



**GCSE**

4202/03

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**UNIT 2b**

**(Contemporary drama and literary heritage prose)**

**FOUNDATION TIER**

P.M. THURSDAY, 23 May 2013

2 hours

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### **ADDITIONAL MATERIALS**

Twelve page answer book.

### **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 after each question or part-question.

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

In addition, your ability to spell, punctuate and use grammar accurately will be assessed in your answers to questions (ii) and (iii).

**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:

What do you think of the way the boys treat Irwin in this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) There are several teachers in *The History Boys*. Write about the **one** who you think is the best teacher. Give reasons for what you say, referring to events from the play. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Give advice to the actor playing Hector on how he should present the character to an audience.

Think about:

- Hector's relationship with his pupils;
- Hector's relationships with the other teachers;
- Hector's relationship with the Headmaster;
- anything else you think important.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

- IRWIN: Does he have a programme? Or is it just at random?
- BOYS: Ask him, sir. We don't know, sir.
- AKTHAR: It's just the knowledge, sir.
- TIMMS: The pursuit of it for its own sake, sir.
- POSNER: Not useful, sir. Not like your lessons.
- AKTHAR: Breaking bread with the dead, sir. That's what we do.
- IRWIN: What it used to be called is 'wider reading'.
- LOCKWOOD: Oh no, sir. It can be narrower reading. Mr Hector says if we know one book off by heart, it doesn't matter if its really crap. The Prayer Book, sir. *The Mikado*, the *Pigeon Fancier's Gazette* ... so long as it's words, sir. Words and worlds.
- CROWTHER: And the heart.
- LOCKWOOD: Oh yes, sir. The heart.  
'The heart has its reasons that reason knoweth not,' sir.
- CROWTHER: Pascal, sir.
- LOCKWOOD: It's higher than your stuff, sir. Nobler.
- POSNER: Only not useful, sir. Mr Hector's not as focused.
- TIMMS: No, not focused at all, sir. Blurred, sir, more.
- AKTHAR: You're much more focused, sir.
- CROWTHER: And we know what we're doing with you, sir. Half the time with him we don't know what we're doing at all. (*Mimes being mystified.*)
- TIMMS: We're poor little sheep that have lost our way, sir. Where are we?
- AKTHAR: You're very young, sir. This isn't your gap year, is it, sir?
- IRWIN: I wish it was.
- LOCKWOOD: Why, sir? Do you not like teaching us, sir? We're not just a hiccup between the end of university and the beginning of life, like Auden, are we, sir?
- DAKIN: Do you like Auden, sir?
- IRWIN: Some.
- DAKIN: Mr Hector does, sir. We know about Auden. He was a schoolmaster for a bit, sir.
- IRWIN: I believe he was, yes.
- DAKIN: He was, sir. Do you think he was more like you or more like Mr Hector?
- IRWIN: I've no idea. Why should he be like either of us?
- DAKIN: I think he was more like Mr Hector, sir. A bit of a shambles. He snogged his pupils. Auden, sir. Not Mr Hector.
- IRWIN: You know more about him than I do.

**(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:

What do you think of the way Mickey speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What impressions of childhood do you think an audience would get from *Blood Brothers*?

Write about:

- friendships between the children in the play;
- the games the children play;
- the children's experiences in school;
- the children's experiences at home.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Who do you think is the better mother, Mrs Johnstone or Mrs Lyons? Give reasons for what you say, and refer to events from throughout the play to support your answer.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

EDWARD *enters in a duffle coat and college scarf, unseen by MICKEY, EDWARD creeps up behind MICKEY and puts his hands over his eyes.*

EDWARD:

Guess who?

MICKEY:

Father Christmas.

EDWARD:

*(leaping out in front of them):* Mickey ... *(Laughing.)* Merry Christmas.

MICKEY *unamused, looks at EDWARD and then looks away.* Come on then ... I'm back, where's the action, the booze, the Christmas parties, the music and the birds.

