



**GCSE**

4202/02



S15-4202-02

**ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**UNIT 2a**

**(Literary heritage drama and contemporary prose)**

**HIGHER TIER**

A.M. FRIDAY, 22 May 2015

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) Othello**

*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 Shakespeare present the character of Othello to an audience in this extract?  
[10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How is the relationship between Othello and Desdemona affected by the society in which they live?  
[20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How is the character of Roderigo important to the play as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.  
[20 + 4]

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

*Enter OTHELLO, with attendants.*

OTHELLO: O my fair warrior!

DESDEMONA: My dear Othello!

OTHELLO: It gives me wonder great as my content  
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy! –  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have wakened death,  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'Twere now to be most happy – for I fear  
My soul hath her content so absolute  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

DESDEMONA: The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should increase  
Even as our days do grow!

OTHELLO: Amen to that, sweet powers!  
I cannot speak enough of this content.  
It stops me, here (*gesturing to his heart*) – it is too much of joy.  
And this, and this, (*embracing and kissing DESDEMONA*) the greatest discords be  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

IAGO: (*Aside*) O, you are well tuned now! –  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,  
As honest as I am.

OTHELLO: Come, let us to the castle,  
News, friends! Our wars are done: the Turks are drowned.  
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?  
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus –  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet! –  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts. I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.  
Bring thou the master to the citadel –  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect. Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus!

**(b) *Much Ado About Nothing***

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 Beatrice speaks and behaves here. What impressions would an audience receive of her character? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Shakespeare present friendship in *Much Ado About Nothing*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [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 Benedick on how he should present the character to an audience. Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

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

*Inside Leonato's house.*

*Enter* LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, MARGARET *and* URSULA.

- LEONATO: Was not Count John here at supper?
- ANTONIO: I saw him not.
- BEATRICE: How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burned an hour after.
- HERO: He is of a very melancholy disposition.
- BEATRICE: He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image and says nothing, and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.
- LEONATO: Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face –
- BEATRICE: With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if 'a could get her good will.
- LEONATO: By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.
- ANTONIO: In faith, she's too curst.
- BEATRICE: Too curst is more than curst. I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, 'God sends a curst cow short horns', but to a cow too curst he sends none.
- LEONATO: So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.
- BEATRICE: Just, if he send me no husband – for the which blessing I am at Him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face! I had rather lie in the woollen.
- LEONATO: You may light on a husband that hath no beard.
- BEATRICE: What should I do with him? Dress him in my apparel and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth is not for me, and he that is less than a man, I am not for him. Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-ward, and lead his apes into hell.
- LEONATO: Well then, go you into hell?
- BEATRICE: No, but to the gate – and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold with horns on his head, and say, 'Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven: here's no place for you maids.' So deliver I up my apes and away to Saint Peter for the heavens. He shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.
- ANTONIO: (*To HERO*) Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father.
- BEATRICE: Yes, faith: it is my cousin's duty to make curtesy and say, 'Father, as it please you'. But yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow – or else make another curtesy and say, 'Father, as it please *me*'.
- LEONATO: Well, niece, I hope to see *you* one day fitted with a husband.
- BEATRICE: Not till God make men of some other metal than earth.

**(c) *An Inspector Calls***

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 J.B. Priestley create mood and atmosphere for an audience here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) What does *An Inspector Calls* reveal about attitudes to women in the early 20th century? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) To what extent is it possible to sympathise with Mrs. Birling? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

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

BIRLING *lights his cigar and GERALD, who has lit a cigarette, helps himself to port, then pushes the decanter to BIRLING.*

BIRLING: Thanks. (*Confidentially.*) By the way, there's something I'd like to mention – in strict confidence – while we're by ourselves. I have an idea that your mother – Lady Croft – while she doesn't object to my girl – feels you might have done better for yourself socially—  
GERALD, *rather embarrassed, begins to murmur some dissent, but BIRLING checks him.*  
No, Gerald, that's all right. Don't blame her. She comes from an old country family – landed people and so forth – and so it's only natural. But what I wanted to say is – there's a fair chance that I might find my way into the next Honours List. Just a knighthood, of course.

GERALD: Oh – I say – congratulations!

BIRLING: Thanks. But it's a bit too early for that. So don't say anything. But I've had a hint or two. You see, I was Lord Mayor here two years ago when Royalty visited us. And I've always been regarded as a sound useful party man. So – well – I gather there's a very good chance of a knighthood – so long as we behave ourselves, don't get into the police court or start a scandal – eh? (*Laughs complacently.*)

GERALD: (*laughs*) You seem to be a nice well-behaved family—

BIRLING: We think we are—

GERALD: So if that's the only obstacle, sir, I think you might as well accept my congratulations now.

