WELSH JOINT EDUCATION COMMITTEE
General Certificate of Secondary Education

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153/03

ENGLISH LITERATURE

SPECIFICATION A

HIGHER TIER

A.M. TUESDAY, 23 May 2006

(2½ hours)

SECTION A

SECTION B

SECTION C

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

- Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **three** questions: **one** from Section A (Questions 1 - 8); **one** from Section B (Questions 9 - 16); and **Question 17** (Section C).

All questions in Sections A and B consist of two parts. Part *(a)* is based on an extract from the set text. You are then asked to answer **either** *(b)* **or** *(c)*, which requires some longer writing on the text.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A: 30 marks Section B: 30 marks Section C: 10 marks.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:
Section A - about one hour
Section B - about one hour
Section C - about 30 minutes

SECTION A

1. ***I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Maya Angelou creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of Maya's mother (Mother Dear) and the way she is presented? [20]

Or,

(c) To what extent do you find the title *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* appropriate? [20]

The bath water was steaming on the cooking stove, but Momma was scrubbing the kitchen table for the umpteenth time.

"Momma," Uncle Willie called and she jumped. "Momma." I waited in the bright lights of the Store, jealous that someone had come along and told these strangers something about my brother and I would be the last to know.

"Momma, why don't you and Sister walk down to meet him?"

To my knowledge Bailey's name hadn't been mentioned for hours, but we all knew whom he meant.

Of course. Why didn't that occur to me? I wanted to be gone. Momma said, "Wait a minute, little lady. Go get your sweater, and bring me my shawl."

It was darker in the road than I'd thought it would be. Momma swung the flashlight's arc over the path and weeds and scary tree trunks. The night suddenly became enemy territory, and I knew that if my brother was lost in this land he was forever lost. He was eleven and very smart, that I granted, but after all he was so small. The Bluebeards and tigers and Rippers could eat him up before he could scream for help.

Momma told me to take the light and she reached for my hand. Her voice came from a high hill above me and in the dark my hand was enclosed in hers. I loved her with a rush. She said nothing—no "Don't worry" or "Don't get tender-hearted." Just the gentle pressure of her rough hand conveyed her own concern and assurance to me.

We passed houses which I knew well by daylight but couldn't recollect in the swarthy gloom.

"Evening, Miz Jenkins." Walking and pulling me along.

"Sister Henderson? Anything wrong?" That was from an outline blacker than the night.

"No, ma'am. Not a thing. Bless the Lord." By the time she finished speaking we had left the worried neighbors far behind.

Mr. Willie Williams' Do Drop Inn was bright with furry red lights in the distance and the pond's fishy smell enveloped us. Momma's hand tightened and let go, and I saw the small figure plodding along, tired and mannish. Hands in his pockets and head bent, he walked like a man trudging up the hill behind a coffin.

Turn over.

2. ***Pride and Prejudice***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Jane Austen presents the character of Mr. Darcy in this extract. How does this influence the reader's attitude towards Mr. Darcy? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Mr. Bennet. At the end of the novel you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Mr. Bennet would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) How does Jane Austen present the theme of marriage in *Pride and Prejudice*? [20]

Mr. Bingley had soon made himself acquainted with all the principal people in the room; he was lively and unreserved, danced every dance, was angry that the ball closed so early, and talked of giving one himself at Netherfield. Such amiable qualities must speak for themselves. What a contrast between him and his friend! Mr. Darcy danced only once with Mrs. Hurst and once with Miss Bingley, declined being introduced to any other lady, and spent the rest of the evening in walking about the room, speaking occasionally to one of his own party. His character was decided. He was the proudest, most disagreeable man in the world, and everybody hoped that he would never come there again. Amongst the most violent against him was Mrs. Bennet, whose dislike of his general behaviour, was sharpened into particular resentment, by his having slighted one of her daughters.

Elizabeth Bennet had been obliged, by the scarcity of gentlemen, to sit down for two dances; and during part of that time, Mr. Darcy had been standing near enough for her to overhear a conversation between him and Mr. Bingley, who came from the dance for a few minutes, to press his friend to join it.

'Come, Darcy.' said he, 'I must have you dance. I hate to see you standing about by yourself in this stupid manner. You had much better dance.'

'I certainly shall not. You know how I detest it, unless I am particularly acquainted with my partner. At such an assembly as this, it would be insupportable. Your sisters are engaged, and there is not another woman in the room, whom it would not be a punishment to me to stand up with.'

'I would not be so fastidious as you are,' cried Bingley, 'for a kingdom! Upon my honour, I never met with so many pleasant girls in my life, as I have this evening; and there are several of them you see uncommonly pretty.'

