

# X115/701

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NATIONAL  
QUALIFICATIONS  
2009

FRIDAY, 15 MAY  
1.00 PM – 4.00 PM

ENGLISH  
ADVANCED HIGHER

There are four sections in this paper.

<b>Section 1—Literary Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>2 – 9</b>
<b>Section 2—Language Study</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>10 – 17</b>
<b>Section 3—Textual Analysis</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>18 – 36</b>
<b>Section 4—Reading the Media</b>	<b>pages</b>	<b>37 – 40 (plus 2 colour inserts)</b>

Depending on the options you have chosen, you must answer **one** or **two** questions.

If you have submitted a Creative Writing folio, you must answer only **one** question.

Otherwise, you must answer **two** questions.

If you are required to answer only **one question**

- it must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- you must leave the examination room **after 1 hour 30 minutes**.

If you are required to answer **two questions**

- your first must be taken from **Section 1—Literary Study**
- your second must be taken from **a different section**
- each answer must be written in **a separate answer booklet**
- the maximum time allowed for any question is **1 hour 30 minutes**.

You must identify each question you attempt by indicating clearly

- **the title of the section** from which the question has been taken
- **the number of the question** within that section.

You must also write inside the front cover of your Literary Study answer booklet

- **the topic** of your Specialist Study (Dissertation)
- **the texts** used in your Specialist Study (Dissertation).



## Section 1—Literary Study

This section is **mandatory** for all candidates.

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### **DRAMA**

#### **1. Beckett**

*“Although often at odds with each other, what is striking about Beckett’s central characters is their need for each other, their dependence on each other.”*

Discuss with reference to Vladimir and Estragon in *Waiting for Godot* **and** Hamm and Clov in *Endgame*.

#### **2. Byrne**

*“Central to **The Slab Boys Trilogy** is Byrne’s use of the unexpected—in terms of character, action and tone.”*

Discuss.

#### **3. Chekhov**

Write an essay on the importance of time in *The Cherry Orchard*.

#### **4. Friel**

Make a detailed study of the dramatic function of Owen O’Donnell in *Translations* **and** of Jack Mundy in *Dancing at Lughnasa*.

#### **5. Lindsay**

Analyse and evaluate some of the principal dramatic techniques employed by Lindsay in *Ane Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis* to press for reform of Church and State and to remind those in power of their duties to the common people.

#### **6. Lochhead**

Make a detailed study of the role of La Corbie in *Mary Queen of Scots Got Her Head Chopped Off* **and** of Renfield in *Dracula*.

#### **7. Pinter**

Discuss Pinter’s dramatic presentation of aspects of power, political or otherwise, in any **two** of the specified plays.

## 8. Shakespeare

### EITHER

(a) *Othello and Antony and Cleopatra*

*“Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul  
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.”*

(Othello in Act III, Scene iii of *Othello*)

*“Look where they come.  
Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar of the world transformed  
Into a strumpet’s fool.”*

(Philo in Act I, Scene i of *Antony and Cleopatra*)

Keeping these quotations in mind, discuss Shakespeare’s treatment of love in *Othello* **or** in *Antony and Cleopatra* **or** in **both** plays.

### OR

(b) *The Winter’s Tale and The Tempest*

*“The relationships between Florizel and Perdita **and** between Ferdinand and Miranda are central to the dramatic development and resolution of these plays.”*

Discuss.

## 9. Stoppard

*“We can’t even predict the next drip from a dripping tap when it gets irregular. Each drip sets up the conditions for the next, the smallest variation blows prediction apart, and the weather is unpredictable the same way, will always be unpredictable. When you push the numbers through the computer you can see it on the screen. The future is disorder.”*

(Valentine speaking to Hannah in Act One Scene Four of *Arcadia*)

Discuss some of the principal dramatic means by which unpredictability and disorder are explored in *Arcadia* **and** in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*.

## 10. Wilde

*“Not social analysis but social subversion by laughter through wit, style and fantasy—that was Wilde’s forte.”*

Discuss with reference to any **two** or to all **three** of the specified plays.

## 11. Williams

*“In a Williams play, the climax of the drama comes when the central characters suffer the confrontation of past and present, when the thing they have fled from corners them . . .”*

In the light of this assertion, make a detailed study of the climax of *A Streetcar Named Desire* **and** the climax of *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

## POETRY

### 12. Burns

Read carefully the following extract from *The Cotter's Saturday Night* and then answer questions (a) **and** (b) that follow it (Page five).

November chill blows loud wi' angry sough;  
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;  
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;  
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:  
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,  
This night his weekly moil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an agèd tree;  
Th' expectant wee-things, toddling, stacher through  
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee,  
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnilie,  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
The lispin infant, prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,  
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in,  
At service out, amang the farmers roun';  
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin  
A cannie errand to a neibor town:  
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,  
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,  
Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,  
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,  
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,  
An' each for other's welfare kindly spiers:  
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;  
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;  
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;  
Anticipation forward points the view.  
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,  
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;  
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,  
The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;  
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,  
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:  
"And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,  
An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night!  
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,  
Implore His counsel and assisting might:  
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;  
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,  
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,  
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.  
The wily mother sees the conscious flame  
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;  
With heart-struck anxious care, enquires his name,  
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;  
Weel-pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;  
A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;  
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;  
The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.  
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,  
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;  
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy  
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;  
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

(a) Make a detailed analysis of Burns's treatment of Scottish rural life in this extract.

**and**

(b) Go on to discuss Burns's treatment of Scottish rural life elsewhere in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* **and** in **one** or **two** other poems.

### 13. Chaucer

Examine the poetic means by which Chaucer creates characters that extend beyond social or moral stereotypes.

In your answer you should refer to **three** or **four** characters. These characters should be drawn **both** from the General Prologue **and** from **either** or **both** of the specified Tales.

### 14. Donne

Discuss the uses Donne makes of aspects of Renaissance learning and discovery in *The Good Morrow*, *The Sun Rising*, *Aire and Angels* and *A Valediction: forbidding mourning*.

## 15. Duffy

Analyse Duffy's poetic treatment of the past in *Originally, The Captain of the 1964 "Top of the Form" Team* and *Litany*.

## 16. Heaney

*"Heaney explores the past to try to understand the present and to offer solutions for the future."*

Keeping this statement in mind, discuss the principal means by which Heaney explores the past in *The Tollund Man*, *Funeral Rites* and *Punishment*.

## 17. Henryson

### EITHER

(a) Read carefully the following extract from *The Testament of Cresseid* and then answer questions (i) **and** (ii) that follow it (Page seven).

And first of all Saturne gave his sentence,  
Quhilk gave to Cupide litill reverence,  
Bot as ane busteous churle on his maneir  
Came crabitlie with auster luik and cheir.

His face fronsit, his lyre was lyke the leid,  
His teeth chatterit and cheverit with the chin,  
His ene drowpit, how sonkin in his heid,  
Out of his nois the meldrop fast can rin,  
With lippis bla and cheikis leine and thin;  
The ice schoklis that fra his hair doun hang  
Was wonder greit, and as ane spear als lang:

Atour his belt his lyart lokkis lay  
Felterit unfair, ourifret with froistis hoir  
His garmound and his gyte full gay of gray,  
His widderit weid fra him the wind out woir  
Ane busteous bow within his hand he boir,  
Under his girdill ane flasche of felloun flanis  
Fedderit with ice and heidit with hailstanis.

Than Juppiter, richt fair and amiabill,  
God of the starnis in the firmament  
And nureis to all things generabill;  
Fra his father Saturne far different,  
With burelie face and browis bricht and brent,  
Upon his heid ane garland wonder gay  
Of flouris fair, as it had been in May.

His voice was cleir, as crystal were his ene,  
As goldin wyre sa glitterand was his hair,  
His garmound and his gyte full gay of grene  
With goldin listis gilt on everie gair;  
Ane burelie brand about his middill bair,  
In his richt hand he had ane groundin speir,  
Of his father the wraith fra us to weir.

- (i) Identify and analyse in detail some of the principal poetic techniques employed in this extract to convey the character of Saturne and the character of Juppiter.

**and**

- (ii) Go on to examine some of the principal poetic techniques employed elsewhere in the poem to convey the character of Cresseid.

**OR**

- (b) “*In the **Morall Fabillis** the relationship between tale and moral is rarely straightforward.*”

Examine **two** or **three** of the *Morall Fabillis* in the light of this statement.

### 18. Keats

Discuss some of the principal means by which, in **two** or **three** poems, Keats explores the nature and importance of beauty.

### 19. MacDiarmid

**EITHER**

- (a) Discuss some of the principal poetic means by which the search for identity, both personal and national, is explored in *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*.

**OR**

- (b) “*The impact of MacDiarmid’s early lyrics derives from their blend of earthly and cosmic elements.*”

Discuss.

### 20. Muir

Discuss some of the principal means by which, in *The Good Town*, *The River* and *The Refugees*, Muir explores some of the tensions he found in contemporary Europe.

### 21. Plath

Analyse and evaluate Plath’s use of images and symbols in *The Arrival of the Bee Box*, *Daddy* and *Lady Lazarus*.

### 22. Yeats

Discuss in detail Yeats’s poetic treatment of loss and change in *In Memory of Major Robert Gregory*, *An Irish Airman Foresees his Death* and *Easter 1916*.

## PROSE FICTION

### 23. Atwood

Discuss some of the principal means by which Atwood presents the motivations of her characters in *Cat's Eye* **and** in *Alias Grace*.

### 24. Austen

*"We can all **begin** freely—a slight preference is natural enough; but there are very few of us who have heart enough to be really in love without encouragement. In nine cases out of ten, a woman had better shew **more** affection than she feels."*

(Charlotte Lucas to Elizabeth Bennet)

*"I am no matchmaker, as you know well . . . being much too well aware of the uncertainty of all human events and calculations. I only mean that if Mr. Elliot should some time hence pay his addresses to you, and if you should be disposed to accept him, I think there would be every possibility of your being happy together. A most suitable connection everybody must consider it, but I think it might be a very happy one."*

(Lady Russell to Anne Elliot)

Consider the advice offered by a range of characters to Elizabeth Bennet **and** to Anne Elliot, and discuss the effects of that advice.

### 25. Dickens

Discuss the contribution of humour to Dickens's characterisation in *Hard Times* **and** in *Great Expectations*.

### 26. Fitzgerald

*"The world of a Fitzgerald novel is glamorous but essentially shallow; its characters live in an emotional and spiritual vacuum."*

In the light of this statement, discuss some of the principal means by which Fitzgerald presents the worlds of *The Beautiful and Damned* **and** *Tender is the Night*.

### 27. Galloway

*"In her novels Galloway presents to us characters that grow and develop and become stronger."*

How effective, in your view, is Galloway's presentation of such characters in *The Trick is to Keep Breathing* **and** in *Foreign Parts*?

