

153/03  
**ENGLISH LITERATURE**  
**SPECIFICATION A**  
**HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 22 May 2007

(2½ hours)

**SECTION A**

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**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) Write about the relationship between Maya and her father, Daddy Bailey, and how it is presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does Maya Angelou present her experiences of education in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

Another day was over. In the soft dark the cotton truck spilled the pickers out and roared out of the yard with a sound like a giant's fart. The workers stepped around in circles for a few seconds as if they had found themselves unexpectedly in an unfamiliar place. Their minds sagged.

In the Store the men's faces were the most painful to watch, but I seemed to have no choice. When they tried to smile to carry off their tiredness as if it was nothing, the body did nothing to help the mind's attempt at disguise. Their shoulders drooped even as they laughed, and when they put their hands on their hips in a show of jauntiness, the palms slipped the thighs as if the pants were waxed.

"Evening, Sister Henderson. Well, back where we started, huh?"

"Yes, sir, Brother Stewart. Back where you started, bless the Lord." Momma could not take the smallest achievement for granted. People whose history and future were threatened each day by extinction considered that it was only by divine intervention that they were able to live at all. I find it interesting that the meanest life, the poorest existence, is attributed to God's will, but as human beings become more affluent, as their living standard and style begin to ascend the material scale, God descends the scale of responsibility at a commensurate speed.

"That's just who get the credit. Yes, ma'am. The blessed Lord." Their overalls and shirts seemed to be torn on purpose and the cotton lint and dust in their hair gave them the appearance of people who had turned gray in the past few hours.

The women's feet had swollen to fill the discarded men's shoes they wore, and they washed their arms at the well to dislodge dirt and splinters that had accrued to them as part of the day's pickings.

I thought them all hateful to have allowed themselves to be worked like oxen, and even more shameful to try to pretend that things were not as bad as they were. When they leaned too hard on the partly glass candy counter, I wanted to tell them shortly to stand up and "assume the posture of a man," but Momma would have beaten me if I'd opened my mouth. She ignored the creaks of the counter under their weight and moved around filling their orders and keeping up a conversation. "Going to put your dinner on, Sister Williams?" Bailey and I helped Momma, while Uncle Willie sat on the porch and heard the day's account.

"Praise the Lord, no, ma'am. Got enough left over from last night to do us. We going home and get cleaned up to go to the revival meeting."

Go to church in that cloud of weariness? Not go home and lay those tortured bones in a feather bed? The idea came to me that my people may be a race of masochists and that not only was it our fate to live the poorest, roughest life but that we liked it like that.

**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 Elizabeth speaks and behaves here. How does it affect your feelings towards her? [10]

**Either,**

(b) What do you think of Mrs. Bennet and the way she is presented to the reader? [20]

**Or,**

(c) To what extent do you find *Pride and Prejudice* an effective title for the novel? [20]

Elizabeth felt herself growing more angry every moment; yet she tried to the utmost to speak with composure when she said,

“You are mistaken, Mr Darcy, if you suppose that the mode of your declaration affected me in any other way, than as it spared me the concern which I might have felt in refusing you, had you behaved in a more gentleman-like manner.”

She saw him start at this, but he said nothing, and she continued.

“You could not have made me the offer of your hand in any possible way that would have tempted me to accept it.”

Again his astonishment was obvious; and he looked at her with an expression of mingled incredulity and mortification. She went on.

“From the very beginning, from the first moment I may almost say, of my acquaintance with you, your manners impressing me with the fullest belief of your arrogance, your conceit, and your selfish disdain of the feelings of others, were such as to form that ground-work of disapprobation, on which succeeding events have built so immovable a dislike; and I had not known you a month before I felt that you were the last man in the world whom I could ever be prevailed on to marry.”

“You have said quite enough, madam. I perfectly comprehend your feelings, and have now only to be ashamed of what my own have been. Forgive me for having taken up so much of your time, and accept my best wishes for your health and happiness.”

And with these words he hastily left the room, and Elizabeth heard him the next moment open the front door and quit the house.

The tumult of her mind was now painfully great. She knew not how to support herself, and from actual weakness sat down and cried for half an hour. Her astonishment, as she reflected on what had passed, was increased by every review of it. That she should receive an offer of marriage from Mr Darcy! that he should have been in love with her for so many months! so much in love as to wish to marry her in spite of all the objections which had made him prevent his friend’s marrying her sister, and which must appear at least with equal force in his own case, was almost incredible! it was gratifying to have inspired unconsciously so strong an affection. But his pride, his abominable pride, his shameless avowal of what he had done with respect to Jane, his unpardonable assurance in acknowledging, though he could not justify it, and the unfeeling manner in which he had mentioned Mr Wickham, his cruelty towards whom he had not attempted to deny, soon overcame the pity which the consideration of his attachment had for a moment excited.

