



**GCSE**

153/03

**ENGLISH LITERATURE  
SPECIFICATION A  
HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 20 May 2008

2½ hours

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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 brother, Bailey, and how it is presented to the reader. [20]

**Or,**

- (c) *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings* tells the story of important stages in Maya Angelou's early life: childhood, adolescence, and young adulthood. Choose one of these stages and show how it was important to Maya's development.

Think about:

- what happened to Maya during the stage you have chosen;
- Maya's relationships with others during this stage in her life;
- how this stage of her life was important to her development. [20]

I had a baby. He was beautiful and mine. Totally mine. No one had bought him for me. No one had helped me endure the sickly gray months. I had had help in the child's conception, but no one could deny that I had had an immaculate pregnancy.

Totally my possession, and I was afraid to touch him. Home from the hospital, I sat for hours by his bassinet and absorbed his mysterious perfection. His extremities were so dainty they appeared unfinished. Mother handled him easily with the casual confidence of a baby nurse, but I dreaded being forced to change his diapers. Wasn't I famous for awkwardness? Suppose I let him slip, or put my fingers on that throbbing pulse on the top of his head?

Mother came to my bed one night bringing my three-week-old baby. She pulled the cover back and told me to get up and hold him while she put rubber sheets on my bed. She explained that he was going to sleep with me.

I begged in vain. I was sure to roll over and crush out his life or break those fragile bones. She wouldn't hear of it, and within minutes the pretty golden baby was lying on his back in the center of my bed, laughing at me.

I lay on the edge of the bed, stiff with fear, and vowed not to sleep all night long. But the eat-sleep routine I had begun in the hospital, and kept up under Mother's dictatorial command, got the better of me. I dropped off.

My shoulder was shaken gently. Mother whispered, "Maya, wake up. But don't move."

I knew immediately that the awakening had to do with the baby. I tensed. "I'm awake."

She turned the light on and said, "Look at the baby." My fears were so powerful I couldn't move to look at the center of the bed. She said again, "Look at the baby." I didn't hear sadness in her voice, and that helped me to break the bonds of terror. The baby was no longer in the center of the bed. At first I thought he had moved. But after closer investigation I found that I was lying on my stomach with my arm bent at a right angle. Under the tent of blanket, which was poled by my elbow and forearm, the baby slept touching my side.

Mother whispered, "See, you don't have to think about doing the right thing. If you're for the right thing, then you do it without thinking."

She turned out the light and I patted my son's body lightly and went back to sleep.

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) How is the relationship between Lydia and Mr. Wickham important to the novel as a whole? [20]

As they walked across the lawn towards the river, Elizabeth turned back to look again; her uncle and aunt stopped also, and while the former was conjecturing as to the date of the building, the owner of it himself suddenly came forward from the road, which led behind it to the stables.

They were within twenty yards of each other, and so abrupt was his appearance, that it was impossible to avoid his sight. Their eyes instantly met, and the cheeks of each were overspread with the deepest blush. He absolutely started, and for a moment seemed immovable from surprise; but shortly recovering himself, advanced towards the party, and spoke to Elizabeth, if not in terms of perfect composure, at least of perfect civility.

She had instinctively turned away; but, stopping on his approach, received his compliments with an embarrassment impossible to be overcome. Had his first appearance, or his resemblance to the picture they had just been examining, been insufficient to assure the other two that they now saw Mr Darcy, the gardener's expression of surprise, on beholding his master, must immediately have told it. They stood a little aloof while he was talking to their niece, who, astonished and confused, scarcely dared lift her eyes to his face, and knew not what answer she returned to his civil enquiries after her family. Amazed at the alteration in his manner since they last parted, every sentence that he uttered was increasing her embarrassment; and every idea of the impropriety of her being found there, recurring to her mind, the few minutes in which they continued together, were some of the most uncomfortable of her life. Nor did he seem much more at ease; when he spoke, his accent had none of its usual sedateness; and he repeated his enquiries as to the time of her having left Longbourn, and of her stay in Derbyshire, so often, and in so hurried a way, as plainly spoke the distraction of his thoughts.

At length, every idea seemed to fail him; and, after standing a few moments without saying a word, he suddenly recollected himself, and took leave.

The others then joined her, and expressed their admiration of his figure; but Elizabeth heard not a word, and, wholly engrossed by her own feelings, followed them in silence. She was overpowered by shame and vexation. Her coming there was the most unfortunate, the most ill-judged thing in the world! How strange must it appear to him! In what a disgraceful light might it not strike so vain a man! It might seem as if she had purposely thrown herself in his way again! Oh! why did she come? or, why did he thus come a day before he was expected? Had they been only ten minutes sooner, they should have been beyond the reach of his discrimination, for it was plain that he was that moment arrived, that moment alighted from his horse or his carriage. She blushed again and again over the perverseness of the meeting. And his behaviour, so strikingly altered, – what could it mean? That he should even speak to her was amazing! – but to speak with such civility, to enquire after her family! Never in her life had she seen his manners so little dignified, never had he spoken with such gentleness as on this unexpected meeting. What a contrast did it offer to his last address in Rosings Park, when he put his letter into her hand! She knew not what to think, nor how to account for it.