*No reaction.*

What's wrong, Mickey?

MICKEY:

Nothin'. How's University?

EDWARD:

Mickey, it's fantastic. I haven't been to so many parties in my life. And there's just so many tremendous people, but you'll meet them Mick, some of them, Baz, Ronnie and Clare and oh, lots of them. They're coming over to stay for the New Year, for the party. Ooh it's just ... it's great, Mickey.

MICKEY:

Good.

EDWARD:

Come on, what's wrong? It's nearly Christmas, we were going to do everything. How's Linda?

MICKEY:

She's OK.

EDWARD:

*(trying again to rally him):* Well, come on then, let's go then ... come on.

MICKEY:

Come on where?

EDWARD:

Mickey, what's wrong?

MICKEY:

You. You're a dick head!

*EDWARD is slightly unsure but laughs anyway.*

There are no parties arranged. There is no booze or music. Christmas? I'm sick to the teeth of Christmas an' it isn't even here yet. See, there's very little to celebrate, Eddie. Since you left I've been walking around all day, every day, lookin' for a job.

EDWARD:

What about the job you had?

MICKEY:

It disappeared. *(Pause.)* Y'know somethin', I bleedin' hated that job, standin' there all day never doin' nothin' but put cardboard boxes together. I used to get ... used to get terrified that I'd have to do it for the rest of me life. But, but after three months of nothin', the same answer everywhere, nothin', nothin' down for y', I'd crawl back to that job for half the pay and double the hours. Just ... just makin' up boxes it was. But now, it seems like it was paradise.

*Pause.*

EDWARD:

Why ... why is a job so important? If I couldn't get a job I'd just say, sod it and draw the dole, live like a bohemian, tilt my hat to the world and say 'screw you'. So you're not working. Why is it so important?

MICKEY:

*(looking at him):* You don't understand anythin' do y'? I don't wear a hat that I could tilt at the world.

EDWARD:

Look ... come on ... I've got money, plenty of it. I'm back, let's forget about bloody jobs, let's go and get Linda and celebrate. Look, look, money, lots of it, have some ... *(He tries to thrust some notes into MICKEY's hands.)*

MICKEY:

No. I don't want your money, stuff it.

*He throws the notes to the ground. EDWARD picks them up and stands looking at MICKEY.* Eddie, just do me a favour an' piss off, will y'?

*Pause.*

EDWARD:

I thought, I thought we always stuck together. I thought we were ... were blood brothers.

MICKEY:

That was kids' stuff, Eddie. Didn't anyone tell y'?

**(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:

What do you think of the way Eddie speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.

[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Give advice to the actor playing Alfieri on how he should present the character to an audience.

Think about:

- what the audience finds out about Alfieri;
- Alfieri's meetings with Eddie;
- Alfieri's meeting with Marco, Rodolfo and Catherine in the prison;
- Alfieri's speeches to the audience.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the relationship between Eddie and Beatrice.

Think about:

- the way they speak and behave at the beginning of the play;
- the way they speak and behave after Catherine and Rodolfo start their relationship;
- the way they speak and behave at the end of the play.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