### 28. Gray

Discuss some of the means by which Gray explores concepts of identity in *Lanark* **and** in *Poor Things*.



**29. Hardy**

Writing of the specified texts, one critic has claimed that “*Hardy’s central concerns are the social issues of his day: tradition and change in rural society, class distinctions, attitudes to marriage, the position of women . . .*”

Discuss *The Return of the Native* **and** *Tess of the d’Urbervilles* in the light of this assertion.

**30. Hogg**

“*In The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner, the role of the supernatural is to offer an alternative interpretation of reality.*”

Discuss.

**31. Joyce**

Discuss the uses Joyce makes of “epiphanies”, moments of intense revelation, in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* **and** in **one** or **two** of the stories from *Dubliners*.

**32. Stevenson**

Discuss the role of narrative voice in *The Master of Ballantrae* and in **one** or **two** of the specified short stories.

**33. Waugh**

Make a comparative study of the importance of houses both as setting and as symbol in *A Handful of Dust* **and** in *Brideshead Revisited*.

**PROSE NON-FICTION**

**34.** “*No life is really private or isolated; personal preoccupations are inevitably bound up with the larger movements of mankind.*”

Discuss the treatment of “personal preoccupations” and “the larger movements of mankind” in any **one** of the specified texts.

**35.** It has been suggested that the writer of non-fiction “*preserves in words things that matter to him or her: people, places, events, scenes, incidents, moments*”.

Discuss some of the principal techniques employed by **one** or **two** of the specified writers in order to “*preserve in words things that matter*”.

**[Turn over**

## Section 2—Language Study

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of an **essay/analytical report** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### Topic A—Varieties of English or Scots

1. Show how any **one** variety of English **or** Scots you have studied has been influenced by **one** or **more than one** of the following:
  - mass media
  - population movement
  - globalisation
  - employment patterns
  - political agendas
  - information and communication technology.
2. Describe in detail what you consider to be the distinctive features of any **one** variety of English **or** Scots you have studied.

### Topic B—The historical development of English or Scots

If you choose to answer a question on this topic, you must refer to **one** of the two texts provided.

**Text A** is from Jonathan Swift's *A Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining The English Tongue*, published in 1712.

**Text B** is from Alexander Hume's *Of the Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue*, for which the date of publication is uncertain, but possibly 1617 or 1618.

Choose one of these texts and then answer **either** question 3 **or** question 4.

3. What linguistic features of **Text A** differ from those of present-day English **or** what linguistic features of **Text B** differ from those of present-day Scots?

What explanations can you offer to account for the differences you have identified?

In your answer, you may wish to consider some or all of the following:

- spelling
  - punctuation
  - vocabulary
  - grammar.
4. Discuss some of the attitudes towards language in the text you have chosen **and** in other texts from your own reading and research.

### Text A

THERE is a another Sett of Men who have contributed very much to the spoiling of the *Engliſh* Tongue; I mean the Poets, from the Time of the Reſtoration. Theſe Gentlemen, although they could not be inſenſible how much our Language was already overſtocked

with Monosyllables; yet, to save Time and Pains, introduced that barbarous Custom of abbreviating Words, to fit them to the Measure of their Verses; and this they have frequently done, so very injudiciously, as to form such harsh unharmonious Sounds, that none but a *Northern* Ear could endure: They have joined the most obdurate Consonants without one intervening Vowel, only to shorten a Syllable: And their Taste in time became so depraved, that what was at first a Poetical Licence not to be justified, they made their Choice, alledging, that the Words pronounced at length, sounded faint and languid. This was a Pretence to take up the same Custom in Prose; so that most of the Books we see now a-days, are full of those Manglings and Abbreviations. Instances of this Abuse are innumerable: What does Your LORDSHIP think of the Words, *Drudg'd*, *Disturb'd*, *Rebuk't*, *Fledg'd*, and a thousand others, every where to be met in Prose as well as Verse? Where, by leaving out a Vowel to save a Syllable, we form so jarring a Sound, and so difficult to utter, that I have often wondred how it could ever obtain.

ANOTHER Cause (and perhaps borrowed from the former) which hath contributed not a little to the maiming of our Language, is a foolish Opinion, advanced of late Years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak; which beside the obvious Inconvenience of utterly destroying our Etymology, would be a thing we should never see an End of. Not only the several Towns and Countries of *England*, have a different way of Pronouncing, but even here in *London*, they clip their Words after one Manner about the Court, another in the City, and a third in the Suburbs; and in a few Years, it is probable, will all differ from themselves, as Fancy or Fashion shall direct: All which reduced to Writing would entirely confound Orthography. Yet many People are so fond of this Conceit, that it is sometimes a difficult matter to read modern Books and Pamphlets; where the Words are so curtailed and varied from their original Spelling, that whoever hath been used to plain *English*, will hardly know them by sight.

### **Text B**

To clere this point, and alsoe to reform an errour bred in the south, and now usurped be our ignorant printeres, I wil tel quhat befel my self quhen I was in the south with a special gud frende of myne. Ther rease, upon sum accident, quhither quho, quhen, quhat, etc., sould be symbolized with q or w, a hoat disputation betuene him and me. After manie conflictes (for we ofte encountered), we met be chance, in the citie of Baeth, with a Doctour of divinitie of both our acquentance. He invited us to denner. At table my antagonist, to bring the question on foot amangs his awn condisciples, began that I was becum an heretik, and the doctour spering how, ansuered that I denyed quho to be spelled with a w, but with qu. Be quhat reason? quod the Doctour. Here, I beginning to lay my grundes of labial, dental, and guttural soundes and symboles, he snapped me on this hand and he on that, that the doctour had mikle a doe to win me room for a syllogisme. Then (said I) a labial letter can not symboliz a guttural syllab. But w is a labial letter, quho a guttural sound. And therfoer w can not symboliz quho, nor noe syllab of that nature. Here the doctour staying them again (for al barked at ones), the proposition, said he, I understand; the assumption is Scottish, and the conclusion false. Quherat al laughed, as if I had bene dryven from al replie, and I fretted to see a frivolouse jest goe for a solid ansuer. My proposition is grounded on the 7 sectio of this same cap., quhilk noe man, I trow, can denye that ever suked the paepes of reason. And soe the question must rest on the assumption quhither w be a labial letter and quho a guttural syllab. As for w, let the exemples of wil, wel, wyne, juge quhilk are sounded befoer the voual with a mint of the lippes, as is said the same cap., sect. 5. As for quho, besydes that it differres from quo onelie be aspiration, and that w, being noe perfect consonant, can not be aspirated, I appele to al judicious eares, to quhilk Cicero attributed to mikle, quhither the aspiration in quho be not ex imo gutture, and therfoer not labial.

### Topic C—Multilingualism in contemporary Scotland

5. In your own reading and research, what evidence have you found of codeswitching between languages by speakers in contemporary Scotland?

In your answer you should consider some of the forms, contexts and purposes of such codeswitching.

6. To what extent does the Scottish Parliament encourage and support **more than** the three indigenous languages of Scotland?

### Topic D—The use of Scots in contemporary literature

For both questions on this topic, you are provided with two texts written in Scots.

**Text A** is an extract from *The Steamie*, a play by Tony Roper.

**Text B** is a poem entitled *Tae makk a Martyr* by Sheena Blackhall.

Read the two texts carefully and then answer **either** question 7 **or** question 8.

7. Discuss some of the principal aesthetic effects created by each writer's use of Scots.
8. Select **one** of the texts and contrast the use of Scots in that text—vocabulary, idiom, grammar, orthography—with the use of Scots by a writer other than Tony Roper or Sheena Blackhall.

#### Text A

#### Extract from *The Steamie*

DOLLY: Wait tae ye hear this. Tell them what ye telt me Mrs Culfeathers.

MRS CULFEATHERS: Well I wis tellin' Dolly that I aye got ma mince oot o' Galloways because it is lovely mince . . . there's hardly any fat in their mince Doreen ye know.

DOREEN (slightly mystified): Aye, oh, it's good mince.

MRS CULFEATHERS: D'ye no like their mince Magrit?

MAGRIT: Aye . . . it's awright. (Looks at DOLLY.)

DOLLY: Tell them about whit Mr Culfeathers says about it.

MRS CULFEATHERS: Well . . . I wis tellin' Dolly about how I aye get ma mince oot o' Galloways, but sometimes I get it oot another butchers . . . ye know just for a wee change, and I was saying that when I get it oot another butchers, Mr Culfeathers can always tell, even though I havenae said whit butcher's I got it oot o'. If I pit mince doon tae him, and I havenae got it oot o' Galloways, he aye says tae me, 'where did ye get that mince fae?'

MAGRIT (slight sarcasm): Does he? . . . (To DOREEN) D'ye hear that?

DOREEN: Aye . . . that's . . . that's . . . that's eh . . . very interesting.

MRS CULFEATHERS: That shows ye what good mince it is.

DOLLY: Oh it is . . . aye it is good mince, isn't it Magrit?

MAGRIT: Oh . . . second tae none.

DOLLY: But that's no the end o' it. There's mair.

DOREEN: Surely not.

MAGRIT: Ye mean even mair interesting than that?

DOLLY: Aye . . . wait tae ye hear this.

MAGRIT: Well I don't see how you can top that but do go on.

**Text B**

*Tae makk a Martyr*

Takk ae patriot  
 Separate him frae kintra, kin an airmy  
 Croon him wi leaves like ony tattie-bogle  
 Makk a radge o him an his beliefs

Add nae drap o human kindness, raither  
 A scoosh o soor grapes, wersh as graveyaird bree  
 Sprinkle a jeelip o heich wirds ower the proceedins

Wheep yer warrior, bleedin ben the streets  
 Larded wi gobs an skaith  
 Beat till nearhaun fooshionless  
 Afore a fyauchie boorich o yer commons  
 Hing on the gallows till hauf-smored an thrappled

Neist, remove yer patriot,  
 Skewer an disembowel  
 While yet alive . . . hate is a dish best hett

Fry his intimmers aneth his verra een  
 Syne chop the lave an sen tae aa the airts  
 Sae his puir pairts micht flegg aff similar craas  
 Nailin oppression's colours tae life's brig

Sit back an wyte  
 There's mair nur deid-flesh stewin

**[Turn over**

## Topic E—Language and social context

9. Joan Swann has written “*the language variety you use conveys certain information about you, such as where you come from and what kind of person you are.*”

To what extent does your study of language and social context support this claim?

10. What has your study of language and social context suggested about the effects of audience **and/or** topic on the linguistic choices which speakers make?

## Topic F—The linguistic characteristics of informal conversation

For both questions on this topic you are provided with a transcript of a conversation between two women.

Read the transcript carefully and then answer **either** question 11 **or** question 12.