**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:

Look closely at the way Paddy speaks and behaves here. How does it suggest his feelings?  
[10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) Show how Roddy Doyle presents Paddy's growing up. [20]

I had to go down to my parents. Sinbad kept crying, bawling over and over like a train. He wouldn't stop.

—I'll burst you if you don't.

I didn't know how they hadn't heard it. The hall light was off. They were supposed to leave it on. I got to the bottom of the stairs. The lino at the hall door was freezing. I checked: Sinbad was still whining.

I loved getting him into trouble. This way was best. I could pretend I was helping.

They were watching a cowboy film. Da wasn't pretending to read the paper.

—Francis is crying.

Ma looked at Da.

—He won't stop.

They looked, and Ma stood up. It took her ages to get up straight.

—He's been doing it all night.

—Go on back up, Patrick; come on.

I went up ahead of her. I waited at the beginning of the real dark to make sure she was coming after me. I stood beside Sinbad's bed.

—Ma's coming, I told him.

It would have been better if it had been Da. She wasn't going to do anything to him. She'd talk to him, that was all, maybe hug him. I wasn't disappointed though. I didn't want to get him now. I was cold.

—She's coming, I told him again.

I'd rescued him.

He made his whining go a bit louder, and Ma pushed the door open. I got into bed. There was still some of the warmth left from earlier.

Da wouldn't have done anything either; the same as Ma, he'd have done.

—Ah, what's wrong, Francis?

She didn't say it like *What's wrong this time*.

—I've a pain in my legs, Sinbad told her.

His rhythm was breaking down: she'd come.

—What sort of a pain?

—A bad one.

—In both your legs?

—Yeah.

—Two pains.

—Yeah.

She was rubbing his face, not his legs.

—Like the last time.

—Yeah.

—That's terrible; you poor thing.

Sinbad got a whimper out.

—That's you growing up, you know, she told him.

—You'll be very tall.

I never got pains in my legs.

—Very tall. That'll be great, won't it? Great for robbing apples.

That was brilliant. We laughed.

—Is it going now? she asked him.

—I think so.

—Good. —Tall and handsome. Very handsome. Ladykillers. Both of you.

When I opened my eyes again she was still there. Sinbad was asleep; I could hear him.

**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) What do you think of Eppie and the way she is presented in the novel? [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does George Eliot present the village of Raveloe and the people who live there? [20]



She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms did not yet relax their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of 'mammy', and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom; but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running towards it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all-fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack; and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

**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 Dill, now grown up. You think back over the events of the novel. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Dill would speak when you write your answer. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does Harper Lee present relationships between parents and children in *To Kill a Mockingbird*? [20]

The weather was unusually warm for the last day of October. We didn't even need jackets. The wind was growing stronger, and Jem said it might be raining before we got home. There was no moon.

The street light on the corner cast sharp shadows on the Radley house. I heard Jem laugh softly. 'Bet nobody bothers them tonight,' he said. Jem was carrying my ham costume, rather awkwardly, as it was hard to hold. I thought it gallant of him to do so.

'It is a scary place though, ain't it?' I said. 'Boo doesn't mean anybody any harm, but I'm right glad you're along.'

'You know Atticus wouldn't let you go to the schoolhouse by yourself,' Jem said.

'Don't see why, it's just around the corner and across the yard.'

'That yard's a mighty long place for little girls to cross at night,' Jem teased. 'Ain't you scared of haints?'

We laughed. Haints, Hot Steams, incantations, secret signs, had vanished with our years as mist with sunrise. 'What was that old thing,' Jem said, "'Angel bright, life-in-death; get off the road, don't suck my breath.'"

'Cut it out, now,' I said. We were in front of the Radley Place.

Jem said, 'Boo must not be at home. Listen.'

High above us in the darkness a solitary mocker poured out his repertoire in blissful unawareness of whose tree he sat in, plunging from the shrill kee, kee of the sunflower bird to the irascible qua-ack of a bluejay, to the sad lament of Poor Will, Poor Will, Poor Will.

We turned the corner and I tripped on a root growing in the road. Jem tried to help me, but all he did was drop my costume in the dust. I didn't fall, though, and soon we were on our way again.

We turned off the road and entered the schoolyard. It was pitch black.

'How do you know where we're at, Jem?' I asked, when we had gone a few steps.

'I can tell we're under the big oak because we're passin' through a cool spot. Careful now, and don't fall again.'

