



**GCSE**

153/03

**ENGLISH LITERATURE  
SPECIFICATION A  
HIGHER TIER**

A.M. TUESDAY, 24 May 2011

2½ hours

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**ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer book.

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

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:

Look closely at how Maya speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her character? [10]

**Either,**

(b) How is the relationship between Maya and her mother (Mother Dear) presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

**Or,**

(c) How are Maya's experiences of education presented in *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*? [20]

In the offices of the Market Street Railway company, the receptionist seemed as surprised to see me there as I was surprised to find the interior dingy and the decor drab. Somehow I had expected waxed surfaces and carpeted floors. If I had met no resistance, I might have decided against working for such a poor-mouth-looking concern. As it was, I explained that I had come to see about a job. She asked, was I sent by an agency, and when I replied that I was not, she told me they were only accepting applicants from agencies.

The classified pages of the morning papers had listed advertisements for motorettes and conductorettes and I reminded her of that. She gave me a face full of astonishment that my suspicious nature would not accept.

“I am applying for the job listed in this morning’s *Chronicle* and I’d like to be presented to your personnel manager.” While I spoke in supercilious accents, and looked at the room as if I had an oil well in my own back-yard, my armpits were being pricked by millions of hot pointed needles. She saw her escape and dived into it.

“He’s out. He’s out for the day. You might call tomorrow and if he’s in, I’m sure you can see him.” Then she swiveled her chair around on its rusty screws and with that I was supposed to be dismissed.

“May I ask his name?”

She half turned, acting surprised to find me still there.

“His name? Whose name?”

“Your personnel manager.”

We were firmly joined in the hypocrisy to play out the scene.

“The personnel manager? Oh, he’s Mr. Cooper, but I’m not sure you’ll find him here tomorrow. He’s . . . Oh, but you can try.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

And I was out of the musty room and into the even mustier lobby. In the street I saw the receptionist and myself going faithfully through paces that were stale with familiarity, although I had never encountered that kind of situation before and, probably, neither had she. We were like actors who, knowing the play by heart, were still able to cry afresh over the old tragedies and laugh spontaneously at the comic situations.

The miserable little encounter had nothing to do with me, the me of me, any more than it had to do with that silly clerk. The incident was a recurring dream, concocted years before by stupid whites and it eternally came back to haunt us all. The secretary and I were like Hamlet and Laertes in the final scene, where, because of harm done by one ancestor to another, we were bound to duel to the death. Also because the play must end somewhere.

I went further than forgiving the clerk, I accepted her as a fellow victim of the same puppeteer.

On the streetcar, I put my fare into the box and the conductorette looked at me with the usual hard eyes of white contempt. “Move into the car, please move on in the car.” She patted her money changer.

Her Southern nasal accent sliced my meditation and I looked deep into my thoughts. All lies, all comfortable lies. The receptionist was not innocent and neither was I. The whole charade we had played out in that crummy waiting room had directly to do with me, Black, and her, white.

I wouldn’t move into the streetcar but stood on the ledge over the conductor, glaring. My mind shouted so energetically that the announcement made my veins stand out, and my mouth tighten into a prune.

**I WOULD HAVE THE JOB. I WOULD BE A CONDUCTORETTE AND SLING A FULL MONEY CHANGER FROM MY BELT. I WOULD.**

**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) How does Jane Austen's presentation of Mr. Darcy throughout the novel affect readers' attitudes towards him? [20]

**Or,**

(c) For which of the female characters in the novel do you have the most sympathy? Show how Jane Austen's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for her. [20]

‘Engaged to Mr. Collins! my dear Charlotte, –impossible!’

The steady countenance which Miss Lucas had commanded in telling her story, gave way to a momentary confusion here on receiving so direct a reproach; though, as it was no more than she expected, she soon regained her composure, and calmly replied,

‘Why should you be surprised, my dear Eliza?–Do you think it incredible that Mr. Collins should be able to procure any woman’s good opinion, because he was not so happy as to succeed with you?’

But Elizabeth had now recollected herself, and making a strong effort for it, was able to assure her with tolerable firmness that the prospect of their relationship was highly grateful to her, and that she wished her all imaginable happiness.

‘I see what you are feeling,’ replied Charlotte, –‘you must be surprised, very much surprised, –so lately as Mr. Collins was wishing to marry you. But when you have had time to think it all over, I hope you will be satisfied with what I have done. I am not romantic you know. I never was. I ask only a comfortable home; and considering Mr. Collins’s character, connections, and situation in life, I am convinced that my chance of happiness with him is as fair, as most people can boast on entering the marriage state.’

