



GCSE

4202/04

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2b

(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)

HIGHER TIER

P.M. THURSDAY, 24 May 2012

2 hours

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer booklet.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer Question 1 **and** Question 2.

Answer on **one** text in **each** question.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

You are reminded that assessment will take into account the quality of written communication used in your answers.

QUESTION 1

Answer questions on one text.

(a) *The History Boys*

Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

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

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Scripps. Some time after the end of the play, you think back over your schooldays. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Scripps would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (iii) *The History Boys* has been described as “intensely moving, as well as thought provoking and funny.” To what extent do you agree with this statement? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

The staff, Irwin in his wheelchair and the boys, who sing a verse of 'Bye Bye, Blackbird', during which we see on the video screen photographs of Hector as a young man.

- HEADMASTER If I speak of Hector it is of enthusiasm shared, passion conveyed and seeds sown of future harvest. He loved language. He loved words. For each and every one of you, his pupils, he opened a deposit account in the bank of literature and made you all shareholders in that wonderful world of words.
- TIMMS Some of the things he said . . . or quoted anyway, you never knew when it was which: 'We are mulched by the dead, though one person's death will tell you more than a thousand.'
- LOCKWOOD There was the time he put his head down on the desk and said, 'What am I doing teaching in this god-forsaken school?' It was the first time I realised a teacher was a human being.
- AKTHAR There was a contract between him and his class. Quite what the contract was or what it involved would be hard to say. But it was there.
- CROWTHER He was stained and shabby and did unforgivable things but he led you to expect the best.
- MRS LINTOTT Even his death was a lesson and added to the store.
Hector never bothered with what he was educating these boys for. They become solicitors, chartered accountants, teachers even, members of what used to be called the professional classes.
Two of these boys become magistrates.
Crowther and Lockwood put up their hands.
One a headmaster.
Akthar puts up hand.
Pillars of a community that no longer has much use for pillars.
One puts together a chain of dry-cleaners and takes drugs at the weekend.
Timms puts up hand.
Another is a tax lawyer, telling highly paid fibs and making frequent trips to the Gulf States.
Dakin acknowledges.
- DAKIN I like money. It's fun.
- MRS LINTOTT One is a builder who carpets the Dales in handy homes.
Rudge does not put his hand up.
- RUDGE Is that meant to be me? I'm not putting my hand up to that. Like them or not, Rudge Homes are at least affordable homes for first-time buyers.
- MRS LINTOTT All right, Rudge.
- RUDGE Death, it's just one more excuse to patronise. I had years of that.
- MRS LINTOTT Same here.
If I may proceed?
Hector had seen Irwin turning his boys into journalists but in the event there is only one . . . and on a better class of paper, a career he is always threatening to abandon in order, as he puts it, 'really to write'.
Scripps puts up his hand.
- IRWIN Hector said *I* was a journalist.
- MRS LINTOTT And so you were. Briefly at the school and then on TV. I enjoyed your programmes but they were more journalism than history. What you call yourself now you're in politics I'm not sure.
- IRWIN I'm not in politics. Who's in politics? I'm in government.

(b) Blood Brothers

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) 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,

- (ii) Imagine you are Linda. some time after the events of the play you think back over your relationships with Mickey and Edward. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Linda would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (iii) At the end of the play, the Narrator suggests that superstition could be one of the causes of the tragic deaths of Mickey and Edward. To what extent do you agree? [20]

We see MRS JOHNSTONE hustling MICKEY to school.

MRS JOHNSTONE: You're gonna be late y' know. Y' late already.
 MICKEY: I'm not.
 MRS JOHNSTONE: You're gonna miss the bus.
 MICKEY: I won't
 MRS JOHNSTONE: Well, you'll miss Linda, she'll be waitin' for y'.
 MICKEY: Well, I don't wanna see her. What do I wanna see her for?
 MRS JOHNSTONE: (*laughing at his transparency*): You've only been talkin' about her in your sleep for the past week . . .
 MICKEY: (*outraged*): You liar . . .
 MRS JOHNSTONE: 'Oh, my sweet darling . . .'
 MICKEY: I never. That was – a line out the school play!
 MRS JOHNSTONE: (*her laughter turning to a smile*): All right. I believe y'. Now go before you miss the bus. Are y' goin'?

We see LINDA at the bus stop.

