General Certificate of Secondary Education
Foundation Tier
November 2009

English (Specification B) 3701/2F

Paper 2

F

Thursday 12 November 2009 9.00 am to 10.30 am

For this paper you must have:
- an 8-page answer book
- Section B of the pre-release booklet (enclosed).

Time allowed
- 1 hour 30 minutes

Instructions
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The **Examining Body** for this paper is AQA. The **Paper Reference** is 3701/2F.
- Answer **all** questions.
- Write your answers in the answer book provided.
- Do all rough work in the answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to Section B of the pre-release booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

Information
- The maximum mark for this paper is 40.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your Reading in Section A.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your Writing in Section B.

Advice
- You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on Section A and about 45 minutes on Section B.

SECTION A: READING

POETRY FROM DIFFERENT CULTURES AND TRADITIONS

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

You will be assessed on the quality of your Reading. You are reminded to comment on the cultural aspects of the poems.

1 Read the poem 'Snatched Away' on the page opposite. Refer to the poem 'Beginning in a City, 1948' on page 17 of your pre-release booklet.

Write about:

- the feelings of the writer in 'Snatched Away'
- how the writer uses language in 'Snatched Away' to make the poem memorable
- the similarities and differences between the experiences of the writers in 'Snatched Away' and 'Beginning in a City'. *(20 marks)*

In this poem a South Asian girl describes her feelings about coming to live in Britain.

Snatched Away

Snatched away on a not quite round silver saucer
To a world unknown, far away and alien –
To me.

Abducted from my world.
What for?
"For your own good, for education,"
They said.

They called this world England:
A solitary world inside a world –
Like me.

One of my kind –
Or so I felt.
Searching eyes and hostile glances
Scoured me each and every day,
Questioning my right to be here.

I was different:
A black-haired, brown-eyed
Blot in a white sea.

It took time for me to understand
That, alien as this country was to me,
An alien is what I was to them.
Would I ever be anything else?

MARIYA AZIZ

Turn over for the next question

SECTION B: WRITING TO ANALYSE, REVIEW, COMMENT

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

You will be assessed on the quality of your Writing.

2 Your local newspaper is inviting entries for a competition on the topic:

The best day of my life.

Write your competition entry on this topic.
Make sure that you analyse **why** the day was your best.

Remember:

- to keep your audience in mind
- to write accurately and express yourself clearly. *(20 marks)*

END OF QUESTIONS

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT-HOLDERS AND PUBLISHERS
Question 1 Source: MARIYA AZIZ, 'Snatched away'. Adapted version of poem 'Alien Abduction' from *The Redbeck Anthology of British South Asian Poetry*, edited by Debjani Chatterjee (Redbeck Press) 2000

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ENGLISH (SPECIFICATION B)
Pre-release booklet: Section B Insert

For use with Section A of the question paper

The booklet that follows is:

- Section B of the pre-release booklet: Poems from Different Cultures and Traditions.

Insert to: 3701/2F/2H

Contents

Section B: Poems from Different Cultures and Traditions

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SECTION B: POEMS FROM DIFFERENT CULTURES AND TRADITIONS

Apart from being a distinguished Scottish poet, Norman MacCaig (1910–1996) taught in schools and universities during his long career. Although he was brought up in Edinburgh, it was his mother's Gaelic heritage, experienced during visits to her family in the Highlands of Scotland, which had an enduring influence on him.

Aunt Julia

Aunt Julia spoke Gaelic
very loud and very fast.
I could not answer her —
I could not understand her.

She wore men's boots
when she wore any.
— I can see her strong foot,
stained with peat,
paddling with the treadle of the spinning wheel
while her right hand drew yarn
marvellously out of the air.

Hers was the only house
where I've lain at night
in the absolute darkness
of a box bed, listening to
crickets being friendly.

She was buckets
and water flouncing into them.
She was winds pouring wetly
round house-ends.
She was brown eggs, black skirts
and a keeper of threepennybits
in a teapot.

