



GCSE

4202/04

ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIT 2b

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

HIGHER TIER

A.M. FRIDAY, 22 May 2015

**2 hours plus your additional time
allowance**

QUESTION 1

	Pages
(a) The History Boys	5 - 13
(b) Blood Brothers	14 - 21
(c) A View From The Bridge	22 - 30
(d) Be My Baby	31 - 38
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QUESTION 2

(a) Silas Marner	48 - 55
(b) Pride and Prejudice	56 - 63
(c) A Christmas Carol	64 - 70
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(e) Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve	77 - 83

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ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Twelve page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink, black ball-point pen or your usual method.

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 one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (a) (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does the way the characters speak and behave here create mood and atmosphere for an audience?

[10 marks]

EITHER,

- 1(a) (ii) THE HISTORY BOYS was recently voted as the nation's favourite play. What makes the play so popular, in your opinion?
[20 marks + 4 marks]**

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

OR,

1(a) (iii) Imagine you are Dakin. At some point after the end of the play, you think back over its events and your time at school. Write down your thoughts and feelings. Remember how Dakin would speak when you write your answer.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

SCRIPPS: I'd been on playground duty, so I saw him on what must have been his first morning waiting outside the study. I thought he was a new boy, which of course he was, so I smiled. Then Felix turned up. Irwin is a young man, about twenty-five or so.

HEADMASTER: You are?

IRWIN: Irwin.

HEADMASTER: Irwin?

IRWIN: The supply teacher.

HEADMASTER: Quite so. He beckons Irwin cagily into the study.

SCRIPPS: Hector had said that if I wanted to write I should keep a notebook, and

there must have been something furtive about Irwin's arrival because I wrote it down. I called it clandestine, a word I'd just learnt and wasn't sure how to pronounce.

HEADMASTER: The examinations are in December, which gives us three months at the outside ... Well, you were at Cambridge, you know the form.

IRWIN: Oxford, Jesus.

HEADMASTER: I thought of going, but this was the fifties. Change was in the air. A spirit of adventure.

IRWIN: So, where did you go?

HEADMASTER: I was a geographer. I went to Hull.

IRWIN: Oh, Larkin.

HEADMASTER: Everybody says that.

**'Hull? Oh, Larkin.' I
don't know about the
poetry ... as I say, I was
a geographer ... but as a
librarian he was pitiless.
The Himmler of the
Accessions Desk. And
now, we're told, women in
droves.
Art. They get away with
murder.
They are a likely lot,
the boys. All keen.
One oddity. Rudge.
Determined to try for
Oxford and Christ
Church of all places.
No hope. Might get in at
Loughborough in a bad
year. Otherwise all bright.
But they need polish.
Edge. Your job. We are
low in the league. I want**

to see us up there with Manchester Grammar School, Haberdashers' Aske's. Leighton Park. Or is that an open prison? No matter.

Pause.

There is a vacancy in history.

IRWIN: (thoughtfully) That's very true.

HEADMASTER: In the school.

IRWIN: Ah.

HEADMASTER: Get me scholarships, Irwin, pull us up the table, and it is yours. I am corseted by the curriculum, but I can find you three lessons a week.

IRWIN: Not enough.

HEADMASTER: I agree. However, Mr Hector, our long-time English master, is

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General Studies. There is passion there. Or, as I prefer to call it, commitment. But not curriculum-directed. Not curriculum-directed at all. In the circumstances we may be able to filch an hour. (going) You are very young. Grow a moustache. I am thinking classroom control.

1(b) BLOOD BROTHERS

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does Willy Russell create mood and atmosphere for an audience here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

EITHER,

**1(b) (ii) 'Mr. Lyons appears in Blood Brothers only occasionally, yet he is a crucial character.'
To what extent do you agree with this statement?**

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

1(b) (iii) Show how Willy Russell presents the changing relationship between Mickey and Linda.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

NARRATOR: (singing): There's shoes
upon the table
An' a spider's
been killed
Someone broke
the lookin' glass
There's a full
moon shinin'
An' the salt's
been spilled
You're walkin' on
pavement cracks
Don't know
what's gonna
come to pass
Now you know
the devil's got
your number
He's gonna find y'
Y' know he's right
beyind y'
He's starin'
through your

windows

He's creeping
down the hall.