11. What linguistic features characterise this exchange as informal conversation?
12. Using the transcript provided and evidence from your own reading and research, write an essay on turn-taking in informal conversation.

The transcribers have provided the following information regarding transcription methods:

- F631 and F689 are identification numbers given to speakers
- Non-lexical sounds appear in the transcript within square brackets, eg [laugh]
- Stretches of overlapping speech are marked by the use of double slashes: // //
- Stammering, false starts and truncated words are marked by the use of hyphens: -

F631: So, you got married recently, Louise. //Tell us about your,//

F689: //[laugh]//

F631: the whole experience. [inhale]

F689: The whole experience? Oh I don't know. //I don't remember much o it now. [laugh] Sort o wiped from ma memory.//

F631: //[laugh]//

F689: Ehm, it all started, I think, it must have been September or something like that, and David just decided one day “I think we should get married soon”. //An I says “Ehm,//

F631: //Mmhm// //[laugh]//

F689: //really?” [laugh]// //[laugh]//

F631: //How romantic! [laugh]//

F689: Och, it was just, I never really thought about it, cause erm, I was quite happy ploddin along, but we'd said like years ago before Rosalyn was even born that we should perhaps get married at some point, [laugh], //so it just sort o//

F631: //Mmhm//

F689: got put on hold and put on hold. And then what with the movin house and stuff. Ehm, so it originally turned out that we'd just go for a really really small do.

F631: Mmhm

F689: And [throat] of course I told Mum and she was like “Oh, we'll need to have a reception” [laugh] and things like that. //So,//

F631: //Right.//

F689: it just started out ehm tryin to keep it as simple an as sort o cheap as possible.  
[laugh]

F631: Mmhm

F689: Ehm, but it was quite horrendous tryin to find like a place that would accept children, //and stuff like that.//

F631: //Really?//

F689: Mmhm, it was like erm, totally, erm, “You’re only allowed kids until half past eight and that’s it. No exceptions.” //[laugh] Uh-huh//

F631: //Up until half eight, right.//

F689: And, so we tried about four different pubs and phoned other places and it was “no no no no” //[laugh].//

F631: //Mmhm//

F689: So, and a lot of them were just really small as well, //so I was,//

F631: //Yeah.//

F689: by the time we sort o counted heads it was gonna be like fifty plus, [laugh] //[laugh]//

F631: //Mmhm//

F689: that’s what it started out like, so erm, [throat]. Pa- [tut] What else is there? Eh

F631: But it was a nice place that you had, in the end. //Mmhm//

F689: //Our hotel, uh-huh that was Mum that// sort o said, “Right, we’ll go for this”, even though it wisnae the cheapest //place.//

F631: //Mmhm//

F689: Ehm, so, //[laugh]//

F631: //And what about ehm// booking the registrar’s? Di- when did you do that, for,

F689: Eh, it was as soon as David phoned out and found sort o the, he was like “What date shall we go for?” I was like that “Oh, any date”, sort o, “preferably at the end of the month.” Ehm, [tut], and, he just phoned up and they told him what dates there [laugh] were an //that was it. [laugh]//

F631: //Yeah.//

F689: oh I just sort of randomly picked that one, the Friday, and I had specifically said to him “Don’t pick a Friday”, [laugh] or a //a Saturday, [laugh] because you’ll never find anywhere like//

F631: //Oh right. [laugh]// //Oh for a reception?//

F689: //that would uh-huh// like for a function in a pub, which was what I was wantin.

F631: Mmhm

F689: Erm so, //that//

F631: //Oops.// //[laugh]//

F689: //wis that [laugh]// that caused a wee argument, so

F631: Mmhm

F689: ehm

**[Turn over**

## Topic G—The linguistic characteristics of political communication

13. Compare and contrast the linguistic characteristics of any **two** types of political communication.

You may wish to consider:

- parliamentary debates
- parliamentary statements (including, if you wish, the statement provided in question 14)
- political advertising
- election leaflets
- interviews with politicians
- speeches by MPs, MSPs, MEPs, or any other political figures
- any other types of political communication you have studied.

14. Identify and discuss those features of the following text that are typical of political communication.

You should support your answer with reference to **some** or **all** of the following:

- lexical choices
- grammatical structures
- rhetorical patterns
- imagery
- orientation to audience.

The text is an edited version of part of a statement to the Scottish Parliament made by Jack McConnell, then First Minister of Scotland, on 25 February 2004.

For ease of reference, the text has been subdivided into numbered paragraphs.

[1] Today, I wish to make a statement on our new policy to attract fresh talent to Scotland. The policy is designed to tackle the most serious long-term issue facing our country. Scotland's population is falling; it is declining at a faster rate than that of anywhere else in Europe. That decline, coupled with a significant shift in Scotland's age profile, is making a serious problem even worse. By 2009, Scotland's population will fall below the symbolic 5 million level. By 2027, there could be, on current projections, a quarter of a million fewer people of working age in Scotland. Those projections are a result of there being more deaths in Scotland than births. We know that for centuries Scots emigrated throughout the world, but net emigration is almost insignificant now. Basically, fewer people leave Scotland, but only a few come to live here.

[2] The challenge is now to counter demographic change, but before I lay out the details of our Government's plans to tackle Scotland's declining population, there is one message that I want to make very clear. The first priority of the Government in Scotland must always be to nurture and retain home-grown talent. Helping to meet the hopes and aspirations of the Scottish people should be the motivation of every one of us in this chamber. However, those hopes and aspirations will not be met if our devolved Government does not act to counter what I believe to be the greatest threat to Scotland's future prosperity.



[3] Population decline is serious. Tax revenues will fall. Falling school rolls mean that local schools will close, other local services will become less sustainable and communities will become weaker. The labour market will contract, there will be fewer consumers to underpin a domestic market and our economy will be less dynamic and more likely to contract overall. We can and must do something about that. Although future projections demonstrate demographic shifts of considerable magnitude, taken step by step the challenge looks easier to deal with.

[4] Our first target must be to avoid our population falling below 5 million. To do that, we need an additional 8,000 people living in Scotland each year between now and 2009. We want to meet that target in three ways: by retaining home-grown talent within Scotland; by encouraging Scots who have moved away to come back home; and by attracting some who are completely new to Scotland—from the rest of the United Kingdom, from the European Union and from further afield.

[5] Devolution was created for this precise purpose: to tackle a tough, long-term problem in our national interest. It is absolutely in the interest of every Scottish family that we create a country that is dynamic and growing, with opportunities for our children and our grandchildren. To do that, we need to attract and welcome new people. We need fresh talent. A more diverse, more cosmopolitan country is good for Scots. It will open minds and broaden horizons. It will stimulate ambitions and ideas—to travel, to see some of the world, to learn from others, but to come home, too. Some think that people will move only if there are job opportunities and others think that people locate only according to the quality of life. I believe that the truth is somewhere in between.

[6] Of course, Scotland needs a growing economy and Scotland's economy is growing—not as fast as it could be, but there are signs that it will grow more quickly in the medium term. More ideas are coming out of our universities, there is increased commercialisation, there are greater levels of entrepreneurial activity and more Scots are learning, training and using their skills. There are more jobs and more vacancies and, in a few sectors, there are even shortages.

[7] Scotland has a unique selling point. We are lucky that we are known to be one of the friendliest and most educated peoples in the world. We have a vibrant culture, stunning countryside, excellent schools, decent transport links and good public services. In short, it is good to live in Scotland. I believe that, in the modern world, businesses increasingly choose to locate in the places where people whom they want to employ want to live.

[8] Exactly a year ago today, I made the case that Scotland needs to attract fresh talent to our shores to secure future prosperity for Scotland. In 12 months, we have developed a national consensus that that must be a priority. I believe that the issue is too important to be party political. We cannot allow new people to be welcomed by some and not by others. We will not be able to attract fresh talent to Scotland if our country speaks with different voices. Although we in the chamber might debate the best way of attracting new people to Scotland, I hope that we can agree on one thing—Scotland's projected population decline is something that we must tackle and one important way of doing that is to welcome others to Scotland to contribute to our economy and to our country.

**[Turn over**

### Section 3—Textual Analysis

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical analysis** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

#### 1. Prose fiction [*Pages eighteen to twenty-one*]

*The following extract is a chapter from the novel **No Great Mischief** (2000) by Alistair MacLeod.*

*The setting in this chapter is Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada. The year is 1948. The narrator and his family are the descendants of emigrants who left the Scottish Highlands in 1779. They live in a community where Gaelic is still spoken.*

*Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (Page twenty-one).*

My twin sister and I were the youngest children in our family, and we were three on March 28 when it was decided that we would spend the night with our grandparents.

After he returned from naval service in the war, my father had applied for the position of lightkeeper on the island which seemed almost to float in the channel about  
5 a mile and a half from the town which faced the sea. He had long been familiar with boats and the sea and, after passing the examination, was informed in a very formal letter that the job was his. He and my mother were overjoyed because it meant they would not have to go away, and the job reeked of security, which was what they wanted after the disruption of the years of war. The older generation was highly enthusiastic  
10 as well. “That island will stay there for a damn long time,” said Grandpa appreciatively, although he later apparently sniffed, “Any fool can look after a lighthouse. It is not like being responsible for a *whole* hospital.”

On the morning of March 28, which was the beginning of a weekend, my parents and their six children and their dog walked ashore across the ice. Their older sons, who  
15 were sixteen, fifteen, and fourteen, apparently took turns carrying my sister and me upon their shoulders, stopping every so often to take off their mitts and rub our faces so that our cheeks would not become so cold as to be frozen without our realising it. Our father, accompanied by our brother Colin, who was eleven, walked ahead of us, testing the ice from time to time with a long pole, although there did not seem much  
20 need to do so for he had “bushed” the ice some two months earlier, meaning he had placed spruce trees upright in the snow and ice to serve as a sort of road guide for winter travellers.

During the coldest days of winter, the so-called “dog days”, the ice became amazingly solid. It was a combination of drift ice from the region of the eastern Arctic  
25 and “made” ice which resulted from the freezing of the local channel. In extremely cold winters if the ice was smooth, it was possible to move freely from the island to the mainland and back again. One could walk, or skate, or fashion an iceboat which would skim and veer with cutting dangerous speed across the stinging surface. People would venture out on the ice with cars and trucks, and on one or two weekends there would be  
30 horse races to the delight of all. The sharpshod horses would pull light sleighs or even summer sulkies as they sped around yet another track staked out by temporary spruce. At the conclusion of their races, their owners would hurry to cover them with blankets as the perspiration on their coats began to turn to frost. They seemed almost, for a few brief moments, to be horses who had prematurely aged before the eyes of those  
35 who watched them, their coats of black and brown turning to a fragile white. White horses frozen on a field of ice and snow.

