot of palm-wine on his head, walked in their midst. Although he had felt uneasy at first, he was not afraid now. Okonkwo walked behind him. He could hardly imagine that Okonkwo was not his real father. He had never been fond of his real father, and at the end of three years he had become very distant indeed. But his mother and his three-year-old sister ... of course she would not be three now, but six. Would he recognise her now? She must have grown quite big. How his mother would weep for joy, and thank Okonkwo for having looked after him so well and for bringing him back. She would want to hear everything that had happened to him in all these years. Could he remember them all? He would tell her about Nwoye and his mother, and about the locusts.... Then quite suddenly a thought came upon him. His mother might be dead. He tried in vain to force the thought out of his mind. Then he tried to settle the matter the way he used to settle such matters when he was a little boy. He still remembered the song: 25

*Eze elina, elina!*

*Sala*

*Eze ilikwa ya*

*Ikwaba akwa oligholi*

*Ebe Danda nechi eze*

*Ebe Uzuzu nete egwu*

*Sala*

He sang it in his mind, and walked to its beat. If the song ended on his right foot, his mother was alive. If it ended on his left, she was dead. No, not dead, but ill. It ended on the right. She was alive and well. He sang the song again, and it ended on the left. But the second time did not count. The first voice gets to Chukwu, or God’s house. That was a favourite saying of children. Ikemefuna felt like a child once more. It must be the thought of going home to his mother. 30

One of the men behind him cleared his throat. Ikemefuna looked back, and the man growled at him to go on and not stand looking back. The way he said it sent 35



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

cold fear down Ikemefuna's back. His hands trembled vaguely on the black pot he carried. Why had Okonkwo withdrawn to the rear? Ikemefuna felt his legs melting under him. And he was afraid to look back.

55

As the man who had cleared his throat drew up and raised his matchet, Okonkwo looked away. He heard the blow. The pot fell and broke in the sand. He heard Ikemefuna cry, "My father, they have killed me!" as he ran towards him. Dazed with fear, Okonkwo drew his matchet and cut him down. He was afraid of being thought weak.

60

**Either 22** How does Achebe's writing make this moment in the novel so shocking? **[30]**

---

**Or 23** How does Achebe make Nwoye's relationship with his father, Okonkwo, so memorable?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. **[30]**

**Or 24** How does Achebe's writing make you feel about the way things in Umuofia fall apart? **[30]**

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: *The Old Man and the Sea*

25

'*Galanos*,' he said aloud. He had seen the second fin now coming up behind the first and had identified them as shovel-nosed sharks by the brown, triangular fin and the sweeping movements of the tail. They had the scent and were excited and in the stupidity of their great hunger they were losing and finding the scent in their excitement. But they were closing all the time.

5

The old man made the sheet fast and jammed the tiller. Then he took up the oar with the knife lashed to it. He lifted it as lightly as he could because his hands rebelled at the pain. Then he opened and closed them on it lightly to loosen them. He closed them firmly so they would take the pain now and would not flinch and watched the sharks come. He could see their wide, flattened, shovel-pointed heads now and their white-tipped wide pectoral fins. They were hateful sharks, bad-smelling, scavengers as well as killers, and when they were hungry they would bite at an oar or the rudder of a boat. It was these sharks that would cut the turtles' legs and flippers off when the turtles were asleep on the surface, and they would hit a man in the water, if they were hungry, even if the man had no smell of fish blood nor of fish slime on him.

10

15

'*Ay*,' the old man said. '*Galanos*. Come on, *Galanos*.'

They came. But they did not come as the Mako had come. One turned and went out of sight under the skiff and the old man could feel the skiff shake as he jerked and pulled on the fish. The other watched the old man with his slitted yellow eyes and then came in fast with his half circle of jaws wide to hit the fish where he had already been bitten. The line showed clearly on the top of his brown head and back where the brain joined the spinal cord and the old man drove the knife on the oar into the juncture, withdrew it, and drove it in again into the shark's yellow cat-like eyes. The shark let go of the fish and slid down, swallowing what he had taken as he died.

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The skiff was still shaking with the destruction the other shark was doing to the fish and the old man let go the sheet so that the skiff would swing broadside and bring the shark out from under. When he saw the shark he leaned over the side and punched at him. He hit only meat and the hide was set hard and he barely got the knife in. The blow hurt not only his hands but his shoulder too. But the shark came up fast with his head out and the old man hit him squarely in the centre of his flat-topped head as his nose came out of water and lay against the fish. The old man withdrew the blade and punched the shark exactly in the same spot again. He still hung to the fish with his jaws locked and the old man stabbed him in his left eye. The shark still hung there.