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) In your opinion, who or what had the greatest influence over Paddy as he was growing up? Remember to support your answer with detailed reference to the text. [20]

Our territory was getting smaller. The fields were patches among the different houses and bits left over where the road didn't meet properly. They'd become dumps for all the waste stuff, bits of wood and brick and solidified bags of cement and milk bottles. They were good for exploring but bad for running in.

I heard the crack, felt it through my foot and I knew there was going to be pain before it came. I had time and control to decide where to fall. I fell onto a clean piece of grass and rolled. My cry of pain was good. The pain was real though, and rising. I'd hit a scaffolding joint hidden in the grass. The pain grew quickly. The whimper surprised me. My foot was wet. My shoe was full of blood. It was like water, creamier. It was warm and cold. My sock was wringing.

They were all standing around me. Liam had found the scaffolding joint. He held it in front of my face. I could tell it was heavy, the way he was holding it. It was big and impressive. There'd be loads of blood.

– What is it? said Sinbad.

– A scaffold thing.

– Thick eejit.

I wanted to take my shoe off. I held the heel and groaned. They watched. I pulled slowly, slowly. I thought about getting Kevin to pull it off, like in a film. But it would have hurt. It didn't feel as wet in there now, just warm. And sore. Still sore. Enough for a limp. I lifted my foot out. No blood. The sock was down at the back, under the heel. I took it off, hoping. They watched. I groaned again and took the sock away. They gasped and yeuched.

It was brilliant. The toenail had come off my big toe. It looked cruel. It was real. It was painful. I lifted the nail a little bit. They all looked. I sucked in breath.

– Aaah – !

I tried to put the nail into its proper position but it really hurt. The sock wasn't going to go back on. They'd all seen it. I wanted to go home now.

**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:

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

**Either,**

(b) Show how the arrival of Eppie changes Silas's life. [20]

**Or,**

(c) To what extent is it possible to feel sympathy for Godfrey Cass? Remember to support your answer with detailed reference to the text. [20]



Nancy and Godfrey walked home under the starlight in silence. When they entered the oaken parlour, Godfrey threw himself into his chair, while Nancy laid down her bonnet and shawl, and stood on the hearth near her husband, unwilling to leave him even for a few minutes, and yet fearing to utter any word lest it might jar on his feeling. At last Godfrey turned his head towards her, and their eyes met, dwelling in that meeting without any movement on either side. That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger – not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose.

But presently he put out his hand, and as Nancy placed hers within it, he drew her towards him, and said –

“That’s ended!”

She bent to kiss him, and then said, as she stood by his side, “Yes, I’m afraid we must give up the hope of having her for a daughter. It wouldn’t be right to want to force her to come to us against her will. We can’t alter her bringing up and what’s come of it.”

“No,” said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech – “there’s debts we can’t pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I’ve been putting off, and putting off, the trees have been growing – it’s too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man’s turning away a blessing from his door: it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy – I shall pass for childless now against my wish.”

Nancy did not speak immediately, but after a little while she asked – “You won’t make it known, then, about Eppie’s being your daughter?”

“No – where would be the good to anybody? – only harm. I must do what I can for her in the state of life she chooses. I must see who it is she’s thinking of marrying.”

“If it won’t do any good to make the thing known,” said Nancy, who thought she might now allow herself the relief of entertaining a feeling which she had tried to silence before, “I should be very thankful for father and Priscilla never to be troubled with knowing what was done in the past, more than about Dunsey: it can’t be helped, their knowing that.”

“I shall put it in my will – I think I shall put it in my will. I shouldn’t like to leave anything to be found out, like this of Dunsey,” said Godfrey, meditatively. “But I can’t see anything but difficulties that ‘ud come from telling it now. I must do what I can to make her happy in her own way.”

**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) Imagine you are Aunt Alexandra. At the end of the novel, you think back over its events. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Aunt Alexandra would speak when you write your answer. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How is the trial of Tom Robinson important to the novel as a whole? [20]

‘Yawl hush,’ growled Jem, ‘you act like you believe in Hot Steams.’

‘You act like you don’t,’ I said.

‘What’s a Hot Steam?’ asked Dill.

‘Haven’t you ever walked along a lonesome road at night and passed by a hot place?’ Jem asked Dill. ‘A Hot Steam’s somebody who can’t get to heaven, just wallows around on lonesome roads an’ if you walk through him, when you die you’ll be one too, an’ you’ll go around at night suckin’ people’s breath—’

‘How can you keep from passing through one?’