BIRLING: No, no, I couldn't do that. And don't say anything yet.

GERALD: Not even to my mother? I know she'd be delighted.

BIRLING: Well, when she comes back, you might drop a hint to her. And you can promise her that we'll try to keep out of trouble during the next few months.

*They both laugh.*

*ERIC enters.*

ERIC: What's the joke? Started telling stories?

BIRLING: No. Want another glass of port?

ERIC: (*sitting down*) Yes, please. (*Takes decanter and helps himself.*) Mother says we mustn't stay too long. But I don't think it matters. I left 'em talking about clothes again. You'd think a girl had never had any clothes before she gets married. Women are potty about 'em.

BIRLING: Yes, but you've got to remember, my boy, that clothes mean something quite different to a woman. Not just something to wear – and not only something to make 'em look prettier – but – well, a sort of sign or token of their self-respect.

GERALD: That's true.

ERIC: (*eagerly*) Yes, I remember – (*but he checks himself.*)

BIRLING: Well, what do you remember?

ERIC: (*confused*) Nothing.

BIRLING: Nothing?

GERALD: (*amused*) Sounds a bit fishy to me.

BIRLING: (*taking it in same manner*) Yes, you don't know what some of these boys get up to nowadays. More money to spend and time to spare than I had when I was Eric's age. They worked us hard in those days and kept us short of cash. Though even then – we broke out and had a bit of fun sometimes.

GERALD: I'll bet you did.

BIRLING: (*solemnly*) But this is the point. I don't want to lecture you two young fellows again. But what so many of you don't seem to understand now, when things are so much easier, is that a man has to make his own way – has to look after himself – and his family too, of course, when he has one – and so long as he does that he won't come to much harm. But the way some of these cranks talk and write now, you'd think everybody has to look after everybody else, as if we were all mixed up together like bees in a hive – community and all that nonsense. But take my word for it, you youngsters – and I've learnt in the good hard school of experience – that a man has to mind his own business and look after himself and his own – and—

*We hear the sharp ring of a front door bell, BIRLING stops to listen.*

ERIC: Somebody at the front door.

BIRLING: Edna'll answer it. Well, have another glass of port, Gerald – and then we'll join the ladies.

**(d) Hobson's Choice**

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 Harold Brighouse create mood and atmosphere for an audience here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Give advice to the actor playing Willie Mossop on how he should present the character to an audience. Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) Maggie has been described as 'not a typical woman of her time'. To what extent do you agree? [20 + 4]

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



*Knock at door upstairs.*

ALICE: Who's that?

MAGGIE: Someone who can't read, I reckon. You hung that card on door, Will?

WILLIE: Aye, it's there. And you wrote it, Maggie.

MAGGIE: I knew better than to trust to you. 'Business suspended for the day' it says, and they that can't read it can go on knocking.

HOBSON: *(off, upstairs, after another knock!)*: Are you in, Maggie?

VICKEY: *(terrified)*: It's father!

ALBERT: Oh, Lord!

MAGGIE: What's the matter? Are you afraid of him?

FREDDIE: Well, I think, all things considered, and seeing –

MAGGIE: All right. We'll consider 'em. You can go into the bedroom, the lot of you. ... No, not you, Willie. The rest. I'll shout when I want you.

ALICE: When he's gone.

MAGGIE: It'll be before he's gone.

VICKEY: But we don't want –

MAGGIE: Is this your house or mine?

VICKEY: It's your cellar.

MAGGIE: And I'm in charge of it.

*The four go into bedroom. VICKEY starts to argue. ALBERT opens the door, VICKEY and ALICE go out followed by FREDDIE and ALBERT. VICKEY is pushed inside, WILL is going to stairs.*

You sit you still, and don't forget you're gaffer here. I'll open door.

WILLIE *sits in chair above table*. MAGGIE *goes upstairs and opens the door*. Enter HOBSON *to top stair*.

HOBSON: *(with some slight apology)*: Well, Maggie.

MAGGIE: *(uninvitingly)*: Well, father.

HOBSON: *(without confidence)*: I'll come in.

MAGGIE: *(standing in his way)*: Well, I don't know. I'll have to ask the master about that.

HOBSON: Eh? The master?