LINDA: Hi-ya, Mickey.
 MRS JOHNSTONE: Ogh, did I forget? Is that what you're waitin' for? Y' waiting' for y' mum to give y' a big sloppy kiss, come here . . .
 MICKEY: I'm goin', I'm goin' . . .
 SAMMY *runs through the house, pulling on a jacket as he does so.*
 SAMMY: Wait for me, YOU.
 MRS JOHNSTONE: Where you goin' Sammy?
 SAMMY: (*on his way out*): The dole.
 MICKEY and SAMMY *exit.*
 MRS JOHNSTONE *stands watching them as they approach the bus stop. She smiles at MICKEY's failure to cope with LINDA's smile of welcome.*
 The 'bus' appears, with the NARRATOR as the conductor.

CONDUCTOR: Come on, if y' gettin' on. We've not got all day.
 SAMMY, MICKEY and LINDA *get on the 'bus'.*
 MRS JOHNSTONE (*calling to her kids*):
 Tarrah, lads. Be good, both of y' now. I'll cook a nice surprise for y' tea.
 CONDUCTOR (*noticing her as he goes to ring the bell*):
 Gettin' on, Missis?
 MRS JOHNSTONE *shakes her head, still smiling.*
 (*Speaking*): Happy are y'. Content at last?
 Wiped out what happened, forgotten the past?
 She looks at him, puzzled.
 But you've got to have an endin', if a start's been made.
 No one gets off without the price bein' paid.

(c) *A View From The Bridge*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

Look closely at how Alfieri and Eddie speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their relationship at this point in the play? [10]

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Catherine and the way she is presented to an audience? [20]

Or,

- (iii) “Honour. Passion. Betrayal.” A production of *A View From The Bridge* was recently publicised with this description. To what extent do you consider this a fair summing up of the play? [20]

- ALFIERI All right, then, let me talk now, eh?
 EDDIE Mr Alfieri, I can't believe what you tell me.
 I mean there must be some kinda law which –
- ALFIERI Eddie, I want you to listen to me. *(Pause)* You know, sometimes God mixes up the people. We all love somebody, the wife, the kids – every man's got somebody that he loves, heh? But sometimes . . . there's too much. You know? There's too much, and it goes where it mustn't. A man works hard, he brings up a child, sometimes it's a niece, sometimes even a daughter, and he never realizes it, but through the years – there is too much love for the daughter, there is too much love for the niece. Do you understand what I'm saying to you?
- EDDIE *(sardonically)* What do you mean, I shouldn't look out for her good?
 ALFIERI Yes, but these things have to end, Eddie, that's all. The child has to grow up and go away, and the man has to learn to forget. Because after all, Eddie – what other way can it end? *(Pause)* Let her go. That's my advice. You did your job, now it's her life; wish her luck, and let her go. *(Pause)* Will you do that? Because there's no law, Eddie; make up your mind to it; the law is not interested in this.
- EDDIE You mean to tell me, even if he's a punk? If he's –
 ALFIERI There's nothing you can do.
 EDDIE *stands.*
- EDDIE Well, all right, thanks. Thanks very much.
 ALFIERI What are you going to do?
 EDDIE *(with a helpless but ironic gesture)* What can I do? I'm a patsy, what can a patsy do? I worked like a dog twenty years so a punk could have her, so that's what I done. I mean, in the worst times, in the worst, when there wasn't a ship comin' in the harbour, I didn't stand around lookin' for relief – I hustled. When there was empty piers in Brooklyn I went to Hoboken, Staten Island, the West Side, Jersey, all over – because I made a promise. I took out of my own mouth to give to her. I took out of my wife's mouth. I walked hungry plenty days in this city! *(It begins to break through.)* And now I gotta sit in my own house and look at a son-of-a-bitch punk like that – which he came out of nowhere! I give him my house to sleep! I take the blankets off my bed for him, and he takes and puts his filthy hands on her like a goddam thief!
- ALFIERI *(rising)* But, Eddie, she's a woman now.
 EDDIE He's stealing from me!
 ALFIERI She wants to get married, Eddie. She can't marry you, can she?
 EDDIE *(furiously)* What're you talkin' about, marry me! I don't know what the hell you're talkin' about!
Pause
- ALFIERI I gave you my advice, Eddie. That's it.
 EDDIE *gathers himself. A pause.*
- EDDIE Well, thanks. Thanks very much. It just – it's breakin' my heart, y'know. I –
 ALFIERI I understand. Put it out of your mind. Can you do that?
 EDDIE I'm – *(He feels the threat of sobs, and with a helpless wave.)*
 I'll see you around. *(He goes out up the right ramp.)*

(d) *Be My Baby*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

Look closely at how Mary and Mrs. Adams speak and behave here. What does it reveal to an audience about their relationship? [10]

Either,

- (ii) For which girl staying at St. Saviour's do you have the most sympathy? Show how Amanda Whittington's presentation of your chosen character creates sympathy for her. [20]

Or,

- (iii) *Be My Baby* has been described as "a story about hope, friendship and survival." To what extent do you agree with this description of the play? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

Scene Four

Dormitory. MRS ADAMS is making one of the two beds with military precision.