The song ends with a percussion build to a sudden full stop and the scene snaps from MRS LYONS to the children. MICKEY, EDDIE and LINDA are standing in line, taking it in turns to fire the air pistol. MICKEY takes aim and fires.

LINDA:

(with glee): Missed.
EDWARD loads and fires.
Missed!

LINDA takes the gun and fires. We hear a metallic ping. She beams a satisfied smile at MICKEY who ignores it and reloads, fires. The routine

MICKEY: is repeated with exactly the same outcome until (taking the gun): We're not playin' with the gun no more. (He puts it away.)

LINDA: Ah, why?

MICKEY: It gets broke if y' use it too much.

EDWARD: What are we going to do now, Mickey?

MICKEY: I dunno.

LINDA: I do.

MICKEY: What?

LINDA: Let's throw some stones through them windows.

MICKEY: (brightening): Ooh, I dare y' Linda, I dare y'.

LINDA: (bending for a stone): Well, I will. I'm not scared, either. Are you Eddie?

EDWARD: Erm ... well ... erm ...

LINDA: He is look. Eddie's scared.

MICKEY: No, he isn't! Are y', Eddie?

EDWARD: (stoically): No ... I'm not. I'm not scared at all, actually.

LINDA: Right, when I count to three we all throw together. One, two, three ...

Unseen by them a **POLICEMAN** has approached behind them.

POLICEMAN: Me mother caught a flea, she put it in the tea pot to make a cup of tea ... And what do you think you're doing?

LINDA and **MICKEY** shoot terrified glances at **EDWARD**, almost wetting themselves.

EDWARD: (mistaking their look for encouragement): Waiting for the ninety-two bus. (He

explodes with excited laughter.)

LINDA: He's not with us.

MICKEY: Sir.

LINDA: Sir.

POLICEMAN: No. He's definitely with us.
What's your name, son?

EDWARD: Adolph Hitler.

EDWARD laughs until through the laughter he senses that all is not well. He sees that he alone is laughing. The laughter turns to tears which sets the other two off.

The three children turn round, crying, bawling, followed by the **POLICEMAN.**

1(c) A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does Arthur Miller create mood and atmosphere for an audience here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

1(c) EITHER,

(ii) 'Love is at the centre of this play.' To what extent do you agree with this statement?

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

1(c) (iii) Give advice to the actor playing Marco on how he should present the character to an audience.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

RODOLFO: (astonished.) You want to be an Italian?

CATHERINE: No, but I could live there without being Italian. Americans live there.

RODOLFO: Forever?

CATHERINE: Yeah.

RODOLFO: (crosses to rocker) You're fooling.

CATHERINE: No, I mean it.

RODOLFO: Where do you get such an idea?

CATHERINE: Well, you're always saying it's so beautiful there, with the mountains and the ocean and all the –

RODOLFO: You're fooling me.

CATHERINE: I mean it.

RODOLFO: (goes to her slowly)
Catherine, if I ever brought you home with no money, no business, nothing, they would call the priest and

the doctor and they would say Rodolfo is crazy.

CATHERINE: I know, but I think we would be happier there.

RODOLFO: Happier! What would you eat? You can't cook the view!

CATHERINE: Maybe you could be a singer, like in Rome or –

RODOLFO: Rome! Rome is full of singers.

CATHERINE: Well, I could work then.

RODOLFO: Where?

CATHERINE: God, there must be jobs somewhere!

RODOLFO: There's nothing! Nothing, nothing, nothing. Now tell me what you're talking about. How can I bring you from a rich country to suffer in a poor country? What are you talking about? (She searches

for words.) I would be a criminal stealing your face. In two years you would have an old, hungry face. When my brother's babies cry they give them water, water that boiled a bone. Don't you believe that?

CATHERINE: **(quietly) I'm afraid of Eddie here.**

Slight pause.

