



**Cambridge
Assessment**

GCSE

English Literature

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OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE: SET BOOKS

1501/11

PAPER 11 List 1 (FOUNDATION TIER)

Monday

22 MAY 2000

Morning

2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials: (All texts permitted in examination room.)
Answer booklet.

TIME 2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer:

one question from Section A – Drama.

one question from Section B – Prose.

one question from Section C – Poetry.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each question is worth 22 marks.

You will be awarded marks for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar.

This is worth 3 extra marks for the whole paper.

This question paper consists of 37 printed pages and 7 blank pages.

UCLES

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(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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SECTION C – Poetry

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

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UCLES

SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Drama		
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	6–7	1–3
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SHELAGH DELANEY: <i>A Taste of Honey</i>	16–17	16–18

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

- 1 PORTIA
Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?
- SHYLOCK
I have them ready.
- PORTIA
Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
- SHYLOCK
Is it so nominated in the bond?
- PORTIA
It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
- SHYLOCK
I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
- PORTIA
(*To ANTONIO*) You merchant, have you anything to say?
- ANTONIO
But little. I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well,
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end.
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.
- BASSANIO
Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself,
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
- PORTIA
Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice* (contd)

GRATIANO

I have a wife who I protest I love –
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK (*Aside*)

These be the Christian husbands! I have a
daughter –
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
(*Aloud*) We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge!

PORTIA

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Either 1 What makes this such a dramatic scene?

You should consider:

- the feelings and attitudes of Antonio and Shylock
- the effect of Portia and Nerissa being in disguise
- the ways in which the suspense is built up.

Or 2 Sometimes you might sympathise with Shylock, sometimes you might not. Show why, by exploring **two** different moments in the play.

Or 3 You are Jessica, waiting for Lorenzo to arrive in Act Two Scene Six.

You might be thinking about:

- your life with your father and your feelings about him
- the plan to run away and your reasons for this
- your feelings for Lorenzo and about the future.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL: *Billy Liar*

- 4 BILLY. Darling... [*Taking her hand*] You will always love me, won't you?

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KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL: *Billy Liar* (contd)

Passage removed due to third party copyright restrictions

RITA. Don't come that tale with me. I said I didn't want to live in a rotten cottage in Devon—that's all.

Either 4 What makes this such a lively scene?

You should consider:

- the behaviour of Barbara and Rita
 - the way Billy treats Barbara and Rita
 - the way problems are building up for Billy and how he deals with them in this scene.
-

Or 5 Why do you think Billy finds it so difficult to get on with his parents?

Explore **two** or **three** moments from the play which you feel show his difficulties most clearly.

Or 6 You are Liz at the end of the play, after Billy has missed the train to London.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion*

- 7 LIZA. (*to Pickering, taking no apparent notice of Higgins, and working away deftly*). Will you drop me altogether now that the experiment is over. Colonel Pickering?

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BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion* (contd)

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HIGGINS [*with a crow of triumph*] Aha! Just so. A-a-a-ahowoh! A-a-a-ahowoh! A-a-a-ahowoh! Victory! Victory! [*He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly*].

Either 7 What are your impressions of Eliza in this scene?

You should consider:

- her relationship with Pickering and Higgins
- how she has changed since the beginning of the play.

Or 8 What is your reaction to Alfred Doolittle?

You should consider:

- what he is like
- how Higgins reacts to him
- his relationship with Eliza.

Or 9 You are Eliza near the end of Act Four, after you have argued with Higgins. You decide to leave Wimpole Street.

Write your thoughts and feelings about:

- Higgins and his treatment of you after the ball
- your future.

J B PRIESTLEY: *When We Are Married*

- 10 RUBY (*appearing, importantly*): The Rever-ent Clem-ent Mer-cer!
All three wives look startled, as MERCER, a large grave clergyman, enters, and RUBY

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J B PRIESTLEY: *When We Are Married* (contd)

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PARKER (*vehemently*): Spent more on *her*? I've never set eyes on her before. *Who is she?*

Either 10 In what ways does Priestley make this extract so entertaining?

You should consider:

- the impact of Reverend Mercer's arrival
 - Lottie's behaviour.
-

Or 11 What do you think makes Albert Parker such an amusing character?

You should consider:

- his relationship with Annie
- his behaviour towards other characters in the play
- how and why he changes at the end of the play.

Or 12 You are Clara Soppitt at the end of the play.

You might be thinking about:

- finding out you weren't married
- Lottie's arrival in the scene.

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

- 13 From above, ELIZABETH is heard softly singing to the children. Presently the door opens and JOHN PROCTOR enters, carrying his gun. He glances about the room as he comes toward the fireplace, then

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible* (contd)

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I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.

PROCTOR [*thinking beyond this*]: Aye, it is, it is surely.

Either 13 What are your impressions of John and Elizabeth Proctor and of their relationship in this scene?

You should consider:

- what their words reveal of their feelings for each other and their life together
- what the stage directions add to your understanding of their relationship.

Or 14 Choose the **two** moments in the play which make you feel most angry at the unfairness of the witch-hunt in Salem.

Explore how these moments produce this angry reaction in you.

Or 15 You are John Proctor at the end of Act Two after Elizabeth has been arrested.

You might be thinking about:

- your wife and children
- Abigail Williams
- Mary Warren.

Write your thoughts.

SHELAGH DELANEY: *A Taste of Honey*

- 16 JO: Oh shut up, Helen. Have a look in that paper and see what's on at the pictures tomorrow night.

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SHELAGH DELANEY: *A Taste of Honey* (contd)

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JO: You don't look forty. You look a sort of well-preserved sixty.

Either 16 What do you think this scene reveals about the relationship between Helen and Jo?
Remember to support your ideas with reference to details from the scene.

Or 17 What are the differences between Peter and Geoff?

You should consider:

- their characters
- their relationship with Helen
- their relationship with Jo.

Or 18 You are directing a production of *A Taste of Honey*.

What advice would you give the person playing **Helen** about:

- appearance and costume
- Helen's relationship with Jo
- Helen's most important moments in the play?

UCLES

SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose published before 1900		
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Withered Arm and other Wessex Tales</i>	20–21	19–21
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	22–23	22–24
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: <i>Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	24–25	25–27
MARK TWAIN: <i>Huckleberry Finn</i>	26–27	28–30
Prose published since 1900		
ROBERT SWINDELLS: <i>Daz 4 Zoe</i>	28–29	31–33
SUSAN HILL: <i>The Mist in the Mirror</i>	30–31	34–36
EDITH WHARTON: <i>Ethan Frome</i>	32–33	37–39
STAN BARSTOW: <i>A Kind of Loving</i>	34–35	40–42

The Son's Veto

19 Throughout these changes Sophy had been treated like the child she was in nature though not in years. She was left with no control over anything that had been her husband's beyond her modest personal income. In his anxiety lest her inexperience should be over-reached he had safeguarded with trustees all he possibly could. The completion of the boy's course at the public school, to be followed in due time by Oxford and ordination, had been all provisioned and arranged, and she really had nothing to occupy her in the world but to eat and drink, and make a business of indolence, and go on weaving and coiling the nut-brown hair, merely keeping a home open for the son whenever he came to her during vacations.

Foreseeing his probable decease long years before her, her husband in his lifetime had purchased for her use a semi-detached villa in the same long, straight road whereon the church and parsonage faced, which was to be hers as long as she chose to live in it. Here she now resided, looking out upon the fragment of lawn in front, and through the railings at the ever-flowing traffic; or, bending forward over the window-sill on the first floor, stretching her eyes far up and down the vista of sooty trees, hazy air, and drab house-facades, along which echoed the noises common to a suburban main thoroughfare.

Somehow, her boy, with his aristocratic school-knowledge, his grammars, and his aversions, was losing those wide infantine sympathies, extending as far as to the sun and moon themselves, with which he, like other children, had been born, and which his mother, a child of nature herself, had loved in him; he was reducing their compass to a population of a few thousand wealthy and titled people, the mere veneer of a thousand million or so of others who did not interest him at all. He drifted further and further away from her. Sophy's *milieu* being a suburb of minor tradesmen and under-clerks, and her almost only companions the two servants of her own house, it was not surprising that after her husband's death she soon lost the little artificial tastes she had acquired from him, and became – in her son's eyes – a mother whose mistakes and origin it was his painful lot as a gentleman to blush for. As yet he was far from being man enough – if he ever would be – to rate these sins of hers at their true infinitesimal value beside the yearning fondness that welled up and remained penned in her heart till it should be more fully accepted by him, or by some other person or thing. If he had lived at home with her he would have had all of it; but he seemed to require so very little in present circumstances, and it remained stored.

Her life became insupportably dreary; she could not take walks, and had no interest in going for drives, or, indeed, in travelling anywhere. Nearly two years passed without an event, and still she looked on that suburban road, thinking of the village in which she had been born, and whither she would have gone back – O how gladly! – even to work in the fields.

Taking no exercise she often could not sleep, and would rise in the night or early morning to look out upon the then vacant thoroughfare, where the lamps stood like sentinels waiting for some procession to go by. An approximation to such a procession was indeed made early every morning about one o'clock, when the country vehicles passed up with loads of vegetables for Covent Garden market. She often saw them creeping along at this silent and dusky hour – waggon after waggon, bearing green bastions of cabbages nodding to their fall, yet never falling, walls of baskets enclosing masses of beans and peas, pyramids of snow-white turnips, swaying howdahs of mixed produce – creeping along behind aged night-horses, who seemed ever patiently wondering between their hollow coughs why they had always to work at that still hour when all other sentient creatures were privileged to rest. Wrapped in a cloak, it was soothing to watch and sympathize with them when depression and nervousness hindered sleep, and to see how the fresh green-stuff brightened to life as it came opposite the lamp, and how the sweating animals steamed and shone with their miles of travel.

They had an interest, almost a charm, for Sophy, these semirural people and vehicles moving in an urban atmosphere, leading a life quite distinct from that of the daytime toilers on the same road.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Withered Arm and other Wessex Tales* (contd)

Either 19 How does this passage make you aware of the unhappiness of Sophy's situation?

You should consider Hardy's description of:

- where she lives
 - her life as a widow
 - her relationship with her son.
-

Or 20 Which **two** male characters do you find most unpleasant in these stories?

Remember to explain your choices by referring to the detail of the stories.

Or 21 You are Phyllis Grove awaiting the return of Humphrey Gould (just before the end of Chapter IV of *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*).

You might be thinking about:

- Matthaus and your last meeting with him
- your decision not to run away with him
- Humphrey Gould and your promise to marry him.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice*

22

Mr Wickham was therefore at leisure to talk to Elizabeth, and she was very willing to hear him, though what she chiefly wished to hear she could not hope to be told, the history of his acquaintance with Mr Darcy. She dared not even mention that gentleman. Her curiosity however was unexpectedly relieved. Mr Wickham began the subject himself. He inquired how far Netherfield was from Meryton; and, after receiving her answer, asked in an hesitating manner how long Mr Darcy had been staying there.

'About a month,' said Elizabeth; and then, unwilling to let the subject drop, added, 'He is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.'

'Yes,' replied Wickham;— 'his estate there is a noble one. A clear ten thousand per annum. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you certain information on that head than myself—for I have been connected with his family in a particular manner from my infancy.'

Elizabeth could not but look surprized.

'You may well be surprized, Miss Bennet, at such an assertion, after seeing, as you probably might, the very cold manner of our meeting yesterday.—Are you much acquainted with Mr Darcy?'

'As much as I ever wish to be,' cried Elizabeth warmly.— 'I have spent four days in the same house with him, and I think him very disagreeable.'

'I have no right to give *my* opinion', said Wickham, 'as to his being agreeable or otherwise. I am not qualified to form one. I have known him too long and too well to be a fair judge. It is impossible for *me* to be impartial. But I believe your opinion of him would in general astonish—and perhaps you would not express it quite so strongly any where else. Here you are in your own family.'

'Upon my word I say no more *here* than I might say in any house in the neighbourhood, except Netherfield. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Every body is disgusted with his pride. You will not find him more favourably spoken of by any one.'

'I cannot pretend to be sorry', said Wickham, after a short interruption, 'that he or that any man should not be estimated beyond their deserts: but with *him* I believe it does not often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and consequence or frightened by his high and imposing manners, and sees him only as he chuses to be seen.'

'I should take him, even on *my* slight acquaintance, to be an ill-tempered man.'—Wickham only shook his head.

'I wonder,' said he, at the next opportunity of speaking, whether he is likely to be in this country much longer.

'I do not at all know; but I *heard* nothing of his going away when I was at Netherfield. I hope your plans in favour of the —shire will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood.'

'Oh! no—it is not for *me* to be driven away by Mr Darcy. If *he* wishes to avoid seeing *me*, he must go. We are not on friendly terms, and it always gives me pain to meet him, but I have no reason for avoiding *him* but what I might proclaim to all the world—a sense of very great ill-usage, and most painful regrets at his being what he is. His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections. His behaviour to myself has been scandalous; but I verily believe I could forgive him any thing and every thing, rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father.'

Elizabeth found the interest of the subject increase, and listened with all her heart; but the delicacy of it prevented further inquiry.

Mr Wickham began to speak on more general topics, Meryton, the neighbourhood, the society, appearing highly pleased with all that he had yet seen, and speaking of the latter especially, with gentle but very intelligible gallantry.

'It was the prospect of constant society, and good society,' he added, 'which was my chief inducement to enter the —shire. I knew it to be a most respectable, agreeable corps, and my friend Denny tempted me further by his account of their present quarters, and the very great attentions and excellent acquaintance Meryton had procured them. Society, I own, is necessary to me. I have been a disappointed man, and my spirits will not bear solitude. I *must* have employment and society. A military life is not what I was intended for, but circumstances have now made it eligible. The church *ought* to have been my profession—I was

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice* (contd)

brought up for the church, and I should at this time have been in possession of a most valuable living, had it pleased the gentleman we were speaking of just now.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes—the late Mr Darcy bequeathed me the next presentation of the best living in his gift. He was my godfather, and excessively attached to me. I cannot do justice to his kindness. He meant to provide for me amply, and thought he had done it; but when the living fell, it was given elsewhere.'