MARY. Can I give you a hand?
 MRS ADAMS. You can't do corners.
 MARY. Suppose I ought to learn.
 MRS ADAMS. You can say that again.
MARY unpacks her suitcase. She looks at the other bed.
 MARY. I hope she's nice, the other girl. I hope she's easy.
 MRS ADAMS. You can count on it.
 MARY. We might even be friends?
 MRS ADAMS. You keep your counsel. The last thing your father needs is some little tramp turning up on the doorstep.
 MARY. What will you tell him?
 MRS ADAMS. We had a call from the country. Your Aunt's had a fall. Asked for Mary.
 MARY. And you'll say the same at the bank?
 MRS ADAMS. You'll be quite the little heroine.
 MARY. What about Jonathan?
MRS ADAMS turns down the corners of the bed.
 MRS ADAMS. Fold once and twice and under.
 MARY. Will you tell him where I am?
 MRS ADAMS. And then lift the end up for your toes.
 MARY. Mother?
 MRS ADAMS. I won't hear anyone say you weren't shown the way.
 MARY. He loves me.
 MRS ADAMS. Is this what you do to someone you love?
 MARY. We had no idea it would end up like this.
 MRS ADAMS. He's a medical student. Heaven help his patients.
 MARY. If you'd just give him a chance . . .
 MRS ADAMS. A chance? When all he's given you is a past?
Enter MATRON, with a small pile of clothes.
 MATRON. One pinafore, one blouse.
 MARY. Thank you, Matron.
 MATRON. The girls are having lunch, Mary. They've put aside a plate.
 MRS ADAMS. Take the end, Mary.
MARY helps MRS ADAMS straighten the blankets across the bed.
 MATRON. Bible class begins at two. And there's a bus at the end of the lane in ten minutes.
MRS ADAMS looks at her watch then at MARY.
 MRS ADAMS. Is that the time? It goes so fast.
 MATRON. The 37 heads directly to the station.
 MRS ADAMS. Did I . . . did I mention onions?
 MATRON. I'm sorry?
 MRS ADAMS. She can't eat onions. Bring her out in a rash. From being a child.
 MARY. It's all right, Mother. I'll pick them out.
 MRS ADAMS. You packed the soap?
 MARY. Will you be all right on the train?
 MRS ADAMS. And a nice new flannel like I said?
 MARY. I can lend you a book . . .
 MRS ADAMS. Keep yourself clean. It's important.
 MARY. I'll write . . .
MRS ADAMS shakes her head.
 MRS ADAMS. Your father.
 MARY. Telephone?

(e) *My Mother Said I Never Should*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

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

Either,

- (ii) Imagine you are Jackie. At the end of the play, you think back over your life, as presented in the play. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Jackie would speak when you write your answer. [20]

Or,

- (iii) How does Charlotte Keatley present conflict between the generations in *My Mother Said I Never Should*? [20]