- CATHERINE: He's bringin' them ten o'clock, Tony?
- EDDIE: Around, yeah. *(He eats.)*
- CATHERINE: Eddie, suppose somebody asks if they're livin' here. *(He looks at her as though already she had divulged something publicly. Defensively)* I mean if they ask.
- EDDIE: Now look, Baby, I can see we're gettin' mixed up again here.
- CATHERINE: No, I just mean ... people'll see them goin' in and out.
- EDDIE: I don't care who sees them goin' in and out as long as you don't see them goin' in and out. And this goes for you too, B. You don't see nothin' and you don't know nothin'.
- BEATRICE: What do you mean? I understand.
- EDDIE: You don't understand; you still think you can talk about this to somebody just a little bit. Now lemme say it once and for all, because you're makin' me nervous again, both of you. I don't care if somebody comes in the house and sees them sleepin' on the floor, it never comes out of your mouth who they are or what they're doin' here.
- BEATRICE: Yeah, but my mother'll know –
- EDDIE: Sure she'll know, but just don't be the one who told her, that's all. This is the United States government you're playin' with now, this is the Immigration Bureau. If you said it you knew it, if you didn't say it you didn't know it.
- CATHERINE: Yeah, but Eddie, suppose somebody –
- EDDIE: I don't care what question it is. You – don't – know – nothin'. They got stool pigeons all over this neighbourhood they're payin' them every week for information, and you don't know who they are. It could be your best friend. You hear? *(To BEATRICE)* Like Vinny Bolzano, remember Vinny?
- BEATRICE: Oh, yeah. God forbid.
- EDDIE: Tell her about Vinny. *(To CATHERINE)* You think I'm blowin' steam here? *(To BEATRICE)* Go ahead, tell her. *(To CATHERINE)* You was a baby then. There was a family lived next door to her mother, he was about sixteen –
- BEATRICE: No, he was no more than fourteen, cause I was to his confirmation in Saint Agnes. But the family had an uncle that they were hidin' in the house, and he snitched to the Immigration.
- CATHERINE: The kid snitched?
- EDDIE: On his own uncle!
- CATHERINE: What, was he crazy?
- EDDIE: He was crazy after, I tell you that, boy.
- BEATRICE: Oh, it was terrible. He had five brothers and the old father. And they grabbed him in the kitchen and pulled him down the stairs – three flights his head was bouncin' like a coconut. And they spit on him in the street, his own father and his brothers. The whole neighbourhood was cryin'.
- CATHERINE: Ts! So what happened to him?
- BEATRICE: I think he went away. *(To EDDIE)* I never seen him again, did you?
- EDDIE: *(rises during this, taking out his watch)* Him? You'll never see him no more, a guy do a thing like that? How's he gonna show his face? *(To CATHERINE, as he gets up uneasily)* Just remember, kid, you can quicker get back a million dollars that was stole than a word that you gave away. *(He is standing now, stretching his back.)*
- CATHERINE: Okay, I won't say a word to nobody. I swear.

**(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:

What do you think of the way Matron and Norma speak and behave here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What do you think of *Be My Baby* as a title for the play?

Think about:

- what happens in the play;
- the relationships between characters in the play;
- the songs in the play.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Queenie?

Think about:

- what an audience finds out about her past;
- Queenie's friendship with Mary;
- Queenie's relationships with other characters;
- the way Queenie speaks and behaves at different points in the play.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*



MATRON: Good news, Norma. Welfare Services have located a family in Coventry.

NORMA: Coventry? Is that near here?

MATRON: Professional people. The husband's an accountant.

NORMA: Will he be their first?

MATRON: They have a little girl, aged three.

NORMA: Someone to play with.

MATRON: A lifetime companion.

NORMA: What if he doesn't fit in?

MATRON: He's just the same colouring. Blue eyes like the girl.

NORMA: Blue eyes?

MATRON: He'll be part of a family, Norma. Raised as their own.

NORMA: An accountant, you say? With figures?

MATRON: And a thriving practice.

NORMA: What if he takes after me? I'm hopeless at maths.

MATRON: They're very grateful to you, Norma. A healthy baby boy.

NORMA: He's healthy?

MATRON: Perfectly.

NORMA: Are you sure?

MATRON: Norma, you've had plenty of time to put this out of your mind.

NORMA: I've tried, Matron.

MATRON: It's time to look forward.

NORMA: I will. I am.

MATRON: I hope we've helped you, Norma?

NORMA: I'm grateful for everything you've done.

MATRON: Is anyone meeting you tomorrow?

NORMA: Tomorrow, Matron?

MATRON: Will anyone go with you?

NORMA: What exactly am I doing tomorrow?

MATRON: Signing the papers.

NORMA: Then I'll get to see him?

MATRON: You'll get to go home.

NORMA: I can't go home, Matron. He won't know where I am.