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'No?' the old man said and he drove the blade between the vertebrae and the brain. It was an easy shot now and he felt the cartilage sever. The old man reversed the oar and put the blade between the shark's jaws to open them. He twisted the blade and as the shark slid loose he said, '*Go on, galano*. Slide down a mile deep. Go and see your friend, or maybe it's your mother.'

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

**Either** 25 How does Hemingway make the old man's battle with the sharks here so exciting? [30]

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**Or** 26 How does Hemingway make the old man's struggle to catch and bring in the great fish so moving?

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

**Or** 27 How does Hemingway make the relationship between the old man and the boy Manolin so moving?

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

GEORGE ORWELL: *Nineteen Eighty-Four*

28

“Of all horrors in the world—a rat!”

She pressed herself against him and wound her limbs round him, as though to reassure him with the warmth of her body. He did not re-open his eyes immediately. For several moments he had had the feeling of being back in a nightmare which had recurred from time to time throughout his life. It was always very much the same. He was standing in front of a wall of darkness, and on the other side of it there was something unendurable, something too dreadful to be faced. In the dream his deepest feeling was always one of self-deception, because he did in fact know what was behind the wall of darkness. With a deadly effort, like wrenching a piece out of his own brain, he could even have dragged the thing into the open. He always woke up without discovering what it was: but somehow it was connected with what Julia had been saying when he cut her short.

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“I’m sorry,” he said; “it’s nothing. I don’t like rats, that’s all.”

“Don’t worry, dear, we’re not going to have the filthy brutes in here. I’ll stuff the hole with a bit of sacking before we go. And next time we come here I’ll bring some plaster and bung it up properly.”

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Already the black instant of panic was half-forgotten. Feeling slightly ashamed of himself, he sat up against the bedhead. Julia got out of bed, pulled on her overalls and made the coffee. The smell that rose from the saucepan was so powerful and exciting that they shut the window lest anybody outside should notice it and become inquisitive. What was even better than the taste of the coffee was the silky texture given to it by the sugar, a thing Winston had almost forgotten after years of saccharine. With one hand in her pocket and a piece of bread and jam in the other, Julia wandered about the room, glancing indifferently at the book-case, pointing out the best way of repairing the gateleg table, plumping herself down in the ragged armchair to see if it was comfortable, and examining the absurd twelve-hour clock with a sort of tolerant amusement. She brought the glass paperweight over to the bed to have a look at it in a better light. He took it out of her hand, fascinated, as always, by the soft, rain-watery appearance of the glass.

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“What is it, do you think?” said Julia.

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“I don’t think it’s anything—I mean, I don’t think it was ever put to any use. That’s what I like about it. It’s a little chunk of history that they’ve forgotten to alter. It’s a message from a hundred years ago, if one knew how to read it.”

“And that picture over there”—she nodded at the engraving on the opposite wall—“would that be a hundred years old?”

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“More. Two hundred, I dare say. One can’t tell. It’s impossible to discover the age of anything nowadays.”

She went over to look at it. “Here’s where that brute stuck his nose out,” she said, kicking the wainscoting immediately below the picture. “What is this place? I’ve seen it before somewhere.”

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“It’s a church, or at least it used to be. St. Clement’s. Dane its name was.” The fragment of rhyme that Mr. Charrington had taught him came back into his head, and he added half-nostalgically:

“Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clement’s!”

To his astonishment she capped the line:

45

“You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin’s,  
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey’—

“I can’t remember how it goes on after that. But anyway I remember it ends up, ‘Here comes a candle to light you to bed, here comes a chopper to chop off your head!’”

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It was like the two halves of a countersign. But there must be another line after “the bells of Old Bailey”. Perhaps it could be dug out of Mr. Charrington’s memory, if he were suitably prompted.

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

“Who taught you that?” he said.

“My grandfather. He used to say it to me when I was a little girl. He was vapourized when I was eight—at any rate, he disappeared. I wonder what a lemon was,” she added inconsequently. “I’ve seen oranges. They’re a kind of round yellow fruit with a thick skin.” 55

“I can remember lemons,” said Winston. “They were quite common in the ’fifties. They were so sour that it set your teeth on edge even to smell them.” 60

“I bet that picture’s got bugs behind it,” said Julia. “I’ll take it down and give it a good clean some day. I suppose it’s almost time we were leaving. I must start washing this paint off. What a bore! I’ll get the lipstick off your face afterwards.”