- DORIS I'll show you something. *(She pulls the dustsheet off the piano)*
Pause
- ROSIE It's the piano.
- DORIS Don't you like it?
- ROSIE We've got a synth at school.
- DORIS I had a friend called Cynth.
- ROSIE What's this? *(She picks up a salver on top of the piano)*
- DORIS It's a salver. Jack's employees gave it him on his retirement. It's only plate, of course.
- ROSIE *(sniffing)* The silver smells funny. I hate old things.
- DORIS You hate dead things, not old things, Rosie. *(Pause)* So do I. *(Pause)* I'm old.
- ROSIE Hold this. So you can see your face in it.
Doris holds the salver
 Sit down on the piano stool
Doris does so
- DORIS What are you going to do?
- ROSIE Aha. Close your eyes.
Rosie stands behind her and puts her hands on Doris's cheeks, gently pulling the skin back and taut
 Smooth the wrinkles away . . .
- DORIS Nice warm hands, Rosie.
- ROSIE Now open your eyes, Gran.
- DORIS Oh! *(She studies her reflection)*
- ROSIE There, see. You're not old really. Only on the surface. *(A moment. Then lets go)*
 My outside's the same as inside. That's why when I talk Mum thinks I'm being rude.
- DORIS *(getting up and putting the salver in the box)* When you're old . . . if you're rude . . . they just think your mind is going. *(Pause)* They never understand that it's anger. *(Pause)* Help me polish the piano.
- ROSIE Do I have to?
- DORIS There's some dusters and polish in Margaret's holdall.
- ROSIE *(passing them; reading the tin)* "Bradley's Beeswax." With a picture of a bee. Here.
- DORIS That's Jack's firm, of course. *(She tries to unscrew the lid)* Can you unscrew it?
- ROSIE *(unscrewing the lid)* What was your surname, Gran?
- DORIS Partington. Here, you take this cloth, and do the legs.
Rosie does so
They polish the piano during the following
- ROSIE We're doing a project about you at school.
- DORIS About me?
- ROSIE Yeah, you're working-class Lancashire, aren't you?
- DORIS Do I look it?
- ROSIE Mmm . . . *(As if from a school book)* "Oldham families were all cotton or paper. Despite the decline in the manufacturing industries, community spirit remained strong."
- DORIS *(reminiscing)* You'd give a neighbour a bit of sugar, bit of soap, what they needed. When the King came, we scooped up the manure for the tomatoes. Pride costs nothing.
- ROSIE That's what they said on the documentary we saw at school.
- DORIS Did they now? You've missed a bit there, see. When Mother and I arrived in Jubilee Street, the landlady, a big woman, arms like beef, though she wore fancy hats, said, "I didn't know you had a babby". "You never asked", said Mother. She did! And that was that.
- ROSIE You didn't have a dad?
- DORIS No.

QUESTION 2

Answer questions on one text.

(a) *Silas Marner*

Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) 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,

- (ii) How is the character of Godfrey Cass important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

- (iii) How does George Eliot present the theme of change in *Silas Marner*? [20]

‘Thank you . . . kindly’ said Silas, hesitating a little, ‘I’ll be glad if you’ll tell me things. But,’ he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly’s arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—‘But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o’ somebody else, and not fond o’ me. I’ve been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn.’

‘Eh, to be sure,’ said Dolly, gently. ‘I’ve seen men as are wonderful handy wi’ children. The men are awk’ard and contrairy mostly, God help ’em—but when the drink’s out of ’em, they aren’t unsensible, though they’re bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and impatient. You see this goes first, next the skin,’ proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

‘Yes,’ said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

‘See there,’ said Dolly, with a woman’s tender tact, ‘she’s fondest o’ you. She wants to go o’ your lap, I’ll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you’ve done for her from the first of her coming to you.’

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by Baby’s gymnastics.

‘There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner,’ said Dolly; ‘but what shall you do when you’re forced to sit in your loom? For she’ll get busier and mischievous every day—she will, bless her. It’s lucky as you’ve got that high hearth i’stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach; but if you’ve got anything as can be spilt or broke, or as if fit to cut her fingers off, she’ll be at it—and it is but right you should know.’

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. ‘I’ll tie her to the leg o’ the loom,’ he said at last—‘tie her with a good long strip o’ something.’

‘Well, mayhap that’ll do, as it’s a little gell, for they’re easier persuaded to sit i’ one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I’ve had four—four I’ve had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie ’em up, they’d make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing pigs. But I’ll bring you my little chair, and some bits o’ red rag and things for her to play wi’; an’ she’ll sit and chatter to ’em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn’t a sin to the lads to wish ’em made different, bless ’em, I should ha’ been glad for one of ’em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha’ taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach ’em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough.’

‘But she’ll be *my* little un,’ said Marner, rather hastily. ‘She’ll be nobody else’s.’

(b) *Pride and Prejudice*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) 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,

- (ii) Which of the characters in *Pride and Prejudice* changes the most during the course of the novel, in your opinion? Show how Jane Austen presents the changes in your chosen character. [20]

Or,

- (iii) How does Jane Austen present different attitudes to love in *Pride and Prejudice*? [20]

Elizabeth's mind was now relieved from a very heavy weight; and, after half an hour's quiet reflection in her own room, she was able to join the others with tolerable composure. Everything was too recent for gaiety, but the evening passed tranquilly away; there was no longer anything material to be dreaded, and the comfort of ease and familiarity would come in time.