MATRON: Who won't?

NORMA: Coventry.

MATRON: Has the procedure not been explained to you, Norma?

NORMA: Procedure?

MATRON: Welfare Services will place your baby with his new family in Coventry. In due course, the Magistrates Court ...

NORMA: Have I done wrong?

MATRON: The Magistrates Court will pass what is called a Consent to Adoption Order. This makes your baby the legitimate child of the adoptive parents. Their name will replace yours on the certificate of birth ...

NORMA: What is their name?

MATRON: This means you have no legal right to contact your child.

NORMA: Until he's settled in?

MATRON: I'm sorry, Norma. You have no right to contact your child.

**(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:

What do you think of the way Margaret speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support what you say with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) All of the characters make difficult decisions at different points in *My Mother Said I Never Should*. Write about **two** or **three** decisions made by characters that have an impact on their lives and the lives of others. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think of Doris?

Think about:

- what an audience finds out about her past;
- Doris's relationship with her daughter, Margaret;
- Doris's relationship with her granddaughter, Jackie;
- Doris's relationship with her great granddaughter, Rosie. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

- MARGARET: Rosie's told me, Jackie.
- JACKIE: (*terrified*) I wasn't going to—
- MARGARET: No, I expect you had another date planned when you were going to tell me that you'd like Rosie back. Or perhaps you were just going to tell me over the phone.
- JACKIE: You need time, to decide ... in the summer.
- MARGARET: It's not my decision. It's Rosie's. And she's made her mind up. (*Pause*) I knew she'd say it one day. Like one of those fairy-tales.
- JACKIE: You haven't told her!
- MARGARET: Of course not. She still thinks you're big sister, that's why it's so magical to her.
- JACKIE: We were running along this dazzling beach. I thought, is that what I've missed?
- MARGARET: Years and years and years you've lost, Jackie. Birthdays and first snowman and learning to ride a bicycle and new front teeth. You can't pull them back.
- JACKIE: I can make up for it—somehow—
- MARGARET: You can't. Those are my years.
- JACKIE: She must remember—I visited!
- MARGARET: Treats, she's had with you. A day here and there. That never fooled her. But I let it fool you. I'm the woman who sat up all night with the sick child, who didn't mind all her best crockery getting broken over the years.
- JACKIE: Mummy ...  
*A long pause*
- MARGARET: (*coolly*) What time's your train?
- JACKIE: Nine forty-five—no—I could get the ten forty-five.
- MARGARET: You mustn't miss your meeting.
- JACKIE: It would give us another hour. I wish we weren't in your office! (*She panics*) Where's Rosie gone?
- MARGARET: Are you going to catch that train, or stay here? You can't do both.  
*Pause. Jackie agonizes*  
I'll phone you a taxi. (*She dials, waits; the line is engaged*)
- JACKIE: (*quietly*) You know Mum, the gallery and everything, I couldn't have done it without you. You can't be a mother and then cancel Christmas to be in New York.  
*The telephone connects*
- MARGARET: (*on the phone*) Taxi to Euston please, immediately. British Microwaves, front entrance. (*She puts the receiver down*)
- JACKIE: Come and stay, show me how you do things, how Rosie would like her room decorated.
- MARGARET: No Jackie, I shall just put a label around Rosie's neck, and send her Red Star. (*She doesn't look at Jackie any more but busies herself with papers*) It's gone nine. I wonder where Mr Reece is?  
*Jackie runs out of the room*  
*Margaret bursts into tears*  
*The telephone rings*  
(*Picking up the receiver*) Hello? Hello, yes, I'll be with you directly. (*She puts down the receiver*) Oh God, my mascara—all over the letters. (*She dabs her eyes and the letters*) Every day, getting up at six to make Rosie's picnic lunch and Ken's supper for the oven. It will be strange to be a single woman again. (*Pause. She is calm now*) I'll oversleep. I'll go and fly my kite, in Richmond Park. (*She gets up to go out of the office, turns back to the telephone, dials*) Hello? Is that Manchester City Art Gallery? Yes, I'd like to leave a message for Jackie Metcalfe, just say—(*Pause*)—May Bank Holiday will be fine. (*She puts the phone down*)  
*Margaret walks out of the office*  
*Black out*

**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:

What do you think of the way Godfrey Cass speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about the character of Dolly Winthrop and her importance in the novel.