My parents welcomed the winter ice because it allowed them to do many practical things that were more difficult to accomplish in the summer. They could truck their supplies over the ice without the difficulty of first hauling everything to the wharf and  
40 then trying to load it on the boat which swayed below and then, after transporting it across to the island, having to hoist it up out of the boat to the wharf's cap and then again having to transport it up the cliff to the promontory where the lighthouse stood. They took coal and wood across in the winter, and walked and traded animals, leading them by their halters across the treacherous and temporary bridge.

45 Also in the winter their social life improved, as unexpected visitors crossed to see them, bringing rum and beer and fiddles and accordions. All of them staying up all night, singing songs and dancing and playing cards and telling stories, while out on the ice the seals moaned and cried and the ice itself thundered and snapped and sometimes groaned, forced by the pressures of the tides and currents, running unabated and  
50 unseen beneath the cold white surface. Sometimes the men would go outside to urinate and when they would return the others would ask, "*De chuala?*" "What did you hear?" "Nothing," they would say. "*Cha chuala sion.*" "Nothing, only the sound of the ice."

On March 28 there was a lot for my family to do. My older brothers were going to visit their cousins in the country—those who still lived in the old *Calum Ruadh* houses  
55 neighbouring the spot which my grandparents had left when they became people of the town. If they could get a ride they were going to spend the weekend there. Even if they could not get a ride, they were planning to walk, saying that ten miles on the inland sheltered roads would not be as cold as a mile and a half straight across the ice. My parents were planning to cash my father's cheque, which they hoped my  
60 grandparents had picked up at the post office, and my brother Colin was looking forward to his new parka, which my mother had shrewdly ordered from the Eaton's sale catalogue when such heavy winter garments were reduced by the coming promise of spring. He had been hoping for it since before Christmas. My sister and I were looking forward to the visit with our grandparents, who always made a great to-do  
65 about us and always told us how smart we were to make such a great journey from such a far and distant place. And the dog knew where she was going too, picking her way across the ice carefully and sometimes stopping to gnaw off the balls of snow and ice which formed between the delicate pads of her hardened paws.

Everything went well and the sun shone brightly as we journeyed forth together,  
70 walking first upon the ice so we could later walk upon the land.

In the late afternoon, the sun still shone, and there was no wind but it began to get very cold, the kind of deceptive cold that can fool those who confuse the shining of the winter sun with warmth. Relatives visiting my grandparents' house said that my brothers had arrived at their destination and would not be coming back until, perhaps,  
75 the next day.

My parents distributed their purchases into haversacks, which were always at my grandparents' house, and which they used for carrying supplies upon their backs. Because my parents' backs would be burdened and because my brothers were not there, it was decided that my sister and I would spend the night and that our brothers would  
80 take us back to the island when they returned. It was suggested that Colin also might stay, but he was insistent that he go, so that he might test the long-anticipated warmth of the new parka. When they left, the sun was still shining, although it had begun to decline, and they took two storm lanterns which might serve as lights or signs and signals for the last part of the trip. My mother carried one and Colin the other, while  
85 my father grasped the ice pole in his hand. When they set out, they first had to walk

about a mile along the shore until they reached the appropriate place to get on the ice and then they started across, following the route of the spruce trees which my father had set out.

90 Everyone could see their three dark forms and the smaller one of the dog outlined upon the whiteness over which they travelled. By the time they were halfway across, it was dusk and out there on the ice they lit their lanterns, and that too was seen from the shore. And then they continued on their way. Then the lanterns seemed to waver and almost to dance wildly, and one described an arc in what was now the darkness and then was still. Grandpa watched for almost a minute to be sure of what he was seeing  
95 and then he shouted to my grandmother, "There is something wrong out on the ice. There is only one light and it is not moving."

My grandmother came quickly to the window. "Perhaps they stopped," she said. "Perhaps they're resting. Perhaps they had to adjust their packs. Perhaps they had to relieve themselves."

100 "But there is only one light," said Grandpa, "and it is not moving at all."

"Perhaps that's it," said Grandma hopefully. "The other light blew out and they're trying to get it started."

My sister and I were playing on the kitchen floor with Grandma's cutlery. We were playing "store", taking turns buying the spoons and knives and forks from each other  
105 with a supply of pennies from a jar Grandma kept in her lower cupboard for emergencies.

"The light is still not moving," said Grandpa and he began hurriedly to pull on his winter clothes and boots, even as the phone began ringing. "The light is not moving. The light is not moving," the voices said. "They're in trouble out on the ice."

110 And then the voices spoke in the hurriedness of exchange: "Take a rope." "Take some ice poles." "Take a blanket that we can use as a stretcher." "Take brandy." "We will meet you at the corner. Don't start across without us."

"I have just bought all his spoons and knives," said my sister proudly from the kitchen floor, "and I still have all these pennies left."

115 "Good for you," said Grandma. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

When they were partway to the shore, their lights picked up the dog's eyes, and she ran to Grandpa when he called to her in Gaelic, and she leaped up to his chest and his outstretched arms and licked his face even as he threw his mitts from his hands so he could bury them deep within the fur upon her back.

120 "She was coming to get us," he said. "They've gone under."

"Not under," someone said. "Perhaps down but not under."

"I think under," said Grandpa. "She was under, anyway. She's soaked to the spine. She's smart and she's a good swimmer and she's got a heavy, layered coat. If she just went down, she'd be down and up in a second but she's too wet for that. She must  
125 have gone down, and then the current carried her under the ice and she had to swim back to the hole to get herself back out."

They went out on the ice in single file, the string of their moving lights seeming almost like a kind of Christmas decoration; each light moving to the rhythm of the man who walked and carried it in his hand. They followed the tracks and walked  
130 towards the light which remained permanent in the ice. As they neared it, they realised

it was sitting on the ice, sitting upright by itself and not held by any hand. The tracks continued until they came to the open water, and then there were no more.

Years later, my sister and I were in Grade XI and the teacher was talking to the class about Wordsworth and, as an example, was reading to us from the poem entitled “Lucy Gray”. When she came to the latter lines, both my sister and I started simultaneously and looked towards each other, as if in the old, but new to us, we had stumbled upon the familiar experience:

“They followed from the snowy bank  
Those footmarks, one by one,  
140 Into the middle of the plank;  
And further there were none!”

“And further there were none!” But on March 28 we were tiring of our game of store and putting the cutlery away as our grandmother prepared to ready us for bed while glancing anxiously through the window.

145 Out on the ice the dog began to whine when they came near the open water, and the first men in the line lay on their stomachs, each holding the feet of the man before him, so that they might form a type of human chain with their weight distributed more evenly than if they remained standing. But it was of no use, for other than the light there was nothing, and the ice seemed solid right up to the edge of the dark and  
150 sloshing void.

There was nothing for the men to do but wonder. Beyond the crater, the rows of spruce trees marched on in ordered single file in much the same way that they led up to the spot of their interruption. It was thought that perhaps only one tree had gone down and under. The section of the ice that had gone was not large, but as my  
155 grandfather said, “It was more than big enough for us.”

The tide was going out when they vanished, leaving nothing but a lantern—perhaps tossed on to the ice by a sinking hand and miraculously landing upright and continuing to glow, or perhaps set down after its arc, wildly but carefully by a hand which sought to reach another. The men performed a sort of vigil out on the ice, keeping the hole  
160 broken open with their ice poles and waiting for the tide to run its course. And in the early hours of the morning when the tide was in its change, my brother Colin surfaced in one of those half-expected uncertainties known only to those who watch the sea. The white fur hood of his parka broke the surface and the half-frozen men who were crouched like patient Inuit around the hole shouted to one another, and reached for  
165 him with their poles. They thought that he had not been a great distance under, or that his clothes had snagged beneath the ice; and they thought that, perhaps, since he was not bearing a backpack, he had not been so heavily burdened and, perhaps, the new material in his parka possessed flotation qualities that had buoyed him to the top. His eyes were open and the drawstrings of his hood were still neatly tied and tucked beside  
170 his throat in the familiar manner that my mother always used.

My parents were not found that day, or the next, or in the days or months that followed.

## Question

In what ways and how effectively does Alistair MacLeod present what happens on March 28?

## 2. Prose non-fiction [*Pages twenty-two to twenty-five*]

Read carefully the essay *Where Does Writing Come From?* (1998) by Richard Ford and then answer the question that follows it (*Page twenty-five*).

### *Where Does Writing Come From?*

Where does writing come from? I've often been guilty of trying to answer this question. I've done so, I suppose, in the spirit André Breton must've had in mind when he wrote: *Our brains are dulled by the incurable mania of wanting to make the unknown known*. I've done it on public stages after readings, in panel discussions with  
5 dozing colleagues, standing before rows of smirking students, at the suggestion of cruel and cynical journalists in hotel rooms at home and abroad. And I believe I can honestly say that I would never spontaneously have asked myself this question had not someone else seemed interested, or had my financial fortunes not seemed (correctly or  
10 I didn't need to know it. Yet, once the question was asked, I've over the years taken an interest in the answers I've come up with—which is to say, dreamed up—much in the way I take interest in the progress of any piece of fiction I'm writing. This, after all, is what one does, or what I do anyway when I write fiction: pick out something far-fetched or at least previously unthought of by me, something I feel a kind of  
15 language-less yen for, and then see what I can dream up about it or around it that's interesting or amusing to myself in the hope that by making it make sense in words I'll make it interesting and important to someone else.

Plenty of writers for plenty of centuries have furrowed their brows over this question—where does it come from, all this stuff you write? An important part of  
20 Wordsworth's answer for instance was that “. . . good poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings”. And I've seen no reason I shouldn't just as well get my two cents' worth down on the chance I might actually get to or near the bottom of the whole subject and possibly help extinguish literature once and for all—since that seems to be where the enquiry tends: let's get writing explained and turned into a neat  
25 theorem, like a teasing problem in plasma physics, so we can forget about it and get back to watching *Seinfeld*. And failing that, I might at least say something witty or charming that could make a listener or a reader seek out the book I really do care about—the one I've just written and hope you'll love.

It may be that this investigation stays alive in America partly because of that  
30 principally American institution, the creative writing course—of which I am a bona fide graduate, and about which Europeans like to roll their eyes. The institution has many virtues—time to write being the most precious. But it also has several faults, one of which is the unproven good of constantly having like-minded colleagues around to talk to about what one is doing, as if companionship naturally improved one's  
35 important work just when one is doing it. How we do what we do and why we do it may just be a subject a certain kind of anxious person can't help tumbling to at a time in life when getting things written at all is a worry, and when one's body of work is small and not very distinguishable from one's private self, and when one comes to find that the actual thing one is writing is not a very riveting topic of conversation over  
40 drinks. Among dedicated novices, the large subject of provenance may be all we have in common and all that will pass for artily abstract speculation of a disinterested kind.