RODOLFO: **(steps closer to her) We wouldn't live here. Once I am a citizen I could work anywhere and I would find better jobs and we would have a house, Catherine. If I were not afraid to be arrested I would start to be something wonderful here!**

CATHERINE: **(steeling herself) Tell me something. I mean just tell**

me, Rodolfo – would you still want to do it if it turned out we had to go live in Italy? I mean just if it turned out that way.

RODOLFO: This is your question or his question?

CATHERINE: I would like to know, Rodolfo. I mean it.

RODOLFO: To go there with nothing.

CATHERINE: Yeah.

RODOLFO: No. (She looks at him wide-eyed.) No.

CATHERINE: You wouldn't?

RODOLFO: No; I will not marry you to live in Italy. I want you to be my wife, and I want to be a citizen. Tell him that, or I will. Yes. (He moves about angrily.) And tell him also, and tell yourself, please, that I am not a beggar, and

you are not a horse, a gift, a favour for a poor immigrant.

CATHERINE: Well, don't get mad!

RODOLFO: I am furious! (Goes to her.) Do you think I am so desperate? My brother is desperate, not me. You think I would carry on my back the rest of my life a woman I didn't love just to be an American? It's so wonderful? You think we have no tall buildings in Italy? Electric lights? No wide streets? No flags? No automobiles? Only work we don't have. I want to be an American so I can work, that is the only wonder here – work! How can you insult me, Catherine?

CATHERINE: I didn't mean that –

RODOLFO: My heart dies to look at

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**you. Why are you so afraid
of him?**

CATHERINE: (near tears) I don't know!

1(d) BE MY BABY

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

Look closely at how Mary and Matron speak and behave here. How may it affect an audience's feelings towards them?

[10 marks]

EITHER,

1(d) (ii) A review of BE MY BABY said that it ‘deals with the warmth and complexities of female friendship.’ Show how Amanda Whittington presents this in her play.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

- 1(d) (iii) What do you think of Mary and the way she is presented to an audience in BE MY BABY?
[20 marks + 4 marks]**

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

MARY: Matron?

MATRON: Mary?

MARY: I'd like a day off.

MATRON: A particular day – or will any one do?

MARY: Next Wednesday, Matron. I've got an interview.

MARY gives the magazine, folded open, for **MATRON** to read.

MATRON: 'Housekeeper required for elderly lady, Eastbourne. Light domestic duties and companionship. Own room. Child considered.'

MARY: And I'm experienced now. Domestically.

MATRON: You've contacted the lady?

MARY: She wrote back by return of post.

MATRON: And does she know your situation?

MARY: I thought it best to tell her face

to face.

MATRON: Sit down, Mary.

MARY: So she could see what kind of girl I am.

MATRON: You're a clever girl, Mary. Five 'O' levels, I'm told.

MARY: Imagine living by the sea.

MATRON: And raised for more than service.

MATRON passes the magazine back to **MARY**.

MARY: But it takes care of everything.

MATRON: Except the child.

MARY: Especially the child.

MATRON: Let's assume he feeds at four-hourly intervals; round the clock, two, six and ten. Each feed will take you, say, thirty minutes each. In between, you'll bathe him, dress him, comfort him. How will you housekeep with a baby on your hip?

MARY: My cousin's got a baby. Her house is immaculate.

MATRON: And what else has your cousin got?

MARY: A twin-tub?

MATRON: A husband.

MARY opens the letter and offers it to **MATRON**.

MARY: She lives on her own. She might take to a baby in the house?

MATRON reads the letter and hands it back.

MATRON: Why don't you ask her?

MARY: Now?

MATRON: She won't thank you for wasting her time.

MARY dials the telephone on **MATRON**'s desk.

MARY: It's ringing.

Hello, Mrs Wilson ... This is Mary Adams, you wrote to me

regarding an interview ... well, I'm just ringing to say that I'd very much like to attend ... two o'clock's fine, yes ... I look forward to meeting you too, except ... the thing is Mrs Wilson, I'm ... I'm in hospital at the moment ... nothing serious, no ... I'm having a baby ... a baby yes ... no, I'm not a widow ... that's correct, Mrs Wilson. Unmarried ... well, because of 'child considered' ... but I am suitable ... are you sure you wouldn't like me to ... I see ... I'm sorry ... thank you, Mrs Wilson ... goodbye.