Elizabeth quietly answered ‘Undoubtedly;’ –and after an awkward pause, they returned to the rest of the family. Charlotte did not stay much longer, and Elizabeth was then left to reflect on what she had heard. It was a long time before she became at all reconciled to the idea of so unsuitable a match. The strangeness of Mr. Collins’s making two offers of marriage within three days, was nothing in comparison of his being now accepted. She had always felt that Charlotte’s opinion of matrimony was not exactly like her own, but she could not have supposed it possible that when called into action, she would have sacrificed every better feeling to worldly advantage. Charlotte the wife of Mr. Collins, was a most humiliating picture!–And to the pang of a friend disgracing herself and sunk in her esteem, was added the distressing conviction that it was impossible for that friend to be tolerably happy in the lot she had chosen.

**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) How are Paddy's friends important to him as he grows up? [20]

**Or,**

(c) Show how Roddy Doyle presents the difficulties in Paddy's parents' marriage. [20]

Under the table was a fort. With the six chairs tucked under it there was still plenty of room; it was better that way, more secret. I'd sit in there for hours. This was the good table in the living room, the one that never got used, except at Christmas. I didn't have to bend my head. The roof of the table was just above me. I liked it like that. It made me concentrate on the floor and feet. I saw things. Balls of fluff, held together and made round by hair, floated on the lino. The lino had tiny cracks that got bigger if you pressed them. The sun was full of dust, huge chunks of it. It made me want to stop breathing. But I loved watching it. It swayed like snow. When my da was standing up he stood perfectly still. His feet clung to the ground. They only moved when he was going somewhere. My ma's feet were different. They didn't settle. They couldn't make their minds up. I fell asleep in there; I used to. It was always cool in there, never cold, and warm when I wanted it to be. The lino was nice on my face. The air wasn't alive like outside, beyond the table; it was safe. It had a smell I liked. My da's socks had diamonds on them. I woke up once and there was a blanket on top of me. I wanted to stay there forever. I was near the window. I could hear the birds outside. My da's legs were crossed. He was humming. The smell from the kitchen was lovely; I wasn't hungry, I didn't need it. Stew. It was Thursday. It must have been. My ma was humming as well. The same song as my da. It wasn't a proper song, just a hum with a few notes in it. It didn't sound like they knew they were humming the same thing. The notes had just crept into one of their heads, my da's probably. My ma did most of the humming. I stretched till my foot pushed a chair leg, and curled up again. The blanket had sand in it, from a picnic.

That was before my mother had Cathy and Deirdre. Sinbad couldn't walk then; I remembered. He slid along the lino on his bum. I couldn't do it any more. I could get under the table but my head pressed the top when I sat straight and I couldn't sit still; it hurt, my legs ached. I was afraid I'd be caught. I tried it a few times but it was stupid.

**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 suggests Silas Marner's state of mind here. [10]

**Either,**

(b) How does George Eliot create sympathy for the character of Silas Marner? [20]

**Or,**

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



And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe?—orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide churchyard, which men gazed at lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men, when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the Power in which he had vainly trusted among the streets and in the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust, which, for him, had been turned to bitterness. The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly, that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night.

His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he was come to Raveloe, he worked far on into the night to finish the tale of Mrs. Osgood's table-linen sooner than she expected— without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort. Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. Thought was arrested by utter bewilderment, now its old narrow pathway was closed, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

**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 Atticus. At the end of the novel you think back over Tom Robinson's trial and the impact it had on you and your family. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Atticus would speak when you write your answer. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How does Harper Lee present Jem and Scout's changing relationship in the novel? [20]

We were in the back yard. The back of the Radley house was less inviting than the front: a ramshackle porch ran the width of the house; there were two doors and two dark windows between the doors. Instead of a column, a rough two-by-four supported one end of the roof. An old Franklin stove sat in a corner of the porch; above it a hat-rack mirror caught the moon and shone eerily.

‘Ar-r,’ said Jem softly, lifting his foot.

‘Smatter?’

‘Chickens,’ he breathed.

That we would be obliged to dodge the unseen from all directions was confirmed when Dill ahead of us spelled G-o-d in a whisper. We crept to the side of the house, around to the window with the hanging shutter. The sill was several inches taller than Jem.

‘Give you a hand up,’ he muttered to Dill. ‘Wait, though.’ Jem grabbed his left wrist and my right wrist, I grabbed my left wrist and Jem’s right wrist, we crouched, and Dill sat on our saddle. We raised him and he caught the window-sill.

‘Hurry,’ Jem whispered, ‘we can’t last much longer.’

Dill punched my shoulder, and we lowered him to the ground.

‘What’d you see?’

‘Nothing. Curtains. There’s a little teeny light way off somewhere, though.’

‘Let’s get away from here,’ breathed Jem. ‘Let’s go ’round in back again. Sh-h,’ he warned me, as I was about to protest.

‘Let’s try the back window.’

‘Dill, *no*,’ I said.

Dill stopped and let Jem go ahead. When Jem put his foot on the bottom step, the step squeaked. He stood still, then tried his weight by degrees. The step was silent. Jem skipped two steps, put his foot on the porch, heaved himself to it, and teetered a long moment. He regained his balance and dropped to his knees. He crawled to the window, raised his head and looked in.