'Good heavens!' cried Elizabeth; 'but how could *that* be?— How could his will be disregarded?—Why did not you seek legal redress?'

'There was just such an informality in the terms of the bequest as to give me no hope from law.'

Either 22 In this passage, what impression does Wickham give of his relationship with Mr Darcy? Why is Elizabeth so ready to believe what Wickham says?

Or 23 What do you think are the main differences between the characters of Jane and Elizabeth Bennet?

Remember to refer closely to the text in your answer.

Or 24 You are Mr Bennet after Lydia and Wickham's visit to Longbourn as a married couple.

You might be thinking about:

- Lydia and Wickham
- Mrs Bennet's reaction to the marriage
- your own responsibility for Lydia's behaviour
- what you owe to Mr Gardiner.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

25

'Well it was this way,' returned Mr Enfield: 'I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloo, took to my heels, collared my gentleman and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body, to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (contd)

Either 25 This is the first time we meet Mr Hyde.

How does this extract create such a strong impression of him?

You should consider:

- the way he treats the girl
 - how the people in the extract feel about him
 - how he pays the girl's family.
-

Or 26 What is your reaction to Dr Lanyon?

You should consider:

- why he and Dr Jekyll have fallen out
- what you find out in 'Dr Lanyon's Narrative'
- the effect his death had on you.

Or 27 Choose **three** moments in the novel where Stevenson gives you clues that Dr Jekyll is Mr Hyde.

How well do these clues help you to discover the truth?

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

28 Then we struck out, easy and comfortable, for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out. And when we stepped onto the raft, I says:

'Now, old Jim, you're a free man *again*, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more.'

'En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz *done* beautiful; en dey ain't nobody kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz.'

We was all as glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all, because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

When me and Jim heard that, we didn't feel so brash as what we did before. It was hurting him considerble, and bleeding; so we laid him in the wigwam and tore up one of the duke's shirts for to bandage him, but he says:

'Gimme the rags, I can do it myself. Don't stop, now; don't fool around here, and the evasion booming along so handsome; man the sweeps, and set her loose! Boys, we done it elegant! – 'deed we did. I wish we'd a had the handling of Louis XVI, there wouldn't a been no 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' wrote down in *his* biography: no, sir, we'd a whooped him over the *border* – that's what we'd a done with *him* – and done it just as slick as nothing at all, too. Man the sweeps – man the sweeps!'

But me and Jim was consulting – and thinking. And after we'd thought a minute, I says:

'Say it, Jim.'

So he says:

'Well, den, dis is de way it look to me, Huck. Ef it wuz *him* dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to git shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doctor f'r to save dis one?' Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer? Would he say dat? You *bet* he wouldn't! *Well* den, is *Jim* gwyne to say it? No, sah – I doan' budge a step out'n dis place, 'dout a *doctor*; not if it's forty year!'

I knowed he was white inside, and I reckoned he'd say what he did say – so it was all right, now, and I told Tom I was agoing for a doctor. He raised considerble row about it, but me and Jim stuck to it and wouldn't budge; so he was for crawling out and setting the raft loose himself; but we wouldn't let him. Then he give us a piece of his mind – but it didn't do no good.

So when he see me getting the canoe ready, he says:

'Well, then, if you're bound to go, I'll tell you the way to do, when you get to the village. Shut the door, and blindfold the doctor tight and fast, and make him swear to be silent as the grave, and put a purse full of gold in his hand, and then take and lead him all around the back alleys and everywheres, in the dark, and then fetch him here in the canoe, in a round-about way amongst the islands, and search him and take his chalk away from him, and don't give it back to him till you get him back to the village, or else he will chalk this raft so he can find it again. It's the way they all do.'

So I said I would, and left, and Jim was to hide in the woods when he see the doctor coming, till he was gone again.

Either 28 In this extract, what are your impressions of Huck, Tom and Jim and their feelings for each other?

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (contd)

Or 29 What does the episode with the Wilks family reveal about Huck, the Duke and the King, and the people of the riverside town?

What are your feelings about the people involved?

Or 30 You are Tom Sawyer returning home at the end of the novel.

You might be thinking about:

- Jim, your escape plot and your wounded leg
- your deception of Uncle Silas and Aunt Sally
- Huck and his future.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

31

DAZ

Zoe wiv me now and evryfing shoud be grate but is not. i watch her in the partmen. she lucking at fines

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Oh, you needn't worry. I'm not going to dwell on it. If I tell you the Barracloughs have three plastic buckets in all, you've probably got the picture.

ROBERT SWINDELLS: *Daz 4 Zoe* (contd)

Either 31 How does this extract make you aware of the huge differences between the lives of the Subbies and the lives of the Chippies?

You should consider:

- how Daz describes his feelings about Zoe seeing his home
 - how Zoe describes Daz's mother and the apartment
 - Mrs Barraclough's mixed reaction to Zoe's arrival.
-

Or 32 What makes the first meeting between Daz and Zoe (at the 'Blue Moon') so tense and exciting?

Or 33 You are Grandma about to write your letter to Zoe.

You might be thinking about:

- the danger she has put herself in and how you can help
- the importance of F.A.I.R. and your part in this
- the departure of your family and your hopes for the future.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

SUSAN HILL: *The Mist in the Mirror*

- 34 'What set you onto Vane?' He was looking at me closely.

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SUSAN HILL: *The Mist in the Mirror* (contd)

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particular affection, or whom it was thought right to honour.
'No,' I said at last. 'Nothing.'

Either 34 In what ways does this conversation create a sense of mystery?

You should consider:

- the way Mr Beamish speaks about Conrad Vane
- how James Monmouth reacts to what he hears.

Or 35 What did you find particularly frightening about the chapters of the novel set at Alton School?

Remember to refer to details from these chapters in your answer.

Or 36 You are Lady Viola Quincebridge when James Monmouth leaves for Kittiscar. You are writing your diary.

You might be thinking about:

- your relationship with him
- the events during his stay at Pyre
- your fears for his future

Write your diary entry.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

37 "I suppose he got Zeena over to the Flats all right?"

"Oh, yes; in plenty of time."

The name threw a chill between them, and they stood a moment looking sideways at each other before Mattie said with a shy laugh. "I guess it's about time for supper."

They drew their seats up to the table, and the cat, unbidden, jumped between them into Zeena's empty chair. "Oh, Puss!" said Mattie, and they laughed again.

Ethan, a moment earlier, had felt himself on the brink of eloquence; but the mention of Zeena had paralysed him. Mattie seemed to feel the contagion of his embarrassment, and sat with downcast lids, sipping her tea, while he feigned an insatiable appetite for doughnuts and sweet pickles. At last, after casting about for an effective opening, he took a long gulp of tea, cleared his throat, and said: "Looks as if there'd be more snow."

She feigned great interest. "Is that so? Do you suppose it'll interfere with Zeena's getting back?" She flushed red as the question escaped her, and hastily set down the cup she was lifting.

Ethan reached over for another helping of pickles. "You never can tell, this time of year, it drifts so bad on the Flats." The name had benumbed him again, and once more he felt as if Zeena were in the room between them.

"Oh, Puss, you're too greedy!" Mattie cried.

The cat, unnoticed, had crept up on muffled paws from Zeena's seat to the table, and was stealthily elongating its body in the direction of the milk-jug, which stood between Ethan and Mattie. The two leaned forward at the same moment and their hands met on the handle of the jug. Mattie's hand was underneath, and Ethan kept his clasped on it a moment longer than was necessary. The cat, profiting by this unusual demonstration, tried to effect an unnoticed retreat, and in doing so backed into the pickle-dish, which fell to the floor with a crash.

Mattie, in an instant, had sprung from her chair and was down on her knees by the fragments.

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—it's all to pieces! What will Zeena say?"

But this time his courage was up. "Well, she'll have to say it to the cat, anyway!" he rejoined with a laugh, kneeling down at Mattie's side to scrape up the swimming pickles.

She lifted stricken eyes to him. "Yes, but, you see, she never meant it should be used, not even when there was company; and I had to get up on the step-ladder to reach it down from the top shelf of the china-closet, where she keeps it with all her best things, and of course she'll want to know why I did it—"

The case was so serious that it called forth all of Ethan's latent resolution.

"She needn't know anything about it if you keep quiet. I'll get another just like it tomorrow. Where did it come from? I'll go to Shadd's Falls for it if I have to!"

"Oh, you'll never get another even there! It was a wedding present—don't you remember? It came all the way from Philadelphia, from Zeena's aunt that married the minister. That's why she wouldn't ever use it. Oh, Ethan, Ethan, what in the world shall I do?"

She began to cry, and he felt as if every one of her tears were pouring over him like burning lead. "Don't, Matt, don't—oh, *don't!*" he implored her.

She struggled to her feet, and he rose and followed her helplessly while she spread out the pieces of glass on the kitchen dresser. It seemed to him as if the shattered fragments of their evening lay there.

"Here, give them to me," he said in a voice of sudden authority. She drew aside, instinctively obeying his tone. "Oh, Ethan, what are you going to do?"

Without replying he gathered the pieces of glass into his broad palm and walked out of the kitchen to the passage. There he lit a candle-end, opened the china-closet, and, reaching his long arm up to the highest shelf, laid the pieces together with such accuracy of touch that a close inspection convinced him of the impossibility of detecting from below that the dish was broken. If he glued it together the next morning months might elapse before his wife noticed what had happened, and meanwhile he might after all be able to match the dish at Shadd's Falls or Bettsbridge. Having satisfied himself that there was no risk of immediate discovery he went back to the kitchen with a lighter step, and found Mattie disconsolately removing the last scraps of pickle from the floor.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome* (contd)

“It’s all right, Matt. Come back and finish supper,” he commanded her.

Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her. She did not even ask what he had done. Except when he was steering a big log down the mountain to his mill he had never known such a thrilling sense of mastery.

Either 37 What does this passage reveal about the relationship between Mattie, Ethan and Zeena?

Remember to refer closely to details from the passage in your answer.

Or 38 How do the descriptions of the following help you to understand what happens to Ethan in the novel?

- the small community setting
- the winter season
- the problems of making a living from his farm.

Or 39 You are Mattie Silver at the beginning of Chapter IX (nine), packing your trunk to leave.

You might be thinking about:

- the last two evenings you have spent with Ethan
- Zeena
- your future.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

STAN BARSTOW: *A Kind of Loving*

- 40 'I sometimes think you're ashamed to be seen with me,' she says, looking down into her cup.

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'It's lovely... honest it is ...Thanks ever so much, Ingrid. It's just what I need as well...I haven't got one...'

STAN BARSTOW: *A Kind of Loving* (contd)

Either 40 In this extract what are your impressions of Vic and Ingrid and of their relationship?

Or 41 Why is Vic's sister, Christine, such an important character in *A Kind of Loving*?

You should consider:

- the kind of relationship she has with her husband, David
- the advice she gives to Vic and the example she sets him.

Or 42 You are Mrs Rothwell just after Vic walks out (at the end of Chapter 7).

Write a letter to your husband, pleading with him to return home quickly and telling him your thoughts and feelings:

- about the events of the previous evening
- about Vic, Ingrid and the state of their marriage.

UCLES

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published since 1900		
TOUCHED WITH FIRE, ed. J HYDES	38–39	43–45
<i>20th Century Poems from the section: This Changeful Life.</i>		
Mending Wall (Frost); Follower (Heaney); Dulce et Decorum Est (Owen); Five Ways to Kill a Man (Brock); The Dam (Dickinson); In Praise of Limestone (Auden); The Lesson (Lucie-Smith); The Place's Fault (Hobsbaum); Hawk Roosting (Hughes); My Blue Heaven (Pybus); Adlestrop (Thomas).		
THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY	40–41	46–48
The Unknown Citizen (W H Auden); The Planster's Vision and Inexpensive Progress (John Betjeman); Toads (Philip Larkin); No Dialects Please (Merle Collins); Last Lesson of the Afternoon (D H Lawrence); In Mrs Tilscher's Class (Carol Ann Duffy); Malade (D H Lawrence); Stop All the Clocks (W H Auden); Not Waving but Drowning (Stevie Smith); Night Mail (W H Auden); Cynddylan on a Tractor (R S Thomas).		

43

5 Ways to Kill a Man

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man:

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of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

EDWIN BROCK

TOUCHED WITH FIRE: ed. J HYDES (contd)

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.

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I am going to keep things like this.

TED HUGHES

Either 43 What feelings about killing do *5 Ways to Kill a Man* and *Hawk Roosting* suggest to you?

How do the words of each poet make these feelings clear to you?

Or 44 Both Edward Lucie-Smith in *The Lesson* and Seamus Heaney in *Follower* describe the experience of learning something about themselves and their lives.

What have they learnt, and how do their words make clear to you their feelings about the experience?

Or 45 Which **two** poems from the following list have had the strongest effect on you and why?

Remember to look closely at the words of each poet to explain the effect on you.

The Dam (Dickinson)
My Blue Heaven (Pybus)
Adlestrop (Thomas)
The Place's Fault (Hobsbaum)

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY

46

Last Lesson of the Afternoon

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt
 I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt
 Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore
 Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl
 Of slovenly work that they have offered me.
 I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
 What good to them or me, I cannot see!

So, shall I take

My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
 And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
 Their dross of indifference; and take the toll
 Of their insults in punishment? – I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
 What do I care for all that they do amiss!
 What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this
 Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write
 A description of a dog, or if they can't?
 What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
 And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not, they won't and they don't, and that's all!
 I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
 Why should we beat our heads against the wall
 Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

D H LAWRENCE

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY (contd)

In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile

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as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

Either 46 How do the words of these two poems show different feelings about being in a school?

You might consider:

- how Lawrence describes his pupils and their work
- how Carol Ann Duffy shows her feelings about Mrs Tilscher
- how the poets describe the different atmospheres of the two schools.

Or 47 In *Stop All the Clocks* and *Not Waving but Drowning*, W H Auden and Stevie Smith each write about a person's death.

Compare:

- the effect the death has on the poets
- the ways the poets communicate their thoughts and feelings to you.

Or 48 Choose **two** poems from the list below which are about progress or the future.