'*You* are dancing with the only handsome girl in the room,' said Mr. Darcy, looking at the eldest Miss Bennet.

'Oh! she is the most beautiful creature I ever beheld! But there is one of her sisters sitting down just behind you, who is very pretty, and I dare say, very agreeable. Do let me ask my partner to introduce you.'

'Which do you mean?' and turning round, he looked for a moment at Elizabeth, till catching her eye, he withdrew his own and coldly said, 'She is tolerable; but not handsome enough to tempt *me*; and I am in no humour at present to give consequence to young ladies who are slighted by other men. You had better return to your partner and enjoy her smiles, for you are wasting your time with me.'

Mr. Bingley followed his advice. Mr. Darcy walked off; and Elizabeth remained with no very cordial feelings towards him.

Turn over.

3. ***Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does Roddy Doyle suggest Paddy's feelings in this extract? [10]

Either,

(b) Show how Paddy's relationship with Sinbad is presented throughout the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) How does Roddy Doyle create the atmosphere of the world of the ten-year-old Paddy Clarke in his novel?

Think about:

- the events of the novel;
- Paddy's relationships with his friends;
- Paddy's relationships with his family;
- Paddy's experiences in school;
- the way the novel is written. [20]

I never got the chance to run away. I was too late. He left first. The way he shut the door; he didn't slam it. Something; I just knew: he wasn't coming back. He just closed it, like he was going down to the shops, except it was the front door and we only used the front door when people came. He didn't slam it. He closed it behind him – I saw him in the glass. He waited for a few seconds, then went. He didn't have a suitcase or even a jacket, but I knew.

My mouth opened and a roar started but it never came. And a pain in my chest, and I could hear my heart pumping the blood to the rest of me. I was supposed to cry; I thought I was. I sobbed once and that was all.

He'd hit her again and I saw him, and he saw me. He thumped her on the shoulder.

–D'you hear me!?

In the kitchen. I walked in for a drink of water; I saw her falling back. He looked at me. He unmade his fist. He went red. He looked like he was in trouble. He was going to say something to me, I thought he was. He didn't. He looked at her; his hands moved. I thought he was going to put her back to where she'd been before he hit her.

–What do you want, love?

It was my ma. She wasn't holding her shoulder or anything.

–A drink of water.

It was daylight out still, too early for fighting. I wanted to say Sorry, for being there. My ma filled my mug at the sink. It was Sunday.

My da spoke.

–How's the match going?

–They're winning, I said.

The Big Match was on and Liverpool were beating Arsenal. I was up for Liverpool.

–Great, he said.

I'd been coming in to tell him, as well as getting the drink of water.

I took the mug from my ma.

–Thank you very much.

And I went back in and watched Liverpool winning. I cheered when the final whistle got blown but no one came in to look.

He didn't slam the door even a bit. I saw him in the glass, waiting; then he was gone.

Turn over.

4. ***Silas Marner***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how George Eliot presents Silas Marner and William Dane here. How does this influence the reader's attitude towards them? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Silas Marner. Some time after the events of the novel, you look back over the most important times in your life. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Silas Marner would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) How is the character of Dolly Winthrop important to the novel as a whole? [20]

They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, 'You will hear.' Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocket-knife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife? Silas said, he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket – but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside – found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, 'God will clear me. I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling: you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months.' At this William groaned, but the minister said, 'The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body.'

'I must have slept,' said Silas. Then, after a pause, he added, 'Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else.'

The search was made, and it ended – in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, 'William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me.'

'Brother,' said William, 'how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?'

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

'I remember now – the knife wasn't in my pocket.'

William said, 'I know nothing of what you mean.' The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, 'I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me.'

Turn over.

5. ***To Kill A Mockingbird***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Harper Lee creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about the relationship between Scout and Jem and how it is presented in the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) How is the Radley family important to the novel as a whole? [20]

'Cal,' said Jem, 'can you come down the sidewalk a minute?'

'What for, Jem? I can't come down the sidewalk every time you want me.'

'There's somethin' wrong with an old dog down yonder.'

Calpurnia sighed. 'I can't wrap up any dog's foot now. There's some gauze in the bathroom, go get it and do it yourself.'

Jem shook his head. 'He's sick, Cal. Something's wrong with him.'

'What's he doin', trying to catch his tail?'

'No, he's doin' like this.'

Jem gulped like a goldfish, hunched his shoulders and twitched his torso. 'He's goin' like that, only not like he means to.'

'Are you telling me a story, Jem Finch?' Calpurnia's voice hardened.

'No Cal, I swear I'm not.'

'Was he runnin'?'

'No, he's just moseyin' along, so slow you can't hardly tell it. He's comin' this way.'