Then I saw the shadow. It was the shadow of a man with a hat on. At first I thought it was a tree, but there was no wind blowing, and tree-trunks never walked. The back porch was bathed in moonlight, and the shadow, crisp as toast, moved across the porch towards Jem.

Dill saw it next. He put his hands to his face.

When it crossed Jem, Jem saw it. He put his arms over his head and went rigid.

The shadow stopped about a foot beyond Jem. Its arm came out from its side, dropped, and was still. Then it turned and moved back across Jem, walked along the porch and off the side of the house, returning as it had come.

Jem leaped off the porch and galloped towards us. He flung open the gate, danced Dill and me through, and shooed us between two rows of swishing collards. Half-way through the collards I tripped; as I tripped the roar of a shotgun shattered the neighbourhood.

Dill and Jem dived beside me. Jem’s breath came in sobs: ‘Fence by the schoolyard! - hurry, Scout!’

Jem held the bottom wire; Dill and I rolled through and were half-way to the shelter of the schoolyard’s solitary oak when we sensed that Jem was not with us. We ran back and found him struggling in the fence, kicking his pants off to get loose. He ran to the oak tree in his shorts.

Safely behind it, we gave way to numbness, but Jem’s mind was racing: ‘We gotta get home, they’ll miss us.’

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) For which character in *Of Mice and Men* do you have the most sympathy? Show how John Steinbeck's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for him or her. [20]

**Or,**

(c) How is the relationship between Curley and his wife important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Lennie went back and looked at the dead girl. The puppy lay close to her. Lennie picked it up. 'I'll throw him away,' he said. 'It's bad enough like it is.' He put the pup under his coat, and he crept to the barn wall and peered out between the cracks, toward the horseshoe game. And then he crept around the end of the last manger and disappeared.

The sun-streaks were high on the wall by now, and the light was growing soft in the barn. Curley's wife lay on her back, and she was half covered with hay.

It was very quiet in the barn, and the quiet of the afternoon was on the ranch. Even the clang of the pitched shoes, even the voices of the men in the game seemed to grow more quiet. The air in the barn was dusky in advance of the outside day. A pigeon flew in through the open hay door and circled and flew out again. Around the last stall came a shepherd bitch, lean and long, with heavy, hanging dugs. Half-way to the packing-box where the puppies were, she caught the dead scent of Curley's wife, and the hair arose along her spine. She whimpered and cringed to the packing-box, and jumped in among the puppies.

Curley's wife lay with a half-covering of yellow hay. And the meanness and the plannings and the discontent and the ache for attention were all gone from her face. She was very pretty and simple, and her face was sweet and young. Now her rouged cheeks and her reddened lips made her seem alive and sleeping very lightly. The curls, tiny little sausages, were spread on the hay behind her head, and her lips were parted.

As happens sometimes, a moment settled and hovered and remained for much more than a moment. And sound stopped and movement stopped for much, much more than a moment.

**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 is the friendship between Link and Ginger important to the novel as a whole? [20]

**Or,**

(c) What do you think of Shelter and the way he is presented to the reader? [20]

When you're homeless and hungry you're an outsider. Normal everyday experience doesn't apply to you. You know – things like having a job to go to, mates to meet, a motor bike to save up for. You don't buy CDs or get your hair cut or have dental check-ups or shop for clothes. You can't. Your circumstances put those sorts of things beyond your reach. To all intents and purposes you belong to a separate species, and one of the hardest bits is how it cuts you off from girls. If you're a guy, I mean. See – normally a young bloke sees a girl passing by and he'll smile and maybe call out something to her. Chat her up a bit. It doesn't mean anything and it won't usually lead to anything – it's just part of being young and on the loose if you know what I mean. And now and then – maybe one time in a hundred – it does lead to something and you've got a relationship which might or might not last. The important thing is that you're part of it, right? One of the guys. Or one of the girls. But if you're dossing, you're not. You try chatting up a girl when you're ragged and grimy and pasty-faced and your teeth are crummy and she knows you don't even have the price of a coffee. No chance. Not only will you not get off with her, you won't even get the smile. A dirty look and a wide berth's more like it. And the same in reverse if you're a girl, I guess. After a bit you start thinking of yourself as a different creature – a creature that lives beside ordinary people but isn't one of them.

So finding myself suddenly sitting in this caff, chatting with a fantastic-looking girl, felt really strange. For the first time in months I wasn't some sort of freak. I was just a young guy getting to know a girl, like people do. I forgot my tatty clothes and matted hair and the ache in my gut. I forgot about cold, hard doorways and cold, hard eyes and the fact that I couldn't even invite her to see a movie. I was a guy, she was a girl and I might be falling in love. That was all I knew. All I wanted to know.