MAGGIE: You and him didn't part on the best of terms, you know. *(Over the railings.)* Will, it's my father. Is he to come in?

WILLIE: *(loudly and boldly)*: Aye, let him come.

HOBSON *comes downstairs*. MAGGIE *closes door behind him and follows*. HOBSON *stares round at the cellar*.

HOBSON: You don't sound cordial about your invitation, young man.

WILLIE: Nay, but I am *(Shaking hands for a long time.)* I'm right down glad to see you, Mr Hobson. It makes the wedding-day complete-like, you being her father and I – I hope you'll see your way to staying a good long while.

HOBSON: Well –

MAGGIE: That's enough, Will. You don't need to overdo it. You can sit down for five minutes, father. That sofa 'ull bear your weight. It's been tested.

WILLIE: *(taking up teapot)*: There's nobbut tea to drink and I reckon what's in the pot is stewed, so I'll –

MAGGIE: *(taking pot off him as he moves to fire-place with it)*: You'll not do owt of sort. Father likes his liquids strong.

WILLIE: A piece of pork pie now, Mr Hobson?

HOBSON: *(groaning)*: Pork pie!

MAGGIE: *(sharply)*: You'll be sociable now you're here, I hope. *(She pours tea at table, top end.)*

HOBSON: It wasn't sociability that brought me, Maggie.

MAGGIE: What was it, then?

HOBSON: Maggie, I'm in disgrace. A sore and sad misfortune's fallen on me.

MAGGIE: *(cutting)*: Happen a piece of wedding cake 'ull do you good.

HOBSON: *(shuddering)*: It's sweet.

MAGGIE: That's natural in cake.

MAGGIE *sits in chair above table*.

**(e) A Taste of Honey**

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 Helen speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal to an audience about her character? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) One of the themes of *A Taste of Honey* is responsibility, for oneself and for others. How does Shelagh Delaney present this theme in her play? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Shelagh Delaney present the relationship between Jo and Geof in *A Taste of Honey*? Remember to support your answer with reference to the play and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 + 4]

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

JO: Where's your husband?  
HELEN: Probably drunk with his pals somewhere. He was going down to the house this morning to let some air in. Have you seen a picture of the house? Yes, you have. Do you like it? [*She peers and primps into mirror.*]  
JO: It's all right if you like that sort of thing, and I don't.  
HELEN: I'll like it in a few years, when it isn't so new and clean. At the moment it's like my face, unblemished! Oh look at that, every line tells a dirty story, hey?  
JO: Will you tell me something before you go?  
HELEN: Oh! You can read all about that in books.  
JO: What was my father like?  
[HELEN *turns away.*]  
HELEN: Who?  
JO: You heard! My father! What was he like?  
HELEN: Oh! Him.  
JO: Well, was he so horrible that you can't even tell me about him?  
HELEN: He wasn't horrible. He was just a bit stupid, you know. Not very bright.  
JO: Be serious, Helen.  
HELEN: I am serious.  
JO: Are you trying to tell me he was an idiot?  
HELEN: He wasn't an idiot, he was just a bit – retarded.  
JO: You liar!  
HELEN: All right, I'm a liar.  
JO: Look at me.  
HELEN: Well, am I?  
JO: No.  
HELEN: Well, now you know.  
JO: How could you give me a father like that?  
HELEN: I didn't do it on purpose. How was I to know you'd materialize out of a little love affair that lasted five minutes?  
JO: You never think. That's your trouble.  
HELEN: I know.  
JO: Was he like a ... a real idiot?  
HELEN: I've told you once. He was nice though, you know, a nice little feller!  
JO: Where is he now, locked up?  
HELEN: No, he's dead.  
JO: Why?  
HELEN: Why? Well, I mean, death's something that comes to us all, and when it does come you haven't usually got time to ask why.  
JO: It's hereditary, isn't it?  
HELEN: What?  
JO: Madness.  
HELEN: Sometimes.  
JO: Am I mad?  
HELEN: Decide for yourself. Oh, Jo, don't be silly. Of course you're not daft. No more so than anybody else.

**QUESTION 2**

*Answer questions on one text.*

**(a) Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha**

*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 Roddy Doyle present Paddy's character here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) Show how Roddy Doyle creates sympathy for **either** Paddy's Ma **or** Paddy's Da in *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha*. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha* has been described as a 'coming of age' story. How does Roddy Doyle present this idea in his novel? [20 + 4]

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

There'd been another big fight, a loud one. They'd both run out of the house, him the front, her the back. He'd gone all the way; she'd come back in. She'd shouted this time as well. The smell on his breath, something about it. I didn't even see him when he came home, except out of the window. He came home, they shouted, he left. He was late. We were in bed. The door rattled. The air downstairs settled back to normal.

