

General Certificate of Secondary Education  
June 2008



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

Tuesday 3 June 2008 9.00 am to 10.40 am

**For use with Section A of the question paper**

The booklet that follows is:

- Section A of the Pre-release booklet: Media Texts

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## SECTION A: MEDIA TEXTS

1960s

**How were we keeping our houses warm?**

We were ripping out old iron grates and boarding up fireplaces like there'd been no yesterday. Then we fitted 'living fire effect' electric or gas units to bring back the 'dancing flames' and 'burning logs'. Glass-fronted solid fuel fires were hot news in the country. Only the comfortably off could afford the newfangled central heating.

**How were we decorating them?**

We were colour coordinating until you could hardly see the join, mixing and matching paint shades in special machines in DIY stores. We teamed them up with complementary wallpaper and fabric ranges, many of which swung crazily from psychedelic swirls to pools of abstract reflection. Student grots were all purple, black or midnight blue, relieved with topical collages.

**House prices**

The cost of a home doubled in the decade of plenty, but salaries weren't far behind to keep up with the price rush. A three-bed semi in 1960 cost £2,500, rising to £4,600 in 1969.

**Cost of living**

The average annual wage in 1960 was £754, of which just over £50 went on rates and water charges for a four-bed bungalow.



We went cleaning crazy with vacuum cleaners!

**What new appliances were making housework easier?**

With a growing family, a new twin-tub was a must. We could get through the whole week's wash in half-an-hour – or so the manufacturers claimed – and if we left the sheets and pillowcases to dry too long on the airer, the new steam iron soon knocked them into shape. The electric grill cooked up a quick TV supper.



Our favourite bachelor boy pictured at home in 1963 hanging his socks to dry on the kitchen airer



Twiggy shows off the latest cooker with eye-line grill in 1967

**How were we furnishing them?**

We were all stripped pine or oiled teak, with chrome fittings and tubular steel frames. The Scandinavian look swept through everything from furniture to bold, dizzy upholstery designs. Wall storage units were all the rage, adapted to hold books and bottles, record players and TV. Man-made fibres made a lasting impression on flooring. We impressed guests with our new self-assembled kitchen.



Chrome fittings were must haves for the houseproud

**What kind of houses were we living in?**

We were either on top of the world in a sparkling new concrete and glass high-rise, or deep in wood and plaster, doing up a run-down 19th-century terrace house. Others were sitting pretty in the commuter belt, in a semi or detached mock-period piece, with open-plan family room and downstairs cloakroom. The well-stocked garden took up all our time at weekends.

**What products were we using to do the chores?**

With TV jingles ringing in our ears, we washed up with a J-Cloth and Fairy Liquid and sprayed furniture with Pledge. Newly sealed vinyl and wood floors needed nothing more than a wipe over with mild detergent. A special plastic resin polish revived the cork tiles. Non-stick Teflon pans were gifts from outer space technology.

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## Case study

### Buy-rent is just the job for Kobi

LIKE many first-time buyers, Kobi Omenaka, 26, struggled to get onto the property ladder. He lived with his parents and although he wanted his own pad, he was reluctant to throw away money on rent.

"I wanted to buy a place in south Manchester but I couldn't afford anything in the areas that I actually wanted to live in," he says.

However, he then saw an advert for a scheme that allowed him to part-buy and part-rent a property. It was advertised by Plumlife, a non-charitable organisation offering properties at between 25 per cent and 75 per cent of open market value to both low and moderate-income earners in the north west.

Through one such scheme, Kobi, a chemical engineer, bought a flat in Fallowfield, south Manchester.

He owns 50 per cent of the property, for which he has a mortgage of £330 a month, and he pays a monthly rent of £330 on the rest of the home.

"Next year, I hope my salary will increase and I'd like to buy a bigger share of the flat," says Kobi. "The scheme allows you to buy in 25 per cent chunks, so I'd then own 75 per cent of the property. I intend to stay in the flat for a while, so hopefully I'll have built up some equity in it by the time I consider moving on," he says.