**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 Syall creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

(b) Show how and why Meena's relationship with Anita changes, from the beginning of the novel, when they become friends, to the end, when Meena leaves Tollington. [20]

**Or,**

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



‘Are you angry with me, Meena?’ He asked me like he was asking me to dance. He was soft, yielding, teasing. I stared steadily at Sunil who was now fast asleep and tucked the cot blanket round his bare legs. ‘Meena? Ain’t we friends any more then?’ Someone in the gang shouted out something, I could not make out what it was, but Sam rounded on them with a sharp ‘Shuttit, Baz!’

What was the matter with him? Didn’t he understand what he had done? Just when I thought I would faint with the heat and pain in my head and effort of looking anywhere except where I wanted to look, I felt Nanima’s hand on my arm. She felt my cheek and prised the pram handle out of my fingers. I noticed that my knuckles were white.

‘This your Nan, Meena?’ said Uncle Alan with relief, and shook Nanima’s free hand vigorously. ‘Lovely to meet you. Welcome to England!’

He sounded like he was speaking underwater. I thought I heard hissing, like the geese in the pub courtyard, but louder, more stinging. The sibilance made the bongos beat faster, the pavement looked transparent and rose slightly towards me. I had to look up then, but not at Sam, I looked straight at the gang members who were on the verge of having a huge laugh at Nanima’s expense. Their lips were pursed, ready to hoot or chant or gob or giggle and I was not having it.

All the pain in my head crystallised into two beams of pure energy which shot out of my eyes and which I turned on Sam’s gang, expecting to see them shrivel like slugs under salt, like metal under Superman’s laser x-ray gaze. I was ten feet tall, I had a hundred arms, like the goddess on top of the fridge in Auntie Shaila’s house, I was swathed in red and gold silk like a new bride. I felt myself floating above them all, just like Nanima had risen up to the ceiling that first night with Sunil in her arms.

The gang fell silent. I let Nanima lead me away. I did not look back. As we reached our front door, I heard snatches of a chant that they were singing at my back, ‘De de dah de, de de dah de, de dah dah dah de . . .’ I dimly recognised it as the theme tune to *Laurel and Hardy* before I sank into the farty settee and gave in to darkness.

**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 creates mood and atmosphere here. [10]

**Either,**

(b) How does Dylan Thomas present relationships between men and women in his play? [20]

**Or,**

(c) This is the last time that *Under Milk Wood* will be a set text for English Literature with WJEC, at least for some time. Write why, or why not, you think it is a good text to study. [20]

Listen. It is night moving in the streets, the processional salt slow musical wind in Coronation Street and Cockle Row, it is the grass growing on Llareggub Hill, dewfall, starfall, the sleep of birds in Milk Wood.

Listen. It is night in the chill, squat chapel hymning in bonnet and brooch and bombazine black, butterfly choker and bootlace bow, coughing like nannygoats, sucking mintoes, fortywinking hallelujah; night in the four-ale, quiet as a domino; in Ocky Milkman's loft like a mouse with gloves; in Dai Bread's bakery flying like black flour. It is to-night in Donkey Street, trotting silent, with seaweed on its hooves, along the cockled cobbles, past curtained fernpot, text and trinket, harmonium, holy dresser, watercolours done by hand, china dog and rosy tin teacaddy. It is night neddying among the snuggeries of babies.

Look. It is night, dumbly, royally winding through the Coronation cherry trees; going through the graveyard of Bethesda with winds gloved and folded, and dew doffed; tumbling by the Sailors Arms.

Time passes. Listen. Time passes.

Come closer now.

Only you can hear the houses sleeping in the streets in the slow deep salt and silent black, bandaged night. Only you can see, in the blinded bedrooms, the coms. and petticoats over the chairs, the jugs and basins, the glasses of teeth. Thou Shalt Not on the wall, and the yellowing dickybird-watching pictures of the dead. Only you can hear and see, behind the eyes of the sleepers, the movement and countries and mazes and colours and dismays and rainbows and tunes and wishes and flight and fall and despairs and big seas of their dreams.

From where you are, you can hear their dreams.

**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 the way Eddie speaks and behaves here. How might it affect an audience's feelings towards him? [10]

**Either,**

(b) To what extent is it possible to feel sympathy for Eddie, in your opinion? Support your answer with detailed reference to the whole play. [20]

**Or,**

(c) At the beginning of the play, Alfieri tells the audience, "Justice is very important here." How does Arthur Miller show the importance of justice in *A View From The Bridge*? [20]

EDDIE I betcha there's plenty surprises sometimes when those guys get back there, heh?  
 MARCO Surprises?  
 EDDIE (*laughing*) I mean, you know – they count the kids and there's a couple extra than when they left?

MARCO No – no ... The women wait, Eddie. Most. Most. Very few surprises.  
 RODOLFO It's more strict in our town. (EDDIE *looks at him now.*) It's not so free.  
 EDDIE (*rises, paces up and down*) It ain't so free here either, Rodolfo, like you think. I seen greenhorns sometimes get in trouble that way – they think just because a girl don't go around with a shawl over her head that she ain't strict, y'know? Girl don't have to wear black dress to be strict. Know what I mean?