—Did you hear that?

Sinbad didn't answer. Maybe he hadn't heard it. Maybe he could decide to hear and not hear things. I'd heard it. I waited for him to come back. I wanted to go down to her. She'd hurt him this time though; that was what it had sounded like.

I'd only bring a few cans and I'd buy more when I needed them. I'd bring apples as well but not oranges. They were too messy. Fruit was good for you. I wouldn't bring anything that I'd have to cook. I'd make sandwiches and wrap them up in tinfoil. I'd never eaten beans cold. I'd pick them out of the sauce.

I didn't like it that she'd shouted. It didn't fit.

I'd eat a good dinner before I left.

Clothes was last. I'd be wearing some and I'd need some others; two of everything and my anorak. I'd remember to zip the hood back onto it. Most fellas that ran away forgot about underpants and socks. They were on my list. I didn't know where my ma kept them. In the hot press, but I wasn't sure. There were clean ones of each on our beds every Sunday when we woke up, nearly like Santy'd put them there. On Saturday night in the bath we put the old underpants in front of our eyes to stop the suds from getting in when our hair was getting washed.

He came back a good bit later. I heard his echoes around the side and then the slide of the back door. The television was on. Ma was in the living room. He stayed in the kitchen for a while, making tea or waiting for her to notice him; because he dropped something – it rolled. She stayed in the living room. He went out into the hall. He didn't move for a bit. Then I heard one of the creaky stairs; he always stepped on them. Then I heard the same creak: he'd turned back. The lino along the edge hung on to the living room door as he pushed it. I waited. I listened hard.

I made a belch. My back had lifted up off the bed, like I was trying to stop someone from pinning me down. Another belch got out. It hurt my throat. I wanted a drink of water. I listened for their voices; I tried to hear them behind the television noises. I couldn't get up and go nearer; I had to hear them from the bed, exactly here. I couldn't. The television was up louder than it had been before; I thought it was.

I waited, and then I couldn't remember.

**(b) Heroes**

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 Robert Cormier present the character of Larry LaSalle here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Robert Cormier create sympathy for the character of Francis in *Heroes*? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) One of the themes of *Heroes* is the use and abuse of power. How does Robert Cormier present this theme in his novel? [20 + 4]

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

Lt. Lawrence LaSalle, US Marine Corps, holder of the Silver Star for acts of heroism in the steaming jungles of Guadalcanal in the South Pacific, hero of newsreels and radio broadcasts, was coming home on furlough. He was scheduled to arrive on the 3.10 p.m. train from Boston on 3 July 1943.

On that hot and humid afternoon, a crowd gathered at the Monument Depot to greet his arrival, including kids from the Wreck Centre, Joey LeBlanc, Louis Arabelle, Marie LaCroix and me among them, and parents who knew that Larry LaSalle had been a bright Pied Piper for their children in the bleakness of the Depression.

I looked towards Monument Park, impatient for Nicole to join us. As a volunteer now with the Monument Red Cross, she was preparing food kits for servicemen that day and said she would join us in time for Larry LaSalle's arrival.

I placed a foot on the rail, hoping to feel the slight trembling that would announce the train's approach. The heat of the rail burned through the sole of my shoe. Turning, I saw Nicole coming into view through the haze of heat. She wore a dark blue skirt and a white blouse. She waved to me as she hurried towards the depot. At the same time, the chug of engine, blast of horn and hiss of steam announced the arrival of the train from Boston.

A moment later, Larry LaSalle stood on the platform, resplendent in the green uniform with the lieutenant's bars on his shoulders and the ribbons and medals on his chest. He smiled, the old movie-star smile, skin tanned and glowing, small wrinkles around his eyes as he squinted down at us.

We cheered as he stepped down from the platform and walked towards our group, that touch of Fred Astaire still in his walk but something different about him. His slenderness was knife-like now, lethal, his features sharper, nose and cheek-bones. I remembered how hard it had been to think of him as a fighting marine when he announced his enlistment, but seeing his lean hard body now I could picture him storming a hillside on Guadalcanal, rifle in hand, bayonet fixed, grenades dangling from his belt, pumping bullets into the enemy.

Then he was among us and we surrounded him, crowding him, embracing him, getting as close to him as possible.