We had slowed to a cautious gait, and were feeling our way forward so as not to bump into the tree. The tree was a single and ancient oak; two children could not reach around its trunk and touch hands. It was far away from teachers, their spies, and curious neighbours: it was near the Radley lot, but the Radleys were not curious. A small patch of earth beneath its branches was packed hard from many fights and furtive crap games.

The lights in the high-school auditorium were blazing in the distance, but they blinded us, if anything. 'Don't look ahead, Scout,' Jem said. 'Look at the ground and you won't fall.'

'You should have brought the flashlight, Jem.'

'Didn't know it was this dark. Didn't look like it'd be this dark earlier in the evening. So cloudy, that's why. It'll hold off a while, though.'

Someone leaped at us.

'God amighty!' Jem yelled.

A circle of light burst in our faces, and Cecil Jacobs jumped in glee behind it. 'Ha-a-a, gotcha!' he shrieked.

**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) What do you think of Curley and the way he is presented in the novel? [20]

**Or,**

(c) “The world of *Of Mice and Men* is a world of harshness and violence.” To what extent do you agree with this statement? [20]

Curley stepped over to Lennie like a terrier. 'What the hell you laughin' at?'

Lennie looked blankly at him. 'Huh?'

Then Curley's rage exploded. 'Come on, ya big bastard. Get up on your feet. No big son-of-a-bitch is gonna laugh at me. I'll show ya who's yella.'

Lennie looked helplessly at George, and then he got up and tried to retreat. Curley was balanced and poised. He slashed at Lennie with his left, and then smashed down his nose with a right. Lennie gave a cry of terror. Blood welled from his nose. 'George,' he cried. 'Make 'um let me alone, George.' He backed until he was against the wall, and Curley followed, slugging him in the face. Lennie's hands remained at his sides; he was too frightened to defend himself.

George was on his feet yelling: 'Get him, Lennie. Don't let him do it.'

Lennie covered his face with his huge paws and bleated with terror. He cried: 'Make 'um stop, George.' Then Curley attacked his stomach and cut off his wind.

Slim jumped up. 'The dirty little rat,' he cried, 'I'll get 'um myself.'

George put out his hand and grabbed Slim. 'Wait a minute,' he shouted. He cupped his hands around his mouth and yelled: 'Get 'im, Lennie!'

Lennie took his hands away from his face and looked about for George, and Curley slashed at his eyes. The big face was covered with blood. George yelled again: 'I said get him.'

Curley's fist was swinging when Lennie reached for it. The next minute Curley was flopping like a fish on a line, and his closed fist was lost in Lennie's big hand. George ran down the room. 'Leggo of him, Lennie. Let go.'

But Lennie watched in terror the flopping little man whom he held. Blood ran down Lennie's face, one of his eyes was cut and closed. George slapped him on the face again and again, and still Lennie held on to the closed fist. Curley was white and shrunken by now, and his struggling had become weak. He stood crying, his fist lost in Lennie's paw.

George shouted over and over: 'Leggo his hand, Lennie. Leggo. Slim, come help me while the guy got any hand left.'

Suddenly Lennie let go his hold. He crouched cowering against the wall. 'You tol' me to, George,' he said miserably.

**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:

How does Robert Swindells suggest Link's feelings in this extract? [10]

**Either,**

(b) How does Robert Swindells make the reader aware of Shelter's increasing insanity? [20]

**Or,**

(c) "*Stone Cold* focuses on the grim reality of life on the street."  
To what extent do you agree with this statement? Support your answer with detailed reference to the text. [20]

Gail had broken our clinch. I looked around for Louise darling, but there was only me and Gail and the two coppers, and neither of them looked like a Louise. Then it hit me. The guy was talking to Gail.

She'd a sheepish look about her, I'll give her that. 'Link,' she murmured, 'This is Gavin. Gavin – this is the boy I told you about.' Gavin beamed and stuck out a paw. I ignored it and turned to Gail. 'And you,' I blurted. 'Who are you?'

She flushed. 'I'm sorry, Link. My name's Louise Bain. I'm a journalist. I've been—'.

'Don't tell me. You've been on to this loony for months, right? But you didn't give a shit how many kids got murdered, just so long as you and this wally were on the spot when they grabbed him.'

'Hey, steady on!' cried the photographer. 'She saved your life, remember.'

I looked at him. 'One more word out of you and I'll ram that fozzing camera right where the sun don't shine.'

Gail was shaking her head. 'You've got it wrong, Link. I was researching homelessness, that's all. I knew nothing about this other business. Nothing at all. You've got to believe me.'

There was more in the same vein. I was so distracted with anger and grief I hardly knew what I was saying. I remember asking Gavin why he didn't get some shots of the victims and sell them to the parents. Gail was in tears by this time, and so was I. It ended with her shoving a wad of banknotes in my hand. 'Good luck, Link,' she choked. 'I'm really sorry.' Gavin was starting his car. She got in with him and I found myself standing in a haze of blue smoke, watching her exit my life.