MARY replaces the receiver and looks again at the magazine.

MARY: There's plenty more here.

MATRON: Try one.

MARY dials another number.

She waits for a reply but finally puts the phone down.

MARY: No reply.

MATRON: Try another.

1(e) MY MOTHER SAID I NEVER SHOULD

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

Look closely at how Jackie speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about her to an audience?

[10 marks]

EITHER,

1(e) (ii) Which of the mother and daughter relationships presented in this play do you find the most moving? Show how Charlotte Keatley's presentation of your chosen relationship makes it moving.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

1(e) (iii) 'MY MOTHER SAID I NEVER SHOULD is a play about disappointment.' To what extent do you agree with this statement?

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

JACKIE: You knew I'd phone, one day.

(Slight pause)

MARGARET: Look at you now, a year ago you had everything, you were so excited about the art school, new friends, doing so well –

JACKIE: **(angrily)** I'll go back! Yes I will, finish the degree, I won't fail both things! Only think about her at night, her cheek against mine, soft and furry, like an apricot ... Rosie makes a snuffling noise in her sleep ... She'll be happy, won't she? ...

MARGARET: After you phoned ... after you asked us ... Daddy went upstairs and got your old high chair down from

the attic. (Pause) Like sisters, he said. A new little sister ... (She bends down to Rosie) Aren't you, precious?

JACKIE: (panics) Mummy – she's got to know – I can't come and visit, with her not knowing, I can't!

MARGARET: Jackie, darling, we can't go over this again – you know as well as I do it would be impossible –

JACKIE: I don't believe you!

MARGARET: When she's grown up, you can tell her; when she's sixteen.

JACKIE: It'll be too late!

Silence

Give me the bags.

MARGARET: (gently) You've got such opportunities.

- JACKIE:** Expectations.
- MARGARET:** Yes!
- JACKIE:** Yours.
- MARGARET:** You've got to –
- JACKIE:** Why? (She pulls away the holdall) Why not just Rosie?
- MARGARET:** You've got to go further than me. And somehow Rosie must go further than both of us. (Quietly) Otherwise ... what's it been worth?
- Pause
- JACKIE:** Here, take them. (She gives Margaret the bags) You haven't told Granny and Grandad?
- MARGARET:** Not yet. I'll talk to them. (Tentatively) Perhaps you could stay with them, just till Christmas, while you find a new flat? ... (She

bends to Rosie) My little lamb ... What's this?

JACKIE: She has to have a red sock to go to sleep.

MARGARET: You keep one.

JACKIE: (putting one sock in her pocket) Love her for me ... Margaret picks up the Moses basket

I'll help you to the car.

MARGARET: It's all right, Daddy will be there. (She picks up the bags and goes to the door)

JACKIE: I'll come for Christmas. And visit, lots. (Pause) Whenever I can afford the fare to London.

Margaret exits with the basket and the bags

JACKIE: (calling after them) Sing to her at bathtime,

especially the rabbit song
... (Silence. Pause. She
picks up the bag she told
Margaret to leave. As she
pulls out the clothes, she
is suddenly hysterically
happy. She holds up the
rabbit dress) – Wore this
the day you first smiled,
you wouldn't let go of my
hair, – do you remember?!
(She holds up another)
– And your first bonnet
... (Gently) And the shawl
... wrapped you up, like
a parcel, the day we left
hospital; all the way back in
a taxi, bringing you home
... (Pause) Our secrets,
Rosie. I'll take care of them.
(Pause. Desperately)
You'll never call me

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“Mummy”. (Silence. She screams) Rosie! Come back! – Mummy, Mummy!

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 one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- 2(a) (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

Look closely at how Silas Marner speaks and behaves here. What does it reveal about him at this point in the novel?