Calpurnia rinsed her hands and followed Jem into the yard. 'I don't see any dog,' she said.

She followed us beyond the Radley Place and looked where Jem pointed. Tim Johnson was not much more than a speck in the distance, but he was closer to us. He walked erratically, as if his right legs were shorter than his left legs. He reminded me of a car stuck in a sand-bed.

'He's gone lop-sided,' said Jem.

Calpurnia stared, then grabbed us by the shoulders and ran us home. She shut the wood door behind us, went to the telephone and shouted, 'Gimme Mr Finch's office!'

'Mr Finch!' she shouted. 'This is Cal. I swear to God there's a mad dog down the street a piece – he's comin' this way, yes sir, he's – Mr Finch, I declare he is – old Tim Johnson, yes sir . . . yessir . . . yes –'

She hung up and shook her head when we tried to ask her what Atticus had said. She rattled the telephone hook and said, 'Miss Eula May – now ma'am, I'm through talkin' to Mr Finch, please don't connect me no more – listen, Miss Eula May, can you call Miss Rachel and Miss Stephanie Crawford and whoever's got a phone on this street and tell 'em a mad dog's comin'? Please ma'am!'

Calpurnia listened. 'I know it's February, Miss Eula May, but I know a mad dog when I see one. Please ma'am hurry!'

Calpurnia asked Jem, 'Radleys got a phone?'

Jem looked in the book and said no. 'They won't come out anyway, Cal.'

'I don't care, I'm gonna tell 'em.'

She ran to the front porch, Jem and I at her heels. 'You stay in that house!' she yelled.

Calpurnia's message had been received by the neighbourhood. Every wood door within our range of vision was closed tight. We saw no trace of Tim Johnson. We watched Calpurnia running towards the Radley Place, holding her skirt and apron above her knees. She went up to the front steps and banged on the door. She got no answer, and she shouted, 'Mr Nathan, Mr Arthur, mad dog's comin'! Mad dog's comin'!'

'She's supposed to go around in back,' I said.

Turn over.

6. *Of Mice and Men*

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Lennie and George speak and behave here. What does it reveal about their relationship? [10]

Either,

(b) To what extent can you blame Curley's wife for the tragic events of the novel? [20]

Or,

(c) How does John Steinbeck present the theme of loneliness in *Of Mice and Men*? [20]

Lennie spoke craftily: 'Tell me – like you done before.'

'Tell you what?'

'About the rabbits.'

George snapped: 'You ain't gonna put nothing over on me.'

Lennie pleaded: 'Come on, George. Tell me. Please, George. Like you done before.'

'You get a kick outta that, don't you. A'right, I'll tell you, and then we'll eat our supper . . .'

George's voice became deeper. He repeated his words rhythmically as though he had said them many times before. 'Guys like us, that work on ranches, are the loneliest guys in the world. They got no family. They don't belong no place. They come to a ranch an' work up a stake and then they go inta town and blow their stake, and the first thing you know they're poundin' their tail on some other ranch. They ain't got nothing to look ahead to.'

Lennie was delighted. 'That's it – that's it. Now tell how it is with us.'

George went on. 'With us it ain't like that. We got a future. We got somebody to talk to that gives a damn about us. We don't have to sit in no bar-room blowin' in our jack jus' because we got no place else to go. If them other guys gets in jail they can rot for all anybody gives a damn. But not us.'

Lennie broke in. *'But not us! Because . . . because I got you to look after me, and you got me to look after you, and that's why.'* He laughed delightedly. 'Go on now, George.'

'You got it by heart. You can do it yourself.'

'No, you. I forget some a' the things. Tell about how it's gonna be.'

'OK. Some day – we're gonna get the jack together and we're gonna have a little house and a couple of acres an' a cow and some pigs and . . .'

'An' live off the fatta the lan',' Lennie shouted. 'An' have *rabbits*. Go on, George! Tell about what we're gonna have in the garden and about the rabbits in the cages and about the rain in the winter and the stove, and how thick the cream is on the milk like you can hardly cut it. Tell about that, George.'

'Why'n't you do it yourself. You know all of it.'

'No ... you tell it. It ain't the same if I tell it. Go on ... George. How I get to tend the rabbits.'

'Well,' said George. 'We'll have a big vegetable patch and a rabbit-hutch and chickens. And when it rains in the winter, we'll just say the hell with goin' to work, and we'll build up a fire in the stove and set around it an' listen to the rain comin' down on the roof – Nuts!' He took out his pocket-knife. 'I ain't got time for no more.'

Turn over.