Think about:

- Dolly Winthrop's role in the village;
- Dolly Winthrop's friendship with Silas;
- Dolly Winthrop's relationship with Eppie;
- anything else you think important.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the relationship between Silas and Eppie.

Think about:

- their relationship when Eppie was a small child;
- their relationship as Eppie grew up;
- their relationship at the end of the novel.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

‘I shall put it in my will—I think I shall put it in my will. I shouldn’t like to leave anything to be found out, like this of Dunsey,’ said Godfrey, meditatively. ‘But I can’t see anything but difficulties that ’ud come from telling it now. I must do what I can to make her happy in her own way. I’ve a notion,’ he added after a moment’s pause, ‘it’s Aaron Winthrop she meant she was engaged to. I remember seeing him with her and Marner going away from church.’

‘Well, he’s very sober and industrious,’ said Nancy, trying to view the matter as cheerfully as possible.

Godfrey fell into thoughtfulness again. Presently he looked up at Nancy sorrowfully, and said—  
‘She’s a very pretty, nice girl, isn’t she, Nancy?’

‘Yes, dear; and with just your hair and eyes: I wondered it had never struck me before.’

‘I think she took a dislike to me at the thought of my being her father: I could see a change in her manner after that.’

‘She couldn’t bear to think of not looking on Marner as her father,’ said Nancy, not wishing to confirm her husband’s painful impression.

‘She thinks I did wrong by her mother as well as by her. She thinks me worse than I am. But she *must* think it: she can never know all. It’s part of my punishment, Nancy, for my daughter to dislike me. I should never have got into that trouble if I’d been true to you—if I hadn’t been a fool. I’d no right to expect anything but evil could come of that marriage—and when I shirked doing a father’s part too.’

Nancy was silent: her spirit of rectitude would not let her try to soften the edge of what she felt to be a just compunction. He spoke again after a little while, but the tone was rather changed: there was tenderness mingled with the previous self-reproach.

‘And I got *you*, Nancy, in spite of all; and yet I’ve been grumbling and uneasy because I hadn’t something else—as if I deserved it.’

‘You’ve never been wanting to me, Godfrey,’ said Nancy, with quiet sincerity. ‘My only trouble would be gone if you resigned yourself to the lot that’s been given us.’

‘Well, perhaps, it isn’t too late to mend a bit there. Though it *is* too late to mend some things, say what they will.’

**(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:

What do you think of the way Elizabeth speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about some of the times when **either** pride **or** prejudice is important in the novel.

Think about:

- what happens;
- the characters who are involved;
- why the times you have chosen are important. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Imagine you are Mr. Darcy. At the end of the novel you think back over how you met, and came to marry, Elizabeth Bennet. Write down your thoughts and feelings.

*You may wish to think about:*

- *your first impressions of Elizabeth and her family;*
- *the development of your relationship with Elizabeth;*
- *how you finally came to marry Elizabeth.* [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

‘Oh! where, where is my uncle?’ cried Elizabeth, darting from her seat as she finished the letter, in eagerness to follow him, without losing a moment of the time so precious; but as she reached the door, it was opened by a servant, and Mr. Darcy appeared. Her pale face and impetuous manner made him start, and before he could recover himself enough to speak, she, in whose mind every idea was superseded by Lydia’s situation, hastily exclaimed, ‘I beg your pardon, but I must leave you. I must find Mr. Gardiner this moment, on business that cannot be delayed; I have not an instant to lose.’

‘Good God! what is the matter?’ cried he, with more feeling than politeness; then recollecting himself, ‘I will not detain you a minute, but let me, or let the servant, go after Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner. You are not well enough;—you cannot go yourself.’