When her mother went up to her dressing-room at night, she followed her, and made the important communication. Its effect was most extraordinary; for on first hearing it, Mrs. Bennet sat quite still, and unable to utter a syllable. Nor was it under many, many minutes, that she could comprehend what she heard; though not in general backward to credit what was for the advantage of her family, or that came in the shape of a lover to any of them. She began at length to recover, to fidget about in her chair, get up, sit down again, wonder, and bless herself.

'Good gracious! Lord bless me! only think! dear me! Mr. Darcy! Who would have thought it! And is it really true? Oh! my sweetest Lizzy! how rich and how great you will be! What pin-money, what jewels, what carriages you will have! Jane's is nothing to it—nothing at all. I am so pleased—so happy. Such a charming man!—so handsome! so tall!—Oh, my dear Lizzy! pray apologise for my having disliked him so much before. I hope he will overlook it. Dear, dear Lizzy. A house in town! Everything that is charming! Three daughters married! Ten thousand a year! Oh, Lord! What will become of me. I shall go distracted.'

This was enough to prove that her approbation need not be doubted: and Elizabeth, rejoicing that such an effusion was heard only by herself, soon went away. But before she had been three minutes in her own room, her mother followed her.

'My dearest child,' she cried, 'I can think of nothing else! Ten thousand a year, and very likely more! 'Tis as good as a Lord! And a special licence. You must and shall be married by a special licence. But my dearest love, tell me what dish Mr. Darcy is particularly fond of, that I may have it to-morrow.'

This was a sad omen of what her mother's behaviour to the gentleman himself might be; and Elizabeth found, that though in the certain possession of his warmest affection, and secure of her relations' consent, there was still something to be wished for. But the morrow passed off much better than she expected; for Mrs. Bennet luckily stood in such awe of her intended son-in-law, that she ventured not to speak to him, unless it was in her power to offer him any attention, or mark her deference for his opinion.

(c) *A Christmas Carol*

Answer part (i) and either part (ii) or part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

How does Charles Dickens suggest Scrooge's character in this extract? [10]

Either,

- (ii) How is the character of Bob Cratchit important to the novel as a whole? [20]

Or,

- (ii) Which of the three spirits has the most powerful impact on Scrooge, in your opinion? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog-days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often came down handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

(d) *Lord of the Flies*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

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

Either,

- (ii) For which of the boys in *Lord Of The Flies* do you have the most sympathy? Give reasons for what you say. [20]

Or,

- (iii) How does William Golding present the breakdown in order amongst the boys on the island? [20]

Within the diamond haze of the beach something dark was fumbling along. Ralph saw it first, and watched till the intentness of his gaze drew all eyes that way. Then the creature stepped from mirage on to clear sand, and they saw that the darkness was not all shadow but mostly clothing. The creature was a party of boys, marching approximately in step in two parallel lines and dressed in strangely eccentric clothing. Shorts, shirts, and different garments they carried in their hands: but each boy wore a square black cap with a silver badge in it. Their bodies, from throat to ankle, were hidden by black cloaks which bore a long silver cross on the left breast and each neck was finished off with a hambone frill. The heat of the tropics, the descent, the search for food, and now this sweaty march along the blazing beach had given them the complexions of newly washed plums. The boy who controlled them was dressed in the same way though his cap badge was golden. When his party was about ten yards from the platform he shouted an order and they halted, gasping, sweating, swaying in the fierce light. The boy himself came forward, vaulted on to the platform with his cloak flying, and peered into what to him was almost complete darkness.

‘Where’s the man with the trumpet?’

Ralph, sensing his sun-blindness, answered him.

‘There’s no man with a trumpet. Only me.’

The boy came close and peered down at Ralph, screwing up his face as he did so. What he saw of the fair-haired boy with the creamy shell on his knees did not seem to satisfy him. He turned quickly, his black cloak circling.

‘Isn’t there a ship, then?’

Inside the floating cloak he was tall, thin, and bony: and his hair was red beneath the black cap. His face was crumpled and freckled, and ugly without silliness. Out of this face stared two light blue eyes, frustrated now, and turning, or ready to turn, to anger.

‘Isn’t there a man here?’

Ralph spoke to his back.

‘No, we’re having a meeting. Come and join in.’