7. ***Stone Cold***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how the way it is written affects the reader's attitude towards Link. [10]

Either,

(b) How is the character of Ginger important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

(c) To what extent do you find the title *Stone Cold* appropriate? [20]

I didn't come to London straightaway. I may be homeless and unemployed but I'm not stupid. I'd read about London. I knew the streets down here weren't paved with gold. I knew there were hundreds of people – thousands, in fact – sleeping rough and begging for coppers. But that's just the point, see? In Bradford I stuck out like a sore thumb because there weren't many of us. The police down here have got used to seeing kids kipping in doorways, and mostly they leave you alone. In Bradford I was getting moved on every hour or so. I was getting no sleep at all, and practically no money. People up there haven't got used to beggars yet. They're embarrassed. They'll make large detours to avoid passing close to you, and if somebody does come within earshot and you ask for change, they look startled and hurry on by.

Also, I kept seeing people I knew. Neighbours. Guys I'd been at school with. I even saw one of my teachers once. And if you've never been caught begging by someone who knew you before, you can't possibly know how low it makes you feel.

I wasn't out every night, back then. That was the one good thing about it. Once or twice a week I'd show up at my sister's for a bath, a meal and a decent night's sleep. Trouble was, I was getting scruffier and scruffier, which happens if you sleep in your clothes, and Chris, Carole's feller, got resentful of my visits. He didn't actually say anything to me, but I could see it in his eyes and hear it in his tone of voice, and I knew Carole must be catching hell from him every time I'd been there. So, what with one thing and another, I decided it was time to move on.

Sounds good, right? Time to move on. Reminds you of all those old songs about the restless character who hates to stay too long in one place. He meets a girl who falls in love with him, but after a while he hears the old highway calling and so he slings his bed-roll over his shoulder and moves on, leaving the girl to grieve. Dead romantic, eh?

Forget it. Sad, is what it is. Sad and scary. You're leaving a place you know and heading into the unknown with nothing to protect you. No money. No prospect of work. No address where folks will make you welcome. You're going to find yourself living among hard, violent people, some of whom are deranged. You're going to be at risk every minute, day and night. Especially night. There are guys so desperate or so crazy, they'll knife you or batter your head in for your sleeping bag and the coppers you've got in your pocket. There are some who'll try to get in your sleeping-bag with you, because you're a nice-looking lad with soft skin and no stubble. And there's nowhere you can run to, because nobody cares. Nobody gives a damn. You're just another dosser, and one dosser more or less makes no difference.

Turn over.

8. ***Anita and Me***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Meera Syal creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

Either,

(b) Write about Meena's father and the way he is presented in the novel. [20]

Or,

(c) How is the village of Tollington presented in the novel? [20]

At first I could see nothing; the darkness had a texture so dense I fancied my outstretched hands were pushing against giant elastic cobwebs. The ground under me conspired to disorientate me. It was spongy and silent under my uncertain feet, no crackling branches or noisy heather to reassure me that I walked on the earth and owned it; I felt this forest now owned *me*. After slapping head-first into a few low branches I became accustomed to the gloom and began to pick my way more confidently through the trees, fixing my gaze on the back of Anita's shoes which seemed to glow like low, uneven landing lights. Then I suddenly realised that I could not hear the fairground any more. It had been replaced by a much louder noise, a low breathing made up of night breeze, whispering leaves, insects humming in morse code and the sporadic mournful hoots of a lone high owl.

'Hee-yaar!' whispered Anita, who came from nowhere to appear next to me and yanked my hand, pulling me after her up a pebbly rise until we were looking down at an immense black hole, which I only realised was water when I saw the moon suspended in its centre, a perfect silver disc in what looked like another upside-down sky.

'Hollow Pond!' I breathed reverently.

I had been here once before, I have a vague memory of sitting at the water's edge with someone, papa maybe, listening to him explain how this old mine shaft had filled with water and formed a natural pool. But I was not to ever swim there because it led into a huge labyrinth of other shafts and was therefore bottomless, unforgiving. There must have been a time when Hollow Pond was open to the village as I could not imagine papa sneaking around and snagging his trousers on some barbed wire to get in. But of course, since Jodie Bagshot's drowning, no one ventured here anymore.

Turn over.

SECTION B

9. ***Under Milk Wood***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

How does this extract create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

Either,

(b) What do you think of the way women are presented in *Under Milk Wood*? [20]

Or,

(c) *Under Milk Wood* was first produced as a radio play. Write about how some of the features of the play make it suitable for the radio. [20]

FIRST VOICE: From Beynon Butchers in Coronation Street, the smell of fried liver sidles out with onions on its breath. And listen! In the dark breakfast-room behind the shop, Mr and Mrs Beynon, waited upon by their treasure, enjoy, between bites, their everymorning hullabaloo, and Mrs Beynon slips the gristly bits under the tasselled tablecloth to her fat cat.