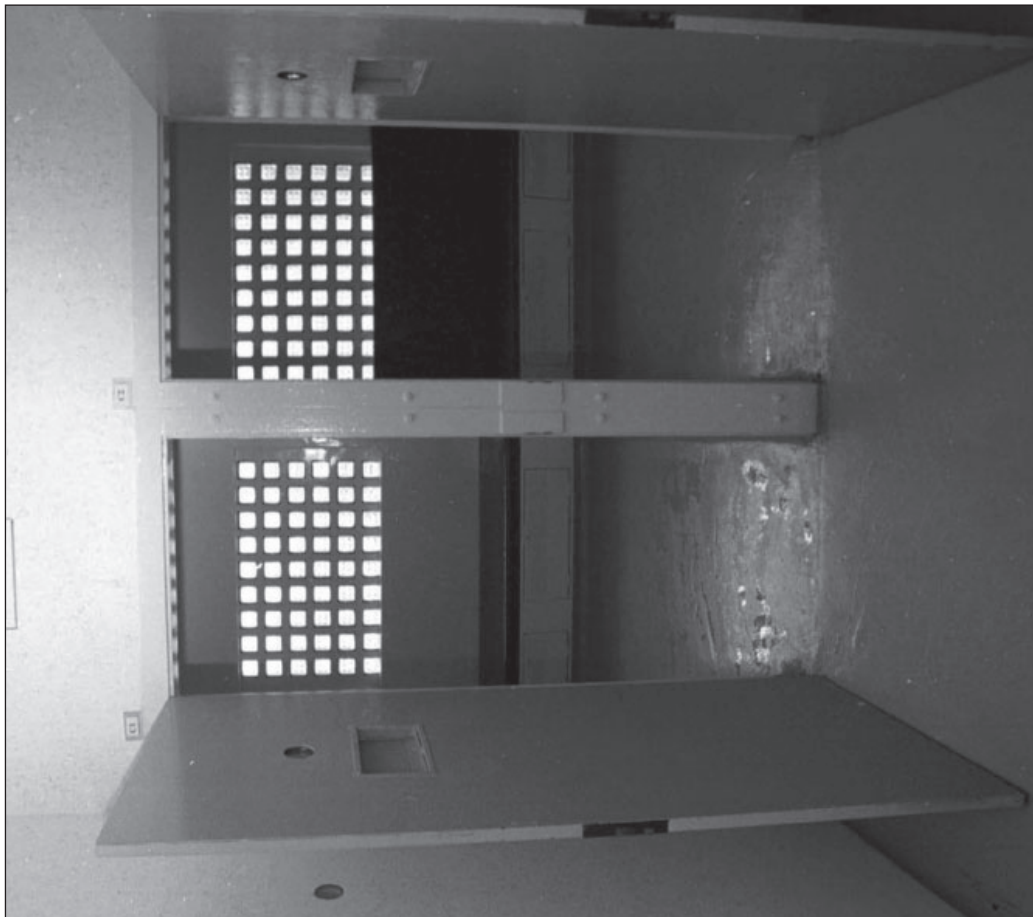
■ PART OF THE SCHEME... Kobi Omenaka pictured outside his home, the new Peel Court development in Fallowfield

# Caring, sharing way to get on property ladder



### ➤ The prison cell

- About 30 per cent are shared occupancy.
- Most cells have windows often with curtains.
- The bed is normally wrought iron with a removable mattress.
- There is usually a wardrobe as well as drawers or shelves and a desk with a chair.
- Almost all cells have a flush lavatory, hand basin and mirror.
- Prisoners are allowed a television set, CD and mp3 players and radios.
- Many cells have kettles and prisoners are supplied with a weekly pack of tea, coffee, hot chocolate and powdered milk.
- Inmates spend an average of 10 to 11 hours a day out of their cells.



### ➤ The police cell

- All are designed for single occupancy.
- The only daylight is through small reinforced glass blocks.
- The bed is a solid concrete or wooden bench with a PVC-covered mattress and pillow.
- There is no other furniture. There is usually a lavatory but no wash basin, television or radio.
- The shower is separate and shared between the cells.
- Food is delivered from the canteen or from a night cooking unit operated by the detention officer.
- Although the prison doors can sometimes be left open for inmates to associate with each other, they are usually kept locked shut.

Turn over ➤

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## AMAZING GRACE(S)



## Oakland Vale, New Brighton, CH45

Four bedroom dream home time. Blimey, seeing is believing with views to muse, balconies, barnacles, bathrooms ensuite. Rooms for games and utility, a run by the prom to improve your agility. 'Ace' doesn't do justice to this place.

£339,950

## GLASS ACT



## 1 Princes Dock, Liverpool, L3

Conran away with myself here in this lovely bespoke kitchen, two bedrooms on the third to view the river. Have the Concierge to get people to see it's safe and secure here, especially the parking bay hun.

£275,000

## TOWN IN ONE



## Navigation Wharf, Liverpool, L3

Waterside, it would be plain sailing livin' here. Love the bathroom, two double beds and le jardin. The prep, dining and living den's where everything's superfluous to your streamlined life. Park that space in the garage.