RODOLFO Well, I always have respect –  
 EDDIE I know, but in your town you wouldn't just drag off some girl without permission, I mean. (*He turns.*) You know what I mean, Marco? It ain't that much different here.  
 MARCO (*cautiously*) Yes.  
 BEATRICE Well, he didn't exactly drag her off though, Eddie.  
 EDDIE I know, but I seen some of them get the wrong idea sometimes. (*To RODOLFO*) I mean it might be a little more free here but it's just as strict.

RODOLFO I have respect for her, Eddie. I do anything wrong?  
 EDDIE Look, kid, I ain't her father, I'm only her uncle –  
 BEATRICE Well then, be an uncle then. (EDDIE *looks at her, aware of her criticizing force.*) I mean.

MARCO No, Beatrice, if he does wrong you must tell him. (*To EDDIE*) What does he do wrong?  
 EDDIE Well, Marco, till he come here she was never out on the street twelve o'clock at night.  
 MARCO (*to RODOLFO*) You come home early now.  
 BEATRICE (*to CATHERINE*) Well, you said the movie ended late, didn't you?  
 CATHERINE Yeah.  
 BEATRICE Well, tell him, honey. (*To EDDIE*) the movie ended late.  
 EDDIE Look, B., I'm just sayin' – he thinks she always stayed out like that.  
 MARCO You come home early now, Rodolfo.  
 RODOLFO (*embarrassed*) All right, sure. But I can't stay in the house all the time, Eddie.  
 EDDIE Look, kid, I'm not only talkin' about her. The more you run around like that the more chance you're takin'. (*To BEATRICE*) I mean suppose he gets hit by a car or something. (*To MARCO*) Where's his papers, who is he? Know what I mean?

BEATRICE Yeah, but who is he in the daytime, though? It's the same chance in the daytime.  
 EDDIE (*holding back a voice full of anger*) Yeah, but he don't have to go lookin' for it, Beatrice. If he's here to work, then he should work; if he's here for a good time then he could fool around! (*To MARCO*) But I understood, Marco, that you was both comin' to make a livin' for your family. You understand me, don't you, Marco? (*He goes to his rocker.*)

MARCO I beg your pardon, Eddie.  
 EDDIE I mean, that's what I understood in the first place, see.  
 MARCO Yes. That's why we came.  
 EDDIE (*sits on his rocker*) Well, that's all I'm askin'.  
 EDDIE *reads his paper. There is a pause, an awkwardness. Now CATHERINE gets up and puts a record on the phonograph – 'Paper Doll'.*

CATHERINE (*flushed with revolt*) You wanna dance, Rodolfo? (EDDIE freezes.)  
 RODOLFO (*in deference to EDDIE*) No, I – I'm tired.  
 BEATRICE Go ahead, dance, Rodolfo.  
 CATHERINE Ah, come on. They got a beautiful quartet, these guys. Come.  
*She has taken his hand and he stiffly rises, feeling EDDIE'S eyes on his back, and they dance.*

EDDIE (*to CATHERINE*) What's that, a new record?  
 CATHERINE It's the same one. We bought it the other day.  
 BEATRICE (*to EDDIE*) They only bought three records. (*She watches them dance; EDDIE turns his head away.*)

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) Of all the secrets revealed by the Inspector during his visit, which do you think an audience would find most shocking and why? [20]