Oh, I know. I ought to have chucked the money in her face. A telly hero would have, but then a telly hero doesn't have to live on the street. Anyway, that's the sort of happy ending it was.

Yeah, but like – justice was done, right? Was it, though? Shelter (that's what he called himself – they found a sort of log book) – Shelter gets life, which means he gets a roof, a bed and three square meals a day. I don't.

What I hope is this. I hope when Louise and Gavin do their story it'll have some truth in it and that a lot of people will read it. People can only start to make things better if they know what's going on. There *has* to be an end to this some day. I just hope it happens while I'm still around.

In the meantime, though, I'm not sure what I'll do. I can't stay round Camden, that's for sure. Too many ghosts. I'd be forever seeing Gail across the street, or Ginger. I might try the Embankment or Covent Garden. There're a lot like me round Covent Garden. Or of course I could leave London altogether.

It's a free country, right?

**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) How does Meera Syal present the relationship between Meena's parents? [20]

**Or,**

(c) *Anita and Me* describes Meena's growing up. Who or what do you think had the greatest influence on her as she grew up? [20]



Papa flung open the Mini door ceremoniously, and Nanima levered herself out, brushing out the creases in her beige *salwar kameez* suit with gnarled brown fingers and pulling her woollen shawl around her to ward off an imagined breeze. She had barely taken a step before mama had thrown herself into her massive bosom, laughing and crying all at once, whilst Auntie Shaila sniffled to herself as she anointed our front step with oil as a traditional gesture of welcome. (It was supposed to be coconut oil but a bottle of Mazola Deep 'N' Crispy still did the trick.)

It took at least ten minutes for Nanima to reach the front door as each of us were shoved into her path to receive a blessing from her upraised hands. I was furious that Pinky and Baby got there before me, she was not even their sodding granny and there they were in the front of the queue, collecting a few more brownie points for their next life. But I reckoned since the Collection Tin incident, I could afford to be a little generous; after all, they had not mentioned it since.

Neither had they ever allowed their mother to leave them alone with me, for which I was relieved. However, I smirked to see Nanima's confusion as she patted them on the head, and felt vindicated when I saw mama whispering their names to her, explaining, I was certain, that they were hangers-on as opposed to blood relatives.

Papa held Sunil out for inspection; his bottom lip began quivering as soon as Nanima tried to cuddle him, so she laughed instead and pinched his cheek, handing him back to mama who kept up an excited monologue, 'See beti? That's your Nanima! Your Nanima has come to see you! Say Nanima! Say it!' Then I found myself looking up into my mama's face, except it was darker and more wrinkled and the eyes were rheumy and mischievous, but it was mama's face alright, and suddenly I was in the middle of a soft warm pillow which smelt of cardamom and sweet sharp sweat, and there was hot breath whispering in my ear, endearments in Punjabi which needed no translation, and the tears I was praying would come to prove I was a dutiful granddaughter, came spilling out with no effort at all.

I knew Nanima was going to be fun when she rolled backwards into the farty settee and let out a howl of laughter. As Auntie Shaila tried to haul her out, she continued laughing, shouting something to mama which turned into a loud chesty cough as she finally regained her balance. 'Meena, don't titter like that, have some respect,' papa admonished me gently. But as I handed Nanima a glass of water, one of our best glasses with the yellow and red roses around the rim, she chucked me under the chin conspiratorially and said something to papa who shook his head resignedly.

'What?' I badgered him. 'What did she say?'

'Nanima said you are a "jungle", a wild girl, uncivilised . . .' papa said. I ran around the front room whooping 'Jungle! Jungle!' and doing mock kung fu kicks at my shadow on the wall to make Nanima laugh even harder.

'Oy!' papa shouted over the din. 'It is not a compliment, you know!' But Nanima's expression told me it was exactly that.

**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:

With close reference to the extract, show how Dylan Thomas presents the nature of the relationship between Mr. Mog Edwards and Miss Myfanwy Price. [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) A critic once said, “The entire play is about religion, death, and sex.” To what extent do you agree with this description of *Under Milk Wood*? [20]