How do the poets show their feelings about change by the words and images they use?

Choose from:

- The Planster's Vision* (Betjeman)
Inexpensive Progress (Betjeman)
Cynddylan on a Tractor (Thomas)

UCLES

UCLES

UCLES

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE: SET BOOKS

1501/12

PAPER 12 List 2 (FOUNDATION TIER)

Monday

22 MAY 2000

Morning

2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials: (All texts permitted in examination room.)
Answer booklet.

TIME 2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer:

- one** question from Section A – Drama.
- one** question from Section B – Prose.
- one** question from Section C – Poetry.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each question is worth 22 marks.

You will be awarded marks for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar.

This is worth 3 extra marks for the whole paper.

This question paper consists of 39 printed pages and 5 blank pages.

UCLES

CONTENTS

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

SECTION A – Drama

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

SECTION B – Prose

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 19

SECTION C – Poetry

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 39

UCLES

SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Drama		
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Henry IV Part I</i>	6–7	1–3
HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: <i>Hobson's Choice</i>	8–9	4–6
WILLY RUSSELL: <i>Educating Rita</i>	10–11	7–9
ALAN AYCKBOURN: <i>Absent Friends</i>	12–13	10–12
ARTHUR MILLER: <i>A View from the Bridge</i>	14–15	13–15
J B PRIESTLEY: <i>An Inspector Calls</i>	16–17	16–18

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part I*

1 WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret book.
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit 5
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR

If he fall in, good night, or sink, or swim!
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south, 10
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap 15
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks,
 So that he doth redeem her thence might wear 20
 Without corrival all her dignities:
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

WORCESTER

He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while. 25

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots
 That are your prisoners –

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all;
 By God he shall not have a Scot of them;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not.
 I'll keep them, by this hand!

WORCESTER

You start away, 30
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.
 Those prisoners you shall keep –

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part I* (contd)

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will: that's flat!

He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
 But I will find him when he lies asleep, 35
 And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him
 To keep his anger still in motion.

WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin, a word. 40

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy.
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales –
 But that I think his father loves him not
 And would be glad he met with some mischance – 45
 I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale!

WORCESTER

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
 When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why; what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
 Art thou to break into this woman's mood, 50
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
 Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
 Of this vile politician Bolingbroke.

Either 1 What do you find out about Hotspur from the way Shakespeare presents him in this extract?

You should consider:

- what he says
- what Worcester and Northumberland say about him.

Or 2 Choose **one** scene or moment from the play that you find particularly dramatic. Show why you chose it. Remember to refer closely to the scene or moment in your answer.

Or 3 You are Prince Hal at the end of the play. Write your thoughts about your friendship with Falstaff.

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: *Hobson's Choice*

- 4 HOBSON They're the trouble. (*Indicates door to house.*) Do your daughters worry you, Jim?

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HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: *Hobson's Choice* (contd)

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HOBSON From the moment that you breathed the word 'settlements' it was dead off, Jim. Let's go to the 'Moonraker's' and forget there's such a thing as women in the world. (*He takes up bat and rings bell on counter.*) Shop! Shop!

MAGGIE *enters.*

Either 4 What impressions do you form of Hobson from this discussion with Jim?

You should consider:

- what he says about his daughters
 - what Jim says about him.
-

Or 5 Write about **two** moments in the play which you have found particularly entertaining.

Explain clearly the reasons why you have enjoyed them.

Or 6 Write the conversation that you think Alice and Vickey might have on the evening of Willie and Maggie's wedding.

WILLY RUSSELL: *Educating Rita*

- 7 FRANK *is sitting in a chair by the window desk with a mug in his hand and a bottle of whisky on the desk in front of him listening to the radio. There is a knock at the door.*

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WILLY RUSSELL: *Educating Rita* (contd)

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FRANK: What is it now then? Virginia?

RITA *exits*.

Or Charlotte? Or Jane? Or Emily?

Blackout.

Either 7 What does this extract reveal of the characters of Frank and Rita?

You should consider:

- what they both say
- what this shows of their feelings
- how they have changed since they first met.

Or 8 Why is Rita's time at Summer School important to her and what effects does it have on her?

Or 9 You are Frank at the end of the play. Write your thoughts.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

- 10 DIANA: Paul should be home soon. I think he's playing his squash again.

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business.' I'd feel all right about it. But I will not stand deception. I'm simply asking that I be told. Either by him or if not by her. Not necessarily now but sometime. You see.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends* (contd)

Either 10 What are your feelings about Diana as you read this extract?

You should consider:

- what she says about Paul
 - what she says about her father
 - what she says about herself
 - Evelyn's reactions
-

Or 11 What is your impression of Gordon in *Absent Friends*?
Remember to refer closely to the play in your answer.

Or 12 You are Colin and you keep a diary.
Write **two** entries:

- the first, on the evening before you visit Diana and Paul
- the second, on the evening after your visit.

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 13 EDDIE: [*He is weirdly elated, rubbing his fists into his palms. He strides to MARCO.*] You wait, Marco, you see some real fights here. You ever do any boxing?

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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge* (contd)

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chair raised like a weapon over EDDIE's head – and he transforms what might appear like a glare of warning into a smile of triumph, and EDDIE's grin vanishes as he absorbs his look.]

Either 13 What do you find dramatically interesting in what Eddie says and does in this extract?

You should consider:

- his boxing with Rodolpho
- what he says as he boxes
- the incident with the chair.

Or 14 Are you surprised when Eddie phones the Immigration Bureau?
Or are you expecting him to make the call?
Remember to support your ideas with close reference to the play.

Or 15 You are Catherine at the end of the play.
Write your views about Eddie now.

J B PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

- 16 BIRLING [*triumphantly*] There you are! Proof positive. The whole story's just a lot of moonshine. Nothing but an elaborate sell! [*He produces a huge sigh of relief.*] Nobody likes to be sold as

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disinfectant. And a police inspector is on his way here – to ask some – questions –
As they stare guiltily and dumbfounded, the curtain falls.

J B PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls* (contd)

Either 16 What do you feel about Mr and Mrs Birling in this extract from the end of the play?

You should consider:

- their reaction to the first telephone conversation
 - what they say and do
 - the reactions of other characters
 - the second telephone conversation.
-

Or 17 We hear a great deal about Eva Smith, but, of course, we never see her. From what is said about her in the play, what sort of character do you imagine her to be?

Or 18 You are Mrs Birling at the very end of the play.
Write your thoughts about the position you now find yourself in.

UCLES

SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose published before 1900		
<i>The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories</i>	20–21	19–21
ANTHONY TROLLOPE: <i>The Warden</i>	22–23	22–24
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i>	24–25	25–27
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Great Expectations</i>	26–27	28–30
Prose published since 1900		
MILDRED TAYLOR: <i>Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry</i>	28–29	31–33
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Animal Farm</i>	30–31	34–36
JOHN STEINBECK: <i>Of Mice and Men</i>	32–33	37–39
HARPER LEE: <i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	34–35	40–42
WILLIAM GOLDING: <i>Lord of the Flies</i>	36–37	43–45

*The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories**Ambrose Bierce: An Arrest*

19 Having murdered his brother-in-law, Orrin Brower of Kentucky was a fugitive from justice. From the county jail where he had been confined to await his trial he had escaped by knocking down his jailer with an iron bar, robbing him of his keys and, opening the outer door, walking out into the night. The jailer being unarmed, Brower got no weapon with which to defend his recovered liberty. As soon as he was out of the town he had the folly to enter a forest; this was many years ago, when that region was wilder than it is now.

The night was pretty dark, with neither moon nor stars visible, and as Brower had never dwelt thereabout, and knew nothing of the lay of the land, he was, naturally, not long in losing himself. He could not have said if he were getting farther away from the town or going back to it – a most important matter to Orrin Brower. He knew that in either case a posse of citizens with a pack of bloodhounds would soon be on his track and his chance of escape was very slender; but he did not wish to assist in his own pursuit. Even an added hour of freedom was worth having.

Suddenly he emerged from the forest into an old road, and there before him saw, indistinctly, the figure of a man, motionless in the gloom. It was too late to retreat: the fugitive felt that at the first movement back toward the wood he would be, as he afterward explained, 'filled with buckshot'. So the two stood there like trees, Brower nearly suffocated by the activity of his own heart; the other – the emotions of the other are not recorded.

A moment later – it may have been an hour – the moon sailed into a patch of unclouded sky and the hunted man saw the visible embodiment of Law lift an arm and point significantly toward and beyond him. He understood. Turning his back to his captor, he walked submissively away in the direction indicated, looking to neither the right nor the left; hardly daring to breathe, his head and back actually aching with a prophecy of buckshot.

Brower was as courageous a criminal as ever lived to be hanged; that was shown by the conditions of awful personal peril in which he had coolly killed his brother-in-law. It is needless to relate them here; they came out at his trial, and the revelation of his calmness in confronting them came near to saving his neck. But what would you have – when a brave man is beaten, he submits.

So they pursued their journey jailward along the old road through the woods. Only once did Brower venture a turn of the head: just once, when he was in deep shadow and he knew that the other was in moonlight, he looked backward. His captor was Burton Duff, the jailer, as white as death and bearing upon his brow the livid mark of the iron bar. Orrin Brower had no further curiosity.

Eventually they entered the town, which was all alight, but deserted; only the women and children remained, and they were off the streets. Straight toward the jail the criminal held his way. Straight up to the main entrance he walked, laid his hand upon the knob of the heavy iron door, pushed it open without command, entered and found himself in the presence of a half-dozen armed men. Then he turned. Nobody else entered.

On a table in the corridor lay the dead body of Burton Duff.

The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories (contd)

Ambrose Bierce: An Arrest

Either 19 In what ways does this story catch, and hold, your interest?

You should consider:

- what Brower has done
 - the way his character is described
 - the figure in the woods
 - what lies on the table.
-

Or 20 What are your thoughts and feelings about Gregory in *The Half Brothers*?

You should consider:

- the way he is treated by his mother
- the way he is treated by his step-father
- the way he reacts to the treatment he receives
- the way he behaves towards his half brother.

Or 21 Which story from this book gives you the clearest idea about the way people lived in the Nineteenth Century? Remember to refer closely to your chosen story to support your answer.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *The Warden*

22 And now let us observe the well-furnished breakfast-parlour at Plumstead Episcopi, and the comfortable air of all the belongings of the rectory. Comfortable they certainly were, but neither gorgeous nor even grand; indeed, considering the money that had been spent there, the eye and taste might have been better served; there was an air of heaviness about the rooms which might have been avoided without any sacrifice of propriety; colours might have been better chosen and lights more perfectly diffused: but perhaps in doing so the thorough clerical aspect of the whole might have been somewhat marred; at any rate, it was not without ample consideration that those thick, dark, costly carpets were put down; those embossed, but sombre papers hung up; those heavy curtains draped so as to half-exclude the light of the sun: nor were these old-fashioned chairs, bought at a price far exceeding that now given for more modern goods, without a purpose. The breakfast-service on the table was equally costly and equally plain; the apparent object had been to spend money without obtaining brilliancy or splendour. The urn was of thick and solid silver, as were also the teapot, coffee-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl; the cups were old, dim dragon china, worth about a pound a piece, but very despicable in the eyes of the uninitiated. The silver forks were so heavy as to be disagreeable to the hand, and the bread-basket was of a weight really formidable to any but robust persons. The tea consumed was the very best, the coffee the very blackest, the cream the very thickest; there was dry toast and buttered toast, muffins and crumpets; hot bread and cold bread, white bread and brown bread, home-made bread and baker's bread, wheaten bread and oaten bread, and if there be other breads than these, they were there; there were eggs in napkins, and crispy bits of bacon under silver covers; and there were little fishes in a little box, and devilled kidneys frizzling on a hot-water dish; which, by the bye, were placed closely contiguous to the plate of the worthy archdeacon himself. Over and above this, on a snow-white napkin, spread upon the sideboard, was a huge ham and a huge sirloin; the latter having laden the dinner-table on the previous evening. Such was the ordinary fare at Plumstead Episcopi.

And yet I have never found the rectory a pleasant house. The fact that man shall not live by bread alone seemed to be somewhat forgotten; and noble as was the appearance of the host, and sweet and good-natured as was the face of the hostess, talented as were the children, and excellent as were the viands and the wines, in spite of these attractions, I generally found the rectory somewhat dull.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *The Warden* (contd)

Either 22 What do you find surprising about this description of a clergyman's home?

You should consider the description of:

- the furniture
 - the silver
 - the food
-

Or 23 What do you find to like and admire about Mr Harding?

Or 24 You are Eleanor just before you marry John Bold.
Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

25 They could see behind it the bent back of a man who was pushing his head into the internal works to master their simple secrets. The humming song went on –

‘Tw–s on a s–m–r after–n,
A wee be–re the s–n w–nt d–n,
When Kitty wi’ a brow n–w g–wn
C–me ow’re the h–lls to Gowrie.’

Elizabeth-Jane had apprehended the singer in a moment, and looked guilty of she did not know what. Lucetta next recognized him, and more mistress of herself said archly,

‘The “Lass of Gowrie” from the inside of a seed-drill – what a phenomenon!’

Satisfied at last with his investigation the young man stood upright, and met their eyes across the summit.

‘We are looking at the wonderful new drill,’ Miss Templeman said. ‘But practically it is a stupid thing – is it not?’ she added, on the strength of Henchard’s information.

‘Stupid? O no!’ said Farfrae gravely. ‘It will revolutionize sowing heerabout! No more sowers flinging their seed about broadcast, so that some falls by the wayside and some among thorns, and all that. Each grain will go straight to its intended place, and nowhere else whatever!’

‘Then the romance of the sower is gone for good,’ observed Elizabeth-Jane, who felt herself at one with Farfrae in Bible-reading at least. “He that observeth the wind shall not sow,” so the Preacher said; but his words will not be to the point any more. How things change!’

‘Ay; ay... It must be so!’ Donald admitted, his gaze fixing itself on a blank point far away. ‘But the machines are already very common in the East and North of England,’ he added apologetically.

