

**OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF SECONDARY EDUCATION**

A664/02

ENGLISH LITERATURE

**Unit 4: Literary Heritage Prose and Contemporary Poetry
(Higher Tier)**

FRIDAY 17 JUNE 2011: Morning

DURATION: 1 hour 30 minutes

SUITABLE FOR VISUALLY IMPAIRED CANDIDATES

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.

READ INSTRUCTIONS OVERLEAF

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.
- Answer **TWO** questions: **ONE** on Literary Heritage Prose and **ONE** on Contemporary Poetry.

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

Answer **ONE** question on the prose text you have studied

Lord of the Flies: William Golding
pages 4–6 questions 3(a)–(b)

SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

EITHER answer **ONE** question on the poet you have studied **OR** answer the question on the Unseen Poem.

Carol Ann Duffy pages 8–9 questions 10(a)–(c)

UNSEEN POEM pages 10–11 question 13

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

- **The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.**
- **Your Quality of Written Communication is assessed in this paper.**
- **The total number of marks for this paper is 40.**

SECTION A: LITERARY HERITAGE PROSE

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 3 (a) “You’re a beast and a swine and a bloody, bloody thief!”
He charged.
Jack, knowing this was the crisis, charged too. They met with a jolt and bounced apart. 5
Jack swung with his fist at Ralph and caught him on the ear. Ralph hit Jack in the stomach and made him grunt. Then they were facing each other again, panting and furious, but unnerved by each other’s ferocity. They 10
became aware of the noise that was the background to this fight, the steady shrill cheering of the tribe behind them.
Piggy’s voice penetrated to Ralph.
“Let me speak.” 15
He was standing in the dust of the fight, and as the tribe saw his intention the shrill cheer changed to a steady booing.
Piggy held up the conch and the booing sagged a little, then came up again to strength. 20
“I got the conch!”
He shouted.
“I tell you, I got the conch!”
Surprisingly, there was silence now; the tribe were curious to hear what amusing thing 25
he might have to say.
Silence and pause; but in the silence a curious air-noise, close by Ralph’s head. He gave it half his attention—and there it was again; a faint “Zup!” Someone was throwing 30
stones: Roger was dropping them, his one hand still on the lever. Below him, Ralph was a shock of hair and Piggy a bag of fat.

“I got this to say. You’re acting like a crowd
 of kids.” 35

The booing rose and died again as Piggy
 lifted the white, magic shell.

“Which is better—to be a pack of painted
 niggers like you are, or to be sensible like
 Ralph is?” 40

A great clamor rose among the savages.
 Piggy shouted again.

“Which is better—to have rules and agree,
 or to hunt and kill?”

Again the clamor and again—“Zup!” 45
 Ralph shouted against the noise.

“Which is better, law and rescue, or
 hunting and breaking things up?”

Now Jack was yelling too and Ralph could
 no longer make himself heard. Jack had 50
 backed right against the tribe and they were
 a solid mass of menace that bristled with
 spears. The intention of a charge was forming
 among them; they were working up to it and
 the neck would be swept clear. Ralph stood 55
 facing them, a little to one side, his spear
 ready. By him stood Piggy still holding out the
 talisman, the fragile, shining beauty of the shell.
 The storm of sound beat at them, an incantation
 of hatred. High overhead, Roger, with a sense of 60
 delirious abandonment, leaned all his weight
 on the lever.

Ralph heard the great rock long before he
 saw it. He was aware of a jolt in the earth that
 came to him through the soles of his feet, and 65
 the breaking sound of stones at the top of the
 cliff. Then the monstrous red thing bounded
 across the neck and he flung himself flat while
 the tribe shrieked.