- FIRST VOICE From where you are you can hear in Cockle Row in the spring, moonless night, Miss Price, dressmaker and sweetshop-keeper, dream of
- SECOND VOICE her lover, tall as the town clock tower, Samson-syrup-gold-maned, whacking thighed and piping hot, thunderbolt-bass'd and barnacle-breasted, flailing up the cockles with his eyes like blowlamps and scooping low over her lonely loving hotwaterbottled body.
- MR EDWARDS Myfanwy Price!
- MISS PRICE Mr Mog Edwards!
- MR EDWARDS I am a draper mad with love. I love you more than all the flannelette and calico, candlewick, dimity, crash and merino, tussore, cretonne, crepon, muslin, poplin, ticking and twill in the whole Cloth Hall of the world. I have come to take you away to my Emporium on the hill, where the change hums on wires. Throw away your little bedsocks and your Welsh wool knitted jacket, I will warm the sheets like an electric toaster, I will lie by your side like the Sunday roast.
- MISS PRICE I will knit you a wallet of forget-me-not blue, for the money to be comfy. I will warm your heart by the fire so that you can slip it in under your vest when the shop is closed.
- MR EDWARDS Myfanwy, Myfanwy, before the mice gnaw at your bottom drawer will you say
- MISS PRICE Yes, Mog, yes, Mog, yes, yes, yes.
- MR EDWARDS And all the bells of the tills of the town shall ring for our wedding.

*[Noise of money-tills and chapel bells*

**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 Alfieri and Eddie speak and behave here. How does it create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

**Either,**

(b) For which character in *A View From The Bridge* do you have the **most** sympathy? Explain how Arthur Miller's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

**Or,**

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

- ALFIERI On December twenty-seventh I saw him next. I normally go home well before six, but that day I sat around looking out my window at the bay, and when I saw him walking through my doorway, I knew why I had waited. And if I seem to tell this like a dream, it was that way. Several moments arrived in the course of the two talks we had when it occurred to me how – almost transfixed I had come to feel. I had lost my strength somewhere. (EDDIE *enters, removing his cap, sits in the chair, looks thoughtfully out.*) I looked in his eyes more than I listened – in fact, I can hardly remember the conversation. But I will never forget how dark the room became when he looked at me; his eyes were like tunnels. I kept wanting to call the police, but nothing had happened. Nothing at all had really happened. (*He breaks off and looks down at the desk. Then he turns to EDDIE.*) So in other words, he won't leave?
- EDDIE My wife is talkin' about renting a room upstairs for them. An old lady on the top floor is got an empty room.
- ALFIERI What does Marco say?
- EDDIE He just sits there. Marco don't say much.
- ALFIERI I guess they didn't tell him, heh? What happened?
- EDDIE I don't know; Marco don't say much.
- ALFIERI What does your wife say?
- EDDIE (*unwilling to pursue this*) Nobody's talkin' much in the house. So what about that?
- ALFIERI But you didn't prove anything about him. It sounds like he just wasn't strong enough to break your grip.
- EDDIE I'm tellin' you I know – he ain't right. Somebody that don't want it can break it. Even a mouse, if you catch a teeny mouse and you hold it in your hand, that mouse can give you the right kind of fight. He didn't give me the right kind of fight, I know it, Mr Alfieri, the guy ain't right.
- ALFIERI What did you do that for, Eddie?
- EDDIE To show her what he is! So she would see, once and for all! Her mother'll turn over in the grave! (*He gathers himself almost peremptorily.*) So what do I gotta do now? Tell me what to do.
- ALFIERI She actually said she's marrying him?
- EDDIE She told me, yeah. So what do I do?  
*Slight pause.*
- ALFIERI This is my last word, Eddie, take it or not, that's your business. Morally and legally you have no rights, you cannot stop it; she is a free agent.
- EDDIE (*angering*) Didn't you hear what I told you?
- ALFIERI (*with a tougher tone*) I heard what you told me, and I'm telling you what the answer is. I'm not only telling you now, I'm warning you – the law is nature. The law is only a word for what has a right to happen. When the law is wrong it's because it's unnatural, but in this case it is natural and a river will drown you if you buck it now. Let her go. And bless her. (*A phone booth begins to glow on the opposite side of the stage; a faint, lonely blue. EDDIE stands up, jaws clenched.*) Somebody had to come for her, Eddie, sooner or later. (EDDIE *starts turning to go and ALFIERI rises with new anxiety.*) You won't have a friend in the world, Eddie! Even those who understand will turn against you, even the ones who feel the same will despise you! (EDDIE *moves off.*) Put it out of your mind! Eddie! (*He follows into the darkness, calling desperately.*)

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) Inspector Goole says “We are responsible for each other.” How does J.B. Priestley present this theme in *An Inspector Calls*? [20]