[Cat purrs]

MRS BEYNON She likes the liver, Ben.

MR BEYNON She ought to do, Bess. It's her brother's.

MRS BEYNON *(Screaming)* Oh, d'you hear that, Lily?

LILY SMALLS Yes, mum.

MRS BEYNON We're eating pusscat.

LILY SMALLS Yes, mum.

MRS BEYNON Oh, you cat-butcher!

MR BEYNON It was doctored, mind.

MRS BEYNON *(Hysterical)* What's that got to do with it?

MR BEYNON Yesterday we had mole.

MRS BEYNON Oh Lily, Lily!

MR BEYNON Monday, otter. Tuesday, shrews.

[Mrs Beynon screams]

LILY SMALLS Go on, Mrs Beynon. He's the biggest liar in town.

MRS BEYNON Don't you dare say that about Mr Beynon.

LILY SMALLS Everybody knows it, mum.

MRS BEYNON Mr Beynon never tells a lie. Do you, Ben?

MR BEYNON No, Bess, And now I am going out after the corgis, with my little cleaver.

MRS BEYNON Oh, Lily, Lily!

10. ***A View From The Bridge***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Eddie and Catherine speak and behave here. What impressions of their relationship would an audience receive? [10]

Either,

(b) Show how Catherine's character changes throughout the play, and explain the reasons for these changes. [20]

Or,

(c) What does the character of Mr. Alfieri contribute to the play as a whole? [20]

CATHERINE: What happens, Eddie, when that ship pulls out and they ain't on it, though? Don't the captain say nothin'?

EDDIE: *(slicing an apple with his pocket knife)* Captain's pieced off, what do you mean?

CATHERINE: Even the captain?

EDDIE: What's the matter, the captain don't have to live? Captain gets a piece, maybe one of the mates, piece for the guy in Italy who fixed the papers for them, Tony here'll get a little bite ....

BEATRICE: I just hope they get work here, that's all I hope.

EDDIE: Oh, the syndicate'll fix jobs for them; till they pay 'em off they'll get them work every day. It's after the pay-off, then they'll have to scramble like the rest of us.

BEATRICE: Well, it be better than they got there.

EDDIE: Oh sure, well, listen. So you gonna start Monday, heh, Madonna?

CATHERINE: *(embarrassed)* I'm supposed to, yeah.

EDDIE *is standing facing the two seated women. First* BEATRICE *smiles, then* CATHERINE, *for a powerful emotion is on him, a childish one and a knowing fear, and the tears show in his eyes – and they are shy before the avowal.*

EDDIE: *(sadly smiling, yet somehow proud of her)* Well ... I hope you have good luck. I wish you the best. You know that, kid.

CATHERINE: *(rising, trying to laugh)* You sound like I'm goin' a million miles!

EDDIE: I know. I guess I just never figured on one thing.

CATHERINE: *(smiling)* What?

EDDIE: That you would ever grow up. *(He utters a soundless laugh at himself, feeling the breast pocket of his shirt.)* I left a cigar in my other coat, I think. *(He starts for the bedroom.)*

CATHERINE: Stay there! I'll get it for you.

She hurries out. There is a slight pause, and EDDIE *turns to* BEATRICE, *who has been avoiding his gaze.*

EDDIE: What are you mad at me lately?

BEATRICE: Who's mad? *(She gets up, clearing the dishes.)* I'm not mad. *(She picks up the dishes and turns to him.)* You're the one is mad. *(She turns and goes into the kitchen as* CATHERINE *enters from the bedroom with a cigar and a pack of matches.)*

CATHERINE: Here! I'll light it for you! *(She strikes a match and holds it to his cigar. He puffs. Quietly)* Don't worry about me, Eddie, heh?

EDDIE: Don't burn yourself. *(Just in time she blows out the match.)* You better go in help her with the dishes.

CATHERINE: *(turns quickly to the table, and, seeing the table cleared, she says, almost guiltily)* Oh! *(She hurries into the kitchen, and as she exits there)* I'll do the dishes, B.!

Alone, EDDIE *stands looking toward the kitchen for a moment. Then he takes out his watch, glances at it, replaces it in his pocket, sits in the armchair, and stares at the smoke flowing out of his mouth.*

Turn over.

11. ***An Inspector Calls***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how the Inspector speaks and behaves here. How does the way he speaks and behaves create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Sheila. At the end of the play you think back over what has happened. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Sheila would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) Show how J.B. Priestley creates and maintains tension throughout the play. [20]

INSPECTOR: *(cutting in)* And my trouble is – that I haven't much time. You'll be able to divide the responsibility between you when I've gone. *(To* ERIC.) Just one last question, that's all. The girl discovered that this money you were giving her was stolen, didn't she?