Lucetta seemed to be outside this train of sentiment, her acquaintance with the Scriptures being somewhat limited. ‘Is the machine yours?’ she asked of Farfrae.

‘O no, madam,’ said he, becoming embarrassed and deferential at the sound of her voice, though with Elizabeth-Jane he was quite at his ease. ‘No, no – I merely recommended that it should be got.’

In the silence which followed Farfrae appeared only conscious of her; to have passed from perception of Elizabeth into a brighter sphere of existence than she appertained to. Lucetta, discerning that he was much mixed that day partly in his mercantile mood and partly in his romantic one, said gaily to him –

‘Well, don’t forsake the machine for us,’ and went indoors with her companion.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (contd)

Either 25 In what ways does this extract reveal Farfrae's character?

You should consider:

- his interest in the machine
 - what he says about it
 - his reactions to Lucetta and Elizabeth-Jane
 - his song
 - the language he uses.
-

Or 26 Do you think that Henchard deserves what happens to him?
Remember to support your views with details from the novel.

Or 27 You are Susan Henchard after you have been 'sold' to Newson.
Write your thoughts.

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

28 Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me 'Sir,' Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat – as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place – and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterwards fell off at intervals.

'Do you take tea or coffee, Mr Gargery?' asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

'Thankee, Sir,' said Joe, stiff from head to foot, 'I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself.'

'What do you say to coffee?'

'Thankee, Sir,' returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, 'since you *are* so kind as make chice of coffee, I will not run contrary to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?'

'Say tea then,' said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantelpiece, and he started out of his chair and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

'When did you come to town, Mr Gargery?'

'Were it yesterday afternoon?' said Joe, after coughing behind his hand, as if he had had time to catch the whooping-cough since he came. 'No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon' (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

'Have you seen anything of London, yet?'

'Why, yes, Sir,' said Joe, 'me and Wopsle went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills at the shop doors; which I meanter-say,' added Joe, in an explanatory manner, 'as it is there drawd too architectooralooral.'

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed, it demanded from him a constant attention, and a quickness of eye and hand, very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humouring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally, splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar, and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries both. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent, before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him, and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

'Us two being now alone, Sir'—began Joe.

'Joe,' I interrupted, pettishly, 'how can you call me Sir?'

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look.

'Us two being now alone,' resumed Joe, 'and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honour. For was it not,' said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, 'that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honour of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen.'

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations* (contd)

Either 28 What are your feelings about Joe, Herbert and Pip as you read this passage?

You should consider:

- what each of them says
 - how Herbert and Pip respond to Joe.
-

Or 29 Although Pip sometimes acts in an unpleasant way, it is still possible to like him at the end of the novel. Why, do you think?

Or 30 You are Biddy, just after Pip has confided in you about his wish to be a gentleman. Write your thoughts.

MILDRED TAYLOR: *Roll of Thunder Hear My Cry*

- 31 By the end of the school day I had decided that I would tell Mama everything before Miss Crocker had

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second book finished, she stared at a small pile of seventh-grade books on her desk.

MILDRED TAYLOR: *Roll of Thunder Hear My Cry* (contd)

Either 31 As you read this passage, what are your feelings about:

- Mary Logan
 - Miss Crocker
 - the county authority?
-

Or 32 Why do you think Cassie describes the visit to Strawberry as the cruellest day of her life? Remember to refer closely to the text in your answer.

Or 33 You are Jeremy on your way home after your visit to the Logans on Christmas Day. Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

- 34 They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp back towards the farm. The sight of their dead comrades stretched

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perhaps his great muscles were not quite what they had once been.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm* (contd)

Either 34 What are your thoughts and feelings about the pigs and the other animals on *Animal Farm* as you read this extract?

You should consider:

- the way the animals are described
 - what Squealer says
 - the reactions to what has happened to the windmill
 - Boxer's thoughts.
-

Or 35 How important do you think the sheep and the dogs are in Orwell's treatment of events in *Animal Farm*?

Or 36 In what ways are the Battle of the Cowshed and the animals' reactions to their victory important in the history of *Animal Farm*?

JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

- 37 George spat on the floor disgustedly. 'We got ten buck between us.' Then he said thoughtfully: 'Look, if me an' Lennie work a month, I can get a dog.'

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'I ought to of shot that dog myself, George. I shouldn't ought to of let no stranger shoot my dog.'

JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men* (contd)

Either 37 What are your feelings about the three characters as you read this extract?

You should consider:

- what they say about the Dream
 - how they react to each other.
-

Or 38 How do you react to the death of Curley's wife?

You should consider:

- your feelings about her
- your feelings about Lennie
- the way in which John Steinbeck describes the event.

Or 39 You are Slim just after the incident when Lennie crushes Curley's hand. Write your thoughts.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

40 The witness made a hasty descent from the stand and ran smack into Atticus, who had risen to question

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evident that he thought Atticus an easy match. He seemed to grow ruddy again; his chest swelled and once more he was a red little rooster.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (contd)

Either 40 Why is this part of Tom Robinson's trial so exciting?

You should consider:

- the way in which Bob Ewell behaves
 - the way in which Atticus asks his questions
 - the reaction of other people in court.
-

Or 41 Why do you think Dill is an important character in *To Kill a Mockingbird*?

Or 42 You are Jem after your night visit to the Radley place in Chapter VI (6).

Write your thoughts.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 43 As they came to the last slope, Jack and Roger drew near, changed from ink-stains to distinguishable figures. Presently they were seen to be crying out and leaping

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and dared the impossible on the dark slope; presently the mountain was deserted, save for the three abandoned sticks and the thing that bowed.

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies* (contd)

Either 43 Why is this passage so frightening?

You should consider:

- the reactions of the boys
 - how the scene is described.
-

Or 44 Why is Simon such an important character in *Lord of the Flies*?

Or 45 You are Ralph just after the incident when the fire is allowed to go out.
Write your thoughts.

UCLES

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY		
POEMS 2, <i>the poems of Sylvia Plath and Seamus Heaney</i>	40–41	46–48
THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY	42–43	49–51
<p>The Unknown Citizen (W H Auden); The Planster's Vision and Inexpensive Progress (John Betjeman); Toads (Philip Larkin); No Dialects Please (Merle Collins); Last Lesson of the Afternoon (D H Lawrence); In Mrs Tilscher's Class (Carol Ann Duffy); Malade (D H Lawrence); Stop All the Clocks (W H Auden); Not Waving but Drowning (Stevie Smith); Night Mail (W H Auden); Cynddylan on a Tractor (R S Thomas).</p>		

POEMS 2: *the poems of Sylvia Plath and Seamus Heaney*

46

Morning Song

Love set you going like a fat gold watch

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The clear vowels rise like balloons.

SYLVIA PLATH

Mid-Term Break

I sat all morning in the college sick bay

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A four foot box, a foot for every year.

SEAMUS HEANEY

POEMS 2: *the poems of Sylvia Plath and Seamus Heaney (contd)*

Either 46 In *Morning Song* Sylvia Plath writes about the birth of her child.
In *Mid-Term Break*, Heaney writes about the death of a young brother.
Compare the ways in which the poets explore the situations.

Or 47 Many of Plath's and Heaney's poems explore reactions to the natural world...bees, frogs, mushrooms, blackberries, for example.
Take Heaney's *Death of a Naturalist* and **one** other poem from this selection that deals with the natural world.
Compare the ways in which the language of each poem helps you to understand the poet's reactions.

Or 48 Choose any **two** poems, from the ones listed below, that made a strong impression on you.
Compare the ways in which the language of each poem made this impression.

Metaphors
Seeing Things
You're
Changes
Mirror

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY

49

Last Lesson of the Afternoon

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt
 I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt
 Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore
 Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl
 Of slovenly work that they have offered me.
 I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
 What good to them or me, I cannot see!

So, shall I take
 My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
 And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
 Their dross of indifference; and take the toll
 Of their insults in punishment? – I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
 What do I care for all that they do amiss!
 What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this
 Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write
 A description of a dog, or if they can't?
 What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
 And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not, they won't and they don't, and that's all!
 I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
 Why should we beat our heads against the wall
 Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

D H LAWRENCE

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY (contd)

In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile

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as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

Either 49 How do the words of these two poems show different feelings about being in a school?

You should consider:

- how Lawrence describes his pupils and their work
- how Carol Ann Duffy shows her feelings about Mrs Tilscher
- how the poets describe the different atmospheres of the two schools.

Or 50 In *Stop All the Clocks* and *Not Waving but Drowning*, W H Auden and Stevie Smith each write about a person's death.

Write about:

- the effect the death has on each poet
- the ways the poets communicate their thoughts and feelings to you.

Or 51 Choose **two** poems from the list below which are about progress or the future. How do the poets show their feelings about change by the words and images they use?

Choose from:

- The Planster's Vision* (Betjeman)
- Inexpensive Progress* (Betjeman)
- Cyddylan on a Tractor* (Thomas)

UCLES

2000/11

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE: SET BOOKS

Paper 12 List 2 (FOUNDATION TIER)

1501/12

Monday

22 MAY 2000

Morning

2 hours 30 minutes

ERRATUM NOTICE

For the attention of the Examinations Officer

Please ask the invigilator to read the following amendments to candidates before the start of the examination:

Turn to page **9** and look at the text from *Hobson's Choice* by HAROLD BRIGHOUSE.

There is a spelling mistake in line **7**. Jim's sentence should read: 'You've got to bait your hook to catch fish, Henry' (not 'bail your hook').

There is a spelling mistake in line **20**. The stage direction in italic text for Hobson should read: '*He takes up hat and rings bell on counter*' (not '*takes up bat*').

Turn to page **32** and look at the text from *Of Mice and Men* by JOHN STEINBECK.

There is a spelling mistake in line **1**. George's words should read 'We got ten bucks between us' (not 'we got ten buck').

Turn to page **40** and look at the poem Morning Song by SYLVIA PLATH.

Line **8** of the poem should read:

'Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect **its** own slow'

OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE: SET BOOKS

1501/21

PAPER 21 List 1 (HIGHER TIER)

Monday

22 MAY 2000

Morning

2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials: (All texts permitted in examination room.)
Answer booklet.

TIME 2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer:

- one** question from Section A – Drama.
- one** question from Section B – Prose.
- one** question from Section C – Poetry.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each question is worth 22 marks.

You will be awarded marks for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar.

This is worth 3 extra marks for the whole paper.

This question paper consists of 37 printed pages and 7 blank pages.

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UCLES

CONTENTS

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

SECTION A – Drama

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

SECTION B – Prose

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 19

SECTION C – Poetry

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 37

UCLES

SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Drama		
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	6–7	1–3
KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL: <i>Billy Liar</i>	8–9	4–6
BERNARD SHAW: <i>Pygmalion</i>	10–11	7–9
J B PRIESTLEY: <i>When We Are Married</i>	12–13	10–12
ARTHUR MILLER: <i>The Crucible</i>	14–15	13–15
SHELAGH DELANEY: <i>A Taste of Honey</i>	16–17	16–18

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice*

1

PORTIA

Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

SHYLOCK

I have them ready.

PORTIA

Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

SHYLOCK

Is it so nominated in the bond?

PORTIA

It is not so expressed, but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK

I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

PORTIA

(*To ANTONIO*) You merchant, have you anything to
say?

ANTONIO

But little. I am armed and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well,
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom. It is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty: from which ling'ring penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife;
Tell her the process of Antonio's end.
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend
And he repents not that he pays your debt.
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly, with all my heart.

BASSANIO

Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself,
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA

Your wife would give you little thanks for that
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Merchant of Venice* (contd)

GRATIANO

I have a wife who I protest I love –
 I would she were in heaven, so she could
 Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

NERISSA

'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

SHYLOCK (*Aside*)

These be the Christian husbands! I have a
 daughter –
 Would any of the stock of Barabbas
 Had been her husband, rather than a Christian.
 (*Aloud*) We trifle time; I pray thee pursue sentence.

PORTIA

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine;
 The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

SHYLOCK

Most rightful judge!

PORTIA

And you must cut this flesh from off his breast;
 The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK

Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Either 1 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare makes this such a dramatic scene.

Or 2 Does Shakespeare's presentation of the character of Shylock encourage you to feel sympathy for him at any point in the play?

Or 3 You are Jessica, waiting for Lorenzo to arrive in Act Two Scene Six.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL: *Billy Liar*

- 4 BILLY. Darling... [*Taking her hand*] You will always love me,
won't you?

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KEITH WATERHOUSE and WILLIS HALL: *Billy Liar* (contd)

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RITA. Don't come that tale with me. I said I didn't want to live in a rotten cottage in Devon—that's all.

Either 4 Explore the ways in which the writers make this scene so entertaining.

Or 5 Liz appears only once in the play. How do you think the writers make her role so dramatically important?

Or 6 Near the beginning of Act Three, Geoffrey describes an uncomfortable conversation he has had with Mr Duxbury.

Write the conversation that you believe would have taken place between them.

BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion*

- 7 HIGGINS [springing up, out of patience] Where the devil is that girl? Are we to wait here all day?

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BERNARD SHAW: *Pygmalion* (contd)

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HIGGINS [*with a crow of triumph*] Aha! Just so. A-a-a-ahowoooh! A-a-a-ahowoooh! A-a-a-ahowoooh! Victory! Victory! [*He throws himself on the divan, folding his arms, and spraddling arrogantly*].

Either 7 In what ways does this passage bring to a head some main issues of the play?
How does Shaw make these issues amusing and entertaining here?

Or 8 What, in your opinion, do the scenes where Alfred Doolittle appears contribute to *Pygmalion*?

Or 9 You are Eliza near the end of Act Four after you have argued with Higgins and decide to leave Wimpole Street.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

J B PRIESTLEY: *When We Are Married*

- 10** RUBY (*appearing, importantly*): The Rever-ent Clem-ent Mer-cer!
All three wives look startled, as MERCER, a large grave clergyman, enters, and RUBY retires.

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J B PRIESTLEY: *When We Are Married* (contd)

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PARKER (*vehemently*): Spent more on *her*? I've never set eyes on her before. *Who is she?*

Either 10 How do you think Priestley has created an amusing and entertaining climax here?