£235,000 or nearest offer

## PREACH TO THE CONVERTED



## Adlington House, Livingstone Drive South, Liverpool, L17

This is my Arketipo apartment hun....a two bed stunner with master suite. Fit like a butcher's dog and close to the park, luxury kitchen and touchy feely tac-tile bathroom. A parking lot and spec that I'd promise myself

£250,000

## LIVE AND LET DINE



## 31-33 Ivanhoe Road, Aigburth, L17

If you've got an interior motive buy it! Duplex in two-bed romp with en-suite temptation to the master, fab fitted kitchen, dreamy living and dining with a Martini. Park life is a must.

£210,000 Stamp Duty paid

## HIDE AND SLEEK



## Royal Quay, Liverpool, L3

A duplex for Posh n Becks. En suite to one of two double bedrooms, two receptions, a stroll to the Docks to contemplate your naval, a space that's more park than car, never mind your air and three graces.

£199,950

## FIT FOR A KING



## Royal Quay, Liverpool, L3

What a penthouse pad, I'm gonna ring dad! Brill views towards The Three Graces, to BLUE Bar and those stunning faces, luxurious throughout. Two beds and all the mod cons, think me and he will love this tons.

£199,950

## GOOD OF SUBURBIA



## Rosslyn Street, Aigburth, Liverpool, L17

Spacial attraction in mid-terrace suburbia. Two receptions (one for those special guests) and three 'we are family' bedrooms. A Kings' start to the day in the kitchen/breakfast room and maybe a Barbie on the patio too.

£159,950



KMC Residential

The Platinum Suite  
Beetham Plaza off Brunswick Street  
Liverpool L2 0XJ



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General Certificate of Secondary Education  
June 2008



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

Thursday 5 June 2008 1.30 pm to 3.00 pm

**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.

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**SECTION B: POEMS FROM DIFFERENT CULTURES AND TRADITIONS**


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Lawrence Ferlinghetti was born in New York in 1919. He spent many years travelling around America by unconventional means before settling in San Francisco. This city enjoys a reputation in America for a mix of races and cultures. Ferlinghetti often makes use of these aspects of city life.

**Two Scavengers in a Truck,  
Two Beautiful People in a Mercedes**

At the stoplight waiting for the light  
   nine a.m. downtown San Francisco  
 a bright yellow garbage truck  
   with two garbagemen in red plastic blazers  
 standing on the back stoop  
   one on each side hanging on  
 and looking down into  
   an elegant open Mercedes  
   with an elegant couple in it  
 The man  
   in a hip three-piece linen suit  
   with shoulder-length blond hair & sunglasses  
 The young blond woman so casually coifed  
   with a short skirt and colored stockings  
   on the way to his architect's office

And the two scavengers up since four a.m.  
   grungy from their route  
   on the way home  
 The older of the two with grey iron hair  
   and hunched back  
   looking down like some  
   gargoyle Quasimodo  
 And the younger of the two  
   also with sunglasses & long hair  
   about the same age as the Mercedes driver

And both scavengers gazing down  
   as from a great distance  
   at the cool couple  
   as if they were watching some odorless TV ad  
   in which everything is always possible

And the very red light for an instant  
   holding all four close together  
   as if anything at all were possible  
   between them  
   across that small gulf  
   in the high seas  
   of this democracy

Lawrence Ferlinghetti



Judith Wright, who died in 2000, was a passionate campaigner for the rights of the indigenous Aboriginal people in Australia. She believed that the poet should be concerned with both national and social problems, (both of which are shown in this poem), and her life and her writing were driven by her love of the land, and by her deep unease over the fate of the Aborigines.

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**Turn over ▶**

Tatamkhulu Afrika (1920-2002) was born in Egypt and came to South Africa as a very young child. After he was orphaned when both his parents died of flu, he lived in Cape Town's District 6, a mixed-race inner-city community with Afrikaan foster parents. During apartheid in the 1960s, District 6 was declared a 'whites only' area and the community was destroyed. With an Arab father and a Turkish mother, Afrika could have been classified as 'white', but he chose rather to embrace his origins, become a Muslim and refuse to be classified as 'white'.

In 1984, he joined the African National Congress, which led the struggle against apartheid, and in 1987, he was arrested for 'terrorism' and banned from writing or speaking in public for five years. Writing under the code name of Tatamkhulu Afrika enabled him to continue writing despite the ban.