- INSPECTOR I think you remember Eva Smith now, don't you, Mr Birling?  
 BIRLING Yes, I do. She was one of my employees and then I discharged her.  
 ERIC Is that why she committed suicide? When was this, Father?  
 BIRLING Just keep quiet, Eric, and don't get excited. This girl left us nearly two years ago. Let me see – it must have been in the early autumn of nineteen-ten.
- INSPECTOR Yes. End of September, nineteen-ten.  
 BIRLING That's right.  
 GERALD Look here, sir. Wouldn't you rather I was out of this?  
 BIRLING I don't mind your being here, Gerald. And I'm sure you've no objection, have you, Inspector? Perhaps I ought to explain first that this is Mr Gerald Croft – the son of Sir George Croft – you know, Crofts Limited.
- INSPECTOR Mr Gerald Croft, eh?  
 BIRLING Yes. Incidentally we've been modestly celebrating his engagement to my daughter, Sheila.
- INSPECTOR I see. Mr Croft is going to marry Miss Sheila Birling?  
 GERALD (*smiling*) I hope so.  
 INSPECTOR (*gravely*) Then I'd prefer you to stay.  
 GERALD (*surprised*) Oh – all right.  
 BIRLING (*somewhat impatiently*) Look – there's nothing mysterious – or scandalous – about this business – at least not so far as I'm concerned. It's a perfectly straightforward case, and as it happened more than eighteen months ago – nearly two years ago – obviously it has nothing whatever to do with the wretched girl's suicide. Eh, Inspector?
- INSPECTOR No, sir. I can't agree with you there.  
 BIRLING Why not?  
 INSPECTOR Because what happened to her then may have determined what happened to her afterwards, and what happened to her afterwards may have driven her to suicide. A chain of events.
- BIRLING Oh well – put like that, there's something in what you say. Still, I can't accept any responsibility. If we were all responsible for everything that happened to everybody we'd had anything to do with, it would be very awkward, wouldn't it?
- INSPECTOR Very awkward.  
 BIRLING We'd all be in an impossible position wouldn't we?  
 ERIC By Jove, yes. And as you were saying, Dad, a man has to look after himself—  
 BIRLING Yes, well, we needn't go into all that.  
 INSPECTOR Go into what?  
 BIRLING Oh – just before you came – I'd been giving these young men a little good advice. Now – about this girl, Eva Smith. I remember her quite well now. She was a lively good-looking girl – country-bred, I fancy – and she'd been working in one of our machine shops for over a year. A good worker too. In fact, the foreman there told me he was ready to promote her into what we call a leading operator – head of a small group of girls. But after they came back from their holidays that August, they were all rather restless, and they suddenly decided to ask for more money. They were averaging about twenty-two and six, which was neither more nor less than is paid generally in our industry. They wanted the rates raised so that they could average about twenty-five shillings a week. I refused, of course.
- INSPECTOR Why?  
 BIRLING (*surprised*) Did you say 'Why?'?  
 INSPECTOR Yes. Why did you refuse?  
 BIRLING Well, Inspector, I don't see that it's any concern of yours how I choose to run my business. Is it now?  
 INSPECTOR It might be, you know.  
 BIRLING I don't like that tone.

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) One of the main themes in *The Merchant of Venice* is prejudice. Show how Shakespeare presents this theme to an audience. [20]



GRATIANO [To Nerissa] By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong!  
 In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk,  
 Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,  
 Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA A quarrel ho, already! What's the matter?

GRATIANO About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
 That she did give me, whose poesy was  
 For all the world like cutler's poetry  
 Upon a knife: 'Love me, and leave me not.'

NERISSA What talk you of the poesy or the value?  
 You swore to me when I did give it you.  
 That you would wear it till your hour of death,  
 And that it should lie with you in your grave.  
 Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths  
 You should have been respective and have kept it.  
 Gave it a judge's clerk! No, God's my judge  
 The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO He will, and if he live to be a man.

NERISSA Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRATIANO Now by this hand, I gave it to a youth,  
 A kind of boy, a little scrubbèd boy  
 No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,  
 A prating boy that begged it as a fee;  
 I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA You were to blame, I must be plain with you,  
 To part so slightly with your wife's first gift,  
 A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger  
 And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
 I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
 Never to part with it, and here he stands.  
 I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it  
 Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth  
 That the world masters. Now in faith, Gratiano,  
 You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;  
 And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO [Aside] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off  
 And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO My lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
 Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed  
 Deserved it too; and then the boy his clerk  
 That took some pains in writing, he begged mine,  
 And neither man nor master would take aught  
 But the two rings.

PORTIA What ring gave you, my lord?

BASSANIO Not that, I hope, which you received of me?

PORTIA If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
 I would deny it; but you see my finger  
 Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

PORTIA Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
 By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
 Until I see the ring.

NERISSA Nor I in yours  
 Till I again see mine.

**13. *Romeo and Juliet***

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

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

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

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

**Either,**

(b) Show how Juliet's relationship with her parents, Lord and Lady Capulet, changes, from the beginning of the play, to her death at the end. [20]

**Or,**

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

*Enter TYBALT with other Capulets and servants.*

BENVOLIO By my head, here come the Capulets!  
 MERCUTIO By my heel, I care not.  
 TYBALT *(To his men)* Follow me close, for I will speak to them. *(To MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO)* Gentlemen, good e'en: a word with one of you.  
 MERCUTIO And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something. Make it a word and a blow.  
 TYBALT You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.  
 MERCUTIO Could you not take some occasion without giving?  
 TYBALT Mercutio, thou consortest with Romeo –  
 MERCUTIO Consort? What, dost thou make us minstrels? And thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords. Here's *my* fiddlestick! *(Moving his hand to his sword)* – Here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!  
 BENVOLIO We talk here in the public haunt of men!  
 Either withdraw unto some private place,  
 Or reason coldly of your grievances,  
 Or else depart. Here, all eyes gaze on us.  
 MERCUTIO Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze. I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*Enter ROMEO.*