'My hero from the war,' Joey LeBlanc called out, clowning, of course, but saying what we all thought. Larry was our war hero, yes, but he had been a hero to us long before he went to war.

**(c) Never Let Me Go**

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 Kazuo Ishiguro present mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) How does Kazuo Ishiguro present the relationship between Kathy and Tommy in *Never Let Me Go*? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) *Never Let Me Go* deals with three separate stages in the lives of Kathy, Tommy and Ruth: their childhood, their teenage years, and their adulthood. Which of these stages do you find the most interesting, and why? [20 + 4]

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



‘Madame,’ I said, leaning over the gate. ‘We don’t want to shock you or anything. But we were at Hailsham. I’m Kathy H., maybe you remember. And this is Tommy D. We haven’t come to give you any trouble.’

She came a few steps back towards us. ‘From Hailsham,’ she said, and a small smile actually went across her face. ‘Well, this is a surprise. If you aren’t here to give me trouble, then why are you here?’

Suddenly Tommy said: ‘We have to talk with you. I’ve brought some things’ – he raised his bag – ‘some things you might want for your gallery. We’ve got to talk with you.’

Madame went on standing there, hardly moving in the low sun, her head tilted as though listening for some sound from the seafront. Then she smiled again, though the smile didn’t seem to be for us, but just herself.

‘Very well then. Come inside. Then we’ll see what it is you wish to talk about.’

As we went in, I noticed the front door had coloured glass panels, and once Tommy closed it behind us, everything got pretty dark. We were in a hallway so narrow you felt you’d be able to touch the walls on either side just by stretching out your elbows. Madame had stopped in front of us, and was standing still, her back to us, again like she was listening. Peering past her, I saw that the hallway, narrow as it was, divided further: to the left was a staircase going upstairs; to the right, an even narrower passage leading deeper into the house.

Following Madame’s example, I listened too, but there was only silence in the house. Then, maybe from somewhere upstairs, there was a faint thump. That small noise seemed to signify something to her, because she now turned to us and pointing into the darkness of the passage, said:

‘Go in there and wait for me. I’ll be down shortly.’

She began to climb the stairs, then seeing our hesitation, leaned over the banister and pointed again into the dark.

‘In there,’ she said, then vanished upstairs.

Tommy and I wandered forward and found ourselves in what must have been the front room of the house. It was like a servant of some sort had got the place ready for the night-time, then left: the curtains were closed and there were dim table lamps switched on. I could smell the old furniture, which was probably Victorian. The fireplace had been sealed off with a board, and where the fire would have been, there was a picture, woven like a tapestry, of a strange owl-like bird staring out at you. Tommy touched my arm and pointed to a framed picture hanging in a corner over a little round table.

‘It’s Hailsham,’ he whispered.

We went up to it, but then I wasn’t so sure. I could see it was a pretty nice watercolour, but the table lamp beneath it had a crooked shade covered with cobweb traces, and instead of lighting up the picture, it just put a shine over the murky glass, so you could hardly make it out at all.

**(d) About A Boy**

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 Marcus speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about his character? [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) In the last sentence of *About a Boy* Will thinks that 'Marcus would be OK'. Who or what do you think has had the most influence on Marcus to make Will think this? [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How is the relationship between Will and Rachel important to the novel as a whole? [20 + 4]

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

‘SHE’S NOT KEEN ON HIM!’ Ali suddenly shouted. ‘SHE’S ONLY KEEN ON ME!’

Marcus was beginning to realise that Ali was nuts, and he wasn’t sure what to do about it. He wondered whether this had ever happened before and, if it had, whether the kid who had been in his position was still here somewhere – either in pieces under the carpet, or tied up in a cupboard, where he was fed once a day on leftover bits of Ali’s supper. This kid probably weighed three stone and only talked his own language that nobody else could understand, not that anyone ever listened anyway, not even his mum and dad, who he would never see again.

Marcus considered his options carefully. The least attractive, he felt, and also the most unlikely, was to stay here and pass the time of day with Ali, chat about this and that, have a laugh and a couple of games on the computer; that simply wasn’t going to happen. He could go downstairs and join in with Will and Rachel, but Will had as good as told him to stay upstairs, and if he went downstairs he’d have to explain that Ali was a psycho who was on the point of cutting off his arms and legs, and that would be really embarrassing. No, Marcus’s choice would simply be to dash downstairs without anyone noticing, sneak out of the front door and get a bus home; after a very brief moment’s thought, that is exactly what he did.