Clearly another socio-literary force which keeps the topic alive is that among many people who are not writers there's occasionally a flighty belief that writers are special people, vergers of some kind, in charge of an important interior any person would be  
45 wise to come close to as a way of sidling up to a potent life's essence. Questions about how, why, etc. become just genuflects before the medium. And writers, being generally undercharged in self-esteem and forever wanting more attention for their work, are often quite willing to become their work's exponent if not its actual avatar. I remember an anecdote about a male writer I know who, upon conducting an interested  
50 visitor to his desk overlooking the Pacific, is reported to have whispered as they tiptoed into the sacred, sun-shot room, "Well, here it is. This is where I make the magic."

Again, nothing's new here: just another instance of supposing an approach upon the writer will reveal the written thing more fully, more truly; or if not that then it's the old mistake of confusing the maker with the made thing—an object which may really  
55 have some magical pizazz about it, who knows?

Considering an actual set of mechanical connections that might have brought a piece of writing from nowhere, the "place" it resided before I'd written it, to its final condition as the book I hope you'll love, actually impresses upon me the romantic view that artistic invention is a kind of casual magic, one which can't be adequately  
60 explained the way, say, a train's arrival in Des Moines can nicely be accounted for by tracing the tracks and switches and sidings and tunnels all the way to its origin in Paducah.

You can—and scholars do—try to trace some apparent connections back from the finished work to the original blank mind and page and even to before that ("He used  
65 his father's name for the axe-murderer" . . . hmmm; "she suffered glaucoma just like the jilted sister who became a Carmelite nun, so how can you argue the whole damn story isn't about moral blindness?"). But of course such a procedure is famously unreliable and even sometimes downright impertinent, since in the first place (and there need not be a second) such investigations start at and take for granted the  
70 existence of Des Moines, whereas for the writer (and I mean soon to abandon this train business) Des Moines is not just a city but a word that has to be not merely found, but conjured from nothing. In fact the word may not even have been Des Moines to begin with—it may have been Abilene or Chagrin Falls—but became Des Moines because the writer inadvertently let Abilene slip his mind, or because Des Moines had that nice  
75 diphthong in it and looked neat and Frenchy on the page, whereas Abilene had those three clunky syllables, and there was already a dopey country song about it. Anyway, there are at least two Abilenes, one in Texas and another one in Kansas, which is confusing, and neither has rail service.

You can see what I mean: the true connections might never really be traceable  
80 because they exist only in that murky, silent but fecund interstellar night where impulse, free association, instinct and error reign. And even if I were faithfully to try explaining the etiological connections in a piece of writing I'd done, I still might lie about them, or I might just be wrong because I forgot. But in any case I'd finally have to make something up pretty much the way a scholar does—though not exactly like a  
85 writer does who, as I said before, always starts with nothing.

I remember once a complimentary reviewer of a book I'd written singling out for approval my choice of adjectives, which seemed to him surprising and expansive and of benefit to the story. One sentence he liked contained a phrase in which I'd referred to a

character's eyes as "old": "He looked on her in an old-eyed way." Naturally, I was  
90 pleased to have written something that somebody liked. Only, when I was not long  
afterward packing away manuscripts for the attic, my eyes happened to fall upon the  
page and the very commended phrase, "old-eyed", and to notice that somehow in the  
rounds of fatigued retyping that used to precede a writer's final sign-off on a book in  
the days before word processors, the original and rather dully hybridised "cold-eyed"  
95 had somehow lost its "c" and become "old-eyed", only nobody'd noticed since they  
both made a kind of sense.

This is my larger point writ, admittedly, small, and it calls to mind the joke about  
the man from Alabama who couldn't understand how a thermos could keep cold things  
cold and hot things always hot, and expressed his wonder in a phrase akin to the title of  
100 this very essay: "How do it know?"

Anyone who's ever written a novel or a story or a poem and had the occasion later to  
converse about it with an agitated or merely interested reader knows the pinchy feel  
that comes when the reader tries to nail down the connections linking the story to some  
supposed "source", either as a way of illuminating the procedures that transform life to  
105 shapely art, or else of just plain diminishing an act of creation to some problem of  
industrial design.

In my case, this enquiry often centres on the potent subject of children, and  
specifically writing about children, and more prosecutorily on how it is I can write  
about children to such and such effect without actually having or having had any  
110 myself. (My wife and I don't have any.)

It's frequently surprising to whomever I'm speaking to that I can write persuasively  
about children: although the surprise is often expressed not as pure delight but in a  
kind of blinkingly suspicious tone whose spirit is either that I do have children (in  
another county, maybe) and don't want to admit it, or else that somebody in a position  
115 of authority needs to come down and take a closer look at my little minor inventions to  
certify that they're really as finely and truly drawn as they seem.

Myself, I try to stay in happy spirits about such questioning. Some stranger, after  
all, has or seems to have read at least a part of some book I've written and been moved  
by it, and I'm always grateful for that. He or she could also as easily have been  
120 watching *Seinfeld*. And so mostly I just try to smile and chuckle and mumble-mutter  
something about having been a child once myself, and if that doesn't work I say  
something about there being children pretty much everywhere for the watchful to  
study, and that my Jamesian job, after all, is to be a good observer. And finally if that  
isn't enough I say that if it were so hard to write about children I of all people  
125 wouldn't be able to do it, since I'm no smarter than the next guy.

But the actual truth—the one I know to be true and that sustains my stories—is that  
even though I was once a child, and even though there are a God's own slew of bratty  
kids around to be studied like lab rats, and even though I'm clearly not the smartest  
man in the world, I still mostly write about children by making them up. I make them  
130 up out of language bits, out of my memories, out of stories in newspapers, out of  
overheard remarks made by my friends and their kids, out of this and out of that, and  
sometimes out of nothing at all but the pleasurable will to ascribe something that might  
be interesting to a child instead of to an adult or to a spaceman or a horse, after which a  
child, a fictive child, begins to take shape on the page as a willed, moral gesture toward



135 a reader. “All I want for Christmas is to know the difference between that and which,”  
said little Johnny, who was just ten years old but already beginning to need some firmer  
discipline.’ Behold: a child is born.

Occasionally if pushed or annoyed I’ll come right out and say it: I make these little  
beggars up, that’s what. So sue me. But an odd restraint almost always makes me  
140 revert to my prior explanations. Some delicacy in me simply doesn’t want to say,  
“They’re invented things, these characters, you can’t track them down like rabbits to  
their holes. They won’t be hiding there.” It’s as though arguing for invention and its  
fragile wondrous efficacy was indelicate, wasn’t quite nice. And even though arguing  
for it wouldn’t harm or taint invention’s marvels (we all know novels are made-up  
145 things; it’s part of our pleasure to keep such knowledge in our minds), still I always feel  
queasy doing it—not like a magician who reluctantly shows a rube how to pull a nickel  
out of his own ear, but more like a local parish priest who upon hearing a small but  
humiliating confession from a friend, lets the friend off easy just to move matters on to  
a higher ground.

150 Wallace Stevens wrote once that “in an age of disbelief . . . it is for the poet to  
supply the satisfactions of belief in his measure and his style”. And that takes in how I  
feel about invention—invented characters, invented landscapes, invented breaks of the  
heart and their subsequent repairs. I believe that there are important made-up things  
that resist precise tracing back, and that it’s a blessing there are, since our acceptance of  
155 them in literature (acting as a substitute for less acceptable beliefs) suggests that for  
every human problem, every insoluble, every cul-de-sac, every despair, there’s a chance  
we can conjure up an improvement—a Des Moines, where previously there was only a  
glum Abilene.

Frank Kermode wrote thirty years ago in his wonderful book *The Sense of an*  
160 *Ending* that, “It is not that we are connoisseurs of chaos, but that we are surrounded by  
it, and equipped for coexistence with it only by our fictive powers”. To my mind, not  
to believe in invention, in our fictive powers, to believe that all is traceable, that the  
rabbit must finally be in the hole waiting is (because it’s dead wrong) a certain recipe  
for the squalls of disappointment, and a small but needless reproach to mankind’s  
165 saving capacity to imagine what could be better and, with good hope then, to seek it.

## Question

“Where does writing come from?”

How effectively, in your view, does the writer explore the ideas raised by this question?

In your answer you should take account of his use of:

- personal experience and anecdote
- language and imagery
- sentence and paragraph structure
- the structure of the essay as a whole
- any other literary or rhetorical devices you consider to be important.

[Turn over

### 3. Poetry (*Page twenty-six*)

Read carefully the poem *The world is too much with us . . .* (1807) by William Wordsworth and then answer the question that follows it.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
5 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be  
10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus<sup>(1)</sup> rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton<sup>(2)</sup> blow his wreathèd horn.

<sup>(1)</sup> An ancient Greek sea god capable of taking many shapes.

<sup>(2)</sup> An ancient Greek sea god often depicted as trumpeting on a shell.

#### Question

Write a detailed critical analysis of this poem in which you make clear what you consider to be the significant features of its language and form.

#### 4. Drama (*Pages twenty-seven to thirty-six*)

The following extract is taken from the one-act play ***Walking Through Seaweed*** (1970) by Ian Hamilton Finlay.

The play presents a meeting between two girls of sixteen who have previously met casually at a dance.

The scene of the meeting is described as follows: “A city street of the 1960s, at dusk. Two teenage girls have sauntered up to look in a shop window. Three doors away is a café with a juke-box, its raucous or wistful pop songs carrying faintly into the street. Music: any wistful pop song.”

The characters are identified only as **FIRST GIRL** and **SECOND GIRL**.

Read the extract carefully and then answer the question that follows it (*Page thirty-six*).

FIRST GIRL: I like rock-'n'-roll and jiving.

SECOND GIRL: I like that too – it's lovely.

FIRST GIRL: Everyone goes jiving.

SECOND GIRL: Yep. [*Pause.*] You got a boy friend?

5 FIRST GIRL: Yep. I got lots of them.

SECOND GIRL: You got lots of boy friends?

FIRST GIRL: Yep.

SECOND GIRL: What d'you do with them?

FIRST GIRL: Not much . . . Go jiving.

10 SECOND GIRL: That all?

FIRST GIRL: Go to the pictures.

SECOND GIRL: That all?

FIRST GIRL: What else?—Go jiving, go to the pictures. Play the juke-box in a café. What else?

15 SECOND GIRL: I got a boy friend.

FIRST GIRL: Have you?

SECOND GIRL: Yep. I got a boy friend. And he's sort of special. I mean – I mean I've just the one special boy friend – and do you know what he and I do?

20 FIRST GIRL: No.

SECOND GIRL: Well, guess – go on. Remember about – about the seaweed, and—. Remember he's my special boy friend . . . Now you try and guess what he and I do . . .

FIRST GIRL: Go to the pictures?

25 SECOND GIRL: No.

FIRST GIRL: Go jiving?

SECOND GIRL: No.