‘You can’t,’ said Jem. ‘Sometimes they stretch all the way across the road, but if you hafta go through one you say, “Angel-bright, life-in-death; get off the road, don’t suck my breath.” That keeps ’em from wrapping around you—’

‘Don’t you believe a word he says, Dill,’ I said. ‘Calpurnia says that’s nigger-talk.’

Jem scowled darkly at me, but said, ‘Well, are we gonna play anything or not?’

‘Let’s roll in the tyre,’ I suggested.

Jem sighed. ‘You know I’m too big.’

‘You c’n push.’

I ran to the back yard and pulled an old car tyre from under the house. I slapped it up to the front yard. ‘I’m first,’ I said.

Dill said he ought to be first, he just got here.

Jem arbitrated, awarded me first push with an extra time for Dill, and I folded myself inside the tyre.

Until it happened I did not realize that Jem was offended by my contradicting him on Hot Steams, and that he was patiently awaiting an opportunity to reward me. He did, by pushing the tyre down the sidewalk with all the force in his body. Ground, sky and houses melted into a mad palette, my ears throbbed, I was suffocating. I could not put out my hands to stop, they were wedged between my chest and knees. I could only hope that Jem would outrun the tyre and me, or that I would be stopped by a bump in the sidewalk. I heard him behind me, chasing and shouting.

The tyre bumped on gravel, skeetered across the road, crashed into a barrier and popped me like a cork on to the pavement. Dizzy and nauseated, I lay on the cement and shook my head still, pounded my ears to silence, and heard Jem’s voice: ‘Scout, get away from there, come on!’

I raised my head and stared at the Radley Place steps in front of me. I froze.

‘Come on, Scout, don’t just lie there!’ Jem was screaming. ‘Get up, can’tcha?’

I got to my feet, trembling as I thawed.

‘Get the tyre!’ Jem hollered. ‘Bring it with you! Ain’t you got any sense at all?’

When I was able to navigate, I ran back to them as fast as my shaking knees would carry me.

‘Why didn’t you bring it?’ Jem yelled.

‘Why don’t *you* get it?’ I screamed.

Jem was silent.

‘Go on, it ain’t far inside the gate. Why, you even touched the house once, remember?’

Jem looked at me furiously, could not decline, ran down the sidewalk, treaded water at the gate, then dashed in and retrieved the tyre.

‘See there?’ Jem was scowling triumphantly. ‘Nothin’ to it. I swear, Scout, sometimes you act so much like a girl it’s mortifyin’.’

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) The title *Of Mice and Men* refers to how plans and dreams often go wrong. To what extent do you find it an effective title for the novel? [20]

Lennie said: 'I thought you was mad at me, George.'

'No,' said George. 'No, Lennie. I ain't mad. I never been mad, an' I ain't now. That's a thing I want ya to know.'

The voices came close now. George raised the gun and listened to the voices.

Lennie begged: 'Le's do it now. Le's get that place now.'

'Sure, right now. I gotta. We gotta.'

And George raised the gun and steadied it, and he brought the muzzle of it close to the back of Lennie's head. The hand shook violently, but his face set and his hand steadied. He pulled the trigger. The crash of the shot rolled up the hills and rolled down again. Lennie jarred, and then settled slowly forward to the sand, and he lay without quivering.

George shivered and looked at the gun, and then he threw it from him, back up on the bank, near the pile of old ashes.

The brush seemed filled with cries and with the sound of running feet. Slim's voice shouted: 'George. Where you at, George?'

But George sat stiffly on the bank and looked at his right hand that had thrown the gun away. The group burst into the clearing, and Curley was ahead. He saw Lennie lying on the sand. 'Got him, by God.' He went over and looked down at Lennie, and then he looked at George. 'Right in the back of the head,' he said softly.

Slim came directly to George and sat down beside him, sat very close to him. 'Never you mind,' said Slim. 'A guy got to sometimes.'

**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:

Look closely at how Shelter speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal of his state of mind? [10]

**Either,**

(b) How does Swindells' presentation of Gail affect readers' attitudes towards her? [20]

**Or,**

(c) Show how Link's character changes throughout the novel and explain the reasons for these changes. [20]

### ***Daily Routine Orders 13***

You mustn't think I've been idle, just because Link the Stink continues to evade me. A peek under the famous floorboards is all you'd need to convince you of my continuing determination to rid my country of the riff-raff that's dragging it down.

My tally of recruits now stands at seven. Seven! Oh, I know I went on a bit when we reached three and three *is* a significant number, but seven – seven's what you call a mystical number, the reason being one that need not detain us. All I know is, lots of things go in sevens, like the seven deadly sins and the seventh son of a seventh son, not to mention the days of the week and *The Magnificent Seven*.