Aunt Julia spoke Gaelic
very loud and very fast.
By the time I had learned
a little, she lay
silenced in the absolute black
of a sandy grave
at Luskentyre.
But I hear her still, welcoming me
with a seagull's voice
across a hundred yards
of peatscrapes and lazybeds
and getting angry, getting angry
with so many questions
unanswered.

NORMAN MACCAIG

Louis Simpson was born in 1923 and has produced seventeen books of poetry. He was born in Jamaica where he spent his childhood, the son of a lawyer of Scottish descent and a Russian mother. At the age of seventeen he emigrated to America where he has had a distinguished career as a literary academic.

Working Late

A light is on in my father's study.
"Still up?" he says, and we are silent,
looking at the harbour lights,
listening to the surf
and the creak of coconut boughs.

He is working late on cases.
No impassioned speech! He argues from evidence,
actually pacing out and measuring,
while the fans revolving on the ceiling
winnow the true from the false.

Once he passed a brass curtain rod
through a head made out of plaster
and showed the jury the angle of fire–
where the murderer must have stood.
For years, all through my childhood,
if I opened a closet . . . bang!
There would be the dead man's head
with a black hole in the forehead.

All the arguing in the world
will not stay the moon.
She has come all the way from Russia
to gaze for a while in a mango tree
and light the wall of a veranda,
before resuming her interrupted journey
beyond the harbour and the lighthouse
at Port Royal, turning away
from land to the open sea.

Yet, nothing in nature changes, from that day to this,
she is still the mother of us all.
I can see the drifting offshore lights,
black posts where the pelicans brood.

And the light that used to shine
at night in my father's study
now shines as late in mine.

LOUIS SIMPSON

Wole Soyinka is a highly political writer. He is a 1986 Nobel Prize winner who has been imprisoned on several occasions for his challenging of the Nigerian government. He went into exile in 1994 and in 1996 he wrote *The Open Sore of a Continent*. In 1997 he was sentenced to death, was later granted an amnesty, and he returned to Nigeria to live in 1998.

After the Deluge

Once, for a dare,
He filled his heart-shaped swimming pool
With bank notes, high denomination
And fed a pound of caviar to his dog.
The dog was sick; a chartered plane
Flew in replacement for the Persian rug.

He made a billion yen
Leap from Tokyo to Buenos Aires,
Turn somersaults through Brussels,
New York, Sofia and Johannesburg.
It cracked the bullion market open wide.
Governments fell, coalitions cracked
Insurrection raised its bloody flag
From north to south.

He knew his native land through iron gates,
His sight was radar bowls, his hearing
Electronic beams. For flesh and blood,
Kept company with a brace of Dobermans.
But – yes – the worthy causes never lacked
His widow's mite, discreetly publicised.

He escaped the lynch days. He survives.
I dreamt I saw him on a village
Water line, a parched land where
Water is a god
That doles its favours by the drop,
And waiting is a way of life.
Rebellion gleamed yet faintly in his eye
Traversing chrome-and-platinum retreats. There,
Hubs of commerce smoothly turn without
His bidding, and cities where he lately roosted
Have forgotten him, the preying bird
Of passage.

They let him live, but not from pity
Or human sufferance. He scratches life
From earth, no worse a mortal man than the rest.
Far, far away in dreamland splendour,
Creepers twine his gates of bronze relief.
The jade-lined pool is home
To snakes and lizards; they hunt and mate
On crusted algae.

WOLE SOYINKA

Owen Campbell was born in St Vincent in the West Indies and his poems have a strong sense of local place and the position of the people in it.

The Washerwomen

Down where the river beats itself against the stones
And washes them in clouds of frothy spray,
Or foaming fumbles through them with the thousand tones
Of an orchestra,
The women wash and humming keep a sort of time;
And families of bubbles frisk and float away
To be destroyed,
Like all the baffled hopes that had their little suns,
Tossed on the furious drifts of disappointments.
But all the tide
Cradles these clinging bubbles ever still, alike
The friendly little hopes that never leave the heart.