Or 11 What is your reaction to the characters of Albert and Annie Parker and to how they behave in the play?

Or 12 You are Clara Soppitt at the end of *When We Are Married*.

At the beginning of the play you said:

'...serves me right for ever bothering with anybody so gormless'.

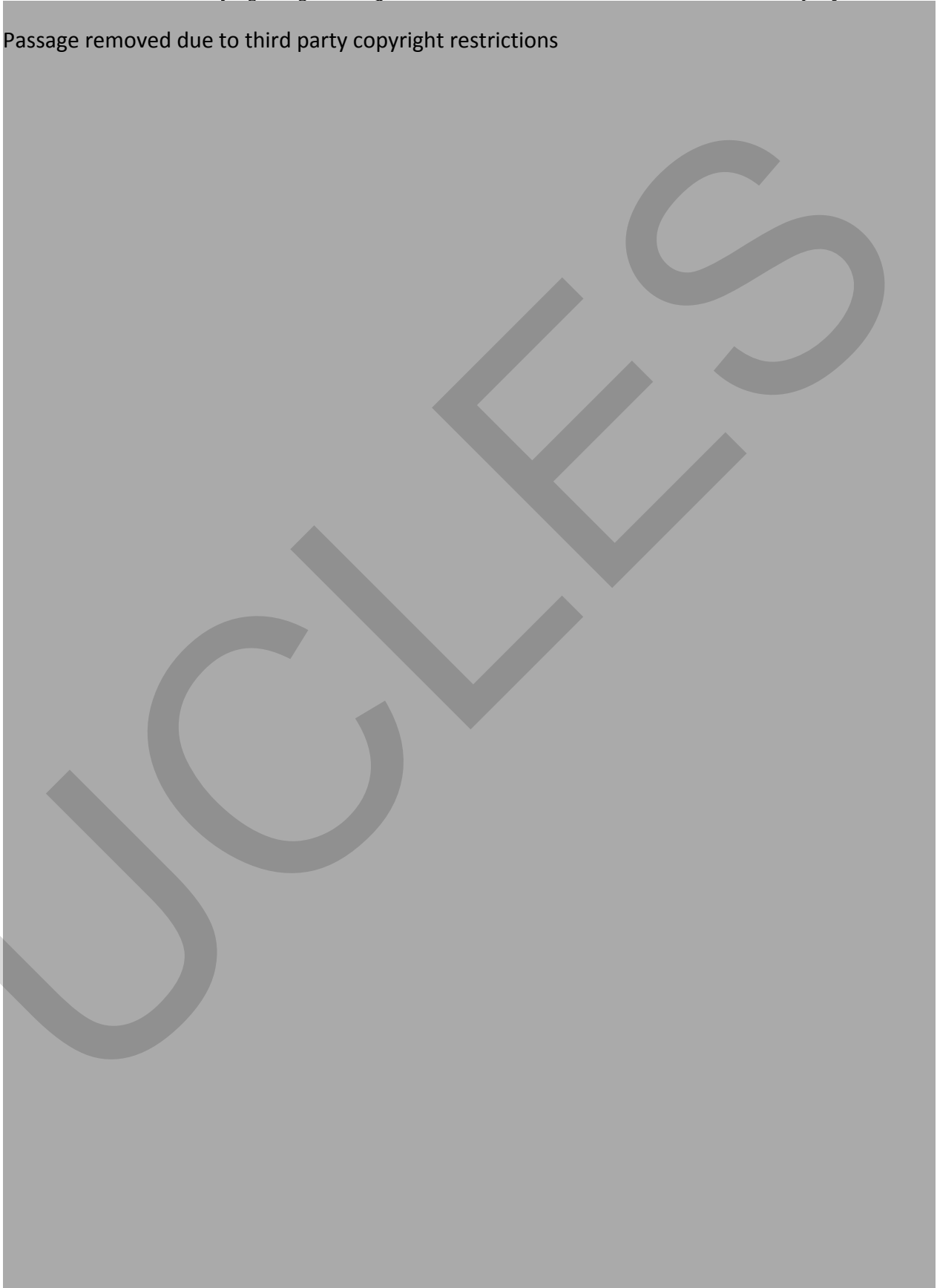
Do you feel the same now about Herbert?

Write your thoughts.

ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible*

- 13** *From above, ELIZABETH is heard softly singing to the children. Presently the door opens and JOHN PROCTOR enters, carrying his gun. He glances about the room as he comes toward the fireplace, then*

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ARTHUR MILLER: *The Crucible* (contd)

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I think so. You must tell them it is a fraud.
PROCTOR [*thinking beyond this*]: Aye, it is, it is surely.

Either 13 How does Miller suggest the tension between John and Elizabeth Proctor here and make this whole scene dramatic?

Or 14 In your opinion, which character undergoes the most dramatic change in the course of the play?

How does Miller use this change to contribute to the impact of the play?

Or 15 You are John Proctor at the end of Act Two after Elizabeth has been arrested.
Write your thoughts and feelings.

SHELAGH DELANEY: *A Taste of Honey*

- 16 JO: Oh shut up, Helen. Have a look in that paper and see what's on at the pictures tomorrow night.

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SHELAGH DELANEY: *A Taste of Honey* (contd)

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JO: You don't look forty. You look a sort of well-preserved sixty.

Either 16 In what ways does this passage make the relationship between Jo and Helen dramatically effective?

Or 17 What kind of dramatic effect do you think Peter and Geoff have in this play?

Or 18 You are directing a production of the play.

What advice would you give the person playing Helen about her character, role and key moments in the play?

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SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose published before 1900		
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Withered Arm and other Wessex Tales</i>	20–21	19–21
JANE AUSTEN: <i>Pride and Prejudice</i>	22–23	22–24
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: <i>Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde</i>	24–25	25–27
MARK TWAIN: <i>Huckleberry Finn</i>	26–27	28–30
Prose published since 1900		
ROBERT SWINDELLS: <i>Daz 4 Zoe</i>	28–29	31–33
SUSAN HILL: <i>The Mist in the Mirror</i>	30–31	34–36
EDITH WHARTON: <i>Ethan Frome</i>	32–33	37–39
STAN BARSTOW: <i>A Kind of Loving</i>	34–35	40–42

The Son's Veto

19 Throughout these changes Sophy had been treated like the child she was in nature though not in years. She was left with no control over anything that had been her husband's beyond her modest personal income. In his anxiety lest her inexperience should be over-reached he had safeguarded with trustees all he possibly could. The completion of the boy's course at the public school, to be followed in due time by Oxford and ordination, had been all provisioned and arranged, and she really had nothing to occupy her in the world but to eat and drink, and make a business of indolence, and go on weaving and coiling the nut-brown hair, merely keeping a home open for the son whenever he came to her during vacations.

Foreseeing his probable decease long years before her, her husband in his lifetime had purchased for her use a semi-detached villa in the same long, straight road whereon the church and parsonage faced, which was to be hers as long as she chose to live in it. Here she now resided, looking out upon the fragment of lawn in front, and through the railings at the ever-flowing traffic; or, bending forward over the window-sill on the first floor, stretching her eyes far up and down the vista of sooty trees, hazy air, and drab house-facades, along which echoed the noises common to a suburban main thoroughfare.

Somehow, her boy, with his aristocratic school-knowledge, his grammars, and his aversions, was losing those wide infantine sympathies, extending as far as to the sun and moon themselves, with which he, like other children, had been born, and which his mother, a child of nature herself, had loved in him; he was reducing their compass to a population of a few thousand wealthy and titled people, the mere veneer of a thousand million or so of others who did not interest him at all. He drifted further and further away from her. Sophy's *milieu* being a suburb of minor tradesmen and under-clerks, and her almost only companions the two servants of her own house, it was not surprising that after her husband's death she soon lost the little artificial tastes she had acquired from him, and became – in her son's eyes – a mother whose mistakes and origin it was his painful lot as a gentleman to blush for. As yet he was far from being man enough – if he ever would be – to rate these sins of hers at their true infinitesimal value beside the yearning fondness that welled up and remained penned in her heart till it should be more fully accepted by him, or by some other person or thing. If he had lived at home with her he would have had all of it; but he seemed to require so very little in present circumstances, and it remained stored.

Her life became insupportably dreary; she could not take walks, and had no interest in going for drives, or, indeed, in travelling anywhere. Nearly two years passed without an event, and still she looked on that suburban road, thinking of the village in which she had been born, and whither she would have gone back – O how gladly! – even to work in the fields.

Taking no exercise she often could not sleep, and would rise in the night or early morning to look out upon the then vacant thoroughfare, where the lamps stood like sentinels waiting for some procession to go by. An approximation to such a procession was indeed made early every morning about one o'clock, when the country vehicles passed up with loads of vegetables for Covent Garden market. She often saw them creeping along at this silent and dusky hour – waggon after waggon, bearing green bastions of cabbages nodding to their fall, yet never falling, walls of baskets enclosing masses of beans and peas, pyramids of snow-white turnips, swaying howdahs of mixed produce – creeping along behind aged night-horses, who seemed ever patiently wondering between their hollow coughs why they had always to work at that still hour when all other sentient creatures were privileged to rest. Wrapped in a cloak, it was soothing to watch and sympathize with them when depression and nervousness hindered sleep, and to see how the fresh green-stuff brightened to life as it came opposite the lamp, and how the sweating animals steamed and shone with their miles of travel.

They had an interest, almost a charm, for Sophy, these semirural people and vehicles moving in an urban atmosphere, leading a life quite distinct from that of the daytime toilers on the same road.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Withered Arm and other Wessex Tales* (contd)

Either 19 Explore the ways in which Hardy presents the unhappiness of Sophy's situation in this extract.

Or 20 How does Hardy make you aware of the difficulties and conflicting feelings experienced by Mr Stockdale in *The Distracted Preacher*?

Or 21 You are Phyllis Grove awaiting the return of Humphrey Gould (just before the end of Chapter IV of *The Melancholy Hussar of the German Legion*).

Write your thoughts and feelings.

22 Mr Wickham was therefore at leisure to talk to Elizabeth, and she was very willing to hear him, though what she chiefly wished to hear she could not hope to be told, the history of his acquaintance with Mr Darcy. She dared not even mention that gentleman. Her curiosity however was unexpectedly relieved. Mr Wickham began the subject himself. He inquired how far Netherfield was from Meryton; and, after receiving her answer, asked in an hesitating manner how long Mr Darcy had been staying there.

'About a month,' said Elizabeth; and then, unwilling to let the subject drop, added, 'He is a man of very large property in Derbyshire, I understand.'

'Yes,' replied Wickham;— 'his estate there is a noble one. A clear ten thousand per annum. You could not have met with a person more capable of giving you certain information on that head than myself—for I have been connected with his family in a particular manner from my infancy.'

Elizabeth could not but look surprized.

'You may well be surprized, Miss Bennet, at such an assertion, after seeing, as you probably might, the very cold manner of our meeting yesterday.—Are you much acquainted with Mr Darcy?'

'As much as I ever wish to be,' cried Elizabeth warmly.— 'I have spent four days in the same house with him, and I think him very disagreeable.'

'I have no right to give *my* opinion', said Wickham, 'as to his being agreeable or otherwise. I am not qualified to form one. I have known him too long and too well to be a fair judge. It is impossible for *me* to be impartial. But I believe your opinion of him would in general astonish—and perhaps you would not express it quite so strongly any where else. Here you are in your own family.'

'Upon my word I say no more *here* than I might say in any house in the neighbourhood, except Netherfield. He is not at all liked in Hertfordshire. Every body is disgusted with his pride. You will not find him more favourably spoken of by any one.'

'I cannot pretend to be sorry', said Wickham, after a short interruption, 'that he or that any man should not be estimated beyond their deserts: but with *him* I believe it does not often happen. The world is blinded by his fortune and consequence or frightened by his high and imposing manners, and sees him only as he chuses to be seen.'

'I should take him, even on *my* slight acquaintance, to be an ill-tempered man.'—Wickham only shook his head.

'I wonder,' said he, at the next opportunity of speaking, whether he is likely to be in this country much longer.

'I do not at all know; but I *heard* nothing of his going away when I was at Netherfield. I hope your plans in favour of the —shire will not be affected by his being in the neighbourhood.'

'Oh! no—it is not for *me* to be driven away by Mr Darcy. If *he* wishes to avoid seeing *me*, he must go. We are not on friendly terms, and it always gives me pain to meet him, but I have no reason for avoiding *him* but what I might proclaim to all the world—a sense of very great ill-usage, and most painful regrets at his being what he is. His father, Miss Bennet, the late Mr Darcy, was one of the best men that ever breathed, and the truest friend I ever had; and I can never be in company with this Mr Darcy without being grieved to the soul by a thousand tender recollections. His behaviour to myself has been scandalous; but I verily believe I could forgive him any thing and every thing, rather than his disappointing the hopes and disgracing the memory of his father.'

Elizabeth found the interest of the subject increase, and listened with all her heart; but the delicacy of it prevented further inquiry.

Mr Wickham began to speak on more general topics, Meryton, the neighbourhood, the society, appearing highly pleased with all that he had yet seen, and speaking of the latter especially, with gentle but very intelligible gallantry.

'It was the prospect of constant society, and good society,' he added, 'which was my chief inducement to enter the —shire. I knew it to be a most respectable, agreeable corps, and my friend Denny tempted me further by his account of their present quarters, and the very great attentions and excellent acquaintance Meryton had procured them. Society, I own, is necessary to me. I have been a disappointed man, and my spirits will not bear solitude. I *must* have employment and society. A military life is not what I was intended for, but circumstances have now made it eligible. The church *ought* to have been my profession—I was

JANE AUSTEN: *Pride and Prejudice* (contd)

brought up for the church, and I should at this time have been in possession of a most valuable living, had it pleased the gentleman we were speaking of just now.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes—the late Mr Darcy bequeathed me the next presentation of the best living in his gift. He was my godfather, and excessively attached to me. I cannot do justice to his kindness. He meant to provide for me amply, and thought he had done it; but when the living fell, it was given elsewhere.'

'Good heavens!' cried Elizabeth; 'but how could *that* be?— How could his will be disregarded?—Why did not you seek legal redress?'