The rock struck Piggy a glancing blow 70

from chin to knee; the conch exploded into a thousand white fragments and ceased to exist. Piggy, saying nothing, with no time for even a grunt, traveled through the air sideways from the rock, turning over as he went. The rock bounded twice and was lost in the forest. Piggy fell forty feet and landed on his back across that square red rock in the sea. His head opened and stuff came out and turned red. Piggy's arms and legs twitched a bit, like a pig's after it has been killed. Then the sea breathed again in a long, slow sigh, the water boiled white and pink over the rock; and when it went, sucking back again, the body of Piggy was gone.

75

80

85

EITHER 3 (a) How does Golding make this such a powerful and significant moment in the novel? [24]

OR 3 (b) How does Golding vividly portray Ralph's growing understanding of human nature in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the novel. [24]

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SECTION B: CONTEMPORARY POETRY

CAROL ANN DUFFY

10 (a)

In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile
with your finger, tracing the route
while Mrs Tilscher chanted the scenery.
Tana. Ethiopia. Khartoum. Aswân.
That for an hour, then a skittle of milk 5
and the chalky Pyramids rubbed into dust.
A window opened with a long pole.
The laugh of a bell swung by a running child.

This was better than home. Enthralling books.
The classroom glowed like a sweet shop. 10
Sugar paper. Coloured shapes. Brady and
Hindley
faded, like the faint, uneasy smudge of a
mistake.

Mrs Tilscher loved you. Some mornings, you 15
found
she'd left a good gold star by your name.
The scent of a pencil slowly, carefully, shaved.
A xylophone's nonsense heard from another
form. 20

Over the Easter term, the inky tadpoles changed
from commas into exclamation marks. Three
frogs
hopped in the playground, freed by a dunce,
followed by a line of kids, jumping and 25
croaking
away from the lunch queue. A rough boy
told you how you were born. You kicked him,
but stared

at your parents, appalled, when you got back home. 30

That feverish July, the air tasted of electricity.
A tangible alarm made you always untidy, hot,
fractious under the heavy, sexy sky. You asked
her 35

how you were born and Mrs Tilscher smiled,
then turned away. Reports were handed out.
You ran through the gates, impatient to be
grown,
as the sky split open into a thunderstorm. 40

EITHER 10 (a) How does Duffy vividly convey impressions of being a pupil in Mrs Tilscher's class?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem. [16]

OR 10 (b) How does Duffy make memories of the past so moving in EITHER *Brothers* OR *Nostalgia*?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

OR 10 (c) How does Duffy make EITHER *Answer* OR *Who Loves You* such a striking love poem?

Remember to support your ideas with details from the poem you choose. [16]

UNSEEN POEM

13

From the Motorway

Everywhere up and down the island
Britain is mending her desert:
marvellous we exclaim as we fly on it,
tying the country in a parcel.
London to Edinburgh, Birmingham to Cardiff. 5
No time to examine the contents,

thank you, but consider the bliss of
sitting absolutely numbed to your
nulled mind, music when you want it,
while identical miles thunder under you, 10
the same spot coming and going
seventy, eighty times a minute,

till you're there, wherever there
is, ready to be someone in
Liverpool, Leeds, Manchester, 15
they're all the same to the road,
which loves itself, which nonetheless
here and there hands you trailing

necklaces of fumes in which to be
one squeezed breather among 20
rich and ragged, sprinter and staggerer,
a status parade for Major Roadworks
toiling in his red-trimmed triangle,
then a regiment of wounded orange witches

defending a shamelessly naked 25
(rarely a stitch of work on her)
captive free lane,
which the inchlings inch on

without bite or sup, at most
a hard shoulder to creep on,

30

while there, on all sides,
lie your unwrapped destinations,
lanes trickling off into childhood
or anonymity, apple-scented villages
asleep in their promise of being
nowhere anyone would like to get to.

35

Anne Stevenson

13 How does the poet make *From the Motorway* such a powerful attack on motorways?

You should consider:

- how the poet describes the scenery and destinations on motorways
- how the poet describes the experience of travelling on motorways
- what the travellers on motorways are missing
- the tone of voice in the poem
- the language the poet uses
- how the poem is structured
- anything else that you think important. [16]



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