His passionate concerns for the oppressed which drove his political life are clear in this poem.

*biltong* are strips of dried meat.

### The Beggar

When I passed  
the bus-stop, his black  
as biltong hand  
thrust out,  
demanding alms.  
Beneath the grime,  
he was a yellow man,  
and small,  
and crumpled as a towel,  
eyes receding into bone,  
shivering, too thin frame  
denying the truculence of the hand.  
"No", I said,  
and walked on,  
annoyed that I was annoyed,  
swatting off shame  
all the way into town.  
Coming back,  
the day-long drizzle stopped  
and a suddenly clear  
sky sang  
of summer round the bend,  
white sails in the Bay,  
birds grown garrulous again.  
I looked for him.  
He was lying on his back in the sun,  
eyes closed,  
stretched out long as a spill,  
hardly distinguishable  
from any of the other  
drifts of debris in the lane.  
"Drunk again", I thought,  
and paused, then pressed  
my penance into his palm.  
Quick as a trap,  
his fingers lashed  
over it: surprised  
sober eyes blessed

me for being kind.  
Then he slept again,  
fist wrapped, tight,  
about the bribe my guilt refused,  
limbs thrown wide  
as though a car had flung him there  
and left him to a healing of the sun.

TATAMKHULU AFRIKA

Benjamin Zephaniah was born in Jamaica and came to Britain as a young child. He is one of our most acclaimed and outspoken poets, often using reggae, and rap forms. In this poem he is writing about Steve Biko, a black South African who was brutally murdered in 1977 under the Apartheid regime. Biko had been at the forefront of the movement to gain freedom and justice for black South Africans, and his death was mourned by thousands and stunned the world.

### **Biko the Greatness**

Wickedness tried to kill greatness.  
 In a corner of South Africa  
 Where they believed there were  
 No mothers and fathers  
 No sisters and brothers  
 And  
 Where they believed  
 One could not hear the cries of another,  
 Wickedness tried to kill greatness.

Wickedness tried to build a nation  
 Of white tyrants.  
 In a corner of the planet  
 They arrogantly downpressed  
 They did not overstand  
 As they suffered the illusion of the God complex,  
 But these words are not for wickedness.

These words are for greatness,  
 The greatness that inspired doctors and nurses  
 To become educated in the art of freedom getting,  
 The greatness that inspired educators to become liberators  
 And a nation of children to become great themselves.

South Africans in the valley of the shadow of death  
 Feared no wickedness  
 Because greatness was at their side  
 And greatness was in their hearts,  
 When the wind of change went south  
 Greatness was its trustee, guided by truth.

Now we who witnessed the greatness  
 Sing and dance to his legacy,  
 We who muse his intelligence  
 Spread the good news in Reggae, Soul, Marabi  
 And the theatre of liberation,  
 Knowing that nobody dies until they're forgotten  
 We chant Biko today  
 Biko tomorrow  
 Biko forever.

Wickedness tried to kill greatness  
 Now wickedness is dead  
 And greatness lives  
 In Islington  
 As he lives in Cape Town.

Benjamin Zephaniah

**Turn over ►**

Niyi Osundare is a Nigerian poet and Professor of English at Ibadan University. His poetry is often first published in newspapers as he believes in the power of the press in reaching the people whose daily struggles are reflected in his poems. This poem was first published in 1990 in a collection called *Songs of the Season*. Nigerians are noted for their use of song to celebrate significant events. This poem uses the features of a song to look at the dangers of ignoring injustice if it does not attack you personally.

### Not my Business

They picked Akanni up one morning  
 Beat him soft like clay  
 And stuffed him down the belly  
 Of a waiting jeep.

What business of mine is it  
 So long they don't take the yam  
 From my savouring mouth?

They came one night  
 Booted the whole house awake  
 And dragged Danladi out,  
 Then off to a lengthy absence.

What business of mine is it  
 So long they don't take the yam  
 From my savouring mouth?

Chinwe went to work one day  
 Only to find her job was gone:  
 No query, no warning, no probe –  
 Just one neat sack for a stainless record.

What business of mine is it  
 So long they don't take the yam  
 From my savouring mouth?

And then one evening  
 As I sat down to eat my yam  
 A knock on the door froze my hungry hand.  
 The jeep was waiting on my bewildered lawn  
 Waiting, waiting in its usual silence.

Niyi Osundare

Luis Enrique Mejía Godoy is a Nicaraguan writer and musician who, through his work, protested against his country's dictatorship. This poem is a song based on the words of Tomás Borge.