- BIRLING *(triumphantly)* There you are! Proof positive. The whole story's just a lot of moonshine. Nothing but an elaborate sell! *(He produces a huge sigh of relief.)* Nobody likes to be sold as badly as that – but – for all that – *(he smiles at them all)* Gerald, have a drink.
- GERALD *(smiling)* Thanks, I think I could just do with one now.
- BIRLING *(going to sideboard)* So could I.
- MRS B. *(smiling)* And I must say, Gerald, you've argued this very cleverly, and I'm most grateful.
- GERALD *(going for his drink)* Well, you see, while I was out of the house I'd time to cool off and think things out a little.
- BIRLING *(giving him a drink)* Yes, he didn't keep you on the run as he did the rest of us. I'll admit now he gave me a bit of a scare at the time. But I'd a special reason for not wanting any public scandal just now. *(Has his drink now, and raises his glass.)* Well, here's to us. Come on, Sheila, don't look like that. All over now.
- SHEILA The worse part is. But you're forgetting one thing I still can't forget. Everything we said had happened really had happened. If it didn't end tragically, then that's lucky for us. But it might have done.
- BIRLING *(jovially)* But the whole thing's different now. Come, come, you can see that, can't you? *(Imitating INSPECTOR in his final speech.)* You all helped to kill her. *(Pointing at SHEILA and ERIC, and laughing.)* And I wish you could have seen the look on your faces when he said that.
- SHEILA *moves towards door.*  
Going to bed, young woman?
- SHEILA *(tensely)* I want to get out of this. It frightens me the way you talk.
- BIRLING *(heartily)* Nonsense! You'll have a good laugh over it yet. Look, you'd better ask Gerald for that ring you gave back to him, hadn't you? Then you'll feel better.
- SHEILA *(passionately)* You're pretending everything's just as it was before.
- ERIC I'm not!
- SHEILA No, but these others are.
- BIRLING Well, isn't it? We've been had, that's all.
- SHEILA So nothing really happened. So there's nothing to be sorry for, nothing to learn. We can all go on behaving just as we did.
- MRS B. Well, why shouldn't we?
- SHEILA I tell you – whoever that Inspector was, it was anything but a joke. You knew it then. You began to learn something. And now you've stopped. You're ready to go on in the same old way.
- BIRLING *(amused)* And you're not, eh?
- SHEILA No, because I remember what he said, how he looked, and what he made me feel. Fire and blood and anguish. And it frightens me the way you talk, and I can't listen to any more of it.
- ERIC And I agree with Sheila. It frightens me too.
- BIRLING Well, go to bed then, and don't stand there being hysterical.
- MRS B. They're over-tired. In the morning they'll be as amused as we are.
- GERALD Everything's all right now, Sheila *(Holds up the ring.)* What about this ring?
- SHEILA No, not yet. It's too soon. I must think.
- BIRLING *(pointing to ERIC and SHEILA)* Now look at the pair of them – the famous younger generation who know it all. And they can't even take a joke—  
*The telephone rings sharply. There is a moment's complete silence. BIRLING goes to answer it.*  
Yes? . . . Mr Birling speaking . . . What? – here—  
*But obviously the other person has rung off. He puts the telephone down slowly and looks in a panic-stricken fashion at the others.*
- BIRLING That was the police. A girl has just died – on her way to the Infirmary – after swallowing some disinfectant. And a police inspector is on his way here – to ask some – questions –  
*As they stare guiltily and dumbfounded, the curtain falls.*

**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 and Antonio speak and behave here. What does it reveal about them at this point in the play? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) “This play is all about prejudice.” To what extent do you agree with this statement about *The Merchant of Venice*? [20]



Enter SHYLOCK, SOLANIO, ANTONIO, and the Jailer

SHYLOCK

Jailer, look to him. Tell not me of mercy.  
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.  
Jailer, look to him.

ANTONIO

Hear me yet, good Shylock –

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond, speak not against my bond;  
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,  
But since I am a dog, beware my fangs.  
The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,  
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond  
To come abroad with him at his request.

ANTONIO

I pray thee hear me speak –

SHYLOCK

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;  
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.  
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not!  
I'll have no speaking, I will have my bond.

*Exit*

SOLANIO

It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

ANTONIO

Let him alone.

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life, his reason well I know:  
I oft delivered from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

SOLANIO

I am sure the Duke

Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO

The Duke cannot deny the course of law;  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state,  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go.  
These griefs and losses have so bated me  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
Tomorrow to my bloody creditor.  
Well, jailer, on. Pray God Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not.

*Exeunt*

**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 and the Nurse speak and behave here. How does it create mood and atmosphere for an audience? [10]

**Either,**

(b) Although the play takes place over only a few days, Juliet's character undergoes a huge change during this time. Show how Shakespeare presents this change to an audience. [20]

**Or,**

(c) Give advice to the actor playing Lord Capulet, Juliet's father, on how you think he should present the character to an audience. [20]