In this big hall of rushing waters women wash
And with the sound of washing,
With the steady heaving of their slender shoulders
As they rub their stubborn rags upon the boulders,
They keep a sort of time

With their thoughts. These were unchanging
Like the persistent music here,
Of swirling waters,
The crash of wet clothes beaten on the stones,
The sound of wind in leaves,
Or frog croaks after dusk, and the low moan
Of the big sea fighting the river's mouth.

They have resigned themselves to daylong swishing
Of wet cloth chafing the very stone;
And the big symphony of waters rushing
Past clumps of tall stems standing alone,
Apart, like band-leaders, or sentinels,
They must hear the heavy hum
Of wings of insects overgrown,
Cleaving the air like bombers on a plotted course.
They must hear the long 'hush' of the wind in leaves
As dead ones flutter down like living things
Until the shadows come.

OWEN CAMPBELL

Choman Hardi was born in Iraqi Kurdistan before her family fled to Iran. They returned to their homeland when she was five, but when she was fourteen in 1988, the Kurds were attacked with chemical weapons and her family were forced into exile once again. Choman Hardi now lives in Britain and writes in English.

Escape Journey, 1988

They force you to crawl, these mountains,
even if you are only 14.
Who made the first journey over them?
Whose feet created this track?

The exhausted mules carry us
along with the smuggled goods.
Sitting on their backs, climbing mountains
feels much safer than going down.
The steepness makes me lean backwards,
my back nearly touching the mule's,
then holding on becomes impossible
and I dismount.
It is easier, safer to walk sideways.

And from high up, I can see the white valley.
'A valley of plaster,' I tell my sister.
The mule owner says: 'It is snow.'
But I cannot imagine being rescued from this rough mountain
only to walk over the snow, covering the river.
I cannot imagine listening to the rushing water
passing by holes where the river exposes itself.

'You are too young to complain,'
the mule owner says,
and I look at my father, his little body,
and listen to his difficult breathing.
But then again, he's been here before.

CHOMAN HARDI

Taufiq Rafat was the first Pakistani poet choosing to write in English about the Pakistani experience, and *Wedding in the Flood* is a classic poem in Pakistan.

Wedding in the Flood

They are taking my girl away forever,
sobs the bride's mother, as the procession
forms slowly to the whine of the clarinet.
She was the shy one. How will she fare
in that cold house, among these strangers?
This has been a long and difficult day.
The rain nearly ruined everything,
but at the crucial time, when lunch was ready,
it mercifully stopped. It is drizzling again
as they help the bride into the palankeen.*
The girl has been licking too many pots.*
Two sturdy lads carrying the dowry
(a cot, a looking glass, a tin-trunk,
beautifully painted in grey and blue)
lead the way, followed by a foursome
bearing the palankeen on their shoulders.
Now even the stragglers are out of view.

I like the look of her hennaed hands,
gloats the bridegroom, as he glimpses
her slim fingers gripping the palankeen's side.
If only her face matches her hands,
and she gives me no mother-in-law problems,
I'll forgive her the cot and the trunk
and looking-glass. Will the rain never stop?
It was my luck to get a pot-licking wench.

Everything depends on the ferryman now.
It is dark in the palankeen, thinks the bride,
and the roof is leaking. Even my feet are wet.
Not a familiar face around me
as I peep through the curtains. I'm cold and scared.
The rain will ruin cot, trunk, and looking-glass.
What sort of a man is my husband?
They would hurry, but their feet are slipping,
and there is a swollen river to cross.

They might have given a bullock at least,
grumbles the bridegroom's father; a couple of oxen
would have come in handy at the next ploughing.
Instead, we are landed with
a cot, a tin trunk, and a looking-glass,
all the things that she will use!
Dear God, how the rain is coming down.
The silly girl's been licking too many pots.
I did not like the look of the river
when we crossed it this morning.
Come back before three, the ferryman said,
or you'll not find me here. I hope
he waits. We are late by an hour,
or perhaps two. But whoever heard
of a marriage party arriving on time?
The light is poor, and the paths treacherous,
but it is the river I most of all fear.