ERIC: *(miserably)* Yes. That was the worst of all. She wouldn't take any more, and she didn't want to see me again. *(Suddenly startled tone.)* Here, but how did you know that? Did she tell you?

INSPECTOR: No. She told me nothing. I never spoke to her.

SHEILA: She told mother.

MRS B.: *(alarmed)* Sheila!

SHEILA: Well, he has to know.

ERIC: (*to* MRS BIRLING) She told you? Did she come here – but then she couldn't have done, she didn't even know I lived here. What happened?
MRS BIRLING, *distressed, shakes her head but does not reply.*
Come on, don't just look like that. Tell me – tell me – what happened?

INSPECTOR: *(with calm authority)* I'll tell you. She went to your mother's committee for help, after she'd done with you. Your mother refused that help.

ERIC: *(nearly at breaking point)* Then – you killed her. She came to you to protect me – and you turned her away – yes, and you killed her – and the child she'd have had too – my child – your own grandchild – you killed them both – damn you, damn you –

MRS B.: *(very distressed now)* No – Eric – please – I didn't know – I didn't understand –

ERIC: *(almost threatening her)* You don't understand anything. You never did. You never even tried – you–

SHEILA: *(frightened)* Eric, don't – don't –

BIRLING: *(furious, intervening)* Why, you hysterical young fool – get back – or I'll –

INSPECTOR: *(taking charge, masterfully)* Stop!
They are suddenly quiet, staring at him.
And be quiet for a moment and listen to me. I don't need to know any more. Neither do you. This girl killed herself – and died a horrible death. But each of you helped to kill her. Remember that. Never forget it. *(He looks from one to the other of them carefully.)* But then I don't think you ever will. Remember what you did, Mrs Birling. You turned her away when she most needed help. You refused her even the pitiable little bit of organized charity you had in your power to grant her. Remember what you did –

ERIC: *(unhappily)* My God – I'm not likely to forget.

INSPECTOR: Just used her for the end of a stupid drunken evening, as if she was an animal, a thing, not a person. No, you won't forget. (*He looks at* SHEILA.)

SHEILA: *(bitterly)* I know. I had her turned out of a job. I started it.

INSPECTOR: You helped – but didn't start it. (*Rather savagely, to* BIRLING.) You started it. She wanted twenty-five shillings a week instead of twenty-two and sixpence. You made her pay a heavy price for that. And now she'll make you pay a heavier price still.

BIRLING: *(unhappily)* Look, Inspector – I'd give thousands – yes, thousands –

INSPECTOR: You're offering the money at the wrong time. Mr Birling. (*He makes a move as if concluding the session, possibly shutting up notebook, etc. Then surveys them sardonically.*) No, I don't think any of you will forget. Nor that young man, Croft, though he at least had some affection for her and made her happy for a time. Well, Eva Smith's gone. You can't do her any more harm. And you can't do her any good now, either. You can't even say 'I'm sorry, Eva Smith'.

SHEILA: *(who is crying quietly)* That's the worst of it.

INSPECTOR: But just remember this. One Eva Smith has gone – but there are millions and millions and millions of Eva Smiths and John Smiths still left with us, with their lives, their hopes and fears, their suffering and chance of happiness, all intertwined with our lives, and what we think and say and do. We don't live alone. We are members of one body. We are responsible for each other. And I tell you that the time will soon come when, if men will not learn that lesson, then they will be taught it in fire and blood and anguish. Good night.
He walks straight out, leaving them staring, subdued and wondering.

Turn over.

12. ***The Merchant Of Venice***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Shylock speaks and behaves here. How may it affect an audience's attitude towards him? [10]

Either,

(b) To what extent is it possible to feel sympathy for Shylock? [20]

Or,

(c) How is the setting of Belmont important to the play as a whole? [20]

ANTONIO: Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

SHYLOCK: Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then, you come to me, and you say,
'Shylock, we would have monies' – you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this:
"Fair sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last,
You spurned me such a day, another time
You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies."

ANTONIO: I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

SHYLOCK: Why look you how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me.
This is kind I offer.

Turn over.

13. ***Romeo and Juliet***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a),* and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Shakespeare creates mood and atmosphere for an audience. [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Juliet's nurse. At the end of the play, you look back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how the nurse would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) In the Prologue, Romeo and Juliet are described as "star crossed lovers". How important do you think fate is in affecting the outcome of the play? [20]

ROMEO: [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

SERVINGMAN: I know not, sir.