[10 marks]

EITHER,

- 2(a) (ii) How does George Eliot present family life at the time SILAS MARNER is set?
[20 marks + 4 marks]**

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

OR,

2(a) (iii) How is the character of Nancy Lammeter important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening, Eppie and Silas were seated alone in the cottage. After the great excitement the weaver had undergone from the events of the afternoon, he had felt a longing for this quietude, and had even begged Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron, who had naturally lingered behind every one else, to leave him alone with his child. The excitement had not passed away: it had only reached that stage when the keenness of the susceptibility makes external stimulus intolerable – when there is no sense of weariness, but rather an intensity of inward life, under which sleep is an impossibility. Any one who has watched such moments in other men remembers the brightness of the eyes and the strange definiteness that comes over coarse features from that transient influence. It is as if a new fineness of ear for all spiritual voices had sent wonder-working vibrations through the heavy

mortal frame – as if ‘beauty born of murmuring sound’ had passed into the face of the listener.

Silas’s face showed that sort of transfiguration, as he sat in his arm-chair and looked at Eppie. She had drawn her own chair towards his knees, and leaned forward, holding both his hands, while she looked up at him. On the table near them, lit by a candle, lay the recovered gold – the old long-loved gold, ranged in orderly heaps, as Silas used to range it in the days when it was his only joy. He had been telling her how he used to count it every night, and how his soul was utterly desolate till she was sent to him.

‘At first, I’d a sort o’ feeling come across me now and then,’ he was saying in a subdued tone, ‘as if you might be changed into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it,

and find it was come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had drove you from me, for I'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little un – you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you.'

'But I know now, father,' said Eppie. 'If it hadn't been for you, they'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there'd have been nobody to love me.'

'Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you hadn't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept – kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful – our life is wonderful.'

Silas sat in silence a few minutes, looking at the money. 'It takes no hold of me now,' he said, ponderingly – 'the

money doesn't. I wonder if it ever could again – I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me.'

2(b) PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does Jane Austen present the character of Lady Catherine de Bourgh here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

EITHER,

2(b) (ii) Show how the initial hostility that Elizabeth and Darcy have for one another develops into love and marriage. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

2(b) (iii) How is the character of Lydia Bennet important to the novel as a whole? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

As they passed through the hall, Lady Catherine opened the doors into the dining-parlour and drawing-room, and pronouncing them, after a short survey, to be decent looking rooms, walked on.

Her carriage remained at the door, and Elizabeth saw that her waiting-woman was in it. They proceeded in silence along the gravel walk that led to the copse; Elizabeth was determined to make no effort for conversation with a woman, who was now more than usually insolent and disagreeable.

‘How could I ever think her like her nephew?’ said she, as she looked in her face.

As soon as they entered the copse, Lady Catherine began in the following manner:—

‘You can be at no loss, Miss Bennet, to understand the reason of my journey hither. Your own heart, your own conscience, must tell you why I come.’

Elizabeth looked with unaffected astonishment.

‘Indeed, you are mistaken, Madam. I have not been at all able to account for the honour of seeing you here.’

‘Miss Bennet,’ replied her ladyship, in an angry tone, ‘you ought to know, that I am not to be trifled with. But however insincere you may choose to be, you shall not find me so. My character has ever been celebrated for its sincerity and frankness, and in a cause of such moment as this, I shall certainly not depart from it. A report of a most alarming nature, reached me two days ago. I was told, that not only your sister was on the point of being most advantageously married, but that you, that Miss Elizabeth Bennet, would, in all likelihood, be soon afterwards united to my nephew, my own nephew, Mr. Darcy. Though I know it must be a scandalous falsehood; though I would not injure him so much as to suppose the

truth of it possible, I instantly resolved on setting off for this place, that I might make my sentiments known to you.'

'If you believed it impossible to be true,' said Elizabeth, colouring with astonishment and disdain, 'I wonder you took the trouble of coming so far. What could your ladyship propose by it?'

'At once to insist upon having such a report universally contradicted.'

'Your coming to Longbourn, to see me and my family,' said Elizabeth, coolly, 'will be rather a confirmation of it; if, indeed, such a report is in existence.'

'If! do you then pretend to be ignorant of it? Has it not been industriously circulated by yourselves? Do you not know that such a report is spread abroad?'