Elizabeth hesitated, but her knees trembled under her, and she felt how little would be gained by her attempting to pursue them. Calling back the servant, therefore, she commissioned him, though in so breathless an accent as made her almost unintelligible, to fetch his master and mistress home, instantly.

On his quitting the room, she sat down, unable to support herself, and looking so miserably ill, that it was impossible for Darcy to leave her, or to refrain from saying, in a tone of gentleness and commiseration, ‘Let me call your maid. Is there nothing you could take, to give you present relief?—A glass of wine;—shall I get you one?—You are very ill.’

‘No, I thank you;’ she replied, endeavouring to recover herself. ‘There is nothing the matter with me. I am quite well. I am only distressed by some dreadful news which I have just received from Longbourn.’

She burst into tears as she alluded to it, and for a few minutes could not speak another word. Darcy, in wretched suspense, could only say something indistinctly of his concern, and observe her in compassionate silence. At length, she spoke again. ‘I have just had a letter from Jane, with such dreadful news. It cannot be concealed from anyone. My youngest sister has left all her friends—has eloped;—has thrown herself into the power of—of Mr. Wickham. They are gone off together from Brighton. *You* know him too well to doubt the rest. She has no money, no connections, nothing that can tempt him to—she is lost for ever.’

Darcy was fixed in astonishment. ‘When I consider,’ she added, in a yet more agitated voice, ‘that *I* might have prevented it!—*I* who knew what he was. Had I but explained some part of it only—some part of what I learnt, to my own family! Had his character been known, this could not have happened. But it is all, all too late now.’

**(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:

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Write about some times in *A Christmas Carol* where goodness and love is important.

Think about:

- what happens;
- how the goodness and love is shown;
- how the times you have chosen are important in the story of *A Christmas Carol*.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the character you think has the greatest effect on Scrooge. Give reasons for what you say. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*



And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial-place of giants, and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so, but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

‘What place is this?’ asked Scrooge.

‘A place where Miners live, who labour in the bowels of the earth,’ returned the Spirit. ‘But they know me. See!’

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced towards it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children’s children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gaily in their holiday attire. The old man, in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste, was singing them a Christmas song—it had been a very old song when he was a boy—and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigour sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped—whither? Not to sea? To sea. To Scrooge’s horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose, as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog, and one of them: the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figure-head of an old ship might be: struck up a sturdy song that was like a Gale in itself.

**(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:

What do you think of the way Jack speaks and behaves here? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract.

[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) *Lord of the Flies* has been described as “a terrifying novel.” Write about **two** or **three** times in the novel that you think could be described as terrifying. Give reasons for what you say. [20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) What do you think about Piggy?

Think about:

- Piggy at the beginning of the novel;
- the way Piggy speaks and behaves with Ralph and Jack;
- the way Piggy speaks and behaves with the other boys;
- Piggy’s death.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

They scrambled down a rock slope, dropped among flowers and made their way under the trees. Here they paused and examined the bushes around them curiously.

Simon spoke first.

‘Like candles. Candle bushes. Candle buds.’

The bushes were dark evergreen and aromatic and the many buds were waxen green and folded up against the light. Jack slashed at one with his knife and the scent spilled over them.

‘Candle buds.’

‘You couldn’t light them,’ said Ralph. ‘They just look like candles.’

‘Green candles,’ said Jack contemptuously, ‘we can’t eat them. Come on.’