He was standing at a bus stop near the Lock when Will found him. His sense of direction wasn’t brilliant and he was actually standing on the wrong side of the road, waiting for a bus that would have taken him to the West End, so it was probably just as well that Will drew up alongside him and told him to get into the car.

‘What are you playing at?’ Will asked him angrily.

‘Have I messed it up?’ And then, although he shouldn’t have said it, even though, or probably because, it was the first thing he thought of: ‘Will you still help me out with Ellie?’

‘What happened upstairs?’

‘He’s off his head. He said he’d kill me if you went out with her. And I believed him, too. Anyone would have. He’s really scary. Where are we going?’ It was raining now, and Camden was choked with traffic and market shoppers. Everywhere Marcus looked there were men and women with long wet straggly hair who looked like they probably played in Nirvana or one of the other bands Ellie liked.

‘Back to Rachel’s.’

‘I don’t want to go back there.’

‘Tough.’

‘She’ll think I’m stupid.’

‘She won’t.’

‘Why not?’

‘Because she thought something like this might happen. She said Ali could be difficult sometimes.’

That made Marcus laugh, ‘Ha!’, the kind of laugh you did when there was nothing much to laugh at. ‘Difficult? He was going to tie me up and lock me in a cupboard and only feed me once a day.’

‘Is that what he said?’

‘Not in so many words.’

‘Anyway, he’s crying his eyes out now.’

‘Really?’

‘Really. Blubbing like a three-year-old.’

This cheered Marcus up no end; he was perfectly happy to go back to Rachel’s, he decided.

**(e) Resistance**

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 Owen Sheers create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer. [10]

**Either,**

- (ii) With which of the women in the valley do you have the most sympathy? Show how Owen Sheers' presentation of your chosen woman creates sympathy for her. [20 + 4]

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

**Or,**

- (iii) How does Owen Sheers present the character of Albrecht in *Resistance*? [20 + 4]

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

Despite the high mackerel clouds and the brightness of the day a soft rain had begun to fall, folds of moisture turning the air milky. 'The devil's beating his wife today,' that's how her mother would have translated such weather; one hand on her hip, nodding at the view out the kitchen window, 'Yes, my girl,' she'd say, turning to Sarah at her side, 'the devil's beating his wife for sure.' Sarah had never understood what connection there could be between these autumn showers and the devil beating his wife, but she knew what her mother meant. There was something odd about this kind of rain, as if the calibration of the seasons had slipped, become unbalanced. Something unnatural about it, something wrong.

She looked out over the valley, hoping to see Tom somewhere in the view. But there was nothing. The whole valley was still, much stiller than it should have been at this time of day. William Jones usually had his tractor out by now. It was the first and only one in the valley and he was always finding an excuse to use it, petrol rationing or not. But she couldn't see it anywhere in his fields. Or hear it. Viewed through the gauze of the sunlit rain the valley looked like a painted landscape.

Sarah called the dogs. 'Fly! Seren! Cumby!'

Fly came and sat nervously at her side. Sarah stroked her, drawing a hand across her head over her ears and down her damp neck. She could feel the dog's muscles bunched tightly over the bone.

'Shh, cwtch ci,' she said, trying to relax her.

Maybe Tom had gone into town. But what for? They'd been told not to hoard or stock up on supplies, and they had everything they needed on the farm anyway. She still couldn't remember anything of last night; why was that? She tried to picture herself in the house. She remembered cooking their meal. She'd burnt her calf on the oven door. She could still feel the tightness of the burn-mark under her woollen stocking. They'd taken tea by the fire in the front room. Tom hadn't spoken much, but then he often didn't.

Fly slipped away from under her hand and trotted over the field to find Seren. Sarah watched her go then looked out at the valley once more, as if by looking hard enough she could conjure Tom from its fields and trees. Drawing a deep breath, she called his name into the morning air.

'Tom!'

Her voice echoed off the facing valley wall and immediately she felt stupid, childish, calling for him like that. The dogs pricked their ears and began running back up the slope towards her, their tongues hanging out the side of their mouths. She listened, but there was just the fading of her own voice and then the sticky breaths of Seren and Fly panting either side of her. She stood to rise above the sound of them and called for Tom again, straining to hear a reply beyond her own echo. But again there was nothing. Just the intermittent bleat of a ewe, a blackbird mining its notes in a nearby tree and underscoring everything the distant rustle of the river running its course through the valley below.

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