I got a black one, which goes to show there's no racial discrimination in the Camden Horizontals. It also helps break up the pattern – the deadly pattern I mentioned earlier. You can just imagine it, can't you – some smart-ass Detective Constable looking for a pattern, saying, all his victims have been white – *that* could be significant. Well it ain't, so there! There is no pattern, except that each operation has been a textbook example of brilliance, and they'll never see that.

They've bags of swank, my lads. Shiny boots and nice short hair. And if you think the boots'll give me away – if you're thinking the fella I get 'em off must be starting to wonder – forget it. I don't go to one fella, I go to three. So far. And there'll be more yet, by golly there will. You don't catch old Shelter that easily.

So the business continues. Volunteers swell the ranks. And they *are* volunteers, you know – nobody forces 'em to come. They come for what recruits have always come for – an end to hunger and a roof over their heads, and they get it. None of my lads is hungry, and they've got a roof over their heads and floor as well. I sometimes think I spoil 'em.

**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:

How does Meera Syal suggest Meena's feelings in this extract? [10]

**Either,**

(b) *Anita and Me* deals with Meena's growing up. Show how this is presented in the novel. [20]

**Or,**

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



My brother had the distinction of being the tallest baby ever born at New End Hospital in Wolverhampton. ‘The child was twenty-one inches long, can you imagine!’ Auntie Shaila said excitedly on the telephone, whilst papa hid his head uncomfortably in the newspaper. ‘No wonder he nearly ripped poor Daljit apart . . . but it was worth it, for a boy eh? Now the family is complete, and Meena can be another little mother to her bhaiya . . .’

I disliked him on first sight, a scrawny, yowling thing with a poached egg of a face, his long fingers clinging gekko-like to mama’s nightgown front whilst she held him up to me for a first sister’s kiss. I brushed his cheek sullenly with my mouth, it felt downy and damp, a strange smell of custard and roses made my nostrils twitch and for a second, he stopped crying and looked straight at me with wise old man eyes. The knowledge in them made me step back a moment. He had the face of a travel-weary prodigal, ancient dust and the maps of several continents lay on his brow, he had comet trails in his nappy and sea shells crushed between his toes. He was only a day old and I knew he had already seen places I would only ever dream of.

Papa laughed. ‘Look at him! He already loves you, Meena. He’s saying hello to you!’ Mama offered him to my arms. She looked transparent, ethereal. A long tube ran from a drip into a needle taped to the front of her hand, surrounded by a livid green-blue bruise. She could barely shift position without biting her lip and closing her eyes, as if not seeing her body would stop the pain. I shook my head, afraid I would drop this terrifying powerful, chicken-legged bundle.

**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:

Show how Dylan Thomas creates mood and atmosphere in this extract. [10]

**Either,**

(b) *Under Milk Wood* tells of one day in the life of Llareggub. How does Dylan Thomas create the atmosphere of a day passing in this play?

Think about:

- what happens at different times of the day;
- the characters featured at different times of the day;
- the roles of Captain Cat and 1st and 2nd Voice (Voice in some editions);
- the way the play is written;
- anything else you think important. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How are dreams important in *Under Milk Wood*? [20]

- FIRST VOICE People are moving now up and down the cobbled street.
- CAPTAIN CAT All the women are out this morning, in the sun. You can tell it's Spring. There goes Mrs Cherry, you can tell her by her trotters, off she trots new as a daisy. Who's that talking by the pump? Mrs Floyd and Boyo, talking flatfish. What can you talk about flatfish? That's Mrs Dai Bread One, waltzing up the street like a jelly, every time she shakes it's slap slap slap. Who's that? Mrs Butcher Beynon with her pet black cat, it follows her everywhere, miaow and all. There goes Mrs Twenty-Three, important, the sun gets up and goes down in her dewlap, when she shuts her eyes, it's night. High heels now, in the morning too, Mrs Rose Cottage's eldest Mae, seventeen and never been kissed ho ho, going young and milking under my window to the field with the nannygoats, she reminds me all the way. Can't hear what the women are gabbing round the pump. Same as ever. Who's having a baby, who blacked whose eye, seen Polly Garter giving her belly an airing, there should be a law, seen Mrs Beynon's new mauve jumper, it's her old grey jumper dyed, who's dead, who's dying, there's a lovely day, oh the cost of soapflakes!
- [Organ music, distant*
- CAPTAIN CAT Organ Morgan's at it early. You can tell it's Spring.
- FIRST VOICE And he hears the noise of milk-cans.
- CAPTAIN CAT Ocky Milkman on his round. I will say this, his milk's as fresh as the dew. Half dew it is. Snuffle on, Ocky, watering the town . . . Somebody's coming. Now the voices round the pump can see somebody coming. Hush, there's a hush! You can tell by the noise of the hush, it's Polly Garter. *(Louder)* Hullo, Polly, who's there?
- POLLY GARTER *(Off)*  
Me, love.
- CAPTAIN CAT *That's* Polly Garter. *(Softly)* Hullo, Polly my love, can you hear the dumb goose-hiss of the wives as they huddle and peck or flounce at a waddle away? Who cuddled you when? Which of their gandering hubbies moaned in Milk Wood for your naughty mothering arms and body like a wardrobe, love? Scrub the floors of the Welfare Hall for the Mothers' Union Social Dance, you're one mother won't wriggle her roly poly bum or pat her fat little buttery feet in that wedding-ringed holy to-night though the waltzing breadwinners snatched from the cosy smoke of the Sailors Arms will grizzle and mope.
- [A cock crows*
- CAPTAIN CAT Too late, cock, too late.
- SECOND VOICE for the town's half over with its morning. The morning's busy as bees.
- [Organ music fades into silence*