ROMEO: O she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear –
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear:
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessèd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

TYBALT: This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapier, boy.
[*Exit Page*]
What dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

CAPULET: Why, how now, kinsman, wherefore storm you so?

TYBALT: Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe:
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

CAPULET: Young Romeo is it?

TYBALT: 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

CAPULET: Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
'A bears him like a portly gentleman;
And to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

TYBALT: It fits when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.

Turn over.

14. ***Othello***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Othello and Iago speak and behave here. What does it reveal about them at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

(b) Give advice to an actor playing the part of Iago on how you think he should present the character to an audience. [20]

Or,

(c) Which of the three women characters (Desdemona, Emilia and Bianca) do you have the most sympathy for and why? [20]

IAGO: I lay with Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, 'Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry 'O sweet creature!' Then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips; laid his leg o'er my thigh,
And sigh, and kiss, and then cry, 'Cursèd fate
That gave thee to the Moor!'

OTHELLO: O monstrous! monstrous!

IAGO: Nay, this was but his dream.

OTHELLO: But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

IAGO: And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

OTHELLO: I'll tear her all to pieces!

IAGO: Nay, yet be wise. Yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

OTHELLO: I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

IAGO: I know not that; but such a handkerchief –
I am sure it was your wife's – did I today
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

OTHELLO: If it be that –

IAGO: If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

OTHELLO: O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues.

IAGO: Yet be content –

OTHELLO: O, blood, blood, blood!

IAGO: Patience, I say. Your mind may change.

Turn over.

15. ***Hobson's Choice***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a),* and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

With close reference to the extract, show how Willie's character is revealed to an audience here. [10]

Either,

(b) Give advice to an actor playing Maggie on how you think she should present the character to an audience. [20]

Or,

(c) At the beginning of the play, Hobson says, "You'll none rule me," to his daughters, whereas at the end he says meekly, "Yes, Maggie." Explain how and why this change in Hobson's attitude came about. [20]

*(*WILLIE MOSSOP *comes up the trap. He is a lanky fellow, about thirty, not naturally stupid but stunted mentally by a brutalized childhood. He is a raw material of a charming man, but, at present, it requires a very keen eye to detect his potentialities. His clothes are an even poorer edition of Tubby's. He comes half-way up the trap)*

MRS HEPWORTH: Are you Mossop?

WILLIE: Yes, mum.

MRS HEPWORTH: You made these boots?

WILLIE: *(peering at them)* Yes, I made them last week.

MRS HEPWORTH: Take that.

*(*WILLIE*, bending down, rather expects 'that' to be a blow. Then he raises his head and finds she is holding out a visiting card. He takes it)*

See what's on it?

WILLIE: *(bending over the card)* Writing?

MRS HEPWORTH: Read it.

WILLIE: I'm trying. *(His lips move as he tries to spell it out)*

MRS HEPWORTH: Bless the man. Can't you read?

WILLIE: I do a bit. Only it's such funny print.

MRS HEPWORTH: It's the usual italics of a visiting card, my man. Now listen to me. I heard about this shop, and what I heard brought me here for these boots. I'm particular about what I put on my feet.

HOBSON: *(moving slightly towards her)* I assure you it shall not occur again, Mrs Hepworth.

MRS HEPWORTH: What shan't?

HOBSON: *(crestfallen)* I – I don't know.

MRS HEPWORTH: Then hold your tongue. Mossop, I've tried every shop in Manchester, and these are the best-made pair of boots I've ever had. Now, you'll make my boots in future. You hear that, Hobson?

*(*MAGGIE *is taking it all in)*

HOBSON: Yes, madam, of course he shall.

MRS HEPWORTH: You'll keep that card, Mossop, and you won't dare leave here to go to another shop without letting me know where you are.

HOBSON: Oh, he won't make a change.

MRS HEPWORTH: How do you know? The man's a treasure, and I expect you underpay him.

HOBSON: That'll do, Willie. You can go.

WILLIE: Yes, sir.

*(*WILLIE *dives down the trap.* MAGGIE *closes it)*

MRS HEPWORTH: He's like a rabbit.

MAGGIE: Can I take your order for another pair of boots, Mrs Hepworth?

MRS HEPWORTH: Not yet, young woman. But I shall send my daughters here. And, mind you, that man's to make the boots.

MAGGIE: *(up at the doors and opening them)* Certainly, Mrs Hepworth.

MRS HEPWORTH: Good morning.

HOBSON: Good morning, Mrs Hepworth. Very glad to have the honour of serving you, madam. *(Following her up)*

*(*MRS HEPWORTH *goes out)*

(Angry) I wish some people would mind their own business. What does she want to praise a workman to his face for?