'I never heard that it was.'

'And can you likewise declare, that there is no foundation for it?'

'I do not pretend to possess equal frankness with your ladyship. You may

ask questions, which I shall not choose to answer.'

'This is not to be borne. Miss Bennet, I insist on being satisfied. Has he, has my nephew, made you an offer of marriage?'

'Your ladyship has declared it to be impossible.'

'It ought to be so; it must be so, while he retains the use of his reason. But your arts and allurements may, in a moment of infatuation, have made him forget what he owes to himself and to all his family. You may have drawn him in.'

'If I have, I shall be the last person to confess it.'

'Miss Bennet, do you know who I am? I have not been accustomed to such language as this. I am almost the nearest relation he has in the world, and am entitled to know all his dearest concerns.'

'But you are not entitled to know mine; nor will such behaviour as this, ever induce me to be explicit.'

‘Let me be rightly understood. This match, to which you have the presumption to aspire, can never take place. No never.’

2(c) A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does Charles Dickens create mood and atmosphere here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

EITHER,

2(c) (ii) Show how Charles Dickens criticises aspects of Victorian society in A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

- 2(c) (iii) How is the character of Fred, Scrooge's nephew, important to the novel as a whole?
Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.**

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas Holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it, until they left a children's Twelfth Night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was grey.

“Are spirits' lives so short?” asked Scrooge.

“My life upon this globe, is very brief,” replied the Ghost. “It ends to-night.”

“To-night!” cried Scrooge.

“To-night at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near.”

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

“Forgive me if I am not justified in what

I ask,” said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit’s robe, “but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?”

“It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it,” was the Spirit’s sorrowful reply. “Look here.”

From the foldings of its robe, it brought two children; wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

“Oh, Man! look here! Look, look, down here!” exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and a girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils

lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

“Spirit, are they yours?” Scrooge could say no more.

“They are Man’s,” said the Spirit, looking down upon them. “And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!” cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand towards the city. “Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes,

and make it worse! And abide the end!”

**“Have they no refuge or resource?”
cried Scrooge.**

**“Are there no prisons?” said the Spirit,
turning on him for the last time with his
own words. “Are there no workhouses?”**

The bell struck twelve.

2(d) LORD OF THE FLIES

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does William Golding present the character of Jack here? Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

EITHER,

2(d) (ii) How is the character of Roger important to the novel as a whole? In your answer you should refer to events in the novel and its social, cultural and historical context.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

2(d) (iii) One of the themes of LORD OF THE FLIES is the conflict between civilisation and savagery. How does William Golding present this theme in his novel?

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

Jack stood up abruptly.

‘We’ll go into the forest now and hunt.’

He turned and trotted away and after a moment they followed him obediently.

They spread out, nervously, in the forest. Almost at once Jack found the dug and scattered roots that told of pig and soon the track was fresh. Jack signalled the rest of the hunt to be quiet and went forward by himself. He was happy and wore the damp darkness of the forest like his old clothes. He crept down a slope to rocks and scattered trees by the sea.

The pigs lay, bloated bags of fat, sensuously enjoying the shadows under the trees. There was no wind and they were unsuspecting; and practice had made Jack silent as the shadows. He stole away again and instructed his hidden hunters. Presently they all began to inch forward sweating in the silence and heat. Under the trees an ear flapped idly. A little apart from the rest sunk in deep maternal bliss,

lay the largest sow of the lot. She was black and pink; and the great bladder of her belly was fringed with a row of piglets that slept or burrowed and squeaked.

Fifteen yards from the drove Jack stopped; and his arm, straightening, pointed at the sow. He looked round in inquiry to make sure that everyone understood and the other boys nodded at him. The row of right arms slid back.

‘Now!’

The drove of pigs started up; and at a range of only ten yards the wooden spears with fire-hardened points flew towards the chosen pig. One piglet, with a demented shriek, rushed into the sea trailing Roger’s spear behind it. The sow gave a gasping squeal and staggered up, with two spears sticking in her fat flank. The boys shouted and rushed forward, the piglets scattered and the sow burst the advancing line and went crashing away through the forest.