'There was just such an informality in the terms of the bequest as to give me no hope from law. A man of honour could not have doubted the intention, but Mr Darcy chose to doubt it – or to treat it as a merely conditional recommendation, and to assert that I had forfeited all claim to it by extravagance, imprudence, in short anything or nothing. Certain it is, that the living became vacant two years ago, exactly as I was of an age to hold it, and that it was given to another man; and no less certain is it, that I cannot accuse myself of having really done any thing to deserve to lose it. I have a warm, unguarded temper, and I may perhaps have sometimes spoken of my opinion *of* him, and *to* him, too freely. I can recall nothing worse. But the fact is, that we are very different sort of men, and that he hates me.'

'This is quite shocking! – He deserves to be publicly disgraced.'

'Some time or other he *will* be – but it shall not be by *me*. Till I can forget his father, I can never defy or expose *him*.'

Elizabeth honoured him for such feelings, and thought him handsomer than ever as he expressed them.

Either 22 What effect do Wickham's words and manner have on Elizabeth here?

In this extract, how does Jane Austen suggest that Elizabeth may be wrong to trust him?

Or 23 In what ways do you think the relationship between Jane and Elizabeth Bennet is important in *Pride and Prejudice*?

Or 24 You are Mr Bennet after Lydia and Wickham's visit to Longbourn as a married couple.

Write this evening's entry in your journal, with your thoughts on the couple and the whole episode of their elopement.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde*

25 Mr Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

'Did you ever remark that door?' he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, 'It is connected in my mind,' added he, 'with a very odd story.'

'Indeed?' said Mr Utterson, with a slight change of voice, 'and what was that?'

'Well it was this way,' returned Mr Enfield: 'I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once, I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street. Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut. I gave a view halloo, took to my heels, collared my gentleman and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon, the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance. Well, the child was not much the worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us; every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this, as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies. I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.' Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed. The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal, and that a man does not, in real life, walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he, 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.' So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a body, to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine.'

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (contd)

Either 25 This is the first time we meet Mr Hyde.

In what ways does Stevenson capture your interest in him and make you want to read on?

Or 26 Why are Dr Lanyon himself and the chapter 'Dr Lanyon's narrative' important to the story as a whole?

Or 27 As you are reading the novel, how effectively does Stevenson give you clues that Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde are the same person?

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*

28

Then we struck out, easy and comfortable, for the island where my raft was; and we could hear them yelling and barking at each other all up and down the bank, till we was so far away the sounds got dim and died out. And when we stepped onto the raft, I says:

'Now, old Jim, you're a free man *again*, and I bet you won't ever be a slave no more.'

'En a mighty good job it wuz, too, Huck. It 'uz planned beautiful, en it 'uz *done* beautiful; en dey ain't *nobody* kin git up a plan dat's mo' mixed-up en splendid den what dat one wuz.'

We was all as glad as we could be, but Tom was the gladdest of all, because he had a bullet in the calf of his leg.

When me and Jim heard that, we didn't feel so brash as what we did before. It was hurting him considerble, and bleeding; so we laid him in the wigwam and tore up one of the duke's shirts for to bandage him, but he says:

'Gimme the rags, I can do it myself. Don't stop, now; don't fool around here, and the evasion booming along so handsome; man the sweeps, and set her loose! Boys, we done it elegant! – 'deed we did. I wish *we'd* a had the handling of Louis XVI, there wouldn't a been no 'Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!' wrote down in *his* biography: no, sir, we'd a whooped him over the *border* – that's what we'd a done with *him* – and done it just as slick as nothing at all, too. Man the sweeps – man the sweeps!'

But me and Jim was consulting – and thinking. And after we'd thought a minute, I says:

'Say it, Jim.'

So he says:

'Well, den, dis is de way it look to me, Huck. Ef it wuz *him* dat 'uz bein' sot free, en one er de boys wuz to git shot, would he say, 'Go on en save me, nemmine 'bout a doctor f'r to save dis one?' Is dat like Mars Tom Sawyer? Would he say dat? You *bet* he wouldn't! *Well* den, is *Jim* gwyne to say it? No, sah – I doan' budge a step out'n dis place, 'dout a *doctor*; not if it's forty year!'

I knowed he was white inside, and I reckoned he'd say what he did say – so it was all right, now, and I told Tom I was agoing for a doctor. He raised considerble row about it, but me and Jim stuck to it and wouldn't budge; so he was for crawling out and setting the raft loose himself; but we wouldn't let him. Then he give us a piece of his mind – but it didn't do no good.

So when he see me getting the canoe ready, he says:

'Well, then, if you're bound to go, I'll tell you the way to do, when you get to the village. Shut the door, and blindfold the doctor tight and fast, and make him swear to be silent as the grave, and put a purse full of gold in his hand, and then take and lead him all around the back alleys and everywhere, in the dark, and then fetch him here in the canoe, in a round-about way amongst the islands, and search him and take his chalk away from him, and don't give it back to him till you get him back to the village, or else he will chalk this raft so he can find it again. It's the way they all do.'

So I said I would, and left, and Jim was to hide in the woods when he see the doctor coming, till he was gone again.

MARK TWAIN: *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (contd)

Either 28 Explore the ways in which Twain presents the characters and attitudes of Huck, Tom and Jim in this extract.

Or 29 How does Twain make the episode with the Wilks family interesting to the reader?

Or 30 You are Tom Sawyer, returning home at the end of the novel.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

31

DAZ

Zoe wiv me now and evryfing shoud be grate but is not. i watch her in the partmen. she lucking at fings

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On, you needn't worry. I'm not going to dwell on it. If I tell you the Barracloughs have three plastic buckets in all, you've probably got the picture.

ROBERT SWINDELLS: *Daz 4 Zoe* (contd)

Either 31 Explore the ways in which Swindells presents the huge differences between the lives of the Chippies and the lives of the Subbies in this extract.

Or 32 What do you think Swindells gains by using both Daz and Zoe to tell the story?

Or 33 You are Grandma, just after Zoe's second visit to your apartment. Zoe has just confided in you about her meetings with Daz and her desire to run away, and has let slip that the Wentworths are leaving.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

SUSAN HILL: *The Mist in the Mirror*

34 'What set you onto Vane?' He was looking at me closely.

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SUSAN HILL: *The Mist in the Mirror* (contd)

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particular affection, or whom it was thought right to honour.
'No,' I said at last. 'Nothing.'

Either 34 Explore the ways in which Susan Hill creates tension and a sense of mystery in this conversation.

Or 35 'I had been excitedly following some path, with great difficulty, led on, led on...'
(Chapter 15).

Is James Monmouth led into a trap or is he responsible for what happens to him in the novel?

Remember to support your ideas with detailed reference to the text.

Or 36 You are Lady Viola Quincebridge at the end of Chapter 12 when James Monmouth leaves for Kittiscar.

Write your diary entry for that evening.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome*

37 "I suppose he got Zeena over to the Flats all right?"

"Oh, yes; in plenty of time."

The name threw a chill between them, and they stood a moment looking sideways at each other before Mattie said with a shy laugh. "I guess it's about time for supper."

They drew their seats up to the table, and the cat, unbidden, jumped between them into Zeena's empty chair. "Oh, Puss!" said Mattie, and they laughed again.

Ethan, a moment earlier, had felt himself on the brink of eloquence; but the mention of Zeena had paralysed him. Mattie seemed to feel the contagion of his embarrassment, and sat with downcast lids, sipping her tea, while he feigned an insatiable appetite for doughnuts and sweet pickles. At last, after casting about for an effective opening, he took a long gulp of tea, cleared his throat, and said: "Looks as if there'd be more snow."

She feigned great interest. "Is that so? Do you suppose it'll interfere with Zeena's getting back?" She flushed red as the question escaped her, and hastily set down the cup she was lifting.

Ethan reached over for another helping of pickles. "You never can tell, this time of year, it drifts so bad on the Flats." The name had benumbed him again, and once more he felt as if Zeena were in the room between them.

"Oh, Puss, you're too greedy!" Mattie cried.

The cat, unnoticed, had crept up on muffled paws from Zeena's seat to the table, and was stealthily elongating its body in the direction of the milk-jug, which stood between Ethan and Mattie. The two leaned forward at the same moment and their hands met on the handle of the jug. Mattie's hand was underneath, and Ethan kept his clasped on it a moment longer than was necessary. The cat, profiting by this unusual demonstration, tried to effect an unnoticed retreat, and in doing so backed into the pickle-dish, which fell to the floor with a crash.

Mattie, in an instant, had sprung from her chair and was down on her knees by the fragments.

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—it's all to pieces! What will Zeena say?"

But this time his courage was up. "Well, she'll have to say it to the cat, anyway!" he rejoined with a laugh, kneeling down at Mattie's side to scrape up the swimming pickles.

She lifted stricken eyes to him. "Yes, but, you see, she never meant it should be used, not even when there was company; and I had to get up on the step-ladder to reach it down from the top shelf of the china-closet, where she keeps it with all her best things, and of course she'll want to know why I did it:—"

The case was so serious that it called forth all of Ethan's latent resolution.

"She needn't know anything about it if you keep quiet. I'll get another just like it tomorrow. Where did it come from? I'll go to Shadd's Falls for it if I have to!"

"Oh, you'll never get another even there! It was a wedding present—don't you remember? It came all the way from Philadelphia, from Zeena's aunt that married the minister. That's why she wouldn't ever use it. Oh, Ethan, Ethan, what in the world shall I do?"

She began to cry, and he felt as if every one of her tears were pouring over him like burning lead. "Don't, Matt, don't—oh, *don't!*" he implored her.

She struggled to her feet, and he rose and followed her helplessly while she spread out the pieces of glass on the kitchen dresser. It seemed to him as if the shattered fragments of their evening lay there.

"Here, give them to me," he said in a voice of sudden authority. She drew aside, instinctively obeying his tone. "Oh, Ethan, what are you going to do?"

Without replying he gathered the pieces of glass into his broad palm and walked out of the kitchen to the passage. There he lit a candle-end, opened the china-closet, and, reaching his long arm up to the highest shelf, laid the pieces together with such accuracy of touch that a close inspection convinced him of the impossibility of detecting from below that the dish was broken. If he glued it together the next morning months might elapse before his wife noticed what had happened, and meanwhile he might after all be able to match the dish at Shadd's Falls or Bettsbridge. Having satisfied himself that there was no risk of immediate discovery he went back to the kitchen with a lighter step, and found Mattie disconsolately removing the last scraps of pickle from the floor.

EDITH WHARTON: *Ethan Frome* (contd)

"It's all right, Matt. Come back and finish supper," he commanded her.

Completely reassured, she shone on him through tear-hung lashes, and his soul swelled with pride as he saw how his tone subdued her. She did not even ask what he had done. Except when he was steering a big log down the mountain to his mill he had never known such a thrilling sense of mastery.

Either 37 Explore the ways in which this passage reveals the relationship between Ethan and Mattie.

How does Edith Wharton's writing make the breaking of the pickle dish so significant?

Or 38 'Guess he's been in Starkfield too many winters'.
How important is the Starkfield environment to Ethan's fate in the novel?


Or 39 You are Mattie Silver at the beginning of Chapter IX (nine), when you are packing your trunk to leave the Frome farm.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

STAN BARSTOW: *A Kind of Loving*

- 40 'I sometimes think you're ashamed to be seen with me,' she says, looking down into her cup.

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'It's lovely... honest it is ...Thanks ever so much, Ingrid. It's just what I need as well...I haven't got one...'

STAN BARSTOW: *A Kind of Loving* (contd)

Either 40 Explore the ways in which Barstow presents Vic and Ingrid and their relationship in this extract.

Does his writing encourage you to sympathise with Vic, with Ingrid, or with both of them at this point?

Or 41 What, in your opinion, does the character of Christine contribute to the novel?

Or 42 You are Mr Rothwell returning home after your meeting with Vic in Chapter 8.

Write your thoughts and feelings.

UCLES

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published since 1900		
TOUCHED WITH FIRE, ed. J HYDES	38–39	43–45
<i>20th Century Poems from the section: This Changeful Life.</i>		
Mending Wall (Frost); Follower (Heaney); Dulce et Decorum Est (Owen); Five Ways to Kill a Man (Brock); The Dam (Dickinson); In Praise of Limestone (Auden); The Lesson (Lucie-Smith); The Place's Fault (Hobsbaum); Hawk Roosting (Hughes); My Blue Heaven (Pybus); Adlestrop (Thomas).		
THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY	40–41	46–48
The Unknown Citizen (W H Auden); The Planster's Vision and Inexpensive Progress (John Betjeman); Toads (Philip Larkin); No Dialects Please (Merle Collins); Last Lesson of the Afternoon (D H Lawrence); In Mrs Tilscher's Class (Carol Ann Duffy); Malade (D H Lawrence); Stop All the Clocks (W H Auden); Not Waving but Drowning (Stevie Smith); Night Mail (W H Auden); Cynddyfan on a Tractor (R S Thomas).		

43

5 Ways to Kill a Man

There are many cumbersome ways to kill a man:

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of the twentieth century, and leave him there.

EDWIN BROCK

TOUCHED WITH FIRE: ed. J HYDES (contd)

Hawk Roosting

I sit in the top of the wood, my eyes closed.

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copyright restrictions

I am going to keep things like this.

TED HUGHES

Either 43 Compare the ways in which the poets present feelings about killing in *5 Ways to Kill a Man* and *Hawk Roosting*.

Or 44 Explore the ways in which Seamus Heaney in *Follower* and Edward Lucie-Smith in *The Lesson* make the idea of learning something about themselves vivid and moving for the reader.

Or 45 Choose the **two** poems from the following list which have had the most powerful impact on you and explore the ways in which the poets have achieved this powerful effect.

The Dam (Dickinson)
My Blue Heaven (Pybus)
Adlestrop (Thomas)
The Place's Fault (Hobsbaum)

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY

46

Last Lesson of the Afternoon

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt
 I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt
 Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore
 Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl
 Of slovenly work that they have offered me.
 I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
 What good to them or me, I cannot see!