- JULIET O God, she comes! – O honey Nurse, what news?  
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
- NURSE Peter, stay at the gate.
- Exit PETER*
- JULIET Now good sweet Nurse – O Lord, why look'st thou sad?  
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily.  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
- NURSE I am weary: give me leave a while.  
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I!
- JULIET I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak: good, good Nurse, speak.
- NURSE Jesu, what haste! Can you not stay a while?  
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
- JULIET How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good or bad? Answer to that.  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.  
Let me be satisfied: is't good or bad?
- NURSE Well, you have made a simple choice – you know not  
how to choose a man. Romeo? No, not he. Though his  
face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all  
men's – and for a hand and a foot and a body, though  
they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare.  
He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as  
gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench: serve God.  
What, have you dined at home?
- JULIET No, no! But all this did I know before!  
What says he of our marriage? What of that?
- NURSE Lord, how my head aches! What a head have I!  
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.  
My back a' t'other side – ah, my back, my back!  
Beshrew your heart for sending me about  
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!
- JULIET I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.  
Sweet, sweet, sweet Nurse, tell me – what says my love?
- NURSE Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a  
courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant,  
a virtuous – Where is your mother?
- JULIET Where is my mother? Why, she is within.  
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!  
– ‘Your love says, like an honest gentleman,  
“Where is your mother?”’
- NURSE O God's lady dear!  
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow!  
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?  
Henceforth do your messages yourself.
- JULIET Here's such a coil! Come, what says Romeo?
- NURSE Have you got leave to go to shrift today?
- JULIET I have.
- NURSE Then hie you hence to Friar Lawrence' cell.  
There stays a husband to make you a wife.

**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 Iago speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about his character? [10]

**Either,**

(b) For which of Iago's victims do you have the most sympathy, and why? [20]

**Or,**

(c) Write about jealousy in *Othello* and how it is presented. [20]

- CASSIO: Welcome, Iago. We must to the watch.
- IAGO: Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona – who let us not therefore blame. He hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.
- CASSIO: She's a most exquisite lady.
- IAGO: And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
- CASSIO: Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.
- IAGO: What an eye she has! Methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.
- CASSIO: An inviting eye – and yet methinks right modest.
- IAGO: And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?
- CASSIO: She is indeed perfection.
- IAGO: Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.
- CASSIO: Not tonight, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.
- IAGO: O, they are our friends. But one cup! I'll drink for you.
- CASSIO: I have drunk but one cup tonight, and that was craftily qualified too – and behold what innovation it makes here (*tapping his head*). I am unfortunate in the infirmity and dare not task my weakness with any more.
- IAGO: What, man! 'Tis a night of revels. The gallants desire it.
- CASSIO: Where are they?
- IAGO: Here, at the door. I pray you call them in.
- CASSIO: I'll do it, but it dislikes me.

*Exit.*

- IAGO: If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
 With that which he hath drunk tonight already,  
 He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,  
 Whom love hath turned almost the wrong side out,  
 To Desdemona hath tonight caroused  
 Potations pottle-deep – and he's to watch.  
 Three else of Cyprus – noble swelling spirits,  
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
 The very elements of this warlike isle –  
 Have I tonight flustered with flowing cups.  
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
 drunkards  
 Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
 That may offend the isle.

**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 Willie speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about him? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) How is the relationship between Maggie and her sisters, Vicky and Alice, important to the play as a whole? [20]

WILLIE : Now, then, Maggie, go and bring your father down and be sharp. I'm busy at my shop, so what they are at his.

(MAGGIE *takes Willie's hat off and puts it on the settee, then exits*)

It's been a good business in its day, too, has Hobson's.

ALICE : What on earth do you mean? It's a good business still.

WILLIE : You try to sell it, and you'd learn. Stock and goodwill 'ud fetch about two hundred.

VICKEY: Don't talk so foolish, Will. Two hundred for a business like father's!

WILLIE : Two hundred as it is. Not as it was in our time, Vickey.

ALICE : Do you mean to tell me father isn't rich?

WILLIE : If you'd not married into the law you'd know what they think of your father today in trading circles. Vickey ought to know. Her husband's in trade.

VICKEY: (*indignantly*) My Fred in trade!

WILLIE : Isn't he?

VICKEY: He's in the wholesale. That's business, not trade. And the value of father's shop is no affair of yours, Will Mossop.

WILLIE : Now I thought maybe it was. If Maggie and me are coming here ——

VICKEY: You're coming to look after father.

WILLIE : Maggie can do that with one hand tied behind her back. I'll look after the business.

ALICE : You'll do what's arranged for you.

WILLIE : I'll do the arranging, Alice. If we come here, we come here on my terms.

VICKEY: They'll be fair terms.

WILLIE : I'll see they're fair to me and Maggie.

ALICE : Will Mossop, do you know who you're talking to?

WILLIE : (*turning*) Aye. My wife's young sisters. Times have changed a bit since you used to order me about this shop, haven't they, Alice?

ALICE : Yes. I'm Mrs Albert Prosser now.

WILLIE : So you are, to outsiders. And you'd be surprised the number of people that call me Mr Mossop now. We do get on in the world, don't we?

(ALICE *moves up stage*)

VICKEY: Some folks get on too fast.