TYBALT Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.  
 MERCUTIO But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery.  
 Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower –  
 Your worship in that sense may call him 'man'.  
 TYBALT Romeo, the love I bear thee can afford  
 No better term than this: thou art a villain.  
 ROMEO Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee  
 Doth much excuse the appertaining rage  
 To such a greeting. Villain am I none.  
 Therefore, farewell. I see thou know'st me not.  
 TYBALT Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries  
 That thou has done me. Therefore turn, and draw!  
 ROMEO I do protest I never injured thee,  
 But love thee better than thou canst devise –  
 Till thou shalt know the reason of my love.  
 And so, good Capulet – which name I tender  
 As dearly as mine own – be satisfied.  
 MERCUTIO O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!  
 'Alla stoccata' carries it away! *(Drawing his sword)*  
 Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?  
 TYBALT What wouldst thou have with me?  
 MERCUTIO Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives that I mean to make bold  
 withal – and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you  
 pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haste, lest mine be about  
 your ears ere it be out.  
 TYBALT *(Drawing his sword)* I am for you!  
 ROMEO Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.  
 MERCUTIO *(To TYBALT)* Come, sir, your passado!  
 MERCUTIO *and TYBALT fight.*  
 ROMEO Draw, Benvolio! Beat down their weapons!  
 Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!  
 Tybalt! Mercutio! The prince expressly hath  
 Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.  
 Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!  
 ROMEO *comes between them, obstructing the fight. TYBALT makes a hidden thrust past ROMEO's body, and wounds MERCUTIO.*

*Exit TYBALT, running, with his followers.*

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) Othello described himself as “one that loved not wisely, but too well.” To what extent do you agree with this description of his character? [20]

- IAGO (*Aside*) Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife that by selling her desires  
Buys herself bread and cloth. It is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio (as 'tis the strumpet's plague  
To beguile many and be beguiled by one).  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter.
- Enter CASSIO*  
– Here he comes.
- As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad –  
And his unbookish jealousy must conster  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviours  
Quite in the wrong. – How do you, lieutenant?
- CASSIO The worser that you give me the addition  
Whose want even kills me.
- IAGO Ply Desdemona well, an you are sure on't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,  
How quickly should you speed!
- CASSIO Alas, poor caitiff!
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Look how he laughs already!
- IAGO I never knew a woman love man so.
- CASSIO Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, she loves me.
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.
- IAGO Do you hear, Cassio?
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er. Go to – well said, well said!
- IAGO She gives it out that you shall marry her.  
Do you intend it?
- CASSIO Ha, ha, ha!
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Do you triumph, Roman? Do you triumph?
- CASSIO I marry her? What! – a customer? I prithee bear some charity to my wit. Do not  
think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) So, so, so, so. They laugh that win.
- IAGO Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.
- CASSIO Prithee, say true.
- IAGO I am a very villain else!
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Have you scored me? Well.
- CASSIO This is the monkey's own giving out! She is persuaded I will marry her out of her  
own love and flattery, not out of my promise.
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Iago beckons me. Now he begins the story.  
*OTHELLO moves quietly closer, to hear.*
- CASSIO She was here even now. She haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on  
the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus  
bout my neck –
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were. His gesture imports it.
- CASSIO So hangs, and lolls and weeps upon me – so hales and pulls me! Ha, ha, ha!
- OTHELLO (*Aside*) Now he tells how she plucked him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of  
yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to!

**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. How might it affect an audience's feelings towards her? [10]

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

(c) *Hobson's Choice* is set in 1880, and was first performed in 1916. Why, then, do you think it is still popular in the 21st century? [20]

ALICE I'm asking you, what's your business here?  
MAGGIE I've told you once. Will and me's taking a day off to put you in the way of getting wed.  
VICKEY It looks like things are slow at your new shop if you can walk round in your best clothes on a working day.  
WILLIE It's not a working day with us. It's a wedding-day.  
ALICE You've been married this morning!  
MAGGIE Not us. I'll have my sisters there when I get wed. It's at one o'clock at St Philip's.  
VICKEY But we can't leave the shop to come.  
MAGGIE Why not? Is trade so brisk?  
VICKEY No, but –  
MAGGIE Not so much high-class trade doing with you, eh?  
ALICE I don't see how you knew.  
MAGGIE I'm good at guessing. You'll not miss owt by coming with us to church, and we'll expect you at home tonight for a wedding-spread.  
VICKEY It's asking us to approve.  
MAGGIE You have approved. You've kissed the bridegroom and you'll go along with us. Father's safe where he is.  
ALICE And the shop?  
MAGGIE Tubby can see to the shop. And that reminds me. You can sell me something. There are some rings in that drawer there, Vickey.  
VICKEY Brass rings?  
MAGGIE Yes. I want one. That's the size. (*she holds up her wedding-ring finger*).  
VICKEY That! But you're not taking it for –  
VICKEY *puts box of rings on the counter.*  
MAGGIE Yes, I am. Will and me aren't throwing money round, but we can pay our way. There's fourpence for the ring. Gather it up, Vickey. (*Putting down money and trying on rings.*)  
ALICE Wedded with a brass ring!  
MAGGIE This one will do. It's a nice fit. Alice, you haven't entered that sale in your book. No wonder you're worried with the accounts if that's the way you see to them. (*She puts ring in her bag.*)  
ALICE I'm a bit too much astonished at you to think about accounts. A ring out of stock!  
MAGGIE They're always out of someone's stock.  
VICKEY Well, I'd think shame to myself to be married with a ring like that.  
MAGGIE When folks can't afford the best they have to do without.  
VICKEY I'll take good care I never go without.  
MAGGIE Semi-detached for you, I suppose, and a houseful of new furniture.  
ALICE Haven't you furnished?  
MAGGIE Partly what. We've made a start at the Flat Iron Market.  
ALICE I'd stay single sooner than have other people's cast-off sticks in my house. Where's your pride gone to, Maggie?  
MAGGIE I'm not getting wed myself to help the furnishing trade along. I suppose you'd turn your nose up at second-hand stuff, too, Vickey?  
VICKEY I'd start properly or not at all.  
MAGGIE Then you'll neither of you have any objections to my clearing out the lumber-room upstairs. We've brought a hand-cart round with us.  
VICKEY *Willie takes his coat off. He has detachable cuffs which he places carefully on the arm-chair.*  
VICKEY You made sure of things.  
MAGGIE Yes. Get upstairs, Will. I told you what to bring.  
ALICE Wait a bit.  
MAGGIE Go on.  
WILLIE *goes into the house*