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) To what extent can Eddie be blamed for his own death? [20]

CATHERINE Did you ever hear of jazz?  
 RODOLFO Oh, sure! I *sing* jazz.  
 CATHERINE (*rises*) You could sing jazz?  
 RODOLFO Oh, I sing Napolidan, jazz, bel canto – I sing ‘Paper Doll’, you like ‘Paper Doll’?  
 CATHERINE Oh, sure, I’m crazy for ‘Paper Doll’. Go ahead, sing it.  
 RODOLFO (*takes his stance after getting a nod of permission from MARCO, and with a high tenor voice begins singing:*  
 ‘I’ll tell you boys it’s tough to be alone,  
 And it’s tough to love a doll that’s not your own.  
 I’m through with all of them,  
 I’ll never fall again,  
 Hey, boy, what you gonna do?  
 I’m gonna buy a paper doll that I can call my own,  
 A doll that other fellows cannot steal.  
 EDDIE *rises and moves upstage.*  
 And then those flirty, flirty guys  
 With their flirty, flirty eyes  
 Will have to flirt with dollies that are real –  
 EDDIE Hey, kid – hey, wait a minute –  
 CATHERINE (*enthralled*) Leave him finish, it’s beautiful! (*To BEATRICE*)  
 He’s terrific! It’s terrific, Rodolfo.  
 EDDIE Look, kid; you don’t want to be picked up, do ya?  
 MARCO No – no! (*He rises*)  
 EDDIE (*indicating the rest of the building*) Because we never had no singers here ... and all  
 of a sudden there’s a singer in the house, y’know what I mean?  
 MARCO Yes, yes. You’ll be quiet, Rodolfo.  
 EDDIE (*he is flushed*) They got guys all over the place, Marco. I mean.  
 MARCO Yes. He’ll be quiet. (*To RODOLFO*) You’ll be quiet.  
 RODOLFO *nods.*  
 EDDIE *has risen, with iron control, even a smile. He moves to CATHERINE.*  
 What’s the high heels for, Garbo?  
 CATHERINE I figured for tonight –  
 EDDIE Do me a favour, will you? Go ahead.  
*Embarrassed now, angered, CATHERINE goes out into the bedroom. BEATRICE watches her go and gets up; in passing, she gives EDDIE a cold look, restrained only by the strangers, and goes to the table to pour coffee.*  
 EDDIE (*striving to laugh, and to MARCO, but directed as much to BEATRICE*) All actresses they want to be around here.  
 RODOLFO (*happy about it*) In Italy too! All the girls.  
 CATHERINE *emerges from the bedroom in low-heel shoes, comes to the table. RODOLFO is lifting a cup.*  
 EDDIE (*he is sizing up RODOLFO, and there is a concealed suspicion*) Yeah, heh?  
 RODOLFO Yes! (*Laughs, indicating CATHERINE*) Especially when they are so beautiful!  
 CATHERINE You like sugar?  
 RODOLFO Sugar? Yes! I like sugar very much!  
 EDDIE *is downstage, watching as she pours a spoonful of sugar into his cup, his face puffed with trouble, and the room dies.*

**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 Sheila speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) How is the character of Inspector Goole important to the play as a whole? [20]