WILLIE : It's a matter of opinion. I know Maggie and me gave both of you a big leg up when we arranged your marriage portions, but I dunno that we're grudging you the sudden lift you got.

(*Enter HOBSON and MAGGIE*)

WILLIE : Good morning, father. I'm sorry to hear you're not so well.

HOBSON : I'm a changed man, Will. (*He comes down and sits on the armchair*)

WILLIE : There used to be room for improvement.

HOBSON : What! (*He starts up*)

MAGGIE : Sit down, father.

WILLIE : Aye. Don't let us be too long about this. You've kept me waiting now a good while and my time's valuable. I'm busy at my shop.

HOBSON : Is your shop more important than my life?

WILLIE : That's a bit like asking if a pound of tea weighs heavier than a pound of lead. I'm worried about your life because it worrits Maggie, but I'm none worried that bad I'll see my business suffer for the sake of you.

HOBSON: This isn't what I've a right to expect from you, Will.

WILLIE : You've no *right* to expect I care whether you sink or swim.

MAGGIE : Will!

WILLIE : What's to do? You told me to take a high hand, didn't you?

(MAGGIE *sits down*)

**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 Edward and Mickey speak and behave here. What does it reveal about them at this point in the play? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

- (c) At the end of the play the Narrator says, “And do we blame superstition for what came to pass?” How important do you think superstition is in affecting the outcome of the play? [20]



*Bored and petulant, MICKEY sits and shoots an imaginary Sammy.*

EDWARD, *also aged 'seven' appears. He is bright and forthcoming.*

EDWARD: Hello.

MICKEY: (*suspiciously*) Hello.

EDWARD: I've seen you before.

MICKEY: Where?

EDWARD: You were playing with some other boys near my house.

MICKEY: Do you live up in the park?

EDWARD: Yes. Are you going to come and play up there again?

MICKEY: No. I would do but I'm not allowed.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos me mam says.

EDWARD: Well, my mummy doesn't allow me to play down here actually.

MICKEY: 'Gis a sweet.

EDWARD: All right. (*He offers a bag from his pocket.*)

MICKEY: (*shocked*) What?

EDWARD: Here.

MICKEY: (*trying to work out the catch. Suspiciously taking one*) Can I have another one. For our Sammy?

EDWARD: Yes, of course. Take as many as you want.

MICKEY: (*taking a handful*) Are you soft?

EDWARD: I don't think so.

MICKEY: Round here if y' ask for a sweet, y' have to ask about, about twenty million times. An 'y' know what?

EDWARD: (*sitting beside MICKEY*) What?

MICKEY: They still don't bleedin' give y' one. Sometimes our Sammy does but y' have to be dead careful if our Sammy gives y' a sweet.

EDWARD: Why?

MICKEY: 'Cos, if our Sammy gives y' a sweet he's usually weed on it first.

EDWARD: (*exploding in giggles*) Oh, that sounds like super fun.

MICKEY: It is. If y' our Sammy.

EDWARD: Do you want to come and play?

MICKEY: I might do. But I'm not playin' now 'cos I'm pissed off.

EDWARD: (*awed*) Pissed off. You say smashing things don't you? Do you know any more words like that?

MICKEY: Yeh. Yeh, I know loads of words like that. Y' know, like the 'F' word.

EDWARD: (*clueless*) Pardon?

MICKEY: The 'F' word.

EDWARD *is still puzzled. MICKEY looks round to check that he cannot be overheard, then whispers the word to EDWARD. The two of them immediately wriggle and giggle with glee.*

EDWARD: What does it mean?

MICKEY: I don't know. It sounds good though, doesn't it?

EDWARD: Fantastic. When I get home I'll look it up in the dictionary.

MICKEY: In the what?

EDWARD: The dictionary. Don't you know what a dictionary is?

MICKEY: 'Course I do . . . It's a, it's a thingy innit?

EDWARD: A book which explains the meaning of words.

## 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]

**A London Thoroughfare\* Two A.M.**

They have watered the street,  
 It shines in the glare of lamps,  
 Cold, white lamps,  
 And lies  
 Like a slow-moving river,  
 Barred with silver and black.  
 Cabs go down it,  
 One,  
 And then another.  
 Between them I hear the shuffling of feet,  
 Tramps doze on the window-ledges,  
 Night walkers pass along the sidewalks.  
 The city is squalid and sinister,  
 With the silver-barred street in the midst,  
 Slow moving,  
 A river leading nowhere.

Opposite my window,  
 The moon cuts,  
 Clear and round,  
 Through the plum-coloured night  
 She cannot light the city;  
 It is too bright.  
 It has white lamps,  
 And glitters coldly.

I stand in the window and watch the moon.  
 She is thin and lustreless,  
 But I love her.  
 I know the moon,  
 And this is an alien city.

AMY LOWELL

\* a main road