Bridegroom and bride and parents and all,
the ferryman waits; he knows you will come,
for there is no other way to cross,
and a wedding party always pays extra.
The river is rising, so quickly aboard
with your cot, tin trunk, and looking-glass,
that the long homeward journey can begin.
Who has seen such a brown and angry river
or can find words for the way the ferry
saws this way and that, and then disgorges
its screaming load? The clarinet fills with water.
Oh what a consummation is here:
The father tossed on the horns of the waves,
and full thirty garlands are bobbing past
the bridegroom heaved on the heaving tide,
and in an eddy, among the willows downstream,
the coy bride is truly wedded at last.

TAUFIQ RAFAT

* *a palankeen* is a palanquin or passenger litter for one passenger: a covered box on two horizontal poles carried by four bearers.
* a Pakistani proverbial expression says that a girl who licks the pots in the kitchen will bring rain.

James Berry was born in Jamaica in 1924 and emigrated to Britain in 1948 on the ship following the *SS Empire Windrush*, which was the very first ship bringing Caribbean people to live and work in Britain after the Second World War.

Beginning in a City, 1948

Stirred by restlessness, pushed by history,
I found myself in the centre of Empire.
Those first few hours, with those packed impressions
I never looked at in all these years.

I knew no room. I knew no Londoner.
I searched without knowing.
I dropped off my grip at the 'left luggage'.
A smart policeman told me a house to try.

In dim-lit streets, war-tired people moved slowly
like dark-coated bears in a snowy region.
I in my Caribbean gear
was a half finished shack in the cold winds.
In November, the town was a frosty field.
I walked fantastic stone streets in a dream.

A man on duty took my ten-shilling note
for a bed for four nights.
Inflated with happiness I followed him.
I was left in a close-walled room,
left with a dying shadeless bulb,
a pillowless bed and a smelly army blanket –
all the comfort I had paid for.

Curtainless in morning light, I crawled out of bed
onto wooden legs and stiff-armed body,
with a frosty-board face that I patted
with icy water at the lavatory tap.

Then I came to fellow-inmates in a crowded room.
A rage of combined smells attacked me,
clogging my nostrils –
and new charges of other smells merely
increased the stench. I was alone.
I alone was nauseated and choked in deadly air.

I walked without map, without knowledge
from Victoria to Brixton. On Coldharbour Lane
I saw a queue of men – some black –
and stopped. I stood by one man in the queue.
'Wha happenin brodda? Wha happenin here?'

Looking at me he said 'You mus be a jus-come?
You did hear about Labour Exchange?' 'Yes – I hear.'
'Well, you at it! But, you need a place whey you live.'
He pointed. 'Go over dere and get a room.'
So, I had begun – begun in London.

JAMES BERRY

Turn over ▸

Grace Nichols grew up in a small country village on the coast of Guyana from where she absorbed a wealth of Guyanese folk tales. She has lived in Britain since 1977, worked as a teacher and a journalist, and published many books of poetry which draw on her Caribbean roots.

Island Man

(for a Caribbean island man in London who still wakes up to the sound of the sea)

Morning
and island man wakes up
to the sound of the surf
in his head
the steady breaking and wombing

wild seabirds
and fishermen pushing out to sea
the sun surfacing defiantly
from the east
of his small emerald island
he always comes back groggily groggily

Comes back to sands
of a grey metallic soar
to surge of wheels
to dull North Circular roar

muffling muffling
his crumpled pillow waves
island man heaves himself

Another London day.

GRACE NICHOLS

END OF TEXTS

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Section B

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LOUIS SIMPSON, 'Working Late', *The Oxford Book of Caribbean Verse*, Oxford University Press 2005

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