- SHEILA No, but you haven't finished asking questions – have you?
- INSPECTOR No.
- SHEILA *(to GERALD)* You see? *(To INSPECTOR.)* Then I'm staying.
- GERALD Why should you? It's bound to be unpleasant and disturbing.
- INSPECTOR And you think young women ought to be protected against unpleasant and disturbing things?
- GERALD If possible – yes.
- INSPECTOR Well, we know one young woman who wasn't, don't we?
- GERALD I suppose I asked for that.
- SHEILA Be careful you don't ask for any more, Gerald.
- GERALD I only meant to say to you – Why stay when you'll hate it?
- SHEILA It can't be any worse for me than it has been. And it might be better.
- GERALD *(bitterly)* I see.
- SHEILA What do you see?
- GERALD You've been through it – and now you want to see somebody else put through it.
- SHEILA *(bitterly)* So that's what you think I'm really like. I'm glad I realized it in time, Gerald.
- GERALD No, no, I didn't mean –
- SHEILA *(cutting in)* Yes, you did. And if you'd really loved me, you couldn't have said that. You listened to that nice story about me. I got that girl sacked from Milwards. And now you've made up your mind I must obviously be a selfish, vindictive creature.
- GERALD I neither said that nor even suggested it.
- SHEILA Then why say I want to see somebody else put through it? That's not what I meant at all.
- GERALD All right then, I'm sorry.
- SHEILA Yes, but you don't believe me. And this is just the wrong time not to believe me.
- INSPECTOR *(massively taking charge)* Allow me, Miss Birling. *(To GERALD.)* I can tell you why Miss Birling wants to stay on and why she says it might be better for her if she did. A girl died tonight. A pretty, lively sort of girl, who never did anybody any harm. But she died in misery and agony – hating life –
- SHEILA *(distressed)* Don't please – I know, I know – and I can't stop thinking about it –
- INSPECTOR *(ignoring this)* Now Miss Birling has just been made to understand what she did to this girl. She feels responsible. And if she leaves us now, and doesn't hear any more, then she'll feel she's entirely to blame, she'll be alone with her responsibility, the rest of tonight, all tomorrow, all the next night –
- SHEILA *(eagerly)* Yes, that's it. And I know I'm to blame – and I'm desperately sorry – but I can't believe – I won't believe – it's simply my fault that in the end she – she committed suicide. That would be too horrible –
- INSPECTOR *(sternly to them both)* You see, we have to share something. If there's nothing else, we'll have to share our guilt.
- SHEILA *(staring at him)* Yes. That's true. You know. *(She goes close to him, wonderingly.)* I don't understand about you.
- INSPECTOR *(calmly)* There's no reason why you should.  
*He regards her calmly while she stares at him wonderingly and dubiously.*

**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 Portia and Bassanio speak and behave here. What impressions would an audience receive of them? [10]

**Either,**

(b) Give advice to an actor playing Antonio on how he should present the character to an audience. [20]

**Or,**

(c) *The Merchant of Venice* has been described as “a story of love and hate.” Choose **one** of these emotions and show how it is presented in the play. [20]



BASSANIO Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
 Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
 Of grievous penalties, in lieu whereof  
 Three thousand ducats due unto the Jew  
 We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

ANTONIO And stand indebted over and above  
 In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA He is well paid that is well satisfied;  
 And I delivering you am satisfied  
 And therein do account myself well paid;  
 My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
 I pray you know me when we meet again.  
 I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.  
 Take some remembrance of us as a tribute,  
 Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you:  
 Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
 Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;  
 And for your love I'll take this ring from you.  
 Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more,  
 And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO This ring, good sir? Alas, it is a trifle;  
 I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA I will have nothing else but only this;  
 And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO There's more depends on this than on the value.  
 The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
 And find it out by proclamation.  
 Only for this I pray you pardon me.

PORTIA I see, sir, you are liberal in offers.  
 You taught me first to beg, and now methinks  
 You teach me how a beggar should be answered.

BASSANIO Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife,  
 And when she put it on, she made me vow  
 That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

PORTIA That scuse serves many men to save their gifts;  
 And if your wife be not a mad woman,  
 And know how well I have deserved this ring,  
 She would not hold out enemy for ever  
 For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.

*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa*

**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:

Look closely at how Juliet speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about her state of mind? [10]

**Either,**

(b) Give advice to an actor playing Romeo on how he should present the character to an audience. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does Shakespeare present the theme of conflict in *Romeo and Juliet*? [20]

PARIS                   Come you to make confession to this father?

JULIET                 To answer that, I should confess to you.

PARIS                   Do not deny to him that you love me.

JULIET                 I will confess to you that I love him.

PARIS                   So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.

JULIET                 If I do so, it will be of more price,  
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

PARIS                   Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

JULIET                 The tears have got small victory by that,  
For it was bad enough before their spite.

PARIS                   Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.

JULIET                 That is no slander, sir, which is a truth,  
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

PARIS                   Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.

JULIET                 It may be so, for it is not mine own.  
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,  
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

FRIAR LAWRENCE     My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.  
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

PARIS                   God shield I should disturb devotion!  
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;  
Till then adieu, and keep this holy kiss.         *Exit*

JULIET                 O shut the door, and when thou hast done so,  
Come weep with me, past hope, past cure, past help!