So, shall I take

My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
 And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
 Their dross of indifference; and take the toll
 Of their insults in punishment? – I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
 What do I care for all that they do amiss!
 What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this
 Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write
 A description of a dog, or if they can't?
 What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
 And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not, they won't and they don't, and that's all!
 I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
 Why should we beat our heads against the wall
 Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

D H LAWRENCE

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY (contd)

In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile

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as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

Either 46 Explore the two poets' different feelings about the experience of being in a school. How do the words of the poem communicate these feelings to you?

Or 47 In *Stop All the Clocks* and *Not Waving but Drowning*, W H Auden and Stevie Smith both write about a person's death. What differences do you notice between the two poems and the language the poets use?

Or 48 Compare **two** poems from the list below, which are about progress or the future. Explore the ways in which the poets communicate to you their feelings about change.

Choose **two** from:

The Planster's Vision (Betjeman)
Inexpensive Progress (Betjeman)
Cyddylan on a Tractor (Thomas)

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OXFORD CAMBRIDGE AND RSA EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Secondary Education

ENGLISH LITERATURE: SET BOOKS

1501/22

PAPER 22 List 2 (HIGHER TIER)

Monday

22 MAY 2000

Morning

2 hours 30 minutes

Additional materials: (All texts permitted in examination room.)
Answer booklet.

TIME 2 hours 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

You must answer:

- one** question from Section A – Drama.
- one** question from Section B – Prose.
- one** question from Section C – Poetry.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Each question is worth 22 marks.

You will be awarded marks for accurate spelling, punctuation and grammar.

This is worth 3 extra marks for the whole paper.

This question paper consists of 39 printed pages and 5 blank pages.

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CONTENTS

A list of texts in each Section is given on the following pages:

SECTION A – Drama

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 5

SECTION B – Prose

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 19

SECTION C – Poetry

(Answer **ONE** question from this Section)

Page 39

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SECTION A

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
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Drama

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: <i>Henry IV Part I</i>	6–7	1–3
HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: <i>Hobson's Choice</i>	8–9	4–6
WILLY RUSSELL: <i>Educating Rita</i>	10–11	7–9
ALAN AYCKBOURN: <i>Absent Friends</i>	12–13	10–12
ARTHUR MILLER: <i>A View from the Bridge</i>	14–15	13–15
J B PRIESTLEY: <i>An Inspector Calls</i>	16–17	16–18

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part I*

1 WORCESTER

Peace, cousin, say no more.
 And now I will unclasp a secret book.
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit 5
 As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

HOTSPUR

If he fall in, good night, or sink, or swim!
 Send danger from the east unto the west,
 So honour cross it from the north to south, 10
 And let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

NORTHUMBERLAND

Imagination of some great exploit
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

HOTSPUR

By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap 15
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
 And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks,
 So that he doth redeem her thence might wear 20
 Without corival all her dignities:
 But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

WORCESTER

He apprehends a world of figures here,
 But not the form of what he should attend.
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while. 25

HOTSPUR

I cry you mercy.

WORCESTER

Those same noble Scots
 That are your prisoners –

HOTSPUR

I'll keep them all;
 By God he shall not have a Scot of them;
 No, if a Scot would save his soul he shall not.
 I'll keep them, by this hand!

WORCESTER

You start away, 30
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.
 Those prisoners you shall keep –

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Henry IV Part I* (contd)

HOTSPUR

Nay, I will: that's flat!
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer,
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer,
 But I will find him when he lies asleep, 35
 And in his ear I'll holla 'Mortimer!'
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but 'Mortimer', and give it him
 To keep his anger still in motion.

WORCESTER

Hear you, cousin, a word. 40

HOTSPUR

All studies here I solemnly defy.
 Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
 And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales –
 But that I think his father loves him not
 And would be glad he met with some mischance – 45
 I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale!

WORCESTER

Farewell, kinsman: I'll talk to you
 When you are better tempered to attend.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Why; what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
 Art thou to break into this woman's mood, 50
 Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

HOTSPUR

Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
 Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
 Of this vile politician Bolingbroke.
 In Richard's time – what do you call the place? 55
 A plague upon it, it is in Gloucestershire –
 'T was where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept.
 His uncle York – where I first bowed my knee
 Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
 'Sblood, when you and he came back from Ravenspurgh. 60

Either 1 What do you think this extract reveals about

- the conspirators
- their reasons for conspiring
- the likely success of the conspiracy?

Or 2 Explore the ways in which Shakespeare brings the world of Eastcheap to life in this play.

Or 3 You are Prince Hal at the end of the play.
 Write your thoughts.

HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: *Hobson's Choice*

- 4 HOBSON They're the trouble. (*Indicates door to house.*) Do your daughters worry you, Jim?

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HAROLD BRIGHOUSE: *Hobson's Choice* (contd)

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HOBSON From the moment that you breathed the word 'settlements' it was dead off, Jim. Let's go to the 'Moonraker's' and forget there's such a thing as women in the world. (*He takes up hat and rings bell on counter.*) Shop! Shop!

MAGGIE *enters.*

Either 4 In what ways is this conversation significant and amusing?

Or 5 What do you think Harold Brighouse is saying about love and marriage in this play? Remember to refer in detail to the text in your answer.

Or 6 You are Hobson after the visit from Doctor Macfarlane.

Write your thoughts about your situation.

WILLY RUSSELL: *Educating Rita*

- 7 FRANK *is sitting in a chair by the window desk with a mug in his hand and a bottle of whisky on the desk in front of him listening to the radio. There is a knock at the door.*

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WILLY RUSSELL: *Educating Rita* (contd)

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FRANK: What is it now then? Virginia?

RITA *exits*.

Or Charlotte? Or Jane? Or Emily?

Blackout.

Either 7 Why do you think this scene is so important in the play and what makes it dramatically effective?

Or 8 *Educating Rita* has only two speaking parts and one set. What makes it so successful as a play, despite this?

Or 9 You are Frank just after Rita has described her experiences at summer school.
Write your thoughts.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends*

- 10 DIANA: Paul should be home soon. I think he's playing his squash again.

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talk to anybody without them...I expect them, both of them, at least to have some feeling for me. [*She blows her nose.*] Well.

ALAN AYCKBOURN: *Absent Friends* (contd)

Either 10 In what ways does this extract introduce us to Diana and prepare us for what happens to her later in the play?

Or 11 'The least likeable woman in the play.'

'A survivor in a male-dominated world.'

Which is nearer to your view of Evelyn?

Or 12 You are Paul, after the tea with Colin.

Write your thoughts about the way the afternoon developed.

ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge*

- 13 EDDIE: [*He is weirdly elated, rubbing his fists into his palms. He strides to MARCO.*] You wait, Marco, you see some real fights here. You ever do any boxing?

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ARTHUR MILLER: *A View from the Bridge* (contd)

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chair raised like a weapon over EDDIE's head – and he transforms what might appear like a glare of warning into a smile of triumph, and EDDIE's grin vanishes as he absorbs his look.]

Either 13 How do you think this extract from the end of Act One prepares an audience or reader for what will happen in Act Two?

Or 14 In what ways is Alfieri a dramatically important figure in *A View from the Bridge*?

Or 15 Choose any **one** short scene from the play that you think is likely to be particularly successful in the theatre. Explore it thoroughly to explain your choice.

J B PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls*

- 16 GERALD Anyway we'll see. [*He goes to telephone and looks up number. The others watch tensely.*]
Brumley eight nine eight six...Is that the Infirmary? This is Mr Gerald Croft – of Crofts

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J B PRIESTLEY: *An Inspector Calls* (contd)

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disinfectant. And a police inspector is on his way here – to ask some – questions –
As they stare guiltily and dumbfounded, the curtain falls.

-
- Either 16** In what ways does Priestley make this extract, which ends the play, dramatic and exciting for an audience?
-
- Or 17** The action of the play takes place on just one evening, and in just one room of the Birlings' house. What do you think the play gains, or loses, as a result?
- Or 18** We hear a great deal about Eva Smith, but, of course, we never see her. Explore the use Priestley makes of her in this play.

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SECTION B

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
Prose published before 1900		
<i>The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories</i>	20–21	19–21
ANTHONY TROLLOPE: <i>The Warden</i>	22–23	22–24
THOMAS HARDY: <i>The Mayor of Casterbridge</i>	24–25	25–27
CHARLES DICKENS: <i>Great Expectations</i>	26–27	28–30
Prose published since 1900		
MILDRED TAYLOR: <i>Roll of Thunder, Hear My Cry</i>	28–29	31–33
GEORGE ORWELL: <i>Animal Farm</i>	30–31	34–36
JOHN STEINBECK: <i>Of Mice and Men</i>	32–33	37–39
HARPER LEE: <i>To Kill a Mockingbird</i>	34–35	40–42
WILLIAM GOLDING: <i>Lord of the Flies</i>	36–37	43–45

*The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories**Ambrose Bierce: An Arrest*

19 Having murdered his brother-in-law, Orrin Brower of Kentucky was a fugitive from justice. From the county jail where he had been confined to await his trial he had escaped by knocking down his jailer with an iron bar, robbing him of his keys and, opening the outer door, walking out into the night. The jailer being unarmed, Brower got no weapon with which to defend his recovered liberty. As soon as he was out of the town he had the folly to enter a forest; this was many years ago, when that region was wilder than it is now.

The night was pretty dark, with neither moon nor stars visible, and as Brower had never dwelt thereabout, and knew nothing of the lay of the land, he was, naturally, not long in losing himself. He could not have said if he were getting farther away from the town or going back to it – a most important matter to Orrin Brower. He knew that in either case a posse of citizens with a pack of bloodhounds would soon be on his track and his chance of escape was very slender; but he did not wish to assist in his own pursuit. Even an added hour of freedom was worth having.

Suddenly he emerged from the forest into an old road, and there before him saw, indistinctly, the figure of a man, motionless in the gloom. It was too late to retreat: the fugitive felt that at the first movement back toward the wood he would be, as he afterward explained, 'filled with buckshot'. So the two stood there like trees, Brower nearly suffocated by the activity of his own heart; the other – the emotions of the other are not recorded.

A moment later – it may have been an hour – the moon sailed into a patch of unclouded sky and the hunted man saw the visible embodiment of Law lift an arm and point significantly toward and beyond him. He understood. Turning his back to his captor, he walked submissively away in the direction indicated, looking to neither the right nor the left; hardly daring to breathe, his head and back actually aching with a prophecy of buckshot.

Brower was as courageous a criminal as ever lived to be hanged; that was shown by the conditions of awful personal peril in which he had coolly killed his brother-in-law. It is needless to relate them here; they came out at his trial, and the revelation of his calmness in confronting them came near to saving his neck. But what would you have – when a brave man is beaten, he submits.

So they pursued their journey jailward along the old road through the woods. Only once did Brower venture a turn of the head: just once, when he was in deep shadow and he knew that the other was in moonlight, he looked backward. His captor was Burton Duff, the jailer, as white as death and bearing upon his brow the livid mark of the iron bar. Orrin Brower had no further curiosity.

Eventually they entered the town, which was all alight, but deserted; only the women and children remained, and they were off the streets. Straight toward the jail the criminal held his way. Straight up to the main entrance he walked, laid his hand upon the knob of the heavy iron door, pushed it open without command, entered and found himself in the presence of a half-dozen armed men. Then he turned. Nobody else entered.

On a table in the corridor lay the dead body of Burton Duff.

The New Windmill Book of Nineteenth Century Short Stories (contd)

Ambrose Bierce: An Arrest

Either 19 In what ways does this story, and the way it is written, catch and hold your attention?

Or 20 Gregory in *The Half Brothers* and Jean in *Country Living* are apparently at first badly treated but are, in different ways, successful.

Explore the ways in which the authors of these stories present the changes in Gregory's and Jean's fortunes.

Or 21 Many of these stories involve violence of some kind, ranging from mental and physical abuse to murder.

Choose any **one** or **two** stories involving violence from this selection and explore how violence is treated.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *The Warden*

22

And now let us observe the well-furnished breakfast-parlour at Plumstead Episcopi, and the comfortable air of all the belongings of the rectory. Comfortable they certainly were, but neither gorgeous nor even grand; indeed, considering the money that had been spent there, the eye and taste might have been better served; there was an air of heaviness about the rooms which might have been avoided without any sacrifice of propriety; colours might have been better chosen and lights more perfectly diffused: but perhaps in doing so the thorough clerical aspect of the whole might have been somewhat marred; at any rate, it was not without ample consideration that those thick, dark, costly carpets were put down; those embossed, but sombre papers hung up; those heavy curtains draped so as to half-exclude the light of the sun: nor were these old-fashioned chairs, bought at a price far exceeding that now given for more modern goods, without a purpose. The breakfast-service on the table was equally costly and equally plain; the apparent object had been to spend money without obtaining brilliancy or splendour. The urn was of thick and solid silver, as were also the teapot, coffee-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-bowl; the cups were old, dim dragon china, worth about a pound a piece, but very despicable in the eyes of the uninitiated. The silver forks were so heavy as to be disagreeable to the hand, and the bread-basket was of a weight really formidable to any but robust persons. The tea consumed was the very best, the coffee the very blackest, the cream the very thickest; there was dry toast and buttered toast, muffins and crumpets; hot bread and cold bread, white bread and brown bread, home-made bread and baker's bread, wheaten bread and oaten bread, and if there be other breads than these, they were there; there were eggs in napkins, and crispy bits of bacon under silver covers; and there were little fishes in a little box, and devilled kidneys frizzling on a hot-water dish; which, by the bye, were placed closely contiguous to the plate of the worthy archdeacon himself. Over and above this, on a snow-white napkin, spread upon the sideboard, was a huge ham and a huge sirloin; the latter having laden the dinner-table on the previous evening. Such was the ordinary fare at Plumstead Episcopi.