Borge, a founder member of the Sandanista National Liberation Front, was a political prisoner in Nicaragua, and the poem is based on his promise to his jailers and torturers when he was in prison. After the Nicaraguan Revolution in 1979, when the Somoza dictatorship ended, Borge became Minister for the Interior and had his revenge on his torturers – by forgiving them.

### Revenge

My personal revenge will be your children's  
right to schooling and to flowers.  
My personal revenge will be this song  
bursting for you with no more fears.  
My personal revenge will be to make you see  
the goodness in my people's eyes,  
implacable in combat always  
generous and firm in victory.

My personal revenge will be to greet you  
'Good morning!' in the streets with no beggars,  
when instead of locking you inside  
they say, 'Don't look so sad,'  
When you, the torturer,  
daren't lift your head.  
My personal revenge will be to give you  
these hands you once ill-treated  
with all their tenderness intact.

Luis Enrique Mejía Godoy  
Translated from the Spanish by Dinah Livingstone

---

Gary Snyder was born in San Francisco but brought up in Oregon and Washington. His life has been a mixture of writing, study and heavy labouring such as logging. He now teaches literature at the University of California. His poetry often mixes America's past with the grandeur of nature expressed in detail. As in this poem, his work often reflects the glory and beauty of the wilderness.

*'In that year, 1914 . . .'*

'In that year, 1914, we lived on the farm  
And the relatives lived with us.  
A banner year for wild blackberries  
Dad was crazy about wild blackberries  
No berries like that now.  
You know Kitsap County was logged before  
The turn of the century—it was easiest of all,  
Close to water, virgin timber,  
When I was a kid walking about in the  
Stumpland, wherever you'd go a skidroad  
Puncheon, all overgrown.  
We went up one like that, fighting our way through  
To its end near the top of a hill:  
For some reason wild blackberries  
Grew best there. We took off one morning  
Right after milking: rode the horses  
To a valley we'd been to once before  
Hunting berries, and hitched the horses.  
About a quarter mile up the old road  
We found the full ripe of berrytime—  
And with only two pails—so we  
Went back home, got Mother and Ruth,  
And filled lots of pails. Mother sent letters  
To all the relatives in Seattle:  
Effie, Aunt Lucy, Bill Moore,  
Forrest, Edna, six or eight, they all came  
Out to the farm, and we didn't take pails  
Then: we took copper clothes-boilers,  
Wash-tubs, buckets, and all went picking.  
We were canning for three days.'

*Gary Snyder*

A K Ramanujan was born in India and lived there for thirty years but he then moved to Chicago. His poetry relies heavily on Indian folklore and on his own family. The traditional way of dealing with death is covered in the poem but the last three stanzas move away into a contrasting mood.

### Obituary

Father, when he passed on  
left dust  
on a table full of papers,  
left debts and daughters,  
a bedwetting grandson  
named by chance  
after him,

a house that leans  
slowly through our growing  
years on a bent coconut  
tree in the yard.  
Being the burning type  
he burned properly  
at the cremation

as before, easily  
and at both ends,  
left his eye-coins  
in the ashes that didn't  
look one bit different,  
and some rough half-burned  
spinal discs for sons

to pick gingerly  
and throw, facing east  
as the priest said  
where three rivers met  
near the railway station;  
but no longstanding headstone  
with his full name and two dates

to hold in their parentheses  
everything he didn't quite  
manage to do himself,  
like his caesarean birth  
in a brahmin ghetto  
and his death by heart-  
failure in the fruit market.

But someone told me  
he got two lines  
in an inside column  
of Madras newspaper  
sold by the kilo  
exactly four weeks later  
to streethawkers

who sell it in turn  
to the small groceries  
where I buy salt  
coriander  
and jaggery  
in newspaper cones  
that I usually read

for fun, and lately  
in the hope of finding  
these obituary lines.  
And he left us  
a changed mother  
and more than  
one annual ritual.

A K Ramanujan

**END OF TEXTS**

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- Source: BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH 'Biko the Greatness' from *'Too Black, Too Strong* (Bloodaxe Books 2001)
- Source: NIYI OSUNDARE 'Not my Business' from *Songs of the Seasons* HEBN Publishers Plc No1  
Shadow Road, Jericho, Ibadan, Oyo State, Nigeria 1990
- Source: LOUIS ENRIQUE MEJIA GODOY 'Revenge' song based on words of Thomas Borge from *Poets of the Nicaraguan Revolution*, bilingual text translated by Dinah Livingstone (Katabis, London 1993)
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