FRIAR LAWRENCE     O Juliet, I already know thy grief,  
It strains me past the compass of my wits.  
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,  
On Thursday next be married to this County.

JULIET                 Tell me not, Friar, that thou hearest of this,  
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it.  
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,  
Do thou but call my resolution wise,  
And with this knife I'll help it presently.  
God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands,  
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo's sealed,  
Shall be the label to another deed,  
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt  
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:  
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,  
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,  
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife  
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that  
Which the commission of thy years and art  
Could to no issue of true honour bring.  
Be not so long to speak, I long to die,  
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

**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 speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal of his state of mind? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) Why do you think Othello's relationship with Desdemona broke down? [20]

*Inside the fortress: Desdemona's bedroom.*

*Enter OTHELLO, with a light; DESDEMONA is sleeping in her bed.*

OTHELLO: It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul.  
 Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.  
 It is the cause. – Yet I'll not shed her blood,  
 Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
 And smooth as monumental alabaster.  
 Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
 Put out the light, and then put out the light.  
 If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
 I can again thy former light restore,  
 Should I repent me. But once put out *thy* light,  
 Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
 I know not where is that Promethean heat  
 That can thy light relume. When I have plucked the  
     rose,  
 I cannot give it vital growth again –  
 It needs must wither. I'll smell it on the tree.

*He kisses her.*

O balmy breath – that dost almost persuade  
 Justice to break her sword! – One more, one more!  
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee  
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last.  
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep –  
 But they are cruel tears. This sorrow's heavenly:  
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

DESDEMONA: Who's there? – Othello?

OTHELLO: Ay, Desdemona.

DESDEMONA: Will you come to bed, my lord?

OTHELLO: Have you prayed tonight, Dedemona?

DESDEMONA: Ay my lord.

OTHELLO: If you bethink yourself of any crime  
 Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
 Solicit for it straight.

DESDEMONA: Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

OTHELLO: Well, do it, and be brief. I will walk by.  
 I would not kill thy unpreparèd spirit.  
 No – heaven forfend! – I would not kill thy soul.

DESDEMONA: Talk you of killing?

OTHELLO: Ay, I do.

DESDEMONA: Then heaven  
 Have mercy on me!

OTHELLO: Amen, with all my heart!

**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:

Look closely at how Maggie speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of her character? [10]

**Either,**

(b) For which character in *Hobson's Choice* do you have the most sympathy? Show how Harold Brighouse creates sympathy for your chosen character. [20]

**Or,**

(c) Show how Harold Brighouse presents the development of the relationship between Willie and Maggie. [20]

MAGGIE: I want a word with you. You're treading on my foot, young woman.  
 ADA: Me, Miss Hobson? *(She looks stupidly at Maggie's feet)*  
 MAGGIE: What's this with you and him?  
 ADA: *(gushing)* Oh, Miss 'Obson, it is good of you to take notice like that.  
 WILLIE: Ada, she –  
 MAGGIE: You hold your hush. This is for me and her to settle. Take a fair look at him, Ada.  
 ADA: At Will?  
 MAGGIE: *(nodding)* Not much for two women to fall out over, is there?  
 ADA: Maybe he's not so much to look at, but you should hear him play.  
 MAGGIE: Play? Are you a musician, Will?  
 WILLIE: I play the Jew's harp.  
 MAGGIE: That's what you see in him, is it? A gawky fellow that plays the Jew's harp?  
 ADA: I see the lad I love, Miss 'Obson.  
 MAGGIE: It's a funny thing, but I can say the same.  
 ADA: You!  
 WILLIE: That's what I've been trying to tell you, Ada, and – and, by gum, she'll have me from you if you don't be careful.  
 MAGGIE: So we're quits so far, Ada.  
 ADA: You'll pardon me. You've spoke too late. Will and me's tokened. *(She takes his arm)*  
 MAGGIE: That's the past. It's the future that I'm looking to. What's your idea for that?  
 ADA: You mind your own business, Miss 'Obson. Will Mossop's no concern of thine.  
 WILLIE: That's what I try to tell her myself, only she will have it it's no use.  
 MAGGIE: Not an atom. I've asked for your idea of Willie's future. If it's a likelier one than mine, I'll give you best and you can have the lad.  
 ADA: I'm trusting him to make the future right.  
 MAGGIE: It's as bad as I thought it was. Willie, you wed me.  
 ADA: *(weakly)* It's daylight robbery. *(She moves slightly to the left)*  
 WILLIE: Aren't you going to put up a better fight for me than that, Ada? You're fair giving me to her.  
 MAGGIE: Will Mossop, you take your orders from me in this shop. I've told you you'll wed me.  
 WILLIE: Seems like there's no escape. *(He sits in the armchair)*  
 ADA: *(angry)* Wait while I get you to home, my lad. I'll set my mother on to you.  
 MAGGIE: Oh, so it's her mother made this match?  
 WILLIE: She had above a bit to do with it.  
 MAGGIE: I've got no mother, Will.  
 WILLIE: You need none, neither.  
 MAGGIE: Well, can I sell you a pair of clogs, Miss Figgins?  
 ADA: No. Nor anything else.  
 MAGGIE: Then you've no business here, have you? *(She moves up to the doors and opens them)*  
 ADA: *(going to him)* Will, are you going to see me ordered out?  
 WILLIE: It's her shop, Ada.  
 ADA: You mean I'm to go like this?  
 WILLIE: She means it.  
 ADA: It's cruel hard. *(She moves towards the door)*  
 MAGGIE: When it comes to a parting, it's best to part sudden and no whimpering about it.  
 ADA: I'm not whimpering, and I'm not parting, neither. But he'll whimper tonight when my mother sets about him. *(She makes a slight movement back to him)*  
 MAGGIE: That'll do.  
 ADA: *(in almost a scream)* Will Mossop, I'm telling you, you'll come home tonight to a thick ear.  
*(ADA goes)*