FIRST GIRL: If you had enough money, you could go jiving – or something – every night.

30 SECOND GIRL: Oh, he and I got plenty money. He and I are *loaded*.—But we don't go jiving.

FIRST GIRL: No? Can't he jive then?

SECOND GIRL: Yep. But he doesn't want to.—He ain't like an ordinary boy. He's special.

35 FIRST GIRL: All the boys nowadays go jiving.

SECOND GIRL: You're supposed to be guessing what he and I do . . .

FIRST GIRL: No pictures . . . No jiving . . . I suppose you go in a café and play the juke-box . . .

SECOND GIRL: No. We never play a juke-box.

40 FIRST GIRL: Sounds like your boy must be a square.

SECOND GIRL: No, he ain't a square.

FIRST GIRL: Well, what d'you do? You'll have to tell me.

SECOND GIRL: Me and my boy friend – I told you he's special – *we go walking through seaweed*.

45 FIRST GIRL: You don't!

SECOND GIRL: But we do.—We go – in his car – down to where the sea is, and then – then we take off our shoes . . . and we walk through the seaweed . . . it's ever so lovely!

FIRST GIRL: You must be crackers – you and your boy friend.

50 SECOND GIRL: We are not crackers. He's a very nice boy. [*Pause.*] And while we're walking along through the seaweed – he's ever such a nice boy – he takes hold of my hand . . .

FIRST GIRL: What does he do?

SECOND GIRL: When we're walking?

55 FIRST GIRL: No, what does he *do*? What does he work at?

SECOND GIRL: He's – he's in advertising.

FIRST GIRL: What's his name?

SECOND GIRL: His first name's Paul.

FIRST GIRL: You ain't just making all of this up, are you?

60 SECOND GIRL: How'd I be making it up? I told you his name, didn't I – Paul. His name is Paul and he's ever so handsome . . . He has nice dark hair and he's . . . kind of smooth . . .

FIRST GIRL: It doesn't sound to me like a nice, smooth, handsome boy that's in advertising – a kind of a boy like this Paul – would want to go walking through a lot of seaweed . . .

65 SECOND GIRL: I beg your pardon, but he *does*. Let me tell you – he wouldn't *mind* getting bit by a crab. [*Pause*] The fact is, he's *fond* of crabs.

FIRST GIRL: Is he?

70 SECOND GIRL: And we never do get bit.

FIRST GIRL: What kind of seaweed is that seaweed?

SECOND GIRL: Well, I'll tell you . . . We walk through every kind of seaweed – the liquorice stuff – and also the other poppy kind . . . And as we walk, we hold hands.

75 FIRST GIRL: It sounds square to me.

SECOND GIRL: Well, it isn't.—We could take you along with us one day . . . You could come along with me and Paul, and we could all three of us go walking in the seaweed . . .

FIRST GIRL: I think your Paul must be bats.

80 SECOND GIRL: He is *not* bats. He's a very sensible boy. He only sometimes gets fed-up of being in – the office . . . He gets tired of – the office – and on Saturdays – he wants a change . . . He gets sick-fed-up-to-the-teeth with that old office . . . So we go and walk through seaweed . . .

85 FIRST GIRL: Where d'you work yourself?

SECOND GIRL: In a factory.

FIRST GIRL: How come you happened to meet this Paul fellow who's so handsome and works in advertising?

SECOND GIRL: You sound like you don't believe me.

90 FIRST GIRL: I'm only asking – how come you met him?

SECOND GIRL: We met . . . at a dance. [*Pause*] You know – like me and you did. [*Pause*] I suppose you weren't seeing your boy friends that night?

FIRST GIRL: No.

95 SECOND GIRL: Sometimes . . . you feel like being more on your own . . . Yep . . .

FIRST GIRL: I never met any handsome smooth fellows – out of advertising – at a dance . . .

SECOND GIRL: Well, maybe you will . . .

FIRST GIRL: I never even *saw* any fellows who looked like that . . .

100 SECOND GIRL: Well, it's just your luck.—And then Paul and I have the same tastes . . .

FIRST GIRL: Yep. You both like walking through that seaweed . . .

SECOND GIRL: Yep. That's our favourite thing. [*Pause.*] Don't you ever get fed-up with going to the pictures? Don't you ever get sick-fed-up-to-the-teeth with just ordinary boys? And work? And all that . . . ?

105 FIRST GIRL: I dunno. I don't think about it.

SECOND GIRL: Where d'you work?

FIRST GIRL: In a factory.

110 SECOND GIRL: Same as me.

FIRST GIRL: Yep. Same as you. But I never met – at a dance – any handsome fellow out of advertising. I *read* of them in magazines. I read of *lots* of them in that magazine my Mum gets . . . Tall, dark and smooth . . . And come to think of it, *their* name was Paul.

115 SECOND GIRL: Paul is a very common name in advertising.

FIRST GIRL: Yep. But I never met one *real* such fellow . . .

SECOND GIRL: Maybe you will, though . . . someday.

FIRST GIRL: Maybe. Yep. [*Pause.*] I only hope if I do he don't have a taste for walking through seaweed . . .

120 SECOND GIRL: You have to walk through seaweed sometimes – if you want to get down to where the sea is . . .

FIRST GIRL: Who wants to get to the sea?

SECOND GIRL: I do sometimes. I like it. [*Pause.*] It ain't like a factory – the sea. It's big – and it's deep, and—. Well, I dunno. But I like the sea.

125 FIRST GIRL: You're a queer one, you are.

SECOND GIRL: What's the name of *your* boy friend?

FIRST GIRL: I already told you – I ain't got just *one* boy friend. I got lots of boy friends. I got hundreds.

130 SECOND GIRL: Who?

FIRST GIRL: I can't remember their names off-hand . . .

SECOND GIRL: Are they Beats?

FIRST GIRL: No they ain't.

SECOND GIRL: Do you think I'm a Beat – a Beat girl?

135 FIRST GIRL: Yep. The things you say – you must be a Beat. Though – well, you ain't *dressed* like a Beat. But walking in seaweed – *that's* sort of a Beat thing . . .

SECOND GIRL: My Paul walks through seaweed. And he ain't a Beat – he's an advertising man.

140 FIRST GIRL: What do they do in them places?

SECOND GIRL: Advertising places?

FIRST GIRL: Yep. Advertising places. What do they do there?

SECOND GIRL: Well, I dunno . . . I suppose . . . Well, they sort of – advertise things . . .

145 FIRST GIRL: What does *he* do?

SECOND GIRL: Paul?

FIRST GIRL: Yep. What does Paul do in that advertising place?

SECOND GIRL: He.—Well, he never talks much about it. You don't think of – of work when you're walking in the seaweed, see? You feel

150 *romantic*.

FIRST GIRL: All the same you must know what he *does*.

SECOND GIRL: Well, as a matter of fact I do know. What he does is – is – is go to conferences.

FIRST GIRL: Conferences?

155 SECOND GIRL: Yep.

FIRST GIRL: I read about them conferences in my Mum's magazine . . .

SECOND GIRL: Uh-huh.

FIRST GIRL: It seems like advertising's *all* conferences. There's this boy – the one called Paul, you know – the one who's sort of smooth, and dark, and handsome – and what he does is, go to conferences.

160

SECOND GIRL: Uh-huh. Well, that's like Paul. Paul goes to conferences.

FIRST GIRL: Then, after the conferences – when they've knocked off advertising – then this boy Paul – this handsome smoothy – he goes and meets his girl and they go to a rest-ur-ant. They sit and eat lobsters and maybe he's *too* smooth.

165

SECOND GIRL: My Paul isn't too smooth.

FIRST GIRL: Maybe. But what about the other one?

SECOND GIRL: I ain't *got* another one.

170 FIRST GIRL: Oh ain't you? Come off it . . .

SECOND GIRL: But I *told* you – we're special.

FIRST GIRL: What about the one with ginger hair and a snub nose. The engineer.

**[Turn over**

SECOND GIRL: I don't *know* any engineers.

175 FIRST GIRL: I bet *he* wouldn't walk through seaweed though. I bet the ginger one with the snub nose spends *his* Saturdays at a football match.

SECOND GIRL: I don't love *him*. I love Paul.

FIRST GIRL: You don't care about the engineer, eh?

180 SECOND GIRL: No. If you want to know, I can't stand him.—All he *ever* wants to do is – go and jive.

FIRST GIRL: That's what I said. He does the same things like everyone else does.

SECOND GIRL: But Paul – he's different.

185 FIRST GIRL: Yep. He's different. You're telling me he is! Any boy who spends his Saturdays just walking through seaweed is different. He's a head-case. [*Pause.*] Ain't you even *scared* of what might be in it? Ain't you scared of all them crabs and things?

SECOND GIRL: No. I'm more scared of every day.

190 FIRST GIRL: What?

SECOND GIRL: Every day. The factory, and all that.—Just working and—. [*Pause.*] You know, when we've walked all through the seaweed—that kind like liquorice and the other poppy kind – when we've walked all the way through the seaweed, hand in hand—.

195 FIRST GIRL: I thought *you* said you walked with your arms held up.

SECOND GIRL: That's right. Like a tight-rope-lady.

FIRST GIRL: Then how come you can hold hands?

SECOND GIRL: Oh, when Paul and I are walking through the seaweed – we only hold up our *outside* hands.

200 FIRST GIRL: Then how d'you carry your shoes and socks?

SECOND GIRL: What?

FIRST GIRL: If the two of you's holding hands and you're holding up your hands like the telly-tight-rope-lady – you only got *two* hands – how d'you carry your shoes and socks? Eh?

205 SECOND GIRL: Well — well, what d'you think? We left them up where the car is. See?

FIRST GIRL: Oh? [*Pause.*] One of these days you and Paul – you're going to be *sorry* for walking through seaweed.

SECOND GIRL: Why?

210 FIRST GIRL: You're going to get bit. That's why.



SECOND GIRL: We never get bit. But we just *might* though. That's what's nice about walking through seaweed – that you might get bit . . . just a *little* . . . [*Pause.*] Them crabs don't scare *me*. I ain't scared of crabs. They're kind of on *our* side.

215 FIRST GIRL: What? Whose side?

SECOND GIRL: Me and Paul's side.

FIRST GIRL: No one's on your side. Except you.

SECOND GIRL: Yes they are. The crabs are. All wee things like crabs and – and wee things like that – they *like* me and Paul. [*Pause.*] Do you  
220 tell all of them boy friends things?

FIRST GIRL: No. They're just boy friends.

SECOND GIRL: I always tell my Paul *lots* of things.

FIRST GIRL: Do you?

SECOND GIRL: Yep. He's special. I tell him everything.

225 FIRST GIRL: I can picture it.

SECOND GIRL: What?

FIRST GIRL: You and him – walking in seaweed.—The pair of you standing, walking – right up over the ankles too – in all that seaweed.—All of them crabs ready to bite you – and you and him just standing  
230 there telling things . . .