‘After her!’

They raced along the pig-track, but the forest was too dark and tangled so that Jack, cursing, stopped them and cast among the trees. Then he said nothing for a long time but breathed fiercely so that they were awed by him and looked at each other in uneasy admiration. Presently he stabbed down at the ground with his finger.

‘There—’

Before the others could examine the drop of blood, Jack had swerved off, judging a trace, touching a bough that gave. So he followed, mysteriously right and assured; and the hunters trod behind him.

2(e) ASH ON A YOUNG MAN'S SLEEVE

Answer part (i) and EITHER part (ii) OR part (iii).

You are advised to spend about one third of your time for this question on part (i), and about two thirds of your time for this question on part (ii) or part (iii).

- (i) Read the extract following the questions. Then answer the following question:**

How does Dannie Abse create mood and atmosphere here?

Refer closely to the extract in your answer.

[10 marks]

EITHER,

2(e) (ii) Which of the three brothers, Dannie, Wilfred or Leo, do you find the most interesting? Show how the presentation of your chosen character makes him interesting to you. Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context.

[20 marks + 4 marks]

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

OR,

- 2(e) (iii) ‘This book is about the death of innocence.’ To what extent do you agree with this description of ASH ON A YOUNG MAN’S SLEEVE? Remember to support your answer with reference to the novel and to comment on its social, cultural and historical context. [20 marks + 4 marks]**

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

I had rung the bell three times, knocked on the door, but still no one answered. It could have been worse – it could have been raining. Indeed, the clouds gathered soiled and grey, threateningly. I stood in the porch, irritated, for the parcel I carried seemed to be growing more heavy, more awkward every minute. It was task enough carrying the damned thing to the Rev. Aaronowich's without having to take it all the way back home again. Secretly I gazed through the letter-box to see a section of the old-fashioned empty hall: the hall-stand, erect and dignified, wore its hooks and respectable-coloured overcoats, mackintoshes, hats, umbrellas, while further away I could see the staircase undulating upwards silently. No sign of life at all. For luck, once more, I rang the middle bell of the first floor flat and heard the dry chirp of its echo distantly in another part of the house. For the last time I brought the knocker down in a pattern of

noise that would have disturbed the dead.

Going out of the wrought-iron front gate into the pavement of plane trees and red pillar-box, I felt compelled to look upward and saw, to my surprise, the large smudged face of the Rev. Aaronowich behind the upstairs window. We looked at each other, ghost staring at ghost, before his face moved out from its sculptured vacancy into an expression of liquid recognition. He waved without strength, feebly, and moved away from the window presumably to descend the silent stairs and open the heavy front door. I walked up the front garden again, shifting the parcel from one arm to the other.

It seemed hours before I heard footsteps in the hall and saw Rev. Aaronowich's shadow through the stained glass of the front door. At first, thinking he had forgotten my presence, I had been tempted to ring the overworked bell again. Certainly, during these latter years, he had

gained a reputation for lovable absent-mindedness which was not so lovable to those inconvenienced by these same lapses of memory.

The front door creaked as the Rev. Aaronowich opened it slowly, carefully. He looked over my shoulder, frightened, as if he expected hooded figures of conspiracy behind me – as if someone lay in wait for him and used me merely as some plausible decoy. Surprised, he said, ‘You are alone.’

‘Mother asked me to give you this,’ I said, thrusting the parcel forward.

‘Come up,’ he commanded, and I followed him slowly, for every four steps he stopped, out of breath, to hang on to the polished wooden banister.

He led me into his book-lined study. I had never visited his house before. I noticed a menorah on the mahogany sideboard, standing between ordinary brass candlesticks. On his desk stood

a big silver-coloured wine cup, which doubtless he used twice a year, seder nights, on Passover – for the Angel, for the unexpected guest, for Elijah. But these were the only paraphernalia of religious ritual – otherwise it could have been any scholar’s study.

‘I haven’t seen you at shul, Michael, for a very long time,’ he accused me when his breath returned.

I didn’t think it worth while to protest that my name was not Michael.