Winston did not get up for a few minutes more. The room was darkening. He turned over towards the light and lay gazing into the glass paperweight. The inexhaustibly interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself. There was such a depth of it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling that he could get inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gateleg table, and the clock and the steel engraving and the paperweight itself. The paperweight was the room he was in, and the coral was Julia’s life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal. 65 70

**Either 28** How does Orwell make you fearful about what the future may hold for Winston and Julia as you read this extract? [30]

**Or 29** How does Orwell make the Party’s control of the past so sinister?  
Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [30]

**Or 30** Explore the ways in which Orwell’s writing makes any **ONE** or **TWO** moments at the Ministry of Love so horrifying. [30]

31 (a)

*The Man Who Kept the Sweet Shop at the Bus Station*

It was a nine-mile ride to Whittenden, eleven to Coxstaple. The country girls had plenty of time to discuss the sweet shop man. They hinted to the city girls that there was something a bit funny about their bus driver too; slimy Pete with the slicked-back hair. But, because they couldn't all watch him, he never took in quite the same way. He wasn't old enough, in any case.

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They led a rich conversational life on the long back seat. The cigarette smoke, the bodies and the shopping baskets made a solid wall between them and propriety. They talked openly about their teachers' oddities and the fluffy privacies of other girls' desks. Sometimes they reached desperate intimacies just before Whittenden Bus Garage followed by promises, shouted down the bus, to forget them. But, somehow, the information was never discussed elsewhere. So no one ever pointed out at school how the girls who went home on the 269 did consistently better homework and often had similar ideas for compositions. Perhaps, in the staff room, it was attributed to a better breakfast and country air.

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Helen Harris

(b)

*Stormy Weather*

'You lot gone deaf! First bell's gone!'

Bertha stood at the dormitory door. Cocooned within a subtle 'insolence of office', recently acquired when she had been promoted from being 'one of the orphanage girls' to 'orphanage servant'.

'Lying steaming there!'

5

'Steaming', uttered in Bertha's voice, sounded an obscenity. Nobody, Chris remembered from her vigil at the window, had 'steamed' more than Bertha herself, when she had occupied a bed in the dormitory.

Fat! Oozing! Pimply! The remembered image flashed through Chris's mind – a dirk unsheathed ...

10

'And *you!*' Bertha said, directing her attention to Chris.

'I'm up and dressed,' Chris pointed out, cool, logically, without turning her face from the window.

'ANYHOW!' Bertha withdrew herself on a word which, although bereft of meaning, she could always infuse with threat.

15

'Little children love ye one another...'

Despite long acquaintance with the command on the large text on the wall, signed by St Paul, the girls in the dormitory had never truly 'loved one another'. Self-preservation was their first priority. Urgent, yet fragile and easily shattered.

Jessie Kesson

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

**Either 31** How do Harris and Kesson bring the world of teenage girls so vividly to life in these two extracts? **[30]**

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**Or 32** How do the writers of **TWO** of the following stories memorably depict people in love?

*A Love Match* (Warner)  
*Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macaulay)  
*Stone Trees* (Gardam)

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

**Or 33** In what ways do the writers of any **TWO** of the following stories make so striking their portrayals of human misery?

*Miss Anstruther's Letters* (Macaulay)  
*Another Survivor* (Fainlight)  
*Weekend* (Weldon)

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





## SECTION C

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

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

Down to the centre of town. The place looks better from a distance. Below the picturesque patchwork of red and grey roofs are streets thronged with people, most of whom look downtrodden and threadbare. The djellabah, a simple, sensible, economical garment, is hardly worn here, partly because of the climate and partly because only fifteen million of the country's forty-five million people are Muslim. Here they seem to wear whatever they can get their hands on. One little girl appears to be dressed in a nightie, another in a torn crocheted sweater. Some have shoes, many don't. Food is stacked next to open drains, and it's easy to see how disease thrives. A lot of the children quickly gather round us, despite the efforts of some of the older men who try to clear them away by throwing stones. They look very unhealthy, with bulging stomachs and sores on their faces around which flies gather. They watch us quietly through big protruding eyes. One or two of the livelier ones try to interest us in packets of American army rations which found their way here after the Gulf War. I'm offered freeze-dried 'Cherry Nutcake', 'Tootsie Roll', 'Tomatoes au Gratin' and 'Beef and Rice Meatballs', all in identical grey sachets.