MAGGIE: I suppose he deserved it.

Turn over.

16. ***Blood Brothers***

Answer part *(a)* and **either** part *(b)* **or** part *(c)*.

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part *(a)*, and about 40 minutes on part *(b)* or part *(c)*.

(a) Read the extract on the opposite page. Then answer the following question:

Look closely at how Mrs Lyons speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about her? [10]

Either,

(b) Imagine you are Linda. At the end of the play you think back over your relationships with Mickey and Eddie. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Linda would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

(c) At the beginning of the play, the Narrator introduces Mrs Johnstone as, "the mother, so cruel". How does the play go on to create sympathy for Mrs Johnstone? [20]

MRS LYONS: Richard, can you let me have some cash?

MR LYONS: Of course.

MRS LYONS: I need about fifty pounds.

MR LYONS: My God, what for?

MRS LYONS: I've got lots of things to buy for the baby, I've got the nursery to sort out . . .

MR LYONS: All right, all right, here. *(He hands her the money.)*

MR LYONS *exits*.

MRS LYONS *considers what she is about to do and then calls*

MRS LYONS: Mrs Johnstone. Mrs Johnstone, would you come out here for a moment, please.

MRS JOHNSTONE *enters*.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Yes?

MRS LYONS: Sit down. Richard and I have been talking it over and, well the thing is, we both think it would be better if you left.

MRS JOHNSTONE: Left where?

MRS LYONS: It's your work. Your work has deteriorated.

MRS JOHNSTONE: But, I work the way I've always worked.

MRS LYONS: Well, I'm sorry, we're not satisfied.

MRS JOHNSTONE: What will I do? How are we gonna live without my job?

MRS LYONS: Yes, well we've thought of that. Here, here's . . . *(She pushes the money into* MRS JOHNSTONE*'s hands.)* It's a lot of money . . . but, well . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE: *(thinking, desperate. Trying to get it together.)*

OK. All right. All right, Mrs Lyons, right. If I'm goin', I'm takin' my son with me, I'm takin' . . .

As MRS JOHNSTONE *moves towards the cot* MRS LYONS *roughly drags her out of the way.*

MRS LYONS: Oh no, you're not. Edward is my son. Mine.

MRS JOHNSTONE: I'll tell someone . . . I'll tell the police . . . I'll bring the police in an' . . .

MRS LYONS: No . . . no you won't. You gave your baby away. Don't you realize what a crime that is. You'll be locked up. You sold your baby.

MRS JOHNSTONE, *horrified, sees the bundle of notes in her hand, and throws it across the room.*

MRS JOHNSTONE: I didn't . . . you told me, you said I could see him every day. Well, I'll tell someone, I'm gonna tell . . .

MRS JOHNSTONE *starts to leave but* MRS LYONS *stops her.*

MRS LYONS: No. You'll tell nobody.

Music

Because . . . because if you tell anyone . . . and these children learn of the truth, then you know what will happen, don't you? You do know what they say about twins, secretly parted, don't you?

MRS JOHNSTONE: *(terrified)* What? What?

MRS LYONS: They say . . . they say that if either twin learns that he once was a pair, they shall both immediately die. It means, Mrs Johnstone, that these brothers shall grow up, unaware of the other's existence. They shall be raised apart and never, ever told what was once the truth. You won't tell anyone about this, Mrs Johnstone, because if you do, you will kill them.

MRS LYONS *picks up the money and thrusts it into* MRS JOHNSTONE*'s hands*. MRS LYONS *turns and walks away.*

Turn over.

SECTION C

Spend about 30 minutes on this section. Think carefully about the poem before you write your answer.

17. Write about the poem and its effect on you.

You may wish to include some or all of these points:

- *the poem's content – what it is about;*
- *the ideas the poet may have wanted us to think about;*
- *the mood or atmosphere of the poem;*
- *how it is written – words or phrases you find interesting, the way the poem is structured or organised, and so on;*
- *your response to the poem.* [10]

In the poem, a prisoner describes life in a prison.

In The Can

Every second is a fishbone that sticks
In the throat. Every hour another slow
Step towards freedom. We're geriatrics
Waiting for release, bribing time to go.
I've given up trying to make anything
Different happen. Mornings: tabloids, page three.
Afternoons: videos or Stephen King,
Answering letters from relatives who bore me.
We're told not to count, but the days mount here
Like thousands of identical stitches
Resentfully sewn into a sampler,*
Or a cricket bat made out of matches.
Nights find me scoring walls like a madman,
Totting up runs: one more day in the can.

ROSIE JACKSON

**a type of embroidered picture*