(e) *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*

Answer part (i) and **either** part (ii) **or** part (iii).

You are advised to spend about 20 minutes on part (i), and about 40 minutes on part (ii) or part (iii).

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

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

Either,

- (ii) What do you think of Leo and the way he is presented in *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*? [20]

Or,

- (iii) A description of *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve* claims that in it, Dannie Abse “skilfully interweaves public and private themes.” Show how he does this in his book. [20]

There was a great roar in the Club as the contestants entered the ring. ‘Come on, Bertie the Bull,’ shouted the man next to us. Clive said, ‘Dad isn’t a bull.’ ‘We trained him,’ I said proudly. Bertie said to one of his seconds, ‘I wanted Cecile to sew a *Magan David* to my shorts, but she said fighting was irreligious.’ Uncle, tall and huge in football shorts, jumped up and down in his corner, gave a knees bend and almost fell through the ropes. Half the crowd cheered. When he indulged in some shadow boxing, by accident, he knocked one of his seconds out, and *all* the crowd cheered. Jake Williams was only of average stature, so the odds lengthened to 6-1. There was a hold-up as they revived Uncle B.’s second, and Clive said, ‘That’s my Dad.’ Curly Townsend, the well known football referee, introduced them to the audience: ‘Ladies and Gentlemen. This contest of eight rounds between Bertie . . .’ The rest of his sentence was drowned in the mighty applause, ‘. . . and Jake Williams, lightweight champion of . . .’ There was silence, but for Mr Ken Williams’s repugnant laughter. ‘. . . better known as Killer Williams . . .’ Stunned silence. The odds dropped, the odds turned round. Uncle didn’t seem to mind, he just danced up and down in his corner. The bell rang and the boxers came out of their corners slowly. As the shouting died, Uncle Isidore could be heard playing ‘God Save the King’ on his violin. Everybody stood up to attention, including Jake Williams. Just before Isidore finished Uncle Bertie took a swipe at Killer Williams who was standing stiffly with his arms by his sides. Curly Townsend, the referee, fished in his pocket and blew a whistle, beckoning Uncle to his corner, and the crowd roared. ‘It’s not started yet, Bertie,’ said Curly. ‘The bell went, didn’t it?’ remarked Uncle. ‘Didn’t you hear the National Anthem?’ cried Curly. The bell went again, and as the roar subsided Uncle Isidore could be heard playing ‘Land of My Fathers’. Again everybody stood at attention and Uncle Bertie took a swipe at Jake Williams, who this time ducked and quickly stood at attention again. When the bell went for the third time Uncle Isidore played ‘Trees’ so everybody ignored him. Curly Townsend repeatedly blew his whistle but they ignored him too.

It was as Uncle said it would be, a massacre. After all, Killer Williams was a professional. Uncle’s right eye closed up and his nose commenced to bleed. By the second round he’d been knocked down four times, and each time he became more angry. ‘Take off my gloves,’ he cried. ‘Take off these bloody things – how can I hit him properly with gloves on?’

‘Come on, Dad,’ shouted Clive.

The bell rang for the third round but Uncle wouldn’t fight on unless they took off his gloves.

‘It’s silly’ he shouted, tearing off his right glove, ‘fighting with these things on. Be reasonable, Mr Williams, be reasonable, Curly, what do we want gloves on for – we’re not children.’ The crowd roared. Curly Townsend blew his whistle and went over to Killer Williams shouting, ‘Mr Jake Williams is the winner by a technical knock-out.’ Uncle stood there disconsolate, one glove on, one glove off, one eye open, one eye closed, and his nose bleeding. The crowd cheered and booed. As Jake Williams stood there with his arm raised, bowing to the spectators, Uncle Bertie dashed over and landed a swift upper-cut with his hammer of a bare fist on his opponent’s jaw. Killer Williams sank to the ground, glassy-eyed, and the half of the crowd that was cheering, booed, and those that were booing, cheered. Uproar. Curly kept on blowing his whistle, and Uncle Isidore played ‘God Save the King’ and everybody stood silently to attention, except Mr Jake Williams who lay horizontal . . .

That was a long time ago . . . back in 1934. But yesterday Uncle Bertie, now older and grey, spoke of this great fight at his home in Preston.

‘Do you remember, Uncle Bertie,’ I said, ‘back in 1934 when you fought Jake Williams?’

‘Do I remember, do I remember,’ said Uncle. ‘I murdered him.’