SECOND GIRL: Well, I always feel like telling things there in the seaweed. [*Pause.*] And then – like I was saying to you – when we've walked right through it – all through the seaweed – and us holding hands too – holding our hands and telling our secret  
235 things—.

FIRST GIRL: What sort of secret things?

SECOND GIRL: Like you tell yourself in bed at night . . .

FIRST GIRL: When I'm in bed at night I go to sleep. If we had the telly I'd sit up later though. Everyone round us has the telly. Only *we*  
240 ain't. You feel right out of it.

SECOND GIRL: You can come round some night and see our telly.

FIRST GIRL: That ain't the same as if it was your *own* telly.

SECOND GIRL: No . . . Well, I was saying – when we've walked all through the seaweed . . .

245 FIRST GIRL: Yep?

SECOND GIRL: Then me and Paul – he's a real smooth fellow – we come to where the sea is . . .

FIRST GIRL: Yep?

SECOND GIRL: Ain't you listening? We come to the sea.

**[Turn over**

250 FIRST GIRL: I'm listening. [*Pause.*] I like those records too . . . All we got at home's an old wireless . . . My other sister – she's got a radiogram.

SECOND GIRL: We come to the sea and – it's ever so beautiful.

FIRST GIRL: Some of them's beautiful. I like the cheery ones.

255 SECOND GIRL: I ain't talking about those records on the old juke-box – I'm telling you about Paul and me: we come to *the sea*.

FIRST GIRL: Well, the sea ain't *much* – in my opinion. I don't care *that* much about the sea that I'd risk my life – and spoil my shoes maybe – just walking through a lot of seaweed, all full of crabs and things, to get to it. [*Pause.*] You could get bit like that. It just ain't nice.

260 SECOND GIRL: What ain't nice?

FIRST GIRL: Ain't I telling you? – Seaweed ain't nice. And the sea ain't nice. And having no telly ain't. I wouldn't put a *toe* in that seaweed . . .

265 SECOND GIRL: But it's – beautiful – the sea.

FIRST GIRL: Yep. I seen it.

SECOND GIRL: Did you ever dream of it?

FIRST GIRL: I don't have dreams.—Only once I dreamed we'd a telly . . .

SECOND GIRL: Yep.

270 FIRST GIRL: A great big telly with a screen as big as the screen in a picture-house. Not one of them wee old-fashioned picture-houses screens . . . . A big screen, about a hundred yards across . . .

SECOND GIRL: Yep?

FIRST GIRL: With a plastic-plated cabinet.

275 SECOND GIRL: I ain't never dreamed of a telly set . . .

FIRST GIRL: Another time I had a dream of a radiogram – and once I dreamed I was married to a disc-jockey.

SECOND GIRL: Well, there you are. You *do* have dreams.

FIRST GIRL: Yep. Well . . . Maybe . . .

280 SECOND GIRL: I dreamed – I dreamed of the sea once. . . . It was all – kind of dark – and – it was all big and dark – and—. Well, it was – beautiful!

FIRST GIRL: It was a beautiful radiogram in my dream. It was kind of Hi-Fi Stereoscopic. Posh! You didn't even have to press the button.

285 SECOND GIRL: Yep? You know what the sea was like in my dream?

FIRST GIRL: It was Hi-Fi Stereoscopic – with *five* extra loudspeakers.

SECOND GIRL: It was just kind of like *home* – it was just kind of like what a *real home* is . . .

290 FIRST GIRL: What?

SECOND GIRL: I said – the sea in my dream – it was all big and dark and – just like home!

FIRST GIRL: You talk like a funny picture I saw.

SECOND GIRL: I could have stayed there by it – forever!

295 FIRST GIRL: It made me want to giggle. *Everyone* giggled.

SECOND GIRL: But my Mum came and waked me up.

FIRST GIRL: What?

SECOND GIRL: I had to wake up – out of my dream.

FIRST GIRL: I wonder why I dreamed of a great big radiogram?

300 SECOND GIRL: I suppose you'd like to *have* a great big radiogram.

FIRST GIRL: Yep.

SECOND GIRL: Maybe you could come with us down to the sea. Or – well, if Paul had to work some Saturday – if he got asked to do overtime – at advertising – we could go there . . . just the two of us.

305

FIRST GIRL: And walk through that seaweed—!?

SECOND GIRL: I could hold your hand – like Paul holds my hand –.

FIRST GIRL: You ain't like a magazine fellow that would make me feel all right about that seaweed . . .

310 SECOND GIRL: I'd hold it tight.—Ever so tight. [*Pause.*] You and I – we could hold hands – we could go walking – like dancers – like on a tight-rope – all down through all that seaweed – and we'd tell each other things – all our secret things.—Yep, you and me – we could walk through the seaweed – all the way – right to the sea!

315 [*Pause.*] You got to walk through seaweed or – or you don't get anywhere. And seaweed – it's full of crabs and things . . . But you got to walk through it – hand in hand – with some other person – because it's lovely too – you got to walk – like a dancer – like two dancers – all through the seaweed – right to the sea . . . !

320

FIRST GIRL: All my life I kept out of seaweed. I stayed away from seaweed. It ain't well – nice stuff. You can go and walk in all that seaweed – you can go if you want to – but not with *me!* [*Pause.*] Let's go in the café now. [*Pause.*] I like that one that's on the juke-box. Though it's kind of sad . . . Come on, let's go . . .

325

**[Turn over**

SECOND GIRL:      Yep. Let's go in the café and play the juke-box.—Maybe some of all of them boy friends of yours will be in the café – perhaps.

*[The music grows louder. It is a record – something like – Bobby Darin's "Beyond The Sea"]*

330

Somewhere . . .  
Beyond the sea . . .

*[The two girls saunter off as the music grows still louder – then slowly fades]*

### **Question**

Make a detailed study of the ways in which Ian Hamilton Finlay explores the relationship that develops between the two girls.

In your answer you should pay close attention to:

- setting in time and place
- language and dialogue
- the significance of “walking through seaweed”
- the tone of the closing lines.

## Section 4—Reading the Media

You must answer **one question only** in this section.

Unless otherwise indicated, your answer must take the form of a **critical essay** appropriately structured to meet the demands of your selected question.

### Category A—Film

1. *“Stars are symbols: they embody the accepted values of the society of their time.”*

How far do you agree?

In your answer you should refer to the contribution of the “star” or “stars” to **one or more than one** film you have studied.

2. Show how, in **one or more than one** film you have studied, the conventions of a particular genre have been reworked or re-presented for a contemporary audience.

### Category B—Television

3. Discuss how effectively any **one** television drama you have studied—soap, serial, series or single play—exploits the potential of its particular genre.
4. *“Television is becoming a domestic comforter, no longer watched with concentration or attended to closely.”*

How far, in your view, does the changing relationship between television and its audience affect the ways in which serious events or issues are presented in news or current affairs programmes?

You should support your answer with evidence drawn from **a range** of programmes you have studied.

### Category C—Radio

5. *“Radio is a solitary medium to which we listen alone—but it is one of the best cures for solitude, providing a convincing illusion of company.”*

Discuss some of the means by which radio creates a relationship of familiarity with its listeners. You may wish to consider such aspects as programme content, mode of address, channel identity.

6. How effectively does any **one** radio drama you have studied—soap, serial, series or single play—exploit the potential of sound **and** of silence?

### Category D—Print journalism

7. What is it about the form, content and ideology of any **one** newspaper you have studied that makes it essential to its target audience?
8. For this question you are provided with two news stories—from *The Independent* of 16 March 2007 and *The Observer* of 18 March 2007.

Analyse the images and written text employed by each newspaper and evaluate their effectiveness in conveying their views on global warming and climate change.

# Collapse of Arctic sea ice 'has reached tipping-point'

By Steve Connor  
Science Editor

A catastrophic collapse of the Arctic sea ice could lead to radical climate changes in the northern hemisphere according to scientists who warn that the rapid melting is at a "tipping point" beyond which it may not recover.

The scientists attribute the loss of some 38,000 square miles of sea ice – an area the size of Alaska – to rising levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere as well as to natural variability in Arctic ice.

Ever since satellite measurements of the Arctic sea ice began in 1979, the surface area covered by summer sea ice has retreated from the long-term average. This has increased the rate of coastal erosion from Alaska to Siberia and caused problems for polar bears, which rely on sea ice for hunting seals.

However, in recent years the rate of melting has accelerated and the sea ice is showing signs of not recovering even during the cold, dark months of the Arctic

winter. This has led to even less sea ice at the start of the summer melting season.

Mark Serreze, a senior glaciologist at the University of Colorado at Boulder, said the world was heading towards a situation where the Arctic will soon be almost totally ice-free during summer, which could have a dramatic impact on weather patterns across the northern hemisphere.

"When the ice thins to a vulnerable state, the bottom will drop out and we may quickly move into a new, seasonally ice-free state of the Arctic," Dr Serreze said.

"I think there is some evidence that we may have reached that tipping point, and the impacts will not be confined to the Arctic region," he said.

Some studies have linked the loss of sea ice in the Arctic to changes in atmospheric weather patterns that influence such things as rainfall in southern and western Europe and the amount of snow in the Rocky Mountains of the

American Midwest. The Arctic is one of the fastest warming regions on Earth and scientists fear that temperatures could rise even faster once sea ice melts to expose dark ocean, which absorbs heat more easily without its reflective cap of ice.

"While the Arctic is losing a great deal of ice in the summer months, it now seems that it also is regenerating less ice in the winter. With this increasing vulnerability, a kick to the system just from natural climate fluctuations could send it into a tailspin," Dr Serreze said.

During the late 1980s and early 1990s, changing wind patterns flushed much of the thick sea ice out of the Arctic Ocean and into the Northern Atlantic, where it drifted south and melted away.

A thinner layer of young ice formed in its place, which more readily melts during the warmer, summer months – leading to the appearance of a greater area of open water that absorbs sunlight and heat. The summer sea ice reached an all-time minimum in



The collapse of summer sea ice has already affected the polar bear, which relies on it for hunting seals.

JONATHAN HAYWARD/AP/CP

September 2005, with September 2006 the second lowest.

"This ice-flushing even could be a small-scale analogue of the sort of kick that could invoke rapid collapse, or it could have been the kick itself. At this point, I don't think we really know,"

Dr Serreze said. Julienne Stroeve from the US National Snow and Ice Data Centre in Colorado said that the winter sea ice failed again this year to recover fully.

"The freeze-up this year was again delayed, and ice extents forecasts even predict an ice-free summer by 2040. from October through to December set new record lows during the satellite era," she said.