They were in the beginnings of the thick forest, plonking with weary feet on a track, when they heard the noises – squeakings – and the hard strike of hoofs on a path. As they pushed forward the squeaking increased till it became a frenzy. They found a piglet caught in a curtain of creepers, throwing itself at the elastic traces in all the madness of extreme terror. Its voice was thin, needle-sharp and insistent. The three boys rushed forward and Jack drew his knife again with a flourish. He raised his arm in the air. There came a pause, a hiatus, the pig continued to scream and the creepers to jerk, and the blade continued to flash at the end of a bony arm. The pause was only long enough for them to understand what an enormity the downward stroke would be. Then the piglet tore loose from the creepers and scurried into the undergrowth. They were left looking at each other and the place of terror. Jack’s face was white under the freckles. He noticed that he still held the knife aloft and brought his arm down replacing the blade in the sheath. Then they all three laughed ashamedly and began to climb back to the track.

‘I was choosing a place,’ said Jack. ‘I was just waiting for a moment to decide where to stab him.’

‘You should stick a pig,’ said Ralph fiercely. ‘They always talk about sticking a pig.’

‘You cut a pig’s throat to let the blood out,’ said Jack, ‘otherwise you can’t eat the meat.’

‘Why didn’t you – ?’

They knew very well why he hadn’t: because of the enormity of the knife descending and cutting into living flesh; because of the unbearable blood.

‘I was going to,’ said Jack. He was ahead of them and they could not see his face. ‘I was choosing a place. Next time – !’

He snatched his knife out of the sheath and slammed it into a tree trunk. Next time there would be no mercy. He looked round fiercely, daring them to contradict. Then they broke out into the sunlight and for a while they were busy finding and devouring food as they moved down the scar towards the platform and the meeting.

**(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:

What thoughts and feelings do you have as you read this extract? Give reasons for what you say, and remember to support your answer with words and phrases from the extract. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What impressions do you get of growing up in Cardiff in the 1930s from your reading of *Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve*?

Write about:

- some of the local characters;
- some events that had an effect on people's lives;
- people's friendships and relationships;
- the home lives of some of the characters;
- anything else you think important.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

**Or,**

- (iii) Write about the friendship between Dannie and Keith.

Write about:

- when they were children;
- their friendships with other people;
- the holiday in Ogmores;
- Dannie's feelings when Keith died.

[20 + 4]

*Marks for spelling, punctuation and the accurate use of grammar are allocated to this question.*

These big rugby matches were great fun. The kind Welsh crowd would pass us down over their heads, hand by hand, laugh by laugh, right to the front. And then there would be a band playing and the fat man banging the fat drum. Tiddle-um, tiddle-um, tiddly um tum tum. Hoo-ray, Hoo-ray. And they sang the Welsh songs that floated sadly, but joyfully, into the air over Cardiff Arms Park, as little dark-headed men invaded the field in an attempt to climb the goal-posts and hang there the all-important leek. There would be the ritual of the crowd shouting 'Boo' and 'Shame' when the policemen ejected the intense spectators from the holy pitch. The policemen knew they were unpopular. They tried to shoo the invading spectators away with dignity, but the spectators ran round them towards the goal-posts, jiggling and dancing, putting their thumbs to their noses. What a laugh it was. Yet nobody succeeded in attaching the leek to the crossbar. As one of the men next to us said, 'The buggers have greased the poles.' England came out in their white shirts and the crowd clapped politely, but the real applause was reserved for the men in red shirts as they strutted out from the players' tunnel, cocky and clever. The roar subsided as the band played 'Land of My Fathers'. Fifty thousand people (including somewhere in the crowd the Black Curse man) stood with their hats off at attention. When the National Anthems were over there was another roar. Somebody said, 'Jawch, England 'ave an 'efty team, much bigger than ours, mun.' The whistle blew, and soon after England scored. 'There seem to be two of theirs to one of ours,' the man with the wart said. Another remarked, 'In the old days Wales really had a team, not a bunch of students.' 'It's the referee,' added his companion. 'Look at that, offside if there ever was one.' At last Wales equalized. 'What a movement, what a movement,' said the man who had been talking of the old days. 'Just like in 1923 when ...' Three spectators near us wore red shirts and banged silver saucepans, urging the players to victory with screams of Llanelli encouragement and scathing criticisms. And we shouted too, oh how we shouted ... When the noise was loudest we swore and nobody could hear us.