**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:

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

**Either,**

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

**Or,**

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



- MRS JOHNSTONE: I would still be able to see him every day, wouldn't I?  
 MRS LYONS: Of course.  
 MRS JOHNSTONE: An' . . . an' you would look after him, wouldn't y'?'  
 MRS LYONS: (*singing*): I'd keep him warm in the winter  
 And cool when it shines.  
 I'd pull out his splinters  
 Without making him cry.  
 I'd always be there  
 If his dream was a nightmare.  
 My child.  
 My child.  
*There is a pause before MRS JOHNSTONE nods. MRS LYONS goes across and kisses her, hugs her. MRS JOHNSTONE is slightly embarrassed.*  
 Oh. Now you must help me. There's so much . . . I'll have to . . . (*She takes out the cushion.*) We'll do this properly so that it's thoroughly convincing, and I'll need to see you walk, and baby clothes, I'll have to knit and buy bottles and suffer from piles.
- MRS JOHNSTONE: What?  
 MRS LYONS: Doesn't one get piles when one's pregnant? And buy a cot and . . . Oh help me with this, Mrs J. Is it in the right place? (*She puts the cushion back again.*) I want it to look right before I go shopping.
- MRS JOHNSTONE: (*helping her with the false pregnancy*): What you goin' the shops for? I do the shopping.  
 MRS LYONS: Oh no, from now on I do the shopping. I want everyone to know about my baby. (*She suddenly reaches for the Bible*).  
*Music.*  
 Mrs J. We must make a, erm, a binding agreement.  
 MRS LYONS shows the Bible to MRS JOHNSTONE, who is at first reluctant and then lays her hand on it.  
*The NARRATOR enters. A bass note, repeated as a heartbeat.*
- NARRATOR: In the name of Jesus, the thing was done,  
 Now there's no going back, for anyone.  
 It's too late now, for feeling torn  
 There's a pact been sealed, there's a deal been born.  
 MRS LYONS puts the Bible away. MRS JOHNSTONE stands and stares as MRS LYONS grabs shopping bags and takes a last satisfied glance at herself in the mirror.
- MRS JOHNSTONE: Why . . . why did we have to do that?  
 MRS LYONS: Mrs J, nobody must ever know. Therefore we have to have an agreement.  
 MRS JOHNSTONE nods but is still uncomfortable.  
 Right, I shan't be long. Bye.  
 MRS LYONS exits.  
 MRS JOHNSTONE stands alone, afraid.  
*The heartbeat grows in intensity.*
- NARRATOR: How swiftly those who've made a pact,  
 Can come to overlook the fact.  
 Or wish the reckoning to be delayed  
 But a debt is a debt, and must be paid.

## SECTION C

*Spend about 30 minutes on this section. Think carefully about the poem, **including its title**, 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]

**Zero Hour**

Tomorrow all the trains will stop  
and we will be stranded. Cars  
have already been immobilised  
by the petrol wars, and sit  
abandoned, along the roadsides.  
The airports, for two days now,  
are closed-off zones where dogs  
congregate loudly on the runways.

To be in possession of a bicycle  
is to risk your life. My neighbour,  
a doctor, has somehow acquired a horse  
and rides to his practice, a rifle  
clearly visible beneath the reins,  
I sit in front of the television  
for each successive news bulletin  
then reach for the whisky bottle.

How long before the shelves are empty  
in the supermarkets? The first riots  
are raging as I write, and who  
out there could have predicted  
this sudden countdown to zero hour,  
all the paraphernalia of our comfort  
stamped obsolete\*, our memories  
fighting to keep us sane and upright?

MATTHEW SWEENEY

*\*obsolete – no longer useful*