Computer models suggest that summer sea ice could disappear altogether by 2080. Some 200 years for extra heat from the ocean to reach the underside of the glaciers, which makes it difficult to believe that the present shrinkage is due to global warming, Dr Wingham said.

the glaciers into the sea is being aided by melting at their base, lubricating their movement into the ocean.

In a study in the journal *Science*, Dr Wingham and colleague Andrew Shepherd of Edinburgh University found that the Greenland and Antarctic ice sheets have together contributed a sea level rise of 0.35mm a year

## Ocean heat blamed for the mysterious disappearance of glaciers

By Steve Connor

A mysterious phenomenon is causing four major glaciers in the Antarctic to shrink in unison, causing a significant increase in sea levels, scientists have found.

The rise in atmospheric temperatures caused by global warming cannot account for the relatively rapid movement of the

glaciers into the sea, but scientists suspect that warmer oceans may be playing a role.

"There is a possibility that heat from the ocean is somehow flowing in underneath these glaciers, but it is not related to global warming," said glaciologist Duncan Wingham of University College London. "Something has changed that is causing these

glaciers to shrink. At this rate the glaciers will all be afloat in 150 years or so."

Satellite measurements have shown that the Antarctic glaciers are retreating in a uniform manner, suggesting a common cause. Air temperatures over Antarctica are much too cold for any significant surface melting, which suggests that the flow of

over the past decade – about 12 per cent of the current global trend.

# The Observer

## Don't exaggerate climate dangers, scientists warn

Hollywood and the media are 'appealing to fear' and confusing the public say experts on global warming

By Juliette Jowit

LEADING CLIMATE change experts have warned of the 'Hollywoodisation' of global warning and criticised American scientists for exaggerating the message of global warming.

Professors Paul Hardaker and Chris Collier of the Royal Meteorological Society said scientists, campaign groups, politicians and the media were all guilty of making out that catastrophic events were more likely to happen when this could not be proved by scientists.

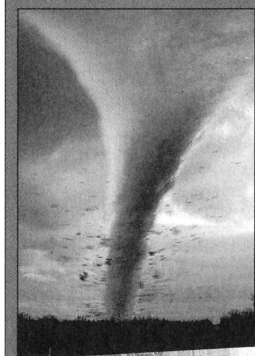
They also criticised the tendency to say individual extreme events – such as the Birmingham typhoon and the Boscastle floods – were certain evidence of climate change.

They singled out for criticism a report last month by the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which said intensification of droughts, heatwaves, floods, wildfires and storms were 'early warning signs of even more devastating damage to come'.

'It's certainly a very strong statement,' said Collier. 'To make the blanket assumption that all extreme weather events are increasing is a bit too early yet.'

Reporting of the recent report by the United Nations International Panel on Climate Change by the media was also criticised, especially the use of words not in the report such as 'catastrophic', 'shocking', 'terrifying' and 'devastating'.

'Campaigners, media and some scientists seem to be appealing to fear in order to generate a sense of urgency' said Professor Mike Hulme, director of the Tyndall Centre for Climate Change Research at the University of East Anglia and a contributor to yesterday's report. 'If they want to engage the public in responding to climate change, this is unreliable at best and counter-productive at worst.'



Above, a tornado and the Boscastle flood. Left, disaster movie *The Day After Tomorrow*. Right, Oscar winner Al Gore. Getty

The report by Hardaker, Collier and other climate experts, 'Making Sense of the Weather and Climate', was launched at a conference in Oxford organised by the charity Sense About Science.

The authors said they firmly believe global warming is happening and man-made emissions of greenhouse gases are partly to blame.

Some scientists also acknowledged that dramatic warnings about climate change had helped generate public debate and support for action to reduce the threat. But Hardaker warned that exaggeration of the problems made the public confused and made it easier for sceptics to argue that the scientists were wrong.

An example of a low probability event given too much weight was the risk of the Gulf Stream, which keeps the North Atlantic relatively warm, 'switching off' and plunging the region into an ice age – the scenario dramatised by the Hollywood film *The Day after Tomorrow*, which also came in for criticism for exaggerating that problem.

As a result scientists had to be more honest about the uncertainties surrounding climate change prediction to avoid losing public trust, said Hardaker.

'Once you begin to exaggerate the science in either direction the debate gets out of control,' he said.

Their comments were backed today by other leading figures in the debate. Dr Peter Scott, manager of understanding and attributing climate change at the Hadley Centre for Climate Change, said he believes scientists have to make it clear there is a long way to go until we know how bad climate change will be.

He said: 'There is a lot more research to do to understand about exactly what effects it's going to have in the future.'

He said that while he welcomed a growing public awareness about the dangers brought about by films and deadlines, informed debate was vital.

'I think it is important that having said there is a problem, it would be unfortunate if people got the impression that there's nothing we can do about it because there is a lot we can do to change the future of climate change,' he said.

Al Gore, who has been praised for his Oscar-winning environmental film *An Inconvenient Truth* has also attracted criticism from scientists. 'I don't want to pick on Al Gore,' Don J Easterbrook, an emeritus professor of geology at Western Washington University, told hundreds of experts at the annual meeting of the Geological Society of America. 'But there are a lot of inaccuracies in the statements we are seeing, and we have to

### WEATHER WORRIES

**Claim:** More frequent El Ninos  
**Reality:** El Nino is a warming of the tropical Pacific Ocean that occurs every three to seven years. The cause of El Nino is not fully understood

but its frequency is not linked to global warming and it has been documented since the 16th century.

**Claim:** Extreme weather events like the one-in-400-years floods in Boscastle in 2004 are happening more and more frequently.

**Reality:** It can sound alarming to know that a major flood such as this may happen two years running, but that translates into a 0.25 per cent chance of a flood happening in any one year; the chance remains the same whatever happened in the previous 12 months.

**Claim:** The disappearing snows of Kilimanjaro are due to global warming.

**Reality:** This may not have much to do with man's activities. It appears to have begun in the 1880s and the most likely explanation seems to be the change to drier conditions in East Africa.

There is little evidence that the retreating glaciers can be blamed on rising temperatures and hence on human activity.

Source: Sense about Science charitable trust

temper that with real data.'

Gore, in an email exchange about the critics, said his work made 'the most important and salient points' about climate change, if not 'some nuances and distinctions'. 'The degree of scientific consensus on global warming has never been stronger,' he said, adding. 'I am trying to communicate the essence of it in the lay language that I understand.'

## Category E—Advertising

9. “While advertisements convey messages about particular products, services or brands, they also convey messages about society, gender, lifestyle and values.”

How far do you agree?

In your answer to Question 9, you may refer to the advertisements provided for Question 10, but your answer **must** also include references to **other** advertisements or advertising campaigns.

10. For this question, you are provided with two advertisements—published in *The Times* and *The Sunday Times* in May 2005.

**NB These advertisements are provided separately as colour inserts.**

Make a detailed analysis of these two advertisements, examining carefully:

- the construction of the image in each advertisement
- the cultural codes which establish the representation of the adults and the children
- the written codes—caption and copy
- the gender stereotyping
- the implied values.

[END OF QUESTION PAPER]

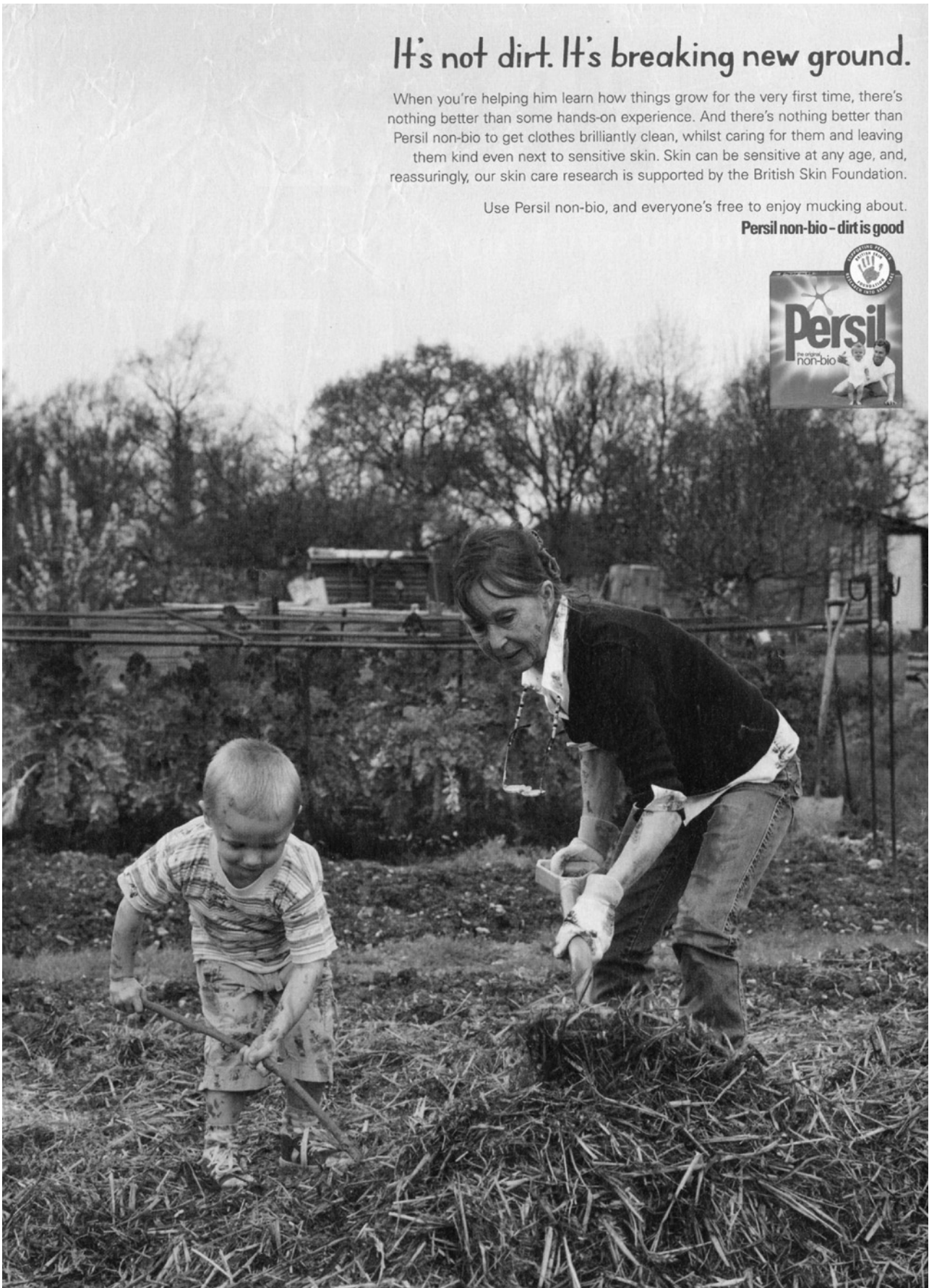


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