And yet I have never found the rectory a pleasant house. The fact that man shall not live by bread alone seemed to be somewhat forgotten; and noble as was the appearance of the host, and sweet and good-natured as was the face of the hostess, talented as were the children, and excellent as were the viands and the wines, in spite of these attractions, I generally found the rectory somewhat dull. After breakfast the archdeacon would retire, of course to his clerical pursuits. Mrs Grantly, I presume, inspected her kitchen, though she had a first-rate housekeeper, with sixty pounds a year; and attended to the lessons of Florinda and Grizzel, though she had an excellent governess with thirty pounds a year: but at any rate she disappeared: and I never could make companions of the boys. Charles James, though he always looked as though there was something in him, never seemed to have much to say; and what he did say he would always unsay the next minute. He told me once, that he considered cricket, on the whole, to be a gentleman-like game for boys, provided they would play without running about; and that fives, also, was a seemly game, so that those who played it never heated themselves. Henry once quarrelled with me for taking his sister Grizzel's part, in a contest between them as to the best mode of using a watering-pot for the garden flowers; and from that day to this he has not spoken to me, though he speaks at me often enough. For half an hour or so I certainly did like Sammy's gentle speeches; but one gets tired of honey, and I found that he preferred the more admiring listeners whom he met in the kitchen-garden and back precincts of the establishment; besides, I think I once caught Sammy fibbing.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE: *The Warden* (contd)

Either 22 Explore this description of the rectory and the people who live in it, bringing out what it suggest about Trollope's view of the Church of his time.

Or 23 Eleanor says of Mr Harding, 'I shall always judge my father to be right, and those who oppose him I shall judge to be wrong.' Does Trollope make you agree with her?

Or 24 You are Mr Harding on the night before Eleanor's marriage to John Bold.

Write your thoughts.

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge*

25

She hardly knew that she had done this till Lucetta, animated by the conjunction of her new attire with the sight of Farfrae, spoke out 'Let us go and look at the instrument, whatever it is.'

Elizabeth-Jane's bonnet and shawl were pitchforked on in a moment, and they went out. Among all the agriculturalists gathering round the only appropriate possessor of the new machine seemed to be Lucetta, because she alone rivalled it in colour.

They examined it curiously; observing the rows of trumpet-shaped tubes one within the other, the little scoops, like revolving salt-spoons, which tossed the seed into the upper ends of the tubes that conducted it to the ground; till somebody said, 'Good morning, Elizabeth-Jane.' She looked up, and there was her stepfather.

His greeting had been somewhat dry and thunderous, and Elizabeth-Jane, embarrassed out of her equanimity, stammered at random. 'This is the lady I live with, father – Miss Templeman.'

Henchard put his hand to his hat, which he brought down with a great wave till it met his body at the knee. Miss Templeman bowed. 'I am happy to become acquainted with you, Mr Henchard,' she said. 'This is a curious machine.'

'Yes,' Henchard replied; and he proceeded to explain it, and still more forcibly to ridicule it.

'Who brought it here?' said Lucetta.

'Oh, don't ask me, ma'am!' said Henchard. 'The thing – why 'tis impossible it should act.' 'Twas brought here by one of our machinists on the recommendation of a jumped-up jackanapes of a fellow who thinks—' His eye caught Elizabeth-Jane's imploring face and he stopped, probably thinking that the suit might be progressing.

He turned to go away. Then something seemed to occur which his stepdaughter fancied must really be a hallucination of hers. A murmur apparently came from Henchard's lips in which she detected the words, 'You refused to see me!' reproachfully addressed to Lucetta. She could not believe that they had been uttered by her stepfather; unless, indeed, they might have been spoken to one of the yellow-gaitered farmers near them. Yet Lucetta seemed silent; and then all thought of the incident was dissipated by the humming of a song, which sounded as though from the interior of the machine. Henchard had by this time vanished into the market-house, and both the women glanced towards the corn-drill. They could see behind it the bent back of a man who was pushing his head into the internal works to master their simple secrets. The humming song went on –

'Tw-s on a s-m-r after-n,
A wee be-re the s-n w-nt d-n,
When Kitty wi' a braw n-w g-wn
C-me ow're the h-lls to Gowrie.'

Elizabeth-Jane had apprehended the singer in a moment, and looked guilty of she did not know what. Lucetta next recognized him, and more mistress of herself said archly,

'The "Lass of Gowrie" from the inside of a seed-drill – what a phenomenon!'

Satisfied at last with his investigation the young man stood upright, and met their eyes across the summit.

'We are looking at the wonderful new drill,' Miss Templeman said. 'But practically it is a stupid thing – is it not?' she added, on the strength of Henchard's information.

'Stupid? O no!' said Farfrae gravely. 'It will revolutionize sowing heerabout! No more sowers flinging their seed about broadcast, so that some falls by the wayside and some among thorns, and all that. Each grain will go straight to its intended place, and nowhere else whatever!'

'Then the romance of the sower is gone for good,' observed Elizabeth-Jane, who felt herself at one with Farfrae in Bible-reading at least. "'He that observeth the wind shall not sow," so the Preacher said; but his words will not be to the point any more. How things change!'

'Ay; ay... It must be so!' Donald admitted, his gaze fixing itself on a blank point far away. 'But the machines are already very common in the East and North of England,' he added apologetically.

Lucetta seemed to be outside this train of sentiment, her acquaintance with the Scriptures being somewhat limited. 'Is the machine yours?' she asked of Farfrae.

'O no, madam,' said he, becoming embarrassed and deferential at the sound of her voice, though with Elizabeth-Jane he was quite at his ease. 'No, no – I merely recommended that it should be got.'

THOMAS HARDY: *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (contd)

In the silence which followed Farfrae appeared only conscious of her; to have passed from perception of Elizabeth into a brighter sphere of existence than she appertained to. Lucetta, discerning that he was much mixed that day, partly in his mercantile mood and partly in his romantic one, said gaily to him – ‘Well, don’t forsake the machine for us,’ and went indoors with her companion.

Either 25 What does this extract reveal about the characters involved and their relationships with each other?

Or 26 Farfrae does not deserve a wife like Elizabeth-Jane.
How far do you agree?

Or 27 Changing times? His own character? Fate?
What do **you** think brings about Henchard’s downfall?

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations*

28 Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me 'Sir,' Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat – as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place – and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterwards fell off at intervals.

'Do you take tea or coffee, Mr Gargery?' asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

'Thankee, Sir,' said Joe, stiff from head to foot, 'I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself.'

'What do you say to coffee?'

'Thankee, Sir,' returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, 'since you *are* so kind as make chice of coffee, I will not run contrary to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?'

'Say tea then,' said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantelpiece, and he started out of his chair and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

'When did you come to town, Mr Gargery?'

'Were it yesterday afternoon?' said Joe, after coughing behind his hand, as if he had had time to catch the whooping-cough since he came. 'No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon' (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

'Have you seen anything of London, yet?'

'Why, yes, Sir,' said Joe, 'me and Wopsle went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red bills at the shop doors; which I meaner-say,' added Joe, in an explanatory manner, 'as it is there drawd too architectooralooral.'

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed, it demanded from him a constant attention, and a quickness of eye and hand, very like that exacted by wicket-keeping. He made extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humouring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally, splashing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar, and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries both. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent, before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth; had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him, and out of temper with him; in which condition he heaped coals of fire on my head.

'Us two being now alone, Sir'—began Joe.

'Joe,' I interrupted, pettishly, 'how can you call me Sir?'

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look.

'Us two being now alone,' resumed Joe, 'and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—leastways begin—to mention what have led to my having had the present honour. For was it not,' said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, 'that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honour of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlemen.'

CHARLES DICKENS: *Great Expectations* (contd)

Either 28 Explore the ways in which Dickens presents Joe and Pip in this passage.

Or 29 How much has its presentation through the eyes of Pip contributed to your enjoyment of *Great Expectations*?

Or 30 You are Jaggers, just after Magwitch has instructed you regarding Pip's expectations. Write your thoughts about how you will perform your duties.

MILDRED TAYLOR: *Roll of Thunder Hear My Cry*

- 31 'Cassie Logan!'
'Yes'm, Miz Crocker?'

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MILDRED TAYLOR: *Roll of Thunder Hear My Cry* (contd)

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his back on her, glanced at Mr Wellever to make sure his meaning was clear, and left with the others behind him.

Either 31 Explore how Mildred Taylor's writing here makes this an important and disturbing moment in the novel.

Or 32 Do you feel that what happens to T J is inevitable?
Remember to refer closely to the text in your answer.

Or 33 You are Big Ma after the visit to Strawberry.
Write your thoughts.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm*

34 They had won, but they were weary and bleeding. Slowly they began to limp back towards the farm

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conferred upon himself. In the general rejoicings the unfortunate affair of the bank-notes was forgotten.

GEORGE ORWELL: *Animal Farm* (contd)

Either 34 In what ways does Orwell show the relationship between the pigs and the other animals in this extract?

Or 35 Explore how Orwell suggests the importance of **fear** in maintaining control of life in a society like *Animal Farm*.

Or 36 You are Napoleon at the end of *Animal Farm*. Neighbouring farmers have asked you to write an article entitled 'The Secret of my Success.'
Dictate the article to Squealer.

JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men*

37 George spat on the floor disgustedly. 'We got ten bucks between us.' Then he said thoughtfully: 'Look.

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'I ought to of shot that dog myself, George. I shouldn't ought to of let no stranger shoot my dog.'

JOHN STEINBECK: *Of Mice and Men* (contd)

Either 37 Why is this a significant moment in the novel? How does Steinbeck's writing here make you respond to the characters?

Or 38 In what ways does Steinbeck make you feel that Lennie's death is inevitable?

Or 39 You are Slim at the very end of the novel. Write your thoughts about the short time that George and Lennie have spent on the ranch.

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird*

40 'Come on round here, son, I got something that'll settle your stomach.'

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even seen this town, but all you gotta do is step back inside the court-house.'

HARPER LEE: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (contd)

Either 40 How does Harper Lee make this conversation both serious and entertaining at the same time?

Or 41 What does *To Kill a Mockingbird* gain by being told through the eyes of an eight year old child?

Or 42 In Chapter 11, Atticus says: 'I wanted you to see what real courage is, instead of getting the idea that courage is a man with a gun in his hand.'

How does Harper Lee develop this idea in *To Kill a Mockingbird*?

WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies*

- 43 The boar was floundering away from them. They found another pig-run parallel to the first and Jack

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WILLIAM GOLDING: *Lord of the Flies* (contd)

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'Use a littlun,' said Jack, and everybody laughed.

Either 43 In what ways does Golding make this such an important and disturbing moment in the novel?

Or 44 By what means does Golding make *Lord of the Flies* more than just a story about a group of lost schoolboys?

Or 45 You are Ralph after the theft of Piggy's glasses. Write your thoughts.

UCLES

SECTION C

Answer **ONE** question from this Section.

	Pages	Questions
POETRY published since 1900		
POEMS 2, <i>the poems of Sylvia Plath and Seamus Heaney</i>	40–41	46–48
THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY		
The Unknown Citizen (W H Auden); The Planster's Vision and Inexpensive Progress (John Betjeman); Toads (Philip Larkin); No Dialects Please (Merle Collins); Last Lesson of the Afternoon (D H Lawrence); In Mrs Tilscher's Class (Carol Ann Duffy); Malade (D H Lawrence); Stop All the Clocks (W H Auden); Not Waving but Drowning (Stevie Smith); Night Mail (W H Auden); Cynddylan on a Tractor (R S Thomas).	42–43	49–51

46

A Constable Calls

His bicycle stood at the window-sill,

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And the bicycle ticked, ticked, ticked.

SEAMUS HEANEY

POEMS 2: *the poems of Sylvia Plath and Seamus Heaney (contd)**The Arrival of the Bee Box*

I ordered this, this clean wood box

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The box is only temporary.

SYLVIA PLATH

Either 46 Seamus Heaney's *A Constable Calls* and Sylvia Plath's *The Arrival of the Bee Box* suggests fear of something that has arrived in their lives. Compare some of the ways in which the language each poet uses expresses this fear.

Or 47 Several poems in this selection explore the idea of change. Compare the ways in which Heaney's *Changes* and **one other poem** present the idea of change.

Or 48 In several of these poems by Plath and Heaney, violence is always just under the surface. Choose **two** poems from the following and compare the ways in which the language of the poems suggests violence and the writer's feelings about it:

Death of a Naturalist
Mushrooms
Punishment

Stings
The Grauballe Man

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY

49

Last Lesson of the Afternoon

When will the bell ring, and end this weariness?
 How long have they tugged the leash, and strained apart
 My pack of unruly hounds! I cannot start
 Them again on a quarry of knowledge they hate to hunt
 I can haul them and urge them no more.

No longer now can I endure the brunt
 Of the books that lie out on the desks; a full threescore
 Of several insults of blotted pages, and scrawl
 Of slovenly work that they have offered me.
 I am sick, and what on earth is the good of it all?
 What good to them or me, I cannot see!

So, shall I take
 My last dear fuel of life to heap on my soul
 And kindle my will to a flame that shall consume
 Their dross of indifference; and take the toll
 Of their insults in punishment? – I will not! –

I will not waste my soul and my strength for this.
 What do I care for all that they do amiss!
 What is the point of this teaching of mine, and of this
 Learning of theirs? It all goes down the same abyss.

What does it matter to me, if they can write
 A description of a dog, or if they can't?
 What is the point? To us both, it is all my aunt!
 And yet I'm supposed to care, with all my might.

I do not, and will not, they won't and they don't, and that's all!
 I shall keep my strength for myself; they can keep theirs as well.
 Why should we beat our heads against the wall
 Of each other? I shall sit and wait for the bell.

D H LAWRENCE

THE OCR/MEG POETRY ANTHOLOGY (contd)

In Mrs Tilscher's Class

You could travel up the Blue Nile

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as the sky split open into a thunderstorm.

CAROL ANN DUFFY

Either 49 Explore the two poets' different feelings about the experience of being in a school. How do the words of the poems communicate these feelings to you?

Or 50 In *Stop All the Clocks* and *Not Waving but Drowning*, W H Auden and Stevie Smith each write about a person's death.
What differences do you notice between the two poems and in the language the poets use?

Or 51 Compare **two** poems which are about progress or the future. Explore the ways in which the poets communicate their feelings about change to you.
Choose from:
The Planster's Vision (Betjeman)
Inexpensive Progress (Betjeman)
Cyddylan on a Tractor (Thomas)

UCLES