**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 Linda speaks and behaves here. How might it affect an audience's feelings towards her? [10]

**Either,**

(b) What do you think about Mrs. Lyons and the way she is presented to an audience? [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does Willy Russell present the theme of social class in *Blood Brothers*? [20]



MICKEY and LINDA are in their new house. In the lounge LINDA is preparing MICKEY 's working things.

LINDA: (Shouting): Mickey, Mickey, come on, you'll be late . . .

MICKEY enters his house.

MICKEY: Where's me . . .

LINDA: Here . . . here's y' bag. Y' sandwiches are in there . . .  
*He ignores the bag and begins looking through a cupboard drawer.*  
 Mickey, what y'lookin' for?

MICKEY: Y' know what I'm lookin' for.

LINDA: Mickey, Mickey listen to me . . .

MICKEY: Where's me tablets gone, Linda?

LINDA: Mickey you don't need your tablets!

MICKEY: Linda!

LINDA: Mickey. You're workin' now, we're livin' on our own – you've got to start makin' an effort.

MICKEY: Give them to me, Linda.

LINDA: You promised.

MICKEY: I know I promised but I can't do without them. I tried. Last week I tried to do without them. By dinner time I was shakin' an' sweating so much I couldn't even work. I need them. That's all there is to it. Now give.

*Pause.*

LINDA: Is that it then? Are y' gonna stay on them forever?

MICKEY: Linda.

LINDA: Look. We've . . . we've managed to sort ourselves out this far but what's the use if . . .

MICKEY: We have sorted ourselves out? Do you think I'm really stupid?

LINDA: What?

MICKEY: I didn't sort anythin' out Linda. Not a job, not a house, nothin'. It used to be just sweets an' ciggies he gave me, because I had none of me own. Now it's a job and a house. I'm not stupid, Linda. You sorted it out. You an' Councillor Eddie Lyons.

*LINDA doesn't deny it.*

Now give me the tablets . . . I need them.

LINDA: An' what about what I need? I need you. I love you. But, Mickey, not when you've got them inside you. When you take those things, Mickey, I can't even see you.

MICKEY: That's why I take them. So I can be invisible. (*Pause.*) Now give me them.

*Music. We see LINDA mutely hand MICKEY her bag.*

*MICKEY quickly grabs the tablets.*

*MICKEY exits.*

*The NARRATOR enters.*

*The NARRATOR watches LINDA. She moves to telephone, but hesitates.*

NARRATOR: There's a girl inside the woman

Who's waiting to get free

She's washed a million dishes

She's always making tea.

LINDA: (*speaking on the 'phone*): Could I talk to Councillor Lyons, please?

## 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]

**Shopkeeper**

*What a quiet time of year*  
he told me, for it was February  
and the trees were bare.

Storms had blown even beech leaves  
from hedges not a week before  
and trees were down at the forest eaves.

What he meant by quiet was a lack  
of visitors coming and going on the forest road  
stopping to buy in his shop full of tack.

He said it with his foot just inches  
from patches of snowdrops blooming between daffodil shoots  
and yards from the bird-table flurry of tits and finches.

In the distance the mountains glittered with snow.  
His van was in neutral, its engine revving  
with gathering speed. I watched him go.

I thought yes, *how quiet it seems.*  
The sun glistened a dew-wet web in the hedge  
and hushed the cold rush of the roaring streams.

GREG HILL

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