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One boy, Mohamed Nuru, speaks English well. He is one of a family of seven. Large families are common in the poorer parts of Africa as they represent an economic asset – a family work-force. He has lost friends and family in the war. He is Muslim but many of his friends are Christian and the two religions get on well here.

English is taught in schools as a second language and Mohamed listens to the BBC World Service.

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'I have a great chance to listen for football ... particularly England football ... club football. Every Saturday from four to six.'

His favourite team is Manchester United, but I try to put him right.

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

- Either 34** Explore the ways in which Palin makes this account of people in Gondar both sad and amusing. **[30]**
- 
- Or 35** In what ways does Palin bring to life for you Greek history and customs in Rhodes and Limassol on Days 48 and 49? **[30]**
- Or 36** Explore the ways in which Palin makes his account of train journeys on Days 65 and 127 so memorable for you. **[30]**

*Just Like a Woman*  
*Cambridge United v Exeter City*  
 29.4.78

My arrival in Cambridge provoked the two best seasons in United's short history. In my first year they won the Fourth Division by a mile; in my second, they found life a bit tougher in the Third, and had to wait until the final week of the season before clinching promotion. They had two games in a week at the Abbey: one on the Tuesday night against Wrexham, the best team in the division, which they won 1–0, and one on the Saturday against Exeter, which they needed to win to be sure of going up. 5

With twenty minutes to go, Exeter went into the lead, and my girlfriend (who together with her girlfriend and her girlfriend's boyfriend had wanted to experience at first hand the dizzy glory of promotion) promptly did what I had always presumed women were apt to do at moments of crisis: she fainted. Her girlfriend took her off to see the St John's Ambulancemen; I, meanwhile, did nothing, apart from pray for an equaliser, which came, followed minutes later by a winner. It was only after the players had popped the last champagne cork at the jubilant crowd that I started to feel bad about my earlier indifference. 10 15

I had recently read *The Female Eunuch*, a book which made a deep and lasting impression on me. And yet how was I supposed to get excited about the oppression of females if they couldn't be trusted to stay upright during the final minutes of a desperately close promotion campaign? And what was to be done about a male who was more concerned about being a goal down to Exeter City of the Third Division than he was about somebody he loved very much? It all looked hopeless. 20

Thirteen years later I am still ashamed of my unwillingness, my *inability*, to help, and the reason I feel ashamed is partly to do with the awareness that I haven't changed a bit. I don't want to look after anybody when I'm at a match; I am not *capable* of looking after anybody at a match. I am writing some nine hours before Arsenal play Benfica in the European Cup, the most important match at Highbury for years, and my partner will be with me: what happens if *she* keels over? Would I have the decency, the maturity, the common sense, to make sure that she was properly looked after? Or would I shove her limp body to one side, carry on screaming at the linesman, and hope that she is still breathing at the end of ninety minutes, always presuming, of course, that extra time and penalties are not required? 25 30

I know that these worries are prompted by the little boy in me, who is allowed to run riot when it comes to football: this little boy feels that women are *always* going to faint at football matches, that they are weak, that their presence at games will inevitably result in distraction and disaster, even though my present partner has been to Highbury probably forty or fifty times and has shown no signs of fainting whatsoever. (In fact it is I who have come closest to fainting on occasions, when the tension of the last five minutes of a cup-tie constricts my chest and forces all the blood out of my head, if that is biologically possible; and sometimes, when Arsenal score, I see stars, literally – well, little splodges of light, literally – which cannot be a sign of great physical robustness.) But then, that is what football has done to me. It has turned me into someone who would not help if my girlfriend went into labour at an impossible moment (I have often wondered about what would happen if I was due to become a father on an Arsenal Cup Final day); and for the duration of the games I am an eleven-year-old. When I described football as a retardant, I meant it. 35 40 45

NICK HORNBY: *Fever Pitch* (Cont.)

**Either 37** How does Hornby's writing here create such an amusing portrait of himself? **[30]**

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**Or 38** How does Hornby make the chapter *A Male Fantasy* so fascinating? **[30]**

**Or 39** How does Hornby's writing in his chapter *George* bring to life a fan's reaction to his club's manager?

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





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